

THE EXPANSION IDEAS

They are Kept Open Purely for Campaign Purposes.

WHAT BRYAN'S ELECTION MEANS.

Destruction of Unrivaled Prosperity, Lower Wages and Scantier Employment—His Policy Could Not Be Carried Out, Even Though He Were Elected—A Comparison of the Two Great Parties.

Those who so fondly hoped and believed that the "anti-imperialists," as certain republicans termed themselves, would support Bryan for the presidency, are to be disappointed. Senator Hoar gave out a statement a few days ago, in which he said: "I do not presume as yet to foresee the issue of this business. The alternative of electing Mr. Bryan is not in my judgment, to be contemplated for a moment. His election means, if he and his party can have their way, the destruction of our unrivaled prosperity, lower wages, a scantier employment for our workmen, the debasing of our standard of value, tarnishing the national faith, the destruction of credit, the arraying class against class, bringing into contempt the authority of the supreme court, and undermining the security of property and values. Now some of our friends say that it is better that all these things should happen than that this policy of imperialism should be persisted in. But that is not the question.

"It is not the question whether Bryanism or imperialism be the worse for the American people. The question is whether anything that Mr. Bryan can be trusted to accomplish in opposition to imperialism is worth attaining at the price of all these other sacrifices. For one, I cannot see anything to expect in the way of a return to the ancient principles of the Republican party by the election of Bryan. We could have stopped the whole thing by defeating the treaty of Paris, which would have compelled it to be amended by making the same provision as to the Philippines that we thought it right to make in regard to Cuba. That purpose was baffled by Mr. Bryan. The defeat of the treaty, or rather its amendments, as I have indicated, was assured when Mr. Bryan came to Washington and by his personal influence induced enough of his followers to vote for the treaty to insure its passage with but a single vote to spare. It would have been defeated, as it was, if Justin Morrill had lived. I have no doubt that Mr. Bryan did this for the sole purpose of keeping the question open as an issue for the campaign.

"Now, what can he do if he is elected? Congress will settle the question so far as the establishment of a government for the Philippine archipelago is concerned, before the present administration shall go out of power, and in all probability before the present session shall be over. Whatever may be the fate of the presidential election, the Republican ascendancy in the Senate for at least four years longer is assured. If it were not so, there are many Democratic senators—my informant says that there are at least nine—who agree with that large number of republicans who are in favor of holding those islands forever, or at any rate for a long and indefinite period. I suppose the same thing is true as to many Democrats in the house."

THE TWO PARTIES.

One the Party of Progress; the Other the Party of Blind Opposition.

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At a banquet on the occasion of the Lincoln birthday celebration at Chicago, Hon. J. K. Cubison of Kansas, in responding to a toast, said: "The democratic party has but one positive idea and that is opposition to the republican party. Its platform is rotten from age and defective from use. Only one new plank has been placed in its platform during the past forty years, and that plank was sawed in Arkansas, transported to Chicago by Coxe's 'army' as the Kansas 'pop' says, 'because the bulwarks of the Chicago convention,' 'free and unlimited coinage of silver' is the only new song the democratic party has learned since the civil war, and that song like the song of a dying man became the melody of its dying hour.

"The democratic party is a national mourner. Every four years it buries its treasures. In 1860 it buried 'state sovereignty.' In 1864 it buried 'opposition to the war.' In 1868 it buried 'opposition to reconstruction.' In 1872 it buried a 'renegade republican.' In 1876 it asked the republican party to furnish the cadaver. We refused, and with great grief and lamentation it finally buried 'Tilden and reform.' In 1880 it buried 'Hancock and local tariff issue.' In 1884 it missed the funeral procession, but continued to wear mourning. In 1888 it buried 'tariff reform.' In 1892 under the leadership of Grover the Second the democratic party obtained absolute power in all branches of the government. It almost immediately commenced divorce proceedings against Grover, and made preparations for a first-class funeral which followed in 1896, when the democratic party with tears in its eyes laid away forever the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. In the coming contest the democratic party will enjoy another carriage ride to the cemetery, and this time it will bury three things—Bryan, Aguinaldo and all hope of future success."

Showing Up the Frauds.

