WHEN MA WAS NEAR.

I didn't have one bit of fear
'Bout nothin' 'tall, when ma was near;
The clouds could bank up in the sky,
Or 'fore the wind in white streaks fly,
But somehow 'nuther I didn't keer
A snap for them—when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer
Us little folks—when ma was near
Jes' fairly flew, and wouldn't stay
'Round there one bit, but runned away;
An' didn't seem to be one bit queer—
They couldn't help it, when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick, where
You felt the joy that ma was near;
The throbs o' pain couldn't stay much
Under the cooling of her touch,
But seemed to stand in mortal fear
Of everything, when ma was near.

—Edward N. Wood.

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

"Fighting, I think," says Mr. Wilding, who is a plain spoken man at times, and given to electrifying the judges in court on certain occasions. "They are arranging a duel, unless I am greatly mistaken."

"But it must be prevented!" says Maud, wildly. "Something must be done!"

Going up to Penruddock she lays her hand upon his arm. "Let me speak, Dick!" she says, in trembling accents. The word—his Christian name—has unconsciously escaped her; but he has heard it, and proudly, gladly, takes the little hand upon his arm between both his own, as though this unexpected mention of his name had made her his—had been an informal confession of her love.

"There is no need that you should quarrel," she goes on with lowered eyes and pallid lips. "He is right; he has but spoken the truth. I am lowly born, as all the world knows; though, sir," confronting Saumarez, and gazing full at him with terrible grief and reproach in her glance, "it has yet to be proved how you came to use that word 'basely.'"

"My conduct to you has been unpardonable, madam," says Saumarez, bowing and drawing back, with set lips and a stern expression. "I ask your forgiveness. To your friend, Mr. Penruddock, I shall give every satisfaction necessary—the very strongest satisfaction!" concludes he with a grim smile; after which he bows again, and withdraws.

Miss Neville bursts into tears, and sobs bitterly for a few minutes. Penruddock with his arm round her, supports her head against his breast for some time unrebuked. Presently, however, she checks her emotion, and drawing away from him, wipes the tears from her eyes, sighing heavily.

"You have got your work cut out for you, you know," suggested Mr. Wilding, in a low tone to Dick, who had forgotten everything but Maud's grief.

"I am quite aware of that," mutters Dick.

"If you are going to cross to the other side, you will have but very little time to arrange matters before starting."

"There is little to arrange," says Penruddock, absently. "My cousin George falls in for everything if I come to grief in the encounter."

Then he goes up to Maud, who is still silently crying, and takes her hand again.

"Tell me the truth now," he says. "At this last moment, it would be a solace, a comfort to me. That time—a few minutes since, when you called me 'Dick'—your tone, your whole manner thrilled me: it almost caused me to believe that I was not quite indifferent to you. Was that presumption, madness on my part? Speak, darling!"

He bends his head, and she whispers something in a voice half broken. It must have been some word of encouragement, as Penruddock's visage brightens, and his whole manner changes.

"And if I return?" he begins, eagerly.

"Oh, you must—you will return!" she says painfully.

"If I do you will marry me?"

She shakes her head. Even at this solemn moment her great resolve is not to be broken.

"My dear Penruddock, this is out of all bearing," says Mr. Wilding, who has apparently been engaged in an engrossing examination of a bit of old Chelsea, but now feels it his duty to come to the rescue and deliver Miss Neville from her embarrassment. "Let us discuss what you have got to do."

"That is simple," says Penruddock, with a frown. "If luck stands to me, I shall shoot him through the heart."

"No, no!" says Maud, faintly, putting up her hand in quick protest. "To kill him, that would be murder! Do not have his death upon your conscience."

"Would you shrink from me because of that?" asked he wistfully.

"It would be so terrible," she falters.

"Yet, remember, it would be in your cause."

"For that very reason"—earnestly—"I should feel it all the more. And later on when you had grown cool, it would be to yourself an everlasting regret, and I should be the author of it. Oh, let him live!"

"Well, I dare say I shall," says Penruddock, in a curious tone; "for this reason—that I suppose he will kill me."

