No Other Thieves in Town The town council of a small German community met to inspect a new site for a cemetery, says Dustige Blaetter. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day, some one suggested

they leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested Herr Bot-

"What for?" demanded Herr Ehrlich. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for any one to watch the



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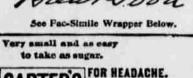
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#### THE WANDERER.

Lang syne on the hills, where the biaeberries grew. And the laverock sang sweetly far up in the blue, Ilka day glided by like a lang, happy dream Till I heard my fond mither cry: "Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! You're lang awa wandering-Laddle, come hame!"

In a far awa land through the din o' the years, In the sunshine o' hope an' the shadow o' fears, I've heard a sweet echo still calling my name, And it's: "Oh, but you're lang awa-Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! You're lang awa wandering-Laddie, come hame!"

Though life's fondest fancies are idle and vain, And my feet may ne'er trend the red heather again, In the land o' the leal, when I catch the first gleam, May I hear the glad welcome: "Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! Laddie, come hame! You're lang awa wandering-Laddle, come hame!"

### Miss Jane's Romance

A NY mail?" asked a thin, quaver-ing voice at the postoffice window. Alexander Watson, the postmaster, peered over his steelrimmed spectacles at the little, withered old lady outside the grating, and

replied as usual, "No, not to-day." With a sigh Miss Jane Pease walked quietly out into the dusty country come to ask the same question, and every day she had received the selfsame answer. To the neighbors' knowledge, no one had written to her since in a letter to-morrow." she was a young girl. They would have known it if anyone had, for Polkville is no exception to other country towns when it comes to knowing everyone else's business.

Miss Jane was what people called 'alone in the world." She never had any brothers or sisters; her father and mother were both dead, and she had no near relatives living. At her father's death, all that remained of his once comfortable income was a few thousand dollars in the bank, and by rigid economy she had made this suffice to support herself and the old white horse of the family. In a snug little cottage house overhung by stately elms, with a small veranda facing the south where honeysuckle shed its crop the green grass and clover, while sweet perfume in summer and the snow she made herself comfortable on a drifted in winter, she lived a life of smooth rock at the base of a large called. Miss Jane was too "stuck up" es half concealed her. In long dellthey said-too cold and reserved. This clous draughts, she drank in the sweet was because she did not choose to join | whells and sounds, and watched the in the village gossip with the others, yellow-bodied bumble-bees sip the honey for no spinster on earth possessed a from the wild flowers, until she caught

On this particular morning the bitstrike her more foreibly than ever be- way once more, fore. Perhaps, it was because everywended her way up the hill, perched on a rail fence by the wayside and chattered knowingly for a minute; then, whisked away into the woods beyond She was startled from her reverie by Miss Priscilla Hunter's voice.

"Any mail?" she called from the shadow of her vine-clad veranda.

Miss Jane felt the sarcasm in the tone, and it cut her deeply. Tears of anger and reproach sprang to her faded gray eyes, but she choked back her wrath. She was too proud to show her irritation. She tried to answer cheerfully, "No, not this morning;" then she added quickly, "But I'm expecting a leter to-morrow."

"Hope you won't be disappointed," came again from the veranda. "I don't expect to be be," was the

firm reply, as Miss Jane passed on. The idea which had been growing in her mind all the way up the bill had taken form at last. My, but wouldn't the neighbors be curious? She quickened her pace. It seemed as if she could not walk fast enough to reach home to put her plan into execution. A red spot burned in either cheek. She turned the key hurriedly in the latch and went into the house. In another moment she was at her desk in the back parlor, her bonnet and shawl discarded, pen in hand, writing, writingas if her life depended upon it.

When she finished, it was nearly 12 o'clock. The fruits of her labor, four large white envelopes with bulging contents, sealed, stamped and addressed in a crampled hand (to make her writing look unfamiliar) to Miss Jane Pease, Polkville, lay before her. The most troublesome part of her laborthe posting-was yet to be accomplished. The postmaster's inquisitive eyes would follow her every movement, and she scorned the idea of being twitted of writing to herself. Polkville must not know. These precious letters must be posted elsewhere. As quick as a flash Overton came into her mind There were mail boxes in that town. She could drop her letters into a box and no one would be the wiser. The only drawback was that Overton was almost twelve mlles away.

"I know what I'll do," she said suddenly to herself. "I won't stop to get dinner, I'll take a little lunch and drive over there. If I start now, I'll get back at dusk."

