

# THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME ARE NEVER WITHOUT PERUNA IN THE HOUSE FOR CATARRHAL DISEASES.



**MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO.**

UNDER date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

"My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years. Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing.

"She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Mandin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead only for these wonderful remedies.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me.

"Your remedies do all that you claim for them, and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies.

John O. Atkinson.

**GOVERNMENT LAND 50 CENTS PER ACRE**

Under irrigation in Wyoming, water rights, easy terms, best land, perfect location. Paterson, Alaska Land Co., Patterson Block, Omaha.

**DROPS NEW DISCOVERY** gives quick relief and cures soon. Book of testimonials and prices. FREE. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

**TURKEYS** Wanted 20,000 pounds of good fat turkeys for the holidays. Also chickens, ducks and geese. Butter and eggs. Write for catalogue and prices. Established 1870. Omaha, Neb.

**ARE YOU SATISFIED?**

Are you ever satisfied with the goods you buy and with the prices that you pay?

Over 2,000,000 people are trading with us and getting their goods at wholesale prices.

Our 1,000-page catalogue will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. It tells the story.

**Montgomery Ward & Co.**

CHICAGO

The house that tells the truth.

It is well enough to be hopeful, but hope, like faith, must be backed up with works.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

**WHEN YOUR GROCER SAYS** he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other, better and cheaper, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. always.

People who always say what they think usually think a lot of disagreeable things.

Dropey treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest drops specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Every cloud may have a silver lining, but only an optimist can believe it.

**WHY IT IS THE BEST** is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and cheaper, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. always.

With some 5-cent cigars you get at least six cents.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.** Take Laxative Bromine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The eight-day clock is a hard worker and a chronic striker.

**Pine's Cure for Consumption** is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1903.

A cowardly hand carries a weak bow.

**In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Powder.** A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous and often cold and damp. If you have sweating, foot or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Powder. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fine moccasins do not make fine feet.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

The biggest tree fears the beaver's teeth.

If you are coughing take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea.

A locomotive engineer can make his own headlight by tanking up.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded. 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

**MOTHERHOOD.**

When I go to that beautiful country, Away from this mortal unrest, And am asked, what I choose for my portion,

By the angel who loveth me best, I think I shall kneel by my angel, And kissing the hem of her gown I shall whisper, "Oh, fair and beloved— The harp and the glory and crown And all of the splendor awaiting The pilgrims that heavenward roam Would oppress and appal me, beloved, I ask of thee only a home.

—Agnes L. Hill in Farm, Field and Fireside.

"One fair little spot, unmolested By even the harp of the best, Where sheltered and happy the children May grow in a quiet home nest, I have waited so long, blessed angel; I may not be worthy a crown, But I would be glad to be crowned— I might in a moment lay down, I would ask for the robe of a mother Who sits with her baby at rest, For this is my dream, blessed angel, Of all that is fairest and best."

## THE MAYBEE LOVE AFFAIR.

By ADA C. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The stenographer bowed to the coachman on his box.

Joyce took off his hat and then leaped down and stood ready to speak to the fair and dainty young woman. She asked after the man's family, bowed again, smilingly, and walked quickly away, down the long, lighted street.

It was half past five in the evening. More than one pair of eyes noted the chance meeting upon the sidewalk. The coachman climbed back to his seat, muttering to himself.

He was waiting for his employer, Henry Maybee, the railway magnate. At last Maybee came out into the open air rejoicing in his liberty. As he opened his carriage door, for himself, Maybee was arrested by the sound of honest Joyce's voice.

"I've just seen Miss Salome, sir."

"Where," asked Maybee, looking up and down the street.

"She came out of that big door, sir, an hour ago, and she stopped and asked after the children, and then went her way without saying anything about herself."

"Well—which way?" Maybee's voice was anxious.

"Just down street—that way," said the man.

"Very good, thank you, Joyce."

"She do be workin' in this big place," said Joyce.

Mr. Maybee stepped into the carriage, closed the door, and Joyce gathered up the reins for the homeward drive.

Before the fire sat Lewis, the rich man's son. He looked up when his father came in. His salutation was but an indifferent murmur.

The elder man affected a brisk cheerfulness. He drew his chair to the fire, threw the evening papers to Lewis, and feigned not to notice that they dropped upon the rug.

"How are you, and has the doctor been here to-day?" inquired the father.

"Yes, sir, same old story," answered the young man. "Advices a change, and all that."

"You must have a change," began the elder Maybee.

"Quiet and rest would be a change," sighed Lewis. "I've been traveling these six months—and I'm tired of new things. Let me stay here. I like the sameness of life that the doctor complains of."

His face drooped again—the pale, listless face.

He sat down far back in his deep chair, and to his father's ear there came the whispering sound of a half stifled sigh.

Henry Maybee, too, bowed his head, and sat looking into the fire.

