## FOR SAFETY TO THE DRIVER

**Mirrors Installed on Streets of English Towns Have Proved of Material Benefit.**

Mirrors at street corners to provide for the drivers of vehicles a view of the cross streets have been installed in at least two towns in England. In Folkestone there is an acute angle street crossing where one corner is built up close to the curb. On this corner is placed a 24x24 inch mirror supported on gas pipe standards at such an angle that drivers of vehicles coming toward the built-up corner from either of the two opposite streets can see up the streets at right angles to their path.

The engineer in charge states that owing to the impossibility of motorists seeing any one-coming traffic several accidents and narrow escapes have occurred at that point. Since the mirror has been fixed he has not heard of anything approaching an accident. The damp, mist, rain or frost have no ill effect on the mirror, which is occasionally cleaned by a passing lamplighter when cleaning his lamps.

At Malmesburg, in Wiltshire, a mirror five by eight feet in size, supported on standards so that its top is 15 feet above the street, occupies an angular position at the apex of a closed right-angle curve. The engineer in charge says: "The mirror requires scarcely any cleaning; only a wipe over once in about three months."—Engineering News.

### What He Bought.

A Syracuse business man living in one of the suburbs decided to give up his spacious back yard to the raising of currants as a profitable side issue. So, wishing to absorb all the information he could acquire on the subject of the currant industry he went down town one Saturday afternoon recently and returned with his arms full of books.

"Well, Teddy," inquired his enthusiastic spouse, as he dumped the volumes on the table, "did you succeed in getting what you wanted?"

"Sure, I did!" he replied, proudly, pointing to the books. "I bought a whole year's edition of a standard work on current literature." — Exchange.

### Expect Big Sale of Red Cross Seals.

The campaign for selling Red Cross seals this year will be carried on in practically every state and territory in the United States, and even in Porto Rico, the Canal Zone, Hawaii and Philippine islands. No less than 100,000 volunteer agents, including department, drug and other kinds of stores, motion pictures, theaters, individuals, and others, will be engaged in the work. Before the sale is completed, it is expected that at least 100,000,000 seals will have been printed and distributed, besides several million posters, display cards and other forms of advertising literature.

### Illiteracy in Germany.

According to the latest official reports, only three persons out of 10,000 in Germany are unable to read or write, while the proportion of illiteracy in Great Britain is 160 per 10,000, as against 770 per 10,000 in the United States. These figures are based on a comparison of illiteracy among some of the leading nations which has just been made and issued for free distribution by the United States Bureau of Education.

### America's Athletic Missionaries.

Writing under the title in Harper's Weekly, Edward Bayard Moss describes one athletic triumph at Stockholm in the Olympic games. "Some idea of the caliber of the athletes and the competition can be gained from the fact that thirteen new Olympic and nine world's records were established during the games. The victory of Arnold Jackson of Oxford in the 1,500-meter run was the only feature that redeemed England's poor display."

### Lives on It.

Margaret—They say that Mrs. Baker makes a fortune out of a cure for obesity.

Katharine—Yes. She lives on the fat of the land.—Life.

Tell it not in Gath, but there are church members who look too happy at a horse race and too solemn in prayer meeting.


### HOW MANY OF US

**Fail to Select Food Nature Demands to Ward Off Ailments?**

A Ky. lady, speaking about food, says: "I was accustomed to eating all kinds of ordinary food until, for some reason, indigestion and nervous prostration set in.

"After I had run down seriously my attention was called to the necessity of some change in my diet, and I discontinued my ordinary breakfast and began using Grape-Nuts with a good quantity of rich cream.

"In a few days my condition changed in a remarkable way, and I began to have a strength that I had never been possessed of before, a vigor of body and a poise of mind that amazed me. It was entirely new in my experience.

"My former attacks of indigestion had been accompanied by heat flashes, and many times my condition was distressing with blind spells of dizziness, rush of blood to the head and neuralgic pains in the chest.

"Since using Grape-Nuts alone for breakfast I have been free from these troubles, except at times when I have indulged in rich, greasy foods in quantity, then I would be warned by a pain under the left shoulder blade, and unless I heeded the warning the old trouble would come back, but when I finally got to know where these troubles originated I returned to my Grape-Nuts and cream and the pain and disturbance left very quickly.

