The Real Thing.

"I saw a good show in Cleveland the last time I was in that village," said the bardware drummer.

"So?" queried his friend. was it?"

"Hamlet played by a real ham," answered the man with the tireless jaw. WILD WITH ECZEMA

And Other Itching, Burning, Scaly Eruptions, with Loss of Hair-Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

Bathe the affected parts with hot water and Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the surface of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; dry, without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal; and, lastly, take Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set, costing but \$1, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

And He Was "It." Judge Lueders-There isn't any evi-

dence against this man, officer. Why did you arrest him? Officer Green-Well, there wasn't any

evidence against any one else, Your

Honor, and I had to arrest somebody. I cannot praise Piso's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing me. -R. H. Seidel, 2206 Olive street, St.

Louis, Mo., April 15, 1901. Secretary of the Navy Morton is good sailor. He never gets seasick.

Mrs. Winslow's Socretoe Strup for Children techning; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, all are pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Men seldom strike a paying lead by stopping work.

A TRULY IDEAL WIFE

HER HUSBAND'S BEST HELPER Vigorous Health Is the Great Source of the Power to Inspire and Encourage

-All Women Should Seek It.

One of the most noted, successful and richest men of this century, in a recent article, has said, "Whatever I am and whatever success I have attained in this world I owe all to my wife. From the day I first knew her she has been an inspiration, and the greatest helpmate of my life."



To be such a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, to inspire him to make the most of himself, should be a woman's constant study.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headaches, bearingdown pains, nervousness, whites, irregularities or the blues, she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

Following we publish by request a letter from a young wife:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"Ever since my child was born I have suf-

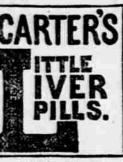
fered, as I hope few women ever have, with inflammation, female weakness, bearing-down pains, backache and wretched headaches. It affected my stomach so I could not enjoy my

meals, and half my time was spent in bed.
"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman, and I feel so grateful that I am glad to write and tell you of my marvelous recovery. It brought me health, new life and vitality."—Mrs. Bessie Ainsley, 611 South 10th Street, Tacoma, Wash.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Ainsley it will do for every sick and ailing woman. If you have symptoms you don't understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at

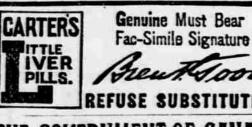
Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and

Positively cured by



these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Inligestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They

regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.





Absolutely Free to Every Settler 3 One Hundred and Sixty - Acres of Land in -

Land adjoining this can be purchased from rail-way and land companies at from \$6 to \$10 per acre. On This Land This Year Has Been Produced Upwards of Twenty-Five Bushels of Wheat to the Acre

It is also the best of grazing land, and for mixed farming it has no superior on the continent. Splendid climate, low taxes, railways convenient, schools and churches close at hand. For Iwentieth Century Canada" and low railway rates Apply for info mation to S. pe int ndent of Immig a-tion, O tawa, Canada, or to E. T. Hoimes. 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, M. nn., and J. M. McLuchlan, Box 116, Watertown, So. Dakota, Authorized Government Agents Please say where you saw this advertisement.

A HOME PICTURE.

O! the happy little home when the sun shone out, And the busy little mother got the children all about; And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought the wood, And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should-And Daniel rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song, To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

O! the sweet peas and the morning glories climbing 'round the door, And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor, O! the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass, And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass! O! the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh As the rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.

O! the happy little home when the twilight fell, And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell, With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years-And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears: And I hear her happy laughter as she cries "The boys have come!" And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.

O! the happy little home when the moon gleamed forth, And Billy-boy would have it that it "rised in the north." O! the raptures and the whispers near the little mother's chair, As the white-robed little figures are fitting here and there, And we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever roam When we kneel and say our prayers in the happy little home. -Locomotive Engineers' Journal.

Mr. Migg's Proposal

<u>*</u>

~>====

with pens, though I can read what like 'Will you marry me?' simple." they've writ with anybody."

chair before me-a little red-faced this much for itself, and I said so. Mr. man with mild blue eyes and stubbly | Migg shook his head. grey hair. He was a bootmaker by trade, but he had small private means which rendered him particularly "eligible" in the eyes of the village of I explained that the letter would tha Cowperthwaite, who saw to its was a tap at the door. wants in the matter of drapery-nor had any individuals taken more active to you'm." interest in such speculations than those two ladies themselves.

"I'll help you with pleasure, Mr. Migg," I said. "But why not call upon Mrs. Drayton-or is it Martha?"

