

COLDS

CURED IN ONE DAY



GRIP

Munyon's Cold Remedy Relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks fever, stops discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obnoxious Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Price 25c.

Have you stiff or swollen joints, no matter how chronic? Ask your druggist for Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy and see how quickly you will be cured.

If you have any kidney or bladder trouble get Munyon's Kidney Remedy.

Munyon's Vitallizer makes weak men strong and restores lost powers.

PATENTS

How to obtain them. Book free. 17 years experience. Refer to any bank in Sioux City, N. C. GARDNER, Patent Attorney, 4th and H. C. Sioux City, Ia.

A Stiff One.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother—"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once. What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

SPHON'S DISINFECTANT

For PINK EYE, DISTEMPER, CATARRH FEVER, AND ALL NOSR AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on a bottle. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy. 50 cents a bottle, \$5.00 the dozen. \$1.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and turf goods houses, or sent, express paid, by the manufacturers.

SPHON MEDICAL COMPANY, Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

SALZER'S GREAT BEARDLESS BARLEY.

SILVER KING BARLEY
Wisconsin is famed as the best barley state in the Union. Certain it is that it produces the best yielding barley on earth.

BEARDLESS BARLEY
The barley of your dreams; no beards; easy to harvest; yielding 121 bushels per acre.

Emperor William OAT
Our new Emperor William oat is the greatest oat of the century. It grows great and the Emperor himself. You will want it. It's a marvel.

SALZER'S BILLION DOLLAR GRASS AND TEOSINTE
Billion Dollar Grass and Teosinte are the most valuable crops in the United States alone. It is estimated at \$10,000,000,000. It will be for 1909, as it costs but 10c per acre. It is ready to plant in the first week of May. It yields 100 to 150 tons per acre of magnificent hay.

PURE CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED
Salzer's 25th Century strains of clover and timothy seed stand all alone in their absolute purity. Of course they cost more than any other seedsmen, but they are free from weeds. That's worth the difference.

BIG CATALOG FREE
Or for 10c in stamps we mail free of all costs a complete catalog of Silver King Barley, yielding 121 bu. per acre; Macaroni Wheat, yielding 64 bu. per acre; Billion Dollar Grass and Teosinte, yielding 100 to 150 tons per acre of magnificent hay; Timothy, clover, grass, etc., costing only \$10.00 of any kind of money for a year.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, WIS.

Mayer's Leading Lady

THE CORRECT SHOE FOR STYLE, EASE AND GOOD WEAR

You could never hope to buy a more stylish or serviceable shoe than the "Leading Lady." It is right up-to-date in appearance and fits the foot perfectly from the very first. Besides being stylish and comfortable, the

wears much longer than most shoes. It is so well made that it lasts twice as long as the average shoe, and will retain its shape to the end.

Why buy inferior shoes when, with the same money, you can get the "Leading Lady"? Your dealer will supply you; if not, write to us.

Look for the Mayer Trade Mark on the sole.

FREE! If you will send us the name of a dealer who does not handle Leading Lady Shoes, we will send you free, post-paid, a beautiful picture of Martha Washington, size 15x20. We also make Honorific Shoes, Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, Verma Cushion Shoes and Special Mail School Shoes.

F. M. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water, but use any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Black and Mix Colors.

PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois

Endurance of the Horse.

"What is a fair day's work for a horse?" is a frequent question and very difficult to answer. The London bus horse does 18 miles a day at a rate of seven miles an hour in double harness with a four-ton bus; a pair of post horses used to do 24 miles with a one-ton coach at eight miles going and at six returning.

"I have known the horses in the heavy deer van of H. M. Buckhounds to do over 80 miles in a day," says a writer in Country Life in America, "but they were never worked more than twice a week. A good horse will trot his 20 to 30 miles a day for several days consecutively, but cannot keep it up; he may do 60 miles in one day, but then must have a rest the next."

"Small horses, other things being equal, stand more work and recover more quickly than big horses. Some remarkable instances of the powers of ponies are given in William Day's book, which records a run of 107 miles in 14 hours by two boys on ponies and one of 172 miles in 23 1/2 hours by a 12-hand pony (led), which beat the coach from London to Exeter; the time given includes all stops."

"Town work, on account of the frequent stops and the hard pavement, induces fatigue, and especially leg weariness, sooner than country work. Two horses worked well within their ordinary powers, and were more economical in the end than one that is habitually driven to the utmost limit of his capacity."