She packed a light lunch, and then ran out to the stable to harness old Dolly to the wagon. It was on the stroke of 12 when she started out of the barn, the four letters tucked safely away in the black shopping bag at her side, her frail little body trembling all over with the novelty and excitement

of the unusual undertaking. As she passed the Oak farm adjoining hers, Mrs. Oak and Miss Priscilla Hunter stood in the front dooryard. Mrs. Oak espied Dolly and her driver from afar off, and a mischlevous breeze wafted their conversation to Miss

Jane's ears. "For the land sakes, Priscilla Hunt- to arrive daily, and the neighbors' curi-

NY mail?" asked a thin, quaver- | do you 'spose she's goin' at this hourjust dinner time, too?"

Priscilla Hunter looked in the direction indicated by her astonished neighbor, and Miss Jane heard her say, "I dunno, but 'pears to me there's somethin' strange a-goin' to happen to Jane Pease. I saw her comin' home from the postoffice this mornin'-you know road. Every day for years she had she always goes just such a time-and I says-for I like to joke her-says I, 'Any mail?' 'No,' says she and then very determined like-but I'm expect-

> Mrs. Oak threw up her parbolled hands, with an exclamation of surprise, "Land! to my knowledge she hain't had a letter for over forty year."

With these words ringing in her ears, the object of their conversation passed around a curve in the road and was lost to view. Her face blazed with wrath. She would get even with them, the old gossiping heathen.

By the time she had reached the spot to eat her lunch the gentle breeze had soothed her until she was quite herself again. In a shady nook just off the main road, far enough to escape curious passers by, yet near enough to be able to gain the road again at any time, she hitched old Dolly and let her isolation. None of the neighbors ever willow tree whose overhanging branchwarmer, more affectionate nature than sight of the letters in the little black bag. Mindful of her duty, she arose reluctantly, fastened old Dolly's bridle, ter loneliness of her life seemed to and they were soon clattering on their

As they neared the outskirts of Overthing looked so bright and happy-the ton, she began to grow less anxlous. birds, the trees, the flowers by the She knew that mall boxes were stationroadside just bursting into bloom. A ed at intervals along the main street, squirrel ran across her path as she and she would have to reach only the first mail box, to accomplish her errand.

> She had hardly entered upon the main thoroughfare when she espled the coveted object. She brought old Dolly to a standstill on the opposite side of the street, and satchel in hand nerlessly, she pulled down the latch. Her heart was thumping wildly. She

Should she post them all that day? No the morning. She would save the rest for some future time. With the air of purpose, she picked her way across the dusty street to the wagon, shook the she had not betrayed her desire. reins over old Dolly's back, and turned her towards Polkville.

It was growing dark when she reached home. She did the chores and went ing the night-a restless, troubled sleep. ferent colored envelopes-pink, white, blue and yellow-and by some happy coincidence they were all addressed to her.

The next morning she arose little refreshed. She could hardly settle herso anxious to know whether her letter had arrived. She did not make her accustomed visit to the postoffice in the ferenoon, for she reflected that the letter she so longed to receive could not possibly reach Polkville before the noon's mail. It would be humiliating to find nothing there.

After the arrival of the afternoon mail, she set forth. There were several gathered about the delivery window when she arrived. She walked up with an air of confidence, but her voice trembled a little as she asked the familiar

question, "Any mail?" The postmaster peered at her as usual, and was about to reply, "No," not to-day," when he suddenly bethought himself. "Yes, I do believe a letter came this afternoon. Don't know who it's from."

Miss Jane did not volunteer to enlighten him. Her trembling fingers closed about the precious letter. She tried to appear unconcerned, but a telltale flush overspread her face. The few standing about the office noticed it. and craned their necks to get a look at the handwriting, while Mrs. Oak and Miss Priscilla who had just come in showed especial interest.

Miss Jane did not notice them. She slipped the letter into her black bag and quickly walked away. She knew three more letters were in store for her, and she would receive as many more as she could write and mail at Overton. Polkville tongues began to wag. The unusual had happened. Miss Jane had received a letter. All sorts of stories were affoat as to whence the letters came, but she wisely kept her own counsel. Meanwhile, letters continued

er!" Mrs. Oak was saying, "here osity continued to wax stronger.
comes Jane Pease and old Dolly. Where "I tried to hint round bout her kay-

sions, "but she shut up as tight as a out of her"

But there came a day when it was too rainy for Miss Jane to ride to Overton and post her letter. The fact troumissed a day since she began the pracrummaging in the attic she had come ago. He was a sea captain who had the ecnever returned from his last voyage. Yor "Lost at sea," was the only explanation she could give for his strange dis- drove to Overton. This time it was appearance. She had never believed it. to post a letter to the man she loved. although everyone had tried to convince her that that was the only reasonable solution.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and with it Miss Jane's spirits rose, so much so in fact that she decided to excitement hovered about them. In the foremost were Miss Priscilla and all this?

