

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if it Fails.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You can take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs or it is dangerous to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood. My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met, and in all of my experience, in all of my 2,000 tests, I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month, for it can't harm you anyway. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.
Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Criminal Insects.

In France the phylloxera, a tiny insect with luxurious tastes, cost the vineyard owners \$660,000,000 a few years ago, that being the value of the royal feast they had enjoyed.

Perhaps, however, the worst and most dreaded criminal of them all is the locust. He gathers in swarms not of thousands, but millions, and where the hordes go darkness gathers over the land, for the light of day is shut out by them. When they have laid a district under contribution not a blade of vegetation remains upon it.

Comfort, however, may be obtained in the fact that the criminal locust himself is fried and roasted in some countries, and, no doubt, many a peasant who has suffered from a locust visit enjoys these meals with an enhanced gusto.

The extent, however, of the locust plague may be seen by the fact that in Cyprus peasants are paid \$200 for every ton of locust eggs they destroy. In some years as many as sixty tons are destroyed, which means that some 680,000,000 of locusts have been cheated of their chance of existence. But still they come, and recently the locust swarms were as active as ever.

Another criminal insect is the cephidae, or stem sawfly. The females of this class of insect first bores her way into the stems of young wheat, and there deposits her eggs. The larva, finding itself in pleasant surroundings, very soon quickens into life and to gorge itself. Of course, that means that this stem of wheat is ruined. In sunny Japan, a few years back, the stem sawfly ruined crops to the value of \$75,000,000.—Stray Stories.

CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.
Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Eczema and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address
DR. BYE, Cor. 9th & Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.



A Stack O' Wheat.

Buckwheat cakes is ripenin' an' de fat is in de par;
De maple syrup's ready an' de buttah close ter han';
Turn dem cakes, mah honey, an' yer boun' ter please yer man,
Fo' buckwheat cakes is sho' de bestest eatin'.
Stir dat buckwheat battah wid yer big ol'-fashioned spoon;
Git dat griddle ready fo' t' bake dem pancakes soon;
Make a-plenty—I kin eat 'em at de mohnin', night er noon,
Fo' buckwheat cakes is grub 'at's wuth repeatin'.

Stack dem buckwheats highah, fo' I'se got mah appetite;
De buttah on de 'lef' han' an' de syrup on de right.
Jus' watch yer man, mah honey, put dem buckwheats out o' sight,
A-tuckin' 'em inside his, manly bosom.
Smell dat battah cookin' in de griddle smokin' hot;
Makes a feller happy 'cause his woes is done fo'got;
Nothin' like de buckwheat fo' to hit de propah spot,
An' dat is jus' de reason why I choose 'em.

Fill dat syrup pitchah 'ith de sweetness o' de tree;
Put dat golden buttah jus' right hyah along er me;
Stack dem buckwheats highah; den go 'way an' lemme be,
'Cause I'se got bus'nness dat I'se gotter handle.
Keep dat griddle sizzlin' an' de battah close ter han';
Keep de cakes a-floppin', O mah honey, fer yer man;
Makes me feel like dancin' an' a-singin' "Happy lan";
No grub beside de buckwheat hol's a candle.

De johnnycake's good eatin', an' de possum's mighty fine;
De watahmillyun's juicy when yo' pluck 'em from de vine;
But fo' all-aroun' good eatin' gimme buckwheat cakes in mine,
Wid maple syrup an' de buttah golden.
Pat de juba, honey, while yo' stir dat battah sweet;
Keep de spoon a-goin' while yer keep time wid yer feet;
Stack de cakes up highah, O mah honey, while I eat,
I wish I had lots mo' o' room fo' holdin'.

Failure.

"Was your theatrical tour a success?"
"No; the provision market is too high."

Good Advice.

"I see," mused Uncle Ezra, as he tipped back his chair and reached for his pipe, "that Mr. Morgan says that Wall street is sufferin' from undigested securities, but I'm thinkin' that he might get some relief by bollin' th' water."

A Failure.

The music publisher looked sorrowfully at the ambitious song writer and composer.
"Your song, my dear sir, has fatal defects."
"Wh-wh-what are they?" stammered the disappointed author.
"In the first place," said the publisher, "the song is well written. Sec-

only, the rythm is perfect and the rhyme without a fault. Thirdly, it is grammatically correct. Fourthly, it is sensible in its composition. Fifthly, it breathes a high sentiment. Sixthly, it appeals to the heart instead of the feet. Seventhly, it omits all reference to 'mah honey,' 'mah lady' and 'mah lady.' Eightly, it does not—"

But with a cry of despair the unhappy author seized his manuscript and fled.

Too Late.

"I'm going to clean up Wall street!" exclaimed the young man who had just inherited a bunch of money.
"But Wall street has already been pretty well Schwabbed out," said the man who had been on the inside until he was thrown out.

