

WORTH KNOWING

Simple But Powerful Prescription for Rheumatism and Lame Back. This was previously published here and cured hundreds. "Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce Toris Compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Use a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle each time." Good effects are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house.

A SPECIAL ORDER.



Divorced Woman—I like that doll very much, only I wish you could arrange it so that instead of saying Papa and Mama, it would only say, Mama.—Lustige Woche.

THIS TELLS THE STORY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 2, 1910. 1427 West 25th St. Uncle Sam's Breakfast Food Co., Omaha, Neb.

My mother has used your food for over one year, and it has done her so much good that she feels she can't get along without it, and so no one has it out here, I want to know what a case of 1 or 2 dozen packages will cost me, F. O. B. Omaha or Los Angeles, by freight.

Yours Truly, J. L. WOODSON.

We certify that the above letter is a true copy of the original and was not solid-fd.

U. S. B. F. CO.

Analyzed by Chemists.

Apreros of President Taft and his recent decision about whiskey, Richard Le Gallienne said, at a dinner at the St. Regis.

"While I was living in Liverpool there arose a hot whisky discussion. Was not still whisky the only wholesome one, or was patent still whisky the one non-poisonous drink? Chemical analyses were applied to every whisky going.

"A Liverpudlian entered a public house near the Albert docks one night and said:

"Is yer whisky pure?" "Well, I should think so," the publican answered. "It's been paralyzed by three anarchists."

Avoid the Cheap and "Big Can" Baking Powders.

The cheap baking powders have but one recommendation: they certainly give the purchaser plenty of powder for his money but it's not all baking powder; the bulk is made up of cheap materials that have no leavening power. These powders are so carelessly made from inferior materials that they will not make light, wholesome food. Further, these cheap baking powders have a very small percentage of leavening gas, therefore it takes from two to three times as much of such powder to raise the cake or biscuit as it does of Calumet Baking Powder. Therefore, in the long run, the actual cost to the consumer of the cheap powders is more than Calumet would be. Cheap baking powders leave the bread sometimes bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and always unpalatable. They are never of uniform strength and quality.

Why not buy a perfectly wholesome baking powder like Calumet, that is at the same time moderate in price and one which can be relied upon? Calumet is always the same, keeps indefinitely and gives the cook the least trouble.

Big Bugs.

Dr. Cook was talking to a Washington correspondent.

"The man is wrong in his attacks," he said. "He errs as ludicrously in his idea of polar conditions as the Brooklyn domestic, who said:

"It must be a filthy place, that north pole, ma'am. I hear it's full of ice bugs as big as churches."—Washington Star.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Halle's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Halle's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for full particulars. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Halle's Family Pills for constipation.

The English Way.

"Do you think baseball will ever get a foothold in England?" "They play it some." "As strenuously as we do?" "Well, no. They serve tea between innings. I understand."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. TAKE LAXATIVE PILLS. Tablets. Brought out by Dr. J. C. Taylor. Price, 50c. W. W. HAYES signature is on each box. 25c.

Some men go to their graves without discovering that they were not as important as they thought they were.

FERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER has an enviable reputation of over seventy years as a reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, neuralgic stitches, etc., 25c. 50c. and 1.00. At all druggists.

A crab-eating monkey in Slam swims like a fish.

Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Snores Worth Fifty Cents Each to Him



NEW YORK.—"These things you hear about the fortunes the Pullman porters make," said one of them, "are mostly foolish; but you do once in a while gather in tips enough on a single trip to buy an overcoat with a spring overcoat, anyway.

"I think the most profitable single customer I ever struck was a man that rode with me once when I was running on a parlor car between New York, and the first thing he says to me was:

"Simeon—that's what he called me, Simeon—"Simeon," he says to me, "I haven't had any sleep for a week, and I'm liable to go to sleep the minute I sit down in this car, and when I sleep I always snore, and when I snore I do snore, and if I should snore here I'd be liable to blow the roof off the car and I'd be sure to disturb all the other passengers. What I want, Simeon, is for you to look out for me and see that I don't snore."

"Simeon," he says, "keep an eye on me, and for every time you keep me from snoring I pay you 50 cents. You keep the score and I settle with you when we get to Buffalo. But understand," he says, "for every time you let me snore we deduct \$2 from the total."

