

DREAM AND DEED.

What of the deed without the dream? A song
Reft of its music and a scentless rose.
Except the heart outsoar the hand, the strong
Will bless thee little for thy labor throes.
The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy gold
Pale, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
Thy griefed angel turns his face away.
—Katharine Lee Bates.

A TENDERFOOT.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.



AS Jim Harden, with a critical air, packed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, preparatory to lighting that article, he suddenly looked up and said: "Speakin' of tenderfoot reminds me of one I knowed onct, since which time I hev be'n a whole lot more respective in speakin' of 'em."

"Twas in the summer of 18—, I was then workin' fer Ole Harvey Skerrett, who kep' store an' run a ranch down at Three Forks, in th' foot-hills. "Near Skerrett, 'bout two miles away, Ole Si Hendershott hed a ranch. He likewise hed 'bout th' purtiest an' nicest darter the ever wore millinery, an' Si, he was proper proud of her, 'you bet. Moreover, more of all, 's galoots 'round Three Forks was up to our back hair in love with her—plumb, tearin', wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That was Perry Roane, a young rancher from down th' creek 'bout ten mile. Perry, he cut us all out, 'thout half-tryin', 'cause he was a big, han'some cuss, an' well fixed, besides havin' been t' school lots when a kid. So he went in an' winned—almost. That is t' say, he froze us out an' kep' reg'lar company with Hetty. I guess 'twas all settled that they was t' be hitched some time or other, when 'bout May, along come a feller from Boston with a letter to Ole Si from some relation of his'n, an' jes' camped right at Si's fer the summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genuine fottographer, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper, an' pencils, an' colors in little lead squirt-guns, and draws red, white an' blue sunsets, like-wise funny-lookin' trees an' bowlders. He talked like a book an' called all th' boys 'mister,' besides sayin' 'beg pardn'ing' if he didn't hear what ye said first time."

"Sure 'nough, we guded the chap lots at first; but Spenceley—that wuz th' tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned nice an' pleasant, an' took a joke so easy, we all t' likin' him t' top. All 'cept Perry Roane. He hated him lots soon's he seen him. 'Cause why? Jes' 'cause Spenceley was under th' same roof with Hetty, an' he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad fer him 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty wa'n't much stuck on him, anyhow, an' had only promised t' marry him t' please th' ole man. Ye see, Perry was a good deal of a bully, an' drank considerable, an' then there was an ole story 'bout his havin' skipped out from th' States, leavin' a wife that died a little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Si. He had his eye on Perry's pile, an' was willin' t' take chances on makin' Perry tater Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole man was a toler'ble dangerous cuss himself."

"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin' sort of soft on Hetty herself, an' 'most ev'ry day they'd go wanderin' 'round th' country, drawin', an' fishin', and so on, an' in th' evenin' when Perry come over t' set a while he'd find Mister Artist there in th' settin'-room, cool as a cucumber an' polite as polite, him not knowin' that Perry had a first fillin' on th' calico. An' Hetty, jest like any woman, 'njoyed it all immense."

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin', happenin' t' be at th' store an' meetin' Spence-



SPENCELEY LOOKED AT HIM.

ley here, he walks up an' says to 'im: "See here, my pale-faced an' weak-eyed consumptive. D'ye know whose toes you've been steppin' on?"

"Spenceley looked at him kind of queer, but said he didn't know as he'd hurt anybody."

"Well," says Perry, "it's my toes, an' it'll pay you t' climb from under, 'fore somethin' draps on ye. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendershott's company? Better find out an' take care of yourself." An' Perry started t' go out, swagerin', but th' artist says, real sharp, "Mr. Roane, I wasn't aware that I was interferin' with you. If I am, however, an' you don't like it, I'm sorry; but I wish you t' understand that nyther you n'r any other rowdy can bluff me one bit. D'ye understand?"

"Perry turned like he'd ben kicked. It was th' first time we'd ever heard him sass, an' we was lookin' fer th' artist feller t' get bruised a whole lot. But he wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute, an' 'seen there was no scare there, so he jes' turned an' walked out, grumblin' an' cursin'."

"Somebody, hid, took a shot at Spenceley a few nights later, but he never kicked none, only come up t' th' store an' blowed hisself in fer a forty-four an' took shots at a mark ev'ry day—jes' fer sport, he sez; but I kinder s'mised he was 'xpectin' Mister Roane an' him'd hev trouble in th' near fochur, which was c'rect."

