

Ayer's 20th Century Almanac

A handsome year-book filled with beautiful illustrations, and a complete calendar. It is sold on all news-stands for 5 cents, and it is worth five times that amount. It is a reliable chronology of the progress of the 19th century and a prophecy of what may be expected in the 20th.

There are a few of the great men who have written for it:
Secretary Wilson, on Agriculture
Sen. Chauncey M. Depew, on Politics
Russell Sage, on Finance
Thomas Edison, "Electricity"
Gen. Merritt, "Land Warfare"
Adm. Hitchcock, "Naval Warfare"
"Al" Smith, "Sports"

You will enjoy reading it now, and it will be a book of reference for you through the years to come. Sixty-four pages, printed on ivory finish paper.

If your news-dealer cannot supply you with it, cut out this ad. and send it with three one-cent stamps and receive this elegant book free. Address
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The peach, the plum and the cherry first grow in Persia.

Cheep Texas Lands.

The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway covers central and south Texas. Good lands, reasonable prices, mild and healthful climate. Address
S. J. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
San Antonio, Texas.

Egypt and the Sudan now have 2,400 miles of railway.

Winter in the South. When one's eyes turn toward a place where the sun is shining and the wind is warm, no section of this continent is so ideal as the South. The line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad between Mobile and Jacksonville. It possesses a mild climate, a pure air, even temperature, and is well adapted for hunting and fishing. Accommodations are first-class, and the fare is moderate. The R. R. is the only line to be reached in through Northern cities. Through tickets to all points in Florida are also perfect. Write for particulars to Geo. B. Hoxzax, D. L. Louis, Mo.

is very contrary. I understand. "Contrary? Why that fellow is fat to get fat."

AM FADELESS DYES do not stain hands or spot the kettle. The Baptist had no enemies after he began to say, "Behold the Lamb of God."

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Send for your grocer give you GRAIN-O. Accepts no imitation.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the throat. It is a most valuable remedy for all who suffer from these ailments. It is sold by all grocers and druggists.

WARRANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. KEPT OFFERED BY THE MANUFACTURER.

WARRANTER'S INK

It is food for thought.

ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER

It is the best cure for all coughs, colds, and whooping cough. It is sold by all grocers and druggists.

INSURANCE

It is the best protection for your property. It is sold by all insurance companies.

That Mysterious Major...

CHAPTER VI.

"It is very awkward, but then it is just exactly what one might have supposed would happen." Lady Howard spoke in a strangely perturbed tone. For the past few minutes she had been occupied in reading the London paper, but the remark, which was accompanied by a faint sigh, was evidently the outcome of a previous conversation. "If one has a particular antipathy for a certain individual, one may be quite sure that, as ill-luck will have it, one will be brought in contact with that very individual at every turn and corner, and it has just been so with Major Brown. During the past four or five days we must have had occasion to speak to him at least a dozen times. What with lending us his umbrella on the day we were caught in that thunder shower, helping in the search for Sambo when you lost him the other morning, and to crown all, rescuing you almost from under the hoofs of that threemane horse upon the shore yesterday, we seem to have passed our time in saying nothing but 'thank you' to him. Really everything has happened as awkwardly as it could. Of course accidents are constantly occurring; still I cannot imagine how you managed to get under the hoofs of that horse."

"Well, yes—it was troublesome of me. It would have been almost better if it had killed me outright," was Evelyn's answer from the deep embrasure of the window, where she was sitting before a small writing table busily scribbling off several notes. "But, anyhow, we were under an obligation to him for getting me through on our account the other night, when in that pouring rain he found us a cab after the theater. After that, we were obliged to be polite to him."

"Yes—polite of course," agreed her ladyship, twisting her rings somewhat thoughtfully round and round upon her fingers; "but you have to be more than

should have been just as reluctant to have anything to say to him as I am about this other man if we had not discovered in him an old friend of both my husband and your father. At the same time I must say I never met anybody before in whom I could place such complete confidence. He is so different from the general run of young men, who can talk of nothing but their shooting, their horses, and their dogs."

"Oh, yes—he is very nice, of course; but"—Miss Luttrell paused for a moment—"he is not exactly a young man!"

"Possibly not." The touch of impatience in her ladyship's tones was superseded by one of distinct annoyance. "Neither," she added, "is this mysterious individual with whom you have struck up such a warm friendship. I should imagine there are only a very few years difference in their ages."

