

HALF SICK PEOPLE.

Just sick enough to feel heavy headed, lazy and listless, to have no appetite to sleep badly, to have what you eat feel like lead on your stomach, but not sick enough to call a doctor—just sick enough not to know what to do.

TAKE DR. TYLER'S PEPIN STOMACH POWDERS.

They will sharpen your appetite and put new "go" in your nerves and muscles. Send today and commence taking them right away.

Price 25c. or 5 for \$1. Circulars and testimonials free. Ask your druggist for it, or send direct to H. F. Hastings, 3143 Monroe St., Toledo, O.

\$5,000 CASH and Premium Awards FREE.

These 14 letters will spell three different States whose names are properly arranged. Each line represents one State. What are they? We intend to divide \$5,000 in cash and distribute \$1,000 worth of premiums, consisting of Solid Gold Gemstone Diamond Rings, Beautiful Silverware, etc., among those who send in correct answers. This contest is free. An answer on a postal will do. We reply by return mail. All can secure an award if they wish without any expense whatever. Answered today. It costs nothing to try and you may be fortunate enough to secure a handsome award.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Please mention this paper when writing to advertisers.



This Fur Neckscarf No Money in Advance **\$6.45**

This stylish creation of the furriers' art is the popular novelty of the season. It is made of a fine quality marten, dark or light brown, is ornamented with tails. THE GREATEST OFFER IN AMERICA FOR \$6.45.

Sent by express to any point in U. S. for examination and approval. If satisfactory, pay the express agent \$6.45 and express charges. If you are not satisfied with it return at our expense.

If you send money in advance with order we send it all charges prepaid by us.

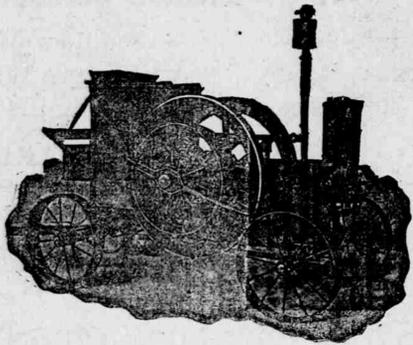
Fur repairing and remodeling is our specialty. Write to us for estimates. We can renovate and remodel your oldest furs at a small expense.

FREE—Our large handsome illustrated fur catalogue showing the latest styles and novelties. Write today.

CHICAGO FUR CO.
Established 1888. 189 1/2 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PORTABLE GASOLINE ENGINE...

Specially adapted for operating corn huskers, grinders, etc., and for general farm service. Write for catalogue and further information.



FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., Omaha, Nebraska.

MONEY MADE IN MINING.

FORTUNES AWAITING INVESTORS IN CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT.
Valuable Properties Being Developed By the Mineral Point Gold Mines Company.
Its Stock Fully Paid Up and Non-Assessable.

Investments in and around Cripple Creek have proven a source of untold wealth to thousands of fortunate ones. This district, though as yet in the infancy of its development, provides one-third of the gold output of the United States. The Mineral Point Gold Mining Company owns sixteen tracts of land in this district. This company was organized to make mining pay. Its capital stock, fully paid up and non-assessable, is \$100,000.00. Of its treasury stock it is offering a sufficient number of shares to aid in developing its property. This stock is now selling at 5 cents a share, and is going rapidly.

If you are looking for a safe and sure investment, it will pay you to investigate this offer. All information desired will be furnished by

C. B. RHODES & CO., Fiscal Agents.

400-01 Heist Building. Kansas City, Mo.
This firm will be glad to furnish maps and circulars descriptive of their properties, or give any other information desired by intending investors.

OFFICERS:
M. J. Swisher, Mining Expert, President; Hon. Judge S. D. Crump, Vice President; L. J. Mountz, Mining Operator, Secy. and Treas.; Director Otto Fredericks, Expert Prospector; Director W. O. Temple, Mining Attorney.

Buy today—you may not have the opportunity tomorrow.
Please mention this paper when writing to advertisers.

"OUR MARTYRS"

The Names and Memory of Three Greatest and Grandest Men of the Age Will Live Forever—

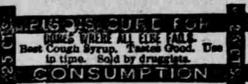
LINCOLN, GARFIELD AND M'KINLEY

assassinated while serving their country. The lives of these men should be a guide and inspiration for every man, woman and child.

