

## RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD. - - - NEBRASKA

### DON'T FORGET THE DRAKE.

The engineer on level plain  
Will give his engine steam.  
And turn the wheels at rapid rate  
To the whistle's piercing scream.  
But ahead his eyes are peering  
For every cut and fill.  
And he'll not forget to set the brake  
When going down the hill.

This world of ours is free to all,  
Its pleasures and its pain;  
It has its ups and downs and grades,  
Its sunshine and its rain.  
Be careful of the speed you make,  
And deep these words install:  
Don't ever forget to set the brake  
When going down the hill.

You, who in word and act proclaim  
The world for you was made,  
Are rushing on at sickening speed,  
Approaching death's grim grade.  
For fear your death the world might shroud,  
And all industries chill;  
Be wise for once and set the brake,  
You're going down the hill.

Temptations all around us lie  
To snare our willing feet;  
Off that for which we paid the price  
Is but a shameful cheat.  
In life's dark hours be not rash,  
Be manly, show your skill,  
And don't forget to set the brake  
When going down the hill.

With wheels the rail of life is strewn,  
We pass them every day,  
With broken hearts and deadened brains,  
And joys they flung away.  
They swiftly passed, we never looked ahead,  
Knew naught but pleasure's thrill;  
Alas! they'd failed to set the brake  
When going down the hill.

—Marshall Kenzie Sherwood.

## TREAN;

### THE MORMON'S DAUGHTER.

By ALVA MILTON KERR.

[Written While Living in Utah]

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#### CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

A poor old woman was crouching at the same cart, but she let go towards night an' fell out of sight. No body could go back for 'er 'er when dark come, an' in the mornin' not fur from us some tore clothes an' hair was found, an' a human skull with the wet prints of wolf-teeth all over it. That mornin' we buried five froze folks in one grave. I mind an' then went draggin' 'em and agin, but 'bout noon we could go no furder, the snow was so deep, an' we stopped ready to lay down an' die. But some of the stoutest of us managed to get the tents up, an' fires started, an' went back in the snow an' got the sick an' the froze, an' some what was out of their minds, an' got 'em round the fires. It was a terrible sight! My Catherine never said nary word that day. Her eyes looked big an' glassy, an' she went weavin' from one side to t'other, but she kep her eyes on the children an' a tryin' to push. I could see the end was comin', but I couldn't feel somethin'. I seemed to be just movin' in a numb kind of awful nightmare. Sometimes I didn't seem to know what I was; then agin things'd look clear, but wild an' strange, an' I seemed to be workin' with all my might, but I'm feerd it didn't mount to much.

Well, that afternoon hep come. One of the elders that passed us was shore we'd never get through an' urged President Young to send us some provisions. So that day two of a party reached us an' tole us teams with supplies would be there the next day, an' for us to kill one oxen an' save ourselves. So we did, they hepin us, an' that evenin' we had big fires and all the meat we heered for an' used what was left of the provisions, an' some on us got a little life agin. But many was past all mortal hep, an' that night my Catherine died, an' just afore she passed away my darter Treaan was born!

There he stopped and sat looking heavily at the floor. A sweet broke out upon his furrowed forehead, and for a few moments he seemed strangled by the shocking retrospect.

"I didn't no words to show ye it furder with," he said, hoarsely, without looking up. "I've talked too much about it; it comes too tight to me!" and he swallowed painfully as if the vision his memory brought suffocated him. "I don't say nothin' furder, o'ly that the child was saved an' has always been sad-like, an' I've been a broken-down man ever since," and he got up and went tremblingly out with something like a sob shaking his form.

Elchard had said nothing as the story progressed, and the alternate surges of anger and pity in his bosom had followed each other with no sign upon the surface save a tightening and trembling of the fingers, clouds flying across the face, and a darkening and melting of the eye.