"Now, Aunt Lydia, do not talk nonsense! Major Brown may be as old as Methuselah for all I care! And, as for saying that I have struck up a friendship with him—well, that is really mean of you!" Evelyn pushed back her chair, advanced to the middle of the room, and with her hands clasped behind her, gazed serenely at her aunt. "You surely know that you did more towards making that acquaintance in the ten minutes when you talked to him last evening and overwhelmed him with thanks for rescuing me than I could have done in a whole year! Why, if I had not known to the contrary, I should have thought he was the one person in the hotel for whom you had the greatest respect!"

"Yet, what else could I do when, but for his timely aid, you might at this very moment be lying lamed for life or even dead?" returned Lady Howard, with a little shudder.

"Oh, no! You did quite right, of course," said Evelyn thoughtfully. "Perhaps nobody realized more fully than myself how much she had to be



THRUSTING IT INTO HER WRITING CASE, LOCKED THE KEY.

ordinarily polite to a man who has saved your life."

"Yes—that is it," said Evelyn lugubriously.

"It is very annoying—the whole affair has been so unfortunate," protested Lady Howard with emphasis. "If it were absolutely necessary that you should be rescued by somebody, all well and good; but there is not another person in the hotel whom I would not have chosen to undertake the task in preference to that man."

Evelyn received the information in silence. Leaning her elbows on the edge of the table, she let her chin sink slowly into her two palms and gazed out reflectively through the open window.

"Still there is nothing really against him," she suggested at length, with slight though perceptible diffidence. "He—he is very nice to talk to. The only objection is that nobody knows who he is, and that his name is 'Brown'—plain common 'Brown'—without even an 'e' to add a little elegance to it. And of course one generally considers that an officer is at least a gentleman."

"An officer? Nonsense, child! Because he cannot be 'Major Brown,' do you suppose that is any criterion of his position in society?" Lady Howard spoke quite disdainfully. "He may be an officer, certainly—he has the appearance of a soldier—but it is far more likely, since nobody can discover what regiment he is in—and there is no such name in the retired Army list—that he is merely a major of volunteers in an obscure country town. Following a vulgar but honest trade as soap boiler or sugar refiner."

"He may be, of course. Pigs, I believe, may fly," returned Evelyn, nibbling the end of her pen with a perfectly unconvinced expression. "But there is nothing suggestive of either soap or sugar about Major Brown."

"No—I do not say that there is; but I dislike making promiscuous acquaintances. Mr. Falkland was talking about him only this morning, and he seems thoroughly to understand my feelings upon the subject."

"Yet a month ago Mr. Falkland was quite as promiscuous an acquaintance himself. It was only by chance we got to know him; and in his case he had not even done anything for which we were under any obligation to him," was Evelyn's prompt reply.

"My dear child, what are you talking about?" Lady Howard's tones were slightly impatient. "Mr. Falkland's was quite a different case. We made his acquaintance by chance; but I

thankful for. "But do not say it is my fault if he—well, if for the future he does not merely take off his hat and pass on with a distant bow when he chances to meet you!"—laughing lightly.

No; the distant bow was quite a thing of the past, their acquaintance was on a totally different footing now—a state of affairs to which Major Brown himself was thoroughly alive when, half an hour later, he chanced to meet Miss Luttrell in the garden. He welcomed her warmly, persisted in showing her some new plans for a projected golf course, and was still walking by her side when a turn in the path brought them face to face with Gilbert Falkland.

"So there you are, Miss Evelyn!" he began by way of greeting, utterly ignoring her companion. "I was just wondering where the bird had flown." The words were spoken lightly, in the same familiar half-patronizing strain which Mr. Falkland usually adopted towards the daughter of his old friend. "Five minutes ago, when I was passing along the veranda I noticed that the window of your sitting room was wide open, and that a check book was lying on the table."

"A check book?" Evelyn nodded. "Ah, I dare say it was mine."

"So I suspected," observed Falkland calmly. "Are you aware, though, that it is a most dangerous practice leaving your check book about like that?"

"Dangerous!" Evelyn laughed. "Well, yes; I suppose that it would be considered dangerous by some people who go on the principle of locking up everything, from the wine cellar itself down to such trifles as penny stamps and halfpenny post cards."

"Yet check books, I should imagine, scarcely come under that category," remarked Falkland with quiet sarcasm. "But perhaps you have forgotten our conversation of a week ago?" he supplemented, with a significant glance from Evelyn to Major Brown, who was standing silently passing his stick along the edge of the gravel path, an edified listener to the discussion.

At his words the hot color rose quickly to Evelyn's cheeks, mounting to her forehead and spreading over throat and ears. Like lightning her thoughts had gone back to that morning when her first encounter with Major Brown had taken place; and, as she realized that Mr. Falkland was alluding, a feeling of the utmost annoyance took possession of her.

