

ALWAYS CALL FOR A CIGAR BY ITS NAME

"CREMO"

MEANS MORE THAN ANY OTHER NAME

BROWN BANDS GOOD FOR PRESENTS

"Largest Seller in the World"

Our Total Population.

The total population enumerated by the twelfth census was 76,333,587, but while the area of enumeration covered Alaska and Hawaii it did not include Porto Rico, the Philippines, Guam or Samoa. The population of these newly acquired islands has, however, been ascertained partly by estimates and partly by special censuses. In fitting these estimates, the total population of the United States and its outlying possessions in 1900 was as follows:

Area of enumeration	76,333,587
Philippine Islands	6,961,529
Porto Rico	952,243
Guam	9,000
Samoa	6,100
Total	81,233,069

The only countries surpassing the United States in number of inhabitants are the Chinese Empire, the British Empire, the Russian Empire, and probably France, with the inclusion of its African possessions.—From Hon. W. R. Merriam's "Noteworthy Results of the Twelfth Census" in the Century.

ALL DONE OUT.

Veteran Joshua Heller, of 705 South Walnut street, Urbana, Ill., says: "In the fall of 1899, after taking Doan's Kidney Pills I told the readers of this paper that they had relieved me of kidney trouble, disposed of a lame back with pain across my loins and beneath the shoulder blades. During the interval which has elapsed I have had occasion to resort to Doan's Kidney Pills when I noticed warnings of an attack. On each and every occasion the results obtained were just as satisfactory as when the pills were first brought to my notice. I just as emphatically endorse the preparation to-day as I did over two years ago."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.



The Little Boy's Idea.

The little stars are out so late—
In fields of blue they roam;
I wonder why the mother moon
Doesn't call her children home?
I know they're sleeping in the skies
Just by the way they blink their eyes.
—Atlanta Constitution.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WEST BIRDA, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNA & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment

cures Cuts, Burns, Bruises.

Twenty Bushels of Wheat TO THE ACRE

IN THE RECORD ON THE FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS OF WESTERN CANADA FOR 1904

The 150,000 Farmers from the United States, who during the past seven years have gone to Canada, participate in this program.

The United States will soon become an importer of wheat. Get a farm in Canada at a price as low as Western Canada, and become one of those who will help produce it.

Apply for information to the nearest office of the Canadian Government, or to the nearest office of the Canadian Government, or to the nearest office of the Canadian Government.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Vaudeville Songster

A song book everybody wants. "It's Good," "You're Welcome as the Flowers in May" and forty other new songs. Price one cent stamps will buy it. Address: F. E. DEAN, 512 E. N. W. STORE, SIOUX CITY, IA.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY AND BROADCAST ACCOUNTING

Published by all railroads. 1st, 2nd years. For particulars apply to the nearest office of the American Commercial College, 1111 N. W. 1st St., Miami, Fla. Course, 10 weeks. \$500 to \$1,200.

For **Soreness and Stiffness**

St. Jacobs Oil

The Old Monk Cure

From cold, hard labor or exercise, relaxes the stiffness and the soreness disappears.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

A Japanese War Story.

Lafadio Hearn, the American writer resident in Japan, said in a recent letter apropos of the Japanese war: "My friends here have no fear of Russia. The thought of war excites them to pleasant laughter. Over our saki the other night, your old acquaintance Mutsu told a Japanese war story that you may think interesting."

"The third son of a samurai (he said) boasted of his prowess."

"What deeds did you do in the last battle?" asked his friends.

"I went up boldly to one of the enemy," the young man replied, "and cut off his feet."

"His feet?" said the friends of the samurai's son. "Why his feet? Why did you not cut off his head?"

"Oh," said the youth, "that was off already."

Especially for Women.

Champion, Mich., Jan. 9.—(Special.)—A case of especial interest to women is that of Mrs. A. Wellatt, wife of a well-known photographer here. It is best given in her own words.

"I could not sleep, my feet were cold and my limbs cramped," Mrs. Wellatt states. "I had an awful hard pain across my kidneys. I had to get up three or four times in the night. I was very nervous and fearfully dependent. I had been troubled in this way for five years when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and what they caused to come from my kidneys will hardly stand description."

"By the time I had finished one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was cured. Now I can sleep well, my limbs do not cramp, I do not get up in the night and I feel better than I have in years. I owe my health to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Women's ills are caused by diseased kidneys; that's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure them.

No More Old Women.