We have finished at a great expense a beautiful picture, size 16x20, giving perfect likeness and correct biography of each, which includes the last words uttered. The artist who designed and grouped this beautiful work of art has every reason to feel gratified at the splendid results achieved. The picture will touch a responsive chord in the heart of everyone who sees it. We want you to act as our representative in your territory. The sales will be enormous; the profits large. Act at once; tomorrow may be too late. Remit in stamps if more convenient.

Sample copy, postage prepaid \$5
Three copies, postage prepaid \$5

COMMONSENSE BOOK CONCERN,
Publishers' Building, Omaha, Neb.
Please mention this paper when writing to advertisers.



A ROMANCE BEHIND AN AD.

New York.—Special.—Lawyer Geo. Robinson of 99 Nassau street had the following advertisement inserted in the morning papers:

ESTELLE NORENE DRAPER, wife of Robert Yost Draper, formerly of Providence, R. I., call on Lawyer George Robinson, 99 Nassau street, New York. London, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and Providence papers please copy.

Behind this notice lie two romances. About 15 years ago Robert Draper met Miss Estelle Norene de Wolfe, one of the first families of Rhode Island. Mr. Draper was then about 25 and Miss de Wolfe barely 20.

Acquaintance ripened into love, but for family reasons marriage was delayed. Then Mr. Draper found he must take a business trip to London.

He was not astonished greatly to find Miss de Wolfe there, she being ostensibly on a European tour. This was 13 years ago.

The two were married at once and next day sailed for New York. The trip across was made more pleasant for Mr. and Mrs. Draper's fellow passengers on account of the newly wedded couple's exuberant happiness. The voyage of the Drapers on the matrimonial sea was so smooth and enjoyable that neither had time to be ill, despite the storms that tossed the other sea they traveled.

On arriving here Mr. Draper at once engaged apartments at a big hotel. Then the bridal pair breakfasted. After escorting his bride to their rooms Draper went out for a prosaic shave. The parting was affectionate.

An hour later Draper returned. In the hotel lobby he met a friend.

"Hello, Draper," said the friend. "You're just in time. I just saw your old flame, Miss de Wolfe, in the restaurant breakfasting with another friend of yours. You want to look out."

Draper was furiously jealous. Rushing to his rooms to upbraid his wife he found her gone. The apartment was not disturbed, but Mrs. Draper and her gowns, jewels and all her personal belongings were gone.

There was no work of explanation left. Draper was crushed. He hired scores of detectives, but up to the present time not one trace of the missing wife has been found. Her disappearance is still a complete mystery to Draper.

Years assuaged Draper's grief. From his almost hermit-like retirement he ventured into the social whirl about a year ago.

There he met his fate a second time. Another beautiful woman, whose identity Mr. Draper will not divulge, drove from his mind the last regret at his wife's desertion.

Now Mr. Draper wants to marry his new love and she wants to marry him. Under the law this is possible if Mrs. Draper is sought for and not found after five years' silent absence.

But if she should return after the second marriage, it would necessitate a technical divorce from her. This Mr. Draper wants to avoid by finding her and getting the divorce now, tho' the second marriage would not be annulled if it took place.

The first Mrs. Draper would have no claim on Draper, but he wants to save his new wife any court annoyance.

Mr. Draper's residence in New York is at the Fifth Avenue hotel.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Oa. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The London county council has, in all, abandoned 94 liquor licenses, of the annual value of \$750,000.

For weakness, stiffness and soreness in aged people use Wizard Oil. Your druggist knows its' good, and sells it.

IN THE HOUSE OF MY FRIEND.

All the world—our world—had known of our engagement from the first, but none—except ourselves—yet knew that it was an end. Everyone had prophesied it, everyone had congratulated us and feted us when it had come to pass. Everyone would be filled with consternation when it became known that it was at an end. Therefore I wished to put off that disagreeable day.

Our last assembly dance was to take place Friday night. I had never missed one before, but I intended to be absent for this. It would cause comment, but not so much as if I should attend and avoid Agatha—as, under the circumstances, I must. I had cast about to find some place to go, and finally had thought of Corey.