The democratic Papillion Times has been telling some more truths about the sham reform state officials. It says: "One cannot read the published accounts of the proceedings of yesterday's meeting of the State Board of Transportation without reaching the conclusion that Messrs. Meserve, Wolfe and Cornell acted more like servants of the railroads than servants

to the public. Meserve offered a resolution to rescind the action of the board in 1897, requiring the roads to grant carload rates to shippers of live stock, and his resolution was adopted notwithstanding a vigorous protest by Attorney General Smyth, who was supported by Secretary Porter. To a man up a tree or in Nebraska it would seem that Wolfe, Meserve and Cornell were representatives of the railroads and not servants of the people. Language too strong cannot be employed in condemning these men who are selling the people and their party to the railroads. This latest action on their part shows clearly where the blame belongs for failure of secretaries to "do something" during the past two years. The Lincoln Post, the able champion of the corporation faction in the fusion forces, will probably ask to have the Times arraigned on a charge of treason, because we dare point out the real traitors to fusion principles and to the fusion cause. But no matter. We cannot afford to have fusion hopes in this state blighted by the uncondemned conduct of any of our party leaders, even though those leaders may be filling state offices.

Senator Stewart's Views.

That venerable silver leader, Senator Stewart of Nevada, has not changed his mind on the expansion question. On the 11th of January, 1871, in speaking on the San Domingo resolution, he said: "I believe that it is a part of the destiny of this country, whether for good or not, to annex more territory. I do not believe in the power of any man or set of men, or of any party, to prevent the accomplishment of this destiny. While this republic grows it must expand, it must increase; as it grows it must extend its territory as its wealth and power increase. That has been the history of every country while it was attaining its destiny. History does not furnish us an example of any nation that has risen to power and prominence which has not during growth expanded. It is one of the elements of growth for a nation to expand, as much as it is an element of growth in the oak, which, as it grows, must have room to extend its trunk and multiply its branches." (Cong. Globe 1871, page 427.)

In a speech on the floor of the Senate a week ago Senator Stewart made this quotation from his former speech, and then followed with a strong argument in favor of retaining the Philippines. He said that the president had acted wisely and properly in the matter, and that the administration had not departed from the teachings of the fathers of the republic. It is high time that the Aunties read Senator Stewart out of the popocratic party.

Reducing the Debts.

The farmers of Seward county made a reduction of \$40,564 during the month of January. Farming pays in that county. Gage county is also prosperous. The farmers there reduced their indebtedness \$13,828 during the month.

During the year 1899 there was a total reduction of the real estate mortgages in the state amounting to \$7,127,314. Since the election of McKinley the total reduction has amounted to \$19,907,635, or about \$19 per capita for the entire population.

Another Increase in Wages.

Three years ago the Baltimore & Ohio road was practically bankrupt, as were many other lines, the result of stagnation of business under democratic times. Now all this has changed. A few days ago the B. & O. announced an increase in the wages of its engineers, affecting over 3,000 men. Other roads have taken similar action since the election of McKinley, and hundreds of thousands of employees have been directly benefited.

Reducing the National Debt.

Prosperity makes its showing in the United States treasury as usual. For the first half of February the receipts of the government exceeded the expenditures by \$3,118,619.79. For the past eight months the net gain has been at the rate of \$4,500,000 per month. Under a democratic administration, in a time of peace, the government was running behind and increasing the public debt. Note the difference.

Travels Like a Pictocrat.

Fusion papers are announcing that Bryan has traveled 92,720 miles since his nomination in 1896. Had he not traveled on passes and levied on local committees for his incidental expenses, the straight coast of such a trip would be over \$5,000, provided he rode in ordinary coaches the same as the "dear common people" patronize.

Rate of Increase.

The decided increase in prosperity may be traced by the figures showing the sales of American manufactured goods to foreign countries during December. In 1897, \$23,000,000; in 1898, \$28,000,000; in 1899, \$36,000,000. Farm products show a corresponding increase.

"Ben Hur's" Great Success as a Play.

One of the most pronounced dramatic successes of the season in New York is William Young's dramatization of "Ben Hur," now for about three months holding the stage of the Broadway theater, with crowded houses. The dramatization of "Ben Hur" was done with assistance in suggestion from Gen. Wallace, author of the novel.

