

A REMARKABLE TEST

APPLIED BY A TEACHER IN A LEADING UNIVERSITY.

Demonstrates the Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to Restore Vigor to Shattered Nerves.

Mrs. Leander Lane, wife of the minister of the Christian Church, of No. 2010 I street, South Omaha, Neb., tells how her daughter has been enabled to resume her professional work as a teacher after suffering for nearly three years from severe nervous prostration:

"When she was passing from girlhood to womanhood," says Mrs. Lane, "she suffered greatly from difficulties peculiar to her sex. The physician did not help her, but a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought about the perfect regulation of her system."

"While she had escaped from one grave trouble, she unfortunately began to overwork, first as a student and then as a teacher in a large Iowa institution for orphan boys. She enjoyed her work and was very enthusiastic, but the strain finally told on her. She became pale, weak, nervous, unable to sleep; she had no appetite and she suffered from severe headaches. Then came a complete breakdown and her work had to be given up."

"In this emergency we again tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Improvement came at first slowly and we sometimes doubted whether she was gaining, but we noticed that whenever she stopped taking the pills she fell back, and whenever she resumed the use of them she revived and so we kept up the treatment until she recovered her usual health and was able to take a position in one of our universities where she is happily at work. My mother, my daughter and myself have a well-founded confidence in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am always ready to recommend them."

It is simply one more proof that these pills seek disease at its source and affect fundamental cures. They cure various diseases because these have a common origin in impaired blood or nerves. They put the entire system in a healthy condition, because they introduce vigor that is distributed to every part. They arrest physical decay when it seems inevitable and find a road to restoration when the doctor misses it. They are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

He Is Always Shy.

"The only difference between poetry and poverty is the letter 'v,'" remarked the alleged punster.

"Yes," rejoined the wise guy, "and of course, the poet never has a 'v.'"

I have used Pisco's Cure for Consumption with good results. It is all right. John W. Henry, Box 642, Fostoria, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1901.

In a Box.

Old Friend—Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages. Jimson—Have to. If I don't she'll leave, and then my wife will do the cooking herself.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Only one-twentieth of the population of India can read and write.

MIXED FARMING

Wheat Raising Ranching

Three Great Pursuits have again shown wonderful results on the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA

Magnificent climate—farmers plowing in their absence in the middle of November. "All are bound to be more than pleased with the final results of the past season's harvest—Wheat, Corn, Wood, etc. Hay in abundance, schools, churches, markets convenient. Apply for information to the nearest Immigration Office, or to E. H. Hoopes, Esq., Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. McLachlan, Box 112, Waterton, B. C., British Columbia, Canada. Agents. Please say where you saw this advertisement."

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

CONTAINS 25,000 NEW WORDS, Etc. New Gazetteer of the World New Biographical Dictionary 2380 Quarto Pages. 1000 Illustrations.

Should be in Every Home, School, and Office

Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., Editor of The Outlook, says: "Webster has always been the favorite in our household, and I have seen no reason to transfer my allegiance to any of his competitors."

FREE "A Test in Pronunciation," instructive and entertaining. Also illustrated pamphlets. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

GOVERNMENT LAND IN COLORADO

A large body of THE BEST LAND in Colorado subject to entry as homestead or desert land; will be irrigated as soon as canal can be so arranged; situated in ideal mountain valley; fine range; timber, game, clean water; for location, etc. address The Blue Valley Canal Co., Dillon, Colo.



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makers and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were \$1,200,000. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitutes.

SUPERIOR IN FIT, COMFORT AND WEAR.

I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for 25 years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior to all other shoes in comfort and wear to them cutting from \$3.50 to \$7.00.—B. S. McCull, Dept. Col., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas makes Corona Clogs. Corona Clogs are conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made. Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Massachusetts.

MONEY HIDDEN IN BOTTLES.

Cancer Freak of Two Brothers Who Owned an English Inn.

An interesting little treasure hunt is causing some excitement in a Staffordshire village, says the London Mail. The treasure hunters are not rushing round with surveyors' chains and pickaxes, but they search very patiently and very persistently in old boots and stockings, pieces of newspapers, behind wall paper and wainscoting and in black bottles. They are searching for the accumulated wealth of one Joseph Attwood, who, with his brother, kept the Vine Inn at Delph, Brierley Hill. Joseph died not long ago, and his brother being unable to transact the business it was transferred.

