

# Among the Cherokees.

## INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE WOMEN OF THIS WIDE-AWAKE TOWN.

From the Sentinel, Cherokee, Kansas.

Mrs. A. J. Ausmeus has resided in the vicinity of Cherokee, Kansas, for a number of years and is much esteemed by a wide circle of friends who will rejoice to learn that after many years of suffering she has finally been restored to health. Wishing to learn the particulars of Mrs. Ausmeus' wonderful cure, a reporter called at her residence and asked for an interview. Mrs. Ausmeus talked freely of her case and made no objections to stating the facts for publication. She said:

"I have been sorely afflicted with stomach trouble for upward of fifteen years. The suffering I endured during that time is beyond description. I was taken with a dull pain in the back which never left me. I had to be very careful in my diet as my stomach would stand only certain kinds of food. For fifteen years I could not eat fruit of any kind. I was treated by a number of the best physicians in the country without receiving any permanent benefit. Last fall while looking over an Illinois newspaper my attention was attracted to an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was so impressed with the statement of a cure these pills had effected that I made up my mind to give them a trial. I accordingly purchased a box and began their use, and they helped me from the first. When I had taken three boxes my health was fully restored and there has been no return of the disease or any of its symptoms."

"The pain in my back has left me entirely and now I can eat fruit or anything else I desire. I feel better than I have for fifteen years. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they accomplished what a number of physicians failed to do."

Mrs. J. F. Morrison, wife of Dr. Fred Morrison, the ice dealer, of Cherokee, Kansas, when questioned by a reporter as to the cause of her restoration to health, said:

"For more than three years I was a sufferer from stomach trouble. I had no appetite for anything and became so weak and emaciated that I could not attend to my household duties. I was treated by the ablest physicians in Cherokee, but received little or no benefit. A neighbor seeing that the doctors had failed to do me any good advised me to try Pink Pills. You know that when you are sick all of your friends insist upon your taking. I had little faith in any medicine, but I finally consented to give the pills a trial. So I sent to Boyer & Graves' drug store and got a box of Pink Pills and began to take them. I took two boxes without feeling much improvement and was about to discontinue their use when Fred urged me to try another box. I did so and before half of the third box was taken I felt so much better that I became greatly encouraged and kept on taking the pills according to directions. When I got the fourth box of Pink Pills my health was completely restored, and I feel better today and weigh more than I have for a number of years. I keep a box of Pink Pills in the house and would not be without them. The trouble with most people who use Pink Pills without receiving any benefit is because they do not give them a fair test, but abandon them because they do not get immediate relief."

Mrs. Mary Jones, wife of Wm. Jones, the blacksmith, a resident of Cherokee, Kansas, for twenty years has suffered from a severe pain in the head and nervous prostration. She noticed an advertisement of Pink Pills in the Cherokee Sentinel and concluded to give them a trial. The result was that one box of Pink Pills restored her to complete health. Mrs. Jones is enthusiastic in her praise of Pink Pills.

Mrs. Meda Walker, of Cherokee, Kansas, has probably suffered more with neuralgia than any other woman of her age in that state. In an interview with a reporter she said:

"Ever since I can remember I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia. About three years ago the disease seemed to grow worse. The pain in my head became almost unbearable. I had some decayed teeth extracted, thinking that perhaps they had aggravated the malady, but no relief resulted. I was treated by the best physicians, among them a faith cure doctor, but none of them could do anything for me except give temporary relief."

"About a year ago I saw an advertisement of Pink Pills in the Cherokee Sentinel, and thinking that it might help me I sent for a box. As soon as I began taking them I commenced to improve, and when I had used two boxes all symptoms of neuralgia had left me. That was about ten months ago and I have not felt a touch of the malady since. My cure was certainly due to Pink Pills alone, and I regard them as a blessing to mankind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**The Perverse Parent.**

"How did you get along when you told your father of our engagement?" asked the timid young man.

"Oh, dear!" she answered, "it was dreadful. I'm so ashamed of papa."

"Was he unfavorable?"