Twenty-Four Hour System Works Well] The American Society of Civil Engineers has been discussing the advisability of the general adoption of the twenty-four hour clock, and a prominent member of the society, who is a manufacturer in Maine, said in a recent speech that he had been using the twenty-four hour system for time and all his workmen like it and understand it.

All "Roosevelt" Shops.

Nearly every barber shop in Albany has one of its shelves a shaving mug labeled "Theodore Roosevelt." It is a good advertisement for the barber, but as a matter of fact that governor does not patronize any of the shops. He gets shaved in the private room of the executive chamber.

THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL

A MYSTERY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY—A SHORT STORY

BY EDWARD OUTRAM

(Conclusion.)

An hour later Edmond Hackett sat at this desk in the department of the Secretary of the Treasury, counting and recounting a packet of 1,000-dollar bills. They were old and frayed, ragged and discolored, and belonged to the issues of long ago. They were only half notes, moreover—the lower halves; and each fragment of paper had two big holes punched in it by a blunt instrument, totally destroying the signatures which had made it money, and at the same time reducing the half-note to the merest remnant.

One by one Edmond turned over these morsels of dirty paper, counting them most carefully. "Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine!" There are not fifty here! And yet they've been passed as fifty in the Redemption Office. Humph! Awkward for one of those clever ladies. A thousand-dollar bill missing. Poor Mrs. Lawson. Infallible Mrs. Lawson! It must be she who's in for this."

Taking up his pen to make out the report, he glanced at the wrapper upon which appeared the number of bills it was supposed to contain and the initials of the lady-examiner who in the Redemption Office had counted and made herself responsible for the packet's accuracy. "What!" The pen dropped from his fingers. "B. H. Great Heaven!" That was the signature of his own wife.

CHAPTER III.

Now this error would mean more than discredit and a consequent check in Bertha's future promotion. It was a rule that the examiner who overlooked a counterfeit or missing bill should make good the value of it. To make good a thousand dollars would pretty well ruin the Hacketts and old father Caleb into the bargain. But it was his duty to make his report instantly to the Secretary, and with painful reluctance he filled up the prescribed but seldom requisitioned form. With slow, dragging steps, he proceeded with it to the Secretary's private room, but halted with his hand on the door. Suddenly that frivolous gossip on the veranda rushed into his memory. Had Wilton Loring—had Bertha herself stole the missing bill? What then? Should he turn conspirator and cover the fraud? No, no, his duty was clear. He would not allow himself to hesitate, but knocked at the door and entered.

But there was no respite for him and for his wife. The Treasurer himself was closeted with the Secretary. "One moment, Mr. Hackett! I'm engaged," was the sharp peremptory dismissal, and he perforce withdrew postponing the declaration. As he returned stupefied to his desk a clock struck the hour of his luncheon interval. It was the custom of the family to meet at home for their midday meal. He locked up the report and rushed out of the Treasury. Flying home on a cable car, he found his wife there before him. Bertha sat at the table like one in a dream. She did not raise her eyes from the food that stood untouched before her. Edmond himself could not swallow a morsel, but furtively watched his wife while the negress who waited on them tarried in the room. The moment they were alone he leant across the table and whispered hoarsely:

"You passed a packet today—a packet of Thousands."

The young wife looked up with a start of surprise. The fear that was written in her troubled face gave way to a flash of desperate hope. "It came to you?"

"One bill is missing." "Thank God you can pass it!" No word of denial. She caught his receding hand across the table.

"For my sake—for your Bertha's sake—you will, you will!" Edmond Hackett raised his other hand to his damp forehead. "Impossible, child—impossible! You must be saved another way—if it be not too late. Find the missing bill among some papers, as if an accident had placed it there. But, whatever you do, put it forward instantly, instantly!"

"I cannot, Edmond. I haven't the bill."

"You did not steal it? Oh, forgive me! Heaven be thanked for that! It's an oversight, then? Bad enough, but not beyond repair. Make out your report at once, and send it in. You are a novice, the delay may be overlooked."

"I cannot do that, Edmond. It would be to cast suspicion upon the cashier who forwarded the bills to the Treasury."

