

HALF RATES.
Via Wabash Railroad, the World's Fair Line.
"Last to leave—First to arrive."
Leaves Omaha 5:55 p. m. Arrives St. Louis 7:00 a. m.
Special rates: New Orleans and return, \$29.50; Sold April 11, 12 and 13. St. Louis and return, \$13.50; sold April 15, 27, 29, 30, May 1. New Orleans and return, \$29.50; sold May 1, 2, 3 and 4. Smoothest, shortest and quickest south and southeast. All information at City Ticket office, 1601 Farnam, or address Harry E. Moores, G. A. P. D., Omaha, Neb.

Raised letters are for the benefit of the blind, but raised checks are not.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

Misfortunes usually come in pairs, but the first one came in an apple.

All Up to Date Housekeepers
use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

A profit is not without honor save on a best-selling book.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that I am the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 24th day of December, A. D. 1906.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It's a long page that has no turning.

Insist on Getting It.
Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.
Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Genius consists in making the other fellow do the work.

No one is able to discover that a rich man is a fool until after he loses his money.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Lytton.

Largest Woma Land Owner.
Mrs. King of Corpus Christi, Tex., owns more land than any other woman in this country, perhaps in the world. Her holdings are not less than 1,200,000 acres, located in the counties of Nueces, Hidalgo, Starr and Cameron. Her late husband, Captain King, was one of the old-time cattle barons. Mrs. King has about 65,000 cattle grazing on her broad acres. Under the terms of her husband's will the estate must not be divided until his oldest grandchild comes of age. Mrs. King has one son and three married daughters.

Would Breed Hardier Cattle.
Henry C. Moore of Sioux City believes that it is possible to interbreed the Arctic musk ox with cattle of the temperate zone, and that the stock so produced would be able to withstand the severe winters of the United States. He has been in communication on the subject with Peary, the Arctic explorer, who is favorably impressed with the idea. "The vast loss of the present season among herds on the western ranges," said Mr. Moore, "emphasizes the necessity of trying to infuse harder blood into American cattle."

PRIZES TO COOKS.
\$7,500,000 in Cash to Be Distributed.
Between now and July 1st, family cooks, whether employes or the mistress of the household, will be following the plan laid down for improvement in cooks in a contest for 735 cash prizes ranging from \$200.00 to \$5.00 offered by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

The winners must show improvement in general cookery as clearly stated in the rules for the test.

No one has to buy or pay anything whatever. It is simply an earnest effort on the part of Mr. Post to stimulate the household cook to more careful and skillful cookery.

To have light, sweet bread and cakes instead of heavy, sour and indigestible things. To have no more greasy, burned or dried-out meats. To have properly made Coffee, Postum and tea. To have delicate and digestible, toothsome desserts and a table, clean, tasty and a pleasure to look upon.

And so \$7,500.00 in actual money will be spent to encourage the cooks of the country to better effort. And you housekeepers, please forever abandon the term "hired girl." Teach your cook the dignity of her profession, call her the cook.

If her duties include other services, well and good, but don't detract from her professional title by calling her the "hired girl." That term doesn't fit a good cook. A certificate bearing the large seal of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., will go to each of the 735 winners in this contest. These certificates or diplomas will be as valuable to the holders as a doctor's sheepskin is to him.

A postal card to the Cookery Dept. No. 349 of the big pure food factories of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich., will bring a sheet of plainly printed rules for the contest.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you! Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher, You're young and buoyant, and for you Hope beckons with her hands, And life spreads out a wondrous sea that laps but tropic strands; The world is all before your face, but let your memories turn; To where fond hearts still cherish you and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life, There's never been a time they'd not assume your load of strife; And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease, Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you; Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes, And make the world glow once again and bluer gleam the skies.



End of Love's Dream

They were not a romantic looking couple, both approaching the mark which the world unfeelingly calls middle age. Both were slightly inclined to embonpoint.

