

**When the Liver Reprimands Us**  
 For neglect of it by inflicting upon us sick headache, by dyeing the skin yellow, coating the tongue with fur, producing vertigo, pains in the right side and scolding the breath, we are little less than lunatics if we disregard the chastisement. If we call Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to our aid, tranquility and health follow speedily, and the departure of the symptoms mentioned, departs also irregularly of the bowels, which invariably attend disorder of the liver. In malarial districts the liver is always involved, and it is a fortunate circumstance that this fine anti-bilious medicine is also the finest specific in existence for every form of malarial disease. Nor is it less efficacious for dyspepsia, failure of appetite and strength, nervousness and a rheumatic tendency. It renews the ability to sleep and greatly promotes convalescence after wasting diseases.

**How the Earth Was First Mapped Out.**  
 What these early maps were we do not know, but can from a reasonable conjecture. The earth at that time was supposed to be flat circular plain, or disk, the broadest part being from east to west, which was entirely surrounded by an ocean, or greatriver, that washed it upon all sides. In about the center of this plain Greece was supposed to be situated; the great central sea of the inhabited region was the Mediterranean. The farthest point known at the west was the Straits of Gibraltar, then called the Pillars of Hercules. The southern part comprised the North of Africa as far as the deserts; while the region north embraced the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, and an unknown hyperborean land farther to the north, with the Euxine and Caspian seas at the northeast. The farthest eastern point known was about the western limit of India. This was what would then be contained in a map as a representation of the earth. The sun was supposed to pass under and around this flat plain, which was then the mode of accounting for the changes of day and night. The space beneath was supposed to be a great vault, called Tartarus, the abode of the spirits of the wicked among men, as the region corresponding to it above the plain was the heaven, or abode of the gods. The unknown region beyond the Pillars of Hercules was filled up with creations of the fertile imagination of the Greeks. To the northwest and north were the Cimmerians, a people living in perpetual darkness, and the Hyperboreans, a race supposed to be exempt from toil, disease, or war, who enjoyed life for a thousand years in a state of undisturbed serenity. To the west of Sicily were the enchanted Islands of Circe and Calypso, and the floating Island of Eolus. A little to the north of the Pillars of Hercules was the entrance to the infernal regions; and far out in the Western ocean, beyond the limits of the known earth, was the happy region called Elysium, a land of perpetual summer, where a gentle zephyr constantly blew, where tempests were unknown, and where the spirits of those whose lives had been approved by the gods dwelt in perpetual felicity. Here, also, were the Gardens of the Hesperides, with their golden apples guarded by the singing nymphs, who dwelt on the River Oceanus, which was in the extreme west, and the position of which was constantly shifted as geographical knowledge increased.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

**A Steamship on Lake Titicaca.**  
 A triumph in engineering is reported from the mountains of Peru, where a twin screw steamer of 540 tons, 170 feet long and 30 feet wide has been successfully launched in Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable waters in the world, more than 13,000 feet above the sea. This steamer, which belongs to the Peruvian government and is to be used for freight and passenger traffic, was built on the Clyde, then taken apart in more than 1,000 pieces and shipped to Mollendo by sea. It was then carried to Puna by railway and transported over the mountains on the backs of llamas and mules and put together by a Mr. John Wilson, a Scotch engineer, with great skill and success.—*Chicago Record.*

**Sure Fit.**  
 "What have you named your new boy?"  
 "William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit."  
 "I don't quite catch on."  
 "Why, don't you see? If he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of a young man he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill."



**KNOWLEDGE**  
 Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.  
 Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.  
 Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**WHEN MITHER'S GANE.**  
 It mak's a change in a thing roaf  
 When mither's gane.  
 The cat has less contented croon,  
 The kettle has a dowie tune,  
 There's naething has sae by the soon,  
 Sin' mither's gane.  
 The boinies gang w' ragged class,  
 Sin' mither's gane.  
 There's nae to mend their broken tae,  
 Or laugh at a their pawky ways,  
 The nights are lonser than the days,  
 When mither's gane.  
 Wha' cheers them when there's ocht amiss,  
 Sin' mither's gane.  
 Wha' tak's their part in that or this,  
 An' oot o' trouble mak's a bliss,  
 W' kindly word an' guid nicht kiss—  
 Dear mither's gane.  
 The father's there, but loosh! puir man,  
 Sin' mither's gane.  
 Although he does the best he can,  
 He hasn't sic a tender han',  
 The bottom's oot o' nature's plan,  
 When mither's gane.  
 O' lonely hoose, O' empty chair—  
 The mither's gane.  
 Yet fancy often sees her there,  
 W' a smile she used to wear,  
 Whilk brings oor heart maist to despair,  
 To think she's gane.  
 —Detroit Free Press.

**THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.**  
 BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.  
 CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.  
 They soon found themselves on the Island, and advancing reached an exposed point from which they could look down upon the foaming waters beneath. Cromwell maneuvered so as to have the boy on the side toward the water.  
 "What a grand sight!" exclaimed Robert, surveying the great fall with boyish enthusiasm.  
 He had scarcely uttered these words when he felt a violent push at the side, and felt himself impelled toward the brink of the precipice. He would infallibly have fallen if he had not seized with the desperate clutch of self-preservation the arm of James Cromwell. As it was, he hung balancing over the brink, and nearly carried the clerk with him. Cromwell saw that it must be either both or neither, and he drew Robert back to a place of safety.  
 "Good heavens! Mr. Cromwell," exclaimed the boy, his face pale with horror, "what does this mean? Did you mean to push me over?"  
 "What a question!" returned Cromwell, himself pale. "Thank heaven! I have saved you!"  
 "But you pushed me!" said the boy suspiciously. "If I hadn't clung to you, I should have fallen!" and he shuddered at the thought.  
 "Yes; it is true. I will explain. I am troubled with fits occasionally which make me rigid and convulsed. Whenever I feel one coming on I grasp convulsively at whatever is nearest me. I felt one coming on a moment ago, and that led me to seize you. But I believe my terror, for I came near going over the precipice with you, has saved me from the threatened attack."  
 "Do you often have these fits?" asked Robert.  
 "I have not had one for three months, but lately I have been apprehending one, for I have not felt as well as usual. Indeed, I have a violent headache now. I think I will go to the hotel and lie down, if you can amuse yourself for awhile."  
 "Yes, you had better do so. I can get along quite well."  
 Robert easily credited the plausible explanation which had been given, for he could not believe that Cromwell would deliberately seek his life. He did not know the powerful motive which prompted him.

**CHAPTER XII.**  
**The Veil Is Lifted.**  
 About a fortnight from the time of their departure the two travelers reached a town in Southern Indiana, which we will call Madison. They had traveled leisurely, stopping at several places on the way. Cromwell had not ventured upon a second attempt upon the life of Robert Raymond. The first failure had left on his mind an impression of fear, and he resolved that he would not again attempt open violence. If anything was to be done, it should be by more subtle and hidden ways.  
 As for Robert, his first feeling of suspicion was entirely dissipated. He accepted Cromwell's explanation in good faith, and thought little more about the matter, but gave up his time and thoughts to the new scenes into which each successive day brought him. He had not got to like Cromwell, nor was there any chance that he would, but the two did not interfere with each other, but kept by themselves so far as it could be done under the circumstances. On arriving in Madison, a town of which Cromwell had formerly known something, they went to the Madison house, as the hotel was called, and entered their names. The next morning Cromwell went around to the village drug store, kept by an old acquaintance, formerly a fellow clerk, named Leonard Grover.  
 "How do you do, Grover?" he said, as he entered the shop.  
 Grover surveyed him scrutinizingly.  
 "Don't you know me?" asked Cromwell.  
 "What! James Cromwell? How came you out here? And where have you been for some time? Sit down and tell me all about it."  
 The two took chairs, and Cromwell said as much as he chose to say.  
 "I have been employed in New York," he said, "but I got tired of that city, and came out here to see if I couldn't find an opening somewhere."  
 "You don't like New York then?"  
 "Not particularly. At any rate, I have determined to make a change."  
 "Well, that is curious."  
 "Why curious?"  
 "I mean that while you are tired of New York, I am anxious to go there."  
 "You are? Why don't you then?"  
 "Because I am tied down to this store. If I could sell out to anybody for any decent price, I would start for New York, mighty quick."

