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There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received infirmed condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

**Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler**  
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.  
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

**Drs. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.**  
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

Very truly yours,  
**REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.**  
Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

**Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.**  
Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I changed to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,  
**O. D. PHELPS, M. D.**  
Feb. 5, 1901.

**Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.**  
Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 236 Rivington str.

**Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.**

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing **DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St. N. Y. City.**

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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.

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Chicago Post: The Right Rev. James N. Fitzgerald, Methodist Episcopal bishop of St. Louis, has been criticized by some church women of Pittsburgh because he plays chess. Evidently they hold that a bishop should do nothing more exciting than sit and twirl his thumbs. By the way, we wonder if these critics ever gossip?

Washington Post: The "Holy Ghosts" operating in New York appear to be a species of Dowdites. They don't neglect the cash register.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco, people literally flocked to see it.

Georgia farmers and planters are appealing to negroes to help them with their turpentine getting. Builders of new cotton mills are greatly concerned as to where they will get hands to run their mills.

**THE HOME DAYS.**

When the goldenrod has withered, and the maple leaves are red, When the robin's nest is empty and the cricket's prayers are said, In the silence and the shadow of the swiftly hastening fall Come the dear and happy home days, days we love the best of all.

Then the household gathers early, and the firelight leaps and glows Till the old heart in its brightness wears the glory of the rose; Then the grandiose thinks of stories, and the children cluster sweet, And the floor is just a keyboard for the baby's pattering feet.

If the raindrops dance cotillions on the roof and on the eaves, If the chill wind sweeps the meadows, shorn and bare and bound in sheaves, If the snowflakes come like fairies, shod in shoes of silence, we Only crowd the closer, closer, where the cheery kindred be.

Oh, the dear face of the mother, as she tucks the laddies in, Oh, the big voice of the father, heard o'er all the merry din, Home and happy homely loved ones, how they weave their spells around Heart and life and creed and memory, in farmstead's holy ground.

When the goldenrod has faded, when the maple leaves are red, When the empty nest is clinging to the branches overhead, In the silence and the shadow of the hurrying later fall Come the dear days, come the home days, in the year the best of all. —Woman's Home Companion.

**THREE CALLS.**

"And do you find many changes?" The girl was leaning back in her chair, thoughtfully regarding the man she had not seen for ten years.

"No, I can't say I do."

"You are changed."

"Am I?"

"You are changed both outwardly and inwardly. Then you were no one, now you are some one."

She looked at him for a moment in silence.

"I wonder," she said at last, "if you find me as much changed as I do you?"

He took advantage of the opportunity she gave him and looked long at her fair face.

He ignored her remark altogether. "Why have you never married?" he asked.

She clasped her hands at the back of her head with a little yawn.

"I have been unfortunate," she said. "All the men who wanted to marry me I did not care for, and all the men I cared for did not want to marry me. It is the general 'cussedness' of fate!" she finished with a low laugh.

"I think it is more due to the general 'cussedness' of your own nature," he answered gravely.

Her dark eyes twinkled. "I am afraid you are out of practice," she said, "in making pretty speeches. And what are you going to do now you are home again?"

"I haven't decided about my future—except in one respect. I hope to marry."

She turned to him in surprise. "Are you engaged, then?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I want to know if you will be my wife."

A little color crept into her cheeks.

"I wish you wouldn't," she said. "You should remember that you were always one of the men I did not want to marry."

"That was in the old days"—quietly.

"Why should there be any difference now? One could not change one's opinion during an hour's call."

"No," he said; "it was not so much any change in me that I thought would make you give me a different answer than you did ten years ago as the change in yourself and your circumstances."

"My circumstances are unaltered," she said wonderingly, "and as to myself—"

"You are a good deal older than you were ten years ago," he said.

She flushed.

"Then if you think I have aged so much," she cried sarcastically, "why do you wish to marry me?"

"I never said I wanted to marry you," he said. "But occasionally one's sympathies become aroused and carry one away with them in spite of one's self."

Her dark eyes flashed fire.

