

CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE.

Doan's Kidney Pills have leaped into Paul's favor because the people can write direct to the makers and secure a trial free. Thus has been built the greatest fame and largest sale known to any Kidney medicine in the world.

COURTNEY, O.—I had such severe pain in my back that I could not walk. I used the sample box of Doan's Kidney Pills with such good results I sent to Toledo for another box, and they cured me.—**SARAH E. COTTELL, CURTICE, O.**

FALMOUTH, VA.—I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me.—**F. S. BROWN, FALMOUTH, VA.**

WEST HAVEN, CONN.—Eight months ago I took a severe pain in my back. The sample box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much I purchased two boxes, and on my second box, my heart does not bother me as it used to and I feel well.—**SARAH E. BRADLEY, No. 377 Elm Street, West Haven, Conn.**

HOUSTON, TEX.—I took the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills with such great benefit I bought a box at our drugist's. Used over half and stopped, because my urine which before had only come dribbling, now became so free. I had medicine enough. I had lumbago and the pills rid me of it. I should have written sooner, but you know how soon a well person forgets about being sick.—**MR. G. H. HOENCKEL, No. 2319 McKenny Ave., Houston, Tex.**

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calcium and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

FREE—GRAND FOR SPRING KIDNEY ILLS.



For sale by all druggists, Buffalo, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.
Name _____
Post-office _____
State _____
(Cut out coupon on dotted line and mail to Doan's Kidney Pills Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)
Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

Medicine Never Healed a Wound

Nature performs the healing process and medicine can only assist her in doing her work in healing wounds and throwing off diseases. Nine-tenths of the diseases of man and beast have their origin in some form of germs and if allowed to run and multiply form complications. The reason that Liquid Koal prevents all germs diseases and cures them, unless fermentation and inflammation have too far developed, is that it contains every antiseptic and germicide known to science. All germ diseases such as hog cholera, swine plague, corn stalk diseases, tuberculosis, blackleg and numerous others can be prevented by giving Liquid Koal in drinking water, because they are germ diseases and no germ can live where Liquid Koal reaches it. Liquid Koal is unaffected by the gastric juices of the stomach, passes through the intestines and from there into the circulation, permeating the whole system and still retains all its germicidal properties. Diluted with water, in the proportion of one to one hundred, it makes the best lice killer known.

Price of Liquid Koal delivered at your station is as follows:
ONE QUART CAN - \$1.00
ONE GALLON - 3.00
FIVE GALLONS, \$2.75 PER GAL



DECEMBER 24, 1900.
We, the undersigned stock raisers of Madison County, Nebraska, raising from 100 to 200 head of hogs each year, have, after a fair and impartial trial of Liquid Koal manufactured by the National Medical Company, of Sheldon, Iowa, and York, Nebraska, found it to be the best disinfectant, germ destroyer and appetizer that has been our pleasure to use, and we joyfully think that a man is standing in his own light who does not try it. When their agent calls we advise any stock raiser to buy and use Liquid Koal.
Chas. Lodge, Norfolk, Nebr.
J. E. McIntosh, Emerick, Nebr.
M. T. Homan, Emerick, Nebr.

DECEMBER, 1902.
We, the undersigned stock raisers and farmers, gladly testify to the merits of Liquid Koal manufactured by the National Medical Co., of Sheldon, Iowa, and York, Nebraska. We have used this product with gratifying success and advise all to give it a trial. It should be on every farm in Nebraska.
Rufus Feary, See, Nebr.
J. H. Feary, See, Nebr.
Geo. Mills, See, Nebr.
Wm. Plughaupt, Staplehurst, Nebr.
Chris Schall, Staplehurst, Nebr.
F. C. Meyer, Staplehurst, Nebr.
Geo. Ringberger, Sevard, Nebr.
J. Ringberger, Sr., Germantown, Nebr.

If your dealer does not keep it write us direct. A 32-page book on the Diseases of Animals mailed free upon application to the National Medical Company, York, Nebr., and Sheldon, Iowa.

National Cattle and Sheep Dip is the best and cheapest Dip for killing off ticks and lice and the treatment of Mange, Texas Itch and Scab in Sheep. It forms a perfect emulsion with water and is harmless to the membranes of the eye.

If your dealer does not keep it write us direct. Information sent free.