"We hadn't much more'n rolled out of New York before I saw his head go back. I was alongside of him before it went back the second time, but from that on he kept me on the jump.

I had to stir him up every five or ten or fifteen minutes, and I had to be quick about it. Once he got away from me.

"I'd gone clean down to the other end of the car, after we'd been out about five hours, with a glass of water for a lady, and just as I was handing it to her I heard a terrible noise down at the other end of the car, and I know what was the matter; but the other folks in the car didn't at first and half of 'em jumped up. The lady I was handing the water to did, and pretty near upset the tray, and everybody was scared at first, and there they were standing up or looking around from their chairs all over the car, the whole lot of 'em, all scowling at my passenger.

"I made that run from New York to Buffalo many and many a time, but it had never seemed so long to me before. We got there finally, but when he stood up for me to assist him off I was so tired and weak I could hardly waggle the broom.

"Simeon," he says, "I think you did well. What do you make the tally?" "I told him that he'd been asleep 71 times.

"Well," he says, "Simeon, that would make \$35.50 if it had been a perfect score, but we deduct two dollars for the time you let me snore; that brings it down to \$33.50. I suppose we could fairly enough knock off another dollar, half price for that half snore; but we didn't make any special contract," he says, "about half snores, and so we won't say anything about that. Just let it go."

"Then he handed me over \$32.50; and I got from the other passengers \$2.70, making the grand total revenue for the trip \$35.20.

Drinks and Love Mixed by Frenchman



LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Peter Silvers, a French sheep herder, living on Alsio street, accumulated a jag recently and became amorous to such an extent that his arrest and detention on an insanity charge were deemed necessary.

Silvers in turn made love to a horse, a wagon and a hitching post, and when locked up in the city jail bestowed the most distracting caresses and salutations of love upon the cold and unresponsive bars of his cell. The sheep herder is the living example of the little mustached type who so often forms the chief fun maker in French film moving picture shows.

He is short and slight, with a curling mustache and all the ravings and elaborate figures of speech used by his countrymen. Early one afternoon Silvers began to gather about him strange-looking bottles. He drank from each in turn, without fear or favor. Any other man would have thought a while before taking such chances,

but with Silvers it was do or die, and he plunged in boldly.

After all the bottles had been emptied and were lying upon the floor in disconsolate attitudes, the Frenchman arose and went forth in search of adventures. He thought he owned the earth. He tossed his hat in the air in an abandoned manner, and cried his delight. He approached a horse attached to a baker's cart on Alsio street.

"Ah, ze gran' horse, ze big one, I lof you, I lof you," screamed the enraptured Peter, with frantic attempts to embrace the animal. The horse, being of common parentage and having no ambition to speak of, backed away from the approaches of the little man. Peter followed, hat in hand, making the most elaborate bows in the direction of the equine, and at the same time casting the most beseeching glances toward it.

The horse made a few attempts to climb a telegraph pole, and Peter transferred his affairs of love to a picture of a fat damsel, painted on the side panel of the wagon. He was trying to enquire the wagon with his arms in his effort to embrace the wooden affinity, when the driver came forth from a nearby store, pried Peter off with the toe of his shoe, and, using the same system of transmission, delivered him into the gutter.

Wanted Pied Piper to Catch This Rat



BUFFALO, N. Y.—If there's a Pied Piper anywhere in the United States he is wanted in Poultickee to catch Gil Monahan's rat—a big fat fellow that is scampering through cellars, garrets and walls with a sleigh-bell fast to his neck.

Gil is "the limit" among practical jokers. When three rats were caught in a trap in Welch's cafe recently he thought it would be a merry jest to tie a bell to the largest one and give him his liberty. The big rat, with his bell tinkling merrily, scampered across the floor and disappeared in

the nearest hole. He was so proud of his bell that he sailed forth from the building to arouse the envy of all the less fortunate rodents in Poultickee. He seems to be a great traveler, for his bell has been heard in widely separated parts of the city.

At uncanny hours lonely men and women have heard the strange sound of a bell faintly tinkling in the wall of bedroom or parlor. Rest has been broken; sleep has been driven away.

A young man who had been at a stag party heard the tinkle-tinkle at the head of his bed—louder, then fainter; then louder again. It was there, there, in the ceiling, up and down the wall. Pulling on his clothes, the young man ran to the nearest door, exclaiming, "I've got them again!" When he described the strange sounds the doctor said, "Oh! that's only Gil Monahan's rat. Go back to bed."