"There are, however, many cases where from different causes one horse performs what the schoolboy called the 'irreducible maximum,' then the animal par excellence to be bought is the cob, though he will not be too easy to find in this country, where the love of fast trotters has dominated the question of general utility."

"The true cob, sturdy in build, with plenty of bone but enough blood to keep him from being sluggish, is one of the most useful specimens of the equine race. Well under 15 hands, he is easy to mount and sufficiently short in his stride to be a comfortable hack for even elderly men, and he is up to quite a considerable weight; in harness he is sprightly, quite fast enough for ordinary purposes, and his low and thick is capable of a surprising power of draught."

"In England, where he is as common as he is rare here, he is the mainstay of the small and the general drudge of the large establishment, and is usually an ornament to both. He should carry his head well, have undeniably good shoulders, a short back and powerful quarters, being, in short, a big horse in a small compass."

The Passage.

Many a year is in its grave Since I crossed this restless wave. And the evening, fair as ever, Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then, in this same boat, beside, Sat two comrades, old and tried: One withal a father's truth, One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought, And his grave in silence sought; Soul-like were those hours of yore— Passed in battle and in storm.

So, when'er I turn mine eye Back upon the days gone by, Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me, Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend, But that soul with soul can blend; Soul-like were those hours of yore— Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee! Take, I give it willingly— For, invisible to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me.

—Johann Ludvig Uhland.

A Denial from High Authority.

From National Food Magazine, Chicago.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the agricultural department, has demanded of the Calumet Baking Powder company of Chicago, that it cease the publication of alleged certificates or statements that he had endorsed the Calumet Baking Powder, or reported in favor of its purity, wholesomeness or superiority. Such statements, he says, are false.

Dr. Wiley never acted upon a committee of awards, as alleged nor signed such a report or certificate, nor did he ever endorse the Calumet Baking Powder in any way. On the contrary, Dr. Wiley testified before a congressional committee relative to alum in food, as follows: "As I have said repeatedly, I do not use it in my own home, and would not use alum in bread if I knew it. Alum is injurious."

It seems that Dr. Wiley's demand that the Calumet company should cease these publications, which are, he says, "against the truth," was not complied with, although he says he has done all he could "to stop the base and inexcusable use of his name."

The public who share in Dr. Wiley's indignation that his name and official position should be fraudulently used to aid in foisting upon consumers a food compound made from ingredients which the doctor has publicly declared to be injurious.

No Place for Him.

It was one of those deep growling basso arias which hang indefinitely on the edge of a real tune without ever quite coming in. And the man in the party had no use for it. It was Dan Tressler who the girl turned to him.

"Ah!" she remarked. "Is that not lovely—perfectly lovely?" "Aria to My Absent Love?"

He looked at her.

"So that's what it is, eh?" he exclaimed, "why I had doped it out as an 'Ode to a Chuck Steak.'"

They attended no more concerts together that season.

Bulgaria is sufficiently in the public eye just now to compensate her for a total eclipse that lasted for three or four centuries. Between the obliteration of medieval Bulgaria by the conquering Turk and her very modern resurrection, she disappeared more completely than Poland ever has. The very name of Bulgaria was remembered only by the learned. Sir Charles Elliot took it out in his journeying from Bulgaria to Constantinople in 1834. Kinglake must have passed straight across Bulgaria. Yet, when describing his travels in "Bothen," he makes no allusion to the country or its inhabitants.

A Generous Gift.

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete almanac. It contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read, characterized by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manuring, gives weights and measures and antidotes for contagious diseases, and is a grand almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the Munyon Remedy Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Those Tireless Dogs.

Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, has recently, while giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields of the north.

"We certainly would have traveled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical moment."

"But," exclaimed a lady, who had been listening intently, "I thought that Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures."

Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied, "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, miss."

The Will to Do Wrong.

From the Homiletic Review.

We cannot will the evil, and be saved from all the consequences and fruits of evil. If we were only reasonable men, if we only believed it was a reasonable world that we live in, we should not believe in much evil; paradise, the domain of a man willing an evil, and then expecting in some strange magical way to be saved from the results of the evil! The evil is already done when the heart is wholly given up to it, and sooner or later we must have our way. We persist, we tempt God for it, we desire it, we long after it, we want nothing else but this; we seek it, we will it, we must have it. Take it, man, take it, the sin and the curse, the desire and the sting. "God said unto Balaam, Go, and God's anger was kindled because he went."

