Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A "funny man" may like to make fun, but he dislikes being made fun of.

It is the person with a fiery temper who is most easily put out.

All Up to Date Housekeepers

use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

When a man strikes a "throw" on a chair he is in the throes of misery till he throws it off.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

A man has no business with religion who has no religion with his business.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Keep your complaints out of your heart and they will die of neglect.

Straighten Up

The main muscular supports of body weaken and let go under

Backache

or Lumbago. To restore, strengthen and straighten up, use

St. Jacobs Oil

Price 25c. and 50c.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER
STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR
ANNUAL SALE OVER **5,600,000**
Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

WEATHERWISE IS THE MAN WHO WEARS TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKERS

A reputation extending over sixty-six years and our guarantee are back of every garment bearing the SIGN OF THE FISH. There are many imitations. Be sure of the name TOWER on the buttons. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited. TORONTO, CAN.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.,
17 State Street, New York City.

Looking for a Home?

Then why not keep in view the fact that the farming lands of

160 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE **Western Canada**

are sufficient to support a population of 50,000,000 or over? The immigration for the past six years has been phenomenal.

FREE Homestead Lands

easily accessible, while other lands may be purchased from Railway and Land Companies. The grain and grazing lands of Western Canada are the best on the continent, producing the best grain, and cattle (fed on grass alone) ready for market. **Markets, Schools, Railways and all other conditions make Western Canada an enviable spot for the settler.**

Write to the Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, for a descriptive Atlas, and other information, or to the authorized Canadian Government Agent—W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

THRIFTY FARMERS

are invited to settle in the state of Maryland, where they will find a delightful and healthy climate, first-class markets for their products and plenty of land at reasonable prices. Map and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free on application to

H. BADENHOOP,
Sec'y State Board of Immigration, BALTIMORE, MD.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

Bible in Many Languages.

The diversity of tongues to be found in one country is often a matter of surprise. Last year the Bible society's agents sold the scriptures in fifty-three languages in the Russian empire, in twenty-eight languages in Burmah, in thirty in South Malaisia and fifty-three in the Egyptian agency.

"World's Fair."

A St. Louis World's Fair Information Bureau has been established at 1601 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., in charge of Harry E. Moores, where all information will be cheerfully furnished free of charge.

Paying Dear For Stubbornness.

A man in Lewiston, Me., defied the city authorities to collect his poll tax, and they jailed him, and he has been behind the bars since August 5, running up a bill of $1.75 a week in addition to his $2 poll tax. He must pay both before he can be released and it looks as if he would pay dear for his stubbornness.

Do Your Clothes Look Yellow?

Then use Defiance Starch, it will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

The stock broker is usually in touch with his customer's purse.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.—Channing.

A girl will study the effects of every color except the green of jealousy.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money. Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

One Idea of Eternity.

Budd Doble, the veteran horseman, went to a country church not long ago and says that the parson gave him a better idea of eternity than he had ever had previously. "Eternity," said the preacher, "is forever and forever, and five or six everlastings on top of that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions of millions of centuries had rolled away in eternity it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

When Loubet Retires.

M. Abel Combarien, secretary general to President Loubet of France, is quoted as saying in a recent interview: "At the expiration of the period of seven years, for which he was elected, the president will step back into the ranks. He is a plain citizen, whom the people have raised to office for a given time, but he would consider it contrary to the spirit of the constitution for him to take advantage of his present position in order to secure re-election."

An Interesting "Thimble."

There's a remarkable "thimble" at the Massachusetts state house. Major Charles G. Davis, the sergeant-at-arms, keeps it as his rare treasure, closely hidden in the drawer of his desk. It was presented to him at the battle of Kelly's Ford, Va., when Major Davis was ordered to charge with his squadron into a patch of woods where the "Johnnies" were lying concealed in a perfect horseshoe formation, into the bow of which the troopers charged, only to receive a deadly fire in front, on both flanks and from rear. This peculiar thimble was made from the heavy breastplate of the major's belt and manufactured then and there. A shot struck the plate squarely in the center, at just about the pit of the major's stomach. Out of the saddle he went, and for a considerable interval lay dead to the world. In regaining consciousness the major felt sure that he was hard hit, but there was no blood. A close examination revealed a dark purple spot just behind the buckle, and severe abrasion of the outer cuticle, but no puncture of the abdomen, as had been feared. When the plate was picked up there was an idententation in it so deep that one may insert the tip of his little finger and wear it as he would a thimble. It was good, stout brass, however.