"Sympathies?" she cried. "Why should I arouse your sympathies?"

"I don't know exactly, but somehow I always feel sorry for girls like you, who have to give way to a younger generation."

Her hands fell to her sides. The enormity of his words seemed to stun her.

"You are very kind," she cried ironically, "but will you please remember that I do not require your compassion, though I can never properly express my gratitude for your disinterestedness in asking me to marry you to save me from such an end!"

"Not at all"—calmly.

"I may be old and passe," she said as he rose, "but I have not sunk quite so low as to require your charity. There are at least four men who would marry me tomorrow—if I consented—men who really want to marry me."

"I don't doubt it," he said gravely. "And I hope you will forgive me if I have said anything which wounded you. One's sympathies are often misplaced. You will let me come again, won't you?"

"I shall be charmed to see you," with frigid formality, and then she placed a listless hand in his.

But when he had gone she went and peered in the mirror.

"Do I look so old?" she cried with a catch in her breath; but she looked for wrinkles and gray hair in vain.

"When I refused him before," she said reflectively, "he cried. Today—he laughed," and she sighed as she turned away.

"It is a long while since you came to see me," she said, as she sat down in her chair after receiving him.

"Yes, a long while. But I have had so much to do that I really haven't had time."

"No?" She smiled, but her fingers were beating an impatient tattoo on the arm of her chair.

"I saw you at Hurlingham on Saturday," she went on. "You were walking about with one girl the whole afternoon. Who is she?"

"Oh, you mean little Milly Danvers. Did you notice her? Did you ever see such a pretty girl?"

"Just up from the country, I suppose?"

"Yes. Anyone could tell that at once with the fresh color in her face."

"It was not her face that made me think so"—scathingly. "It was her hat."

"Her hat?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes; and the way she put it on. Instead of the hat being on her head, her head was rammed inside her hat. 'By their hats ye shall know them,'—scornfully.

He shook his head in a mystified way.

"Men don't notice such things," he said.

"Don't they?"—skeptically. "I think they know pretty well if a woman looks smart or not."

"Smart? Oh, I daresay. But, then, one would never associate such a word with Milly Danvers. Sweet simplicity is her style."

She tossed her head contemptuously. "You called me old the other day," she said, "and now I have discovered that it is you who have aged most. It is only old men who discover charms just out of the nursery."

"Milly has left school some months," trying to defend himself; but she only tapped her foot on the ground with some irritability.

"Don't you think we have talked enough about Miss Danvers?" she said. "Let us start a topic of some interest."

"Then we will talk about you," very promptly.

She smiled faintly. "I don't think that will be an absorbing subject, either," she said. "Besides, it might tempt you to be as uncomplimentary as you were last time, and you would not be so amusing twice."

"Did I amuse you, then?"

"You always amused me—even in the old days when"—with unnecessary emphasis—"you and I were young. Do you remember how you cried then?"

"And did that amuse you? I will cry now if it will give you any pleasure."

"No! I don't believe you could cry now if you chose. I wonder—"

"And what do you wonder?" as she paused.

"I wonder what you would have done if I had accepted you the other day."

"Perhaps I would not have asked you to marry me if I had not been quite certain you would refuse."

Her eyes flashed darkly. "I wish I had said yes."

"I might have kept you to your word, and what would you have done then?"

He was watching her very closely, and she wished her color were more under her control.

She laughed as naturally as she could. "I would have married you out of revenge," she said.

"Well"—in a tone of relief—"all things considered it is much better that you answered as you did."

"Infinitely so," she replied, with perhaps too much emphasis, and she watched him afterward as he walked away from the house straight and tall.

"He is too good for Milly Danvers," she said, with a little strangled sigh.

"Come out on the balcony," she said; "it is so stuffy inside."

"You look tired," he said, as she threw herself into a chair.

"I am tired," she cried, "tired of evading; of the eternal treadmill. Surely"—passionately—"one was made for something better than all this."

"Have you only just found that out?"—slowly.

"Only just, and I have had ten years of it, and yet—and yet—I expect I shall come up next season and do the round just the same."