She was pleasant and comfortable in appearance and gave the impression of having arrived at that stage of existence when she no longer expected things to happen. Why, indeed, should she? They never had happened, to any extent; she had grown up, had gone to school, placidly fallen in love and married—and there a respectable woman's experience should stop.

He was also inclined to placidity—outwardly, at least—but with a difference. Things had happened within his memory. Indeed, he was even then going quietly over them and retrospection which does not include the partner of a man's joys and sorrows is not only a dangerous luxury, but is a sure sign of boredom.

They were traveling between Little Rock and Fort Smith. She was thinking busily of the number of pounds of sugar necessary to a given number of baskets of cherries awaiting her housewifely care, and he—well, his mind was concerned with cherries, too, but they were cherries in the blossom, the snowy boughs of the trees that had shaded a little village lane.

Underneath the boughs stood a girl and a boy—how well he remembers the face of the girl, the pink of her cheeks, the blue of her eyes, the brown of her hair—he could feel yet the sting of that braid of hair as she switched it roughly in his face when he tried to steal a kiss.

He stole a side look at his wife's plain, wholesome features and sighed. He even wondered why his dream of the tree lane had never come true—why he had—just then the train slowed up at a little side station and he became aware of an unusual bustle on the platform. His wife said, with some excitement in her voice:

"John, I do believe a theatrical troupe is getting on here."

John dimly remembered that Flora had always called him "Jack" as he answered lazily:

"For goodness sake, John, did you ever see such a get up?"

"Eh—what did you say, Margaret? Get up where?" and following the direction of her eyes, he looked down the aisle.

Ye gods, was he dreaming? It was Flora, Flora in the flesh, in fact more so than when they had last met, not quite the Flora of the cherry tree, but unmistakably his early sweetheart—the star of the barnstorming troupe.

She came up the aisle talking loudly to a dejected looking individual whom she addressed as "Tommy." Her dress was brown, and the feather in her hat—a hat too large for traveling—was green as a Brazilian bird's wing.

The pink was in her cheeks as in the days of the cherry trees, but it had a suggestion of permanency, unlike the flitting roses of fifteen years ago.

Four weeks went by and still Flora showed no signs of an early flitting. Mrs. Benton absolutely refused to offer suggestions, so in a moment of desperation Benton bethought himself of an old-time feud between his mother and Flora, which dated back to his and Flora's school days. He wired his mother at once, "Need you here immediately, do not fail me," and well did he know that the first available train would bring the faithful soul. At dinner that day he casually announced that he expected his

mother that night, or the next morning, at least.



Compelled to slink down the aisle in the wake of a purple dawn.

wife to Miss Marcey, whose volubility made up for any awkwardness that Mrs. Benton's manner might have caused.

"Jack and I were old sweethearts at Fort Smith. Lord, what larks we used to have in the old days, after school and coming home from choir practice. I never thought of going on the stage in those days, but talent will not be suppressed—and here I am. It looks like fate, our meeting like this, doesn't it?"

John shuffled nervously and cursed fate inwardly and presently the clatter went on again.

"Where are you living? Still at Fort Smith. Well, I never; our circuit closes fifteen miles from there and I'm going to take a holiday. I believe I'll just drop down on you folks for a month's change. If the old place is as slow as it used to be it will make an elegant place to rest."

Benton looked beseechingly at his wife, but she appeared oblivious to the fact that he was still on the face of the globe—he hesitated a minute and then, remembering the boy and girl friendship, he glanced at his wife and said defiantly:

"We should be awfully pleased to have you."

And Mrs. Benton astonished him by adding with suspicious friendliness:

"Yes, do come, we shall be perfectly delighted."

With more astuteness than her husband would have given her credit for, Mrs. B. had come to the conclusion that a dose of an old sweetheart—when she is as impossible as Flora—is almost as good for a man as an occasional dose of rheubarb.

Flora came—John Benton saw—but Mrs. Benton conquered.