ABOUT FEAR

Often Comes From Lack of Right Food.

Napoleon said that the best fed soldiers were his best soldiers, for fear and nervousness come quickly when the stomach is not nourished. Nervous fear is a sure sign that the body is not supplied with the right food.

A Connecticut lady says: "For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and heart trouble and in almost constant fear of sudden death, the most acute suffering possible. Dieting brought on weakness, emaciation and nervous exhaustion and I was a complete wreck physically and almost a wreck mentally.

"I tried many foods, but could not avoid the terrible nausea followed by vomiting that came after eating until I tried Grape-Nats. This food agreed with my palate and stomach from the start. This was about a year ago. Steadily and surely a change from sickness to health came until now I have no symptoms of dyspepsia and can walk 10 miles a day without being greatly fatigued. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began the use of Grape-Nuts and people say I look many years younger than I really am.

"My poor old sick body has been made over and I feel as though my head had been too. Life is worth living now and I expect to enjoy it for many years to come if I can keep away from bad foods and have Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS

BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

Copyrighted, 1903, by D. Appleton & Company, New York

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Hate to lose you," said the judge politely—"hate to lose you, of course, but then a young man's got to make his way; he's got to get his start."

Franklin rose and turned toward the elder man. "If you please, judge," said he, "get the committee appointed for to-night if you can. I'll take the examination now."

"Yes? You are in a hurry!"

"Then to-morrow I'll go over and say good-bye to my sister; and the next day I think I'll follow the wagons West. I've not much to put in a wagon, so I can go by rail. The road's away west of the Missouri now, and my letter comes from the very last station, at the head of the track."

"So?" said the judge. "Well, that ought to be far enough, sure, if you go clean to the jumping-off place."

CHAPTER VII.

The New World.

Franklin crossed the Missouri river, that dividing stream known to a generation of Western men simply as "the River," and acknowledged as the boundary between the old and the new, the known and untried. When he descended from the rude train he needed no one to tell him he had come to Ellisville. He was at the limit, the edge, the boundary! "Well, friend," said the fireman, who was oiling the engine as he passed, and who grinned amiably as he spoke, "you're sure at the front now."

Franklin had not advised his friend Battersleigh of his intended arrival, but as he looked about him he saw that he had little need for any guide.

Ellisville as an actual town did not yet exist. A rude shanty or two and a line of tents indicated the course of a coming street. More than forty cow ponies stood in the Cottage corral or in the street near by. Afar there swelled the sound of morning revelries.

Rubbed his head and made sundry exclamations of surprise.

After breakfast Franklin paused for a moment at the hotel office, almost as large and empty as the dining room. Different men now and then came and passed him by, each seeming to have some business of his own. The clerk at the hotel asked him if he wanted to locate some land. Still another stranger, a florid and loosely clad young man with a mild blue eye, approached him and held some converse.

"Mornin', friend," said the young man.

"Good morning," said Franklin.

"I allow you're just in on the front," said the other.

"Yes," said Franklin, "I came on the last train."

"Stay long?"

"Well, as to that," said Franklin, "I hardly know, but I shall look around a bit."

"I didn't know but maybe you'd like to go south o' here, to Plum Center. I run the stage line down there, about forty-six miles, twict a week. That's my livery barn over there—second wooden building in the town. Sam's my name; Sam Poston. If you want to go down there, come over and I'll fix you up."

Franklin replied that he would be glad to do so in case he had the need, and was about to turn away. He was interrupted by the other, who stopped him with an explosive "Say!"

"Yes," said Franklin.

"Did you notice that girl in the dining room, pony-built like, slick, black-haired, dark eyes—wears glasses? Say that's the smoothest girl west of the river. She's waitin', in the hotel here, but say" (confidentially), "she taught school onct—yes, sir. You know, I'm gone on that girl the worst way. If you get a chanct to put in a word for me, you do it, won't you?"

Franklin was somewhat impressed with the swiftness of acquaintanceships in this new land, but he retained his own tactfulness and made polite assurance of aid should it become possible.