"One day, not long arter this, some galoot brug word thet th' Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an' was chawin' ev'ry-thing in sight—an', moreover, comin' our way, an' not fer off, nuther. Nope, we didn't wait none. Me'n th' ole man jes' tuk all th' dust in th' box, hid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an' lit out fer Hendershott's, t' tell them. Thar Skerrett leaves me, him havin' th' fastest little mustang in th' kentry, an' goes ont' tell folks, ez many ez he kin."

"Wa-al, Hendershott's folks was ready, real sudden, only Ole Si, he wouldn't go. Sez he: 'I hain't goin' one foot. This here's all I've got, 'cept th' ole lady an' Hetty, an' I'm goin' t' stay right here an' hold it. Ef them wimmen hed me an' no ranch they'd be wuz of nor nothin'.' An' th' Ole Si stayed, an' bundled me'n th' artist an' the women folks off fer Chloride quick. Th' wimmen was in a light waggin, little Jose, a Greaser kid, drivin' an' two Greaser girls on th' back seat. Me'n Spenceley ride bronco back, 'onside."

"Long in th' afternoon, 'bout 3, we looked over south, an' here comes a feller on horseback, like a streak o' greased lightning, throwin' dust like the very dooce—an' back o' him, 'bout two r three miles, come 'bout a dozen r fifteen fellers—near as we c'd guess—also kickin' up a big cloud."

"Twas a good ten mile t' Chloride, an' we thought we was goners, fer, of course, we didn't s'pose them last fellers was nothin' but Injuns."

"Spenceley set his teeth an' looked at his guns, an' so did I. Then he rid up t' th' waggin, give Hetty a six-shooter, sayin' somethin' I didn't hear, an' told th' boy t' make them mules fly. Then he come back where I wuz an' sez, real quiet: 'D'ye think we kin hold 'em off long 'nough, Mister Harden?' I guessed yes; but great Scott! didn't I wish I wuz outter that!"



"LET ME INTERJUCE MY WIFE."

"Th' lone chap come racin' up. 'Twas Perry Roane, whiter'n a gravestone. He didn't stop, only yelled 'Injuns!' an' kep' on goin' not stoppin' t' say 'Hello!' 'Hetty in th' waggin—jes' kep' on, headed fer Chloride. Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled up, an' sez, 'stampeded!'

"We waited, all ready for them Injuns, but when they come up th' blood sort of come back t' my heart agen, 'cause we c'd see a mile off thet they was white—surveyors an' cowboys; some stampeded themselves, we foun' out."

"Things got quiet in a day r so, fer it happened thet Uncle Sam hed a lot o' sojers lyin' in camp near Chloride, an' th' way they kep' them Injuns movin' back south was real lively."

"Wal' in a week r so, up come Mister Roane jes' big ez life, an' ez chipper, an' goes t' Hendershott's when th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out ridin'." I reckon him 'a' Hetty jes' hed a real lovely row. He hed th' gall t' tell 'er thet he was jes' ridin' fer a doctor fer a sick cowboy, an' hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an' talked real rough t' the cuss, I reckon."

"'Bout 5 o'clock, little Jose come ridin' t' th' store in a hurry, an' tol' us hed be'n listein' t' Hetty an' Roane talkin', an' all of a sudden he heard a little scream. Nex' thing, he seen Roane carryin' Hetty outer th' door an' puttin' 'er in his buggy—she lookin' like she'd fainted—an' Roane draw off, an' Jose lit out fer th' store, meetin' Spenceley on th' way, an' tellin' him."

"Th' ole man an' I guessed th' same thing—he'd doped th' girl with chloroform, r somethin', an' lit out fer Mineral Point, whar Eph Hines, a justice of th' peace, lived. I don't know how we come t' think of it; but I hed read o' sech things, an' so had Si, I reckon. Lord, but th' ole chap looked t'urble! He didn't say nothin', but he looked like he was thinkin' lots, an' it didn't take me'n him long t' git t' Mineral Point, fifteen mile—bad trail, too. When we got near th' burg, Ole Si loosened up, an' ef he didn't cuss fer fifteen minutes, I'm a jay."

"We rid up t' Hines's, ready t' shoot, an' Si kicked th' door open—an' there, on th' floor, lyin' tied han's an' feet, was Perry Roane—an' Spenceley, kind of frustrated, but smilin', riz up an' pointin' t' th' Hetty, who was settin' in a cheer, lookin' kind of pale, sez: 'Gentlemen, let me interjuce my wife.'"