And when it ended he still remained silent, but with tears slipping from under the lashes of his closed eyes. What could he say? What else given such folly and suffering but tears? It was of a piece with other large examples of abuse in the world's life. One with the hurting together of countries in slaughter by designing tyrants; one with the enshrining of races by sleek opulence and greed; one with combinations on the food for nations that a few might live fatly at the expense of general hardship; one with the stalks, the chain, almost with the assassin's knife, this black abuse of confidence, and yet, alas! what else was there for it but tears?

And what for the effect? Ah, it was one with the trust of ignorance in all ages; one with blind faith, one with reliance on a system in the stead of reason and simple righteousness. But what for the cause? Alas, there was no penalty, no law with which to blast it! Nothing but to leave it to the One in whose name it was perpetrated and to the long verdict of Time, and Paul Elchard, lying there, ground his teeth in silence.

Then nearly two weeks fell away sluggishly. Treaan kept about her work and well under the shadow of her heavy sadness, coming not often into the room where Elchard lay, and saying little upon such entrances. The injured man, not knowing of the swinging over her of this later cloud, laid, and naturally, her enduring somberness to the griefs and horrors that hung about her birth. His heart moved toward her with the thought. Day by day she was melting into him, and he could not put her back. She seemed like a twilight to his nature, sad, soft and beautifully sweet, spreading slowly throughout his being. It did not give him joy, thrilling his soul upward into ecstasy like the cooing of love to many, but per-

vaded him all the day long like a tender music, sorrowful, haunting, but bringing a holy pleasure. When he lifted his eyes to hers the spirit of this was in them, and hers would flicker down and seem to swim in light as she turned away. Once he heard her break into a song when out among the flowers that was so mellow and sweet it thrilled him to the heart; then it fell away so plaintively his eyes were lowered and he came with pity. But she did not sing again, as day after day he lay watching the sunshine sleeping in soft, flakes about the threshold, or trembling into little heaps of untinkling coin as the vine-leaves stirred. She kept herself apart, yet were they none the less together.

Her father remained much among his tiny fields, turning on the clear irrigating water and feebly hosing the sandy loam about his feet. He still brought the sick man his dainty meals religiously, but seemed depressed and talked but little. Dr. Dubette came frequently, talked much and turned his small hard eyes about, but Treaan remained to them invisible. Once Orson Beane came too, inquired of the sick man his health, delivered a message from the mines, and went his way. Then news came in by a neighbor that on the morrow, a Saturday, President Young would visit the settlement, and expectation rose on tiptoe.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE COMING OF THE PROPHET.

The Mormon Prophet was making his annual tour through the settlements of the Territory, and was looked for to-day in Mooseneek. It was a visit of moment, and the inhabitants stirred themselves with the dawn in its anticipation. Paul Elchard, too, was out for the first time since his injury, and very carefully picking his way to a seat among the pines on the slope above the house, sat through the long, delicious morning looking down into the village. A fever seemed to pervade the thoroughfare that laid it open in two rather straggling halves, a bustle of men, women and children that was very enlivening to the numb and sleepy town.

By midmorning two triumphal arches were sprung across the street, made green with twining vines and blooming sprays, and bearing legends of welcome wrought in flowers; on the one "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," and on the other "The Lord's Prophet is Our King!" Many of the house-fronts, too, were made fine with floral greenery and welcoming devices. But all this was not quite so spontaneous as would seem; Bishop Parley had received notice of the coming of this man who ruled them in every sense, and knew full well the seeming honors he was expected to provide, and how closely his own and the interests of his fellow frauds hinged upon it.

Now and then a bitter smile flitted across the face of the pale watcher among the pines. This trucking was wearisome, and yet it had a certain interest, a depth that was insatiable, and he watched it. The spirit of it like a suffocating mist hung through all these mountain valleys; there below him passed the willowy figure of Treaan across the yard, seemingly pressed down by it; it lay even upon his own wounded chest like an invisible weight, and he drew a long breath and made an involuntary movement of expulsion.