Corey is an old bachelor friend who lives like a hermit among his books in a cozy "box," as he calls it, some forty miles from town. And I have his standing invitation to "run down and take pot luck at any time." I had been there once, just before my engagement. I would go again on Friday and spend Sunday with him. I wrote and received his characteristic answer: "All right, old fellow. Come!"

So I made my preparations and was just about leaving my office on Friday afternoon when this letter from him reached me:

"I've been called over to Philadelphia on business, and can't get home till Saturday noon. But come all the same. You know the house, and the key will be in the same old place. Make yourself at home. You will find eatables, drinkables and smokables set out for you in the dining room. And your bed is in the room upstairs next mine. Mrs. O'Grady, my dame of all work, sleeps at her own home, and will let herself in, as usual, somewhere in the dark hours near dawn. She will get your breakfast whenever you appear. All that I own is at your service, and therefore come!"

Under any other circumstances I should have postponed my visit until my host should be at liberty to receive me, but as things were, I hurried along only to find that I had just missed my train. The next train did not leave until 8:30, so I whiled away the time in a nearby restaurant over a supper I could not eat, and went over my grievance against Agatha again.

And I certainly felt that I had a grievance—if ever man had one against a maid. In all the course of our engagement we had no falling out until this fateful one, and I had every reason to believe that she was fondly and faithfully my own. Fortunately I had been undecieved in this way:

A few days ago I had left my office unusually early, and had started uptown on purpose to select a wedding present for my betrothed. For the day was drawing near, and as yet I had not been able to decide between a diamond bracelet and a jeweled ornament for her lovely auburn hair. As I walked along, pondering this perplexing question, I looked up and saw Agatha on the corner of the street. Evidently she was expecting someone, though it could not be myself, for never before had I come uptown at that hour. But how pleased and surprised she would be to see me, I thought!

I was awaiting with pleasant anticipation the moment when she should catch sight of me, when suddenly a man—a perfect stranger to me—walked up to her, and her manner of greeting him showed me plainly that he was the one for whom she had been waiting there. Immediately they started off together and I followed—only to see them enter the very jewelry store for which I had been bound.

So I went straight on to my lonely room and brooded over woman's falseness and deceit. But I would be just, and Agatha should have a chance to explain things—if she could.

She welcomed me that evening with her usual warmth. My coldness certainly surprised her. I surprised her still more when I asked—without any beating about the bush—who it was she had met at such an hour on such a street, and what their errand at the jeweler's had been.

She stared at me and answered, womanlike, by the counter question, how did I know?

"I saw you," I said, savagely.

Her reply to that was rather scornful: "I did not know before that you were a spy!"

"At least I have the right to ask you—"

"And I the right to refuse to answer—I am not married to you yet!"

"Nor ever will be, unless you give a satisfactory answer to my questions now," I declared hotly.

"Is that your ultimatum?" she said with a strange smile. "Then listen to mine—I hate a tyrant and I refuse to answer."

And then and there she gave me back her ring.

And her amazing words were final. I left her without having obtained an explanation, and with our engagement at an end.

I had not seen her since, nor did I desire to see her.

At last it was train time, and at last I had reached the forsaken station, where not even the customary dilapidated vehicle awaited me. But it was not a long walk to Corey's "box," and it surprised me to see how well I remembered the way even in the dark, for the clouds obscured the moon.

Presently I had reached the crossroads and there turned to the right. Then one, two, three detached cottages were passed and Corey's place was reached. How familiar its outline seemed as it loomed, dark and shadowy, before me.

I stumbled on the low piazza step where I dropped my bag while I ran my hand up the inside of the nearest pillar, feeling for the nail on which Corey always hung the key. But I failed to find it and was groping for it when—heavens!—I heard the barking of a dog!

I am not altogether a coward, but I do not own up to a strong liking to strange and savage dogs, and my first impulse was to find shelter as speedily as possible.

Corey was careless, ten chances to one the parlor window was unlocked. I sprang for it and thought it stuck I managed to force it up. The next moment I was safely housed and the window shut upon the dog, which was on the piazza yelping furiously.

But my tribulations were but begun. I had not recovered my breath before I heard another dog in the hallway overhead. If Corey had mentioned that he kept such brutes I never should have come!

As I hastened to close the door between the animal and myself I ran into something tall which fell over with a crash. And immediately from the strong odor which arose I knew I had overturned a lamp!