"Perhaps things will be changed then—perhaps you will be married."

"Never," she said restlessly. "I shall never marry."

"What have become of the four that wanted to marry you?"

"They have gone, thank heaven!" He looked at her intently.

"I wonder if ever during your life," he said, "you will regret any of the men you have refused and wish—you had answered differently."

She laughed mirthlessly.

"That would be a just retribution for my sins, you think?" she said.

"A man who loved you once would probably love you always."

She laughed again.

"I am afraid you know little of human nature," she said. "Men only too soon console themselves. There is an instance of that close at hand. Look at yourself!"

"I have not consoled myself"—quietly.

She looked away from him.

"How is Milly Danvers?" she asked.

"Milly is very happy. She is just engaged."

Her eyes looked even darker in contrast to the white face she turned to him. But her voice was quite firm.

"Accept my congratulations," she said.

"You are very kind, but—I don't see why I am to be congratulated."

"Naturally"—in a colorless, even voice—"Miss Danvers' engagement implies yours, too."

"It does not," he said, a little whimsically. "You see you were right; I was not old enough for Milly. Her fiancé is ten years my senior."

"I am so sorry for your disappoint-

ment," she said, gently.

"A little help is worth a world of pity," meaningly.

"And how can I help you?"

"By taking the disappointment far away."

He leaned over the flowers on the balustrade so that he could look the better into her face.

"I am tired of the treadmill, too," he said. "Don't you think we might bear life better if we faced it together?"

She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"I did not mean to rouse your compassion again," she said with a sob in her voice.

"You have never aroused anything in my heart, but—love—"

"You said I was old and passe—"

"Ah, didn't you see that I was acting?"

He took her two restless little hands in his.

"Dear," he said, "my love has survived the weariness and silence of ten long years—won't you trust me now?"

Her dark eyes were shining through a mist of tears.

"I was afraid—I was afraid," she cried, "that you had gone away from me forever, and until I had lost you I never knew I loved you—how I wanted you!"—Mabel Robinson in *Mainly About People*.

## TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Indiana Fletcher Williams has left \$750,000 for the purpose of erecting a new college for women in Amherst county, Virginia, as a memorial to her daughter.

There were many women delegates at the nineteenth annual convention of the American Ornithologists' union, recently held in New York, but none of them wore bird plumage in their hats.

Miss Frances Keay, a girl student of the University of Pennsylvania, has been chosen to compete in the final trials for the 'varsity' team which will meet Columbia university in the annual debate.

Should the Baroness Burdette-Counts live to witness the coronation of Edward VII next June it will be the third event of the kind she will have witnessed. At the age of 16 she saw George IV crowned and she also attended the coronation of Victoria.

Mrs. Carrie F. Cole, editor and publisher of the *St. Croix Falls* (Minn.) Standard, besides running a hand press printing an edition of 500 to 600 copies herself, attends to all the office business as well as her household work, caring for four small children.

The German empress has hair almost snow white and, while really only a year older than the emperor, impresses one as being his senior by a much greater margin. William II does not look his 43 years.

Alma Stancel, a 13-year-old California girl pianist, has been accorded an unique honor in Berlin. Countess von Suelow has invited her to play in the imperial chancelor's palace in Wilhelmstrasse to an audience of cabinet ministers, diplomats and other dignitaries.

Mrs. Jenkins, wife of Governor Jenkins of Oklahoma territory, is a Quaker preacher and is noted for her charitable acts. She fills the pulpit of the local Quaker church every Sunday and visits regularly the United States jail in Guthrie and ministers to the material as well as the spiritual wants of the prisoners.

Mrs. John A. Logan will, for the first time in several years, live this winter at Calumet Place, her home in Washington, D. C. She will set apart the large wing room on the east side as a museum for the thousands of trophies and mementos of the late war owned by her husband at time of his death.

A California girl only 19 years old, Ethel Hobson of Santee Margarita, has the unusual distinction of having herself harvested a good crop of grain and done the threshing for the entire county, barring a gang of men whom she employed to assist her. She is exceedingly feminine in appearance and manners, yet she has had no difficulty either with her patrons or her employees.