"He splits hairs, and sixpenny bits, and all sorts of thin things at any number of paces that you like to name, I believe," says Mr. Wilding pleasantly.

Miss Neville shudders, and turns a shade paler even than she has been through all.

"After all, there is not so much in it as one might imagine. Aspiring to so intense degree," says Dick, who takes it rather badly that she objects to his killing Saumarez.

"My dear boy, there you err," says Wilding, briskly. "There is a great deal in life, if you go the proper way to find it, and if you don't expect too much; that is the great secret. Life is a first-class thing in my opinion—nothing like it. I never, you know, fight duels myself—nothing would induce me; but if you must, my dear Penruddock, aim low and cover him well with your eye. I'll see you through it, and stick to you, my dear boy, whatever happens."

"Thanks, old man; I knew quite well that you would not desert me," says Dick gratefully.

"Can nothing be done?" says Maud, clasping her hands. "Oh, Mr. Wilding, do try; surely something may be effected if you will only try!"

"Of course I shall try," says Wilding promptly. "I'll stand to him all through—I have promised that. By Jove! I wouldn't advise that fellow to do anything unfair when I am on the field! And if!"—impressively—"anything unfortunate should occur, I'll—"

"Oh, Mr. Wilding, how I hate you!" interrupts Miss Neville, with a sudden burst of wrathful tears. "If no one else will help me," cries she, going hurriedly toward the door, "I shall try at least, what a weak woman can do!"

She opens the door, closes it behind her firmly, and runs up-stairs to her own apartments.

CHAPTER VI.

An Entreaty.

It is an hour later, and in his library Gilbert Saumarez is sitting with folded arms, on which his face lies hidden. The table is strewn with papers. A crumpled, faded flower and a little, six-buttoned black kid glove are on the desk close beside him; how procured, he alone knows. Certainly they were never given to him by their rightful owner. The lamps are lowered, and it is "half gloom, that is almost darkness, envelops the apartment. Ghastly shadows creep here and there, unchecked, unnoticed by the man who sits so silently in the armchair beneath the center lamp. He is lost in thought, in vain regrets, that belong to the present and the near past, but have no connection with the morrow, that may bring death in its train. But not to him. No fear of being "done to death" in open fight need harass him. He is too expert a shot, has too often earned his reputation as a skilled duelist, to feel nervous at the prospect of an encounter with an amateur—a raw schoolboy in the art of dueling, as he rightly terms Penruddock. He has killed his man before this; and having made up his mind to kill this present rival as he would a dog, has dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Other considerations crowd upon him — other remembrances, sweet and bitter; and so absorbed is he in his inward musings, that he does not hear the door open, nor the sound of the light feet that advance across the floor, until the owner of them is almost at his side. He raises his head then, and looking up, starts to his feet with an exclamation that is caused by a surprise which for the moment completely overpowers him. It is Maud Neville who stands before him, pale as "the snowy lily pressed with heavy rain."

Her eyes are large, half frightened and full of grief. Beneath them dark circles show themselves. No faintest tinge of color adorns her cheeks. Her hair, under her swansdown hood, has loosened, and strays across her low, smooth forehead at its own good will. She is pale, nervous, thoroughly unhinged, yet never perhaps has she looked so lovely.

"You here alone!" he stammers moving from her rather than toward her.

"Yes, here," returns she in a low tone, tremulous with emotion. "Esther waits for me outside. I have so far forgotten my own dignity and self-respect as to come here to you at midnight, compelled by a sudden necessity. The more reason, sir," with an upward glance of mingled entreaty and pride, "that you should respect both!"

"Speak!" returns he coldly.

She throws back her hood and, cloaked and half stifled, and stands before him in all the bravery of her satin ball dress, on which the pearls gleam with a soft, subdued light.

"I have come to ask you to forego this duel—to give it up," she says, faintly, discouraged by his manner, yet not wholly dismayed. "I entreat you to hear me, to listen to what I have to say, not to turn a deaf ear to my prayer."

"Yet to my prayer not an hour since you were deaf," retorts he, quietly.

She is silent.

"You would ask me to spare your lover—that boy, Penruddock," says he, with a mocking smile, "and so proclaim myself a coward, as he called me? Impossible! Why, he struck me across the face with his open hand—here!"