"It's fer you to decide which, mum," make a fool of meself with speakin'. an' I'll not alter now!" I've a way of losin' me 'ead when I'm excited, an' the village'll know termor- his own into their envelopes, rer just what I've said. I'll not be a laughin'-stock." "Surely," I said, "neither of them

would---" "It'll go the round, will your let-

ter," said Mr. Migg, applying a red



"I BELIEVE IT'S MY DOING."

handkerchief to a moist brow. "You can't blame no woman fer makin' the most of a prerposal, mum. But I know you'll put nothin' as'll make me look foolish. I misdoubts you'll 'ave 'nd one of the kind your-"

interrupted, hurriedly.

and I bent over my desk and addressed | ter, Mary?" myself to the completion of a letter to a certain pretty little Martha Mayne, doing-my mistake!" daughter of the landlord of the Red Lion, who was taking part in a village fresh paper towards me.

"Dear-?" I said inquiringly.

"Oh, beg pardon, mum. 'Er name's "Oh, then it is Mrs. Drayton?"

pigs on Martha Cowperthwaite's cookin'," said Mr. Migg, simply.

was ill." "Did she now?" cried Mr. Migg. Then it's just that widder's impid-

ence! What'll do fer you'll do fer me, her cheeks. mum. Set down Marthy!" "Mr. Migg," I said a little desper- up," she said.

ately, "are you sure you want to get

finality in his tone, "as I'd take one on asking him to make it convenient to Chronicle. 'em by Easter. Bein' single comes out call upon me during the following in the boots, even. You can't give evening, though I felt rather as your mind to turnin' out a smart pair though I should have sought his shop if you're keepin' one eye on a sauce- on my knees! pan of pertaters that a shiftless girl'll

Bet 'er down, mum." ample, energetic type, and I felt that was placing Mr. Migg in capable

"She's not so ill-lookin', neither, as Sarah Drayton. Drayton went blind a don't know what to say to you! Sitmonth after 'e'd married 'er," he add- sit down, please!" ed, meditatively. "What next, mum?"

time'?" I suggested.

DON'T mind which I ask," said | "We shall 'ave it framed in the par-Mr. Migg, "but I thought p'raps | lor as like as not. I'll 'ave nothin' put you'd write the letter. I'm no 'and | i might reproach meself fer after. I'd

It struck me that even a limited He sat on the extreme edge of a skill in caligraphy might have achieved

"If you've wrote it," he said, "she can't fer shame say if it's not to 'er likin'. 'Ave I got to sign me name?"

Great Hale, and it married him inter- otherwise be valueless, and he traced mittently to Widow Drayton, who kept his signature in irregular, disconnecta farm beyond its borders, and Mar- ed characters. At the moment there

"Widow Drayton would like to speak "Not in 'ere!" interposed Mr. Migg,

abruptly. "I'll come to her in a minute, Eli-

"An' I'll clear out an' post this," added the squire of dames hurriedly deferred the suitor, politely, "if you as my maid vanished. 'If she sees me 'ave the trouble of writin'. But I'll not | she'll get round me with 'er tongue,

I hastily crammed my letter and

"You'll find a stamp in that little box, so you can post it at once, and this one for me, if you will, and if you let yourself out by the conservatory door Mrs. Drayton will never see you."

I cut short his thanks as I departed to the individual whose hopes I had shattered during my brief period as amanuensis. When I returned from an interview which concerned itself with the price of eggs, Mr. Migg had made good his escape.

It happened that I was starting on the following morning for a fortnight's visit to a cousin, and I heard nothing more of the little bootmaker or his project until the day of its close, when my hostess looked across the breakfast table from a letter in her hand.

"It's from your respected vicar's wife, Mary, and there's a message for you. One Thomas Migg is-" "Going to be married," I said.

"Oh, you knew? But she says, "Te!l Mary Thomas Migg has astounded us all by proposing to little Martha Mayne, at the Red Lion. He seems-"

"What?" I shouted.

"'Oddly depressed, poor little man, and the two Juliets to whom we had "Just think out exactly what you'd opportioned him are frankly furious. like said while I finish this letter," I Martha is cheerfulness itself, but I can't help thinking there is something The little man crumpled his brows at the- what on earth's the mat-

"Oh!" I gasped. "I believe it's my

I knew-knew of a surety! Of course I had been writing to Martha entertainment over which the gods for Mayne when Thomas Migg had sought my sins had ordained my supervision. my services, and it came to me with A deprecating cough made me pull a flash of intuition more convincing than any direct information that in hurriedly manipulating our joint cor-"Eh?" said Mr. Migg, with a start. respondence when leaving him, I had put her letter and Martha Cowperthwaite's into each other's envelopes! And Mr. Migg, with his unfailing hor-"I'm told she says I'll never regret ror of making himself ridiculous, and takin' 'er, an' that she'd not feed 'er possibly some slight awe of me and consideration for my feelings-to say nothing of Martha Mayne's-was "Unfortunate animals!" I said, un- keeping silence and allowing himself first chance of a husband!

