

PUT DOWN "EDUCATION" IDEA.

**Farmers' Plan Had Weight Among
Brother Agriculturists.**

In the early forties, on a certain "town meeting" day in one of the small farming communities of the Granite state, there was more than the usual interest and excitement. Some audacious Philistine had secured the insertion in the warrant of an article "To see if the town will appropriate \$500 for a new schoolhouse."

The sturdy yeomanry were out in force to fight down this proposition. The sympathetic moderator didn't "moderate" them worth a cent. The so-called "toney" advocates, conscious from the start of their numerical weakness, were conciliatory and persuasive, in the hope of thus winning to their standard sufficient of the opposition to carry the day. These hopes were dashed, however, when a veteran farmer, the Nestor of the guild got the floor, and shouted in foghorn tones:

"What do you want of schoolhouses, anyway? This education talk is rattle to the old Harry with the boys on the farm! There's that Danny Webster—a likely young man's ever raised in these here parts! Get this education idea into his head—left the farm—never's heard of afterward!" This was a settler. The "toneys" led the scene, and the "noes" had it.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeler, retired farmer, of Fenner street, Caserovita, N. Y., says:

"About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sympathy Not Needed.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's famous arctic explorer, now minister to Great Britain, makes light of the sympathy expressed by many persons acent the "hardships" of travelers. He says: "There never was such misplaced sympathy as commiserating a man who has lived in the wilds. Most men who travel in out-of-the-way parts of the world do so because they like it. People who live in the center of what is called civilization do not understand, cannot realize, the spell that getting close to nature, battling with nature, has on the heart." He does not believe in the use of alcoholic beverages, holding that while liquor will raise the temperature for a few minutes, after that it falls lower than before.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF.

**Suffered for Three Years with Itching
Humor—Cruiser Newark U. S. N.
Man Cured by Cuticura.**

"I suffered with humor for about three years off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee to the ankle was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with Cuticura Soap every day, and used about six or seven boxes of Cuticura Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks, and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other soap than Cuticura now. H. J. Myers, U. S. N., U. S. S. Newark, New York, July 8, 1905."

Missed Chance for Fame.

The astronomer, Lalande, narrowly escaped being made famous by a discovery. He accidentally struck Neptune with his glass on May 8, 1785, but supposed it was a star. He put it down in his notebook as a star and recorded its exact situation. Two days later he struck it once more and made a record of it. But when he looked over his notes he found he had it down as being in two different places, and as a star cannot move in 48 hours he supposed he had made a mistake in one of his notes. If he had used his mind a little less mechanically he easily might have been a Columbus.

Thinks Clergy Are Losing Ground.

Mr. Charles Booth, the great social scientist, in his volume on "Religion in London" is convinced that the clergy are losing ground by becoming servers of tables and organizers of charity instead of spiritual guides to their flocks.

On Par with Austrian Capital.

The population of Chicago now at least equals that of Vienna.

**THE CANADIAN WEST
IS THE BEST WEST**

The testimony of those who have seen the Canadian West is that it is the best. Year by year the agricultural resources are being developed, and the Government is doing everything possible to encourage every bona fide settler.

Some of the Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage in this and other countries has put into every part of the country within reach of schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience. The NINETEEN MILLION BUREAU VESTIBULES OF THE CANADIAN WEST, apart from the results of other advantages, are a great asset to the settler. For advice and information address the SUPERVISOR OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Government Agent. W. V. BERRY, 201 New York Life Building, St. Paul, Minn.

READERS

of this paper desiring to buy any of the commodities being advertised in its columns should send their orders to the publisher, who will refund all postage and return.

Darkness and Dawn

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE

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In the fullness of their lives there comes to many a man, a day or a week when the dead weight of black despair crushes the last hope and the thought of earthly existence fills them with a weariness unutterable. Then it is that certain nature walk to the Brink, and half-fascinated by its awful mystery, stand staring into the silent depths, while the icy sweat gathers on their brows and their limbs shake like wind-thrashed reeds.

So it came about that Kent stood looking from the black doorway of the warehouse into the early night. It was a long time since Kent had been happy, so long, in fact, that he sometimes doubted that he ever had been. Still, his experience was but the story of a man—bitterer than most men's, possibly—yet commonplace enough to make the details unnecessary telling. Suffice to say, he had looked from sunset until dawn into the muzzle of his own gun, and now was telling himself that he had seen enough of this thing called life, and that he would have no more of it.

He turned up his collar and looked down the empty street that led to the wharves he saw a woman who leaned far forward as she forced her slender form against the burly strength of the wind.

"You are going to a boat?" he inquired. She looked at his face for the first time and answered him rapidly: "Yes, the Senator. It sails at nine and I must hurry." She stepped to the pavement and Kent stood watching her fighting against the wind. A wild impulse surged within him.