There are no old women to-day in the wide world of fashion.

Not many years ago dressmakers designed special dresses for women who had passed the sunny side of life. There were caps for old women and wraps and bonnets and shoes for them. Everybody called them "grandma," and their greatest pleasure was in sitting by the fireside and telling of the good old days.

Now all this has changed. If to-day you should seek to draw a distinction between the dresses of your grandmother and your mother you would find it an exceedingly difficult matter, for in the fashionable dress-making establishments of the city no rules of age prevail.

In the swiftest of the dressmakers' shops the other day three women were selecting and ordering their dresses for the fall and winter. The eldest of the trio was probably 65, the second 42, and the youngest 20. The choice of goods they made was practically the same, with the possible exception that the eldest woman selected colors a trifle more subdued than the other two. But this difference was so slight as scarcely to be marked. The women were grandmother, mother and daughter, but one fashion plate answered for all.

TWO YEARS OF AGONY.

One Cake of Cuticura Soap and One Box of Cuticura Cured Baby's Awful Humor.

"When my sister was eighteen months old a humor broke out on her shoulder, extending clear across the back. For two years it caused her intense suffering. It would scab over and then crack open and a watery matter ooze from it. Then the scabs would fall off and it would be raw for a time. We had several different doctors and tried everything we could think of, but without effecting a cure. Then we got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, which cured her completely and without scar or blemish. (Signed) L. E. Chase Walker, 5 Tremont St., Woodford, Me."

The Secret Out.

"Why is it," asked the youth, "that of all the people who come to you for advice none ever appear to go away dissatisfied?"

"That's easily explained," answered the sage. "When a man comes to me for advice I find out what kind he wants, and give it to him."

I can recommend Pisco's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

Remarkable Dogs.

First Lion—I have a dog that runs to a doctor every time he gets hurt.

Second Lion—Smart dogs are plenty enough, but I have one with a sense of humor.

"I guess not. How does he show it?"

"Every time he sees a tailor he pants."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

She Decides for Him.

Jobberwack—Your friend Meekerton appears to be a man of very decided views.

Dinglebatz—Yes, did you ever meet his wife?

Jobberwack—No, I believe not.

Dinglebatz—Well, when you do you will understand why he has them.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? How can you look up into your skies of blue In heaven's sunshine smile and bask, And such a question dare to ask?

At blossom time, how can you hear Blithe messengers with notes, high, clear, From branch and bough proclaim His might, Without a thrill of glad delight?

How can you know the gentle press On cheek and brow of wind's caress, And not within your bosom feed An earnestness, a new born zeal?

Is life worth living? How can you gaze lovingly in eyes so true, And not within their depths behold The light that blends each hour with gold?

How can you, the ones who wear The crown of motherhood, bright, fair, Be-quey thus, when 'gainst your breast Two little warm, red lips are pressed? —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY.

SQUIRE GEOFFREY MARDINGHAM lay in the big four-post bed, stricken down by a relentless disease. Around him gathered a number of relatives, for in his hard life he had accumulated a large fortune, and each wanted it.

Mrs. Foxley, his eldest sister, a plump and gorgeously dressed matron, sat near the head of the bed, her eyes full of a tender concern.

"Dear Geoffrey," she murmured, "I hope you are better now. Please allow George to bathe your forehead with that bay water."

"I won't," growled the interesting invalid, quite tartly.

"My dear and venerable cousin," smiled a tall, cadaverous-looking, young man, in a white neckcloth, "if a chapter out of Nossy's sermons—" "Nossy be hanged!" sharply uttered old Squire Mardingham, with an emphasis which proved that there was yet some vitality about him. "Clear out, the whole tribe and generation of you! If I'm to go into the other world I won't be badgered out of this!"

"If there should be any aid I could give you in your legal affairs, my dear cousin," began a fat man with sleek, black hair and keen, ferret-like eyes. "I am sure any little knowledge I possess will be at your service."

"Get out of my room, every one of you!" sharply ejaculated Geoffrey Mardingham. "Let me have a minute's peace and try to sleep. I tell you your chatter makes me mad!"

"And leave you alone, brother?" remonstrated Mrs. Foxley, sweetly.

"Naomi Bruce shall stay with me," said the Squire, a little impatiently. "She understands my ways—she doesn't fill my ears with senseless chatter! Come here, Naomi, and sit by my bedside; you, at least, can keep still."

