

IT'S HARD TO WORK

It's torture to work with a lame, aching back. Get rid of it. Attack the cause. Probably it's weak kidneys. Heavy or confining work is hard on the kidneys, anyway, and once the kidneys become inflamed and congested, the trouble keeps getting worse. The danger of running into gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease is serious. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for backache or bad kidneys.

A Washington Case
H. R. Hatch, 218 Cedar St., Everett, Wash., says: "Severe pains in my back made me miserable. I did not sleep. My kidneys burned in pain. My back got so bad I could hardly work. A fine specialist failed. Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50¢ a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder
as a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female flies? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women. For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50¢ a large box at Drugists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,
An antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you want neat and comfortable feet, soothing, soothing, soothing, use Allen's Foot-Ease. It relieves corns and bunions of all pain and prevents blisters, sore and itching feet. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Try it today. Sold everywhere. Price, 10¢. Don't accept any substitutes. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER
JOHN L. THOMPSON BOTTING CO., TROY, N. Y.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, MO., 20-1913.

NOT YET A HOUSEHOLD WORD

Rising Young Journalist Found There Were Places Where His Fame Had Not Been Heralded.

Louis Brownlow was born in what may be described as the backwoods down south. In the course of time he straightened his plumage, flapped his wings, and sailed out into the cold and dreary world to collect for himself finance and fame. He landed on a newspaper in a southern city, and made so good on his job that his articles were plastered under his signature across the front page of his journal every day. After several months he went back home. So far as he was able to determine he was a sunburst on the horizon of journalism, and fame had hung about his form all the lights and illuminations possible. "Louis," asked one of the old men at the grocery store, speaking with a pronounced drawl and caressing his long, thin whiskers, "what be your line of endeavor?" "The newspaper business," replied Brownlow, distinctly proud. "Well, Louis," pursued the patriarch, "be you a-sellin' of the papers or a-settin' of the type?"

His Pertinent Question.

The gentle little mother was putting the four-year-old to bed. In the hush of "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," the frail father of the family could be heard downstairs, scolding everybody, as was his evening wont. "Mamma," asked the innocent little chap, raising his blue eyes at the "Amen," "why do we have to have papa?"

Physically Impossible.

"It is all nonsense to talk about a starved-looking working horse." "Why is it?" "Because one can see at first glance that a working horse always has a bit in his mouth."

His Guess.

Bacon—Which is the proper way to eat spaghetti—with a knife or a spoon?
Cabaret—With a pitchfork, I guess.

CLEARED AWAY

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away.

Our own troubles always seem more severe than any others. But when a man is unable to eat even a light breakfast, for years, without severe distress, he has trouble enough. It is small wonder he likes to tell of food which cleared away the troubles. "I am glad of the opportunity to tell of the good Grape-Nuts has done for me," writes a N. H. man. "For many years I was unable to eat even a light breakfast without great suffering. After eating I would suddenly be seized with an attack of colic and vomiting. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last a week or more, leaving me so weak I could hardly sit up or walk. Since I began to eat Grape-Nuts I have been free from the old troubles. I usually eat Grape-Nuts one or more times a day, taking it at the beginning of the meal. Now I can eat almost anything I want without trouble. When I began to use Grape-Nuts I was way under my usual weight, now I weigh 30 pounds more than I ever weighed in my life, and I am glad to speak of the food that has worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

LAW'S DEMAND MADE NAUGHT OF NEW LIFE

How the "Shadow" Caught Up With "Piney" Whaley.

UNEXPIATED CRIME FOUND HIM

Now Leaves Happy Home for Five Years' Term in Prison.

WIFE WILL AWAIT HIS RELEASE

Had Never Known He Was a Fugitive From the Law, but the Discovery Has Not Swerved the Woman to Whom He Chiefly Owes His Redemption—Seemingly Harsh that the Law Should Turn Apparently Good Citizen Into Convict.

IN THE gray wool of Charles Whaley's existence Love spun a single radiant thread. The fact is futile now, for Charles Whaley, after two years of stolen happiness, is serving the first days of a five-year sentence in Sing Sing.

The burglary for which he is atoning was committed three years ago. Whaley, though arrested at the time, escaped, and in a new world, under a new name, tried to live down his past. He failed. Just as he was beginning to take hope the unexpiated crime found him.

He has a wife and two children. It was their love which held him while he hid from justice; it is their love he behind him. When he emerges from prison it will be waiting, for the discovery that her husband is an escaped criminal has not swerved the woman to whom he owes redemption.