A Domestic Eye Remedy

Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murline Eye Remedy. Try Murline in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murline.

The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee Copyright, 1905

CHAPTER I. THE AFFAIR AT TRESSLER'S FARM.

When the great architect had finished building the earth, he dumped the chips and debris into the center of Pennsylvania, and men called the heap the Seven Mountains.

They are not mountains at all, but long ridges like giant furrows plowed deep into the very sandstone and left ragged and chaotic. Straight on they go for leagues, leading a right line to the horizon, the second and third ridges following as if drawn with a pantograph. Here and there is a wild slash across the furrow, a rip into the very foundations of the range, and through the rock-smart at the bottom worms a scared little stream. It is a gap—so they call it—and if one can wriggle through the jagged litter and the rhododendron, spiked like a wire tangle, it will lead him into the next valley, which is often a narrow gut full of torn sandstone and matted scrub, where only the rattlesnake may freely go. Often there is a bend in the furrows, a mad swirl as if the primal dough had been stirred with a giant mixer. Then the furrows run straight again.

Thus the Seven Mountains, a ragged hole in the heart of the east, where the wild turkey still wakes the morning, where the bear and the deer still flourish, and where the eagle and the buzzard, rising undisturbed. The ridges, rising sheer, and as steep as rock debris will lie, are like the tallings of mighty stone quarries. A few dead scraggs of trees break the sky line; here and there a scrub oak and a scrub oak thicket, blasted by fire, and in the angle of the V always a little brook filtering through the rhododendron tangle. Then comes ridges and mighty breaks and jagged cliffs and right-angle corners, and sometimes there are oak thicket, blasted by fire, and in the angle of the V always a little brook filtering through the rhododendron tangle. Then comes ridges and mighty breaks and jagged cliffs and right-angle corners, and sometimes there are oak thicket, blasted by fire, and in the angle of the V always a little brook filtering through the rhododendron tangle.

But the valleys are not all of them V-shaped and littered. There are places where the riders leap far asunder leaving a ribbon of bottom land, the seat of the old farms. Sometimes there are small, shut-in valleys, like pockets in the range, the homes of secluded communities—a cozy bunch of farms strung on a winding road and bounded sharply by two gapes and the stone line of the ridges. And of these might be counted the alvial banks of Heller's Run, better known on the local maps as Hell Bottom.

So much for geography.

It was December the fifth, Dan Tressler's butchering day, as anyone in the valley could see as early as the preceding June. The sign was right and the moon was "in the up." Squire Hartswick, lord of the Bottom, had butchered on Thanksgiving day; Jake Kisterback had duly followed, and now by every valley right it was Dan Tressler's day. Things are not done by chance among the thrifty "Dutch." Baer's almanac and the tradition of the fathers rule central Pennsylvania with despotic sway.

The lack of help. A "meetin'" on Sunday at the Bottom church brings out a goodly number, if the weather be fine; a funeral gathers the old people; a "schmittin'" in the fall, the young; but a "butcherin'" calls for everybody, no matter what the weather what it may. Not that all the inhabitants, hit or miss, are called.

"Invitations"

For your "latons"

goes the valley proverb, but the rule bars no one; for another valley saying is to the effect that nobody can "fire one" in any range, and the "Dutch" valleys and not hit his second cousin.

It promised ideal butchering weather. As early as four in the morning lanterns were dancing like fireflies. All was bustle and hurry. The hearth was hung in copper kettles—the valley's supply of kettles; scalding tubs were rolling upon temporary blockings; scragging tables were arising; knives were grinding, and sound coming up a dull creaking from behind the corner, and the boys, eager and excited, were scurrying hither and back in the half light, shouted at and commanded until they were like "hens with their heads out in the kitchen," the housewife, calm but pale, was presiding like a general at the outset of a campaign, for the valley eaters, like a flock of buzzards, were to descend at noon, and she well knew that her dinner, good or bad, would be a topic for a year to come.

It was one of those clear, crisp mornings when there is a steel ring in the air and one's breath floats out like whiffs of smoke. An inch of frowsy snow lay over everything the day before, and it had grown colder during the night. In the east over the black silhouette of Nance mountain, hung long iron bars of cloud, untouched as yet by the approaching dawn. From the west there came up a faint murmur, which on the vibrant air, soon became distinguishable as the grumble of wheels over a frozen road. Dan Tressler caught it and straightened up over his breakfast.