"That's no name for it. When I talked to him about our living on love in a cottage on \$7 a week, I couldn't make him listen to reason at all."

**On Time.**

And very early too. That's what my son should be in training one, as for the condition of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulus to the organs is known as Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. It's not delay kidney infection and diseases are not far apart. For fever and dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also, use the Backache Kidney Pills.

**A Serious Case.**

Wife—You must send me away for my health at once. I am going into a decline. Husband—My! My! What makes you think so? Wife—All my dresses are beginning to feel comfortable. —New York Weekly.

**NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.**

Over 400,000 cured. Why not No-To-Bac? It's the only remedy for your desire for tobacco. It saves money, makes health and combats cure guaranteed. 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

**Electrical Witchcraft.**

In 1745 Dr. Watson stretched a wire across the Thames and sent an electric shock through it from one observer to another. He was accused of witchcraft and had much trouble in proving his innocence.

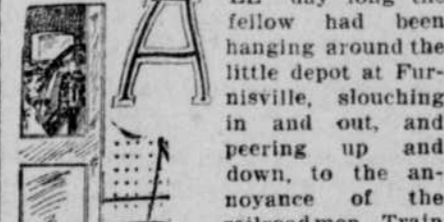
**Wife—Why are theater entrances always made so wide and high?**

H—To let in the hats, of course.

**HOWA FARMS** For sale on easy payments. \$1000 down. The balance in 10 equal payments of \$100.00 each. Located on the main road between Chicago and St. Paul. Write for particulars to W. H. W. Co., Chicago, Ill.

# THRO' A MOUNTAIN.

By Charles Kelsey Gaines.



LL day long the fellow had been hanging around the little depot at Furnessville, slouching in and out, and peering up and down, to the annoyance of the railroad men. Train after train had passed; he gave each an uneasy stare and turned away.

"Where's my special?" they heard him mutter.

At last the poor creature approached the ticket window.

"My special—" he began, nervously.

"What's that? Aw! Get out. What are you talking about?"

His cadaverous shrunken face twitched with excitement. "You lie," he cried with sudden violence. "I've been called and I must go. There's a special engine chartered for me. It's overdue."

The ticket agent broke into a laugh—the loud, coarse laugh of a rustic. It resounded through the little empty station, and attracted the attention of the baggage-master and two or three truckmen who were standing outside, waiting for the south-bound freight. It struck them all as a huge joke, nothing more; and they gathered in a circle about the poor, demented creature, gazing at him ruthlessly. The rural temperament is sympathetic only in certain cases, and this did not appeal to them. They regarded it as a sort of free circus, with the madman for a clown. Their victim was soon hounded to absolute frenzy, and raved incoherently.

"Reelzebub has called me," he yelled. "You are all liars. He has sent me a special engine and I must go to-night."

So they flung him out on the snow, under the frosty starlight. "Hustle now," called the agent after him. "You have no business here. Clear out, or we'll run you in." He swung his lantern for emphasis.

"Reelzebub will keep his word," he panted hoarsely. "He always does. You are liars—liars."

"Drunk or crazy, I don't know which," commented the baggage-man. "Both, maybe."

"Better keep an eye on him, Webb," replied the agent. "He's pretty bad and may hurt somebody if he has another fit."

But just then the 9:30 freight rolled in, and Webb was busy for a time with the switches. The engineer and fireman left the train on the siding to wait for the north-bound express, and entered the depot. They listened with amusement to jokes about the mad crank, until mention was made of the "special." Then a shade of apprehension passed over the engine driver's rugged face.

"Reckon I better have a look at ole No. 33," he exclaimed. "Won't do to take no chances with these funny fellers."

He moved toward the door. At that moment the prolonged shriek of a locomotive jarred and shuddered on the night air. He sprang out on the track with a wild yell. The cars were still motionless on the siding, looming in a dusky row broken by dark gaps of shadow; but with a heartshaking rattle, a fierce hissing of steam, and a rain of sparks, the heavy engine tumbled out on the main line, and plunged like a huge black demon down the grade.

The engineer stood between the rails with a face of clay. The fireman started to run, but stopped short. The agent sprang to the telegraph. The rest stood limp and hopeless.