Everyone knows the story of Jean Valjean, the fugitive-philanthropist of Victor Hugo's most famous novel. Charles Whaley is a Jean Valjean of common life. For the time being he has failed, but when release from prison gives him new opportunities to prove his reformation, there will be plenty of well-wishers to give him help.

It was in 1910 that Charles Whaley ran afoul of the law. With an accomplice named Richard Fitzsimmons he robbed a dry-goods store at Port Washington, L. I. Fitzsimmons was sentenced to one year in the county penitentiary; Whaley escaped while awaiting trial.

He was twenty-five years old at the time. Most of his life had been spent on Long Island and the waters about New York. He had been in trouble a good deal of the time, but he had never got into anything approaching in gravity his situation when he found himself an escaped prisoner with the possibility of recapture and a heavy penitentiary sentence. For a time he worked as fireman on a harbor boat. During much of it he meditated. His chief conclusion was that his whole life had been a big mistake, and that if he ever intended to repair it the moment had come to begin. Just a year after his escape he started on the job.

IT WAS a big one. When a man has spent nine years in piling up varied and sundry misdemeanors he cannot put them all right in a minute. In Greenport, L. I., there was a girl who, two years before, had come into Whaley's life for a brief period. It had not meant much to Whaley, but it had meant a good deal to the girl. Whaley started his new life by going to Greenport and marrying her. She knew his real name, but in consideration of the remainder of the village, it was considered advisable for him to settle there under a new name—Frank Lawrence. He got a job on one of the Sound oyster boats; turned into steady, everyday work and tried to forget the past.

It was not so difficult. He had escaped imprisonment for a year; perhaps he could do it indefinitely. He decided that the district attorney's office was satisfied with one victim; that it was willing, so far as he was concerned, to let bygones be bygones.

His work on the oyster boat paid him \$30 a month. Out of this he supported himself, his wife and a child. He had always been an unwise drinker; with the advent of new aspirations he gave this up. The love he had once treated lightly came to be the most important thing in this new, strange, exciting career. He found his wife believed in him; that she watched his every step toward regeneration with the faith of an unfathomable love. He never told her he was an escaped prisoner.

UNDER these influences the old Whaley became less and less prominent, and Frank Lawrence, the new man, continued to grow. He had only one spectre—the gloomy knowledge of his ever-present danger. It was enough. Each time his schooner returned from the oyster beds there was mingled with his joy of homecoming the fear that one of the wait-

Perplexities of Japanese. I have a handicap with the printers. They make my "to" into "so" and "is" into "as," et cetera. It seems to me they make more mistakes with my writing than that of English writers. One of the staff of my publishers told me that it could not be helped. Because when the English writers write books, the printers know they should be correct English, therefore the printers arrange the "types" with their sense. But when they print my writing they don't know what words will

come next. Therefore, even when they made a mistake themselves, they might think it was my mistake, and the publishers had no control over that matter. Here let me add that even my lady collaborator often gets into the same "muddle" with the printers when she corrects the proofs of my manuscripts, and once I touched the proofs myself after she passed them. My publishers were furious, and said to me, "Whatever for have you made such a mess of the proofs?" The printers were grumbling very



His wife believed in him. He never told her he was an escaped convict.

ing figures on the wharf might be that of an officer of the law. On shipboard Lillian Frances, this time—a baby just he was safe, but from the moment he landed until his departure there was the haunting possibility that his crime would find him out, that he would cease to be Frank Lawrence, honest man, and again become "Piney" Whaley, the dishonest fugitive. There were times when it did not trouble him at all, but there were also times when it chilled him from head to foot. These occasions came usually when he was happiest, when, for the time being, the memory of his danger had been almost obliterated.

He would be seated in the front room of his home—a three-room cottage—which he had rented shortly after his marriage. Dinner would be over. His wife—the woman whose unwavering devotion had helped him most in his long struggle—would be sitting beside him. Over in one corner, Helen Marie, his daughter, would be arguing with an imaginary audience some highly portentous problem of babyhood. Everything would be a part of the new life, the happy and untroubled existence of Frank Lawrence. There would be a knock at the door. It might be a neighbor, it might be the wind, it might be anything, but to the man, it was always the same. He had been found. In a moment the door would open. A man would step in—probably Ike Smith, the constable from Port Washington. He knew Ike.