"I am now in prime health as a result of my use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


# PARALLEL STORIES of FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

## THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

(Copyright by F. L. Nelson

### THE WELLS-FARGO MILLION DOLLAR EXPRESS ROBBERY.

HAD the plot to rob the Red Star express on the Erie at Port Jervis, New York, some twenty years ago succeeded, it would have been the greatest haul ever made in a train hold-up. That it did not succeed is due to the cunning and faithfulness of an old employe. A cool million in gold was the stake played for and so bold were the men who planned to take it that the detective assigned to the case refused to believe that the attempt actually would be made. The story, as told by the principal actors on each side, is a splendid illustration of the fact that no matter how carefully a crime is planned the criminal cannot take into account all the details, the failure of only one of which will lead to detection.

### BOB FUREY'S STORY.

"The touch-off on the Red Star Express? Do I recall it? Well I should smile. That was one of the biggest and neatest jobs ever put up in New York. It was a hair-raiser from start to finish. A job like that ought to have been worth a million. It would have been but for one of the unexpected things that come around to crooks as well as to other people.

I tumbled on the business by accident one afternoon as I was going from Washington to New York. I was sitting in the smoker puffing away on a bit of Havana, when a couple of gents dropped in and took the seat in front. I did not pay any attention to them until I overheard them talking about money bags and gold coin. I picked up from their conversation that they were agents for an express company that had a contract for hauling money for the government, and had charge of the stuff while it was in transit from Washington to the mint in Philadelphia or to other eastern cities.

This of itself did not specially interest me, but when I heard them talk about how carelessly the coin was handled by the agents east of Chicago, a territory in which the cars were believed to be perfectly safe, I began thinking a bit. Before I reached New York I had made up my mind to pick up a few additional facts on this subject. If it turned out as rosy as these fellows indicated I would teach some of them a lesson in the art of performing their duty. I learned from them incidentally that the Red Star Express, on the Erie, carried more money than any other company, and that the agents guarded $1,000,000 about as closely as the ordinary citizen would a nickel.

I gave these citizens a silent vote of thanks when we parted. Immediately afterward I began an official investigation. I had learned the trade of machinist when I was a young fellow, so the first thing I did was to make application for a job in the Erie railroad repair shops in Jersey City.

While working on the car I got acquainted with Pop Thompson. He was called Pop because of his general good nature, and not because he was old. I made myself as friendly with him as I could. I found out where he lived in Lafayette, N. Y., a little station up the line a ways. I hired a room in a boarding house near him. We met very often, and he seemed to take a fancy to me. After a while he talked quite freely about his business, though it was always about trips that he had made and never about trips that he was going to take.

When I got this far into the scheme I called in Johnny Dobbs, Big Jim Brady, Walt. Herrick and Pete Durand, four of the wisest crooks that ever lived, and put them onto Pop and his car, with the idea that one of them would stick to him every day and go away with him on every trip to get the run of the business. In this way Johnny Dobbs picked up in Chicago that Pop had a weak side. In short, he was leading a double life. Nothing could have suited me better, for that gave me a chance to pull him into the traces.

There was no longer any use of my working in the shop, so I quit and went to chicago to wait for Pop to turn up. It was some weeks before he landed there, but I fixed it so that I would meet him coming out of his home No. 2 in Chicago, which gave me a chance to call him down. He was not as much surprised as I thought he would be, and it was not until he got ready to return home that he suggested that it would be well to keep quiet what I had seen.

I promised never to mention it, and returned with Pop. It was the first show that I had to throw out any feelers. I gently, rather playfully, hinted that Pop was carrying a large amount of money for other people, and it was a wonder to me that none of it had ever stuck to his fingers. Pop manifested more interest in this talk than I had ever hoped for. He said he was tired of working for nothing. He hinted that if I could suggest any plan to make a big roll of money he was willing to listen. Then I gave him the idea, cold and plain, of hitting a rap at the Red Star car.

