

**BREAKS A COLD PROMPTLY**

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds: One ounce of Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris Compound and one-half pint of good whiskey, mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a table spoonful every four hours. This if followed up will cure an acute cold in 24 hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

**MAKING THE MOST OF IT.**



"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hash, this microscope is merely to enable me to see what I'm eating!"

Lundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its great strength than other makes.

**The Disturbing Telephone.**

"The telephone has destroyed all the privacy of society," said the society girl. "It breaks in on everything. Nothing is sacred to it. You may be saying your prayers. The telephone Or in the midst of your bath. The telephone. Or doing up your back hair, or, worst of all, a delightful man may be making love to you, when kiling, kiling, kiling! The telephone breaks off the thread of his theme and he fails to resume it."

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrhs, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrhs that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. Sold by E. W. HOVEY, 23 CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**His Idea.**

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I see for use on rural delivery routes a letter box has an electric attachment which gives the alarm in the house some distance away when mail matter has been deposited within by the carrier. Mr. Crimmonbeak—Seems to me it would be more valuable if it only gave an alarm when a bill was deposited in the box.

Hon. Emil King, Vienna, Aus., one of the world's greatest horsemen, has written to the manufacturers: "SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND has become the standard remedy for distempers and throat diseases in the best stables of Europe. This medicine relieves horses of great suffering and saves much money for the owner." 50c and \$1 a bottle. All druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind.

**Sure Sign.**

Mrs. Murphy—Arrah! 'Tis Saterdab night an' th' fact'ry is closin' down an' Timmy don't know whether he'll git his pay or not. Mrs. Flaherty—Here he comes home now. Mrs. Murphy—Wittra! Thin he ain't been paid.

**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**Heredity.**

Knicker—Whom does the baby resemble? Bocker—It's yell takes after its father's college.

Garfield Tea, the Herb Laxative, agreeably stimulates the liver, corrects constipation and relieves a clogged system. Write for samples, Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

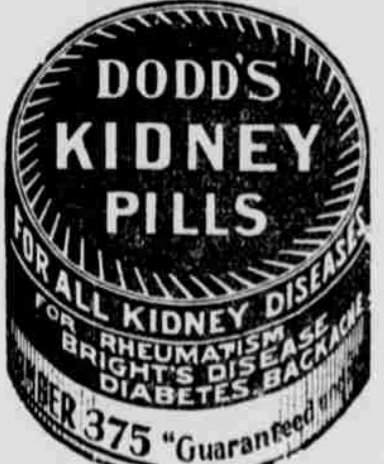
Many a man thinks he is charitable because he gives advice.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"** That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. HOVEY. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Cleaning upsets a house almost as badly as it does a watch.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The secret of success is a secret women never tell.



**WINTER FOX HUNTING**

AMERICANS ENJOY SPORT IN ENGLAND



PACK, HUNTSMAN AND WHIPS.



OFF TO DRAW

It is becoming increasingly the custom for wealthy American sportsmen and women, too, to reside in England during the fox hunting season, and there are obvious reasons why the bulk of them select Melton Mowbray or the immediate neighborhood as their place of abode. Melton is situated in the center of the finest hunting country in the world, and is, accordingly, the most convenient place for those sufficiently endowed with this world's goods who wish to enjoy the best sport.

For this reason Melton's long-established claim to the title of the hunting metropolis cannot be questioned. There are, of course, numerous other hunting centers with their stretches of good country, but there is always a reverse side to the picture in the form of plow or woodland, or of some undesirable nature which detracts from the pleasure of those who ride to hounds. Providing a man is well mounted and his heart is in the right place, it is possible anywhere within a ten-mile radius of Melton to follow the pack without ever having to turn aside. Few who have ridden over this happy hunting ground would change their sphere for choice, so long as their nerves remained unimpaired.

To extract the utmost pleasure out of Leicestershire hunting it is absolutely necessary to purchase the very best horses that money can buy, otherwise it is almost impossible to keep one's place in the front rank when the hounds run fast. Then there is no other hunting center which affords such variety, for every week throughout the season it is possible to hunt six days a week with one or other of four of the leading packs in the country, namely, the Quorn, Belvoir, Cottemore, or Mr. Fernie's. On five out of the six days the fixtures are within easy distance of Melton, but on Thursdays it is generally necessary to go further afield in search of sport, though in these days of swift running motorcars, with convenient trains for boxing horses, a journey of from 12 to 16 miles into Mr. Fernie's domains does not entail much hardship. Another thing which perhaps in no small measure adds to the glamour surrounding Leicestershire is that one there meets the creme de la creme of English society. The fact that it is necessary to subscribe to three or four different packs does not weigh heavily. Not only do the Americans secure some of the most desirable residences, but it can with truth be said that the studs of hunters which they get together compare most favorably with the best of those belonging to English fox hunters.

