

M ISS ANNIE HENDREN, Rocklyn, Wash:, writes:

"I feel better than I have for over four years. I have taken several bottles of Peruna and one bottle of Manalin.

"I can now do all of my work in the house, milk the cows, take care of the milk, and so forth. I think Peruna is a most wonderful medicine.
"I believe I would be in bed to-day if I had not written to you for advice. I had taken all kinds of medicine, but none did me any good.

"Peruna has made me a well and happy girl. I can never say too much for Peruna."

Not only women of rank and leisure praise Peruna, but the wholesome, useful women engaged in honest toil would not be without Dr. Hartman's world re-

owned remedy.

The Doctor has prescribed it for many thousand women every year and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for his advice, and especially for the wonderful benefits received from Peruna.

Called Her Bluff.
From the Chicago News.
He had been calling on the young lady for many moons, but being rather back-ward his suit progressed slowly. Finally the dear girl decided it was up to her to start something, so the next time he called she pointed to a flower in his buttonhole and said:

A large, open-faced blush meandered over his countenance, but the exchange was made. Then he grabbed his hat and started to leave the room. "Why, where are you going?" she asked,

"To the-er-florists' for more roses," he And further deponent saveth not.

Past That.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Miss Passay—"He was talking to you about me, wasn't he?" Miss Knox—"Yes. He asked me if you were 35 yet, and I said certainly

Miss Passay-"What a ridiculous

Miss Knox-"Just what I told him. I 'How long do you expect her to

Get What You Ask For. When you see an article well advertised in the newspapers, you may be sure it's a good article, for advertising only pays if the goods are honest and posses merit. The people who make a specialty of one advertised article, like Cascarets, Candy Cathartic for example, stake their whole business existence on it's doing what they say it will. They must "make good" as the saying is. Readers of this paper are urged to be sure that they get what they ask for, when they ask for an advertised article, for it's the good thing that is imitated and counterfeited. Don't accept substitutes! Insist on getting the genuine!

Crane and Stork.
From the Indianapolis News.
There was Paul Morton, who got to

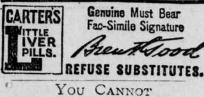
we president of a big life insurance company, and now Murray Crane has become a bridegroom and a grandfather on the same day. Being in the cabinet for a while gives a man a great start in the world.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem-edy for Dizziness, Nausea. Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth. Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

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all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with

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to this fact. 50 cents at druggists. Send for Free Trial Box

THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass, If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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ADVENTURE OF GOLDEN PINCE-NEZ. HEN I look at

the three mas-sive manuscript volumes which contain our work for the year 1894. confess that it is very difficult for me, out of such a wealth of material, to se-lect the cases which are most

the red leech and the terrible death of Crosby, the banker. Here also I find an account of the Addleton tragedy, and the singular contents of the ancient British barrow. The famous Smith-Mortimer succession case comes also within this period, and so does the tracking and arrest of Huret, the boulevard assassin—an exploit which won for Holmes an autograph letter of thanks from the French president and the Order of the Legion of Honor. Each of these would furnish a parrative, but on the whole Legion of Honor. Each of these would furnish a narrative, but on the whole I am of opinion that none of them unites so many singular points of interest as the episode of Yoxley Old Place, which includes not only the lamentable death of young Willoughby Smith, but also those subsequent developments which threw so curious a light upon the causes of the crime.

It was a wild, tempestuous night, towards the close of November. Holmes and I sat together in silence all the

and I sat together in silence all the evening, he engaged with a powerful lens deciphering the remains of the original inscription upon a palimpsest, I deep in a recent treatise upon surg-ery. Outside the wind howled down Baker street, while the rain beat fierceno more than the molehills that dot the fields. I walked to the window and looked out on the deserted street. The occasional lamps gleamed on the expanse of muddy road and shining pavement. A single cab was splashing its way from the Oxford street end.
"Well, Watson, it's as well we have not to turn out tonight," said Holmes, loving and ording up.

laying aside his lens and rolling up the palimpsest. "I've done enough for one sitting. It is trying work for the eyes. So far as I can make out, it is nothing more exciting than an abbey's accounts dating from the second half of the fifteenth century. Halloa! hal-loa! halloa! What's this?" Amid the droning of the wind there

had come the stamping of a horse's hoofs, and the long grind of a wheel as it rasped against the curb. The cab which I had seen had pulled up at

our door.
"What can he want?" I ejaculated,

"What can he want?" I ejaculated, as a man stepped out of it.
"Want? He wants us. And we, my poor Watson, want overcoats and cravats and galoshes, and every aid that man ever invented to fight the weather. Wait a bit, though! There's the cab off again! There's hope yet.

have been long in bed."