The assembled relatives glanced with unfriendly eyes at Naomi Bruce, a slender, soft-eyed girl, in a much-worn suit of some coarse material, as she advanced to fulfill the old man's bidding.

"A pert upstart—and only his third cousin at that," said Mrs. Foxley, venomously.

"Presuming minx!" muttered the starched maiden lady, "with no more experience than a gosling!"

"Ah," sighed Lawyer Lennox, rolling up his eyes, "it's much to be feared that some undue influence—"

Then the door shut off further comment.

All that night the relatives sat in the adjoining room waiting to hear of their rich relative's death; but old Squire Mardingham had more endurance than they had any idea of. He railed, and for this time they went home outwardly rejoicing, but in reality sorely discomfited. Naomi Bruce alone remained by the old man's side. But even this arrangement was not for long. Geoffrey Mardingham had always led a lonely life—he preferred it.

"Go back to your work, my dear," he said dryly. "You've been a good, attentive girl, and you will not lose anything by it; but I shall do very well by myself now."

So Geoffrey Mardingham was left alone. And one day they shut the oil-sun-warmed shutters, and hung some streamers of black crepe on the door, and when the relatives arrived the funeral was over, and a little old lawyer, with a rusty red wig, blue spectacles and a grizzled beard, was sitting at the further end of the parlor, with a japanned box labeled, "G. Mardingham," on his knee.

"I suppose you are all ready to hear the will read, ladies and gentlemen," he said in a cracked voice. "Please excuse the bandage on my face—it's neuralgia; and I find of late that with rheumatism and age I don't grow any younger—hee, hee!"

Mrs. Foxley put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Poor, dear Geoffrey!" she sighed. "Oh, go on, Mr. —"

"Mr. Peckham, of the firm of Peckham & Marble."

"I thought Mr. Peckham was a young man," said the disciple of Rev. Nehemiah Nossy.

"So he was ten years ago," said the cracked voice lawyer. "Ahem! Shall I proceed?"

"By all means," said Mrs. Foxley's husband, "unless," with a severe glance at the corner where poor Naomi Bruce sat, "that young woman would prefer to defer the proceedings a little while longer, while she cries it out. I do despise such affectation."

Naomi shrank back. Poor child, she had but few friends, and stern old Squire Mardingham had been good to her in his bluff way.

Mr. Peckham read out the preamble of the will in his sharp, high pitched voice. Mr. Lennox nodded approval while the while, and the room was filled with an atmosphere of breathless silence as he read the important words, for which all listened so intently.

"I Geoffrey Mardingham, do give and bequeath the whole of my fortune and estate, real and personal, for the founding, erection and endowment of an asylum for fools, idiots and insane, that my name may be remembered and honored after my bones have turned to dust," the lawyer read out, slowly and impressively.

Mrs. Foxley fell back in her chair, uttering a hysterical, gasping sound; there was a sudden babel of voices, bursting into discord.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Mrs. Foxley. "Not to remember me, that always did so much for him!"

"Fools and idiots, indeed! He was one himself," cried Mr. Foxley, growing purple in the face.

"I always knew he was an old blockhead," cried Mr. Lennox, jumping around the room as if he had the St. Vitus dance.

"An unregenerate sinner!" groaned the pious young man; "think how the sweet utterances of Nehemiah Nossy would have been completely thrown away on him!"

"Old fool!" cried Mrs. Foxley, suddenly emerging from the tide of her hysterics. "Oh, Foxley, Foxley, you always told me he hadn't any brains, but I never gave credence to you."

The maiden lady tossed her head in the air.

"I wish now I hadn't worked those slippers for him," said she; "an ungrateful, unprincipled, hoary reprobate who—"

But Naomi Bruce rose up among them, slender and pale, yet instinct with womanly dignity.

"Hush!" she ejaculated, uplifting her slender finger. "How dare you speak so of the dead? Uncle Geoffrey was good and generous to all of you, as he was to me. What right have you to expect aught else? His money was his own to do as he pleased with, and I for one, shall not sit mutely by and hear his name defamed."

There was an instant of astonished silence, and then Mr. Peckham, of the firm of Peckham & Marble, jumped briskly up, tore the bandage away from his mouth and chin, pulled off the red wig, false beard and goggles, and rising to his full height, confronted the astonished audience—old Geoffrey Mardingham's self, alive and well!

