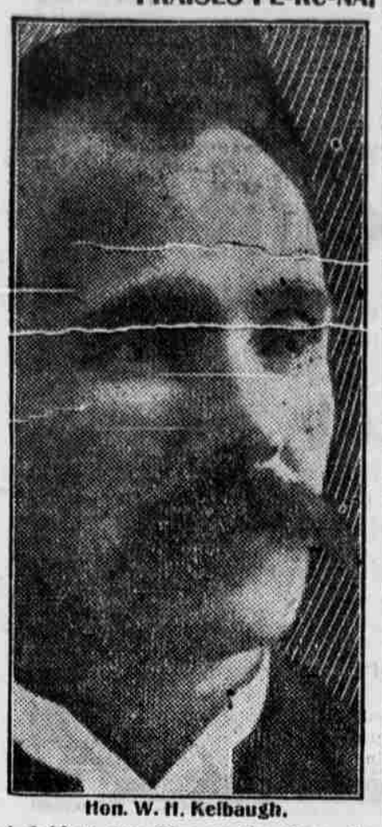
HON. W. H. KELBAUGH OF WEST VIRGINIA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Hon. W. H. Kelbaugh.

A Cold at Any Time of the Year, Especially in Hot Weather, is Very Depressing to the System. Pe-ru-na is an Unequaled Tonic For Such Cases. Read What People Say About It.

Hon. W. H. Kelbaugh, Ex-Member W. Va. Legislature, 204 9th street, N. E,, Washington, D. C., writes:

"You can use my name and word at all times for Peruna as a medicine and tonic unequaled. I have tried it for a stubborn cold and badly run down system. I tried all sorts of other medicines and paid several expensive doctor bills. Peruna cured me, strengthened me more than ever, and saved me money."

Mrs. Clara Litterst, Seafield, Ind., says: "Last fall I took a severe cold. I took Peruna, began to improve and kept on so until I was able to do my work."

New York's Diamond Cross.

New York city has the largest diamond cross in the world, though it is not recognized as such. Its main line runs along Maiden lane, with its foot resting on Broadway and its arms extending north and south along Nassau street. Here there are 480 men in the diamond business and there are more of the gems there than in the same space in any other city.

SAITH THE OWL.

In the comic opera of life the chorus girls are cooks.

One good thing about rainbow gold is that we can't squander it on bargains.

Many a fond young writer's hopes come home coffined in long white envelopes.

The only jewels that man should not be ashamed to wear are the beads of honest toil.

Go abroad and Godspeed you, my friends. But forget the sights you see before you see me again.

A modern financier is a youth of today who can marry and make his father-in-law take care of them both.

Consider the ways of the popular chaperon. She hath ears that hear not and eyes that obsolutely refuse to behold anything.

CURIOS AND ODDITIES.

Only one woman in 100 insures her life.

Ellen Terry is passionately fond of cats.

Sarah Bernhardt has a huge bed 15 feet long.

Patti sleeps with a silk scarf about her neck.

Brides in Australia are pelted with rose leaves.

In stature Eskimo women are the shortest on earth.

No photographs are ever taken of women in China.

A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of 30.

In Africa wives are sold for two packets of hairpins.

New York has 27,000 women who support their husbands.

Drunkenness is rare, smoking common among Japanese women.

"NO TROUBLE"

To Change from Coffee to Postum.

"Postum has done a world of good for me," writes an Ills. man.

"I've had indigestion nearly all my life but never dreamed coffee was the cause of my trouble until last Spring I got so bad I was in misery all the time.

"A coffee drinker for 30 years, it irritated my stomach and nerves, yet I was just crazy for it. After drinking it with my meals, I would leave the table, go out and lose my meal and the coffee too. Then I'd be as hungry as ever.

"A friend advised me to quit coffee and use Postum—said it cured him. Since taking his advice I retain my food and get all the good out of it, and don't have those awful hungry spells.

"I changed from coffee to Postum without any trouble whatever, felt better from the first day I drank it. I am well now and give the credit to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

WHITE HORSE.

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE.

The construction department of the Superior & Western railroad had decided to sink a spur deep into the body of the woods and connect Archer with Turtle Junction. Dunham, the gray old timber fox that had charge of that bureau, sent for the representatives of the Badger Lumber company, and of Findlay & Brother. Cardiff and Findlay, the representatives, came the next morning to Dunham's office.

"Now, boys," he said as the rivals glowered at each other through the smoke fog, "seeing that we are all here together we might as well drop sentiment and have a little medicine talk. The S. & W. wants those ties at bedrock price, and it wants them as soon as man can deliver them. What are your figures, Cardiff?"

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Cardiff, as he thieved a quick glance at his rival from across the Manitowish.

"And yours, John?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"Then I'll call it twenty-five thousand, too," responded Cardiff, promptly. Externally Dunham remained cool, but internally he was aglow with a warm, glad smile.

"Well, I guess the price is near enough right, boys, if we can only get together on the question of delivery. Of course, it is understood that time is the essence of this contract. When can you deliver those ties in our yards at Archer, Mr. Cardiff?"

The black brows of the Badger representative contracted as he gazed deep into the silent woods. "Between April 1st and 10th, depending on how soon the break-up comes." Findlay sat looking at them in grim silence, and Dunham, after giving him plenty of time in which to make a bid, husked a dry cough from his voice and went on thoughtfully:

"Pretty late, but I don't suppose I can ask you to deliver them by airship at those figures. Our minds have met as to the price, and, of course, which one of you gets the contract makes no difference to me. But inasmuch as Mr. Cardiff spoke first and Mr. Findlay can't better the bid I suppose I might as well let Cardiff—"

"Hold on," broke in Findlay as his jaw suddenly thrust itself out. "If I give you a $50,000 bond that I will deliver those ties at Archer, March 1st, 30 days before Mr. Cardiff's date, do I get that contract?"

Dunham glanced at Cardiff, and Cardiff, staring stupidly at his rival, said nothing at all. So, presently, Dunham answered "yes," and at that word Findlay arose.

So, with that the incident ended, and John Findlay strode away, as many another victor has done, his heart thumping triumphantly and his brain sick with fear.

Long and bitter had been the fight that he and his half invalid brother Joe had waged in those cold north woods, and to lose out now spelled ruin just as their star of hope was rising brightly above the horizon.

"Of course, there is only one way to carry out that contract, Joe," said John, "and that is to build an ice road from Camp 3 to Archer. When I fixed the date with Dunham I thought you and I could figure out a route through this swamp and ridge country, but it seems that we can't make good. And there is only one man I know who can and he is James Livingston Flint, 'White Horse,' we used to call him—and, of course, as our luck would have it, he is way up in Alaska country somewhere. But I'm going after him. I'll be back before the first of December and I'll bring him with me, alive if possible, but anyway I'll bring him. I'd rather have Flint dead than any other man in the pineries alive."

So that night John Findlay packed his grip and departed for the white land. It was way out Seminow way that Findlay found his man.

White Horse built the road in a little less than three weeks, but he only slept on an average of four hours a night while he did it. As for the men who worked under him during that frenzied period, they cursed him without intermission while the work was going on, and are still bragging about having had hand and foot in it.

Of course it seems incredible, but it is astonishing how much 70 hard-driven men and 20 good teams can do in three weeks when they work 18 hours a day. The road was finished on the 24th of December, and it was a good thing to look at.

Christmas morning came clear and bitterly cold. Heavy feet crunched the brittle snow without the cook shop of Camp 3, and at the first sound White Horse thrust a heavy, automatic pistol into his pocket and then leaned indolently against the logs with his hands buried deeply in his pocket.

The next instant the door was burst open and in lurched a body of woodsmen who, crowding into the corners of the cabin, left the center of the floor empty, while Lebeau, who led them, stepped forward and spoke:

"Bah, you man from Chill Cat. Like a dog you work us in ze cold to make ze cursed ice road Like a loup garou you drive us and swing your cant-hook when ze moon shine. Come, you, every man, follow along with me, Joe Lebeau, and I will show you joy. We will drink, we will dance, we will make ridicule. Come with Joe Lebeau."

Out into the open air he swaggered, his band behind him, and White Horse heard them go roaring down the ice road with nearly the whole camp en train. And as the last yell died away the forehead of the walking boss wrinkled like a pool into which a pebble is tossed and tense lines bound his lips closely together. For he well knew that once fairly started on a big drunk his crew would scatter from the Soo to Sturgeon bay, and every day's time was priceless to him now with the driving work that lay before him. The crisis had come, and White Horse, arising, walked to the window and stood moodily staring into the silent woods.

Within the log saloon six miles down the road the noise of the revelry arose in ever increasing volume.

The door of the shack suddenly opened and the tall form of White Horse towered before them. Calmly, but with each word forceful as a bullet, White Horse spoke.

"This thing is going to stop. I've got to have you in the woods to-morrow and you must get back to camp while you are able to walk. I've been a patient man to-day, but I've reached my limit. Now clean out of here before I clean you."

Sullenly they turned upon him, shifting on their feet and glancing at each other uneasily. And, seeing their doggedness, an ominous glitter

HELD A FLAMING MATCH ABOVE IT.

suddenly came into the gray orbs of the boss, and roughly he shouldered his way to the back of the shack and drew a small cylinder from his pocket.

"Dynamite cartridge with a two-minute tail," he said as he sat it upon the wood box and held a flaming match above it. "You want to dance and fight some more do you. Well, unless you hike out of here you'll all be doing a quick-step to-night for the devil."

No man knew just how far White Horse would go in the enforcement of an order, and now none waited to see. Struggling, cursing, roaring they fought their way out of the door and went swarming down the track, while the boss, extinguishing the fuse, stepped out on to the trampled snow and threw his cartridge deep into the woods. Far down the track the runaways were staggering into the distance, wrangling and howling insanely.

The afternoon sun sank until it seemed to rest on the tops of the western forest like a broad gold piece poised delicately. And the walking boss, arising from a log beside his cutter where he had sat for an hour following the rout, climbed up to the seat. Back along the rough woods trail he went until the gleaming ice road lay before him, then turned upon it.

As his half-galloping ponies swung around a bend of the forest road, they suddenly arose upon their hind legs with wild pawings at the air. Less than a dozen yards in front of them and lying flat upon his back on the ice, was the first of the fallen that White Horse had feared would litter the homeward route.

The legs of the lumber-jack kicked spasmodically and White Horse, shortening his reins, leaped to the ice. "Can't leave you here to freeze up solid," he grunted as he dumped the limp form headlong into the sleigh box behind. "But I'll make you pay for this ride to-morrow."

At the next turn of the road the first oath that had escaped his lips that day burst from him explosively. Fairly in front of him, locked in each other's arms as they had gone to sleep fighting, were Jimmp Hard Boots and Ole Sawlog. Along the next hundred yards four more men were strewn like skirmishers fallen in battle.

One by one the walking boss laboriously raised them and piled them upon each other in the box, wedging the last man firmly between the dashboard and the seat.

The moon sailed high and the black shadows of the forest lay heavily upon the clearings. White Horse, hurrying back from Camp 2, where he had been summoned to quell an incipient riot, drew a deep breath as he threw open the door of the cook shop.

"They are sleeping all right now. They'll be in fair shape to break their backs again to-morrow, and most likely they won't lick up another drop of firewater until after the drive in the spring. Poor devils! There isn't much pleasure in this world for them—not much—not much."

And this is how White Horse delivered an impossible contract for Findlay Brothers on time to the dot, with scarce an hour to spare between success and a $50,000 loss.

(Copyright, 1906 by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Dear Girls.

Eva—You were playing whist with Jack? Were you playing for money?

Edna—No, for kisses.

"Ah, how I admire a cheerful loser!"

WHAT JOY THEY BRING TO EVERY HOME

as with joyous hearts and smiling faces they romp and play—when in health—and how conducive to health the games in which they indulge, the outdoor life they enjoy, the cleanly, regular habits they should be taught to form and the wholesome diet of which they should partake. How tenderly their health should be preserved, not by constant medication, but by careful avoidance of every medicine of an injurious or objectionable nature, and if at any time a remedial agent is required, to assist nature, only those of known excellence should be used; remedies which are pure and wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, like the pleasant laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. Syrup of Figs has come into general favor in many millions of well informed families, whose estimate of its quality and excellence is based upon personal knowledge and use.

Syrup of Figs has also met with the approval of physicians generally, because they know it is wholesome, simple and gentle in its action. We inform all reputable physicians as to the medicinal principles of Syrup of Figs, obtained, by an original method, from certain plants known to them to act most beneficially and presented in an agreeable syrup in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to promote the pleasant taste; therefore it is not a secret remedy and hence we are free to refer to all well informed physicians, who do not approve of patent medicines and never favor indiscriminate self-medication.

Please to remember and teach your children also that the genuine Syrup of Figs always has the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package and that it is for sale in bottles of one size only. If any dealer offers any other than the regular Fifty cent size, or having printed thereon the name of any other company, do not accept it. If you fail to get the genuine you will not get its beneficial effects. Every family should always have a bottle on hand, as it is equally beneficial for the parents and the children, whenever a laxative remedy is required.

60 Bus. Winter Wheat Per Acre That's the yield of Salzer's Red Cross Hybrid Winter Wheat. Send 2c in stamps for free sample of same, as also catalogue of Winter Wheats, Rye, Barley, Clovers, Timothy, Grasses, Bulbs, Trees, etc. for fall planting. **SALZER SEED CO.**, Box W. S. La Crosse, Wis.

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OKLAHOMA and Indian Territory Lands Unequaled opportunities for homeseekers and investors. Send for price list and maps. A. J. WALDOCK & Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home—in dining-room, sleeping-room and places where flies are troublesome. Clean, neat, will not soil or injure anything. Try them once, you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 25c. Harold Somers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 32, 1906.

Shirt Bosoms, Collars and Cuffs

LAUNDERED WITH

Defiance Starch

never crack nor become brittle. They last twice as long as those laundered with other starches and give the wearer much better satisfaction. If you want your husband, brother or son to look dressy, to feel comfortable and to be thoroughly happy use DEFIANCE STARCH in the laundry. It is sold by all good grocers at 10c a package—16 ounces. Inferior starches sell at the same price per package but contain only 12 ounces. Note the difference. Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH. Insist on getting it and you will never use any other brand.

Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.

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It is best for all who are troubled with disorders of digestion to adopt a simple, nutritious diet, ignoring those foods which induce irritable conditions, and strictly adhering to the policy of moderation.

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD

can be regularly eaten by persons with the most dyspeptic and rebellious stomachs. It is made from the whole grain of the wheat containing no indigestible matter;—regulates the bowels.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat

Can be served hot. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes; or cook in boiling milk to a mush.

10c a package. As much nourishment as 3 loaves of bread. For Sale by Grocers. *My Signature on every package* Dr. V. C. Price 86

Dr. Price, the famous food expert, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, Delicious Flavoring Extracts, Ice Cream Sugar and Jelly Desserts, has never been compelled, notwithstanding strenuous Food laws, to change any of his products. They have always conformed to their requirements. This is an absolute guarantee of their quality and purity.

WEIGHING THE BABY

Physicians, Pharmacists, and Nurses endorse Cuticura Soap because of its delicate, medicinal, emollient, sanative, and antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap is priceless. Absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c., Ointment, 50c., Resolvent, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60), may be had of all druggists. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair"

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Absolutely Reliable Always

Remington Standard Typewriter

1619 FARNAM ST. - OMAHA, NEB.

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

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