"Then I suppose you are not doing well here?"  
 "Yes, I am doing well, but I don't think my health is as good here as at the East. Besides, I have some relations in New York, and that would make it pleasant for me to be there."  
 "What would you sell out for?" asked Cromwell.  
 "Yes, I have been thinking that if I could get a shop on favorable terms, I would buy one. Tell me what is the best you can do."  
 "If you will come in to-morrow, I will do so. I must take a little inventory of my stock, so as to see how I stand."  
 "Very well. I will do so."  
 The next day James Cromwell arranged to purchase the shop, with its present stock, at fifteen hundred dollars, cash.  
 "It's worth two thousand," said the proprietor, "but I am willing to sacrifice twenty-five per cent for the sake of freeing myself. You get it dirt cheap."  
 "If I did not, I could not buy it at all," said Cromwell.  
 James Cromwell was authorized to draw upon Paul Morton for a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars, whenever he could make an arrangement to purchase a drug shop. Although he had agreed to pay fifteen hundred, he drew for the entire sum, and this draft was honored. In the course of a week all the arrangements were completed. While these arrangements were in progress, Robert Raymond was left in complete ignorance of them. He spent the day in roaming over the neighborhood, with which he had by this time become quite familiar. It had occurred to him several times to wonder why Mr. Cromwell saw fit to remain so long in a town which seemed to possess no special attractions. He once or twice put the question, but was put off with an evasive answer, and did not repeat it. But one morning as he walked through the principal street, he saw the new sign going up, and he was struck with surprise.  
 "What does it mean, I wonder?" he asked himself.  
 Just at this moment James Cromwell himself appeared at the door of the shop. His hat was off, and it was evident that he was at home here.  
 "What does that mean, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert pointing to the sign.  
 "It means that this shop is mine; I have bought it."  
 "But I thought you were only going to stay in Madison a few days? I did not know you intended to go into business here."  
 "No, I suppose not," said Cromwell coolly. "I did not know that there was any necessity of telling you all my plans."  
 "Of course not," said Robert. "I do not wish you to tell me any more than you think proper of your affairs. But I was thinking how I should go back to New York, as now you will probably be unable to accompany me."  
 "Yes, I shall be unable to accompany you," said Cromwell, "but I don't think there will be any trouble about that."  
 "I am old enough to travel alone. I think," said Robert. "I have been over the route once with you, and I think I can get along well enough."  
 "You seem to have made up your mind that you are going back to New York?" said Cromwell, with a slight sneer.  
 "Of course. My guardian told me that I was to go on a short journey, and would return to my old school again."  
 "He did not tell me that," said his companion.  
 "What did he tell you, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert, beginning to feel nervous and anxious; for he was very desirous of returning to his old school, where he had many valued friends.  
 "He can explain that best himself," said Cromwell, in reply. "Here is a letter which he told me to hand to you when the time came that rendered it necessary."  
 He drew, as he spoke, a letter from the inner pocket of his coat, addressed to  
 MASTER ROBERT RAYMOND.  
 Robert opened it hastily and read in the merchant's handwriting, the following:  
 ROBERT—Circumstances have led me to decide that it would be best for you to remain at the West for some time, instead of returning to your former school, as you doubtless desire. It is not necessary for me to detail the reasons which have led me to this resolution. As your guardian, I must use my best discretion and judgment, and it is not for you to question either. Mr. Cromwell will look after your welfare, and make all necessary arrangements for you, such as finding a school for you to attend in the town where he intends to establish himself. Of course, you will board at the same place with him, and be under his care. I expect you to be obedient to him in all things. Your guardian,  
 PAUL MORTON.

Robert Raymond read this letter with mingled disappointment and indignation. He felt that he had been treated very unfairly, and that he had been entrapped into this Western journey under false pretenses.  
 He looked up after he had finished reading the letter.  
 "Mr. Morton has not treated me right," he said.  
 "Why hasn't he?"  
 "He ought to have told me all this before we started."  
 "If he had you would have made a fuss and he wished to avoid this."  
 "I think it was mean and unfair," said Robert, hotly.  
 "Perhaps you had better write and tell him so," said James Cromwell, sneering.  
 "I shall write to him," said Robert, firmly.  
 "My father never would have sanctioned such an arrangement as this. Besides I don't believe there is any good school out here."