NATIONAL MEDICAL COMPANY
YORK, NEBRASKA. SHLDON, IOWA

All union barber shops will charge 15 cents for a shave after April 1st. The increase was decided upon at a meeting held last week.

Braid trimmings of embroidered leather are one of the developments of the fashion of using leather for the outside garment.

Charley Mitchell is the richest pugilist in the world. He is said to be worth \$200,000. Nearly all the other professional fighters soon part with their money, but Mitchell clings to his.

Lace collars are in greater favor than ever. They have a coarser mesh than previously, and are longer, with stolon ends.

The fellow who wants to hook his watch and makes tracks for the pawn shop, isn't the one who leaves footprints in the sands of time.

Key to the Situation
Miss Flynn (at the concert)—You ought to see me manipulate the keys, Mr. Toots.
Mr. Toots—Piano or typewriter?

POTATOES \$2.50 a Bbl.
Largest growers of Seed Potatoes in America. The Rural New Yorker gives Salzer's Early Wonder a field of 74 lbs. per acre. Prizes offered. Mammoth seed bank and complete literature. Special Macaroni Wheat, 42 lbs. per bushel. Giant clover, etc. See our report. For postage **JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.**

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.
A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuritic and joint complaints. It will relieve all kinds of neuralgia, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations."
Price 15 cents. At all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps, we will send you a tube by mail.
No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

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17 State St., New York City.

ARROW HEADS
Found in plowed fields are valuable. Bore can find them. We pay cash. Send for illustrated instruction book. It will tell you. For 10c. Add. Ohio

Thompson's Eye Water
N. N. U. 766-15, YORK, NEBR.

The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XX.
When the door was opened, a voice that sounded familiar to Arthur Mayberry addressed Miss Atherton.
"Is Mr. Atherton in?"
"My father is not at home," Irene answered. "If it is important—"
"It is of the utmost importance. I must speak with you alone."
Miss Atherton closed the door, and stood in the entrance.
"There is a friend in the house. What you have to say, make brief, please."
"My name is Dunn, Miss Atherton, a detective. I am a friend of your father's, and am, at present, as you will learn by and by, trying to serve him. A boy brought you a note to-day—for your father," he added quickly, as he thought Irene's face grew cold and severe in its expression.
"As you say you are a detective, you will excuse me if I do not answer."
Mr. Dunn smiled, and he also cast an admiring glance upon the ready-witted Irene.
"A girl who knows when to speak, when to be silent, and how to speak," thought Mr. Dunn as he looked at her. He was turning away when he reconsidered.
"The boy—Bob Walters—has told me he brought it from Mr. Gripp."
He was moving away now, when Irene spoke to him.
"You will pardon my seeming distrust. I am obliged to you for the interest you manifest; and since you cannot stay until my father comes, where can he see you?"
Mr. Dunn gave the number of Lawyer Nickerson's office, and in the same instant a small boy shot out of an alleyway and approached Miss Atherton. As Mr. Dunn moved away, he heard the small boy say:
"Miss Atherton, Bob Walters is held up—he hasn't left the house since."
"That will do for the present," said Irene. "Come back again in an hour, if you are not needed at home."
The small boy sped away, and Irene returned to her visitor, apologizing for her long absence. Mayberry looked at her closely. Whatever the detective had to communicate, it did not distress or alarm her. He was reassured. Dunn's tones were so familiar that he soon placed the owner of the voice. Then, when the door was closed, he speculated on Dunn's errand there. "And now," he said to himself, "I must not go without in some manner conveying to Irene the assurance that I may be able to assist and counsel her in case anything happens to her father."
When she looked at him smilingly, he did not know how to go about it. He blurted out the truth, as men often do.
"Miss Atherton—Irene—I want you to call on me—to send me word—in case anything happens."
"What do you mean?" said Irene. Her manner changed so quickly that he was angry with himself for his lack of tact.
"I know the person who called. His name is Dunn."
"He told me he was a detective."
"There is nothing you need be afraid of. I know Mr. Dunn—if I had cared to, I would have asked you to bring him in, but I do not like to meddle, or know more of other people's affairs than is absolutely necessary."
"Then you think it is nothing about my father—nothing that threatens him, or will give him trouble?"
"On the contrary, I think Mr. Dunn is inclined to be friendly."
Irene thought of the mysterious note. Would she confide in him? No! It seemed to be destroying the little romance of her life already. No! Decidedly not. She would not permit the disagreeables of life to occupy her thoughts. Disagreeable things were the wasps of daily life, because people permitted them to come uppermost. Irene Atherton kept the petty annoyances, all things that could not be helped, but must be endured, in the background.
"Then I will not fret myself over it."
"You need not. You have in me a friend at all times hereafter, Irene."
"I believe you," she said, simply.
Arthur Mayberry, at that moment would not have exchanged Irene Atherton's entire trust in him for a million dollars. All the world could not have bought the conviction he experienced—the sense of being loved for himself alone—trusted as she trusted in him.
"No matter what happens, that a woman may confide to man, you must come to me, Irene, next to your father."
"I will," answered Irene. "I think father must have met some of his friends, or he would have come back. He rarely goes away a whole evening without telling me."
Mayberry thought of Dunn, but said nothing. A thundering knock at the door surprised both.
"Another visitor," thought Mayberry, as he rose and reached for his hat.
Irene opened the door, and Mr. Gripp entered. He carried a roll in his hand, which he handed her, saying, with a smile designed to be winning, and a bend of the body indicating graciousness:
"You made a trifling mistake, Miss Atherton. You gave me the wrong parcel. I am sure it was not intentional on your part."
There was a gleam in Mr. Gripp's eyes that caused Irene to shiver. Her sensations were similar to those excited by the presence of a toad or a lizard. Why was it? Mr. Gripp's features were regular; but he came to the funeral, and was a pall-bearer, and called afterward. If he had ever been a true friend of his husband's he would never have insulted his widow.
The chief looked at her flaming cheeks and blazing eyes, and made his own application.
"He began talking marriage, and when I allowed him to pay my husband's funeral expenses, and I thought some of my neighbors were looking curiously at me, I went straight to Mr. Gripp to have it out with him. And we did. I say he is a sham, a deceitful wretch, a hypocrite."
"I agree with you."
"When I told him never, never to speak to me again, he laughed and shook the receipt for my husband's funeral expenses in my face. I've paid every cent of it back to him. I can show his receipts for the money."
"Let me have them. I'd like to compare the handwriting."