"That is his affair. If the packet was short when you counted it—"

"Edmond, why will you not ignore the shortage? By a miracle it is in your power to prevent the discovery."

"It is not in my power." "How not in your power? The packet will go from your hands to the committee, who do not count it again; and by them it will be deposited in the macerator, to be ground into pulp. It would never be known that forty-nine instead of fifty bills had been destroyed."

"Bertha, you forget the other half. I have only a portion of the bills. The upper section of your packet went to the Register's office to be counted there."

Bertha Hackett grew white as death, and hot tears sprang in her eyes. "Unless—unless—" she cried, "unless, unless—" Her glance from the window perceived Caleb Loring entering the house. "Here is father! He will find out who had the count at the Register's."

But the old man knew already. They read it in his face as he confronted them, closing the door. Whatever hope he had cherished on his homeward way that he might find Bertha unconscious of the storm that threatened was dashed to the ground the moment he perceived her and her husband's agitation. The memory of that evening on the veranda burned in his mind, and in a fury of rage he demanded, fiercely:

"Daughter, what infernal thing is this you've been doing? Are you mad? Have you turned thief? Is Edmond in it? Or has Wilton—No, no. For God's sake don't tell me it is my son!"

Then Bertha, to her husband's amazement and dismay, fell down at her father's feet and confessed that she, she had yielded to temptation and stolen the missing bill. She hurriedly stated the miraculous chance that had put Edmond in a position to save her, and inferring from her father's knowledge of the affair, that the man who had detected the shortage had confided to him his daughter's responsibility with a view of screening her, besought him to accept the friendly overture.

"I would permit no man's dishonor for the sake of me or mine," he declared. "For what you have done, you must pay the penalty. Your impossible combination has actually come to pass. As the counter-check came to your husband in his department, so it has come to me in the Register's. It was I myself who caught the short packet which you had signed for."

Bertha clasped her hands in thanksgiving. "Then, father, you alone know?"

"I—and one other." "One other?" repeated Bertha, aghast. "Who in your department should know besides yourself?"

"My chief," replied the old man, with a face of adamant. "You have reported it, knowing that your own child—"

"Certainly. Fraud or oversight; yours or your brother's; it was not for me to consider. I am, first of all, a servant of the State."

They went back to the Treasury, where Edmond at once delivered his report. Bertha found Mrs. Lawson impatiently awaiting her. The Treasurer had sent for the Head of the Redemption Division to investigate an error in one of the packets which Bertha had made up. Mrs. Lawson was highly indignant.

"I counted the Ranchers' packet myself," said she. "I am positive there were exactly a hundred bills."

"If one is missing," began Bertha, but the senior lady interrupted her. "Missing? No, nothing is missing at all. There is said to have been one too many."

So many miracles had happened that day that poor Bertha could only gaze at her in astonishment. It was an anomaly in arithmetic that one taken from one hundred should leave one hundred and one. There came another summons to the Treasurer. Another report had come in of an error from Mrs. Lawson's desk. The old lady was almost in tears but she carried it off with a show of jocosity.

"Either there must be some conscience money knocking about, or Mrs. Bertha Hackett brings a mascot to the treasury," said she. "Is this another surplus thousand-dollar bill, sir?"

But this was the shortage which Edmond and Mr. Loring had reported, and it was happily met by the excess in the other packet. So, beyond an admonition tempered in mercy for the manifest distress of the girl, Bertha got into no trouble. She held stoutly to a theory of the intervention of providence when discussing the matter at home, and her husband swept the pious fancy away.

"I reckon Providence don't supply cheating clerks with thousand-dollar bills," said he. "You divided the packet of 100 in two of 50, as you thought. But you counted the first backward, from 100 to 50 inclusive, and that left only forty-nine for the second packet. But why didn't you tell Mrs. Lawson you made one short?"

"Fact is, Edmond, that combination chatter of ours had got into my brain. I thought Wilton had pinched a bill, and I reckoned to do more for my brother than Daddy would do for his little girl."

"Ha!" observed old Caleb, filling his pipe. "Duty first, family afterwards, and roguery never at any time, under any circumstances."

(The end.)

Barnacles of the Hog Business.