The brothers Attwood had curious ideas as to the conduct of their business and the employment of capital—ideas which would commend themselves to no self-respecting economist. When the elder brother died there was a hunt for the money which it was known he had saved. In one of the rooms, which had not been opened for fifteen years, £500 in gold was found, stowed away in corners of the room. Hundreds of silver coins were found corked up in gin bottles and beer jars. Half a hundredweight of coppers was found hidden in nooks and crannies, old gloves, stockings, paper bags and envelopes and rolled up in tea lead. Checks which had never been presented; a woman's watch and a very old hunting watch were also discovered.

Altogether £600 has been found in various parts of the house. When the treasure-seekers have torn down the walls, ripped up the floors and searched under the soot in the chimneys, claims will be pegged out in the garden.

Every Walk in Life.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Try, Try Again.

Summer Guest—I have fished in that stream of yours for a week, and haven't got a bite.

Hotel Keeper—Well, most likely the fish haven't much appetite this hot weather. Try 'em with chewing gum.

An Inviting Prospect.

Will Canada in the next quarter of a century take the place of the United States as the great wheat exporting section of the western hemisphere? Everything points that way. In the opinion of experts the United States has reached high water mark as a wheat exporting country. The increasing population over there has reached the point when home consumption is becoming annually greater in proportion than the increase in wheat production. As a matter of fact, wheat production is decreasing over there as the land becomes more valuable and by reason of the demand for other forms of produce for home consumption. It is said that the wheat crop this year is not more than 70 per cent of the crop of 1901 and much below the crops of 1902 and 1903. It is estimated that this year the United States surplus for export will not be over 100,000,000, which is less than any year since 1878 with two exceptions. Not only is this the case, but a considerable quantity of the best Canadian wheat is being imported into Minnesota and also Chicago.

All this tends to keep the price of wheat near the dollar mark, and "dollar wheat" is the lodestone that will attract farmers to the Canadian Northwest, where land is cheap and can be farmed on a wholesale basis, particulars of which may be had from any agent of the Canadian government. The reduction of American exports will have the double influence of increasing Canadian production and keeping up the price. It constitutes a rosy prospect for this country, and needs no optimistic enthusiasm to foresee the near expansion of the Dominion into the actual position of the "granary of the empire."

WHEN HE COMES HOME.

When he comes home, the baby who has grown

To be a man, and claim a man's estate, I listening stand beside the gate alone, And for his welcome footsteps silent wait.

Through evening shades I am the first to see

His well-loved form, that joyous draws more near,

As on the breezes softly comes to me

His greeting, full of tenderness and cheer.

When he comes home, I revel in the past,

While for the future still I hope and pray.

His hands hold mine in such a loving clasp,

Though leading I am led; our footsteps stray

To old familiar paths where little feet

Beside my own so long ago did roam

The while his fingers gathered blossoms sweet,

We live it o'er again when he comes home.

When he comes home—my baby, boy, and man—

My crown of motherhood glows wondrous bright;

Lit by the moon's pale beams his face I scan,

To know that everything has gone aright.