Forth from Flora's voluminous baggage came gowns fearfully and wonderfully constructed from materials which might have just arrived from an Indian bazaar. The hat with the green feather was not a circumstance to the creations which crowned Flora's yellow pompadour when she impersonated the heroine in some glowing melodrama—and she wore them all at Fort Smith.

In the afternoon Flora received a mysterious message—presumably from Marco—which demanded her immediate presence elsewhere, and by 5:30 the Benton household knew her no more.

The next morning found John in bed with a racking nervous headache. As Mrs. Benton waited upon him in her quiet restful way he wondered how he could ever have been fool enough to fancy himself tired of such a woman. Catching her hand and pressing his cheek against it boyishly, he said reproachfully:

"Margaret, how could you—what made you act so, and try to keep her?"

With a spice of mischief in her calm gray eyes she smoothed his head and answered:

"Well, you see, John, dear, I had noticed in you a growing tendency to talking in your sleep—you seemed to have restless dreams about a mysterious 'Flora' who was connected in an odd way with cherry trees and equally youthful things. So when I met Flora, it occurred to me that at last I saw a way to restore your dreamless sleep and my own peace of mind, which, I don't mind telling you now—was fast slipping away. I'm a homeopathist, you know, and—well, some poisons are their own antidotes, when given in proper quantities. Was I right, John?"

He kissed her hand and said:

"As you always are, darling, but don't you think you gave me an unnecessarily large dose?"

She shook her head laughingly.

"You see, I didn't want to risk a repetition."—Vivian Clare Howard in Chicago American.

DID GOOD SAMARITAN ACT.

But the Boy's Employer Took Some of the Credit to Himself.

He walked along with a lordly strut, head in air and shoulders well back. At Liberty street and Broadway he saw a boy searching for something in the snow. The youngster, about 10, was crying as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little man?" he asked kindly.

"My boss gave me \$1 to buy some benzine, and I've lost it. Boo-hoo-hoo."

"Well, now, don't be a baby. Tell me all about it." The child told him.

"Now, take me to your boss," said he of the lordly strut.

Very unwillingly the boy led him to an office on the fifth floor, where sat a fierce-looking man.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for this intrusion, but I've called on a personal matter that concerns us both," said the stranger. "This is your office boy?"

"Yes."

"And did you give him \$1 to buy some benzine?"

"Yes."

"You are sure he had the money?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he lost it. I simply wanted to make sure he had it. I'm going to make it good, so that you will not take it out of his wages or punish him. Here, boy, take this dollar and run along and buy the benzine."

"I'll see that you don't make it good!" cried the employer, taking out a roll of bills as big as a man's leg and peeling off a dollar. "Here you are, Charlie. Don't worry. Be a little more careful next time."

"The boy won't be punished?"

"Good morning." And the lordly strut was continued up Broadway.—New York Press.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A WOMAN.

What a Woman Says About Western Canada.

Although many men have written to this paper regarding the prospects of Western Canada and its great possibilities, it may not be uninteresting to give the experience of a woman settler, written to Mr. M. V. McInnes, the agent of the government at Detroit, Mich. If the reader wishes to get further information regarding Western Canada it may be obtained by writing any of the agents of the Government whose name is attached to the advertisement appearing elsewhere in this paper.

The following is the letter referred to:

Hilldown, Alberta, Feb. 5, '03.
Dear Sir—I have been here now nearly five years, and thought I would write you a woman's impression of Western Canada—in Alberta. There are several ranchers in this district who, in addition to taking care of their cattle, carry on farming as well; their herds of cattle number from 100 to 200 or 300 head, and live out all winter without any shelter than the poplar bluffs, and they come in in the spring in good order. Most of the ranchers feed their cattle part of the time, about this time of the year, but I have seen the finest fat cattle I ever saw that never got a peck of grain—only fattened on the grass. You see I have learned to talk farm since I came here—farming is the great business here. I know several in this district who never worked a day on the farm till they came here, and have done well and are getting well off.

