A SONG OF HOME.

A world of strife shut out, my dears,
A world of love shut in,
And that is what the home should be
In midst of care and din.

Beyond its doors the battle waged
To gain the daily bread;
Within, the wife with angel face,
The baby's sunny head.

Temptation often grim outside,
But strength the crown to win
In hours of prayer at eventide
The happy home within.

A world of strife shut out, my dears,
A world of peace and love,
And we shut in as in an ark,
With God's own light above.

Dear little home, our star of hope
Upon the roughest road,
The type of heavenly rest where God
Makes his divine abode.

GOOD RECEIPTS.

Cream Pie—Boil a pint of milk, add the beaten yolk of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one-third cup of flour and flavor with one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Line the plate or tin with crus tand bake first, then pour in the filling and let it stand in the oven fifteen minutes. Make a frosting of the two whites of the eggs and one tablespoonful of sugar and spread on the top. Frost as you would lemon pie and let it slightly brown in the oven.

Tapioca Cream—Yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, one quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, soaked over night. Put the tapioca and milk on the stove, let it come to a boil, then stir in beaten eggs and sugar and flavor to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, pour over top of cream, and set away to cool.

Iced Pudding—Thicken one pint of milk wit ha tablespoonful of corn starch. Boil three pints of rich milk and pour in the pint of thickened milk. Add three beaten eggs, three cups of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, pour in a freezer, freeze ten minutes, remove the dash, and stir in half a pound each of stoned raisins, chopped figs and sliced citron, freeze hard and set aside one hour to ripen.

An English Salad Dressing—If kept cool this will be good for two weeks, and may be used for a variety of salads. Into two tablespoonfuls of hot bacon or pork fat stir a tablespoonful flour; add, a little at a time, half a teacupful of hot water, stir, let boil up once, then set the dish in boiling water while two eggs are beaten with half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of mustard, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Pour into the hot mixture half a teacupful of vinegar; when it again boils, ad the beaten eggs and keep stirring until it begins to thicken.

Tapioca Rhubarb Pudding—Soak the tapioca over night in water enough to cover it. Peel the rhubarb and cut in small pieces; add half as much of the latter as you have tapioca, and plenty of sugar; still well together, sprinkle a few bits of butter over the top and bake. Spread a meringue over the top; place in a slow over for it to set, but do not let it become yellow. Serve cold. Substitute steamed rice for the tapioca, and you have a delicious pudding either hot or cold.

Souffle of Lobster—Mince the meat from a large lobster, beat up the yolks of six eggs with a little French mustard, as well as English mustard, add a little dust of red peper, a pinch of salt, a suspicion of tarragon vinegar, and a teaspoonful of anchovy essence or sauce; bring up the color with a drop of carmine. Season the lobster with this and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream, then the whites of seven or eight eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Butter a suffle dish, fasten round it a buttered paper to stand about three inches higher than the edge of the tin, pour in the mixture, and cook in the oven for a quarter of an hour; remove the paper band, sprinkle the top of the suffle with lobster coral and minced parsley, and serve.

A Fine Tomato Salad—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices, then peel and slice an equal amount of ripe tomatoes, add one-third as many onions, sliced. Put the potatoes and tomatoes in layers in a salad bowl, lined with crisp lettuce leaves, sprinkle the onions over each layer of sliced potatoes. Put French dressing over the salad, and stand it on ice for an hour, then serve.

To Bottle Green Gooseberries—The gooseberries should be gathered dry, stoppe dand tailed, wiped clean and put into well-dried bottle; tie closely down with double bladders, put them in a large saucepan or boiler of cold water, put over the fire, and let them remain till the water boils; the gooseberries should not be suffered to break. Remove the bottles from the saucepan when the water has become nearly cold, then wipe the battles, and place them in a dray place. They will keep for a year.

NEBRASKA SOCIALIST.

The new Socialist weekly, the Nebraska Socialist, was declared the state official paper of the Social Democracy of Nebraska at their state convention in Lincoln, July 4th. Prof. Theo. Kharas and T. A. Edwards are the editors. Fifty cents a year.

Rev. C. A. Dixon of Brooklyn is meeting with some opposition to his project for the erection of a $200,000 church with a roof garden attachment. So far only a couple of thousand dollars has been subscribed, but Dr. Dixon declines to be discouraged.