What better way to end it all than a plunge from the deck? A brief struggle with the waves, a dream of fields and music, and then the last great unconsciousness. No one would ever know what had become of him. Gossiping tongues could say no more than that he had disappeared.

"I am going to the Senator also," he shouted, hurrying to her side. "Take my arm and hang on hard." She stopped short, shot him a quick upward glance and then he felt her fingers close upon his sleeve. Flushed and breathing heavily they crossed the gangway and stood before the office of the purser.

"Yes, the ship is going to sail tonight," said that official in a matter of fact tone. "The cargo has got to go, gale or no gale. But all our passengers have canceled their berths and you two will have the salon to yourselves. Of course, you understand it is going to be pretty rough outside."

She nodded and both made their way to the salon. From out of the great northeast there swept that night a gale that whipped itself into a hurricane. Huger and more huge rose the steep hills before the laboring Senator, black, solid, battering her front with herculean blows, twisting her steel frame like a giant wrestler.

From the depths of his big chair in the salon Kent watched the girl as she sat nearly opposite him. She had listlessly thrown aside her hat and under the lights of the cabin the dark masses of her hair shone with the luster of polished ebony.

Then suddenly she arose and glancing neither to right or left went within a stateroom, while the man, sinking lower in the chair, let his eyelids fall. Evidently the huge rollers came thundering over the walling Senator, burying her beneath their black weight, crushing her down into the depths, but each time she arose like some half-drowned thing and shudderingly shook herself free.

For an hour Kent's eyes swept the length of the dim cabin listlessly, then suddenly he leaned forward. From her stateroom the girl came creeping and, with one hand against the wall to steady her, she slowly made her way towards where he sat. The man caught his breath and drew further into the shadow as she passed him in the half-darkness. A moment later her fingers closed upon the knob of the door leading to the deck as she twisted and tugged at it vainly.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, as she turned away and covered her face with her hands. A sudden lurch of the ship threw her towards him and, springing to his feet, Kent caught her by the arm.

Kent knew that one motive only could have actuated her to seek that surge-swept deck; and her motive had been his motive of the hour before. But for a woman like her! He grew cold at the thought.

"Go back to your stateroom!" he began sternly, then caught her a second time, for her knees had grown limp and she was slipping to the floor. Then as he looked about the deck rose beneath his feet in a mighty upheaval and the dull crash of rent wood and iron filled his ears. Rendered awkward by his burden Kent's feet tripped upon a threshold and he fell heavily forward dimly conscious that something had struck him violently upon the head. And the next roll of the ship banging the door shut left him and the one he had borne motionless upon the floor of the smoking room.

Capt. Peterson went about the deck giving his orders with cool precision. The lashings of the life boats were

cut, the falls mangled and out of the bowsels of the ship the half-drowned stokers came swarming.

Down to stateroom number 12 where the only woman passenger should have been the purser ran and threw open the door. Her hat and wraps lay upon the bed, but the girl was not there. Number 17, the stateroom assigned to the gentleman, was also vacant.

"They must have got out of the cabin somehow and been swept overboard," said the captain, as last man of all he took his place in the stern sheets of a life boat. "Anyway, we have got to get out of this." He gave the order to lower away and the small boats vanished into the night.

Twenty miles east of Point Ontonoggin the lake shoals to a depth of 50 feet, and it so happened that it was at this point that the Senator made her final plunge. There she lay; with her head upon the bottom and stern aloft, submerged to the waist and with the seas breaching over her.

An hour passed and the girl awoke. Half bewildered and merely seeking to get out of the dark den in which she found herself, she got upon hands and knees and crawled across the floor that slanted almost like a roof. A moment later she came across the prostrate form of a man, and after her first instinctive recoil approached him again and found that he breathed. Then she searched his vest pocket, found matches and struck one to a flame. She saw that his head was bleeding and without hesitation took it in her lap, and strove to staunch the red flow with her handkerchief.

The gray dawn filtered through the windows and Kent opened his eyes and stared blankly at her until returning memory told him who she was. Next he smiled a bit and got upon his feet with a good deal of trouble. The girl was sitting with hands clasped and face averted, and without addressing her he scrambled into the vestibule and from that out to the stateroom.

The wind had dropped to half a gale, and the seas, although still plenty high enough, ran smoothly and no longer broke over the floating stern. He called to her, telling her to get a rug, and when she had done that he half dragged her up the steep incline, wrapped the rug about her and together they sat upon the deck in the lee of the cabin with their backs braced against it.