But the door was closed in time, though the beast was soon scratching at it and barking savagely at me from the other side.

I was hot an angry. Besides that I was conscious of feeling hungry, and how was I to get the supper which was spread for one in the dining room with this brute's jaws watering for me in the hall? If this was a joke that Corey had played off on me, he should pay dearly for it on his return!

I put my hand in my pocket for a match, then remembered that after lighting my cigar on the way from the station I had thrust my match box into the pocket of my overcoat, which now lay with my bag on the step outside, well guarded by the first of those savage dogs.

Was ever a man in the house of his friend in such a plight before? I tried in vain to find a match or a couch or a comfortable chair in that dark and cheerless room. But not one of these could be found. And I dared not stretch my weary length upon the floor for fear some meandering stream of kerosene from the shattered lamp might reach me during the night. So I sat bolt upright in a dreadful wicker chair and wondered how a man like Corey could have such an abomination in his house.

The night seemed centuries long, and though I thought I had not closed my eyes, toward morning I must have dozed, for I came to myself in the dawn's gray light feeling stiff and lame yet with a sense of relief at the stillness, for that infernal barking had ceased.

I wondered if I could not quietly make my way up to my bedroom and get a comfortable nap there before the day began. So I tip-toed over to the door and turned the knob. To my amazement the door remained fast closed. It was locked—on the outside!

Now who was in the house to make me prisoner in so ridiculous and humiliating a way?

I went to the window and started to raise the sash, when both dogs began their outrageous racket again.

So then I lowered the window from the top and, mounting a chair, leaned out at a safe distance from the vicious beast below.

Immediately I heard a voice—a woman's voice!

"man," it said, "stay where you are, for besides the dogs, I have a revolver, and I am considered a good shot."

My blood began to boil. Corey's woman-in-charge was taking advantage of his absence to carry things with a high hand!

Just beyond the front door a bay window projected on the piazza, and evidently my jailer was on guard in there behind the blinds.

"Woman!" I said, savagely, "call off your dogs and put your pistol up, or when your master comes you will find you have been less smart than you think yourself to be."

"My master!" came in tones of indignation. "No tyrant ever had or ever shall have control of me!"

There was something strangely familiar in both that sentiment and voice. I leaned far out, looking eagerly toward the concealed figure behind the blinds.

"Agatha!" I cried, and in answer came her cry of astonished recognition. Then silence fell, save for the intermittent barking of those fiends.

My amazement knew no bounds, but it was accompanied by furious indignation at the imprudence of her conduct.

"Agatha!" I cried. "In heaven's name why did you come here?"

"It seems to me," she retorted with some asperity, "that that is the question I should ask you. What right had you to come and force your entrance to this house—like some rowdy burglar—and frighten me half to death?"

"I regret to have frightened you—if you had not set those dogs on me I should have been quiet enough! But as for you—think what the world will say should it ever come to know."

"The world will say what I say—that you are the most cowardly and contemptible of men to come deliberately to this house in such a way, when I was here alone—"

"But alone or in Corey's company, the world will be likely to ask first how happened you to be here at all!"

"I do not know—what you mean to insinuate—certainly my being here alone was an unforeseen accident. But alone or not alone, I have a perfect right to the shelter of my own cousin's

husband's house!"

"Now don't prevaricate," I said sternly, "for Corey is not a married man!"

"Corey again! Pray who is this Corey—and what has he to do with me?"

A sudden chill crept over me as a suspicion at last penetrated my dull brain. "I heaven's name—in whose house am I, then?" I gasped.

"In the house of my cousin's husband—John Foster, the Philadelphia jeweler—who has just rented this place—and he was the man you saw me meet that day—if you want to know! And he very kindly helped me select a fine watch for a present for you—which won't be needed now—since, fortunately, I've found out what you are in time! And I came down here yesterday unexpectedly because—well, because I didn't care to attend the assembly dance. And after I reached here and found that the family were not coming until today I borrowed the station master's dogs. But why should I tell you all this, I don't know! And how you knew I was here, and why you followed me in such a contemptible, sneaking way, I cannot imagine!"

"Agatha," I said, very humbly. "I never knew that you were here at all! But I had the same reason you had for wanting to escape that dance, so I sent word to my friend Corey—and though he was to be away last night, he wrote for me to come. And I swear to you that all this time I thought I was in his house."