Then he telephoned to Dr. Bell, asking the old physician to come and see him, that evening, if possible.

When the two friends were seated together in Mr. Maybee's study, the railroad man began without any ifs or buts:

"What shall I do with Lewis, Doctor?"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Dr. Bell.

"What's the matter with him? Why, you're his physician and ought to know!" retorted Mr. Maybee.

"What's the real matter with him?" persisted the doctor.

"In love," said the father, laconically.

"And a hard case," the doctor muttered, "lasts a good while—travel, change, other women, sea voyage, and so yielding. The thing has become chronic—got on his nerves—lowered his vitality—unless we can rouse him, he's gone."

"Gone! What do you mean?"

"Gone!" repeated the doctor.

"Gone?" said the father, in a trembling voice not at all like his own.

"Gone for good!" said the doctor, with decision.

"But Doctor," expostulated Mr. Maybee, rallying, "men have died and

and Salome found it out even before she heard the door slam.

At the wedding, Dr. Bell was one of the few guests outside of the Maybee family. The keen-eyed medical man saw nothing to disturb his opinion of himself. Lewis was a well and a happy man. That was certain. And next to him in joyous content stood his father.

**ROYALTY ON DRESS PARADE.**

**Bizarre Costume King Menelik Wears on Christmas Day.**

"Speaking of kings," said a traveler recently returned from Abyssinia, "people who haven't seen the king of kings have no adequate conception of real royalty.

"Don't know who the king of kings is?" he exclaimed in astonishment at the lack of information on the part of his auditors. "Menelik, King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah, to use his full name. King of Abyssinia is good enough for everyday use.

"It was my luck to be in Adis Abeba on Jan. 7, the Abyssinian Christmas, and the emperor invited us to a feast. After a long wait we saw the emperor coming from his palace surrounded by attendants. We dismounted and followed him to a tent, and were seated at his left. He occupied a small chair of state.

"He wore a long coat of fantastic colors covered with gold lace. That was bad enough, but the straw that broke the back of royalty, so to speak, was the rest of the outfit—white trousers and patent leather shoes!

"Perched on his head above a piece of white muslin drawn tight about his face was a big gilt panama hat, the band literally covered with rubies and sapphires. There was a diamond stud in his left ear and a red silk umbrella deeply fringed in gold was held over his head. If that isn't royalty, what is?"

**A Friend in Need.**

William Lawrence, the well-known attorney, who lives in Highlandtown, Md., occupies a peculiar relationship toward many of the residents of that portion of Baltimore county. He is known as the "mayor of Highlandtown," and is generally addressed as "Billy" by men and women alike who live near him. His husbands and wives who could not get along with their spouses have often applied to him for advice, and parents have sought his aid in behalf of their children.

Notwithstanding the varied character of the appeals made to him, Mr. Lawrence was surprised when one of his friends asked him aid some time ago in procuring two divorces at the same time.

"Billy," said the man, "I want you to get a divorce for me and one for my lady friend."

Mr. Lawrence investigated the cases and ascertained they were both meritorious. Both divorces were accordingly applied for.

**"Contributory Negligence."**

While Attorney James Lindsay Gordon was waiting in the corridors of the county courthouse last week for a negligence case in which he appeared to be called, he explained "contributory negligence" to an inquirer in the language of an old Virginia negro preacher.

"The parson's salary had been running far behind and he was manifesting no little uneasiness about it. Mild expostulation failed to accomplish results. Finally one Sunday the deacons had an unusually poor offering, and as the parson surveyed it he said:

"Do trouble wid dis lyuh church, brethren and sistern, am do contributory negligence of the congregation."

"What 'yo' mean by dat, parson?" inquired the senior Deacon.

"I mean jes' what I sed," repeated the parson emphatically. "When de plate am passed around nearly all of dem negros to contribute."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Shall I Look Back?**

From some dim height of being, undescried, Shall I look back and trace the weary way By which my feet are journeying to-day? The toilsome path that climbs the mountain side, Or leads into the valley sun-denied, Where the rough winds, darkness, hapless wanderers stray, Unheeded, unheeded, ungladdened by Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back and see the great things small, The toilsome path, God's training for my feet, The pains that never had been worth my tears? Will some great light of rapture, bathed in Make bygone we seem joy; past bitter, sweet? Shall I look back and wonder at my years? —Louise Chandler Moulton.

**His Mother Took No Chances.**

She was a portly dame, with florid complexion and voluminous skirts. She was walking majestically down Twenty-third street last week with her arms full of bundles, looking the picture of content. In the hands that held up her corduroy skirt was clasped a thin chain, much like a dog chain; but instead of the regulation poodle, pug, or St. Charles spaniel trotting along at the other end was a small boy of perhaps five years, who, when ever fascinated by the alluring attractions along his route the maternal hand gave the chain a gentle tug, and the small boy obediently answered the mute injunction.—New York Times.