At her approach the buzzing of tongues ceased, and many turned to all the happiness, look at her curiously. Unmindful that she was the object of their conversation, she walked reluctantly to the window. The neighbors looked at her wonbe so cool. Miss Jane knew that there would be no letter for her that day, and she felt a bit nervous about asking for one. It was some time since fails not far behind her. With sudshe had asked for a letter and received Before she could speak, Alexander

Watson appeared at the window with a letter in his hand. Those near by pressed close about her. She thought it was for one of them and tried to "No, it's a letter for you, Miss Jane,"

she heard the familiar voice say, "Don't know who it's from, but it's got a furren postmark on it, and likely as not it's from some furren count." The postmaster chuckled at his

bright remark, and glanced mischlevously at Miss Priscilla, who tittered andibly.

In a dazed way Miss Jane took the efter he passed to her under the grating. The address on the envelope was



"WHERE DO YOU 'SPOSE SHE'S GOIN'?"

vously approached the box. It was to that, "Thank you," she said briefly, placed rather high, and she had to but firmly, trying to suppress the angry stand on her tip-toe to reach it. Breath- emotions which surged up in her breast Now, she understood the meaning of the curious, excited throng. They knew dropped in one letter and hesitated. of the letter and had come to note her behavior when she received it. Her -there would be a deluge of letters in | cheeks flamed with indignation, but she was glad she had not made a scene. She had been as curious as any of them one who had accomplished a mighty to know the contents of this mysterious envelope, but she flattered herself that

With head held proudly erect she sauntered forth, but she was all of a flutter until she reached the old house. Not until she had locked herself into to bed, but slept only at intervals dur- her own room did she proceed to examine her treasure. She turned it over There were letters, letters, everywhere! and over again. She did not dare open Oh, such a big pile of them! All dif- it. It was surely a foreign postmark, and the address was written in the big. bold, handwriting of a man. What man was there who would write to ber, especially from a foreign land? She laughed outright at the absurdity of the thought, "Jane Pease, what a fool self\_over her household duties, she was | you are!" she exclaimed severely. And tremblingly she broke the seal.

"Dear Janie," it began. The name looked so familiar that it startled her. No see had used it for years. There degenerreotype she fondly cherished.

the turned kuickly to the last sheet. By name! Was this a message from the dead? She stared at the writing long and hard. "Janie!" Yes, it was used that name! Joy for a moment overcame her; then, an indignant flush of crimson dyed her cheeks. She thought of her wasted life, of the happiness and joy she had lost-and all through him. Why had he let her wait all these years, desolate, alone, when she might have shared the joys and sorrows of wifehood and motherhood with her other friends? He had not truly loved her.

She had a mind to burn the letter

without reading it, but curiosity overcame the desire. As she read, the handwriting grew to look more familiar. She was sure it was the long lost Michael's, He had been in Southern France all this time making his fortune. How many times he had written and received no answer! He had begun to believe her dead, when, by chance, he ran upon a sea-faring friend from America who gave him encouragement. She was still in the same old place, and what if his former letters had never reached her! The thought gave him courage to try his luck once more, and he prayed that the fate of this letter would not be the same as that of its predecessors. He was so impatient he could not wait in France for his answer. He was coming to Americacoming to find her. Was she free and ly overcrowded.

ta' so much mall," said disappointed | would she marry him? He would sail Mrs. Oak, who had ineffectually tried from Liverpool on the 20th. He would to "pump" Miss Jane on several occa- arrive in New York the first of the week, and he would come direct to her. steel trip, and I couldn't get a word He gave an address in New York to which she was to write, and he said

her answer would decide his fate. The letter was so sincere, so sympa thetic, so true, so like the dear Henry bled her a great deal, for she had not of old, the indignation she had felt at first speedily changed to mingled joy tice. On this particular day she was and happiness. In nervous laste she feeling rather blue, partly because in grabbed a sheet of paper and penned the lines, "Polkville, The Old Homeacross the old faded daguerreotype of stead. Dear Henry: I am as ever, the man who loved her many years Janie." Then, she stamped and sealed slope and directed it to the New dress. The next morning early nly the birds were awake, she