And then, after a moment's silence, I heard her ringing laugh!

"I counted the houses from the cross roads, I added, in self defence, "and his used to be the fourth—"

"A new house is being built just below here," she said, and laughed again. "Agatha," I said finally, "I humbly beg your pardon—for everything; and don't you think I've been punished enough? If you will call off that dog I will go."

It was amazing to see how eagerly the little beast obeyed her summons and leaped inside the blind she partially opened to admit him.

Then I got out of my window and picked up my overcoat and bag.

"Oh, I must tell you that I'm afraid I've done some damage in there—in the dark I upset the lamp," I said, apologetically.

"Yes, I heard it—and afterwards I smelt it," she replied, demurely.

"Agatha!" I cried, going nearer to the blinds. "I was an ugly brute—but I was mad with jealousy—can you forgive me? It was all because I love you so! Oh, just let me see your face."

"Sir," came in musical tones, "I beg you to remember that I am all alone in this house!"

"When may I see you, then?"

"The family will arrive at noon. If you choose to call on them this evening—with your Mr. Corey—I cannot prevent it."

"Not until evening?"

"Not until evening?"

"At least you will let me give you back your ring—it is in my pocket now."

"But I positively refuse to see you or to take anything from you—now."

Then was I inspired! I kissed the sparkling ring and laid it on the seat beneath the window. "But it is your own," I said, "and always has been yours. Forget our foolish quarrel and let me find it on your hand when I see you tonight."

"And when I had passed the gate, and, turning, saw a fair white hand and arm extended to take the ring, my mind was made up on the spot that a jeweled bracelet should be her wedding gift."

Corey came back at noon. He made me welcome and gave me news of his new neighbors, with whom he had come over on the train.

"Their cousin met them at the station," he said, "a mighty pretty girl! Oh, you sly dog!" he broke out with a laugh. "Now I understand why you were so anxious to renew my acquaintance and come down here just now. Well, I congratulate you, happy man!"

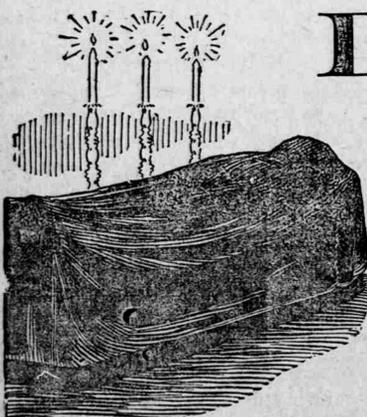
"But how do you know I am a happy man?"

"Her blush when your name was mentioned was enough to enlighten me—that and her very brilliant engagement ring! By the way, they want us to spend the evening with them, and that means a rubber of whist for me with the elders—while you two youngsters sit outside in the dark land spoon."

Corey did not express it very elegantly, but that was precisely what did take place—Springfield Republican.

During the last ten years John G. Taylor of West Chester, Pa., has expended nearly \$50,000 in the erection in Lafayette cemetery of handsome marble shafts, some to the memory of his dead relatives, others to carrying out his views in a religious way, one of the latter being a monument to Jesus Christ, the base of which is built of glazed brick, while on the top, incased in glass, is a statue of the Saviour. His latest contribution to this burial place is a group consisting of the Virgin and two verberims. He has just begun the erection of another costly monument. It is to commemorate the heroic service of Count Casimir Pulaski, who fought at Birmingham in the battle of Brandywine.

Milton Miller of Altoona, Pa., 49 years old, one of the two men injured at the Bethlehem Steel works recently, died at St. Luke's hospital under peculiar circumstances. At the time of the accident Miller was chewing a big wad of tobacco, when a heavy traveling crane struck his back. The tobacco went down his throat, where it lodged. The surgeons tried to remove the piece of tobacco, but all efforts proved unsuccessful. He suffered severely before he died, and is said to have suffocated.



DEATH

begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, small-pox, cholera, typhoid, or any other of the dreadful diseases that sometimes desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are the filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives of all their friends and relatives. There's

only one certain way of keeping clean inside so as to prevent disease and that is to take **CASCARETS**, perfect disinfectant and bowel strengtheners. All diseases are prevented by using Cascarets. The dealer who tries to sell something **JUST AS GOOD** when you ask for Cascarets, lies.