PHIL SULLIVAN'S RIDE.

Bang, bang, bang! went Phil Sullivan's hammer, as he pounded on his sled Chain Lightning. Chain Lightning had needed mending ever since last winter, but Phil had concluded not to touch it till "just before the snow came."

"Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

The consequence was that the north wind suddenly puffed up a midnight storm, and Master Phil was awakened one morning by the shouts of the six Dyke boys, who were coasting merrily down Sullivan's hill.

Phil was out of bed in a twinkling. Ten o'clock still found him working fiercely on Chain Lightning, his glue pot simmering before the fire in company with his father's best chisel and his mothr's machine oil can.

The shouts of the Dyke boys still resounded; and not only their jubilation, but that of forty more coasters, drove Phil nearly frantic.

With all his might Phil worked on and Chain Lightning was beginning to look as if it might hold its own even among newer sleds, when the door leading out into the library opened softly, and fair-haired Rosabel, Phil's sister, appeared on the threshold. At the same moment an opposite door blew open with a jerk and there stood Rosabel, "done in sephia" as it were, little brown Kate Rosabel's twin sister.

Phil glanced up, and then became more than ever absorbed in his work. There was a peculiar expression on the twins' faces. Phil instantly recognized it. "The errand cast of features," he grimly called it.

"Phil, dear," began Rosabel.

"Phil, dear," echoed Kate.

Phil handled a screwdriver dextrously.

"Phil, dear, will you please run over to the station and see if my new skates have come by the 12 o'clock train? Go when the cars are due, won't you?"

"And Phil, dear," chimed in Kate, "can't you manage to go into the city to-day and call for a roll of music which is to be left for me at Hale & McPherson's?"

Now, could anything be more trying to the temper of an average youth than requests like these, made under the existing circumstances? Perhaps some of us may find it in our hearts to forgive Phil for answering with a touch of asperity:

"Don't 'Phil, dear' me! I'm not going to the station, and I'm not going to the city, and—"

Bang! Bang! Bang! The hammer expressed the rest of his sentiments.

Rosabel arched her brows and mildly withdrew. Kate tarried to wheedle the enemy a bit, and that failing, gave it as her opinion that boys ought never to have been created. Departing she closed the door with more force than was strictly needful and left Phil alone.

That individual worked in an injured and gloomy frame of mind.

"Mean enough in them to be forever nagging me. Mean enough in me not to get their skates and music."

It was hard for Phil to decide which was the greater wretch, himself or Kate. Rosabel, he concluded, could never be a "blot on the earth," whatever she did. It was Rosabel who helped him with his composition on "Spring;" it was Rosabel who knit his mittens; it was Rosabel who never shirked her share of the stirring when they made molasses candy. The remembrance of Rosabel's virtues haunted Phil even after "Chain Lightning" was in order and he was shooting down "Sullivans Hill," lying prone on his sled, with his legs waving in the air.

Perhaps that was the reason that when his elder brother, Will, came hastily up the hill and offered him five cents if he would carry a bundle to a store next the railroad station (you see Phil was regarded as the family errand boy), he condescended to saunter in that direction; not that he cared for the pennies, although he accepted them as a token of brotherly esteem.

He even quickened his pace as a shrill whistle sounded in the distance and ended by racing up to the depot just as the 12 o'clock train stopped.

No one seemed to know about Rosabel's skates. Ask the man at the express office; perhaps they came on an earlier train," suggested Fred Rodman, who was standing on the platform. "I'll keep your sled for you. Or, see here, just slip the rope through this iron ring on the rear car."

Phil did as he was bidden, and leaving his sharpshooter tied with a slipknot went into the express office.

The man in the express office had never heard the proverb concerning "a place for everything," or if he had, knowing it was not among the Ten Commandments, felt under no obligation to heed it. He remarked that "somebody had said something about some skates being somewhere," and went fumbling among boxes and bundles, exclaiming alternately "Oh! no they ain't!"

At last, just as he laid his hand upon a queer looking package, and was next to sure that here were the skates the engine bell rang, there was a slight scurry outside, and the train began to move.

Phil was out of the depot in a flash.

"Stop!" he cried, but the locomotive paid no heed. Slowly past the platform glided the cars, pulling "Chain Lightning" behind.