A smooth wind was moving the balsamic spires of the pines to a sea-shell sigh, great masses of snow-pure clouds were breaking open at the zenith, leaving vast blue holes, and farther westward were raking their fleecy along the craggy heights, while below them patches of light slept upon the mountain sides like the white sheep of Heaven; surely it was a beautiful world, why should men fill it with hatefulness?

He fell to studying for a time with his eyes upon the ground, turning man round and round before him with an eye to those angles that fit no geometric rule, and the strange attributes that seem to have no cause, but put the mystery, the enigma, with its baffling malady away from him at last with a sigh, as we all do.

When he lifted his eyes a detached mass of white cloud seemed to have lodged among the four huge pines that made the Eagle Peaks and lay there motionless. To the right and below it in fancy he could see the mines and below them the yawning canyon with a roaring stream at the bottom and a gray road following it. Then suddenly the cloud mass stirred as from an underwind and rolled out of its mighty nest and down the mountain like a torrent of froth. The air seemed stronger in the gorge, and it spread out upon that and fell down half way over the canyon's mouth, not unlike a softly-unrolling fleece. Out from under that suddenly rode a train of carriages and behind them a cavalcade, all glistening and whitening in the morning light as they came upon the plateau at the canyon's mouth like some gigantic stage picture.

It was a propitious moment for the prophet's entrance, however unworthy he and his mission, for the people at the sight set up a great acclaim. Elchard, too, grew interested, and looking downward



HE FELT TO STUDYING.

saw the people from all quarters swarming into the main street of the town; then a smart cavalcade, with Bishop Parley and Dr. Dubette in a carriage at its front, set out across the valley, and meeting the incoming party escorted them in. Enoch Arsen, the bishop's clerk, with his master and party had departed, formed by instruction a human lane of maidens reaching from one triumphal arch to the other, all standing with bared heads and with flowers in their hands and hair.

As the Prophet's train rolled slowly up the street, the whole populace of the valley seemed swarming there, and down the lane from the house Elchard saw Treaan's father hastening, his bent form seeming more erect than its wont, and his face lit up with joyful anticipation; yes, gladly hastening to meet the man whose greed and falsehood had broken him, had laid his wife in a lonely grave among the mountains, and left in his child's blood a living bitterness.

As the Prophet's carriage, the finest in the Territory and drawn by four white horses, entered the throng the people parted and stood with uncovered heads. The concourse was a weather-beaten, sun-burnt one, familiar with the soil, servility, and paying tithes. Here was the man among them into whose ear God whispered the secrets of the heavens and the earth,

they thought; who saw visions and had celestial revelations, they were taught; and who, they knew, was the spiritual and temporal dictator of the land in which they lived. The ground fairly swayed beneath them, so much of holiness was crossing it.

The Prophet, a phenomenal deceiver, was a rather large man, of strong presence, silvery, sandy hair, white beard, and cold, hard, urbane, mustered, or passionate, according to the demands of the moment. About the mouth a look of firmness and decision, that deepened upon occasion into fiery cruelty and bull-dog savagery. But now his large face looked very placid as he held it up toward the sun and rode forward with his hands outspread as if to draw a blessing down upon the people. When he reached the first triumphal arch the lines of maidens bowed their heads, and as the train passed through the human lane they cast their flowers before the Prophet, and children walking before his carriage strewed blossoms along the ground to perfume the air and ease the burning wheels.

Upon the surface the thing was pretty enough, but at heart it was heinous. In the train were men whose hands had again and again been wet with human blood, Bishops Lee and Rockwell and others. Men whose souls were black with the belief that murder, and theft, and crimes that shall be nameless here, were righteous and commendable when perpetrated upon those outside of the pale of their "religion."