But worst of all was the knowledge that Major Brown had raised his head and was wondrously surveying the crimson hue of her cheeks, and probably even divining the cause of her confusion. This last thought was too much for her. Without another word, and giving Gilbert Falkland only one flash of her angry eyes, she suddenly turned away and walked off indignantly towards the house.

"The wretch! I hate him!" she murmured a moment later, as she stepped through the open window of Lady Howard's sitting room and threw herself into a low chair.

One contemptuous glance she gave at her check book as it lay open on the table by her side, and then, as though annoyed by the very sight of it, she took it up, and, thrusting it into her writing case, locked the key angrily upon it.

CHAPTER VII.

It was two days later—a soaking wet afternoon. Ever since early morning the rain had been descending in a steady persistent downpour, beating upon the scorched grass, dashing to pieces the rows of stately calcareous and granulars, and converting every path and flight of steps into as many miniature streams and turbulent cascades of seething waters.

Major Brown, driven almost to despair by the depressing prospects of the day, wandered aimlessly from billiard room to smoking room, from smoking room to library, and at last sat down before one of the writing tables and hastily dashed off one or two unimportant letters. His correspondence completed, he directed and sealed the envelopes, and was leisurely affixing the stamps, when his attention became suddenly arrested by something on the sheet of blotting paper before him.

What was it? With the exception of a number of indescribable hieroglyphics and the impression of a line of more boldly written characters, which had evidently been hastily blotted, the surface of the pink sheet was perfectly blank. Putting up his eye glass he scanned them for at least a couple of minutes in absolute silence, and then, giving a cautious glance round the room, as though a sudden thought had struck him, he advanced, blotting book in hand, towards a fantastically framed mirror which stood above the marble mantel. This further scrutiny was, to all appearance, even more successful, for, as Major Brown held up the strangely interesting sheet close to the glass, a smile of satisfaction immediately lit up his face.

(To be continued.)

Analysis of Instinct.

An English traveler in northern Russia, telling how he made his way through a forest after a fall of snow simply by keeping that side of the tree to which the snow clung always in the same relation to his course, is led to examine how it is that a savage gains the instincts of his race. We often hear of "the instinct of direction," as we may call it, possessed so marvelously by savage races. People profess to explain it in one of two ways. It is either said that the Indian actually does take note of the sun, the wind, the lay of the land, or the course of the streams,—which, as a fact, it is often, in the dense forest, impossible for him to do,—or else it is set down simply as "instinct," and this, although it is nearer the mark, is, in a sense, to beg the question. Instinct, however it may be in the case of animals, is here, no doubt, hereditary experience. The sun, the wind, the streams are influences, but only that. The Indian does not unconsciously observe them. Just as you, using an experience gained in daylight, can follow without hands in the dark a winding staircase between the balustrade and the wall, so with the Indian in his forest. His "observation" is entirely subjective, an unconscious impression, the sum of small influences, to which, by heredity, his senses are alive, as the retina to light pictures. In the same way I had not consciously remarked the lay of the snow on the trees, yet the fact kept me from going astray.

Two Happy Thoughts.

From far-away Ceylon comes a funny little story. A tea planter who had a glass eye was desirous of going away for a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantation heard that he was going they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing his tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.—Waverly Magazine.

The Parrot Gave Him Away.

Victor Chevalier, a clever criminal in Paris, was run down in a shrewd way. He was known to be exceedingly fond of a pet parrot, and the police were instructed to look for a loquacious bird of this kind. After a few weeks' search the talkative parrot was discovered in the Montmartre district. The police kept a close watch on the house, and in time the criminal appeared to have an affectionate chat with the bird.

Strong Glasses.

Mr. Stubb—Can Sally see good through her new glasses? Mrs. Stubb—Yes, John, but she says they exaggerate. Mr. Stubb—Yes, outrageously. The other night she declared the moon had a golden rim—and then she found out it was her glasses that had a golden rim.

Grounds for It.

Quinn—I wore one of those new rubber collars to save laundry bills. Do you—was it a success? Quinn—No, I had to throw it away. Every one I met yelled "Rubberneck."

Spate's Sunday Schools.

In all Spain there are only 2,250 children in the Sunday schools.

A Good Catch.

"Who gives the bride away?" asked the parson. "Nobody," remarked the envious one sotto voce, from a rear pew. "She simply threw herself at the man."

Prosperity for 1900.

Indications point to great prosperity for the coming year. This is a sign of a healthy nature. The success of a country, as well as of an individual, depends upon health. If you have any stomach trouble try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion and biliousness.