"I'd be mighty obliged," said his new-found friend. "Seems like I lose my nerve every time I try to say a word to that girl. Do you want a team?"

"Thank you," said Franklin, "but I hardly think so. I went to find my friend Colonel Battersleigh, and I understand he lives not very far away."

"Oh, you mean old Batty. Yes, he lives just out south a little ways—Section No. 9, southeast quarter."

Franklin passed on in the direction which had been pointed out to him, looking about him at the strange, new country, in which he felt the proprietorship of early discovery.

As Franklin was walking on, busy with the impressions of his new world, he became conscious of rapid hoof-beats coming up behind him, and turned to see a horseman careering across the open in his direction, with no apparent object in view beyond that of making all the noise possible to be made by the freckled-faced cowboy who had been up all night but still had some vitality which needed vent.

"Eeeeee-yow-heeeeee!" yelled the cowboy, both spurring and reining his supple, cringing steed. "Eeeeeee-yip-yeeeee!" Thus vociferating, he rode straight at the footman, with apparently the deliberate wish to ride him down. Finding that he failed to create a panic, he pulled up with the pony's nose almost over Franklin's shoulder. "Hello, stranger," cried the rider, cheerfully; "where are you goin', this bright an' happy mornin'?"

Franklin made no immediate reply, and the cowboy resumed.

"Have a chaw?" he said affably, and looked surprised when Franklin thanked him but did not accept.

"Say," said the cowboy, after a time——"say, I reckon I kin lick you."

"Do you think so?" said Franklin calmly, pulling up his shoulders and feeling no alarm.

"Shorely I do," said the other; "I reckon I kin lick you, er beat you shootin', er throw you down."

"Friend," said Franklin, "get down off that horse, and I'll give you a little wrestle to see who rides. What's your name, anyhow?"

"Whoa!" said the other. "Name's Curly." He was on the ground as he said this last, and throwing the bridle over the horse's neck. The animal stood as though anchored. Curly cast his hat upon the ground and trod upon it in a sort of ecstasy of combat. He rushed at Franklin without argument or premeditation.

The latter had not attended country school for nothing. Stepping lightly aside, he caught his ready opponent as he passed, and, with one arm about his neck, gave him a specimen of the "hiplock" which sent him in the air over his own shoulder. The cowboy came down much in a heap, but presently sat up, his hair somewhat rumpled and sandy. He rubbed his head and made sundry exclamations of surprise. "Huh!" said he. "Well, I'm d——d! Now, how you s'pose that happened. You kain't do that again," he said to Franklin, finally.

"Shouldn't wonder if I could," said Franklin, laughing.

"Look out fer me—I'm comin'!" cried Curly.

They met more fairly this time, and Franklin found that he had an antagonist of little skill in the game of wrestling, but of a surprising wiry, bodily strength. Time and again the cowboy writhed away from the hold, and came back again with the light of battle in his eye. It was only after several moments that he succumbed, this time to the insidious "grapevine." He fell so sharply that Franklin had difficulty in breaking free in order not to fall upon him. The cowboy lay prone for a moment, then got up and dusted off his hat.

"Mount, friend," said he, throwing the bridle back over the horse's neck without other word. "You done it fair!"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Franklin, extending his hand. "We'll just both walk along together a way, if you don't mind. I'll get me a horse pretty soon. You see, I'm a new man here—just got in this morning, and I haven't had time to look around much yet. I thought I'd go out and meet my friend, and perhaps then we could talk over such things together."

"Shore," said Curly. "Why didn't you tell me? Say, ole Batty, he's crazy to ketch a whole lot o' hosses out'n a band o' wild hosses down to the Beaver Creek. He always a-wantin' me to help him ketch them hosses."

"Battersleigh is fond of horses," said Franklin, "and he's a rider, too."

"That's so," admitted Curly. "He kin ride. You orter see him when he gits his full outfit on, sword an' pistol by his side, uh-huh!"

"He has a horse, then?"

"Has a hoss? Has a hoss—has—what? Why o' course he has a hoss. Is there anybody that ain't got a hoss?"

"Well, I haven't," said Franklin.

"You got this one," said Curly.

"How?" said Frank, puzzled.