We, reverent, bow our heads together here,

Beneath the boundless scope of heaven's dome,

And offer thanks for such reunion dear

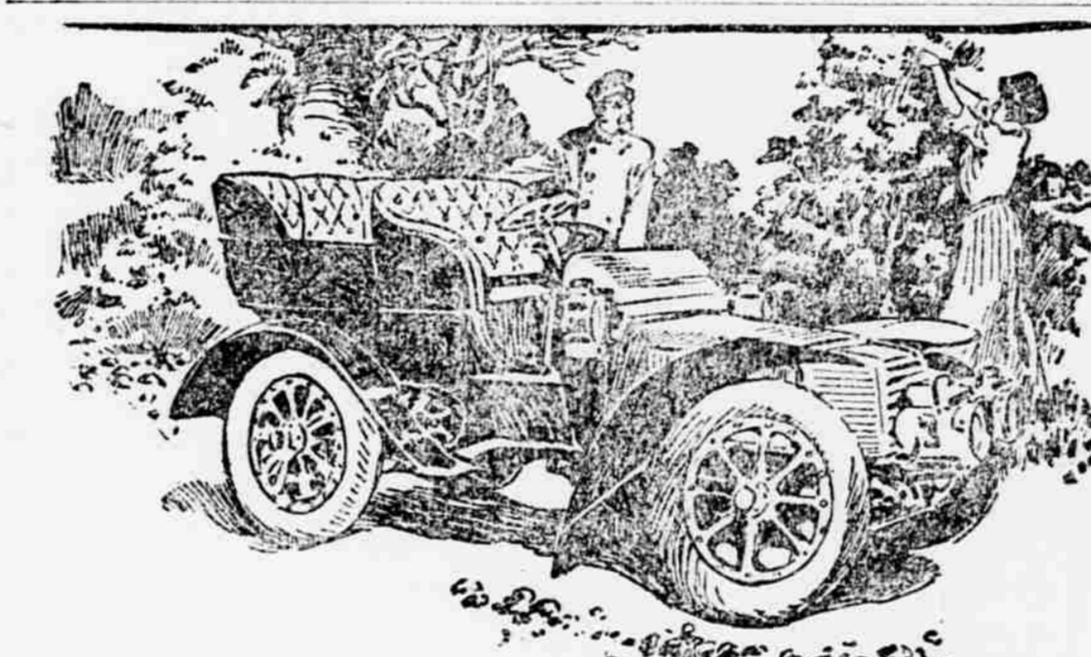
With love all changeless still, when he comes home.

—Ohio Farmer.

HER ADVENTURE.

WHEN the piano organ moved on and gave them a chance to talk again the girl with the tanned arms rearranged her cushion on the step behind her and said: "Not a single one. There were hardly any of them around the place, and they weren't worth while."

"Two married men," she answered, "neither of them interesting—and they had their wives with them. There was a son of the house unattached, but he was painfully shy and went to bed at 8 o'clock. During the day he played



"HE LOOKED STRAIGHT AT ME."

corn or something. I got him to drive me to town once, and all I could get out of him was, 'Yes, ma'am, and 'No, ma'am.' I told him how well he drove and asked him if he could drive with one hand. 'No, ma'am,' he said, 'not this horse.' And I can't feel sure even now that I wasn't snubbed.

"Oh, of course, you wouldn't have said such a thing. You would have done anything to break the monotony of that awful place. What papa sees in it I can't think. Nothing but trees and fields and roads and hedges and the little pond of a lake where nobody ever comes. If we had been able to get a buggy and drive around a little I might have stood it, but all the horses were busy on the farm and papa said he wanted me to ramble around on my own feet for a change. "It was the same way about the hotel at the bay. I wanted to go there. There were some nice people at the hotel and some fun. But no. Papa said I had enough foolishness of that sort in town.

"You'll promise never to breathe a word if I tell you? Well, there will be only you six who know it, so if it then gets out I shall know whom to blame for it. I did have one little excitement. No, it wasn't a flirtation. I didn't flirt a little bit. I never do. Only I was hoping something would happen so much and wondering if something wouldn't happen when I saw him come exploding along. Of course not. What would he have to laugh about? He was in an automobile. Well, I was reaching up for a branch of elderberry at the roadside. It's a beautiful pose if one has decent arms.

"He stopped almost directly and got out and began fussing at the thing with a wrench. I was busy with the elderberry. As soon as he got up he looked straight at me. I didn't take any notice, of course. I thought it was rather rude of him. Well, he wasn't so bad looking.

"I beg pardon," he said. "Goodness, how my heart fluttered! I had been out on that miserable road a dozen times hoping, hoping and hoping. And now here was my chance. I looked at him pleasantly and inquiringly.

"Could I get you to help me a moment, please?" he asked, rather gruffly. "There's a blamed nut here that I want to tighten and it twists the bolt. If you could hold the other side I could use both hands, you see."

"With pleasure," I said, sweetly. I thought he must have plenty of assur-

ance to ask me. But he really wasn't so bad looking and the auto was a perfectly luxurious one. I had visions of myself leaning idly back in the cushions with the landscape shooting toward me and the man talking to me in impassioned tones between teeth of the horn. These visions consoled me as I knelt on his coat in the dust and helped him.

"He was rather business-like about it, but I exerted myself in an artless way to please and I was happy to observe that he soon got to doing things wrong and when the bolt was disposed of he found something else that needed attention. He told me his name was Wigley and that he was staying at the hotel for the season. Wasn't it lovely?"