Sundays and holidays reduce the number of work days in Russia to 268 a year.

TOMAHAWK OF TECUMSEH.

Famous Indian Carried in Bettle of the Thames in 1812.

Sarah L. Russell, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Bettis, at 1413 East Sixteenth street, Kansas City, has the tomahawk carried by Tecumseh, when he was killed at the battle of the Thames in October, 1812. Col. William Russell, the founder of Russellville, Ky., who commanded the Kentucky contingent of that famous battle, was permitted by Gen. Harrison to remove the tomahawk from the dead body of Tecumseh and retain it, and it has been in the possession of the Russell family ever since. It was made in England, and presented to Tecumseh by the British commander at Detroit. Several hundred tomahawks were made in England and sent to the British commanders at Detroit for use among the Indians whom the British endeavored to induce to drive out the white settlers of Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan. With few exceptions these tomahawks were made rather rudely of iron, with the handles bound with bands of the same metal, but the one owned by Tecumseh was made of highly polished steel, with silver bands encircling the handle. It can also be used as a pipe for smoking, like the bowl of a pipe and the handle answering the purpose of a stem. The British commander had several of them made after the pattern which he presented to Tecumseh; the prophet (a brother of Tecumseh), Katoah and Topanabee, celebrated Indian warrior chiefs, who bore a conspicuous part in the battles of Tippecanoe, the siege of Fort Harrison, the battle of the Raisin, and other noted battles which took place in Indiana and Michigan and along Lake Michigan while the British held possession of Detroit and were using the Indians as their allies in the endeavor to hold the west and north-west country. The Tecumseh tomahawk is the only one known to have been preserved. Mrs. Russell has had many offers to part with it, but the relic will probably remain with her descendants for many years to come. Mrs. Egbert Russell, soon after it came into the possession of her husband, showed it to Blue Jacket, a well-known Shawnee chief, who was then over 80 years old. The old chief went into ecstasies when told that the relic was taken from the dead body of Tecumseh. He kissed it and pressed it to his bosom and told Mrs. Russell he was too young to follow his grand chief, Tecumseh, in the warpath, but he well remembered how proud Tecumseh was with that tomahawk beaked about his waist.—Kansas City Star.

When we are doing our prayerful best let us remember that it is all God expects.

The revival must begin in the end of the church that contains the pulpit.

La Porte, Texas.

The progress of the construction work at La Porte, Texas, the future great deep-water shipping point at the head of navigation on Galveston Bay on the Gulf of Mexico, is progressing favorably. The wharves and wharves for tracks are nearing completion and the work on the streets and on the sewerage and water systems is now under way. Mr. I. R. Holmes, the general manager of the La Porte Improvement Company and the La Porte Wharf and Channel Company, is personally supervising the work and arrangements. Mr. Holmes makes his headquarters at the Sylvan Hotel and visitors to La Porte during the next six weeks and before the time of the first general La Porte sale, which will be held in February, 1900, should introduce themselves to him, and write now him to extend to them facilities for getting a thorough understanding of the conditions surrounding the La Porte enterprises.

People soon learn to dislike a pretty girl who is slothful.

It is permanently cured. No pills or operations after Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by F. H. E. Co., 121 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Boston Man Pleasured.

In conversation with some friends, a prominent Boston man told of his sufferings from rheumatism, and nervousness, and one of his friends gave him some advice, which will be mentioned later, and which has proven to be of incalculable value.

To successfully act on the advice, it was necessary to make a trip of over 2,000 miles, but he returned, and writes now that he is cured, and writes that he finds himself fully relieved of his old trouble and has returned to his home feeling able to cope with his business demands, a new man.

The advice given was to go to Hot Springs, South Dakota, and there take the baths and enjoy the finest climate of any health resort in America.

If this man was satisfied after making a long trip, those residing within a few hundred miles and similarly afflicted can certainly afford to try it, or rather can't afford to neglect to try it. Ask any agent of the North Western line for full particulars, or write

J. E. BUCHANAN,
General Passenger Agent,
F. E. & M. V. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.

It costs only two cents to ride on a street car in Milan.

Winter Excursions.

Mr. E. A. Carter has returned to resume his studies in State University after a holiday visit with parents and friends at Jehakineok.

Miss Bessie Mason has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Keokuk, Burlington.

Mr. L. W. Thompson has returned from apolls, Louisiana county; he will recite, etc. to University Collegiate of the latter.

Gen'l West. H. R. Wright spends Chicago; W. H. H. Wright and friends at Chamber Commemoration.