"Why, you won him."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Franklin. "Nonsense! I wasn't wrestling for your horse, only for a ride. Besides, I didn't have any horse put up against yours. I couldn't lose anything."

"That's so," said Curly. "I hadn't thought of that. Say, you seem like a white sort o' feller. Tell you what I'll just do with you. I think a heap o' my saddle, an' long's you ain't got no saddle yet that you have got used to, like, it don't make much difference to you if you get another saddle. But you just take this here hoss along. No, that's all right. I kin git me another back to the corral, just as good as this one. Jim Parsons, feller on the big bunch o' cows that come up from the San Marcos this spring, why, he got killed night before last. I'll just take one o' his hosses, I reckon. I kin fix it so'st you kin git his saddle, if you take a notion to it."

Franklin looked twice to see if there was affectation in this calm statement, but was forced, with a certain horror, to believe that his new acquaintance spoke of this as a matter of fact, and as nothing startling. He had made no comment, when he was prevented from doing so by the exclamation of the cowboy, who pointed out ahead.

"There's Batty's place," said he, "an' there's Batty himself. Git up, quick; git up, an' ride in like a gentleman. It's bad luck to walk."

Franklin laughed, and, taking the reins, swung himself into the saddle with the ease of the cavalry mount, though with the old-fashioned grasp at the cantle, with the ends of the reins in his right hand.

"Well, that's a d——d funny way gittin' on top of a hoss," said Curly. "Are you 'fraid the saddle's goin' to git away from you? Better be 'fraid 'bout the hoss.—Git up, Bronch!"

He slapped the horse on the hip with his hat, and gave the latter a whirl in the air with a shrill "Whoooop-eee!" which was all that remained needful to set the horse off on a series of wild, stiff-legged plunges—the "bucking" of which Franklin had heard so much; a maneuver peculiar to the half-wild Western horses, and one which is at the first experience a desperately difficult one for even a skilful horseman to overcome. It perhaps did not occur to Curly that he was inflicting any hardship upon the newcomer, and perhaps he did not really anticipate what followed on the part either of the horse or its rider. Had Franklin not been a good rider, and accustomed to keeping his head while sitting half-broken mounts, he must have suffered almost instantaneous defeat in this sudden encounter. The horse threw his head down far between his fore legs at the start, and then went angling and zigzagging away over the hard ground in a wild career of humpbacked antics, which jarred Franklin to the marrow of his bones. The air became scintillant and luminously red. His head seemed filled with loose liquid, his spine turned into a column of mere gelatine. The thudding of the hoofs was so rapid and so punishing to his senses that for a moment he did not realize where he actually was. Yet with the sheer instinct of horsemanship he clung to the saddle in some fashion, until finally he was fairly forced to relax the muscular strain, and so by accident fell into the secret of the seat—loose, yielding, not tense and strung.

"Go it, go it—whooop-e-e-e!" cried Curly, somewhere out in a dark world. "Ee-elkee-hooo! Set him fair, pardner! Set him fair, now! Let go that leather! Ride him straight up! That's right!"

(To be continued.)

MAKING A PUMPKIN PIE.

Here's a Description of How Grandmother Did It.

Does any one remember the pumpkin pies which grandmother used to make? Grandmother opened the pumpkin and took out its works and peeled and sliced it and put it in the kettle, where it was boiled until it was soft and mushy, but not too mushy. Later she pressed the result through the holes in a colander, and when she had dished out a portion for immediate use, she was ready to begin the construction of the pumpkin pie. A big and square iron bake sheet was lined with flour crust, which covered the bottom of the pan and reached up along the four edges until the pastry could look over the rim. Then she put an egg and a sufficient amount of sweet milk in among the pumpkin and added a whole lot of black molasses and a pinch of salt, and a big lot of ginger, and a pinch and a half of grated nutmeg to the concoction, and when these had been stirred in among the milk and the pumpkin, the mass of ingredients was poured into the bake pan and the pan was closed up inside of the oven to be cremated, while the children waited outside with the water oozing from our mouths until the wonderful experiment was completed.

And nobody except some few of us lucky old chaps ever tasted anything like one of those pumpkin pies. It was deep and spicy and sweet and satisfying. It was more like a pumpkin pudding, so thick it was, and wholly like unto ambrosia steeped in nectar, so toothsome it was; and when we think of those great squares of pumpkin pie which found their way down our ravenous gullet, we wonder how it is that modern boys manage to live at all without pumpkin pie.—Bangor News.