He raises his hand to the cheek that still bears the mark of the blow, but has paled as the remembrance of the deadly insult returns to him. His eyes blaze with wrath. Involuntarily he clenches his hand. To the girl watching him there seems indeed but small hope of mercy. She draws nearer, and by a sudden impulse lays her hand upon his.

"At least, do not kill him," she says, despair in her tone, an awful look in her great gleaming eyes. "Do not murder him! He is young, and youth is precious. You will have mercy on him, will you not?"

One come by fatal pleading, unnerved, she sinks at his feet and gazes up at him, speechless, but still with imploring look and gesture. There is a childish grief and anxiety in her lovely face that touches the world-worn and almost utterly callous heart of the man before her.

"How you must love him," the man says bitterly, almost scornfully, "to bring yourself to do what you have done to-night! That you—you, proud child—should come here where no woman could be seen without injury to herself, convinces me of— But no!" He interrupts himself and his voice grows suddenly tender. "I will take care that no evil shall be spoken of you; you need not be afraid of that!"

He stoops and raises her gently from the ground.

"You will promise me," she entreats in a whisper, "to spare him? I know how skillful you are—what an easy matter it would be to you to place a bullet in his heart. But you will spare him? And who can say but this one deed of mercy may save your soul at last?"

"My soul?" says he, with a haunting laugh. "And supposing that at your earnest instigation I do consent to spare your lover—what then, I pray?"

"I have no lover," says the girl, simply. "I never shall have one. You should know that—you, who told me in plain language not an hour since of my lowly birth and breeding."

"Pardon me," says he, lowering his eyes, shame covering his brow with crimson. "If I could recall that last hour I would. I lied when I spoke of disgrace."

"You do not deceive me now—you tell me the truth?" asks she, with agitation. "Yet you said that you knew of my birth—that I was base-born."

"This is no time for such discussion," says he, evasively; "but if ever you want a witness to prove your birth, send for me. And now, am I forgiven my offense?"

"I have forgotten everything," says she, eagerly, "only this, that I want your promise. Swear to me Dick Penruddock's death will not lie at your door?"

"And if I give this promise—if I tell you I shall fire over his head instead of straight into the center of his heart, what shall be my reward?"

"Name it," says she, thoughtlessly.

"It is a simple request. I ask but one kiss, and my oath shall be given."

She starts and shrinks from him perceptibly.

"You are no man to ask me that!" she says, white to the lips again, and with her small hands tightly clinched.

"Yet that is my bargain—the only one I will make!" returns he doggedly.

Within her breast fierce battle reigns. All a woman's innate modesty contends with love's self-sacrifice. The struggle is severe, but lasts not very long. Love conquers.

"For his sake!" she murmurs, brokenly.

And then she goes up to Saumarez, and stands before him, her face like marble.

"You shall have your reward!" she says faintly.

He lays both his hands upon her shoulders and regards her earnestly.

Then he pushes her somewhat roughly from him, and laughs aloud—a very unpleasant laugh, and one by no means good to hear.

"Look here," he says; "I can be generous, too! Keep your kisses!—keep" (bitterly) "your lips unsullied for him! And keep my promise, too; I give it freely, without reward, just for love of you! Perhaps in the future you will confess that I loved you at least as well as he does, or any man could! Do I not prove it? For your sake—to please you—I spare the life of the only man I envy, and whom I could shoot him as easily as I could a dog!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of Coal.

A curious theory regarding the origin of coal has just been announced. Rock oil or petroleum is generally supposed to have resulted from the exposure of coal to the internal heat of the globe; in fact, to have been produced by nature's process of distillation. The hypothesis just started involves a converse proposition—viz., that coal itself arises from the condensation of petroleum which first comes from the action of heat on plants. The pitch lake of Trinidad is referred to in support of this idea. Trees grow on the hardened pitch of this lake within a short distance of other pitch in a state of ebullition, and one can readily conceive of the hardened pitch in some cases being softened by an eruption of the boiling pitch, and of trees growing on it being thus engulfed. The theory is ingenious, but it does not explain all the facts, and is entirely irreconcilable with some of them. For example, it could not possibly explain the origin of coal-beds containing all the constituents of petroleum, and it would not account for the presence of large accumulations of pure carbon.