Almost before he knew what he was doing, Phil had thrown himself on the sled and grasped the rope.

To his horror, the slip-knot tightened, and "Chain Lightning" was firmly fastened. Every moment the train quickened it speed.

I should not dare tell the rest of this story were it not true. I am not "making it up." It really happened.

The sled hung on the rear car, Phil Sullivan clung to the sled. Do you suppose he would lose "Chain Lightning." To this side to that it swayed madly. Phil's grasp never slackened. On they rushed. Phil dared not roll off the sled now lest he should be killed. It seemed no less certain death to stay on.

The engine gave short, panting breaths as if it were frightened itself at the trick it was playing the boy.

A kindly tree stretched out a limb, but tried in vain to rescue Phil. The sled bounded far less now, as the train whizzed along. The runners were half an inch from the ground. Held by its long rope the sharpshooter was like a small tail to a big kite.

Cinders flew—the cars flew—"Chain Lightning" flew—Phil flew. (I am telling you the truth).

It seemed to Phil as if he had been rushing through space ever since he was born. It seemed as if he had come millions of miles. Would this awful ride never end? Phil's fingers were numb, so tightly did they clasp "Chain Lightning's" edge. He saw stars before him.

And now thum! thump! bump! bump! thump! "Chain Lightning" was knocking the sleepers once more. It might have occurred to Phil that he could hardly bear this sort of traveling much longer, had not his brain been too dizzy to do much thinking.

Presently, after another small eternity, with a final shriek, the locomotive drew up in the city depot.

An hour later Phil Sullivan entered the paternal mansion. Never a word did he say in regard to the black-and-blue spots which dotted him from head to foot, nor yet did he feel it necessary to mention that every bone in his body had a separate and especial ache.

"I thought I might as well go into town," he remarked carelessly. "Here's your music, Kate. "Your skates will probably come to-morrow, Rosabel."

"Well, you are a dear," began Rosabel, looking up from her crocheting. But before she could finish there came a loud ring at the door bell, and in rushed Fred Rodman. As he caught sight of Phil, his eyes and mouth opened wide, and he stared for a full minute.

At last: "Aren't you dead?" he gasped.

"Pho!" said Phil, loftily. "I've as much right to be living as you, sir."

"Well, I never!" said Fred. "I was over at the postoffice when the whistle blew, and came out just in time to see you off, and I raced most of the way to the city after you, and then I turned round and ran back to tell your folks!"

"Pho!" said Phil again.

We will pass over the family discussion of the incident; but within an hour one-half of the boys in town were relating to the other half the story of Phil Sullivan's ride. To be sure, the versions differed, and to this day some of the lads a little out of Phil's own circle are convinced he went to town on the cowcatcher, and some others believe that he rode all the way under a car, sitting on a brace between the wheels.

But that evening Phil, much bruised and battered, yet whole in every limb, told to a select few the full particulars of his journey; and the facts of the case are as I have here narrated them.

Chaffee and the Irishman.

Now that Major General Chaffee has won renown on the fields of war in Cuba and in the Philippines, it is timely to retell a tale of his early experiences. While an officer of the Sixth cavalry in Arizona, somewhere about '78, he had a private in his troop, a chunky Irishman, whose name had been lost in the years, but who was then and yet is only known as "Muldoon." Muldoon was a handy sort of fellow and therefore he had been selected by the captain to fill the honorable post of "dog robber," as the soldiers playfully term a personal tendant. During a scout on the upper Verde, the command was in camp one miserable wet day. Captain Chaffee, whose disposition was never angelic, was as cranky as were his troopers. Muldoon had made a heroic attempt to maintain a fire under the fly of the tent, but he couldn't make it burn.

"Go out and get some dry wood," commanded Chaffee.

"Captain," remonstrated the soldier, "there don't be anny."

"Confound you, I know better. Don't you dare to return without an armful of dry wood."

Muldoon saluted, backed out—and disappeared for the space of three hours.

Chaffee had been given command of Fort McDowell, thirty-five miles northeast of Phoenix. One balmy summer evening he was seated upon the porch of his adobe mansion when around the corner of the building came the form of a man almost hidden behind a great armful of wood that had been taken from a convenient pile. The form was that of his wilom dog robber.