Etymological.

There was a young Scotchman in Guyaquil
Who thought it would be fun to truyawhuil.
When he fell from the saddle
He lit all a-spraddle,
And straightway proceeded to cruy-aspull.

Great Scheme.

With a hunted look upon his face Mr. Henpeque slid into the millinery emporium.
"I've got a scheme," he whispered hoarsely to the manager.
"What is it?" enquired the pert boss of the establishment.
"My wife is coming in pretty soon to buy a new bonnet. If you'll take the tag off of a \$50 Paris creation and stick it on a \$2.50 hand-me-down hat she'll take the hand-me-down. She'll have it charged to me and then you can put it in the bill at the regular price. I'll give you a five-spot for your trouble."
With a merry ha-ha the pert manager exclaimed:
"Nay, nay! It is plain that you are not aware of the profit we make on the \$50 Paris creation."

How Old Is Ann?

For years I've wondered night and day
Who smote Bill Patterson;
I've wondered till my hair is gray
If Johnny got his gun.
And if a hen and half a hen
A day and half a day
Laid one egg and a half an egg,
Pray what would six hens lay?

These awful problems vexed my mind
Through all the days gone past;
And now in old age do I find
The worst one comes on last.
I've figured till I'm nearly blind,
And worked out v'ry plan,
But still no answer do I find
To this: "How old is Ann?"

How old is Ann? I want to know
To ease my aching brain.
How old is Ann? Please ease my woe
And give me peace again.
A plague on Ann, and Mary, too;
The twain I fairly hate.
Unless I find Ann's age I'm due
The bug house sure as fate.

Brain Leaks.

All work is honorable if the worker is honest.
Some church members keep their hearts in cold storage.
Good nature is one of the best physicians now practicing.

An itching nose usually accompanies a new diamond ring.

Those who marry for money always earn more than they get.

Some Christians' prayers sound exactly like a sight draft looks.

The congregation that sings well is the congregation that works well.

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but you can make a purse.

The difference between some dogs and some men is greatly in favor of the dogs.

Wise as he was, Solomon was not wise enough to take advantage of his best opportunities.

We wouldn't give much for the good accomplished by the minister whose sermons please everybody.

Some homes are so prim and clean that we have to wonder if their inmates ever enjoy themselves.

The man who is content with letting well enough alone either lacks ambition or should be watched.

Some people scowl wrinkles into their faces; others laugh wrinkles into their faces. Which do you do?

The firm of Bluff & Guff may prosper for a time, but the firm of Right & Polite always has a balance in the bank.

A good binding does not make a poor book better, but a fine suit of clothes too often makes a bad man more sought after.

The average pastor would give a great deal to know how to build a church that would have all the rear seats in front.

About the only time a confirmed bachelor is happy is when he sees a husband and father trying to care for a fretful baby.

When a man tells you he has a scheme and is willing to let you in "on the ground floor," keep your eye peeled for the trapdoor.

We know a woman whose boast is that she never spoke an unkind word about a neighbor. But when a neighbor's name is mentioned this woman can shake her head and roll her eyes in a way that says more in a second than her tongue could tell in a week.

Maupin's Little Talk

I want to have a little heart-to-heart talk with readers of The Commoner. Somebody—I think it was Solomon—said, "Of the making of books there is no end." He—or some other—also said, "O that mine enemy would write a book." I have written a book—not much of one, I frankly confess, but it's the best I have done so far—and I want to sell it. It is only one of many books published—not THE one of many. It is merely a collection of sketches and verses that have appeared in THE COMMONER and other publications, and is given the title

Whether Common or Not

It will be very handsomely and substantially bound in cloth, will be printed from clear type on good book paper, and will have upwards of 250 pages. Mr. Bryan has written a "foreword" for the volume, and it will have a fac simile of his signature attached thereto. Other authors have written better books, but no other author ever wanted to sell his book any more than I want to sell mine. If you want to know why I want to sell it, write me, enclosing an order for the book. You needn't send the money with the order, for the book will not be ready for delivery until December 1, 1903. But if you say you want it I'll know how many to print. If I print only a few too many I lose out. I'll enter your order, and when the book is ready I'll notify you. Then you can send the price, \$1, and I will send you the book. If you do not like it you can give it to some one who does not like either of us.

I published a book once before, expecting all my friends to buy it. Either they never knew I published it, or I overestimated the number of my friends. I am quite sure you will like this book. I know I would like to sell you one. If you will order now you will lift a heavy load from my mind. I've talked my space full. If you want to know more about this matter, write me. A postage stamp is cheaper than an inch of advertising space in such a valuable advertising medium as The Commoner.

WILL M. MAUPIN,
3022 So. 17th St. Lincoln, Neb.