"We had just passed Red Rock Station. Everybody in the car was asleep; most of us were through passengers, and we had been traveling for many hours. I had roused a little when a very pretty girl—I noticed that her hair and eyes were jet black—came on board at New Memphis, and asked if the place beside me was engaged; but I soon relapsed into drowsiness. Neither made any attempt at conversation."

We were sitting near the front of the car. Fastened upon the end wall, directly before me, was a framed placard, posted there by the railroad company, reading as follows:

"Notice—In case of accident pull the handle of this valve up as far as it will go; after the train comes to a stop pull it back to its former position."

"This valve must never be interfered with except in cases of danger, and any person meddling with it except in accordance with the above instructions is liable for manslaughter."

"BEIDORE PAYNE  
General Superintendent."

Close by was a metal lever of peculiar shape, connected, doubtless, with a system of air brakes.

This placard somehow arrested my attention. I read it again and again, idly, without much heed to the meaning. I even caught myself reciting it aloud in a sing-song tone. As I dozed, it sometimes seemed to leave its position and hover in the air near my face. It was positively annoying. I shut my eyes to get rid of it, but saw it just as plainly.

I was still in this unpleasant, dreamy condition, when I felt a light touch on my arm. It thrilled me like an electric shock. I sprang to my feet, and without knowing why, without any clear idea whatever, rushed forward and shoved up that lever.

The train came to a sudden stop with a grinding jar. The startled passengers leaped from their seats. A brakeman caught me by the collar, while the angry conductor pushed through the aisle toward me.

"What's the meaning of this?" he shouted.

I stood dazed; I had not a word to say.

"Are you an idiot?" he continued, roughly. "What do you mean? Don't you know that it's a criminal offense to stop a train in that way, you young jack-a-napes?"

Still I was dumb. I felt like a drunken man, who unexpectedly finds himself in the grip of justice charged with a motiveless murder, remembering the act but wholly unable to comprehend it. Then something happened; again I felt the light touch on my shoulder.

As that soft touch thrilled me, the front of the car, the car before it, the whole train, seemed to melt into mist. I saw them in a shadowy outline, but they did not impede my view. Beyond, stretching on through the starlit snowfields, lay the dark line of the track, which, at the distance of about two miles, swung out of sight behind a rocky hill. Out of sight, but not out of my sight; for as I gazed the hill also seemed to resolve itself into haze, and I looked right through it! And there, swiftly rounding the curve—"An engine is coming!" I shouted. "It is running wild. In half a minute it will be in sight!"

"You're drunk," cried the brakeman, "or crazy," and he shook me. The girl's hand slid from my shoulder; the vision vanished.

But she caught the conductor's arm. "The man is right," she cried. "Don't you see? Be quick."

The conductor started as if stung, and his face whitened.

"My God," he ejaculated. In another instant he was standing in the snow by the track straining his eyes up the line, and we were beside him.

The conductor ran toward the engine.

"Unshackle her, Hank," he shouted. "Pull your throttle full open, Dave, and let her drive."

Almost as he spoke the big locomotive gave a titanic gasp and heave of sudden effort; her mighty drivers spun and slipped, then caught the rails, and she started with a bound like a race horse pricked by the spur.

"Now jump—for yer life, Dave—quick."

Dave swung himself off without haste; a moment later he came toward us, shaking the loose snow out of his clothing.

"It's ole Thirty-three, an' she's a-comin'," he remarked. "Ninety-nine 'll do the trick right enough, but it's her last run." He gazed sorrowfully down the track, as if after a departing friend. "She'll be makin' nifty sixty an hour afore they git together," he added, reflectively. "She's about a minute an' a half left, and she's a thurbred."

The passengers were now streaming out of the cars and thronging around us. We ran a little way out into the field for a clearer view. The approaching engine was now plainly visible, lighted by a trailing pennant of fire as it thundered on to meet its foe, lurching and plunging in its headlong charge until it almost leaped from the rails.

"Merciful heavens!" cried the girl beside me. "There's a man in the cab."