I faltered out my story, and my cousin laughed till the tears ran down

And before starting for Great Haie at a time at 9 o'clock every morning "I've told everybody," he said, with again I indited a note to Mr. Migg, until the sum is paid."-London

It did not reassure me when the apferget. Marthy's used to a shop, too. pointed hour arrived to note that a new and depressed Thomas Migg I set down Martha. She was of the stood before me, a man who cast nervous glances anywhere but in my direction, and whose fingers strayed restlessly round his hatbrim.

"Mr. Migg," I began nervously, "I

"'I-I have cared for you a long shifting his weight from one leg to the other. "You've 'eard, then?"

manage somehow to let me know at

the time?" "I dursen't," muttered Mr. Migg, to the carpet. "An' that's a fact."

"Am I such a very terrible person?" I said, miserably. "Don't you see how much easier it would have made things if you'd spoken out at once? Do you think you're behaving fairly to Martha Mayne?"

"She's that light-'earted," began Mr. Migg, deprecatingly, "an' 'er father's a boy again!"

I grouned inwardly. Should I ever hold up my head in Great Hale again! "That doesn't alter the fact that you're doing a very wrong thing," said. Then it occurred to me that ?

was somewhat reversing our positions "It's done, any'ow, an' too late to b. altered!" said Mr. Migg, with a toucl of spirit.

"Mr. Migg, it's not too late!" I said earnestly. "I'm very sorry-more sorry than I can say. I'll go to Martha myself. I'll do anything you wish,

I saw a gleam of something akin to hope in Mr. Migg's eye.

"Is that a fact, mum?" he interrupted eagerly. "Then-then don't do noth-

"What?" I ejaculated.

"Don' do nothin'! I'd a deal sooner

things stayed as they was." "You-you don't mean it?" I said,

with a queer wave of relief. "I do, mum," said the accepted lover, with growing confidence. "I see'd it In a flash. You can't compare neither of those clatterin' forward women to my little Martha! It's a wife I want, an' not only an 'ousekeeper-not but what she's got an 'ead on 'er shoulders,

"And you'd really rather she never knew?" I said in bewilderment.

"I would, mum. I'm not goin' to alter for anybody, an' she might never think the same of me. I've not 'ad a 'appy moment while you've been away fer fear of what you'd do when you 'eard-especially since it struck me sudden that it might come out through Martha Cowperthwaite's 'avin' a wrong letter."

"Oh!" I said, "my letter was only to ask Martha to meet me at the schools to-morrow. She'd see nothing unusual in that." I still felt in a whirl.

"Then you'll keep quiet?" cried Mr. Migg, joyously. "If-if you're sure you wish it," I

ding his depression as it might have

been a garment. "Beg pardon, mum! Good evenin' an' thank you." He wrung my hand forcibly and made for the hall. I followed as one in a dream. As I held the front door

open for him he paused. "Mum," he said, "I'd like you to know as I've never done anythin' of the sort before. It was just with your givin' me both letters to post, an' leaving mine fer me to stick down, an' the other Martha's openin' again to my very feel, as you might say, that the idea come upon me sudden. I'd nipped 'em into each other's envelopes an' licked 'em down before I give meself time to think. You know 'ow temptashins take you, mum. Good evenin'

again, mum, an' thank you." And then he hurried down the walk. At the gate he turned, and seeing that I still stood in the patch of light in the doorway he waved his hand to me as one friend might hail another .- Montreal Family Herald.

Getting at the Facts.

The census-taker rapped at the door of the little farmhouse and opened his long book. A plump girl of about eighteen came to the door, and blinked at him stupidly.

"How many people live here?" he

"Nobody lives here. We are only staying through the hop season." "How many of you are there here?" "I'm here. Father's in the wood-

shed, and Bill is-" "See here, my girl, I want to know how many inmates there are in this house. How many people slept here

last night?" "Nobody slept here, sir. I had the toothache dreadful, and my little brother had the stomach ache, and the new hand that's helping us got sunburned so on his back that he has blisters the size of eggs; and we all took on so that nobody slept a wink all night long."

Equal to the Occasion.