"Well, Piney," Ike would say, "I guess you'd better come along with me." Then—but Whaley never got past that point. The door would open, revealing—no one except a neighbor. Whaley would wipe the sweat off his face, give a harsh, unnatural laugh, and excuse himself for a moment, saying he was going after a drink of water. When he found himself alone, he would fall into the nearest chair, shaking from head to foot.

The months passed, some swiftly, some with an awful deliberation, but all full of a peace and happiness such as Charles Whaley had never known before. The hope, long growing, that justice was no longer concerned with his existence became a conviction. There was no question about it. Charles Whaley was dead; Frank Lawrence could go unhindered on his way to redemption. After all, it had not been such a very important affair, only a matter of a broken pane and some stolen overcoats. Surely the great state of New York would not concern itself for long about such an insignificant occurrence. One man had served a year in jail; he himself had spent two months there while awaiting trial. And, above all, he had turned over a new leaf, he was trying to do the right thing. There would be no object in sending him to the penitentiary. He was safe.

Save Steps and Strength. There is great and continued waste of human energy through the making of false and unnecessary motions. The founder of a household experiment station has a favorite illustration of the average woman's waste of steps in the making of a cup of tea. He observed one cook in a large kitchen, first cross the room to a distant pantry, to get her tea caddy, then go to the shelf over the stove to get her teapot, cross the room again to get a strainer from the table drawer. The spoon for measuring she sought in a dresser which was located in another corner, and the cup which gauged the quantity of water was carried from the dining-room china closet.

This seems an extreme example, but it is repeated in greater or less degree in every home every day.

Want More Eggs Produced. The production of eggs is attracting considerable attention among farmers of South Africa. The South African Poultry Association recently held a conference in Johannesburg and decided to prosecute inquiries into the working of the egg circles of Australia and the co-operative systems of Denmark and Russia, and thereafter to formulate a scheme embodying the best features of each organization adapted to South African requirements.

His Downfall From Quadruplets. When Samuel Rawlings, a baker, forty-one years old, was sentenced to six months' hard labor as an incorrigible rogue, it was stated that his downward career seemed to have begun a few years ago when his wife gave birth to four children. He had since been prosecuted repeatedly for ill-treating her.—London Mail.

ever, that there was another baby—Lillian Frances, this time—a baby just he was safe, but from the moment he landed until his departure there was the haunting possibility that his crime would find him out, that he would cease to be Frank Lawrence, honest man, and again become "Piney" Whaley, the dishonest fugitive. There were times when it did not trouble him at all, but there were also times when it chilled him from head to foot. These occasions came usually when he was happiest, when, for the time being, the memory of his danger had been almost obliterated.

He was sitting in the front room. There was a knock at the door. "Come in," said Whaley, cheerily, for, under the spell of recent events, the old fear had vanished altogether. The door opened. A man stepped in. It was Ike Smith.

"Well, Piney," he said, "I guess you'd better come along with me."—New York World.

Great Value of Aluminum. The conductivity of aluminum is about 60 per cent. of that of annealed copper. Accordingly, an aluminum conductor must be considerably larger in cross sectional area than a copper conductor if the two are to carry the same amount of current. Aluminum wire is always coated with a thin oxide which serves as an insulator. This insulation is enough, according to some European manufacturers, to permit of using bare aluminum wire in the coils of magnets. As the oxide film is of inappreciable thickness, a coil of the wire thus constructed would be no bulkier, if as bulky, as a coil wound with insulated copper wire. H. F. Stratton, writing on this subject in the Electrical World, states that he has been unable to secure sufficient insulation when depending upon the aluminum oxide film as it naturally occurs in the commercial product. In order to increase this oxide, some European manufacturers wet the coil and then heat it.

Not a Thunder Expert. The masterful manner in which some people evade an issue was mentioned at a recent dinner when this one was recalled by Rear Admiral Philip Andrews.

"In New Orleans one night," the admiral said, "there was a man on the stage who offered to answer by mental arithmetic any question that might be asked by the audience. 'Just so long as the questioner remained in the expected channel the sailing was easy, but finally one man got beyond the bearings. 'If you please, sir,' said the man, rising from his seat, 'how far off can you hear thunder?' 'I can't tell you, sir,' was the prompt response of the wonder on the stage. 'You can't tell me?' responded the man. 'Why I thought—' 'Not about thunder,' replied the stage party, doing a quick piece of dodging. 'You see, I am a lightning calculator.'—Washington Post.

Conductor Finds \$5,000; Gets 50 Cents Reward. B. ALTIMORE, Md.—Fifty cents was the reward given to a conductor of the local street railway company for the recovery of a package containing \$500 in cash and \$4,000 in certified checks.

When Andrew Anderson, a conductor on the Ellicott City line, found a carefully wrapped package lying on one of the seats of his car when nearing the barn he had no idea that in the parcel there was so much money and negotiable checks.

"Here's a package I found on the car," he shouted, as he tossed the package to the dispatcher. "Someone probably will claim it."

Someone did claim it. Just thirty minutes later a man rushed into the car barn and excitedly asked if a package had been found on one of the cars.

"What sort of a package? Describe it," said the dispatcher.

"Well, it was wrapped in paper and

turned in fire alarm and races cop on wheel. DETROIT, MICH.—Francis Sheahan, four-year-old son of Col. P. J. Sheahan, attorney, merely wanted to see the engines dash up the street when he turned in a false alarm the other afternoon from Second avenue and High street.

Pedaling up the street on his velocipede, Francis came to a halt in front of a red-painted post surmounted by a small box of the same bright hue. The box presented possibilities to his young mind and he set about devising ways and means for calling the fire department to the scene. He could not reach the glass. Obtaining a small stick, he smote the pane and shattered it.

This done, he mounted the saddle of his velocipede and hooked his forefinger in the iron ring. The rest happened automatically. The wheels of the velocipede started in motion and Francis' whole weight was thrown on the chain attached to the alarm.

Frightened at what he had done, Francis again mounted his trusty iron steed and started to run for it, going down the street as fast as his

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Refuse to Be Clothed in Flowing Garments



CHICAGO.—The enthusiasm of a few score husbands for the proposed "fete champetre" of the New Future association exploded with a loud bang the other day, when the husbands discovered what a "fete champetre" was. As a result, the big event, scheduled for June 20 in the First Regiment armory, has been called off.

Mrs. Fred L. Rossbach, founder and president of the association, which aims to aid women released from the house of correction, and the other directors spent weeks on arrangements and found their husbands eager in their promises of assistance. But at the directors' meeting at the Hotel La Salle one of the women rose and told a sad story.

It appears that her husband, who is not built along the lines of a gazelle, thought finally to ask what was going on. He was told the peculiar features of the fete would be the costumes. All men and women were to wear the flowing draperies of the ancient Greeks.

"Me!" shouted the startled husband. "Me impersonate Apollo? No, you don't, woman. I don't mind the new future, but I'm dinged if I'll dress like a shepherd in a Greek pasture. Not—on—your—life. I'm still strong for your cause, but I don't like that effect. I'll give thousands for any such insult to my unfortunate physique as that."

And then it developed that there were other fat husbands and several thin ones who had also asserted the independence of their sex and refused to have anything to do with the program.

"We were anxious enough to appear in costume," said Mrs. Rossbach regretfully after the meeting, "but the husbands just wouldn't do it. They said in no uncertain tone they would rather pay any amount into our treasury than appear in flowing robes. We'll give them a chance."

There were other objections, among them that two professionals in the association had engaged to conduct the affair were to receive part of the profits. This is contrary to the rules regarding support by the Association of Commerce.

And so there will be no "fete champetre." A meek substitute is being arranged, in the form of a card party, to which the balking husbands will probably be made to contribute liberally.

Humans Are Made Crabs by Side-Seated Cars

CLEVELAND, O.—Thin, anaemic men who are unable to do a day's work, and frail little women attain a record for muscular exertion which could not be surpassed by the strongest athlete every time that they ride in a side-seated street car, according to computations made by Councilman E. M. Bieder. They are compelled to push against a force of probably half a ton every time they make a trip upon one of these cars, he declares.

Councilman Bieder has been making an investigation of the subject, with a view to legislating out of existence cars with seats running lengthwise. He doubts, though, that the council has the authority to pass the legislation, and he may take the matter up with the board of health as a health regulation.

"Man is not a crab and cannot move sideways with any degree of ease," said Mr. Bieder the other day. "His muscles are not formed for that mode of advance. Let anyone who is in doubt on this subject try to run sideways for a hundred yards at a fair rate of speed."

"The forward movement of a street car, with its sudden stoppage and jerks, is a constant strain, and muscles which are not adapted to it are compelled to take up the burden of holding the body more or less rigid against the force which always one rearward as the car advances and forward as the car is checked. To

sway the body backward or forward from the hips entails practically no fatigue, for almost every movement of the body is accompanied by this, but to sway sideways is tiring in the extreme.