Last winter Mme. Patti was staying for a few days in an isolated village at the extreme end of Yorkshire. To kill the monotony of the place the prima donna went one night to a concert given in aid of a certain village institution. Not half the performers turned up. Appreciating the difficulty, Mme. Patti—incognito, of course—offered to oblige the audience with a song or two. Then she sang, in her own sweet way, three of her sweetest ballads. At the close the chairman approached and in solemn tone thanked her. "Well, miss," said he, "you've done uncommon well. And although 'Arry Ock, the juggler, who thinks nowt of takin' 'old of 'ot pokers and a-swallorin' needles, couldn't turn up, yet you've pleased us very considerably, miss."

Cleveland Leader: The Salvation army has won its way by single-handed devotion, by unreserved self-sacrifice, and by a devotion that nothing daunts. Into the darkest recesses of the city's haunts of misery and vice these soldiers of the cross go fearlessly, women and men. They do not go with denunciations, but with loving appeals. Many of them can say, and do say: "We were as you are. We have found the better way. We are here to lead you into it. Come!" And hundreds have followed these apostles of a loving faith out of sin and wretchedness into a better life.

H. C. Thurston, who was the tallest man in the confederate army, is still living in Mount Vernon, Tex. Although 7 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, and naturally a mark for sharpshooters, he was wounded only once in all the campaigns.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**

**COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION**

German physicians are applying a new remedy—leithine—to the cure of disease which requires treatment of the nerves and nutrition. Leithine and its compounds are said to have a tendency to increase weight and growth.

Sleepy grass is found in New Mexico, Texas and Siberia. It has a most injurious effect on horses and sheep, being a strong narcotic or sedative and causing profound sleep or stupor lasting twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

The employees of the Grank Trunk railway at Port Huron, Mich., have raised a fund of \$3,000 to establish a co-operative store where they can purchase the things they need at lower prices.

J. M. Lewis of Altamonte Springs, Fla., has a curiosity in a blood grapefruit. It is the first year that the tree has fruited, and the fruit is a revelation to him.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are 80,000 persons, men and women, employed in what the law describes as gainful occupation—working for others for compensation—in New England.

Every one who uses Hamlin's Wizard Oil to cure pain is never again without a bottle of it.

The oldest royal dynasty in the world is that of Japan, which goes back unbroken for 2,600 years.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil is an old remedy, and like an old friend may be depended on. It cures pain.

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**Free Book!** We will send our elegant 90 page book to any one who is afflicted and in need of request of information. Our book is the finest per se ever published and is of great value to any one whether in need of medical treatment or not. We send the book in plain envelope sealed. Write for it today—by postal card or letter—Address **DRS. FELLOWS & FELLOWS,** 321 W. Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia. Please mention this paper.

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26 years experience in Omaha. **Charges low.** **Cures guaranteed.**

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**A GREAT COUNTRY**

The eyes of all America are turned toward North Dakota's magnificent crops, just harvested. Over 80,000,000 bushels of wheat and 19,000,000 bushels of flax, good corn and abundant grasses. Thousands of farmers raised 14 to 18 bushels of flax per acre on new breaking, now bringing them \$1.25 a bushel. Think of your getting free government land and realizing \$25 per acre for the first breaking!

There is plenty of good government land left, but it is being taken up fast. Also excellent chances to go into any business in new towns on the "Soo" Line. If you want free land, or are looking for good business locations, write **D. W. Casseday, Land Agent, "Soo" Line, Minneapolis, Minn.**

A cold blooded scientist has just administered a death blow to the traditional belief in the "Blue Danube." He watched the big river for a whole year, giving to his studies an hour every morning. The result of these observations was that he found the water to be brown 11 times; yellow, 46; dark green, 59; light green, 45; grass green, 25; greenish gray, 69; other shades of green, 110, and that it never had anything like the hue with which it is credited by the bards.

New York has 250 hotels.