"Captain," said Muldoon, as he steadied the wood on his left arm and stiffly brought his right to a salute, "I have brought you the dry wood."

The fellow ought to have gone to Alcatraz with a seven-year sentence, but in view of extenuating circumstances the court-martial gave him only a month in the guard house and a "bobtailed" discharge.

A joint resolution introduced into the Iowa senate calls for still further extension of the rural free delivery system. It asks congress to amend the postal laws so as to provide that carriers on star routes shall deliver and collect mail from boxes by the roadside. Senator McArthur declares this will prove of great advantage to the rural population and that the expense and delay would be much less than by the regular rural free delivery service. The delay would not be great.

Puck: Little Elmer—"Papa, what is a genius?"

Professor Broadhead—"A genius, my son, is a man who knows when

TRACKED BY A TYPEWRITER.

It was certainly a most annoying affair, and there was some excuse for the deep anathema which came from George Heriot's lips, as he read the contents of the brief letter in his hand.

"What's wrong, old man?" asked his chosen chum and companion, Bertie Vane, from the other side of the breakfast table.

"It's that most dastardly of all things—an anonymous letter," was the brief reply.

"Chuck it behind the fire, and have some of these deviled kidneys before they get stone cold," was Bertie's shrewd advice.

"That's what I did with the first, and the second, too," and Heriot scowled fiercely as he spoke. "And now here's a third of the horrible things. Ah, don't I just wish I could have five minutes—only five minutes with the sender."

"Disguised handwriting, of course?" queried Bertie.

"Not a bit of it—typewritten."

"May I have a look at it?"

Heriot hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Well, old fellow, you see it doesn't concern me alone, if it did I wouldn't care a rap. But it's a nasty insinuation against someone who's a great deal dearer to me than I care to acknowledge."

"You mean Helen Carr?"

"Yes—I do; but how did you know?"

"Oh, most simple youth! As if anyone couldn't see how awfully gone you are in that quarter. Why, I've been expecting to hear the engagement announced any time this three months."

"No such luck," and Heriot shook his head mournfully. "I don't think she cares one little bit for me."

"Don't you!" replied his friend, dryly; "well, lookers-on see most of the game sometimes. But if you care so much for Miss Carr, don't you think you ought to try to find out who is traducing her?"

"Don't I only wish it were possible. I'm not a rich man, but I'd give a pony to find out the writer of this vile thing. Here, have a look at it," and Heriot threw the letter in question across the table.

Bertie Vane picked it up and scrutinized it carefully. It was short, merely containing an insinuation that the lady in question had bestowed her heart, and would willingly give her hand, to a suitor far below her rank in life, and whoever married her might rest assured that his wife's affection was already bestowed on, and would be retained by, the individual in question.

"Got such a thing as a microscope in the house, old fellow?" asked Bertie, after a prolonged examination of the letter.

"Eh! a microscope? Yes, I think so, but what the deuce has that got to do with it?"

"Show you directly—fetch the affair, willyou?"

Obediently, but thoroughly puzzled, Heriot rose from the table, left the breakfast room, and in a few minutes returned with a small mahogany box.

"Hasn't been used for years," he remarked as he handed it to his friend; "not since I was bitten with an entomological craze at college."

"Never mind, it'll answer our purpose, I dare say," and Bertie opened the box as he spoke, placed the microscope in position, and then carefully focused its tube on the letter, each line of which he examined carefully.

"Thought so," he at length exclaimed. "Now just come and have a look here, old man. See anything peculiar about that 'm'?"

Heriot peered through the microscope for a moment or two, and then said:

"Do you mean that line across the middle stroke?"

"Yes, I do. Now look at the next 'm' two lines below."

Heriot did so and found the same slight malformation of the letter.

"But what does all this lead to?" he asked.

"I'll tell you—it's only my theory, you know, but I fancy it'll work out. I believe that little line is caused by a small piece of hair, or something of that sort, which by accident, has adhered to the surface of the letter."

"Well?"

"Now, don't you get impatient, old fellow. We've got to do a little bit of detective business, and I fancy it'll be rather fun, and keep us busy for a week or two. This thing," and he indicated the letter on the table, "has been written with a new 'Circle' typewriter. I can recognize the peculiar style of letter, but it's only very recently introduced. Now we've got to find out who have purchased 'Circles' 2 of Tracked by a typewriter. ..... recently, and next which of those machines has an 'm' which corresponds with this."