A Certain Symptom.

Mamma—Why don't you go and do the errand I told you to?

Freddie—I want to sit here and see the company that's coming to Mrs. Smith's.

"How do you know there is any coming?"

"I saw Robbie wash his hands."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Relief for Mothers.

Little Boy—What's the use of so many queer letters in words? Look at that "c" in "indicted."

Little Girl—I guess those is just so mothers can get an excuse to send their children to school and have a little peace.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW MUCH DO THEY KNOW ABOUT OYSTERS.

They Are Wonderful Little Animals—The Three Linen Towels—A Heroine of the Great Forest Fires—The Jumping Merrythought.

Oysters.

No shell fish is used more extensively upon our tables than the oyster, and there is no article of food about which so little is generally known.

I want every boy and girl to secure an oyster and examine the wonderful mechanism of the little animal. If you can obtain a microscope so much the better; if not, you may readily discern the different parts of the oyster's anatomy with the naked eye. Have the shell carefully removed so that the oyster will lie upon the left valve.

Now, you know that great scientists have divided Mother Nature's numerous children into various families, and the oyster belongs to the Mollusca, or Mollusk, family, and is classed as the acephalous, or headless, variety of this family.

The Mollusks are distinguished by having a soft body surrounded by a mantle, and all of the acephalous Mollusks have the sides of their bodies protected by two shells united by a hinge.

The oyster can open his shell naturally about half an inch, wide enough to admit the food and water necessary for his growth, but when the shell is opened artificially it is necessary to cut through a hard, tough substance known as the adductor muscle.

The outer edge of the oyster, ruffled like the flounce on a lady's dress, is the mantle; this secretes the lime necessary for the formation of the shell; the edges of the mantle are fringed with cilia, which are moving bodies resembling hairs, and are sometimes called the oyster's beard. This cilia may be protruded beyond the shell, and their use is to select the animalcules and the portions of sea-weed that the oyster requires for food.

The heart lies near the center of the oyster and is shaped like an old-fashioned purse or reticule. When the shell is carefully removed the beating of the heart may be distinctly seen; it has an auricle and a ventricle and circulates a limpid colorless fluid which is the oyster's blood.

The dark liver is large and secretes a yellowish bile. The mouth lies near the hinge of the shell and has on each side of it palps or feelers, which grasp the food and carry it inside. The eggs are protected in the folds of the mantle and look like thick yellow cream; when the proper time arrives they are thrown out into the water in a milky cloud.

A single oyster may contain 2,000,000 eggs, and when ejected into the water each little oyster, though scarcely larger than the point of a pin, reveals, under a powerful microscope, a perfectly formed shell. This shell is provided with a fleshy pad by which the oyster attaches itself to some smooth surface.

Only a few of the millions escape from the small fish and other creatures of the sea that are always ready to devour them, but when safely anchored their growth is quite rapid and they attain the size of a pea in one month.

The oyster has to be three years old before it is fit for use upon our tables, and if you examine the shell you will find it is formed of a succession of layers overlapping each other like the shingles of a roof. Each of these layers represents a season's growth, and by counting them you may form some idea of an oyster's age.—Philadelphia Times.

Three Linen Towels.

"I think a great deal of these," said mamma, as she drew three linen towels from the depths of the big, red chest.

"Why? I don't think they're very pretty!" said Rosy.

"Look as though they'd scrub a fellow's face, though," remarked Posy.

"Well, I suppose the reason I'm proud of them is because I spun them myself when I was just 6 years old," said mamma. "It was a year or two after the war, and the people down South were poor and had no slaves to grow cotton, so we Northern folks took to raising flax. Father planted some and I remember how pretty, the starry, blue flowers were.

"Grandma did the spinning and I liked to watch the whirring little wheel. One day I coaxed her to let me try to spin. I made sorry work at first; it took quite a knack to keep the treadle going, and draw out the thread smooth and even. After awhile, however, I could spin as well as anybody and then I had a 'stent' given me. Five 'knots' a day, and a 'knot' meant winding the thread forty times around on a little 'reel,' which gave a loud crack at the fortieth turn.