When the light of the hall lamp fell upon our midnight visitor I had no difficulty in recognizing him. It was young Stanley Hopkins, a promising detective, in whose career Holmes had several times shown a very practical

interest.

"Is he in?" he asked, eagerly.

"Come up, my dear sir," said Holmes'
voice from above. "I hope you have
no designs upon us such a night as

The detective mounted the stairs and our lamp gleamed upon his shin-ing waterproof. I helped him out of it, while Holmes knocked a blaze out

of the logs in the grate.
"Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up "Now, my dear Hopkins, draw up and warm your toes," said he. "Here's a cigar, and the doctor has a prescription containing hot water and a lemon, which is good medicine on a night like this. It must be something important which has brought you out in such a cale." such a gale."
"It is indeed, Mr. Holmes. I've had

"It is indeed, Mr. Holmes. I've had a bustling afternoon, I promise you. Did you see anything of the Yoxley case in the latest editions?"

"I've seen nothing later than the fifteenth century today."

"Well, it was only a paragraph, and all wrong at that, so you have not missed anything. I haven't let the grass grow under my feet. It's down in Kent, seven miles from Chatham and three from the railway line. I was wired for at 3:15, reached Yoxley Old Place at 5, conducted my investigation, was back at Charing Cross by the last train, and straight to you by cab."

train, and straight to you by cab."
"Which means, I suppose, that you are not quite clear about your case?"
"It means that I can make neither head nor tail of it. So far as I can see, it is just as tangled a business as ever I handled, and yet at first it seemed so simple that one couldn't go wrong. There's no motive, Mr. Holmes. That's what bothers me—I can't put we have a motive. my hand on a motive. Here's a man dead—there's no denying that—but, so far as I can see, no reason on earth why any one should wish him harm." Holmes lit his cigar and leaned back

in his chair.

"Let us hear about it," said he.

"I've got my facts pretty clear," said
Stanley Hopkins. "All I want now is
to know what they all mean. The
story, so far as I can make it out, is
like this: Some years ago this country house, Yoxley Old Place, was taken by an elderly man, who gave the
name of Professor Coram. He was
an invalid, keeping his bed half the
time, and the other half hobbiting round
the house with a stick or being pushed
bout the grounds by the gardener in his chair. the house with a stick or being pushed about the grounds by the gardener in a bath chair. He was well liked by the few neighbors who called upon him, and he has the reputation down there of being a very learned man. His household used to consist of an elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Marker, and of a maid, Susan Tarlton. These have both been with him since his arrival, and they seem to be women of excellent character. The professor is writing a learned book, and he found it necessary, about a year ago, to engage a secretary. The first two that he tried were not successes, but the third, Mr. were not successes, but the third, Mr. bank."

Why so?"

"Why so?"

"Why, she would have broken the willoughby Smith, a very young man straight from the university."

THE | have been just what his employer wanted. His work consisted in writ-ing all the morning to the professor's dictation, and he usually spent the dictation, and he usually spent the evening in hunting up references and passages which bore upon the next day's work. This Willoughby Smith has nothing against him, either as a boy at Uppingham or as a young man at Cambridge. I have seen his testimonials, and from the first he was a decent, quiet, hardworking fellow, with no weak snot in him at all. And yet no weak spot in him at all. this is the lad who has met his death this morning in the professor's study under circumstances which can point only to murder."
The wind howled and screamed at

in the resting in themselves, and at the same time most conducive to a display of those peculiar powers for which my friend was famous. As I turn over the pages, I see my notes upon the repulsive story of the red leech and Crosby, the bankexisted for nothing else. Young Smith knew nobody in the neighborhood, and lived very much as his employer did. The two women had nothing to take them from the house. Mortimer, the gardener, who wheels the bath chair, is an army president and Crimens. is an army pensioner—an old Crimean man of excellent character. He does not live in the house, but in a threeroomed cottage at the other end of the garden. Those are the only people that you would find within the grounds of Yoxley Old Place. At the same time, the gate of the garden is a hundred yards from the main London to Chath-man road. It opens with a latch, and there is nothing to prevent anyone from walking in.
"Now I will give you the evidence of