Mr. Gripp ventured a profound observation on the weather. Mr. Mayberry's years and habits of observation did not, apparently, justify either a denial or endorsement of Mr. Gripp's views. He walked to the door, bowed politely to Irene, and withdrew.
And now Mr. Gripp, if possible, felt more uncomfortable than when Mr. Mayberry was present. He strove to be agreeable, but there was a something in his expression that rendered it very difficult for Irene to maintain even a desultory conversation with him. She was relieved when another knock came on the door, and she found Jack Jones standing there.
In answer to a sweeping gesture of Jack's hand, as if he would wave her away with him, Irene asked:
"What is it, Mr. Jones?"
"Come away with me, miss. We've no time to lose."
"Has anything happened father?"
"Nothing you need fret over. But you must go along."
Irene stepped into the parlor and addressed Mr. Gripp.
"Mr. Gripp, you must excuse me. I am called away."
Gripp rose. He looked anything but pleased.
"I must see your father early to-morrow, Miss Atherton."
Mr. Gripp reflected, then said he would call early in the morning, and went out. As he passed out he scowled. Was Atherton juggling with him? If he dared! Gripp clenched his hand as he walked along.
"That's a pleasant body," said Jack Jones as Irene rejoined him and locked the door.
"Where are we going, Mr. Jones?"
"To the Mayor's office."
"To the Mayor's office! What has happened father, Mr. Jones—you are keeping something back."
"Well, it's all a mistake—everybody knows it—but he's held on a serious charge."
"What is it—don't you see I am in suspense?"
"Well, then, Dan Atherton is up for murder."
She did not cry out or faint; she did not make any of the display he expected; she looked at her companion as though she doubted his sanity.
"Why, what an absurd—what a ridiculous charge to bring against my father!"
"Aye—just what I say, girl—come on, and we'll soon straighten things up."