"And do you think we can do it?"

"At any rate we can try. Now come along to the library, and we'll take the first step."

A curtly worded letter was sent to the agent of the "Circle" typewriters, asking for price lists, etc., and a specimen of the work done by the machine; and by a return of post came a lot of descriptive pamphlets, etc., and a courteous letter from the manager, written by the machine, which he, of course described as the very best and most desirable ever invented.

An examination of this communication under the microscope revealed two important facts. Firstly, that a slight deformity in the tail of the capital "Q" existed in both the anonymous letter and the manager's note. This proved that all the type used in the "Circle" machines was cast from the same moulds. Secondly, the line across the small "m" was only to be found in the anonymous communication, a presumptive proof that it was a peculiarity of the machine used by the writer, and by that one alone.

"And now, we've got to find out who owns that machine," said Bertie; "put on your hat, and we'll be off."

"Where to?" asked Heriot, who lost no time in obeying the order.

"We'll go straight to the 'Circle' office, and see how far the manager can help us," replied Bertie, as he hailed a passing hansom, and the pair of amateur detectives were driven rapidly away.

"And how can I help you, gentlemen?" he asked after listening to Vane's clear and lucid explanation.

"Well, you can give us a list of those who have purchased typewriters from you. I will write a letter to each of them, asking if they find the machine works easily, as I am thinking of buying one, and their name has been given me as a reference as to the quality, etc., of the typewriter. Then, if among the replies I find one in which the 'm' has the same peculiar line across it, I don't think the rest will be very difficult."

"A capital plan, sir; but I think I can simplify your labors a bit," said the manager. "We generally ask our customers to write us a testimonial as to the working of the 'Circle, after they've had it a little while, and the request is almost invariably compiled with. Now we paste those letters in a large 'testimonial album' as we call it. Suppose we look over that first? I've got a large magnifying glass which perhaps will do for the purpose."

"Gone through them all, sir?" asked the manager in half an hour.

"Yes—rather a waste of time, I fear. We shall have to give it up I'm afraid. Of course, if any machine should be returned to you for repairs with an 'm' such as I've described, you'll communicate with me. You shan't be a loser by it."

"Certainly, sir. Sorry your search has been unsuccessful—glad to assist you if it lies in my power."

Once in the street, and out of sight of the "Circle" premises Bertie's conduct was peculiar.

"Got him, dear boy!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Got him on a little bit of toast, and done as brown as brown can be."

"Got whom? What the deuce do you mean?"

"Got the writer of that pretty little letter."

"Why, you said you hadn't found anything, and—"

"Of course; didn't want that fellow to know too, or he might have wanted to take a hand in our little game. Spotted that peculiar 'm' in the fourth or fifth testimonial I looked at. It was only written three weeks ago. I hope he'll get his reward."

Heriot turned pale. Then he asked in tones that he vainly tried to steady.

"Well, who is it?"

"Mr. Harry Sinclair, Stella Chambers, Charing Cross," was the brief reply.

"Sinclair! Why, that's that infernal cad that I caught cheating at blind hookey in my rooms at Caius and kicked down the stair, don't you remember?"

"Yes, and I remember that he swore he'd be revenged on you for it. Looks as if he hadn't forgotten his oath, doesn't it?"

Three days later two athletic young men, one of whom carried a stout riding whip, ascended the stairs leading to Stella Chambers, and knocked at the outer door of the rooms occupied by Mr. Harry Sinclair. The door was opened by that gentleman himself, who, catching sight of his visitors, endeavored to close it again, but a foot pushed forward foiled the attempt. Sinclair was thrust back into the passage, the two young men entered, and unceremoniously led the trembling Sinclair into his sitting room.

"What does this—intrusion mean?" he asked with a fair attempt at bluster.

"Most happy to explain," said Bertie suavely. "We have an idea, and a pretty good one, too, that you've been sending anonymous letters to my friend Heriot, in which you have slandered a young lady. We're just going to see if we're right. Here, Heriot, just keep watch and ward over this gentleman while I apply the finishing test. If he tries to get away, knock him down."

"Oh, he won't get away," said Heriot, handling his whip with much ostentation.