The Worcestershire defendant, fined 10 shillings for driving without a light, who has insisted upon paying his fine in coppers because he considered it a "rotten affair," has his precethinkingly. "Martha gave me an ex- to be engaged to a pretty slip of a dent in the tradition of an Oxford unceilent dinner last week when my cook girl, who had evidently jumped at her dergraduate whom the proctor fined 5 shillings for some breach of university law. He also brought out the money in coppers with a view to "scoring off" the proctor, but the lat-"There's nothing for it but owning | ter was equal to the occasion. "By all means, Mr. ---," he said, "only I "I suppose not," I agreed miserably. must trouble you to bring me a penny

> Confinement Kills Them. Of the fifteen long-term Indian pris-

oners now incarcerated in the United States penitentiary at McNeil's Island, on Puget sound, twelve who have been there for less than three years are in the last stages of consumption and none can live more than another year. All are under sentence for from ten to twenty years. Warden O. P. Halligan, in discussing the situation, says: "From my experience with the Alaska Indians and Eskimos doing "I'd as lief stand, mum," he said, terms in this institution, I am of the opinion that the majority of both races have hereditary tuberculosis and that "Nay, nay," said Mr. Migg, firmly. | "Only yesterday. Why didn't you the confinement develops it."

The Emerald Isle.

Many aspects of the present-day life of Ireland are as characteristic and picturesque as any survivals of earlier ages. The tiny, thatched cottages, white-washed, or frequently tinted pink, blue, or yellow, vine-covered, in the midst of their gardens. are a constant delight to the visitor. The most characteristic Gaelic villages are probably to be found in the west, although many districts in Munster and Donegal have also preserved the national language, with distinctive customs and dress. In many parts of Connaught the old, hooded, Irish cloak is still worn by the women, and their scarlet skirts, homespun and homedyed, make brilliant dashes of color among the gray rocks and brown bogs of this weird western country.

SUFFERING UNTOLD.

A Kansas City Woman's Terrible Experience with Kidney Sickness. Mrs. Mary Cogin, 20th St. and Cleveland Ave., Kansas City, Mo., says:



For years I was run down, weak, lame and sore. The kidney secretions were too frequent, Then dropsy puffed up my ankles until they were a sight to behold. Doctors gave me up, but I began using Doan's Kidney

Pills, and the remedy cured me so that I have been well ever since, and have had a fine baby, the first in five that was not prematurely born." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Friendly Criticism.

"Texas," remarked Jaggsby, "is a great place for snakes. I once saw a green and yellow snake down there 77 feet long and as big round as a whisky

"Well, I don't doubt it," rejoined Waggsby, "but it's doughnuts to fudge you saw the whisky barrel before you saw the snake."

Staple as Sugar and Coffee.

The magazine editors who are using much of their space in attacks on "patent" medicines, seem to overlook the fact that a large proportion of the population of this country—nearly 53 per cent, to be exact—live in rural dis- without his name and price stamped on bottom. tricts, remote from physicians and drug stores, and that it is necessary for them to keep ready-prepared family medicines on hand for immediate use in case of an emergency. On this account, if on no other the well-known family remedies will continue to be as staple as sugar and coffee.

No Improvement. "it's impossible for me to think and operate the typewriter at the same time,' said the humorist.

"Huh!" exclaimed the editor, "then you are no better off than when you

It is more difficult for a man to behave

reconstruction of the contract of the contract

well in prosperity than adversity .-

CURES SICK-HEADACHE Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure but only deaden the pain by putting the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphine or

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away.

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makes, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are o

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in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY CREAT SALE. Look at list of contents. All of these Song Successes are in the book: There's Nothing Doing in the In the Shade of the Old Ap-| Sombrero My Hindoo Man Old, Old Town We Parted by the River, Texas Dan Down in the Subway My Irish Molly O Grace and I Dolly Dimple Bright Eyes, Good Bye The Ghost that Never Walked Back, Back, Back to Balti- Niccolini Get a Horse Hold Your Horses

Dinah Green One Little Soldier Man I'll Do as Much for You My Sweet Little Caraboo Tuat Kickapoo Indian Man Won't You Fondle Me My Irish Indian

On a Summer Night My Lady of Kentucky I'll Keep My Promise True somewhere Birds of a Feather Flock Together My Babe of the Bungalow Hippodrome Lanciers Under the Goo Goo Tree Dear Old Dixieland Farewell, Mr. Abner Hem- Pepita Maguire

Regular Retail Price, 75c--Our Price for This Sale Mail orders fille a--add 7c per copy for postage. F. P. Dean Sheet Music Store, Sioux City, Ia.



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he Gondoller

Moonlight

It's the Same Old Girl

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't Guarantee It. F. W. Diemer, M.D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Me.





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cellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5.00 to \$7.00 — the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other

greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shees for Men. \$2.50, \$2.00. Boys' School & Bress Shees, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.75, \$1.50 CAUTION .- Insist upon having W. L. Doug-

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