"Be ye that's old Miff still? Yaw? Hear them wheels clunk?" He ran his thumb critically over the knife edge, then slopped the stone with water from a gourd. "Old Miff 'd set up all night 'fore he wheeled about to meet it, the 'erlin' fore he did wunst. Turn 'er right up smart, Jakey."

He was a picturesque figure as he crouched over the flying stone in the uncertain light, his grizzled beard almost touching the knife in his hand, and his eyes blinking small and sharp behind iron-bowed spectacles. He wore a "warmus," which fitted tightly at the waist, and a wool-topped pulled down over his ears. He was an eager little man, who on great occasions like this went about on the dog-trot. A wagon drove heavily into the yard, and with a nervous jerk he hopped about to meet it, the long knife flourishing in his hand.

"Wal, now, who'd 'a thought it wunst? It's you sure enough, ain't it now, Miff? And you here, Maria? Wal, by Chimminy! How gets it? Jump right out now; the women's in there crazy's a bedbug still. Better go right in and help 'er out. Here, puht yer boss right in the barn, Miff. There you be. He was bustling jerkily about the wagon.

"That's a fine day, Dan."

"Yes, sir—r-r—! By Chimminy, here comes Lem!" Another farm wagon drove into the yard, and then another and another. The crowd was appearing. The little man fairly danced in his progress "from rig to rig, like a weasel in a trap," as Lem Fisher phrased it.

The bustle was increasing. Roadside and yard were filling rapidly with farm

Wagons of all varieties, and with horses.

No time was lost; each man had brought some implement that it was his especial duty to furnish at a butchering—pulleys, blocks, hooks, kettles, knives—and each knew his part and went at it instantly without orders. The women and the girls went straight into the house, where they took their places with an order and dispatch gained by the experience of many outcheringings.

"Ah, here's old Poppy a'ready. Here, lem help you out, Poppy. Chust you wait a minute wunst." But the old man did not hear. Horse, wagon and man seemed incredibly odd. Without a word he hoisted himself over the wheel with unchecked wheezes and groans, then straightened up slowly and looked about him. Then he hardened into a stiff pose, with his gaze fixed intently on the south.

"What is it, Poppy?" asked Dan anxiously. "That's going to be a fine day? Yaw?"

"Pet day, young man; 'tats a pet day. Chust you remember what I 'e ved 'till' yeh still. Chust you look 'ere wunst." He stretched a wavering hand out toward the south. "Beware of goat's hair in 'e sky a'ready. Ummmmmm!" He said it in the same awful tone that the soothsayer must have used when he said, "Beware the Ides of March."

Despite the dire prediction, the morning was breaking clear and sharp. The iron bars over old Nance were softening into copper and bronze; the black snow in the south was growing into the semblance of a wooded ridge, cut sharply against the pale sky.

A belated vehicle drove into the yard, and a shout greeted it.

"Sleppy! Oh, my! Here's Ullie a'ready." "Sleppy! Oh, my! Here's Ullie a'ready." "Get home in time for breakfast, Ullie!"

A plump, middle-aged man climbed from his wagon, and proceeded with a natural gravity to the fence, apparently to tie his horse to the fence. He was as if the undertaker had arrived at the funeral, and was arranging the hearse. As he turned, however, a sheepish grin began to spread over his face, and at the sight of the crowd began to laugh.

"Think you're dretful smart still, now don't yeh?" he snapped, pulling off his big coat with vigor, and taking his eyes off the crowd. Then the chaffing fell sharp and thick, like rice at a wedding.

"Who was it, Ullie, last night? Come tell us, Dew."

"That's yeh, better get your courage up quick, Ullie. The rule for sparkin' is that the gal's just as afraid of you as you be of 'er."

"Oh, pshaw, Ullie! Finish it right up slap and be done with it. It's awful bad on yeh, this settin' up so late nights when you're gettin' along in years. Boys can start it, but it's death on you old critters."

When a country gathering gets started on this track there is no logical end. No quarter is given, nor is it usually quick when you're gettin' along in years. Boys can start it, but it's death on you old critters."

When a country gathering gets started on this track there is no logical end. No quarter is given, nor is it usually quick when you're gettin' along in years. Boys can start it, but it's death on you old critters."