Her precious letter malled, she must wait patiently for an answer; that was the tedious part of it. After a week to which there seemed to be no end, the day came when he would arrive in New York. She felt that she should hear go down to the postoffice as usual. Lit- from him as soon as a letter could tle knots of people were gathered here reach her. Days went by, and no letand there about the office. A suppressed ter came. She could not understand the delay. Had there been some miseager tones they were discussing some- take? Her careworn face wore a disthing of unusual importance. Among appointed look. Must she give up this one last hope to which she clung so Mrs. Oak. What was the meaning of fondly, but which was growing fainter and fainter as the days went by? It was not right that others should have

She felt very blue and dejected as she wended her way homeward from another fruitless visit to the postoffice Save for the robins chirping their vesderingly, and marveled that she could pers and an occasional whip-poor-will, nothing broke the slience of the dusky road. All at once out of the stillness of the evening, came the sound of footden intuition she became aware that a man was following her. Instinctively, she quickened her pace. The man behind her quickened his pace also. She walked more slowly, and he retarded his steps. She felt a little nervous, for there was a long stretch of woods to pass, Murders were often committed on lonesome roads. But there was no time to waver. She could not turn back into the face of the man behind her, and there was nothing left for her to do but to press forward unflinchingly, although her knees shook and her

teeth chattered. She passed the stretch of woods in safety, but when she reached her own gate, the man was still following her. As she lifted the latch, he called to her ever so softly, "Janle," She turned quickly. The man stood with outstretched arms. Again be whispered the old name, the love light shining in his eyes. It was her Henry! And she had tried to run away from him! She gave a glad cry and sprang into his waiting arms just as Mrs. Oak drove by in her wagon. But Miss Jane was too happy to notice her.

The next day the village was all agog with the news of Miss Jane's approaching marriage.

"Land! I don't think Jane made out much by waiting," said Miss Priscilla jealously, "I remember Henry Michael, He never amounted to much. Folks say he was her old lover. Yes, he did used to go with Jane some when they was young, and she was awfuly gone on him. It looks like she hadn't got over it yet. Well, I hope he'll be good to her. What sticks me is where'd all them letters come from? If he was n real, genuine lover why didn't be write years ago? But there, Miss Oak, you know they was awfully queer and close-mouthed about what they did, both of 'em."-Waverly Magazine.



The Riviera yearly exports tlowers to the value of \$3,000,000. Two-thirds of these go to England.

It is estimated that \$400,000,000 of British treasure lie sunk along the route from England to India.

Germany has twenty-one universities, Italy twenty-one, Austria ten, Russia eight and Great Britain eleven. ous tests had been made it was found that the eyes blink about seven times a minute when exposed to candle light, about three times when exposed to sun and only once when exposed to electric light.

The colonies so-called, of the world, occupy two-fifths of the land surface of the globe and contain one-third of the world's population, or about five hundred million people. Of this colonial population of five hundred million only three small groups numbering less wes only one person in the world who than fifteen million population, or three had ever called her that-Henry Mi- per cent of the whole, are composed cheel, her lover, the man whose faded in any considerable degree of the people of the governing country or their

descendants. Hitherto it has ben supposed that electric light is more injurious to the eyesight than any other artificial light, her Henry! None other would have but Russian oculists who have been closely studying the subject now maintain that, on the contrary, it is less injurious than the light either of gas or candles or any other material. As a reason for this statement they point out that diseases of the eyes are in proportion to the number of times the eyes blink or wink when subjected to artificial light, and that after numer-

Northern Dutchess County, New York, has discovered a veritable Eldorado in the violet industry, and so substantial have been the profits that farmers are devoting their time to raising the flower instead of the crops to which the fields have been accustomed for generations. Carpenters are constantly busy building violet houses. It was only a few years ago that the discovery was made that the soil in the towns of Red Hook and Rhinebeck was peculiarly adapted to violet culture. but now the finest violets sold in New York come from there. More than 125 violet houses, nearly all built within two years, are aiready being operated, and dozens more are being built. It is estimated that the sale of violets in the two towns in the senson just ended exceeded \$200,000.

Schools for scandal seem to be bad



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Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance.

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These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and un-less heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

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per, a pretty, cheap one, and put it right over this," said Mr. Graham, cheerfully. "Oh, James," and his wife's look was full of reproach, "you know we can

hardly get our furniture through this entry now, it's so narrow!"

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betting twice as much on losing what

-New York Press. No Modern Journalism There. The world recalls that after Mahomet died Omar sought to persuade the followers of the prophet that he yet lived, and for seventy years the Persians refused to believe him dead. However, that was before modern journalism was established and insisted on the prophet's exhibiting .- Boston Her-

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