"Twas this way, Roane—he's doin' time, now—hedn't drugged th' gyuri,

only gagged 'er, an', bet'ween thar an' th' Point, hed made 'er promise t' marry him an' make no fuss, r else he'd kill him an' her both—an' he meant it. Hines was jes' gettin' ready fer th' performance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an' caught 'im in th' gun-arm, an' him an' Hines, who tumbled at onct, tied th' cuss, arter which he ast Hetty t' marry him on th' spot, an' she done it."

"No, I don't never play low on no tenderfoot."—in San Francisco Argonaut.

William Henry Harrison.

William Henry Harrison the ninth President of the United States was of an old Virginia family, around whose mansion is spread the beautiful estate of Berkeley. In it a singer of the Declaration of Independence had been born, and again one of the Presidents. Harrison was born February 9, 1773. He graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and then went to Philadelphia to study medicine. But he was a born soldier, and when an army was gathered to fight the Indians in the west he immediately joined it. At the age of nineteen he was with Wayne in all his conflicts with the northwestern tribes, where he greatly distinguished himself by his wisdom and bravery. In 1801 he was chosen Governor of that immense district now including the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The population of this tract was much scattered and exposed to continual attacks from the Indians. For nearly fifteen years he remained in this far west and distant country, watching it settle into peaceful and wonderful prosperity. He was inaugurated Chief Magistrate in March, 1841; and perhaps no man since Washington had received such an enthusiastic and spontaneous welcome as the hero of Tippecanoe. For only twenty days did he bear the clamor of office seekers and the fatigue of the routine of state business; then his slight constitution, already undermined by his Western life, gave way and just one month after his inauguration he died. He was an honest man, a brave general, and a true lover of his country. The last words his lips uttered were a wish for the perpetual existence of the Constitution. At his death he was in his sixty-ninth year.—Detroit Free Press.

Curious Superstitions.

The people of the West Indies are the most superstitious in the world. To them everything out of the ordinary is a "sign." In Cuba a person with a sore or wound of any kind will not look upon a dead person, fearing that the spot will become incurable and never heal. The rum used in washing a dead body is, however, regarded as a sure cure for all eye troubles. They also believe that if the light from a candle or lamp falls on the face of the dead that death will shortly come to him or her who was carrying the light. Rain during a burial is considered an excellent "sign" throughout the islands. If one measures his own height with a rod which has been used in measuring a corpse for the coffin he himself will die within the year. A stroke with the hand of a corpse is believed by the West Indian to be a sure cure for all pains and swellings. The lilac or "hay-brush" is a common charm against all evil spirits, and is on that account usually planted at doorways or under windows. In Barbadoes the ground dove sitting on a house is a "sign" that some member of the family there residing will die before the birds nest again. A procession of black ants is said to be a prelude of a funeral in all but one or two of the West Indies. In St. Croix a small bird locally called "creeper" is thought to be the forerunner of illness or trouble.—Chicago News.

The Spontaneous Ignition of Coal.

An excellent paper "On the Spontaneous Ignition of Coal" was read by Professor Lewis before the British Association at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the Professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal cannot be true, as these cause in many manufactures pyrites largely used, and although oxidation happens and undergoes considerable oxidation, he has been unable to see a single case of heating. Spontaneous combustion may be more truly ascribed to the absorptive power of newly-won coal for oxygen, an action which is accompanied by a great rise of temperature, and is naturally hastened if the coal be stored on shipboard that a portion of it is near the funnel or boilers.

Accidents from this cause are most numerous in ships which have to cross tropical seas, from the greatly increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Professor Lewis says that if newly-won coal were stored for a month in moderate sized heaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.—Chambers Journal.

Soap is a Great Beautifier.

A curious prejudice that some people have is against soap as an application for the face; this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautifier, and great preventer of the unsightly looking "black-heads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will soon fade quickly away and leave us trace.—New York Tribune.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

SECOND-CROP POTATOES.

The Western farmers are learning the value of second-crop potatoes for seed. For a long time the skilled truckers of the East have been in the habit of growing them, as the earliness and quality thus secured are of considerable advantage to them. May it not be that other plants can be treated in the same way with excellent results.—American Agriculturist.

TO PRESERVE TENDER PLANTS.