CHAPTER XXI.
When Martha Cole made her way to the police headquarters, and inquired for the chief of police, that officer presented himself and inquired the nature of her business.
"That's for you to tell after I've told my errand. Do you know Mr. Gripp?"
"Gripp—Gripp?" said the chief. "I think I do know who you mean. Who are you?"
"My name's Cole."
"The chief started."
"Well, what's your business?"
"To protect my boy. He is at the age when boys are easily led astray. I want to make a bargain with you. I'll give you a hint that may be of service to you, if you'll promise sacredly to help my boy if ever he gets into trouble. I only ask you to overlook the first—mind you—the first offense."
"What's your boy's name?"
"Bob Walters. I was married twice. My first husband, Bob's father, might be living to-day if the world had pardoned his first offense. He did what wasn't right—did it to help a friend, and when it was found out—and nobody ever got at the bottom of the business—he went to the bad—died."
"I knew your husband, Mrs. Cole," said the chief, in an altered tone. "He was as honest a man as ever I knew, and was my friend when I had none. I'll promise to help his boy—on my honor, Mrs. Cole."
"Now we understand each other. I'll tell you just how it is. Bob's been going errands for Mr. Gripp. Gripp's had something on hand he wanted kept quiet, and he's bound Bob up so the boy's afraid. I left him in the house half an hour ago, afraid to come out."
"What is Gripp up to?"
"I don't know where Bob's been for him. I know he was in Allegheny, and more than once, to number — street."
The chief pricked up his ears at that.
"How did you learn this?"
"By leading him, when he wasn't suspecting my motive, to talk about his comrades in Allegheny."
"What else?"
"Why—my name's Cole, you see."
She blushed faintly. Mrs. Cole was coming to a page in her life that she did not like to recall.
"Well?"
"And her name, they said, was Cole, too. And they said it was Knox. I think—I'm pretty sure—they've mixed me with the Knox woman."
"You!"
"It was this way: About six years ago Mr. Gripp did what people called a good turn for my last husband—Cole. I don't believe it. I believe he is a human demon!"
"They do tell some queer stories now about Gripp," said the chief.
"I've thought all along, if the truth was known, he was my husband's enemy. But he came to the funeral, and was a pall-bearer, and called afterward. If he had ever been a true friend of my husband's he would never have insulted his widow."
The chief looked at her flaming cheeks and blazing eyes, and made his own application.
"He began talking marriage, and when I allowed him to pay my husband's funeral expenses in my face. I've paid every cent of it back to him. I can show his receipts for the money."
"Let me have them. I'd like to compare the handwriting."

"I'll send them by Bob. But not a soul but you knows I paid the money back. To this day he has the credit of burying my husband."
"Nice man, Gripp!"
"Then I moved away—down the lower part of the town; his Mrs. Cole lived on the hill."
"Pity you didn't poison him."
"I have worked, ever since by husband died, cleaning houses and taking in washing. Look at my hands—at my nails."
"I don't need to, Mrs. Cole. And just here let me say women who dress as you dress, with hands like yours, don't need any indorsement for honesty."
"We don't. Well, it was a poor creature—a heartbroken looking, soft-faced-looking thing who called herself Mrs. Cole. And the last I heard of her, she was in Cincinnati. He sent her away. Why, I never found out. Then I once met her—face to face, mind you—on Fifth avenue, in front of the postoffice. She looked frightened; she hurried on, and although I was so angry with her I wished her dead, when I met her, and saw death in the woman's face I was shocked. I'll never wish anybody evil again. I met her once again, and somebody was calling her Mrs. Knox."
"You are sure of that?"
The chief's eyes sparkled now with interest.
"Quite. I'm not likely to make a mistake of that sort."
"Well, about your boy."
"Why, this demon has been giving him half a dollar and a dollar at a time to stay at his office and go errands for him. He never does anything at the office, because he stays outside. The door's locked, and the pay is for the errands and to keep Bob's mouth shut."
"Mrs. Cole you would make a detective."

"I've had a bitter schooling; I'd been in my grave if I'd not learned a little about people and their mean ways. I want you to find what Bob's been doing for Gripp, and to warn him to keep away from policy shops, or whatever they are, and then we will be all right. You've got all I know about Mrs. Knox. It's for you to find out if Mr. Gripp has brought her back, or knows anything about her of late."
"That's my affair now, and if I do you'll be remembered. I'll remember you, Mrs. Cole, anyhow. I owe it to you, on Walters' account. Where do you live?"
"I don't live, as people say. You'll find me on Ferry street, number —."
The chief made a memorandum, and Mrs. Cole left his office.