"It is just possible that there may be somebody in Madison who may know enough to teach you," said Cromwell, with an unpleasant sneer.  
 Robert Raymond looked at him intently. He felt instinctively that he should obtain no sympathy in his complaints, and he became silent. He went back to the hotel and wrote a letter to Mr. Morton, in which he set forth respectfully his objections to remaining at the West. The letter reached its destination, but his guardian did not see fit to answer it.  
**CHAPTER XIII.**  
**Clara Manton.**  
 James Cromwell did not remain at the Madison hotel, but secured board for himself and Robert at a private house in the village where the only other boarders were a gentleman and his daughter. The latter was about nineteen, passably pretty, and fond of attention. Her name was Clara Manton. Her father was in ill health, and for a year or two had been out of business. He was possessed of about \$15,000, well invested and the income of this sum in a place like Madison yielded him and his daughter a very comfortable support.  
 "When Clara Manton heard that they were to have two fellow-boarders, and that one of them was a young man, she determined, as she expressed it to her friend, Louisa Bates, 'to set her cap for him.'  
 "Would you marry him?" inquired Louisa of her friend.  
 "As to that, I can't tell. I haven't seen him yet. He may be very disagreeable, for all I know. But even if he is, I am going to flatter him up, and make him fall in love with me. Then, when he offers himself, I can take his case into consideration."  
 "Perhaps you'll fall in love yourself, Clara," suggested her friend.  
 "I am not very susceptible. I wouldn't marry a masculine angel, unless he had some money. I must find out how Mr. Cromwell stands in that way, first."  
 When James Cromwell first made his appearance at Mrs. Shelby's table, Clara Manton, who sat opposite, fixed her black eyes upon his face, and examined him attentively. As James Cromwell's personal appearance has previously been described, it will readily be believed that Clara was not fascinated with the retreating forehead, ferret-like eyes, mottled complexion and insignificant features.  
 "He's horrid ugly," she said to herself. "I don't think I ever saw a homelier man. The boy is much better looking. I wish he were the young man. There'd be some satisfaction in exercising my fascinations on him. However, beauty is only skin deep, and if Mr. Cromwell has got money, I don't know that I would object to marrying him. What I want is a nice home and an easy life."  
 On sitting down to the table, she was introduced by Mrs. Shelby.  
 "How do you like Madison, Mr. Cromwell?" she said, with much suavity.  
 "Pretty well, thank you, said Cromwell, rather awkwardly, for he always felt uncomfortable in the society of ladies, particularly if they were young, or in any way pretty or attractive. It might have been a vague idea of his own personal disadvantages that produced this feeling, but it was partly because he had had very limited opportunities of becoming acquainted or associating with the opposite sex.  
 "I am glad you like us well enough to establish yourself here," said the young lady graciously. "I hear you have gone into business in the village, so that we may hope to have you as a permanent accession to our village society."  
 "Thank you, Miss Manton, said James Cromwell, trying to think of something more to say, but not succeeding.  
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]

**Counterfeit Antiquities.**  
 Sir John Evans says that "not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger, and confesses that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Counterfeits and forgeries abound in every department of archaeology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enamels, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been loisted on collectors at different times and in various countries."  
**Getting on in This World.**  
 A small boy in one of Marshal Field's stores in Chicago approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary.  
 "How much are you getting a week now?" said the merchant.  
 "Four dollars and a half, sir."  
 "And how old are you?"  
 "Twelve, sir."  
 "Why, my boy, at your age I was not paid that much."  
 "Well, maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you were working for, but I think I am."—New York Advertiser.  
**Still in the Swim.**  
 "Did Smith pass the civil service examination?"  
 "No, missed on spellin' an' 'rithmetic."  
 "What's he doing now?"  
 "He's a-teachin' of a high school in Georgia!"  
**In Boston.**  
 "When Lot's wife looked back," said the Sunjay school teacher, "what happened to her?"  
 "She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the class, with one voice.—Chicago Tribune.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
 Is a Constitutional cure. Price, 75.  
**Effect of Lord Dufferin's Speech.**  
 Lord Dufferin's speech on the peace of Europe, in Paris, has had a remarkably good effect throughout Europe. In France itself the words have been received in excellent spirit, and public sentiment has quite taken the sting from the vulgar insults to the British ambassador which, by a few days, preceded the address. The French government's bold declaration of a policy of religious toleration also has been received as a distinct mark of progress. Even some of the French radicals show signs of having made the discovery that denunciation of all religion is not an evidence of true democracy.—Paris Letter.  
**A Step Onward.**  
 Hospital Nurse—These new patent fire escapes are great blessings. Hospital Doctor—Indeed they are. It is much easier to cure fracture than burns.—New York Weekly.  
**Money in Winter Wheat—100 Bushels.**  
 That's the way farmers who sowed Salzer's new World's Fair wheat report. It yielded all the way from 40 to 70 bushels per acre, and a good many are so enthusiastic over this wheat that they claim 100 bushels can be grown per acre. The monster winter rye yields 70 bushels per acre, which pays tremendous profits. The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., send their fall catalogue and samples of wheat and rye for 4 cents postage. w.  
**Wept Her Word.**  
 Two young ladies were walking in the woods one day, when they were accosted by an old and much shriveled gypsy, who politely offered to show them their husband's faces in a brook which ran near by for a slight remuneration. So, paying the sum they followed the hag to the brook, as they were very curious to see how she could do so wonderful a thing and also anxious to see their future husbands. But instead of beholding the faces of the men they so fondly hoped for they saw their own. "We can see nothing but our own faces," said one. "Very true, mem," replied the sagacious fortune teller, "but these will be your husband's faces when you are married."