For a minute or two Bertie was busy with the "Circle," which stood on the table. Then he examined the paper, on which he had been experimenting, with a pocket magnifying glass.

"It's all right, old boy; here's the 'm' just as we expected. Now you have your little innings, while I mount guard outside."

"It's all right, old boy; here's the 'm' just as we expeteed. Now you have your little innings, while I mount guard outside."

For the next two or three minutes there was a sound from the interior of Mr. Sinclair's room as if someone were beating carpets with unwonted vigor, and then Heriot rejoined his friend, looking flushed but radiantly happy.

"Best exercise I've had in years," he exclaimed, settling his collar, which had become somewhat disarranged. "But its thirsty work, let's go and have a drink."

In the library of the bijou residence occupied by Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Heriot is a "Circle" typewriter, on an ebony stand which is used alike by both Heriot and his charming wife. While among the whips and other trophies which hang over the mantlepiece of the master's den, is a stout and serviceable jockey's whip, which Hon. Mrs. Heriot insists on dusting with her fair hands.

A mothers' gallery is a feature of the Lincoln Park Baptist church, Cincinnati. A nursery with cots, easy chairs and other conveniences opens of the gallery. Women attendants are present to care for the children when they will be content with strangers.

Enormous quantities of provisions and fodder are being shipped from New York for the British army in South Africa. One steamship carried 1,500,000 pounds of fresh beef and 500 tons of hay.

"I do not want to see a minister dressed up too much, like a dude, but let his apparel be in keeping with the dignified calling," is the dictum which Bishop Bowman gave out recently.

CANCERS CURED,

Hundreds of People Gladly Testify to their Permanent Cure Without the Use of the Knife.

Write to Some of the People Whose Testimonials are Given Below and Satisfy Yourself That This is True.

DR. E. O. SMITH
OF KANSAS CITY, MO.

Has Cured Hundreds of Cases Pronounced Hopless and if Your Case can be Cured by Human Agency, He can do it.

HE DOES NOT ASK FOR PAY FOR WHAT HE DOES NOT DO, BUT CURES FIRST AND ASKS FOR HIS PAY AFTERWARDS.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

Cancer of Breast.

Greenmount, Sou. Dak., March 2, '98.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
My Dear Doctor:—It gives me sincere pleasure to inform you of the safe return home of my dear wife, who arrived Saturday, the 26th ult., perfectly restored to health and happiness.
In restoring my wife to health you have brought pleasure and happiness to our entire household, for which it is needless to say that we are truely grateful. It also gives me sincere pleasure to tender to you our grateful thanks for your great kindness to my wife while under your treatment, for which we will always hold you and your truly good wife in grateful esteem. In conclusion we can only pray that an all kind Providence will bless, protect and keep you in His holy care through life, and in death bless you with a happy eternity. Gratefully yours,
JAMES and MRS. GLUYAS

In a letter of October 1st, Mrs. Gluyas says she is entirely well and in splendid health. If you are afflicted write to her about us.

A Prominent Attorney Cured of Cancer of the Ear.

Oberlin, Kas., July 27, 1898.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir and Friend:—I am O. K. I never felt better in my life, than since my return home whereas before that I was troubled in body and mind for several months. I am now able to hold up my end at the office and at home about the orchard. We are all well and I wish to be particularly remembered to Mrs. Smith.
Fraternally your friend,
G. WEBB BURNHAM.

Suffered 17 Years—Cured in 18 Days.

Phillipsburg, Kan., Nov. 29, 1898.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir:—I had been afflicted for seventeen years with epithelial cancer when I applied to you for treatment. In thirteen days I was entirely cured and without the use of knife. I make this statement for the benefit of cancer sufferers, hoping they may be influenced by my testimony to go to you for treatment.
Yours Truly, B. DUNCAN.

Other Doctors Failed to Cure Him.

Prairie Home, Mo., Nov. 12, 1898.
Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure that I state that your treatment of a cancer on my lower lip was a complete success. It was of about four years standing and for a year I had taken treatment of other doctors, but to no avail. I came to you and you cured my cancer in 16 days. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live.
Yours Truly, WILLIAM KNOCHENMUS.

Looks Like Himself Again.