Susan Tariton, who is the only person who can say anything positive about the matter. It was in the forenoon between eleven and twelve. She was engaged at the moment in hanging some curtains in the upstairs front bedroom. Professor Coram was still in bed, for when the weather is bad he seldom rises before midday. The housekeeper was busied with some work in the back of the house. Willoughby Smith had been in his bedroom, which he uses as Baker street, while the rain beat hercely against the windows. It was strange
there, in the very depths of the town,
with ten miles of man's handiwork on
every side of us, to feel the iron grip of
nature, and to be conscious that to the
huge elemental forces all London was
now more than the molebills that dot the taken in his quick, firm tread. She did not hear the study door close, but a minute or so later there was a dreadful cry in the room below. It was a wild, hoarse scream, so strange and unnatural that it might have come either from a man or a woman. At the same instant there was a heavy thud, which shook the old house, and then all was silence. The maid stood petrified for a moment, and then, recovering her courage, she ran downstairs. The study door was shut and she opened it. Inside, young Mr. Willoughby Smith was stretched upon the floor. At first she could see no injury, but as she tried to raise him she saw that the blood was pouring from the underside of his neck. It was pierced by a very small but very deep wound, which had di-vided the carotid artery. The instru-ment with which the injury had been inflicted lay upon the carpet beside him. It was one of those small seal-ing wax knives to be found on old fashioned writing tables, with an ivory handle and a stiff blade. It was part of the fittings of the professor's own desk

"At first the maid thought that He'd have kept it if he had wanted us to come. Run down, my dear fellow, and open the door, for all virtuous folk have been long in hed." over his forehead he opened his eyes for an instant. 'The professor,' he murmured—'it was she.' The maid is prepared to swear that those were the exact words. He tried desperately to say somthing else, and he held his right hand up in the air. Then he fell back dead. "In the meantime the housekeeper

had also arrived upon the scene, but she was just too late to catch the she was just too late to catch the young man's dying words. Leaving Susan with the body, she hurried to the professor's room. He was sitting up in bed horribly agitated for he had heard enough to convince him that something terrible had occurred. Mrs. Marker is prepared to swear that the professor was still in his night clothes, and indeed it was impossible for him. and indeed it was impossible for him to dress without the help of Mortimer, whose orders were to come at twelve o'clock. The professor declares that he heard the distant cry, but that he knows nothing more. He can give no explanation of the young man's last words, 'The professor—it was she,' but imagines that they were the outcome of delirum. He believes that Willoughby Smith had not an enemy in the world, and can give no reason for the crime. His first action was to send Mortimer, the gardener, for the local police. A little later the chief constable sent for me. Nothing was moved before I got there, and strict orders were given that no one should awlk upon the paths leading to the house. It was a splendid chance of putting your theories into practice, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. There was really nothing wanting."

"Except Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said

my companion, with a somewhat bitter smile. "Well let us hear about it. What sort of a job did you make of it?" "I must ask you first, Mr. Holmes, to glance at this rough plan, which will



Only Cash There. "It's a good thing Mrs. Chadwick didn't get to Monte Carlo."
"Why so?"

straight from the 'iniversity, seems to don't go there.'

give you a general thea of the position of the professor's study and the various points of the case. It will help you in following my investigation."

He unfolded the rough chart, which

here reproduce, and he laid it across Holmes' knee. I rose and standing behind Holmes, studied it over his

'It is very rough, of course, and it only deals with the points which seem to me essential. All the rest you will see later for yourself. Now, first of all, presuming that the assassin entered the house, how did he or she come in? Undoubtedly by the garden path and the back door, from which there is direct access to the study. Any other way would have been exceedingly complicated. The escape must also been made along that line, for of the other two exits from the room one was blocked by Susan as she ran down-stairs and the other leads straight to stairs and the other leads straight to the professor's bedroom. I therefore directed my attention at once to the garden path, which was saturated with recent rain, and would certainly show

any footmarks.
"My examination showed that I was "My examination showed that I was dealing with a cautious and expert criminal. No footmarks were to be found on the path. There could be no question, however, that someone had passed along the grass border which lines the path, and that he had done so in order to avoid leaving a track. I could not find anything in the nature of a distinct impression, but the grass was trodden down and someone undoubtedly passed. It could only have been the murderer, since neither there that morning and the rain had only begun during the night."
"One moment,' said Holmes. "Where does this path lead to?" he gardener nor anyone else had been

'To the road.

"How long is it?"
"A hundred yards or so." "Well, on the road itself?"
"No, it was all trodden into mire."

"Tut-tut! Well, then, these tracks upon the grass, were they coming or

"It was impossible to say. There as never any outline."

"A large foot or a small?"

"You could not distinguish."

Holmes gave an ejaculation of im-

"It has been pouring rain and blowing a hurrican ever since," said he. "It will be harder to read now than that palimpsest. Well, well, it can't be helped. What did you do, Hopkins, after you had made certain that you had made certain of nothing?"

"I think I made certain of a good deal, Mr. Holmes. I knew that someone had entered the house cautiously from without. I next examined the corridor. It is lined with cocoanut matting, and had taken no impression of any kind. This brought me into the study itself. It is a scantily furnished room. The main article is a large writing table with a fixed bureau. This bureau consists of a double column of drawers, with a central small cupboard between them. The drawers were open, the cupboard locked. The drawers, it seems, were always open, and nothing of value was kept in them. There were some papers of importance in the cupboard, but there were no signs that this had been tampered with, and the professor assures us that nothing was missing. It is certain that no robbery has been committed.

"I now come to the body of the young was found near the bureau. just to the left of it, as marked upon that chart. The stab was on the right side of the neck and from behind for wards, so that it is almost impossible that it could have been self inflicted." Holmes.

"Exactly. The idea crossed my mind. Exactly. The idea crossed my mind. But we found the knife some feet away from the body, so that seems impossible. Then, of course, there are the man's own dying words. And, finally, there was this very important piece of evidence which was found clasped in the dead man's right hand."

the dead man's right hand."

From his pocket Stanley Hopkins drew a small paper packet. He unfolded it and disclosed a golden pincenez, with two broken ends of black silk cord dangling from the end of it. "Willoughby Smith had excellent sight," he added. "There can be no question that this was snatched from the face or the person of the assassin."

Sherlock Holmes took the glasses into his hand and examined them with the utmost attention and interest. He held them on his nose, endeavored to read through them, went to the window and stared up the street with them, looked at them most minutely in the full light of the lamp, and fianlly with a chuckle seated himself at the table a chuckle seated himself at the table and wrote a few lines upon a sheet of paper, which he tossed across to Stan-ley Horking ley Hopkins. "That's the best I can do for you,"

said he. "It may prove to be of some

"The astonished detective read the te aloud. It ran as follows: "Wanted, a woman of good address, "Wanted, a woman of good address, attired like a lady. She has a remarkably thick nose, with eyes which are set close upon either side of it. She has a puckered forehead, a peering expression, and probably rounded shoulders. There are indications that she has had recourse to an optician at least twice during the last few months. As her glasses are of remarkable strength, and as opticians are not very numerous, there should be no difficulty in tracing her." difficulty in tracing her." Holmes smiled at the astonishment of Hopkins, which must have been re-

flected upon my features.

"Surely my deductions are simplicity itself," said he. "It would be difficult to name any articles which afford a finer field for inference than a pair of glasses, especially so remarkable a pair as these. That they belong to a womand I infer from their delicacy, and also, of course, from the last words of the dying man. As to her being a person dying man. As to her being a person of refinement and well dressed, they of refinement and well dressed, they are, as you perceive, handsomely mounted in solid gold, and it is inconceivable that anyone who wore such glasses could be slatternly in other respects. You will find that the clips are too wide for your nose, showing that the lady's nose was very broad at the base. This sort of nose is usually a short an coarse one, but there is a sufficient number of exceptions to prevent me from being dogmatic or from insisting upon this point in my description. My own face is a narrow one, insisting upon this point in my description. My own face is a narrow one, and yet I find that I cannot get my eyes into the center, nor near the center of these glasses. Therefore, the lady's eyes are set very near to the sides of the nose. You will perceive, Watson, that the glasses are concave and of unusual strength. A lady whose vision has been so extremely contracted all her life is sure to have the physical all her life is sure to have the physical characteristics of such vision, which are seen in the forehead, the eyelids, and the shoulders."

(Continued Next Week)

A Serious Error.

Town Topics: Druggist-Great pills! I believe I put arsenic instead of powdered sugar in that man's prescription. Which way did he go? Do you know who he was? What shall I do? Can't you help me some—

Friend—Good heavens! I don't wonder you're excited

der you're excited
Druggist—You bet. Why, man, arsenic costs ten times as much as sugar,
and I only charged him for sugar!

Truth and-Another.

From Punch,
She came towards me rather dubiousiy, as though not sure of her reception.

"Who are you?" I asked.
"Truth," she said.
I apologized for not having realized it.
"Never mind," she said, wearily, hardly anyone knows me. I'm always having to explain who I am, and lots of people don't understand then."

A little later I met her, as I thought,

again.
"Well, I shan't make any mistake this time," I said. "How are you, Miss Truth?"

"You are misinformed," she replied, coldly; "my name is Libel." "But you're exactly like Truth," I exclaimed—"exactly!"
"Hush!" she said.

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Pure Water Sky Blue. From L'Illustration.

After a long hesitation scientific men agree today in admitting that water physically pure, seen in mass is sky blue. This color is that taken by the white light of the sun when absorbed by the water, in consequence of a phenomenon the explanation of which would be a little long.

It is not due to the chemical purity

of the water, since the sea (which is the bluest water) is also that which contains the most salt. Nevertheless, according to Forei's experiments, the matter in solution should be the predominant cause of the modification of color, upon which act, besides the matter in suspension, the color of the bot-tom and the reflection of the sky and of the banks. Consequently blue water is pretty rare in nature; a good many seas and lakes that give us the impression of this tint are green.

The water at present acknowledged to be the bluest is that of the Sargasso sea, between the Cape Verde islands and the Antilles. The water of the Mediterranean off the French coast and around Capri is bluer than that of Lake Leman, but less blue itself than that of the lakes of Kandersteg and Arolla, in Switzerland. Pure water containing a millionth of ferric hydrate appears brown under a thickness of six meters; a ten-millionth is sufficient for it to be green; and in order that it may remain blue is needed less than a twenty-millionth.

David Lloyd-George, M. D., had been making a political speech. When he stepped down from the platform a rugged old man came up to him and took his hand. Mr. Lloyd-George could not remember him. "Years ago," said the old man, "I was a doctor in Wales, and one night was called out to go five miles to attend a young child who I was told was dying of croup. On my way home I wendered whether it was worth while to go so far to save a child who would only be brought up to a life of misery and hunger. However, the child recovered, and—well, you were that child."

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief-Doctor Afraid to Touch Them-Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching. painful, and disagreeable. I had three doctors and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must "Unless he fell upon the knife," said know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dyehouse where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were bet-The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

> He Caught Them. Of the late Henrik Ibsen a journalist said:

"Dr. Ibsen was unquestionably the leading citizen of his country. People flocked to see him who had never read his books. That angered him greatly. It led him, in the end, to refuse to meet strangers under any circumstances.

"He spent every afternoon in a hotel near his home reading the French and German newspapers in the reading room. In the crown of his hat he had a mirror, and he would occasionally take a small comb from his pocket, and, with the help of the mirror, comb his magnificent white hair and beard. He drank a small glass of brandy, followed by a glass of beer.
"On day a troop of some twelve or fif-teen English women forced their way

somehow into the reading room where Ibsen sat and attempted to open a conversen sat and attempted to open a conversation with him.

"'Dr. Ibsen,' the leader of this band said, 'we admire your plays tremendously. We regard you as the leading mind of the century. We have read "Hedda Gabler," and "The Wild Duck," and "Rosmersholmn," and——.

"'Have you read "Arne"?' Ibsen interrupted.

"'Yes. Oh, yes. It is superb. It is your masterpiece. It is—'
"'A masterpiece, indeed,' said the poet, grimly, 'but it is not mine. "Arne" is one of Bjornsen's works." "And, turning his back on the women, ae took up his newspaper again.

Evolution of Literature.

Great Magazine Editor—a few years hence—No use; no use; the magazine must stop. Where's that box of Rough on Rats?

His Wife His Wife-Mercy! Don't commit sui-

cide. What has happened? Have the war articles run out?
Worse. All the writers in the country have been gobbled up by literary

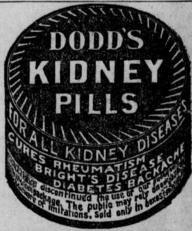
From the Wall Street Journal. There is only one possible defen for Thaw, and that is insanity. If he was not insane when he shot Stanford White, then he committed a deliberate murder. It would seem, therefore, as if the question of his insanity might be determined by competent alienists. If they say that he is insanc, why put the city and the country to the expense and odium of a disgusting trial? Unfor-

The Case of Thaw.

tunately, there is a prospect of a disagreement as to the question of his mental condition, and this disagreement will lead to an open contest in the courts.

It is probably not far from the truth to say that the power of \$100,000,000 is behind Thaw. While one cannot blame his family and friends for wishing to escape the taint of his conviction for murder, it may be well to consider what the effect would be upon public opinion, already aroused to the point of rebellion against abuses of wealth if he should secure an acquittal through the influence of these millions. Some time or other the Wall street markets may turn upon the question whether it

may turn upon the question whether it is possible to secure the conviction of a rich man guilty of violation of law.





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