"As soon as we were through he asked me if I wouldn't like to take a little ride. I think the look I gave him for the impertinence rather froze him, for he blushed and stammered incoherently in apology. I didn't want to discourage him, however, so I gave him a relenting glance as I turned to go and said something about papa being desolated for a congenial fishing companion—I had mentioned that there was good fishing in the lake—and that perhaps we might have the pleasure of seeing him there before the season was over. He had said that he got tired at times of automobile-billing and pined for a change.

"Papa came in at lunch and said he'd just found that the Corbys were staying up at the hotel—Mr. Corby is one of his oldest friends, you know—and that we would drive over to the bay that afternoon and dine with them at the hotel and perhaps stay for the porch hop.

"I had never met this Mr. Corby before. He was a perfectly lovely old man and his wife was a darling. I made violent love to both of them, and in the course of my remarks I confessed to a passion for automobile-billing. Papa had said that the old gentleman was a fiend on the subject—but I did not know that he had his machine along with him.

"We've just about time for a little forty-mile spin before dinner, my dear," he said—"two hours clear. If you like, we'll go."

"He bustled off and in about five minutes he came back, carrying a coat and a mask for me. I put on the mask right away—for the fun of it.

And I was glad afterward that I did, for when the automobile spurted up to the veranda the chauffeur who drove it and who touched his hat respectfully to Mr. Corby was the distinguished stranger I had helped that morning in the lane.

"That's one reason I coaxed papa to let me come back home."—Chicago News.

WINDMILL ELECTRIC POWER.

Well-Known Device May Become of Great Utility.

Like the trolley lines which run far out into rural districts and bring many small hamlets into close communication with great cities; like the rural free delivery of mail, with its new facilities for the enjoyment of post-office service for getting the news of the world, and for traffic of the kind which used to be very inconvenient for farmers, the windmill promises much more than it has already given the agricultural districts of the United States, says the Cleveland Leader. In this country and in Europe recent experiments in the use of wind power for generating electricity for lighting houses and barns and operating farm machinery are full of interest and suggest great advances in the same direction within the next few years. In parts of the West, where irrigation is often needed to supplement the uncertain and sometimes inadequate rainfall, big windmills are used for pumping water from wells into irrigating ditches in the driest months, and the same mills generate power enough for electric motors to light buildings and to cut feed and do other work of like nature.

To get more power is only a question of more windmills. To insure an adequate supply of electricity for lighting purposes and for operating farm machinery is a matter of storage batteries. So far these experiments are not for poor men to undertake, but the rich are making tests which promise ultimately to make the application of wind-generated electric power to the wants of American rural life one of the most important additions to the pleasures and comforts of the farm.

Not Quite What He Meant. "Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."—Cassell's Review.

You can usually judge a man's happiness by his self-importance.



The letters of Miss Merkle, whose picture is printed above, and Miss Claussen, prove beyond question that thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and womb are annually cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gradual loss of strength and nerve force told me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps and extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor said that I had ovarian trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. I strongly objected to this and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found that my judgment was correct, and that all the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day I felt less pain and increased appetite. The ulceration soon healed, and the other complications disappeared and in eleven weeks I was once more strong and vigorous and perfectly well.

"My heartiest thanks are sent to you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARGARET MERKLEY, 275 Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Claussen Saved from a Surgical Operation.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It seems to me that all the endorsements that I have read of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound do not express one-half of the virtue the great medicine really possesses. I know that it saved my life and I want to give the credit where it belongs. I suffered with ovarian trouble for five years, had three operations and spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicines but this did not cure me after all.

"However, what doctors and medicines failed to do, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did. Twenty bottles restored me to perfect health and I feel sure that had I known of its value before, and let the doctors alone, I would have been spared all the pain and expense that fruitless operations cost me. If the women who are suffering, and the doctors do not help them, will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they will not be disappointed with the results."—Miss CLARA M. CLAUSSEN, 1307 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Mayer School Shoes

They wear like Iron!

Made expressly for romping, tearing school children. The sole leather used in these shoes is the toughest in the world. Uppers made of specially tanned calf—every seam sewed to hold. Ask your dealer for Mayer school shoes and look for the trade-mark stamped on the sole.

We also make "Honorable" shoes for men and "Western Lady" shoes for women.

F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.
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BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

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