So enamored is Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran of New York with Leicestershire sport that he has decided to make Melton Mowbray his permanent winter quarters, and has recently purchased Hamilton Lodge, a delightful hunting box which Lord Hamilton of Dalzell caused to be erected a few years ago just on the outskirts of the hunting metropolis. It stands on the summit of Ankle hill, and although outwardly by no means an imposing structure from an architectural point of view, internally it is one of the most convenient hunting residences possible to imagine, while in another part of the grounds surrounding the house is an up-to-date range of stabling sheltering a fine stud of nine hunters and two carriage horses.

Syonby Lodge, the summer residence of Maj. and the Hon. Mrs. Strling—the latter an aunt to the duchess of Newcastle—is always let for the hunting season. This picturesque house is situated on the Notting-ham road, at the opposite end of Melton, and seems to possess a special attraction for Americans. It was here that the duke of Marlborough brought his bride (nee Miss Vanderbilt) the first season after their marriage, and it was afterwards occupied by Capt. and Mrs. David Beatty, the latter being perhaps better known in America as the daughter of the late Mr. Marshall Field. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Strawbridge of Pennsylvania have now secured the place on a lease, and during the past summer considerable additions have been made to the stabling accommodation, which can now accom-

modate 24 horses. Their present stud consists of 20 hunters and a pony. Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge are regular followers of the Quorn, Belvoir and Cottemore, and their son, who inherits his parents' love of the sport, frequently accompanies them.

Miss Elizabeth Warrington Philip of Talavera, Claverack, N. Y., has this winter returned to Soneleigh, Melton Mowbray, after a season's absence, but as it is her intention to remain only about six weeks she has but a small stud of horses.

Mr. John R. Townsend and Mr. Peter G. Gerry are having their first season in the Shires and have secured the Limes, Melton Mowbray, which has in former years been the hunting residence of several renowned British sportsmen, including the present duke of Portland prior to his marriage. Mr. Gerry is already there, but Mr. Townsend is not expected until later. Their stables are situate close to those of Mr. Cochran, and contain something like 18 hunters. Mr. Gerry has obtained his hunting experience chiefly with the Virginia hounds in America.

Mrs. David Beatty has now had several years' experience with the Leicestershire packs, and is hunting from Brookside hall in the Quorn country. She has become very popular in English hunting and other society circles, and rides some splendid horses. It will be recalled that just after the close of the last hunting season her place gained unenviable notoriety owing to the daring burglary that was perpetrated there, and in connection with which the leading culprits are serving terms of imprisonment varying from six to twelve years.

**DREW THE LINE AT SUICIDE.**

Russian Nobleman Very Wisely Declined Contemplated Duel.

One of the stories told of D. D. Mann, one of Canada's big men—in every sense—was repeated during his recent visit to New York, when he was entertained at a dinner, the guests all being men of millions. Mann has had a sensational career, beginning as an axman in the Canadian lumber woods, and is now one of the greatest of American railroad builders. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, in telling the story, says that early in life Mann visited Europe on a business mission, and at a dinner one night became involved in a quarrel with a Russian nobleman. Next day he received a call from one of the nobleman's friends, bearing an invitation to a duel. "If he don't like what I said to him, let him come up and tell me so," said Mann. "He can come a-running, too, and carry any size gun he likes."

The friend explained that would never do. Nothing but the regular thing on the field of honor would do. "Oh, all right," said Mann. "I've been fighting duels, all my life. But I'll have to insist on using my national weapon—a 16-pound double-bitted ax." The friend went away holding up his hands at the barbarian. That night the nobleman met Mann. He was about the size of a ribbon-counter clerk. Mann is something over six feet high and four feet wide, with no fat. "I fight you, m'oo," said the nobleman, "with the weapon of any civilized nation. But I be d— if I commit suicide."

**The Country-Life Problem.**

"God made the country and man made the town," is only another way of recognizing the fundamental character of country life in our civilization. Country life would be abundantly possible without city life, as compared with city life. In some countries, like Russia, 90 per cent. of the population live in the country; but city life is impossible without country life as its foundation. This fact gives the work of the president's commission on country life a very real interest to the dwellers in towns, as well as to those who live in the country.—Gilford Pinehot, in Suburban Life for December.

**Small Flying Machine.**

M. Santos Dumont's new flying machine is so small that it travels comfortably on the back of his motor car. It is a monoplane, with a 24-horsepower Antoinette motor, weighing 58 kilos, and making 1,400 revolutions a minute. The total weight is about 150 kilos. The aeroplane was expected to fly at 50 kilometers an hour, and to rise from the ground as soon as it attained a speed on its three wheels of 50 kilometers an hour. On the fourth trial Dumont flew, but was unfortunately damaged one of the new machine's wheels.