Tea-roses and other tender plants that are known as half hardy will need some protection during the winter. This may be given by wrapping the plants in straw and staking them to prevent the covering being blown away. The foot of the straw covering should be covered with earth for a few inches, and some air admitted to the plants, or they may perish. A good plan to winter over roses is to drive some stakes around the plant and fill the space thus inclosed with leaves, laying a little coarse manure on them to prevent them being blown away. The covering must be removed before the warmth returns in the spring and the young leaves begin to start, as otherwise these will be killed when the covering is removed and any frost occurs.—New York Times.

NEST TO PREVENT EGG-EATING.

A hen cannot eat the eggs in her nest unless she has advantages for so doing. The illustration is no novelty, but it shows how to prepare a nest to prevent egg-eating by the hen. A hen can only indulge her propensity when she stands by the eggs, hence, open nests, close to the floor, permit her to do her work of damage. An ordinary soap-box will answer as a nest-box, the top, sides, ends and bottom not being removed. An opening in front, only sufficient for the hen to go in, should be made, and the nest-box should be raised to the height of ten inches from the floor to the bottom of the nest-box. A ledge (A) may be placed in front of the opening, to permit the hen to enter the nest, but it should not be over two inches wide. Legs, blocks or bricks may be used to keep the nest-box off the floor. The box should be in a rather dark place. When the hen has laid, she will not attempt to eat the eggs in the box, but will come off to the ground to do so, where she will be found, as she cannot reach the eggs.—Farm and Fireside.

HORSEMAN'S HINTS.

Judgment is necessary in making up a ration for a horse, as there is a great difference in requirements and powers of assimilation. Those with large bones and loose looking joints generally require more food in proportion to their weight than short, closely-knit, snug-looking horses. The rations should be increased or decreased as may be necessary to keep the animal in good working condition. When idle, the horse requires, and will be satisfied with, much less food than when there is a large daily expenditure of energy in work. If it can be seen that increased exertion will be demanded, increase the food as regards quality, and work moderately, as being the best preparation for it. As preparation for increased work it is common to keep the animal in the stable several days and stuff with as much food as it will eat, as though strength and endurance could be bottled up, and the stomach was a kind of tender to the engine, from which reserves of fuel, or condensed energy, could be drawn during the trip. The horse so treated is the one that does the journey in a most satisfactory manner, or breaks down in the extra demand on strength.—Farm and Home.

HOUSES FOR HORSES.

The horse, as a good bearing animal, usually, writes a correspondence, can be made to heed words of command, given in moderate tone as long as they are hurled at him with all the force of the driver's lungs. Some horses are in the habit of yelling at their horses as if they were half a mile away, and seem to think it is the only way to get along with a team. It may be, if the horses have been educated in that way, but there is no need of teaching them in the first place. I notice that the horses of such men don't mind as well as those of their milder spoken neighbors; they seem to have become used to the racket, and found that nothing less than a terrific howl (and may be a clod or a cut of the whip) means much. It is noticeable that children constantly scolded pay least attention to rebukes, and the same holds good with dogs and horses in obeying orders. I believe as a rule it is best to speak to horses in a tone somewhat above the ordinary, always taking care to make the command distinct. Never give a word of command unless it is meant. Some men say "whoa" when they don't mean for the horse to stop at all; result is when they say "whoa" and mean it the horse doesn't always stop. Another thing is necessary—when certain a horse has heard always make him obey. Some horses are like men, they hear but don't heed, and it is necessary to wake them up every now and then. I have never seen a man yet that didn't sometimes get rattled and yell at his team with all his power, nor a team that wouldn't make most any man lose his temper occasionally, but there is no need of either man or team making a habit of it.—National Stockman Farmer.

THE SCIENCE OF BREEDING.

Breeding, strictly speaking, declares I. C. Wade, of North Dakota, is the science of selecting the fittest, and by proper coupling, producing the highest type. If it were properly understood, we should have arrived at a more advanced stage long before this. But ignorance pulls down in one year what a Blakewell or Bates have done generations in building up. It is perfectly safe to buy a pure-bred bull for use on common stock, for some of his lines will be of advantage. But when it comes to improving the pure-bred, then the most

careful thought and experience must be brought into action. A cardinal principle of breeding is to breed so that the result is something uniformly superior. Each generation should be an improvement on the last. How to do this is not easily put into words, for a man may spend a fortune, and his cow have the best of care, yet there may be something lacking. One good rule is, never to buy anything in the shape of a bull because he is cheap; a cheap animal may ruin a lifework. But the breeder must become absolutely familiar with every point of his breeding cows, and it does not pay to keep any other. He should be so familiar with every one of his cow's anatomy and character that he can call them to mind at any time.