Silently they watched the gray rollers race into the west, and the low fights of the scurrying storm clouds, each knowing what the other thought. "We have stood hand in hand upon the Brink and gazed as deep as mor-



Caught Her a Second Time.

talms can into eternity," he said, gravely. "Are you glad we got no further?" She turned her face towards his own looking steadily into his eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "I am glad." Then after a moment's pause: "Have you, too, changed your mind?" He looked across the waste. "Yes," he said at length. "When I saw you trying to gain that deck and realized why you wished to gain it—well, I forgot about myself. I only wanted to reason you back to sanity."

"And except for that?" "Except for that I should have found a way to the deck." He drew his coat closely about him, huddling in it to escape the chill.

The planks beneath them heaved and sunk, the spume fell about them in spatters and above their heads the gulls wheeled and cried. A hoarse roar came across the waters and Kent springing to his feet scrambled to the rail and waved his arms frantically. A quarter of a mile away, the smoke whipping from her funnels in black streamers, a lake liner was wallowing.

"They are lowering a surf boat—they are coming," said he with a laugh as he turned upon the girl. "Together we have walked to the mouth of the Pit—and together we go back to new life, new work, new hope—yes, perhaps even to a new love."

He helped her to her feet and hand in hand they stood upon the deck, watching the life boat as it came steadily towards them over the crests of the heaving seas.

Three to Sleep "Alone."

As was the custom in those days, my father was apprenticed to a Mr. Stanwood, of Ipswich, says a writer in the Boston Herald. While the children were quite young the family moved to Augusta, Me. All were very homesick, especially the children, and the first evening father and mother were obliged to be away had were the lamentations. Among other inducements to help

FILLING UP THE CANADIAN WEST.

The American Settler Is Welcomed to Canada.

A number of the leading newspapers on this side of the line have been noticing the growth of the Canadian West in recent years, and draw attention to the fact that there seems to be no abatement of the influx of settlers to that great grain-growing country. The Buffalo Express thus refers to the subject:

"Canada West continues to grow. There were 4,174 homesteads entries there in July of this year, as against 3,571 in July, 1905. Canada prides herself over this fact, with becoming pride. But what appears to make our neighbors happiest is the statement that of these 4,174 homesteaders, 1,212 were from this side of the line. Little is said about the 97 Canadians who recrossed the border to take up homes in Canada West, or of the 308 from Great Britain, or of the 1,236 from non-British countries. It appears that the item in this July report that makes Canada rejoice most is this of the 1,212 American farmers who decided to try their fortunes in Canada West.

"The compliment is deserved. The 1,212 were mostly from Dakota and other farming states, and go into Canada fitted better than any other class of immigrants for developing the new country. They take capital with them, too, say Canadian papers proudly. In every way, they are welcome over there."

As the Express well says, the American is welcomed to Canada, and the reasons given are sufficient to invite the welcome. The American farmer knows thoroughly the farming conditions that prevail in the Canadian prairie provinces, and is aware of every phase of agricultural development in recent years.

In practical knowledge of what is wanted to get the largest return for labor and investment he is by long odds superior to any European settler. He knows what is required to bring success, and he is able and willing to do it, and his future causes no apprehension to the successful Canadian farmer. The agent of the Canadian Government, whose address appears elsewhere, says that the difference between the manners and customs of the farmer from Dakota, Oregon or Minnesota and the farmer from Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is not nearly so marked as that between the farmer of the Maritime provinces and the Ontario tiller of the soil. Hence the welcome to the free homesteaders of the Canadian West, and there are hundreds of thousands of them left, that is extended to the settler from the Western States.

Yes on the Down Grade.

Two drinkers are finding scant encouragement in a report recently made by a large tea exporting house in Yokohama, to its American customers. Incidentally it indicates that the United States is not alone in facing increased cost of living. The report says: "Owing to the rapidly increasing cost of living in Japan labor costs more, and in consequence cultivation of the tea gardens is less generous and extensive than formerly, and less care and skill are expended in picking and curing the leaf. Hence the average quality of the teas now offered for sale is below that of seasons prior to the war, and for the same reasons we are not likely in the future to see any reversion to the excellence of former years."—New York Sun.

Care of Children's Teeth.

At Strasburg, Germany, a dental clinic has been opened at the university for the treatment of school children. Hither all the school children are sent, in order, by their teachers. Each child is quickly examined, as many as eighty children being dealt with in an hour, and nearly 300 a day, by a single doctor. Teaching goes hand in hand with treatment. The doctor tells the child how to use a tooth brush, sees that he uses one, and sends him home to practice with it. The movement is spreading. In Wiesbaden and Mulhausen school dental clinics are to be erected.

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Much of the spring poetry written is not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 50, 1908.

Suffer in Silence

Jealous. Mother—What's Tommy been fighting about? Little Sister—Oh, he's mad because Jimmy Smith has to wear spectacles and he doesn't—Detroit Free Press.

To Wash Velvet. Velvet may be washed by shaking it about in warm Ivory Soap suds; then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account wring or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

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