"Well met, ye hypocrites," he said slowly and distinctly. "I can scarcely express my gratitude for this opportunity, which has given me such a clear insight into the characters of every one of you. I am not dead and buried; no, nor likely to be at present, but I have learned a lesson for the future. Come here to me, Naomi," he said, his face softening as he held out his hand. "You, who were the only one to defend the dead old man, shall be his adopted child for the present, his heir for the future. As for the rest of you, I only want to have my house cleared of your odious presence!"

There was no gainsaying his stern words and sneering lips. One by one the expectant relatives, now, alas! so woefully disappointed, sneaked out of the room and house—Mr. and Mrs. Foxley, the lawyer, the old maid, and the "regenerate" youth, together with the lesser satellites.

For they had no more hopes from Geoffrey Mardingham's will, and the little Naomi Bruce was now an heiress!—Indianapolis Sun.

WESTERN FARM COLONIES.

A Plan that Promises to Work Sociological Benefits.

While I stopped at Billings, Mont., George H. Maxwell, the executive chairman of the National Irrigation Association, addressed a meeting of the people at which he unfolded a plan for putting people on land, which, if it can be worked out, will become one of the most important sociological movements of the times. He said that if the people of Billings would take it up and co-operate, he would undertake to secure subscriptions sufficient to establish at the outskirts of the town an acre farm colony, where 100 acres could be secured, with a good irrigation supply, and divided up into one-acre tracts and provided with competent farm instructors, so that men in the Eastern centers who had saved a little money and wanted to get a little country home could come out and stay on one of those acres for a year or two and be taught how to farm and to irrigate. Then they would feel confidence in looking about the buying a five or ten acre farm and making their home upon it.

The working out of such a plan, Mr. Maxwell said, would furnish a supply of ideal colonists for any new country, and it would at the same time tend to relieve the congested centers in the East. That it was not a chimera of his brain, he stated that one of the Southern transcontinental railroads had already started the system in Arizona, in the irrigated Salt River Valley, and was now dividing up a 160-acre tract into acre farm gardens and had engaged one of the best farmers in Arizona as an instructor.—Northwestern Agriculturist.

Laugh at another man's jokes and he will laugh with you; spring one of your own and you laugh alone.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Jokemaker's Complaint.

Laugh at another man's jokes and he will laugh with you; spring one of your own and you laugh alone.—Philadelphia Telegraph.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the chance of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weariness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, MRS. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For over two years I suffered more than tongue can express with kidney and bladder trouble. My physician pronounced my trouble catarrh of the bladder, caused by displacement of the womb. I had a frequent desire to urinate, and it was very painful, and lumps of blood would pass with the urine. Also had backache very often.

"After writing to you, and receiving your reply to my letter, I followed your advice, and feel that you and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have cured me. The medicine drew my womb into its proper place, and then I was well. I never feel any pain now, and can do my household work with ease."—MRS. ALICE LAMON, Kincaid, Miss.

No other medicine for female ills in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Dangers in Paper.

It is not a pleasant thought that the brilliant white note paper which your hand rests upon may have in it the fiber from the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellah after it has passed through all the stages of decay until it is saved by the ragpicker from the gutter of an Egyptian town; and yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are exported every year into America to supply our paper mills.

At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have their rag-picking houses, where the rags are collected from all over Europe, the disease-infected Levant not excepted. Our best papers are made of these rags, and our common ones of wood pulp.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES, Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAIN-O-DRIVENENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. See.

The Kodak Friends.

Bery—Why does Ethel always wear that silly smiling expression on her face whenever she promulgates the bench?

Sybil—She suspects that every person on the bench has a camera concealed on them to take a snapshot of her in bathing costume and have it published in papers.—Baltimore Herald.

Qualified.

"Such weather!" exclaimed Mr. Henry Peck. "I'm free to say this—"

"What's that, Henry?" interrupted his wife.

"Beg pardon, my dear," he began again, meekly. "I mean 'with—your permission I'm free to say' this is the worst climate under the sun."—Exchange.

Russia has almost three times the population of Japan.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY

USE

KEMP'S BALSAM

It Cures Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 75 cents.

ELECTRIC BELTS

Guaranteed Superior to any other made.

Two styles, 50 and \$100

Chicago Gen'l Supply Co. 3017 No. Winchester Av., Chicago, Ill.

FREE THE GREAT EYE AND LIVER CURE

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE

IF AFFLICTED WITH SORE EYES, USE THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

S. C. N. U. No. 2-1905

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

BEST FOR THE BOWELS