Pop drank in all that I said like a very thirsty man, agreed to meet me the next day and give me his views. He was on deck at the appointed time, and promised to furnish me with the information about the car and its load of coin, if I would do the rest of the work and fix it up so nothing would point to him. This seemed all right. If the thing was pulled off he could get his share of the boodle and quit his job when he felt like it. He was willing to make the dust, but had been trained so long on the honest line that he could not become a full-fledged thief at a jump.

Pop went along in the regular way, as it was arranged that we were not going to make the strike until the fall shipment of gold to Chicago. The time was left to Pop to select. We got the tip on Monday, that on the following Wednesday night the Red Star car would go out from the Erie depot with the big load of shiny metal. We fixed up everything to carry out our trick. I had a long talk with Pop. He was so inquisitive about all the details of robbery, and insisted upon knowing everything that we were going to do before hand, that I became suspicious of him.

One of the gang had been on his track every day without his knowledge, and had never seen or heard anything wrong, so I thought maybe I was not fair with Pop to doubt him. After thinking it all over I concluded that the safest way to deal with Pop would be to fool him by giving him a ghost story about the details. I told him the train would be flagged about five miles west of Port Jervis and the safes dumped from the car. A wagon would be in readiness to take the safes. They would then be blown open on the road. The plan was to bury the gold in a safe place and cart away only the greenbacks.

Wednesday night came. The car pulled out of the depot with Pop on the first watch and his partner in the sleeper. The gang were all in the smoker. After we got in motion Pop let us into the car. We started at once on the big safe and had no trouble getting into it. Pop, of course, did not know the combination. We got out the small safes—there were four of them—and they were very heavy. Pop said the cargo was nearly all gold and the prospect was very bright.

A few miles this side of Port Jervis, at a place agreed upon, and about ten miles from where Pop had been given to understand that the robbery would take place, I gave the signal. We forced the door of the car and dumped the safes while we were going at full speed. About a quarter of a mile beyond, a red light was waved in front of the engine. The train stopped. We jumped when the train slacked up, and the red light disappeared. We put Pop to sleep in the car with a tap on the head and closed the door, so that nothing was known of the robbery until the train reached Port Jervis. Then we had a hustle for fair."

### DETECTIVE M'QUILLAN'S STORY.

I was sitting in my office late one afternoon when a messenger called and said that a detective was wanted at the office of Wells, Fargo & Co. for special business. When I got to the express office I was told what seemed to me to be a very fishy story about an attack that was going to be made upon the Red Star money car.

The tip that the robbery was going to come off had been given to the company by Ike Thompson, who went by the name of "Pop," one of the best agents in the express car service, but I thought that there must be a mistake in it somewhere. His story was that while he was in Chicago on one of the regular trips he went to the house of his sister-in-law, and when he left he was accosted by a fellow whom he had known in Jersey City as Luke Sanderson, one of the workmen in the Erie Railroad shops.

In some way or other Sanderson had got the idea that the woman Thompson had called upon was his wife. Sanderson knew that Thompson was married and had a family in Lafayette, N. Y., and he took pains to suggest to Thompson that it would go very hard with him if the company should learn that he was not living on the level, as he was earning hardly enough money legitimately to run two homes. Thompson did not stumble to what Sanderson was driving at until they were on the way back to Jersey City, going with an empty money car, when Sanderson suggested that there was an easier way to make a fortune than working for it.

Thompson is a very foxy fellow, and determined to lead Sanderson on with the belief that he was ready to go into anything that would pay big money, and he managed his part of the affair so well that Sanderson never dropped to the fact that he was being jollied.

I was not sent for until several days or weeks afterward, as Thompson and the officials were not any too anxious to divide the honors in the case, as success made a big thing for all the company's employes who figured in the case. Thompson had several interviews with Sanderson, and from what he said had got him worked up to a high pitch over the robbery and the gang were anxious to spring the trick.

I listened to the tale, and was very skeptical. I did not believe that any top-notch crooks would have gone into such a scheme with Thompson without first being assured that there was no possible chance of a throw-down.

I asked for a sight of the crook, to see if I knew him. A meeting was arranged, at which I was present, and when I got my peepers on the bold Sanderson my old heart gave a thump, for I recognized him at a glance as Bob Furey, a crook on both sides of the ocean in some first-class jobs.

Thompson was to figure only as a second fiddle in the transaction, and was to get an even share in the swag with the others when the money was divided. It was not necessary for him to have a knowledge of the details of the plans which Furey had put up to work off the money bags. The gang wanted a big boodle, and so long as we were on to their game I suggested that we should not give the gang the tip until there was really a big load of dust on board the express car, just to give the gang the laugh when they got the throw-down for losing such a dandy bundle.

The day was finally set for the robbery. Thompson succeeded in getting all the details, so that it made the work dead easy on paper. The signal to hold up the train, it was arranged, would be given after leaving Port Jervis on the Erie railroad, which would be the signal for us to do our little act and land the gang.

The train with the Red Star car was booked to leave the Erie depot at 6 o'clock in the evening, and in the morning I sent four men to Port Jervis to take up a position where the red light was to be given at night. I got a telegram that they had landed all right and in the evening, when the train pulled out of the depot, I was aboard with six lusty fellows, who would rather fight than eat.

I saw Thompson before the train started but did not speak to him. He indicated by a nod of the head that their gang were on board the train in the front cars, and everything looked rosy. The train pulled out on time, and we went humping along at a lively rate, as we were on the fast express. I had given instructions to my men what to do when we got to the holding-up place.

I knew every foot of the ground on the Erie, and when we got within a few miles of Port Jervis I began to feel just a little bit nervous. While I was running all the details of the attack over in my mind the train slowly pulled up, but did not come to a full stop. I looked out of the window, but did not see anything. In a moment we were pushing up the hill to Port Jervis at full speed. When we pulled up at the little depot I jumped off the car to take a final look at things, and as I passed the Red Star car I heard a moan. I listened and it was repeated several times. I could not understand it, but I felt that something had gone wrong.

I did not want to make a foolish break of any kind, so I first went to the engineer and asked him what he had stopped for before reaching Port Jervis. He said that he saw a red light swinging on the track, and slowed up. The light had disappeared before he got to it, and he could not understand it. I knew the meaning of it, and saw the game in a second. The gang had fooled Thompson by giving him a wrong description of what was going to be done. This was verified when I reached the Red Star car. The lock had been broken off, and inside the car was Thompson, lying on his back well done up.

He was partly conscious, and knew enough to tell that the thieves had fooled him, and had dumped the safes on the track about three miles east of Port Jervis. They had jumped off the train when it slowed. But if Thompson had been fooled he had fooled the gang also, for he had flung the kit of tools which was to be used to open the safes off the car, and it was dollars to doughnuts they would not be able to find them.

I got an engine at the depot, and in ten minutes I was on the way back with my men. Before reaching the place I noticed lanterns flashing along the track, and I ordered the engineer to run past the lights a half mile or so before slowing up. As we went by the spot I saw the gang at work carrying the safes to a wagon. We stopped after turning a curve and started back on foot.

The thieves, I concluded, had discovered the loss of the tools, and instead of trying to open the safes had decided to carry them away and break them up at their leisure. When we got back to the place the gang were about ready to move and I ordered my men to wait until they all got into the wagon before making the attack.

We stood in the shadow of the trees on the roadside until the wagon came up, and then I gave the signal. One man seized the horse's head and turned him into a fence, and the rest of us covered the gang with guns. Two of the gang jumped and were shot. The others threw up their hands.

We took the whole outfit to Port Jervis, and Walt. Herrick died on the way. Durand was shot in the chest, but recovered in time for the trial. With the conviction of Johnny Dobbs, Jim Brady, Bob Furey and Pete Durand one of the most notorious gangs of safe breakers was broken up.

### Tripoli Women at Home.

There is a vivid picture of home life in Tripoli in Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's recent volume: "Another day I went to a house of quite different social order, where a poor woman with a crooked spine had asked to see the foreigner. She was sewing at a little machine low on the floor, turned by hand, like those used by Malays, her knees higher than her head—but that was apparently a favorite attitude of both sexes.

"Flat on the floor lay an old woman sound asleep, merely a neighbor in for a while to take this surprising means of promoting social hilarity. But she wore a good deal of jewelry, was artistically tattooed and, upon waking, showed strong, short white teeth in a friendly smile.