The assumed Prophet himself, this man Young who rode in stolid dignity at the head of the low-born and uneducated, with a history clothed by crime and uneven dealing. His stealings from this poor people alone, upon whose collective neck his brutal foot rested, aggregated millions. He took from the enormous fund pressed out of the people by tithing whatever amount he cared to year by year, for the fund was entirely in his hands, and during his life a settlement was never made, and erected a residence in every considerable town in the Territory and put a "wife" in it; had farms and mills and Government bonds, secretly bought with church money, to blind the blind as to his means of living; had a collection of residences, palatial for the time, at Salt Lake City, with more than a dozen wives to grace, or rather disgrace, them, and in the largest of which he held court and dictated the affairs of Utah to his own gain and glory; had an oath-bound band of red-handed tools who in the name of the Lord darkly did away with his rivals and his enemies, while year after year he rode among this people, a sort of imperious Saint, bringing the Almighty's will concerning them direct from His mouth, and ever secure in the fervor of their faith and ignorance.

At length his carriage came to a standstill before Bishop Parley's house, and taking the Bishop's proffered hand he stepped down on the ground, and with a sudden gleam of seeming sunshine in his face, began squeezing the hard soiled fists of his followers to right and left. How it thrilled them, poor dupes, to feel the grasp of his fat white hand, the live touch of this well-fed animal, this stainless being who, they thought, walked and talked with God.

He affected to know every man in the Territory, and, alas, every sister, too! He patted the little ones upon their heads and flashed his sunshine into the eyes of their flattered mothers. He was very gracious, indeed, this man who held the keys to God's spiritual kingdom here, and looked at will in upon the splendors and mysteries of the unseen worlds. But when he stood inside of Bishop Parley's office his brow darkened, his eyes grew hard and cold, and his first utterance—"Bishop what's the matter with the tithing from your stake?" fell harshly from his lips. The God-like smile had gone; he had returned to himself—a brusque and greedy collector of tithes.

Parley closed the door with increasing color in his heavy countenance and a perceptible swelling of the dark sacks under his eyes.

"You're either using too much of the income yourself," the Prophet went on, "or Arsen an' you are not tending to your knittin'."

"Neither, Brother Young, neither," said Parley, obsequiously, as he waivered forward and seated himself, "we've collected a tenth part of every thing they've produced this far in the season; every cent and pound, and in some cases more where we thought they could stand it. The trouble is they lost most of their stock in the snow-storms last winter, and that has played the d—l with things for us."

"Why, you don't want to let any of it get away from you," said Young, somewhat mollified. "Let me see your books." The Bishop drew them out of a drawer and laid them on a desk before his superior. As he did so he said: "I would like to ask your opinion about a question that has been springing on Arsen when outcollectin' several times."

"What is it?" grunted the Prophet in his thick neck, as he leaned forward over the books.

"Why, you know, for instance, we collect one-tenth of the grain when it's harvested, and when what's left is fed into their stock we take a tenth part of the stock. Some sharper has asked Arsen if that ain't taking more than a tenth part of the grain."

"Of course it," blurted out the revelator, "that's why I set the tithing dates the way they are; we want to catch all of it we can. You tell 'em it's the Lord's will that the precise order of His Kingdom as revealed to me should be carried out; and do you see that that none of it gets away, too." A mean smile came into the Prophet's face as he said this, but it died away and the sentence ended with a monosyllabic "yes."

"Yes, I understand," said Parley. After a time the Prophet pushed the books from him with a satisfied look. "Well, how are things going in the Stake, anyway," Parley asked, patting himself on the chest over his side coat-pocket, with a perceptible deepening of the satisfied look as his fat hand touched something there. "By the by, have you a glass and some sugar honey Parley?" he queried again, as his hand went under his coat lapel and brought forth a little flask. He shook it up against the light. "Christopher?" he exclaimed, "but that's as clear and yellor as honey!"

The Bishop's expression changed instantly from uneasy expectancy to mouth-watering delight. "Uhuh, yes; I'll get you some sugar!" and he rose so quickly he turned over his chair. He did not wait to right it, but waddling quickly around the desk to a cupboard he began fumbling in it. "I've got tathin' here," he said, pattingly, "that's fair, but nothin' like as fine lookin' article as that in your hand, President!"