**RECOMPENSE**  
By GRANT SELMAR

(Copyright, Ford Pub. Co.)

John Sillman entered his hat, tired after the long day's duties at the Silver Creek general store, where he was employed as a salesman, and threw himself dejectedly into the nearest chair.

A thin, worried woman—John's wife—with a baby at her breast and two young children clinging to her skirts, hastened herself, upon his entrance, to lay a ragged cloth upon the rough deal table and set thereon a pitcher of boiled potatoes, which humble fare was to constitute, without savory or garnish, the evening meal. A jug of cold well water flanked the smoking tubers.

"There's a letter for you lying on the dresser," said the woman. "It came this afternoon. It's from New York."

The man tore open the envelope with trembling eagerness, and started to scan the contents.

"It's from the old man, of course?" Woman's curiosity prompted Eliza to ask the question.

"In a way," moodily responded John, gazing vacantly into the fast-expiring fire. "It's from his lawyer. The old man's dead."

"Oh, he is!" snapped Eliza, exhibiting no emotion at this sudden news of her father-in-law's demise. "And he hasn't remembered you in his will? Well, you've no call to be disappointed. You never expected he would. You were the black sheep of his fold



"The Old Man's Dead."

during his lifetime, and, naturally enough, he hasn't reckoned you in with his live stock at his death. Don't sit moping there, but eat your supper like a man."

John Sillman laughed bitterly at his wife's reasoning. He knew she was as disappointed as himself. "You're just wrong for once, Eliza," he said, slowly. "The old man has kind of remembered me at the last."

John Sillman, to humor her, took a relishless mouthful of the now lukewarm tubers, and read aloud the contents of the lawyer's dispatch:

Dear Sir: Our late client, your lamented father, Ezra Sillman, passed away last night, and, in accordance with his last instructions, we now apprise you of the fact, and inclose a sufficient sum to pay your journey here and home again. Herein please find copy of your father's last will and testament, also as instructed, it is brief and easily understood.

Inclosed was a half sheet of note paper containing the final instructions of the dead man as to the disposal of his property. Brief it was, truly, and too easily understood. It ran:

I, Ezra Sillman, while sane of mind, and without other influence, declare this to be my last will and testament, and to the same do set my signature, as witnessed by my clerk, Andrew Jakers, and my housekeeper, Amelia Rankin, in presence of my solicitor, George Makin.

To my eldest son, Ezra, I bequeath all land and house property of which I am possessed.

To my second son, Martin, I bequeath all money, plate, furniture, carriages and horses of which I am possessed.

To my third son, John, whose greed impelled him years ago to falsely utilize my name, and yet whose heart I believe to be kind and sound, I bequeath the care of my little adopted daughter, Janet, assailing her with her sole protection at the moment when I drew my last breath.

John Sillman crumpled up the paper into a ball between his palms, pushed away his platter with a grunt of disgust, and lit his pipe, at which he pulled long and thoughtfully.

"The old man's considerate," said Eliza, dryly. "He's anxious you should have a quiver full, though he doesn't make any suggestion as to how you're going to fill the mouths of the youngsters. What are you going to do, J?"

"Then you've made up your mind to add to your family without a dime for compensation?" said Eliza, in a tone of deep and bitter reproach.

"Why don't you brothers, Ezra and Martin, look after the child? They're rich men already, and their father has now doubled their wealth! What is a mouth more or less to the likes of them?"

"I'd sooner see my own little ones lying quiet in their coffins than entrusted to the mercies of Ezra and Martin; and so would you, Eliza. You must make explanations for me at the store in the morning. I am going by that five train."

In the large parlor of old Ezra Sillman's mansion at the late merchant's solicitor and three sons. They were gathered at the long dining table—Ezra and Martin, well-to-do and prosperous, at either hand of Mr. Makin; John, shabby and dejected, at the other extreme end, ignored and solitary.

The lawyer, a small, dry-faced, acrid man, had pressed his hand at first meeting, and whispered something which John could not catch. He rose from his seat now and spoke.

"Gentlemen, you all know the terms of your late father's will. There are no legal technicalities to explain, no complications to unravel.

"To you, Mr. Ezra, the land and the house property of which your late father was possessed at the time of his decease.

"To you, Mr. Martin, all moneys, plate, furniture, pictures, books, carriages and horses of which your late lamented father stood possessed at the time of his decease."

"To you, Mr. John, the care of Janet, adopted child of your late lamented father."

The lawyer stopped short, coughed dryly, and sharply scrutinized John Sillman. Ezra and Martin also turned a contemptuous glance in the direction of their brother. John pulled his ragged beard and murmured: "Ay, that is so."

"Do you accept the charge, Mr. John?" asked the attorney.

