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Pain relieved, sickness prevented, by the timely use of Wizard Oil. Keep it always in the house.

The American loss in capturing the city of Monterey, Mexico, during the Mexican war, was twelve officers and 108 men killed; thirty-one officers and 337 men wounded. The loss of the enemy is supposed to have been greater. The town and works of Monterey were armed with forty-two pieces of cannon well supplied with ammunition, and manned with a force of at least seven thousand troops of the line, and from two to three thousand irregulars.

A manuscript bible, richly illuminated, of about the year 1410, has been sold in London for 1,300 guineas.

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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 rumbling 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 Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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COUNTRY PUBLISHERS CO., OMAHA, Vol. 5—No. 9—1902

THE STORYETTE When Mitable Loved.

Her parents handicapped her at the very baptismal font, for the name bestowed upon her, Mehitable Hopkins, was enough to make a spinster of the loveliest girl ever born. When she left school they bore her off to Europe, where, while her five years of travel gave her excellent knowledge of men in the composite, man as an individual was entirely unknown to her. Then followed her father's death and her mother's long years of illness, when all the daughter's thoughts and energies were concentrated on the sick room. Finally, to complete the bands which all her life had been forged to keep her in single blessedness, she found herself at thirty-five with a very comfortable fortune and not a sign of a near relative with whom to share it. So that she hadn't that questionable excuse for becoming married for the sake of a home.

If Mehitable had been a poor girl she might have proved a genius, for she could paint so cleverly as to make her rivals decidedly uneasy. But now that she found herself a lonely woman, with cruelly plain silver lines over her temples, and no longer any trace of the old-time dimples where the sharp knuckles now showed, her only resource was her palette. One thing she stoutly refused to do, however, and that was to make a workshop of the old family home. She at last hit upon the tiny brown cottage in the next square, where all the surrounding, towering residences looked in heartless disdain on the tumble-down frame-house which the owner, a weak-voiced little old man, had clung to desperately in spite of all his fashionable neighbors' scorn and the tempting offers of frantic real estate dealers. The old man had been found dead one morning that summer with the rising sun's rays trying to warm his thin, white cheeks.

Then all the residents on the square sighed in a relieved way, and the shrewd real estate men began to hunt up the heirs with new proposals for the valuable bit of ground, when lo, and behold! it was discovered that the poor, dead owner's will was being contested by a prodigal son, and therefore the house would have to remain where it was until the question was settled. Again the fashionable square squirmed and fluttered, for it was evident that no one would want to occupy the innocent cause of all this trouble, while there was the terrible possibility that some sacrilegious laundress might rent the little brown house and mar the whole landscape with her outrageous signs and long lines of flaunting shameless sheets and petticoats.

At this point of suspended hostilities Miss Hopkins conceived the brilliant idea of transforming the disputed property into a temporary studio, to be used until the long legal quibble should end. Whereat the entire neighborhood was enthusiastically grateful.

At last it was finished, and its temporary owner held a reception to the residents of the whole square. They came, one and all, and went away fairly delighted at the result. The low walls had been done in an unbroken gray green, and the floors laid soft and smooth with something a shade darker. The poor, battered woodwork now shone a dark rich red, while the tiny window panes, formerly so pitifully cheap looking, were now voted quaint to a degree. The chintz-covered couches were tantalizingly inviting, and the simple draperies added wonderfully to the artistic whole. And throughout it all there had not been one thing to mar any of the old house's original charm beyond the necessary nails and braces to steady the poor little wreck.

For the first time in her life Miss Hetty had time to really be happy, and the big family house up on the corner rarely knew her except when she crept back there at dusk to her solitary state dinner, and the undisturbed night's rest in the big, quiet chamber on the second floor. Canvassees seemed fairly to fly from beneath her tireless fingers, and pretty soon everybody came to recognize her works because of the inevitable old man, with a thin, pale face, who always stood out against the background of the old, slanting brown house. When she one day showed the last things she had done the whole square tipped, wet-eyed, out into the street again, with many a penitent promise never again to speak ill of the battered little house and its erstwhile owner. For Miss Hetty's masterpiece pictured the dead, quiet face, there in the early sun, with the shadows of the morning-gold vines across his high, lined forehead, and with one huge, rosy blossom trailing in at the open casement as though trying to lend some of its beautiful warmth to the wasted, patient cheek beyond.

"Now that I have so many, I think I shall try to sell them, for the orphan asylum on the next street is in sad need of money, I hear. But I think I'll not paint him any more," she added, softly, "for he's dead now, you know." And poor, fond, foolish little Miss Hetty sobbed quietly as she laid her trembling hand tenderly on the beloved canvas.

It was the same evening that Mrs. Wilmarth brought her brother, Major Doane, to see the little collection.

She had been hoping for it for months, but when it came she felt the little brown house rock cruelly. The open fire, against which her great, handsome Major was outlined like a magnificent rock of refuge, swam before her, and her own voice seemed miles away when she finally found courage to answer:

"We love with our hearts, Major, and our hearts never grow old."

"She saw the fine, strong face beam and he came to her, very close it seemed to her, although she could not have put out her hand and touched him, and the soft lamplight fell on his beautiful silver hair like a holy benediction. Immediately her thoughts went back to that far-off day of long ago, when this same hair was heavy and brown and he had kissed her."

Then his voice recalled her to the present and she heard him say:

"You can never know glad you have made me by saying that, for there is no woman in the world whose opinion I value more. Still in all my doubt this winter I have often feared that it would be wrong for me to take unto me a wife. I have maybe only a few years yet to live," he added, looking at her appealingly. And again she answered softly:

"We may hope that your years may be many. Besides even now the few years will very dear to—to your wife."