"For a man of God you take it pretty smartly, don't you, Parley?" he laughed. "Like a suckin' calf, b'gosh!" said the Bishop, bringing his big freckled fist down on the table with a crash, "how is it with the head of the Church? whoop-e-e!" and he bored his fingers into the Prophet's ribs and brayed with laughter.

"Have you got them window curtains fixed so no one can see in here?" asked the Prophet, looking round.

"Yes; oh, yes, I tended to them when we come in," said Parley. "Don't get skeert, Brother Young; just wade in if you feel dry!"

"Well, one glass more will do," said the Prophet. "I don't never let the stuff get the best of me, Parley; I aim to keep on top. I'm fraid you are getting a little too free with it, ain't you? Must look out and not get us into trouble, my man."

"Don't you fret, don't you fret, Brother Young! I never let it get me down. Acorse I like it well enough, but I'm keeful, Brother Young, I'm keeful!"

"What's that?" asked Young, in a listening attitude. Parley hiccupped and harked.

"Oh, yes; Lee's preachin' to the people over in the meeting-house park! I had



"FOR A MAN OF GOD, YOU TAKE IT PRETTY SMARTLY."

Arsen put up a platform there, thinkin' they'd expect some speakin' this afternoon."

"Yes, that's right."

"Yes, and I've ranged to have a ball in the school-house to-night for the brethren! Took all the seats out and had 'er garlanded in style. The angels'll all be there! Turn me loose! whoop-e-e!" and the Bishop brayed again.

The Prophet laughed in a restraining way. "Be careful, Parley," he said, "remember your calling."

"Well, that liquor of your'n, President, is the slambangest, mos' satisfiyin' goods I've tasted lately. Shake! Say," he went on, in a husky whisper, laying his finger on the Prophet's knee, "there's the finest girl up the road a piece here ye ever saw; a handsome, tall sort of young 'oman, but sober and stately like, that I've been aimin' to have sealed to me for some time, but she rather turns me the cold shoulder. I'd like to get you to help me a bit with her, Brother Young."

"Is she strong in the faith?"

"Rather weak-kneed, I'm fraid."

"Well, I'm going to preach to-morrow, and I'll lay down the doctrine for 'em on several points. You can tell her I've seen in a special revelation that she's an unusual bright star in Zion, and that it's her duty to be sealed to you, as one having authority to exalt her to a high place in the world to come."

#### A SHINTO FESTIVAL

Scenes in a Japanese City on a Holiday or Some Importance.

Presently we arrived at a small Shinto temple. Passing under the sacred arch, a long flight of steps led up to the building. On each side of this flight large bamboo stands had been erected, which, as well as the steps, were densely crowded. At the foot of the steps was a cleared space, and here, on our arrival, a company of youthful wrestlers were performing. A space was marked out by four bamboo poles, one at each corner, with a broad strip of cloth running from one to another; round it sat some twenty nearly naked lads from ten to twelve years old, forming a circle round a large mat strewn with earth. The center was for the moment occupied by an ancient samurai, with two swords projecting from his girdle and in his hands the somewhat heart-shaped emblem of the wrestling fraternity. After making some remarks in a clear, shrill voice he retired, and then about a dozen lads occupied the arena and went through a sort of postured-dance. This over, two wrestlers stepped into the ring and prepared for the encounter. They crouched down, facing each other and slapping their thighs. Presently one tried to push the other over, but, failing, each rose and walked round the ring, making gestures and stopping occasionally to take a drink of water. Then they again crouched down and then suddenly sprang at each other. One was dexterously thrown; and the pair retired, to be followed by another. Each endeavored to throw his antagonist or to push him out of the ring, the audience looking on with great interest. Presently the wrestlers took up their gear, shouldered their poles, and started off to perambulate the town. Their place was taken by a large party of men, each of whom had a huge carp depicted on his gown, dragging or pushing along a full-sized model of a fishing-boat running on wheels. The boat was occupied by about ten youngsters, some of whom were belaboring a huge drum, others smaller ones. The men pushed the boat backward and forward, and then turned it around on a vertical axis, till it seemed that its occupants must suffer worse agonies than those of sea-sickness, but they did not appear to be distressed. The boat was then wheeled away and its place occupied by a rapidly put-together stage, with three very simple and yet well-designed and well-painted drop-scenes. Half a dozen juvenile actors arrayed in huge wigs and gorgeous dresses of silk and embroidery disembarked from the boat and took their places on the stage. Several comic scenes were represented, giving great amusement to the audience. As I could not understand them I began to study the spectators. Overhead was a cloudless blue sky, and the whole lively scene was flooded with brilliant sunshine, the predominant color of the crowd was blue, relieved by the white uniforms of some police officers and by the brilliant dresses of a few Chinamen.—St. James' Gazette.