"Then he's a gone goose, lady," commented the engineer.

It was even so. The doomed wretch leaned far out from the cab, waving his arms in frenzy, uttering a shriek of exultation so keen and vibrant that it clef it way to our ears through all the distance and the uproar that lay between.

"Stark mad," growled Dave, "and the best machine on the line gone to eternal smash to head him off. She won't be with her weight in scrap iron."

And while he spoke the contending engines, now speeding to the onset like black armored knights, hurtled together with all the terrific momentum of their tons of rushing steel. There was a thunderous crash as of a distant avalanche, a hoarse roar of escaping steam—and in an instant a billowy cloud, that rose and spread until it seemed a mountain of gray vapor, enveloped all.

"She's done for," murmured the engineer.

"And 'the man'?" cried the girl.

The madman had kept his appointment.

And the girl—the black-eyed, raven-haired girl who exerted so strange an influence over men on that memorable night? What became of her?

My wife bends over me, and again I feel that thrilling touch upon my shoulder. "I don't seem to exert any influence at all over you now," she protests. "You haven't so much as spoken to me for a whole hour."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bar shape, connected, doubtless, with a system of air brakes.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one credited disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: E. A. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**They Opposed the Rate.**

Boston letter carriers are somewhat pleased at the outcome of their opposition to the rule of the postal authorities requiring the men to purchase their uniforms and accessories from the tailoring firm to which a contract was awarded. The men all along felt that they could have outfits cheaper if permitted an option in the selection of a dealer. Accordingly the matter was brought to the attention of the authorities at Washington and it has been decided that the carriers may buy of any tailor they desire.

**WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!**

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breider, Mishicot, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1896. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 bushels, corn 250, Wheat 60 bushels, Potatoes 1,600 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc.

**\$10.00 FOR 10 CENTS.**

Just Send This Notice With 10 Cents stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth \$10, to get a start. w.n.

**A Good Form of Punishment.**

In some of the German towns when a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to go to work as usual, but his wife gets his wages and he is locked up only on Saturday nights and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts for ten weeks.

**Reckon My Camper Is with Glycerine.**

The original and only genuine Camper is made and sold by Glycerine Camper Co., La Crosse, Wis. Glycerine Camper is sold by all druggists and grocers. Price, 25c. per bottle. Glycerine Camper is the best for all kinds of colds, coughs, croup, and whooping cough. It is also a good remedy for all kinds of throat and lung troubles. Write for particulars to Glycerine Camper Co., La Crosse, Wis.

**Know How It Was Himself.**

Colonel Yergor does not think it is right to bestow promiscuous charity. A few days ago a beggar met him, and applied to him for pecuniary assistance. After considerable reflection Colonel Yergor responded with a reluctant quarter and an expression of sympathy.

"Thank you, colonel," said the tramp. "I reckon you knows how a fellow feels who has no education, and has to dead-beat his way through the world."—Texas Siftings.

**SAVE YOUR EYES.**

Columbian Eye and Ear Specialists of all kinds and fit them to your eyes. 218 S. 16th St. Omaha

**A Problem.**

Jones—A man's success is according to the square of his honesty.

Brown—Do you mean that the less square the honesty, the greater the success?

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Mich., April 21, 1895.

**Resources of Genius.**

The plantation melodist of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" combination rushed into the little room where the manager was acting in the double character of property man and sheet-iron thunder purveyor. His voice trembled and his face looked almost pale through his burnt cork.

"Mr. Oleman," he said, "one of the Topsy's is sick and can't go on."

"Tell Miss Pingle," exclaimed the manager in a ringing voice and without a moment's hesitation. "to black up and take the part. We'll get along with one Eva in the death scene to-night!"

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

**Shielded in Coal Mines.**

One thousand and sixty persons were killed in coal mines in Great Britain during last year and sixty-five persons in metalliferous mines, both numbers being above the yearly average.

WHEN bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Vegetables never look as well as the pictures on the seed boxes.