**Philosophy.**

A young married couple, who are bewailing the loss of their wedding presents through the act of a house breaker, were conversing about their misfortune recently when the youthful husband said, "Well, Florence, he could not deprive us of the spoons we have had." And to the inquiry, "What do you mean, Jack?" he responded by singing, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." Then she appreciated the spoonful of comfort he was endeavoring to convey.

A spark neglected makes a mighty fire.—Herrick.

Even the engaged telephone girl will ring off on the slightest provocation.

**Worms have eaten them, but not for love.**

"All nonsense!" said the doctor. "Rank nonsense, and no one knew it better than Shakespeare, who put the words into the mouth of a coquette. Men have died for love, thousands of 'em. Some one way, some another—by wars, by dissipation, by suicidal hard work, by loss of interest in life—a hundred ways—your boy's going the way of indifference."

"I've seen Miss Salome, sir."

Worms have eaten them, but not for love.

"All nonsense!" said the doctor. "Rank nonsense, and no one knew it better than Shakespeare, who put the words into the mouth of a coquette. Men have died for love, thousands of 'em. Some one way, some another—by wars, by dissipation, by suicidal hard work, by loss of interest in life—a hundred ways—your boy's going the way of indifference."

"I've seen Miss Salome, sir."

Worms have eaten them, but not for love.

"All nonsense!" said the doctor. "Rank nonsense, and no one knew it better than Shakespeare, who put the words into the mouth of a coquette. Men have died for love, thousands of 'em. Some one way, some another—by wars, by dissipation, by suicidal hard work, by loss of interest in life—a hundred ways—your boy's going the way of indifference."

"I've seen Miss Salome, sir."

**ST. JACOBS OIL**

**POSITIVELY CURES**

Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Backache  
Headache  
Footache  
All Bodily Aches  
AND

**CONQUERS PAIN.**

**WESTERN CANADA**

Is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

"The Granary of the World." "The Land of Sunshine." The Natural Fertilizing Grounds for Block.

Area under crop in 1902 . . . 1,997,330 acres.  
Yield 1902 . . . 117,922,754 bushels.

(Material of Water, Fuel, Electricity, Cheap Building Materials, Good Grain for Stock and Hay, a Fertile Soil, excellent fruitland climate giving us secured and adequate season of growth.)

**FREE** Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railway and all other facilities. Good for all who are interested in the future of the West. Write for literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, 101 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb., who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

**LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.**

Write for free literature to the undersigned. I have written my last will and testament, and I have secured the most reliable of lawyers to see that it is carried out.

Write for free literature to the undersigned. I have written my last will and testament, and I have secured the most reliable of lawyers to see that it is carried out.

Write for free literature to the undersigned. I have written my last will and testament, and I have secured the most reliable of lawyers to see that it is carried out.

**MISS ALICE BAILEY, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped surgeon's knife, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation."

"I felt so weak and so nervous that I could do nothing but read. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."

—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.—\$500 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

**A striking contrast between Defiance Starch and any other brand will be found by comparison. Defiance Starch stiffens, whitens, beautifies with-out rotting. It gives clothes back their newness. It is absolutely pure. It will not injure the most delicate fabrics. For fine things and all things use the best there is. Defiance Starch 10 cents for 16 ounces. Other brands 10 cents for 12 ounces. A striking contrast. THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO. Omaha, Neb.**

**Will Undermine Your Health.**

**Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation.**

When the sewer of a city becomes stopped up, the refuse backs into the streets where it decays and rots, spreading disease-creating germs throughout the entire city. An epidemic of sickness follows. It is the same way when the bowels fail to work. The undigested food backs into the system and there it rots and decays. From this festering mass the blood sprays up all the disease germs, and at every heart beat carries them to every tissue, just as the water works of a city forces impure water into every house. The only way to cure a condition like this is to cure the constipation. Pills and the ordinary cathartics will do no good.

**MULL'S GRAPE TONIC** is a crushed fruit tonic-laxative which permanently cures the affliction. The tonic properties contained in the grape go into every afflicted tissue and creates it will quickly restore lost flesh and system strength and health. Mull's Grape Tonic is guaranteed or money back.

Send 10c to Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill., for large sample bottle. All druggists sell regular sized bottles for 50 cents.

**Take off your hat to an OLD FRIEND.**

Sixty years of faithful service spent in successfully fighting the ailments of MAN and BEAST justly entitles

**Mexican Mustang Liniment**

to A GRAND DIAMOND JUBILEE.

It was the STANDARD LINIMENT two generations ago. It is the STANDARD LINIMENT of the present generation.

It grows on one as an Old Friend ought to grow.

W. N. U.—Omaha. No. 1—1903

**Thompson's Eye Water**

IS WHAT YOU CAN SAVE. We make all kinds of scales, Also B. B. Pumps and Wieldmills, etc.

**BECKMAN BROS., DES MOINES, IOWA.**

**PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.** Best cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.