I think this will be the garden of the Northwest some day, and that day not very far distant. There has been a great change since we came here, and there will be a greater change in the next five years. The winters are all anyone could wish for. We have very little snow, and the climate is fine and healthy. Last summer was wet, but not to an extent to damage crops, which were a large average yield and the hay was immense—and farmers wore a broad smile accordingly.

We have good schools, the government pays 70 per cent of the expense of education, which is a great boon in a new country. Of course churches of different denominations follow the settlements. Summer picnics and winter concerts are all well attended, and as much, or more, enjoyed as in the East. Who would not prefer the pure air of this climate with its broad acres of fine farms, its rippling streams, its beautiful lakes, its millions of wild flowers, its groves of wild fruit of exquisite flavor, its streams and lakes teeming with fish and its prairies and bluffs with game, to the crowded and stiff state of society in the East. I would like to go home for a visit some time, but not to go there to live, even if presented with the best farm in Michigan. Beautiful Alberta, I will never leave it. And my verdict is only a repetition of all who have settled in this country. This year I believe will add many thousands to our population. And if the young men, and old men also, knew how easy they could make a home free of all incumbrance in this country, thousands more would have settled here. I would sooner have 160 acres here than any farm where I came from in Michigan, but the people in the East are coming to a knowledge of this country, and as they do, they will come West in thousands. All winter people have been arriving in Alberta, and I suppose in other parts as well, which is unusual, so we expect a great rush when the weather gets warmer.

We have no coal famine here. Coal can be bought in the towns for \$2 to \$3, according to distance from the mines, and many haul their own coal from the mines, getting it there for 50 cents to a dollar a ton. Very truly yours, (Signed) Mrs. John McLachlan.

Two Vanrevels are better than one.

When You Buy Starch
Buy Defiance and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Good manners are a part of good morals and kind courtesy.—Archbishop Whately.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. RONSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A new broom sweeps clean.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE,
Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the Best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Don't look a gift book in the binding.

Authors will happen, even in the best regulated families.

Marriage adds either to a man's happiness or his misery.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Charles Lamb.

The French sold in America in 1902 more than \$800,000 of automobiles.

Americans are making an effort to establish a steel plant at Flushing, Holland.

The lowest priced vehicle at the New York automobile show was \$500; the highest \$1,800.

Some are born Corelli; some achieve Corelli, and some have Corelli thrust upon them.—Life.

Always look on the bright side of things—and if you are going to invest your coin therein, look on both sides.

It is said that more wrinkles are caused by laughter than by worry. Girls, remember this when you see a man do a flip-flop on an icy pavement.

WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW, A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU: BROMO-SELTZER 10¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Schmoller & Mueller
—SELL AN ELEGANT PIANO FOR ONLY \$168.00
On \$5 Monthly Payments. Write for Catalogue, Prices, Etc.
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LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
Black Percherons, Shires, and German Coachers
20 Per Cent Off for the Next Thirty Days
A saving of \$200 to \$300 on each Stallion.
These are cold-blooded facts. We pay buyer's railroad fare to Lincoln and return. Come and see us at once and get a Winner.
Barns and Office, 23d and Holdrege Streets.
Long Dis. Tel. 575. A. L. SULLIVAN, Mgr.

FREE TO WOMEN!
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents. Large box, \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass., 214 Columbus Av.

WESTERN CANADA HAS FREE HOMES FOR MILLIONS.
Upwards of 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past 5 years. They are CONTENTED, HAPPY, AND PROSPEROUS, and their homes still for MILLIONS.
Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate; plenty of water and fuel; good schools, excellent churches; splendid railway facilities.
HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE,
the only charge for which is \$10 for entry. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, as well as for certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc. Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 501 N. 4th St., Fargo, N. D., or to W. V. Bennett, 501 N. 4th St., Fargo, N. D., the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

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You can buy us at wholesale prices and save money. Our 1,000-page catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 15 cents. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you?
Montgomery Ward & Co.
CHICAGO
The house that tells the truth.

If winter left you "all run down," wind up with
Hires Rootbeer
That will "set you going."
Five gallons for 25 cents.
Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.