"Ay, that do I. Poor mite, she's a lonely one this day."

"Pardon me," remarked Mr. Makin, dubiously, "but do I understand that you are—ahem!—not overburdened with this world's goods?"

"I'm a poor man, mister," said John, bluntly. "I am so poor that I find life a hard riddle to solve, and don't know but what death would be a rest and a blessing to me and mine."

"Yet, despite your poverty and the claims that your own family have upon you, you accept this charge?"

"Ay, that I do. And why? 'Cos she's a lonely mite this night. And may the same be done to mine if I should die and leave them undefended."

Ezra and Martin grew impatient. "Time's money, lawyer," said the elder. "Don't waste it. You've got the papers there. Let Martin and me know exactly what we're worth. You're a man of business yourself, and will appreciate the request."

"Certainly," cried Mr. Makin, briskly. "I've all the details here. I can dismiss your part of the business in a few words.

"Mr. Ezra," said the lawyer, carefully glancing at a deed before him, "to you, the land and house property of which your late father died possessed. To be sure, your father, as you may have heard, started life as a carpenter, and worked in a hired shed on a plot of ground an eighth of an acre in extent. He bought the ground and shed when times began to prosper. This is yours now. The shed needs furnishing a bit, though it makes an excellent tool house."

"Good heavens, sir!" blustered Ezra Sillman, rising wrathfully in his chair.

But Mr. Makin, after another glance at the document, proceeded to address Martin. "Mr. Martin, to you all the moneys, plate, furniture, pictures, carriages and horses. To be sure, in your late father's pockets were a dollar and a snuffbox. In his room were an invalid chair and a framed print entitled 'Charity.' In his warehouse yard a pony and a barrow—the last two preserved in memory of his early struggling days when he hawked his handcraft through the streets. They are yours now. The pony is blind, and the barrow would do with a fresh coat of paint."

Martin Sillman sprang to his feet with an oath. "Confound you, sir! What does this mean? Our father died a rich man."

"Pardon me," interposed the lawyer. "Two months before his death the late Mr. Sillman made over his entire wealth, with the trifling exceptions just mentioned, to his adopted child, Janet Mayflower, on the condition that she shared with whomsoever should be disinherited enough to accept charge of her for no other purpose than that of pure charity. Mr. John, you have accepted the charge. I congratulate you. As to you, Mr. Ezra and Mr. Martin—by those two gentlemen were gone—gone as on a whirlwind."

**Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses colds and headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

**320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA**  
WILL MAKE YOU RICH

**FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE**  
Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extra from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

V. V. BENNETT, 381 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.



**Bad Taste in the Mouth, Appetite Bad, Head Heavy, Stomach Sour,**

A general feeling of being tired and worn out— unfit for business or the duties or pleasures of life. Is that the Way You Feel? If it is, you should know that the famous tonic laxative,

**Lane's Family Medicine**  
(called also Lane's Tea)  
will give that perfect internal cleanliness and wholesomeness which produces health and the feeling of comfort that makes life enjoyable. All druggists sell it in 25c. and 60c. packages.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50**



The Reason I Make and Sell More Men's \$3.00 & \$3.50 Shoes Than Any Other Manufacturer is because I give the wearer the benefit of the most complete organization of trained experts and skilled workmen in the country. The selection of the leather for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making in every department, is looked after by the best shoemakers in the shoe industry. If I could show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they last longer, fit better, and wear longer than any other make. My Method of Tanning the Soles makes them More Flexible and Longer Wearing than any others. Shoes for Every Member of the Family, Men, Women, Boys & Children. For sale by shoe dealers everywhere. I know nothing without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Want Color Sheets Used Exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 167 Spruce St., Brockton, Mass.

**Cabbage Seed 60 cts. per acre**

Per Salzer's catalog page 100. The biggest money making crop in vegetables is cabbage. Then comes onions, radishes, peas, cucumbers. Big catalog free or, send 10c in stamps and receive catalog and 1000 kernels each of onions, carrots, celery, radishes, 1000 each lettuce, rutabagas, turnips, 100 parsley, 100 tomatoes, 100 melons, 1000 flowering flower seeds, in all 10000 kernels, easily worth \$1.00 of any man's money. Or send 20c and we add one pig. of Earliest Peep O'Day Sweet Corn. SALZER SEED CO., Box W, La Crosse, Wis.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 3, 1909.

**PISO'S AN UNSURPASSED REMEDY**  
Piso's Cure is an unsurpassed remedy for cough, cold, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness and throat and lung ailments. It goes direct to the seat of the trouble and generally restores health. It is a powerful cough and cold cure. It can give your children Piso's Cure with perfect confidence in its curative power and freedom from opium. Famous for half a century. At all druggists, 25 cts.