That folks shoot bear that are loaded for bear.

"You look ahere, Amos Hardin, wunst. What do you 'spos I seen this morning? Heh?" The company gathered nearer. "When I come a'round morning I went up clost, and over this volce breaking 'ere wunst 'n tark in the snow anywhere round it—nothing but that black, dead man's ring a'ready. Ah round the house that I w-ful black ring, but there hadn't been no track."

"Hain't been no track in there all winter, yetst," spoke up a voice. They all fell to work again in silence. There was a look of horror on all faces.

"Wonder if Al Farthing has saw anything?" Lem Fisher was the first to speak. "Wonder what he thinks of this devilishness?"

"Bet you won't never know. Al's the most closest-mouthed man I ever seen still. If he'd saw old Heller with his own eyes a'ready, he wouldn't say a word about it. No, suh."

"Say, did yeh ever think there might be something strange about it?" Lem Fisher half closed his eyes and looked knowingly at the group.

"Now, don't you go a'hintin' about Al. Don't you do. He's square's a die, Yessuh." Dan Tressler bustled instantly, as if the remark was a personal thrust. "Al's a square man, and the best friend ev-uns have got in this valley still. Yessuh. He saves as how he'll pay 5 cents a bushel more for our corn than the squire will, and he's going to have a big load of flour come for 50 cents a barrel less than what we-uns are a-paying. Yessuh. He saves it as a mean shame the way Ira Hartwick's been bleedin' us. He's been out and saw things, Al has, and he knows what prices is a'ready. Yessuh. I invited him over to the butcherin' today and he's coming until 8."

"Yessuh, I did," doggedly. "It's a mean shame to leave him out every time jest because he ain't relation and the squire's kreiseled at him. I invited him, and his boys too."

"But you know Squire Hartwick—"

"I don't care a chinclipin. No sir. There was a note of bravado in the voice. It was the tone of the small boy at noonday bragging about ghosts. "If Squire Hartwick don't like Al Farthing, I can't help it. Al's done the fair thing by me, and I'm going to do it by him wunst."

"Al may be all right, but it ain't safe in this valley to butt up against the old squire. I'll tell yeh that. You'd better go slow, Dan."

"There's going to be a tarnation big explosion in this here valley if Al Farthing keeps on. Puht that down in your awmmick a'ready. There can't be two kings in this Bottom still. You mind what I tell yeh."

Dan started to retort, thought better of it, and relapsed into silence.

Allen Farthing had moved into the valley the preceding April, coming from no one knew where. He had bought the old Heller farm from a real estate agency in whose hands it had been placed by Squire Hartwick, and had started in with energy to bring up the place from its forlorn condition. He had found the fences flat, the buildings in a ruinous state, and the land fast running to cackle weed and bushes. In one season, however, he had got the old place into a fairly respectable way.

But the advent of the new family had troubled the valley. Al Farthing was a singularly silent man, and his boys were like him. There was an element of mystery in the affair that was maddening to the little community, accustomed as it was to know all the minutest details of neighbors' lives. The Farthings, in spite of many subtleties, and of sly traps set to learn of their past, disclosed nothing, and the whispers rapidly grew into open gossip. Who were these people? Why had they moved to this secluded cabin no quarter of a mile away? There was something mysterious and even uncanny about these people.

(Continued Next Week.)

A Natural Error.

From the New York Tribune.

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon stories in the smoking room of a Chicago hotel. Captain H. E. Honeywell, who, with the Fielding-Antonio balloon, was never to win, renounced, laughed and said:

"The great Elroy made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunder storm came up. Elroy, amid buckets of rain, the four of them in the deserted cabin no quarter of a mile away? There was something mysterious and even uncanny about these people.

(Continued Next Week.)

According to the Journal des Debats, of Paris, a comic song of 12 verses, the words and music of which are by Richard Wagner, is to be put up at auction, with other manuscripts, in Berlin. The ditty is dedicated to the best of the hotel at Leipzig at which the composer stayed when on the way to Berlin to confer with his committees regarding the founding of the Bayreuth opera house. It is dated April 23, 1871.

AS MANY AS HE CAN.
Sambo—Rambo, does yo' nex' do neighbor keep chickens?
Rambo—Well—er—huh—huh! He keeps as many as he kin. Yassuh!

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water, but use any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Black and Mix Colors.

PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois