LEWIS' "SINGLE BINDER."

A hand-made cigar fresh from the table, wrapped in foil, thus keeping fresh until smoked. A fresh cigar made of good tobacco is the ideal smoke. The old, well cured tobaccos used are so rich in quality that many who formerly smoked 10c cigars now smoke Lewis' Single Binder Straight 5c. Lewis' Single Binder costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use extra quality tobacco. There are many imitations; don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want a Lewis "Single Binder."

Cheating the Law.

Man on Shore—I'm going ter have you arrested when you come outer that!

"Te—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide!" (Sinks with a bubbling grin.)—Life.

The average man is always paid average wages.

For Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises.

It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. L. ROLAND, Bishop of Scranton, Pa. says:—"On the 7th of this present month, as I was leaving the building at noon for lunch, I slipped and fell, spraining my wrist. I returned in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I could not hold a pencil in my hand. I returned home later and purchased a bottle of

Sloan's Liniment

and used it five or six times before I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."

Sloan's Liniment is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

25c., 50c. and $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

GENUINE must bear signature:

Brent Good

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 924

For Asthma, Bronchitis and all Throat Troubles Take

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

The relief is as quick as it is certain. Pleasant to take and guaranteed absolutely free from opiates.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

HIS VALENTINE

By CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE

SHE was very pretty—there was no doubt whatever about that; and Harold Vane, who liked to look at pretty things of all kinds, especially women, lingered in the shadow of the hallway and watched pretty Maud Ethlyn as she sat at the old-fashioned fireplace, one dainty foot resting on the brass andiron, and her curl-crowned head bent low as with a tiny gold pencil she wrote something on a sheet of note paper which reposed, woman-fashion, in her lap.

Presently the writing ceased, and the fair writer, thinking herself alone, proceeded, in a way she had, to talk to her own charming self; and Harold, the man who listened, excused himself on the plea that what she was saying could be no secret, or she would not utter it aloud, even though supposing herself to be alone. And this is what he heard:

"Yes, Cupid, I have written a valentine to the one who is destined by you to be my fate; for, according to maidens' belief, only he, my own true lover, can find it and answer it; hence, should an answer come, it will be absolute proof to me that the writer of it is my future lord and master."

And she made a little curtsey before the long pier glass; and, snatching a soft wool shawl from the sofa, she wound it about her head and shoulders and, the valentine in her hand, went out on to the porch and ran down the garden path, Harold from the hall window discreetly watching her as she went lightly down past the old moss-grown well to the somewhat bleak and deserted summer

Made a Little Curtsey.

house, where he saw her slip the valentine under a loose stone at the sill; and then, for reasons of his own, not wishing to be discovered by the fair writer of the valentine, he swiftly left the house by another path, making a circuit which in a few moments brought him also to the summer house, where he deftly abstracted the valentine, not pausing, however, to read it until safely within his own bachelor quarters; but, having reached them, he could no longer brook delay and, with hat and overcoat still on, he drew from his pocket the tiny sheet of note paper and read, in Maud's graceful chirography, the following:

Good saint, on earth somewhere, they tell me,
Is waiting a Valentine,
Brave and tender and loyal alway,
And destined some day to be mine.
Can you not find him, and tell him duly
Another heart tender and true
As a Valentine somewhere is waiting for him,
And to find her let him ask you.

Early the next morning Maud visited the summer house and, while not really expecting to find her valentine gone, she did hope that it might be, so eagerly raised the stone at the mill and gave a little shriek of girlish delight at finding her hope realized.

Yes, her valentine was unmistakably gone. But who could have taken it? And, whoever, it was, it was quite shabby of him not to have answered it. Could it have been that teasing boy cousin of hers? If so, she would never hear the last of it. But no—Jim would never have put the stone back properly.

Maud was becoming a good detective, at least in affairs of love.

But who could it have been? She felt certain that no one had seen her deposit her valentine there under the stone; hence it being gone would argue that Fate had indeed been at work in her behalf. But who was the man?

And Maud dropped down on the rustic seat, albeit not a romantic spot in winter, to meditate and arrive at some conclusion undisturbed.

She really did hope that it was not the young clergyman; for she was not at all up in theology and was quite too undignified for a clergyman's wife.

"And the young doctor would not do, nice as he is," she said, emphatically, "for I never could be sweet and amiable enough to share him with all the other women in the town."

She paused a moment and then continued:

"Ralph is a bright young lawyer, but so metaphysical; and, while I can occasionally assume an interest in metaphysics, that mental diet daily would be very wearing. But don't you think, Miss Maud," she continued gayly to herself, "that you are presuming a great deal in taking it for granted that any one of these gentlemen wishes to be your valentine? Oh, no! I do not flatter myself. But the eligible young men in town are so few that I must mention them all to find somebody, so I might as well refer to the others. Reginald comes next, and he does waltz divinely; but waltzing is not very profitable, and I fear it is poor Reggie's strongest point. Tom is intellectual; but he has such a dreadful temper that I should feel all the time as though I were living with dynamite. Joe is a tyrant, and he is so insanely jealous. Now, I love to have my own way, or think I do; and, if a man were determined to be jealous anyway, I am afraid I might be tempted to tease him a little, so that combination would not do at all. Only two are left—Jack and Harold; and Jack is a dear good boy, but not at all commanding." (She had forgotten that she discarded Joe because he was.) "And last, but not least, there is Harold."

But what she thought of him the little lady did not say.

That evening, as she again sat at the old fireplace, feeling, it must be confessed, somewhat disappointed at the non-arrival of her valentine, a white missive, evidently tossed in through the open hall window, fell at her feet. But no one was in sight, and, full of eager expectation, Maud opened the sealed missive.

"Oh, how romantic! how delicious!" she exclaimed, as, with beating heart and dancing eyes, she read:

O, sweetheart mine! I have no gift to offer,
So priceless as thou art!
I only come, a lover true and tender,
And bring to you my heart.

Then, as she turned her head, the door behind her opened softly, and somebody took her in his arms, and somebody's kisses silenced the protests of her lips.

A little struggle—a woman's last pretense of battle before the surrender she is happy in making—and then Maud, with all the tender love of her heart shining in her glorious eyes, whispered, softly—

"O Harold! I am so glad it was you!"

As Described by Pepys.

Old Pepys' diary records almost yearly allusions to St. Valentine's day. Pepys tells us that February 14, 1661, he took Mrs. Marta, the wife of his friend Sir W. Bratten, for his valentine, adding, in parenthesis, that he did it only for complacency. And Sir W. Bratten in like manner took Mrs. Pepys for his valentine, "and so we were very merry." February 18 Pepys squandered 40 shillings on Lady Bratten upon a payre of embroidered and six payre of plain white gloves." February 21 Sir W. Bratten sent Mrs. Pepys "half a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentine."

On Valentine Morning.

In some English villages even yet the custom of "valentining" is observed. The children gather early in the morning and go from house to house singing some chorus like

Good-morrow to you, Valentine,
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind,
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

The children are rewarded with little notions, pennies or candles tossed to them from the windows.

Substantial Valentines.

In olden days valentines were pretty gifts to some friend chosen for the day. The lady valentines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were honored not by anonymous verse, but by substantial gifts.

THE LION IN LOVE.

LOVE IN THE LION.

OVERDID THE TRICK

WOMAN'S VENTURE WITH MAGIC MOST UNFORTUNATE.

Good Story from Which Labor Leader Draws the Moral That Too Much of Anything Must Be Bad.

Max Morris, the head of the Clerks' International Protective association, deplored in his Denver office, apropos of Labor day, the long hours of too many clerks.

"Too much work," said Mr. Morris, "is as harmful as too much play. Too much of the finest and best things is harmful. You've heard of the spring in the Vale of Avoca?

"Well, old Michael O'Houlahan was walking in the Vale of Avoca one hot afternoon and he came to a spring. It was crystal pure. The sand it bubbled out of was as white as snow. Rainbow mists hung over it in the sunshine.

"Old Michael knelt down and took a drink, and then, feeling remarkably refreshed, he turned homeward. Though he didn't know it, the spring in the Vale of Avoca was the real Fountain of Youth, and it had lifted 30 years from his bent shoulders and he was an out-stepping handsome lad again. So, of course, when he got in the house his wife dodn't know him. He looked in the glass at himself, cut a caper, and then he said:

"'Shure, Kathleen, 'twas the blessed spring I drunk from in the Vale of Avoca. Glory be, it's made me young again. Run, darlint, run for yer life. Ye can't miss it for the rainbow mists that float above it. It'll take your fat away, and yer lameness, and when ye come back you'll be the Kathleen I knowed back in the siventies.'

"So Kathleen ran, and Michael lit his pipe and waited for her. But she didn't come back. He waited and waited. Then, on towards dusk, he hurried to the vale.

"No Kathleen did he see anywhere, but the wail of a babe's voice weeping brought him through the dark to the spring, and sitting there on the grass was a little girl baby crying as if her heart would break.

"'What's happened ye, acushla?' says Michael.

"'Don't ye know me?' says the child, wringing her hands.

"'Faith I do not,' says Michael. 'Who are ye?'

"'I'm yer wife,' sobs the baby.

"'My wife!' cries Michael.

"'Yes,' says the baby. 'I'm afther drinkin' too much o' the wather.'"

Where He Drew the Line.

In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill. Miss Underhill had been overturned in a creek with a swift current, and the act of young Watson was a very heroic one. He had saved the life of the girl after she was sinking for the third time, and he had barely strength to pull himself and the young woman to shallow water.

The news soon spread and Ben Watson was hailed as the real, live hero of the village.

Aunt Tabby Wilson, the oldest woman in the village, mother of the little colony, was loud in praise of the heroism of the young man and at once declared that Ben and Myra must get married. "Ben saved Myra's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do it in the story books."

But Ben demurred. The arrangement did not suit him.

"Why not marry Myry, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours, and we must have a wedding."

"She's a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we oughter marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myry."—Harper's.

An Error in Noses.

"So Bernard Shaw is not coming to America, eh? He says we are two hundred years behind the times, so he could learn nothing from us. Well, well!"

The speaker, a dramatic critic of Washington, laughed heartily.

"Shaw," he said, "is amazing. He always does the original thing. I went to see 'Caesar and Cleopatra' with him once, and as we stood in the aisle—the house was crowded—a stranger behind us persisted in poking his head right over Shaw's shoulder.

"Shaw then did the original thing. Taking out his handkerchief he wiped the man's nose, patting and twisting it pretty vigorously.

"The man, with an ugly oath, jerked back his head.

"'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Shaw. 'I thought it was mine, you know.'"

Like Them as They Are.

It is a funny thing that most people at times are filled with a strong conviction that the rest of the world are all wrong, and that they alone are right.

Most of us are apt to be hard on people who do not do just what we think they ought to, forgetting that every person is born different, grows up different, and probably remains different all through life.

It is easy to criticise, but we must not forget that to other people we may be making almost as great a mess—in a different way, perhaps—of our own lives.

So, instead of talking over other people's strayings from the path and expecting them to do impossibilities, it would surely be better to try to appreciate our friends as they are and believe the righteousness of their motives, however things may go awry.—Home Chat.

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

Paradoxical.

"It is a wonder that a hot-headed man is generally thought to be one of mettle.

"Why a wonder?"

"Because metal is usually well tempered."

Many a girl never suspects a young man's intentions until he asks her if she can cook.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

WHEN YOUR JOINTS ARE STIFF and muscles sore from cold, rheumatism or neuralgia; when you slip, strain or bruise yourself use *Perry Davis' Painkiller*. The home remedy 70 years.

Some local celebrities are famous and some are notorious.

Nebraska Directory

A letter from Kansas says to

Uncle Sam Breakfast Food Co.

"While in Omaha my landlady fed me your food, which relieved me of CHRONIC CONSTIPATION of 20 years standing. Ship me at once 6 packages." (Signed) Arthur Hubbard, Emporia, Kansas.

It will do as much for anyone who is CONSTIPATED

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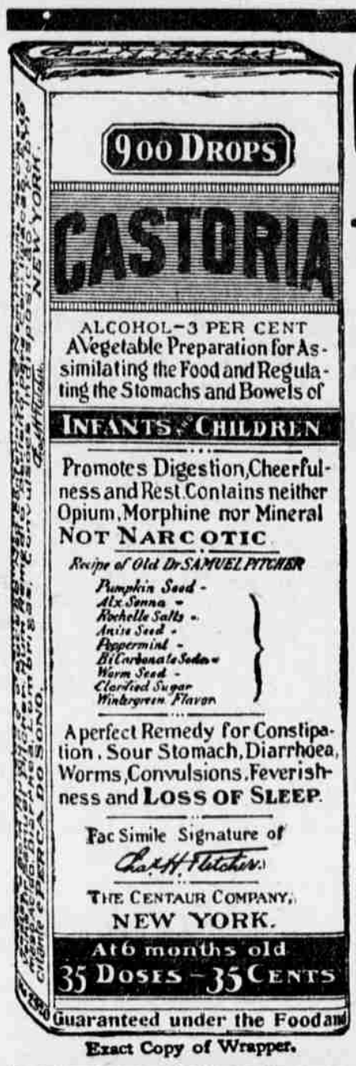

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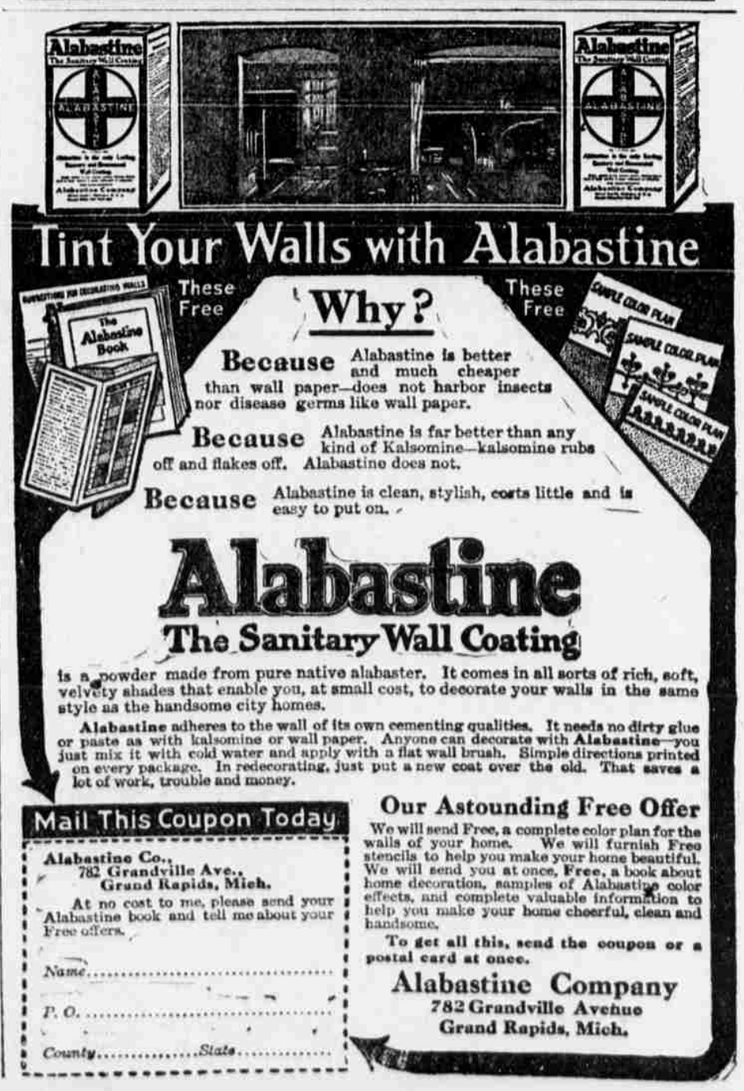
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