Dr. E. O. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Doctor:—I write to tell you we are well and that the cancer you treated on my hand is entirely cured, and I am back to my old weight again. When I went to you for treatment I weighed one hundred and five pounds, now I weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and they all say I am looking like myself again.
Tell Mrs. Smith that we thank her for her picture. We thank you both every day of our lives. We shall never forget what you have done for us. We have been trying to get one of our neighbors to come and see you. I told him that I was said you could cure him that he would be cured.
Your grateful friends,
MR. AND MRS. CULLER.

(Mr. Culler was cured of scirrhus cancer on the small of the back, that measured six inches up and down and five inches across. He has been cured for nearly two years.)

She is Sure She is Cured.

White Hall, Illinois.
Dr. E. O. Smith Sanitarium Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Doctor and Mrs. Smith:—Through the guidance of kind Providence and your skillful treatment I am completely cured of that dreadful malady, cancer. My breast is entirely healed and I consider myself cured. I would have written you sooner but wanted to be sure it was cured. I feel grateful to you both for the many acts of kindness and courtesy shown me while at your home. I felt at home there. The treatment was not nearly as severe as I supposed it would be. I will heartily recommend you when I have opportunity. My friends all think I have improved wonderfully. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for all you have done for me.
Wishing you success in your noble work I remain ever your friend,
LUCRETIA HUGHES.

List of a Few Former Patients.

The following list gives names and addresses of a number of former patients whom I have cured of cancer. We ask any afflicted person who reads this advertisement to write to any one of the names given and learn for themselves whether or not my treatment is safe, reliable and sure to cure. I do not accept your money until I have cured you. This should be guarantee enough to satisfy the most sceptical. Do as I request you, write to my former patients and if you are convinced by their letters, write to me for any information you wish and I will cheerfully give it to you free of any cost.

Mrs. Jenale Gooding, 711 W. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the breast.
Katie I. Hock, 921 Armstrong Ave., Kansas City, Kan. Cured of cancer of the breast.
L. J. Hancock, 821 E. 22nd St., for three years principal of Adams school, Kansas City, Mo. Cured of two cancers of the face.
Mrs. J. W. Shannon, 1 Ohio St., Kansas City, Kan. Cured of cancer of the breast.
A. M. Perkins, 507 E. 28th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of cheek, 1897.
Mrs. A. M. Klickner, 1221 Flora Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer on forehead.
M. Little, 616 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of nose.
Jas. Hannon, 1936 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of face.
Geo. Ryan, 3818 E. 16th St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of finger.
David Uric, 722 Cypress Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of hand of eight years' standing.
Chas. R. Huntington, 2618 Rochester St., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of ear.
Mrs. Anthony Smith, cor. 6th and Elizabeth Sts., Kansas City, Kas. Epithelial cancer, situated on the end of the nose, treated August, 1898.
Frank Gilliland, 1717 Holmes St. Cured of cancer of the jaw in 1889.
Lizzie Rierdon, 22d and Grove Sts., Kansas City, Mo. Cured of cancer of the ear.
Thos. L. Tucker, Gt. Mills, Mo. Cured of cancer of face and nose.
C. S. Groom, Gooch's Mills, Mo. Cured of cancer of lower lip.
Jacob Class, Tisgah, Mo. Cured of cancer of the face.
Mrs. Julia Nichols, Jamestown, Mo. Cured of cancer of the face.
We also refer to Rev. Phillips, pastor of the M. E. Church of Jamestown, Mo., as he knows of several cases we have cured.
J. W. Moran, Terry, So. Dak. Cured of cancer of lip, 1897.
Mrs. Ellen DaVault, New Florence, Mo. Cured of cancer of the face.
Paul Kobler, Arizona, Neb. Cured of cancer of the lip.

Dr. Smith treats Cancer, Lupus, Tumors, Scrofula, Old Sores, all Blood Diseases.

Parties desiring treatment can either give satisfactory references or deposit the money in any bank, to be paid when they are ready to go home cured. Dr. Smith does not ask pay for what he does not do but cures first and takes pay afterwards. His down town office is at the north-east corner of Tenth and Main streets, where he may be consulted free of charge, from 9:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. After these hours he can be seen at his private sanitarium, Tenth and Cleveland avenue.

Pamphlets and circulars containing letters and lists of of persons cured of cancer cheerfully furnished those who apply for them either in person or by letter.

E. O. SMITH, M. D.,
Kansas City, Mo.