"When a street car traveling ten miles an hour is brought to a stop the checked velocity is equal to a pressure of ten pounds upon the area of the surface of every passenger, or when a car traveling at an ordinary rate of speed comes to a stop it is equal to every passenger being pushed from his balance by a ten-pound weight."

"If every passenger of a side-seated car counts the number of times the car stops before he reaches home, and multiplies it by ten he will discover that he has pushed against the force of probably half a ton, and if he makes the trip twice a day he will have a record for muscular exertion which will enable him to realize why his trip home at night is so fatiguing."

Conductor Finds \$5,000; Gets 50 Cents Reward



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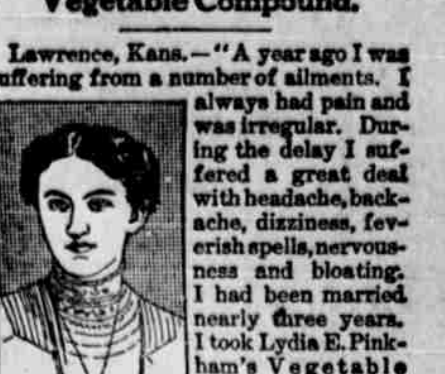
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KANSAS WOMAN WHO SUFFERED

From Headache, Backache, Dizziness and Nervousness, Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Lawrence, Kans.—"A year ago I was suffering from a number of ailments. I always had pain and was irregular. During the delay I suffered a great deal with headache, backache, dizziness, nervousness, vertigo, and bloating. I had been married nearly three years, I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I feel better than I have for years. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all who suffer as I did."—Mrs. M. ZIMMER, 1045 New Jersey Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Montana Woman's Case. Burns, Mont.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of awful backache which I had suffered with for months. I was so weak I could hardly do my work and my head and eyes ached all the time. Your Compound helped me in many ways and is a great strengthener. I always recommend it to my friends and tell them what a grand medicine it is for women. You may use my name for the good of others."—Mrs. JOHN FRANCIS, Burns, Montana.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

60 ACRES
FARMS IN
WESTERN
CANADA
FREE

IS HIGH AND SO THE PRICE OF BEEF IS HIGH.

For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) has been the leading beef producing country in the world. The change has made many thousands of acres of land available for the raising of beef cattle. This is a splendid opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 100 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the new districts and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, mortgage money is advanced, and the best of all, the land is free. Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to: J. H. McLEOD, 377 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Aberner's Preparation. Aberner, who worked for the summer residents, told Mr. Burns one morning that he was soon to be married.

"Well, really, Aberner," said Mr. Burns, "I'm glad to hear it! I suppose you've made all the preparations and got your wedding finery ready?"

Aberner did not balk at the question, but he grinned sheepishly.

"Yes," he replied, "maw, she bound my Sunday coat and put a new collar on it, and I've had my shoes tapped."—Judge.

At the Army Maneuvers. Medical Officer—What did you do first of all?
Ambulance Man—Gave 'em some brandy, sir.
Medical Officer—Quite right; but what would you have done if you hadn't any brandy?
Ambulance Man (promptly)—Promised 'em some—Punch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes inflamed bowels.

Love at first sight is apt to fade on its initial trip to the wash.

The less a man knows of women's ways the more serene is his mind.

What Ails You?

An invitation is extended by Doctor Pierce to every sick and suffering man or woman to consult the Faculty of the Inevitable Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y. It is a grand, modern, and every symptom fully and frankly, and every case of disease, no matter how long it has been contracted, is treated with the most skillful and successful methods. The treatment is strictly private and entirely confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

makes for rich, pure blood and thus invigorates the system. For a long time it will attend indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, dizziness, and every other ailment of the bowels. Cures constipation, biliousness, and all other ailments of the bowels. It is a grand, modern, and every symptom fully and frankly, and every case of disease, no matter how long it has been contracted, is treated with the most skillful and successful methods. The treatment is strictly private and entirely confidential.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure constipation, biliousness, and all other ailments of the bowels. It is a grand, modern, and every symptom fully and frankly, and every case of disease, no matter how long it has been contracted, is treated with the most skillful and successful methods. The treatment is strictly private and entirely confidential.

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Wm. Wood

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Live Stock Commission Merchants at
SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City

DO YOU WANT A HOME in a well watered, rich alluvial valley? In a beautiful city, a mile and a half from a natural dairy country on terms of one tenth cash, balance in weekly payments. Write for particulars to Rice Brothers, 1000-1002 Broadway, New York City.

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