**Constipation**

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, depression and dulls the intellect. Then there is chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness and breath, dizziness and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

**Cured by**

WARNER'S SAFE CURE AND WARNER'S SAFE PILLS. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this as the most efficacious of all remedies for the cure of constipation. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of constipation. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of constipation. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of constipation.

**Safe Cure**

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A certain Mr. Davies, who began life as a sawyer and carpenter, and whose honesty and industry carried him on to wealth as a railway contractor, sunk all his money in boring for coal, no coal being found. Then he called a large meeting of his miners, and told them that he had spent the earnings of his life in the speculation and would have to abandon it. Holding up a half-crown, he declared that that was all he had left of forty thousand pounds, which he had sunk in the mine. A fellow called out: "And we'll have that, too." "And so you shall" cried Davies, and threw the coin among them. This bit of desperation so delighted the men that they straightway determined to go to work again, wages or no wages. In a few days they found excellent coal, and plenty of it, and Davies was again a rich man.—Argonaut.

**All About Texas.**

A handsomely illustrated book of 200 pages descriptive of Texas and the resources of that great state will be mailed to any address on receipt of eight cents to cover postage. T. J. Price, A. C. P. A. I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas.

**They Want Rainmakers.**

India, on the Colorado desert, 130 miles south of Los Angeles, had but .73 of an inch of rain in 1890. Usually about three inches fall in a year in one or two storms. The lowest temperature in winter is 35 and the highest in summer 116. It has a mild and delightful climate in winter for invalids. The town is thirty feet below sea level.

**ALFA SEED FOR SALE.**

Send for samples and prices to Hershey Elevator Co., Hershey, Nebraska.

**Why He Didn't.**

Leading Citizen—Mr. Mayor, the rioters are getting worse every minute. You'll have to go out and read the riot act to them.

Mayor—I can't.

"Can't? And why not?"

"I can't read."—Harper's Bazar.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, the finest liver and bowel regulator made.

**The Divine Sarah.**

Sarah Bernhardt has earned and spent more money than any other living actress. In the last twenty years she has earned fully \$2,000,000 and circulated it with the extravagance of a princess.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

Some of the kindly attention shown young men for what they may be, should be extended to the poor old men for what they have been.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

People always know it when a man is about to fail in business.

About the first lie that a liar or a lover tells is that he isn't fickle.

**Be quick, a mouse is at the cheese! Just so**

**NEURALGIA,**

like a mouse, nibbles and gnaws at the nerves.

**ST. JACOBS OIL,**

like a trap, SEIZES, STAYS, AND FINISHES THE PAIN.

**ALABASTINE.**

IT WON'T RUB OFF.

Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. KALSOMINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES.

**ALABASTINE** is a pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating, ready for the brush by mixing in cold water.

For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere.

FREE A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alabastine Sourmire Rock sent free to any one mentioning this paper.

**ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

**ANDY CATHARTIC**

**Cascarets**

**CURE CONSTIPATION**

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

10c 25c 50c

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. Never gripes or grips, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Canada, or New York.

**Constipation**

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, depression and dulls the intellect. Then there is chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness and breath, dizziness and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

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**HALL'S**

**Vegetable Sicilian**

**HAIR RENEWER**

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

**1,340,000**

**CONSTANT WEARERS.**

**DOUGLAS \$5**

**SHOE**

**BEST IN THE WORLD.**



**Comfort to California.**

Every Thursday afternoon a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a first class sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

For a folder giving full particulars write to:

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Omaha Neb.

**SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH**

**KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE**

CIGARETTE, E. KRAUSER & BRO., MILTON, PA.

W. N. U. OMAHA, No. 13.—1897.

When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

**When I Saw**

**your advertisement**

I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender go ahead, gentlemen, you're all rights! I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator. The claims made for McCormick Machines are because



**McCormick**

Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all — there's no other reason — and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because there's nothing cheaper than the best.

**McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.**

The Light-Hauling McCormick Open Elevator Harvester.  
The Light-Hauling McCormick New & Used Mowers.  
The Light-Hauling McCormick Vertical Cut Binder and  
The Light-Hauling McCormick Dairy Reaper, for sale everywhere.