Cholera Decimates Army.

The increase of the death rate in the army to 15.49 per 1,000 during the fiscal year is chargeable to cholera, which carried off three and a half men to the 1,000.

The Best Results in Starching

can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

Monument as a Target.

They are having a nice time near Macon, Ga., where a well to do farmer recently had a large and expensive monument to himself set up in a cemetery. The people of his town got angry at such an action and bombarded the marble shaft with revolvers. The farmer then offered $500 reward for the conviction of any one who had a hand in the disfigurement of his monument. The people went him one better by burning him in effigy and offering $1,000 to any one who could find out who they were.

When You Buy Starch

buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

The new publishers of Everybody's Magazine declare the holiday issue of the publication to be much the best they have yet produced. It is not the typical Christmas number made up of stilted fiction and pictures of the festival in many lands. It is just an especially lively and entertaining magazine, full of really good stories, clever pictures and well written and timely articles. In Everybody's one never finds a distinguished name tacked to a dull tale. Among the contributors are the ablest writers of the day, but it is in connection with their best work, not their pot boilers.

Leslie's Popular Monthly for December.

There are twenty-two items on the contents page of the December Leslie's, including ten stories, eight pages of most attractive color work and a number of excellent articles, among which "The Degradation of Wall Street" stands pre-eminent. The Christmas flavor is delightfully supplied by a little story called "Christmas Memories," with illustrations in color by E. Benson Knipe; by a striking series of animal drawings, also in color, by Charles Livingston Bull, called "The Wild Beasts' Christmas Dinner," and by the Christmas festivities of "A Few Real Boys."

Defiance Starch

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

The aeronaut may even seek to rise on "the wings of the occasion."

Jealousy is acknowledged superiority—in the other fellow.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The Boer Irreconcilables.

The former Boer generals, De Wet, Botha and Delarey, are about to visit India in order to persuade the Boer irreconcilables there to take the oath of allegiance. Few of these prisoners are now left in the various camps. In Ceylon, for instance, there are only five; and it was recently suggested in India that the time had now come to repatriate them all, and keep them in some form of confinement in South Africa until they took the oath.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE,

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

He is Against "Materialism."

Rev. Dr. David G. Downey, of Brooklyn, is leading the New York conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in a fight against the proposed consolidation of the Methodist Book Concerns in this country. The plan contemplates a combine of the several publishing houses, the capital stock to be from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, and the establishment to be located at some point in the middle west. Dr. Downey thinks this savors too much of trust methods and evidences that the interests of the church are becoming more material than spiritual. He declares that "against this tone of materialism I wish to enter an emphatic protest."

Chamberlain an Orchid Fancier.

Joseph Chamberlain, the statesman, whose sudden resignation from the British cabinet has caused such a sensation, is perhaps the most enthusiastic orchid collector in the world. It is not believed that his extensive collection is equaled anywhere on earth. About 5,500 different varieties exist, and Mr. Chamberlain has representatives of more than half. Mr. Goschen used to declare that Chamberlain's course was not one to rouse public confidence in his judgment or sincerity. "Were Joseph Chamberlain first lord of the admiralty," said Mr. Goschen on one occasion, "I should expect to read in the Times some morning that he had sailed away with the whole channel squadron for an unknown destination, and would probably be never heard from again."

Bright's Disease Cured.

Whitehall, Ill., Dec. 7.—A case has been recorded in this place recently, which upsets the theory of many physicians that Bright's Disease is incurable. It is the case of Mr. Lon Manley, whom the doctors told that he could never recover. Mr. Manley tells the story of his case and how he was cured in this way:

"I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up. For four or five years I had Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles; I was a general wreck and at times I would get down with my back so bad that I could not turn myself in bed for three or four days at a time.

"I had several doctors and at last they told me I had Bright's Disease, and that I could never get well. I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am now able to do all my work and am all right. I most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and am very thankful for the cure they worked in my case. They saved my life after the doctors had given me up."

You cannot pray to your Father while you are figuring on preying on your brother.

Happiness is never picked up on the bargain counter.