#### Gone to Meet the Angels.

He is gone who loved me only, gone to wear a robe of white and I'm sitting, sad and lonely, by my cottage door to-night. In the wind his voice is calling, in the stars his eyes I see, and the dewdrops softly falling, bring a word from him to me. O, that fatal night of anguish, when I saw him cold and dead; like a flower I drop and languish, sighing for the dying trend. O, that night, so bleak and cheerless, can its memory never pass—when my lover, bold and fearless, in his room blew out the gas.

#### Food and Morality.

Prof. F. J. Miles, of the faculty of the University of Maryland, delivered a lecture to a large audience of young men recently, on "Food and Digestion." In the course of his lecture Prof. Miles, in speaking of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food, said: "The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones come through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nourished to the last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longest nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they will do strange things. It produces insanity, and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh,' that is to cannibalism. There are millions of people who have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-nourished, and a restless feeling results. Not much can be done with the grown-up people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child whose muscles and nervous system have been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society? An every-day Sabbath-school with a breakfast before the lesson would be a capital thing for poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greely Arctic party was for sweetmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not only the brain, but the activities of the whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough good food.—Baltimore Sun.

#### A Famous Indian, and a Still More Famous Indian Fighter.

We give below a picture of KIT CARSON, the famous scout and Indian fighter, whose thrilling exploits surpassed in interest and adventure those of all other frontier heroes. Kit's portrait shows that he was a very lion in courage and stern determination, and also a man of fine intellect. He was, in truth, the ideal American hero of the wild Western border.



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Kit's last great contest with the Indians occurred in 1867, the year before his death, when RED KNIFE, a perfect Indian fiend, suddenly attacked the defenseless settlers of the remote frontiers. A most graphic, spirited and thrilling account of that most desperate struggle is now being published in the New York Ledger, under the title of "RED KNIFE; OR KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL." RED KNIFE, as will be seen by the picture of him which we give below,



RED KNIFE

was a typical Indian warrior and cut-throat. The history of his raid, and of Kit Carson's skill and heroism in meeting the perils of the occasion, is begun in No. 7 of the New York Ledger. ROBERT BONNER'S SONS have issued millions of sample copies of this number of the Ledger, but there are, probably, persons who have not yet had a copy, and we are informed that any one who has not had one of these sample copies can get one free of expense by simply sending his name and address to the Ledger office, at the corner of William and Spruce streets, New York. This is certainly an easy and cheap way to get a specimen number of the greatest Indian story ever published.

"Can I sell you six bushels of peaches to-day?" he boldly inquired as he entered a Cleveland confectionery house. "No, sir!" was the prompt reply from the senior partner. The man went out, but he had not gone one hundred feet when he was overtaken by a gentleman who said: "I'm junior partner of the house. I do the peachstone business, while the senior attends to straight almonds and the church. I'll take your lot, and the next time you come inquire for me."—Wall-Street News.

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