Pie Eater Loses When His Face Slips



NEWARK, N. J.—Amid great enthusiasm 45 young men, trained to the minute, in Junior hall, Bloomfield, entered the annual pie-eating contest for the championship of New Jersey. Five of the contestants, as well as the state record of 26 pies in half an hour, fell during the battle.

Walter W. Tappin, of Bloomfield, was the winner of the championship. He managed to put himself on the outside of 27 pies in the allotted time, while at least three more, considerably mussed up, clung about his feet.

Besides the honors which go with the title, he won the first prize of a \$5 gold piece. Mr. Tappin, after the tilt, declared himself willing to sign articles with any opponent on three months' notice.

Second honors went to John Winthrop Brewster of Newark, the favorite of the outsiders. Mr. Brewster reduced the mountain of 200 pies by disposing of 22. For a long time at the start of the race he was in the lead by three mouthfuls and he blames his defeat on the fact that when his face slipped on No. 17 he changed by mistake from peach to mince.

Sylvester J. Jilt, last year's winner, was third. He declared while being led from the arena by friends, that he was satisfied to have been able even to enter the contest and not let the title go by default.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT



Ah, here is the picture taken By a flashlight at the dinner— When it snapped, your nerves were shaken. Yes, they were, or I'm a sinner! Let us look at it together To discover who is who— Also, try to find out whether This is he or that is you.

For you are a Judge and he is a Sir— But one is a smudge and one is a blur; And maybe that's Scott and maybe that's Burt. But who is the man that is nothing but a shirt?

It is splendid in the morning To reflect on how you sat When they gave to you the warning That the lens would go to bat. How you Henry-layed your features, How you lifted up your face, Knowing that of all the creatures None excels the human race!

Well, one came to speak, and one owes a bank, But one is a streak and one is a blank, And one down in front has a face that must hurt. But who is the man that is nothing but a shirt?

Since Belshazzar's famous blow-out It has always been the same, When the flash would spurt and go out All the diners dreamed of fame. But upon the morrow morning When the pictures they would see, With a frown their brows adorning Each would murmur: "Which is met?"

For there was a Judge and there was a Sir— But now one's a smudge and one is a blur. Yet tell me, I pray—and don't think me pert. Who is the poor man who is nothing but a shirt?

Putting Them to Use. "Hortense," says the fond mamma. "I certainly do not approve of the way you girls are acting toward the Rev. Slowboy. Why, it was scandalous to see you laughing at the poor man when he went into the surf yesterday."

"Mamma," giggles Hortense, "we weren't laughing at his appearance or at the figure he cuts in the water, but didn't you notice that he was wearing a pair of big bath slippers?" "I believe I did observe them."

"Well, they are the pair the young ladies of the sewing circle gave him last Christmas, and he told us yesterday he would not have come to the seashore if it were not that he wanted an opportunity to wear them."

A Provision. "Congratulations you, old man," says Howlington Twentieth to Strider Tiecounter. "Glad you got the engagement. Thought it might be difficult for you to get the manager to give you an audience. He is rather standoffish."

"Well," answers Strider Tiecounter. "he said he'd give me an audience. He will paper the house for the first night, but after that it has to depend on me and the play."

The Usual Result. "I," said the first citizen, "am determined to organize a strong protest against the high cost of living. I am planning the Nebuchadnezzar society. Its members will eat nothing but grass."

"Sh-h-h!" warns the second citizen. "There's a congressman near us. If he hears you he will put a tariff on grass."

Confidence. "So you wish to marry my daughter?" asks the conventional father. "Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"No, sir," frankly replies the confident young man. "But I think I can accustom her to the style in which I will be able to support her."

First Step. "Hold on, there!" growls the burglar, as the star attempts to use the telephone. "Don't try to call up the police."

"I hadn't thought of the police," protests the star. "I was going to notify my press agent."

No Charm for Him. "Get up, Bilfers!" calls the friend, pounding upon Bilfers' bedroom door. "Get up and see this beautiful sunrise."

"That's all right," answers Bilfers, sleepily. "I saw it ten minutes ago as I came in."