In the years 1862 to 1891 England lost 14,000,000 of its people by emigration. Germany lost 5,800,000 between 1832 and 1891.

Daily Paper for \$1 a Year.

The Iowa legislature meets this week, congress will convene in a few days, and the Philippines will lead great results. The Iowa legislature meets this week, congress will convene in a few days, and the Philippines will lead great results.

Your cold doesn't seem to be getting much better. What are you taking for it?" "Principally advice."

For lung and chest diseases, Pisco's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The Nile is the longest river in the world, 4,300 miles. The Niger is 2,500 miles and the Zambezi 1,600 miles.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation be removed this condition cannot be removed. Hearing is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Every prodigal knows the fatted calf story.

Vaccinate Your Hogs.

Reliable men wanted to vaccinate swine with Dr. Gillett's Hog Cholera Serum; liberal offer to sell operators; inclose stamp for circulars. W. J. Gillett, M. D., Parsons, Kan.

Mustaches are not generally worn in winter in Alaska. The temperature is so cold that the moisture freezes on the mustache and becomes a mass of ice, causing frost bite.

DEWEY'S FLAG SHIP OLYMPIA—CAPTAIN GRIDLEY, COMMANDER.

Mrs. Gridley, mother of Captain Gridley, who was in command of Dewey's flag ship, at the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila, says of our remedy, Peruna:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used Peruna, and can truthfully say it is a grand tonic and is a woman's friend, and should be used in every household. After using it for a short period I feel like a new person."

Nearly all our ills are due to catarrh. We are liable to have catarrh of the head, catarrh of the throat, catarrh of the lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and pelvic organs. Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for free book.

\$30 A DAY Selling Farm Rights, Box 20, Franklin, Lee County, Illinois.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 1000 testimonials free. Dr. H. H. Carter, 1000 North 1st St., St. Louis, Mo.

WESTERN CANADA FREE

WHEAT, which brings the highest price in the markets of the world; thousands of cattle are fattened for market without being fed grain and without the use of any artificial food. Write the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, for the name of the man who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc. free of cost. N. Bartholomew, 300 Fifth St., Des Moines, Ia.

THE PREMIUM HAY-STOCK GRAIN & COAL WAGON SCALE OF THE WORLD LISTED FREE

ADDRESS CHICAGO SCALE CO

OFFICIAL STOCK SCALE

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893 ALSO OMAHA EXPOSITION 1898 AWARDED DIPLOMA & GOLD MEDAL.

SAVE YOUR STAR TINS

"Star" tin tags (showing small stars printed on under side of tag), "Horse Shoe," "J. T.," "Good Luck," "Cross Bow," and "Drummond" Natural Leaf Tin Tags are of equal value in securing presents mentioned below, and may be assorted. Every man, woman and child can find something on the list that they would like to have, and can have

FREE!

1 Watch, 5-day Calendar, Thomson's Star, Barometer, 1000

1 Gun case, leather, no better made, 100

1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

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PERSONAL CONDICTED TOURS

To California via Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Via the Chicago Great Western to Kansas City and the Santa Fe route to Los Angeles and Southern California. The true winter route, avoiding cold weather and all major blockades. Commencing Monday, October 22nd, and on every Monday following, one of these new Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars will leave Des Moines (en route from St. Paul via Delwin) at 8:45 p. m. via the Chicago Great Western for Los Angeles and Southern California via Kansas City, and reaching Los Angeles the following Friday morning, thus avoiding all Sunday travel. These tours are personally conducted by a well experienced railway official, who accompanies the train to the destination. The cars are well equipped, as the Pullman Sleepers, while the price is only \$6 for a double berth, less than half the price in the Pullman Sleepers. For full information, write to any Chicago Great Western agent or address F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 113 Adams Building, Chicago.

When a woman sees a man turn around to look at her twice she will never admit he isn't good looking.

The B. & O. R. R. will have 62 new compound consolidated freight locomotives by the last of January. Fifty were ordered in September from the Baldwin Locomotive Works and the order has just been augmented by 12 more. These locomotives, when completed, will represent the highest type of heavy freight power.

No difference how cheap a thing is offered, people want it for less.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. S. W. Wood's signature on each box.

The world's largest match factory is at Harborton, Ohio.

W. N. U., Des Moines, No. 52.—1899



DEWEY'S FLAG SHIP OLYMPIA—CAPTAIN GRIDLEY, COMMANDER.

Mrs. Gridley, mother of Captain Gridley, who was in command of Dewey's flag ship, at the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila, says of our remedy, Peruna:

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