The following paper was read by H. O. Carroll before the last meeting of the Illinois Swine Breeders' Association:

The subject assigned me is one that might be drawn out to cover a vast field, but my time is too limited to permit of dealing with the subject in detail.

Selfishness is one of the worst barnacles on the hog business. How many really selfish men succeed in the business? I claim that a selfish breeder will never make the business a success. The successful breeder must be liberal enough to see the faults and imperfections of his own herd and when he finds a cross in the herd of a brother breeder that would be an improvement on his own, try to secure it, and not be selfish enough to permit his own herd to go to wreck rather than buy from a brother breeder. I remember seeing this notice in a sale catalogue: "If you haven't what the people want, get it, and then you will find a ready sale for what you are offering." The remark is as true as the rising of the sun. When I was in the breeding business I was glad to find some other fellows that had something better than myself. I bought to improve my own herd.

Then there are show barnacles. The people can see for themselves. It does a breeder good to get beaten sometimes. Nothing is more disgusting and tiresome than to have to listen to the lamentations of a defeated exhibitor. Life is too short, take your defeat cheerfully.

There is the state fair barnacle. He is the fellow that breeds and gathers up a lot of cheap stuff and takes to our state fair exhibitions. He as a rule has no interest in the advancement of any breed. He cares nothing for the interest of the fair. Nineteen-tenths of this class would not give the agricultural papers a half-inch advertisement under any circumstances, though those papers have put both time and money into the advancement of the interests of the breeders. They sit down in the pens right beside the men that have been liberal enough to put their means and almost undivided attention back of a grandly bred herd that will improve the stock interests generally. They sell their animals for a little more, and sometimes less, than pork prices, thereby injuring the entire swine raising business.

There is also the red light and danger-sign barnacle. We have a few of them yet, but they are becoming scarcer. They draw a little ring around themselves and never step outside of it. They live in their shells and are afraid to peep out for fear they might see a red light—they are always looking for disasters. They are the fellows that would not give over \$17 for a boar to stand at the head of their herd, and they will sell their own stock from \$15 down, and try to make you believe that their animals are just as good as others that you would have to pay \$50 for. These are the fellows that write in the stock journals and tell just how to raise hogs, and say that business was never better, and that they have shipped so many sows and boars within a certain time. When I read those articles I am inclined to believe they are telling the truth, especially the boar part of it, but my opinion is they ship them to Chicago or some other fat stock market, and would rather stand the dockage than to cut the animals when they are pigs, for they know they will make poor barrows. Good breeders who are really doing a good business do not have the time to write long tiresome articles for publication in the stock journals, sounding the alarm or calling attention to the danger signals and of all the traps that the "rascals" have set to catch the unwary. Busy, honest, upright breeders are unsuspecting. When honest men go into sales they are not lavish with their criticism of the methods of the man that is holding the sale, nor do they denounce him as dishonest without having as thoroughly ascertained the facts in the case. The man that spreads distrust is hurting his own business as well as that of others.

There are a few honest barnacles. There is nothing more commendable than honesty. This should be the largest stone on which the man builds his foundation for his business. On the other hand some breeders will tell you with delight of the dishonest methods of some other breeder, and then with a nudge in the side and a sly wink will say that they would not do such a thing, oh not for the world.

Selling Good Brood Mares.

The good brood mare is worth more to the farmer that can breed her than she is to the city man that expects to wear her out in the service of some city establishment. In other words the broodmare of proper type and free from blemishes is worth more money than she will sell for, unless the sale be made to some breeder that can afford to pay more than the professional horse buyers. Farmers have been making the mistake of selling off their best mares instead of holding on to them. They say that the buyers would only take the best, so they had to sell them or nothing. But the buyers had to have horses and if the farmers had everywhere refused to sell their best breeding stock the buyers would have been compelled to take the second best. The farmers would thus today be in shape to breed from first-class stock and raise horses such as the market demands.

But we do not believe that all farmers have sold off their best stock, though a large number have done so. A considerable portion have held onto their mares that were of good size, conformation and free from defects.

Pansies do not, as some people think, need a great deal of shade.

When I came out of the fair House of Youth I heedlessly behind me closed the door— Now every hour is bitter with the truth That I can find that portal never more. —Louise C. Moulton.

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