STOMACH CENTER OF HUMAN LIFE- ALL ELSE SECONDARY

The immense success which has followed L. T. Cooper during the past year with his new preparation has exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed in most of the leading cities where the young man has introduced the medicine. Cooper has a novel theory. He believes that the human stomach is directly responsible for most disease. To quote his own words from an interview upon his arrival in an eastern city: "The average man or woman cannot be sick if the stomach is working properly. To be sure, there are diseases of a virulent nature, such as cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, etc., which are organic, and are not traceable to the stomach, but even fevers can, in nine cases out of ten, be traced to something taken into the stomach. All of this half-sick, nervous exhaustion that is now so common, is caused by stomachic conditions, and it is because my remedy will and does regulate the stomach that I am meeting with such success."

"To sum the matter up—a sound digestive apparatus that is doing its full duty, getting every particle of vitality out of the food by transferring it to the bowels in a perfectly digested state—this above all else brings health."

Mr. A. C. Brock, chef of the Brock Restaurant, Market District, Boston, Mass., who is a staunch believer in Mr. Cooper's theory and medicine, has this to say: "I had chronic indigestion for over three years. I suffered terribly, and lost about thirty pounds. It was a physical wreck when I started this Cooper medicine, a month or so ago. To-day I am as well as I ever was in my life. I am no longer nervous, my food does not distress me in the least, and I have a splendid appetite. I am gaining flesh very rapidly—in fact, at the rate of a pound a day. I would not believe any medicine on earth could have done for me what this has done. It is a remarkable preparation, and Mr. Cooper deserves all his success."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

When Tempus Didn't Fugit. Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time, but at last the time came when the sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a generation or two suggested by her mother, but they all failed.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said: "It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Why She Needed More Nights Off. Having recently engaged an 18-year-old colored girl to do housework, a New York woman was adjusting the various questions of privileges.

"You will have Monday and Thursday nights off, Eliza," the mistress of the house said. "Only Monday 'n Thursday nights!" the other exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "My Lawd, Mis' Blank, dat won't do nohow; dat ain't enough. You see, ma'am, 's a deebytante."

A Bright Idea. Yeast—It is said that the bays bird of India spends his spare time catching fireflies, which he fastens to the sides of his nest with moist clay. On a dark night a bays' nest glows like an electric street lamp.

Crimsonbeak—Say, there's a bright idea for decorating that keyhole in my front door!

Beautiful Post Cards Free. Send 4c stamps for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and inviolent designs. Art Post Card Club, 792 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

Don't kick when your wife asks if her hat is on straight. Rather feel proud that she has the graciousness to liken you to a plumb.

BREAK UP THAT COUGH with Allen's Lung Balm, the popular family remedy. It cures where other remedies fail. All dealers. 50c, 80c, \$1.00 bottles.

At the age of 18 a girl is afraid of two things—being an old maid and not going to heaven.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.

It isn't every prodigal son who gets a whack at the obese veal.

The Tenderfoot Farmer It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations. It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak," the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness. To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use. In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

For Pain in Chest



For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, lave the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof. Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent anesthetic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pain. All druggists keep Sloan's Liniment. Price 75c, 50c, \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, BOSTON, MASS.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature!

Wright's Rheumatism

By ELECTROPODES. New Electric Treatment. Cures all rheumatic pains and also—swollen limbs, swollen joints, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Price 50c. Full cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Kidney and Liver troubles. Full cure only \$1.00. Your money returned if not satisfactory. Guarantee given with each sale. Electrodes are multiple. If set of your Druggist's send us \$1.00. State whether for man or woman. WESTERN ELECTROPODES CO., 215 Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Cal.

SOOR STOMACH

"I used Cascarets and feel like a new man. I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia and soor stomach for the last two years. I have been taking medicine and other drugs, but could find no relief for a short time. I will recommend Cascarets to my friends as the only thing for indigestion and soor stomach and to keep the bowels in good condition. They are very nice to eat."

Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Turlock Irrigation District

The LAND OF SUNSHINE and OPPORTUNITIES. Healthful Climate, A-1 land; ABUNDANT WATER at low rate; Peaches, Apples, Figs, Olives, Sweet Potatoes. Alfalfa and Dairying pay better than \$100.00 per acre yearly. Write for illustrated booklet. DEPT. B, TURLOCK BOARD OF TRADE, Turlock, Cal.

PATENT

DEFIANCE STARCH for starching linen and muslin. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 11-1910.

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