"Mother promised me all the cloth that should be made from my spinning, and so I had these three towels. Aunt Jane thought they were good enough to be taken to the county fair.

"When we went to the fair it seemed as though everybody knew about those towels. The ladies crowded around and kissed me, and said that it seemed hardly possible that I could spin. Mother laughed, and told them to come up to our house some day and see!

"I felt very bashful at having so much notice taken of me, and when I had a chance I crept under the table on which was the floral display, and all the drooping vines hid me until a lady—one of the 'judges' on cookery—found me. She gave me a piece of custard-pie. It was some that was entered in competition for a prize, and it tasted so good that I'm sure if I'd been a judge I'd give it the first premium.

"As for my towels, I hardly thought that they'd get a prize, for there were some other samples of spinning there that I was afraid were better than mine. But when the county paper came out the next week, there among the lists was this notice:

"'Linen towels, two dollars; first premium, Miss Mary Elmer, a little girl 6 years old.'"

"And that was you, mamma!" exclaimed Rosy, clapping her hands.

"Yes," mamma replied, smiling, "and these are the very towels."—Youth's Companion.

The Little Heroine.

The flames in cyclones rolled on high
And swept along a tidal wave,
With blinding smoke dark grew the sky
And everywhere was heard the cry,
"Oh, God, is there no power to save!"

Deep horror seized the multitude
And on they rushed, they knew not where;
The flames advancing thro' the wood
And curling like a serpent-brood
Hissed death thro' all the heated air.

The strongest fell—ah, human power
However great, at times how vain;
As frosts lay low the fragile flower
So did those fires in one short hour
Leave awful ruin in their train.

The strongest fell—but there was one,
A little girl of twelve sweet years,
Who with her baby brother won
A place of safety, while the sun
All vainly struggled with its fears

Saved! saved! ah, yes: but who can tell
Just how that little girl was saved?
Who guided her footsteps so well?
Who gently raised her when she fell?
Who shielded from the flames that raved!

Aye, more, who gave in direst woe
To her the superhuman power
To carry darling Baby Joe,
The little brother she loved so,
And from death's sickle save that flower!

Ah, love, you say, love, mighty love
Sweet love that fires cannot kill:
'Twas love that moved the powers above
To once again in terror prove
That nought can thwart their sovereign will.

And yet we read in God's good book,
(What sweetness in that golden cup!)
E'en when by parents fond forsook,
And when in vain for help we look,
'Tis then the Lord will take us up.

Oh, Freda Johnson, darling child,
Oh, Freda and sweet Baby Joe!
Down through the fiery tempest wild
God saw your guileless hearts and smiled
And saved you for he loved you so.

—G. W. Crofts, in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Patience of a Spider.

A certain Bright Eyes, looking at a spider's web one day, saw a leaf drop on it. The spider was hiding in his nest, but he felt the leaf the instant it touched the nest. By degrees he got courage to go and look at it, and as soon as he knew that it was something that was not good to eat and had no business there he began to cut the threads all around it. When the last one was broken the leaf dropped by its own weight. Then the busy worker began spinning, to replace the lost threads, and soon the web was whole, as before.

"Wonder if he'll do that over again?" thought Bright Eyes, dropping in another leaf. The spider went directly to work and did not stop until that leaf was gone and the web again mended. A third leaf was treated in exactly the same way, and then Bright Eyes decided that that spider had had enough to do. A new web was selected and a leaf placed on it, with the same results, and Bright eyes could not help wondering how long a spider's patience would hold out. There is little doubt, however, that it would outlast the patience of any Bright Eyes who tests it.

The Jumping Merrythought.

When the turkey has been duly served, and nothing is left but a pile of bones, pick out the "merrythought," the bone which is often called the wishbone. Stretch across the bone a double string, and twist the string around a piece of stick which just reaches to the top of the bone. On this point place a bit of soft pitch, or any very sticky substance strong enough to grip the end of the stick; then place the "merrythought on the table, and when the twisted string has overcome the resistence of the pitch the bone will jump high into the air. On this principle "jumping frogs" are made.