CHAPTER XXII.
When the chief was alone he called in his assistant.
"Where's Berry and Buck? Tell them I want them immediately."
Presently two men entered the chief's office. He looked at them sharply.
"I've a job for you—a job that will require some nice work. I want you to work on the woman Cole's case."
"Why, they've got Atherton by this time."
"Never mind Atherton. He has no more to do with it than you or I have. I've been doing for a blind. Go down to Ferry street; here is the number. Find out all a Bob Walters can tell you; then go over to Allegheny, and see what you can pick up at number — street, and report to me as early as possible. Inside of two hours at farthest, because we must move mighty quick now."
The officers went out at once. When the chief was alone he paced the floor of his office like a man who had done a good day's work, and was very much pleased with himself.
The officers repaired at once to Mrs. Cole's. To say that Bob Walters was very much frightened, and was inclined to confess all he knew of Mr. Gripp and his habits, is unnecessary. Bob was sure his sins had found him out. He had played policy without profit, had a dread of number — street, Allegheny, ever since the murder was discovered in the house, and had a horror of being summoned before a court as a witness.
From Mrs. Cole's the officers went to the house now made infamous by the discovery of a murder and reckless living in it. They remained there long enough to verify certain points the boy had unwittingly given them, and then hastened back to their chief. When they had reported the result of their labors the chief proceeded to give them their instructions. These were of such a nature as to make the officers move about quickly. Evidently something of more than usual moment was at hand.
(To be continued.)

The Idle and the Sporting Rich.
Saratoga and Newport have become measures of American fatness—one of dull world-weary wealth, the other of the restless aimlessness of riches which finds an outlet in racing and gaming. But the real moral now is wide. The great American people hardly know either Newport or Saratoga, nor do they give a moment's heed to either. The idle rich and the sporting class are mere incidents of our era of great material development. Neither sets the fashion in conduct, in expenditure, nor even in dress. They are unimportant. They do little harm except to themselves. And we have the further advantage that the idle rich and the sporting class are in the summer segregated from the rest of the population. While the palatial cottages at Newport and the hotels at Saratoga were sheltering a few thousand persons, the mountains and the seashore and the lakes of our vast area were giving healthful rest to well-balanced, hopeful, productive millions, whose life is not disturbed by extravagant balls or grotesque dinners, nor by great winnings (and equally great losses) at the "clubs" or on the race tracks.—World's Work.

Components of Dust.
A physician of Monte Carlo, Dr. Guglielminetti, in a recent report notes that dust consists not only of tiny bits of sand and soil, but also of living organisms, chiefly germs, and of dead organic matter, both animal and vegetable.
Women can't drive nails, but when it comes to driving bargains she has the sterner sex beat a block.
It doesn't matter if a woman isn't pretty if she doesn't know she is ugly.

TO WORKING GIRLS

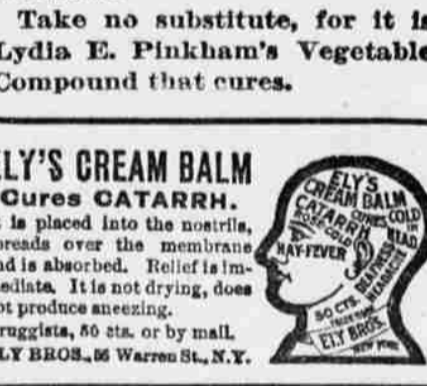


FREE MEDICAL ADVICE
Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.
"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—Miss JANE PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City. — \$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cures CATARRH.
It is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Druggists, 50 cts. or by mail. ELY BROS., 16 Warren St., N.Y.



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Throwing Out the Lotions.
An Athol woman says her husband is miserly. Did she ever try deep breathing for it? It will cure everything.—Athol Globe.
The Italian parliament is considering a proposal to grant a pension of 500 a year to the four granddaughters of Gen. Garibaldi.
"Git out! I won't help you ergin I don't believe you've done a thing all winter."
"You wrong me, sir. I've just done ninety days."

ABOVE ALL OTHERS DON'T GET WET
TOWERS FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

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The only charge being \$10 for entry. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, as well as the certificate of reduced rates, calling on the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to W. Bennett, 601 New York Life Bldg., Omaha Neb., and authorized Canadian Government Agent.

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Upwards of 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the last 10 years. They are contented, happy and prosperous. The climate is pure and healthful. Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. Best Growing Lands on the Continent. Manufactured climate, plenty of water and fuel. Good schools. Excellent churches and splendid railway facilities.

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