**A Colony of American Farmers may be established in Mashona and.**  
**A LIGHT HEART,**  
 strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ills.  
 The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic.  
**PIERCE'S** Guaranteed CURE.  
 can do—and by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.  
 St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.  
 DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womb troubles.  
 Yours truly,  
 Israel Matthews

**DEE**  
 Pt. Band, Iron Hoop  
**OAK BASKET.**  
 A Basket You Can Water Your Horses With. Costs no More Than Any Other Kind, but Will STAND ANYTHING.  
**Populist Newspapers**  
 Does Your County Need a Straight People's Party Paper?  
 ARE YOU THINKING OF STARTING ONE?  
 Write to the WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION for samples of their Populist papers, in ready-print or plates. This is the official National Reform Press Association matter, furnished through a contract with the N. E. P. A. and edited by its Secretary. The N. E. P. A. service gives twice as much Populist matter weekly as can be obtained from any other source. In addition, the WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION furnishes Single Tax matter, Labor papers, and Daily Telegram Plate Service for Populist-Labor Dailies, morning or evening. This includes the original and only regular Populist Cartoons service. For samples, terms and full particulars, write WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, DES MOINES, OMAHA, LINCOLN, WINTHROP, DALLAS OF DENVER. Address the nearest office. Fraternally yours,  
 W. S. MORGAN.  
 See National Reform Press Association.  
**500 SALESMEN WANTED**  
 For Spring Delivery. Pay Weekly. Write at once for terms. THE ILLINOIS NURSERY CO., LAKE CITY, MINN.  
**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
 GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
 Best Gout Sufferer. Guaranteed. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**  
 W. S. MORGAN—24

**IF** THERE are any housekeepers not using ROYAL BAKING POWDER, its great qualities warrant them in making a trial of it.  
 The ROYAL BAKING POWDER takes the place of soda and cream of tartar, is more convenient, more economical, and makes the biscuit, cake, pudding and dumpling lighter, sweeter, more delicious and wholesome.  
 Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.  
 ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**Courtesy to the Public.**  
 "No admittance" is the curt style in which we warn away visitors from our factories and foundries. Sometimes the fear lest a possible customer may be barred out leads to this modifying annex, "Except on business."  
 The inscription is an illustration of the American habit of doing everything in the quickest and shortest way. The habit saves time and words, but it leaves no margin for salutation by the way, and but little for courtesy.  
 We may learn from a contrast that the iron hand, cased in a velvet glove, is as efficient in preventing intrusion as an uplifted sledge-hammer.  
 The iron and cannon-foundry of Herr Krupp is located at Essen. It is the largest foundry in the world. As Herr Krupp has secrets which he is not inclined to share with prying founders, he has surrounded his vast establishment with a veritable great wall of China. On it are placards with this inscription repeated in three languages:  
 "The public are informed that, in asking to view the establishment, they expose themselves to a refusal."  
 Herr Krupp handles the pen as skillfully as he forges cannon. His inscription is courteous. It adorns a refusal with pleasant words. It is, as becomes the words of a co-laborer with Bismarck, evasively diplomatic. An exposure to a refusal is not the refusal itself. Contrast this inscription with the American "No admittance," and learn a lesson in courtesy to the public.  
**Mothers, Save Your Children!**  
 Steteket's Pin Worm Destroyer is the only sure cure known that effectually destroys the pin worm, the most troublesome worm known. It also destroys all other kinds of worms. There is no remedy that can expel the worms from the STOMACH or INTESTINE as does Steteket's Pin Worm Destroyer. For sale by all druggists; sent by mail on receipt of 25c. U. S. Postage. Address GLO. G. STETEKET, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
**A Mammoth Hen's Egg.**  
 Seldon Spencer of Essex, Conn., has a hen which lately astonished him by laying an egg that weighs twenty ounces and measures eight and a half inches in circumference.  
**Karl's Clover Root Tea.**  
 The great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c. 50c. \$1.  
**Catching Cold Brought Up to Date.**  
 A late theory of catching cold is that when one enters a cold room after being heated the bacteria in the room flock to the warm body and enter it through the open pores of the skin.  
**Hanson's Magic Corn Salve.**  
 Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.  
 No part of Greece is fifty miles from the sea nor ten miles from hills.  
 The production of gold in the United States averages \$2,000,000 a year.  
 Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale cheap. Apply to our address, H. C. ARIS, 511 S. 13th St., Omaha, Neb.  
 The largest rock crushing plant in the country is operated at Meriden, Conn.

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