"The poor little deformed woman seemed pathetically glad to see us and began to talk at once of the coming eclipse, of her fear that it might injure her and that she should not dare go to the roof to see it; also asking me to use my influence to render it as harmless as possible."

### Paradoxical.

"Jim certtainly acted in a contrary way when he found out that Clarissa's beauty he was so proud of, was half paint and powder."

"What did he do?"

"Why, declared he was put out when he found he had been taken in."

### A Great Discovery.

"I tell you we live in an age of progress."

"How now?"

"Now some sharp has discovered that you kin shake fleas off a dog with a vacuum cleaner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# HOME TOWN HELPS

## GIVE BEAUTY TO THE PORCH

**Boxes With Flowers or Vines Are an Ornament No House Should Be Without.**

Veranda or porch boxes should be at least a food wide and a foot deep and the timber of which they are made should be of fairly good quality, for it will have to resist considerable pressure when the box is filled with soil.

These boxes will be found most satisfactory if allowed to project outside the veranda rail. They should be well supported by braces running from the bottom of the box on the outside to the veranda floor.

Paint them some neutral color before filling them with soil.

If ordinary soil is used you will have only an ordinary development of the plants you set out to grow in it, while what you want is vigorous growth.

Procure soil containing as much decayed vegetable matter as you can. No matter how full of roots it is, the nutriment you are in search of is there and a few roots more or less will not interfere with the plants you propose to grow in it.

On the contrary, they will prove of positive benefit, as they will help to keep the soil light and porous.

Before filling the boxes with soil, bore a few holes in the bottom of them to allow for the escape of surplus water. In all probability there will be no surplus water to escape, but it is well to be on the safe side.

Vines Add Grace and Beauty to the Porch.

When you put the soil in the boxes press it down firmly. If dumped in lightly, evaporation will be rapid and the roots of your plants may suffer in consequence.

At the outside of the box set vines of quick development, like German Ivy, Tradescantia, Moneywort, or the Madeira vines.

These will soon hide the box completely and after a little they will form a screen for all that portion of the veranda below the rail.

Morning glories can be planted here and there along the box and trained up on strings and made to furnish shade for the veranda as well as a screen.

Other flowering plants can be selected to suit individual taste. Almost any plant can be used with reasonable chance of success if care is taken to see that the soil in the box is kept always moist.

### Strange Garden Creations.

I often ask myself where in the world the strange erections that stalk through an increasing number of American gardens that even cover not a few American verandas, staring-white, bare of foliage, and solid enough to support a sky-scraper, are supposed to have derived their origin, writes H. G. Dwight, in the Atlantic Monthly Magazine. In some of the greatest Italian gardens the pergolas are made of slender unplaned poles fastened together by withes, which are invisible under the vines that cover them.

The nakedness of American pergolas has sometimes been explained to me by the fact that grapevines must be cut down every year in order to bear well. What of it? The vine exists for the pergola, not the pergola for the vine.

Even in countries so poor as Greece and Turkey thousands of vines are grown simply for their shade and beauty. If we called a pergola a trellis, and were done with it, we might be less in danger of disfiguring our gardens by a species of snow-shed.

### Sometimes It Seems So.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "who can tell me what the word 'odorless' means?"

Willie Jones was sure he knew.

"Well, Willie, what does it mean?"

"Odorless means without scent," he piped.

"Right. Now who can give a sentence using the word correctly?" continued the teacher. "You may answer, Jimmy."

"Please, ma'am, when you are odorless you cannot ride in the trolley cars."—Youth's Companion.

### School Grounds.

It is strange that towns and communities will decorate their cemeteries and allow the school yards to remain bare. Would it now be better to reverse the rule and care for the living rather than the dead? It is certainly too late to benefit those who rest in the cemetery and not too early to instill a love of plant life into those who attend school.

### Fitting a Cork.

If a cork is too large for the bottle in which you wish to use it, lay it on its side, and with a little board or ruler roll it under all the pressure you can put on it. It will be elongated to fit in a very few minutes.

### HARD LUCK.

"The sense of the ridiculous," said Kate
"Is strong in Sue—the foxy elf."
"Indeed," said Grace, "how very keenly then,
She must appreciate herself."


## RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."


### Hot Weather Drink.

Philip Hale, one of Boston's latter-day philosophers, recommends barley water as a more sensible drink for hot weather than "ice-cold" blends of waters, sirups, acids gulped at the marble fountains. Mr. Hale's recipe for his favorite tipple is as follows:

"For three pints of water you will require a teacupful and a half of well washed pearl barley, four lumps of sugar and the thin rind and juice of one lemon. Pour boiling water over it, cover with a saucer and let it stand till cold; then strain again and again till clear, and pour into a jug."

A buttermilk fan adds:

"Then set the jug in a cool place and forget it."

### Sure of Himself.

"Aren't you afraid you may become a slave to the smoking habit?"

"No. I can quit whenever I want to."

"How do you know that? Have you ever tried it?"

"No; but I've cured myself of the habit of voting for every candidate who is nominated by the political party to which I belong, and a man must have a strong will to do that."

### His Rank.

Mistress—Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary; but what's your reason?

Mary keeps silent.

Mistress—Something private?

Mary (suddenly)—No, mum; please, mum, he's a lance corporal.—Illustrated Bits.

To be sweet and clean, every woman should use Paxtine in sponge bathing. It eradicates perspiration and all other body odors. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

### Corrected.

"Isn't that lady attenuated in form?"

"Do you think so? Now, I'd call her real thin."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A cat may have nine lives, but a cow can kick the bucket a dozen times and continue to hold her job.

Once in a great while love's labor is lost, but more often it is misplaced.

### Prize Winner.

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some lovely silver cups on the counter.

"These are race cups to be given as prizes."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with the cup in his hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup. —Keystone.

### Consistent.

"Your friend is very particular about conformity in all things, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. When he went on his last spree the family were in mourning and he saw only black snakes."


## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

## A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientific for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among the—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Theraplon, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weaknesses, skin eruptions, piles, &c., there is no doubt. In fact it seems evident from the big stir created amongst specialists, that THERAPION is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell sufferers all we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—we might almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. Le Clerc Med. Co., Haverstock Road, Hampstead, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the New French Remedy "THERAPION" No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3 is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. Theraplon is sold by druggists or mail $1.00. Fougera Co., 90 Beekman St., New York.

WILLIAMSON'S LIGHTNING HEALING POWDER

## Cures Sore Necked HORSES

Sold through Harness Jobbers. Every Box Guaranteed. We ship 2 gross, 24 dozen, freight paid, to their city to be paid for when sold. Any dealer can get a dozen in display box without cost until sold and consumer satisfied. Cures all raw galled sores on man or beast. No pain when applied, cooling and soothing. First application kills germs and gives horse RAHE. Three applications cure completely while you work the horse or dealer refunds the money. Show dealer this AD. Don't let him tell YOU he has something just as good, for there is nothing as GOOD. It cures your horse or no PAY. If your horses' necks are sore, don't delay. Send post office order for $5 and we send you box postage paid first mail and refund money if it doesn't cure. DIRECT

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DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or 5 sent prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.


W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 33-1912.


## Sioux City Directory

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NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
MACHINERY DOCTORS
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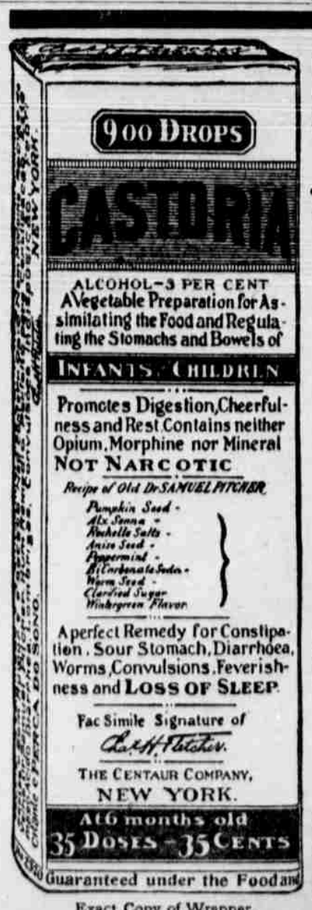


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