He was standing back of her chair now, with one hand so near that she felt its touch on her hair.

"Do you think," he pleaded almost in a whisper, "that she loves me?"

"Do you love her?" came the reply, with a touch of coquetry never absent from the feminine heart.

"Better that all else in the world," came the brave rejoinder; "better, I sometimes think, than the world to come."

"Then," and she closed her eyes to hide the happiness in them, "then I may confess that she loves you, better, far better than she ever before thought it possible for anyone to love."

The Major sprang from his place behind her, and, seizing her hands, cried joyfully:

"Oh, my dear Miss Hetty, how do you know? Has she told you? When? Tell me just what she said, so that I may be the happiest, proudest man on earth."

All the light burned out of Miss Hetty's face; leaving only the ashes of hopeless despair. Then she asked:

"She? Who?"

"Why, Kattie Harper, of course. You surely know that I meant her?"

Kattie Harper the gayest little black-eyed debutante that had danced that season on the foremost of the flattering coquettes that had practiced their budding blandishments on the gallant old Major.

"Yes, of course, I knew, but you see I wanted to make you confess," she replied at last, with a laugh that would have weakened any more sane man. Then she went frantically on in reply to the unsuspecting man's eager questions.

"No, she never really told me—but—but I know when a woman loves."

All this time the elated Major was putting on his coat and gloves, and at last he asked, with a return of his old-time courtliness:

"I want to thank you Miss Hetty, for you have done me the greatest favor woman ever did man. It is old-fashioned now, I know, but both of us are old enough to remember, are we not, when a gentleman showed his respect and homage to a lady by kissing her hand?"

Without a word she extended her poor, trembling little hand and he laid his lips reverently to her cold fingers. But she could keep it no longer, and the startled Major heard first a stifled sigh, then a moan, and at last a great cruel sob rose to her pale, quivering lips, and Miss Hetty had betrayed herself.

Major Doane staggered back and his face grew terribly white.

"I beg your forgiveness a thousand times, madam," he said at last in a strange, low voice.

"I never dreamed until this instant—"

But Miss Hetty sat bolt upright in her high-backed chair, clutching the carved lion heads on its arms, and raised to him her poor, hurt eyes, wild with desperate appeal.

"Will you please go, Major Doane! And as for dreaming, you are mistaken; for there is nothing to dream." Then she rose from her deep chair, still holding the lion's heads till her nails bit into the hard polish and said:

"And please tell Kitty that Miss Hetty sends her blessing."

He closed the door behind him as gently as though there were someone dead in the little brown cottage.

The fire on the shallow grate had died to a low, even glow when Miss Hetty finally stirred from the high-backed chair and took from its place the dear little painting of the dead owner of the house which now sheltered her. Propping it up on the low table in front of her, she set the violets beneath, and then knelt down before it, bending her tired little head to her quivering hands. The last amber on the fire turned black, the light in the rosy-shaded lamp burned lower and lower, and finally flickered out. The servants up at the big house felt no apprehension at the non-appearance of its mistress, as she had told them she would spend the night with a friend further down the block. The hours crept on, the storm raked the little brown cottage, and dawn revealed the crooked old steps drifted high with snow.

They found her that morning, with the dim light falling idly on her tiny gray face. Just above the canvas with the other dead eyes and lips, but there was no gleam like the morning glories in the sweet, pathetic, fragrant loneliness of the violets on which the silent woman's weary cheek rested.

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: *First*—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; *Second*—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; *Third*—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.

900 DROPS

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

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NEW YORK.

With 6 months' old
15 DROPS 35 CENTS

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 N. BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

W. C. Arnett, of Elson, Cal., is trying to cure himself of gout by fasting. For thirty-one days he took no nourishment but that got from smoking a pipe, and reduced his weight from 259 to 216 pounds. He has now added an orange to his daily diet.

The American Sunday School union reports that 2,468 Sunday schools were organized under its auspices in needy places last year, and that the schools opened with nearly 90,000 scholars and teachers present the first Sunday.

The northernmost church on this continent is the church at Nome, Alaska, on the edge of the Arctic circle, built and paid for by the people of that mining town. A deficit of \$200 when the church was dedicated was cancelled at once by a Roman Catholic and another man who had been a saloon keeper.

The American Board of Foreign Missions find India one of the largest and most accessible fields in the world. It has a population of over 231,000,000 who are accessible to the Christian teacher.

Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford, the writer, has among her choicest relics a lock of hair from the head of Byron and one from that of the ill-fated Shelley. At one time they belonged to Leigh Hunt, and through still another poet they came into her possession.

Of all the missionary societies, the American Baptist Missionary union still stands at the head of the number of church members, 112,169, the Methodists of the northern states coming next with 95,290.

Strange to say, he found Miss Hetty alone there in the warm, rosy little room, with its queer, old china, glistening silver, odd pictures and russet-bound books. The tiny little hostess saw the determination in her caller's face, and sank into her deep chair, knitting her thin, beautifully kept fingers together in desperate hope and fear.

The Major refused the proffered tea almost gruffly, thrust his hands into his pockets, tried another chair, and finally strode across to the tiny bay window, and, with his back bravely turned toward her, he began:

"My dear friend, I—I want to ask you something tonight—I feel that we have known each other well enough for me not to be afraid now, My dear—Miss—Miss Hetty," and he wheeled about, facing her so abruptly that she almost gasped, "tell me honestly, as though you were speaking for yourself—tell me, am I too old to marry?"

—Chicago News.