The general principles governing transmission of heredity qualities from parent to offspring are about the same in all animal life, but "the force of this lies in the application of it," as was observed by Captain Cattle. It was long ago laid down that "the iniquities of the parents should be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation." The principle is the one that is studied and taken advantage of, reversing the work to make better the breeds of livestock we have. Dr. Holmes says, "I go always—other things being equal—for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations." This I fully believe in. Given a dairy bull of a family that has for the past three or four generations been noted for milk and butter, and one may safely breed to him. "Heredity makes of every individual the sum or essence of that which has lived before him, and is essentially a conservative force." We cannot, of course, expect all the characteristics of the sire and the dam to be transmitted, for here steps in atavism, and occasionally brings in a spirit coming from back of several generations, and the peculiarity is not shown at all in the two individuals breeding from. If we could get all the characteristics, as we do when we plant a kernel of corn or wheat, we would have the very ideal of breeding. Very much depends upon feed, care, climate, and all the environments.

Breed only to pedigreed stock. What is pedigree? Simply genealogy; but by this we determine the value of the ancestors. We must reject where, from any cause, they are deficient in the lines it is desire to breed for. Pedigree directs attention to all the outcrosses; or, if incline breed, just how far; or, if inbred, just the state. It must be understood that all animals of any value as breeding stock are recorded in the books of record established for the respective breeds. By reference to these we may ascertain the exact status of an animal. In all cases where there are any doubts as to the authenticity of a pedigree, it is best to write to the Secretary and find out, unless a certificate can be shown emanating from the proper authority. It is never safe to take anyone's word, "that animal is just as good." But, with an authentic pedigree, we can trace it out and know.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Card or brush the cows? Why not both!

If you want a winter dairy next year breed your cows now.

If the hens' combs freeze in winter they quit laying until they get well.

While all kinds of feathers are marketable, they sell better if kept separate.

It is not good economy to feed the laying hens mouldy grain of any kind.

The cause of white specks in the milk being churned when it is either too warm or too cold.

Properly managed, there is more satisfaction in one good poultry brood than in a big variety.

A really first-class fowl is always marketable at good prices. It is the poor grades that get to be a drag.

Clover hay cut in small pieces and scalded can be made to take the place with poultry of vegetables in winter.

Some dairymen give their cows two ounces each of sweet spirits of nitre immediately after calving and claim that this insures them immunity from milk fever.

If the beets become frozen be careful how you feed them (if at all) or you may pay very dearly for the experience in the loss of milk if not of a cow or two. Beware!

Sennet extract never fails to cure or prevent scours in calves. When skim milk is fed calves a teaspoonful is sufficient for ten calves getting each four quarts of milk.

Are your parsnips frozen in solid? If not dig some of them and bury in sand or soil where they will not freeze. They will sell well before the other fellow can get his dug in the spring.

Cows don't like to drink very cold water; if the water is drawn from a well it should not be pumped until the cows are turned out to drink unless the temperature of the air is higher than that of the water.

Now that the cows are in the barn most of the time see that they have free access to salt when turned out or else give them a regular ration in the feed box or manger. Some mix with their grain feed—we prefer to let each cow do her own choosing as to the amount she eats.

In summer, after the pigs have ceased running with their dam, let her have a run on grass with a very little grain. Don't fatten her up, but let the system get rested preparatory to raising another litter. One litter per year is all she should raise if you want to keep up the vitality of the stock.

The Southern Cultivator gives this remedy for mange in horses: Wash the affected part with soapy water, then apply powdered bluestone diluted with water. Repeat three or four times during the week. The scaly skin will then come off in flakes, leaving the part raw. To induce the hair to grow, apply a weak solution of carbolic acid and castor oil.

A Pet Rooster.

A Brooklyn (N. Y.) stoickeeper has the satisfaction of possessing a pet peculiarly his own. It is a rooster, whose antics attract many people to his owner's shop. This bird is oftentimes seen on the sidewalk playing with the children. He will let a stranger pick him up in his arms and stroke him, and enjoys the process with as much apparent delight as would a dog or cat. The owner of the bird is particularly attached to him, and appears to be one of the proudest men in the city, going to and returning from his store with the rooster following him as would a pet dog. When the owner reaches out his hand the bird jumps up to peck at it, and altogether they attract a good deal of attention.—Chicago Times.

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