Papa Was Relieved.

"Papa," said little Tom one day when he came home from school, "teacher says you must have me 'sassinated."

"Assassinated?"

"Yes, sir. She says every child must be 'sassinated before he comes back to school, because smallpox is in town."

"Oh, vaccinated!"

"Yes, sir; that's it."

Almond Candy.

Melt one pound of sugar in a quarter of a pint of water, and let boil until the syrup is thick enough not to run off a spoon. Warm three ounces of split almonds in the oven, remove the syrup from the fire, and stir in the almonds and a little essence of lemon. Pour on to well buttered tins, and when nearly cold cut into shape.

An Honorable Little Scotchman.

A story of Scotch honesty comes from Dundee. A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well-drawn map. After the examination, the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad, "Who helped you with this map, James?" "Nobody, sir." "Come now, tell me the truth. Didn't your brother help you?" "No, sir; he did it all."

Mary Knew Her Prayers.

Little Mary was in the habit of saying her prayers at night to an older sister. One night the mother was called to the room and told that Mary refused to say them. "No, mamma," said Mary, "I did not 'fuse to say my prayers. I think I'm big enough to say 'em easy to God now, so I don't want to say 'em to Anna any more."

FOR TIRED MOTHERS

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change in me.

All Run Down

from trouble and overwork, and I had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all overworked, tired, weak mothers to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." Mrs. G. W. Warnock, Beverly, Neb. Remember,

Mrs. G. W. Warnock

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

FREE!

THIS KNIFE! Fine Steel. Keen as a razor. Good, strong handle. Mailed free in exchange for 25 Large Lion Heads cut from Lion Coffee Wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other Fine Premiums. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO O.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. $5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2.$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES' $3 $2.50 $2 $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of Shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The outer or tap sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in ditching and other hard work.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING Sold direct to consumers AT LOWEST PRICES ever before offered. Buy direct from importers and manufacturers. We ship WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION. We save you from 30 to 50 per cent. A tailor fit suit, $3.50. Fall or winter overcoats, $3.50. Boys' combination Suits $2.18. FUR OVERCOATS A SPECIALTY. Send to-day for FREE mammoth catalogue. Address OXFORD MFG. CO., Clothing Dept. 344 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAILED FREE to any Farmer or Farmer's Wife "UP TO DATE DAIRYING" containing full instruction how to secure Higher Grade Products, make MORE BUTTER with BETTER PRICE and with Less Labor get More Money

Reviewing and explaining in a practical manner THE NORMANDY (FRENCH) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM and ELGIN SEPARATOR SYSTEM which have brought prosperity and wealth to the dairy farmer. Write for this Valuable Information. Mailed FREE on application. Kindly send address of neighboring farmers who own cows. Address R. LESPINASSE, Ex. Sec'y Columbian & Illinois Dairy Associations. 246 W. Lake St., CHICAGO.

WELL MACHINERY Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. SENT FREE. Have been tested and all warranted. Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, Successors to Pech Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa. 1217 Union Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

30 Per cent PROFIT This Month

Anyone can participate in our enormous profits by sending us from $10 to $1,000 highest refs. Write for particulars. THE TRADERS' SYNDICATE, Traders' Bldg., Chicago, Ill. AGENTS WANTED.

TREES of GOLD plum, SPLENDOR prune, Van DEMAN quince—choice of Burbank's 20 Million "new creations." STARK Trees PREPAID everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. The "great nurseries" save you over HALF. Millions of the best trees 70 years' experience can grow; they "live longer and bear better."—Sec. Morton. STARK, B32, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

HOPE! For centuries no relief for Epilepsy has been known to the medical profession. To the afflicted we can advance for a simple, harmless remedy. Send for our little booklet and circulars tell all about it—free. Mgr. LION NERVE TONIC CO., Kansas City, Mo.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

TO INVESTORS: Several large and small tracts of choice land for sale. Fine for Colonization purposes. From 4,000 to 100,000 acres in each tract. Address C. F. H. v. BLUCHER, Corpus Christi, Texas.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.