

Antiquity of Familiar Terms.
The antiquity of familiar terms is surprising when it is known. Many people are not aware that "What the dickens" occurs in Shakespeare; but fewer still will be prepared to hear that the phrase, "a regular shindy," is found in an author's note to a poem called "The Popish Kingdom," published in 1570. A writer in the Athenaeum quotes this note, which refers to the celebration of Maundy Thursday: "Midnight services are held in church, the lights are put out, and a regular shindy follows, men being beaten and wounded."—London Globe.

PATENTS.
List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Theodore Burkett, Winthrop, Minn., scraper; George W. Hardin, Chokio, Minn., hitching device; Eugene Jacquemin, Minneapolis, Minn., grain door; Henry Leuling, Gem, S. D., five-horse draft equalizer; James E. Martin, Braddock, N. D., vending machine; Randolph J. Moulton, Minneapolis, Minn., grain distributor; John Pearson, Minneapolis, Minn., safety synchronizing device; Waldemar H. Spitzer, Devils Lake, N. D., beater of mixer.

Marvin, Lathrop & Johnson, Patent Attorneys, 911 & 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Getting Points.
The Great Man—Well, what are you going to have me say in to-morrow's paper?
Yellow Journal Reporter—Oh, I don't know. What would you rather not have said?—Harper's Bazar.

MUST NOT IMITATE CURE.
Joseph W. Burgess of the firm of Burgess & Van Horn, chemists, and Harry Lay and W. T. Fuge, barbers, were arraigned in the criminal court at Kansas City, May 2, on the charge of refilling bottles which originally contained Coke's dandruff cure with a spurious article and passing it off for the genuine. They pleaded not guilty and were released on bonds of \$500 each to appear for trial May 24.

It is understood that other arrests will follow and that the cases now pending will be vigorously prosecuted.

Lay By the Shovel and—
"Pshaw!" exclaims papa, throwing aside his paper, "the poetry they print nowadays is distressing."
"Yes, isn't it?" mamma agreed.
"I read a new poem yesterday by what's-his-name. Don't you know? Who was the man-with-the-hoe?"
"I know," cried little Tommy—"Old Uncle Ned!"—Philadelphia Press.

Read the Advertisements.
You will enjoy this publication much better if you will get into the habit of reading the advertisements; they will help you in the way of getting some excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable; they send what they advertise.

Ladies and Men to Canvass for a quick selling patented household article; large profits; exclusive territory free; 75 cents will start you. Address Wm Emert 375 Smith Ave., or The Ovetette Co., 903 P. P. Bldg St. Paul.

One Way.
McJigger—He'll never succeed in life—never make a living, in fact.
Thingumbob—Why do you think that?

McJigger—Oh, every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it.
Thingumbob—Well, that's one way at least of making both ends meet.—Philadelphia Press.

If You Have Dandruff please try Coke Dandruff Cure. Money refunded if it fails. At Druggist's, \$1.00.

A Bonnet To Fit It.
Dhy lesson asked a child:

"What is the axis of the earth?"
"An imaginary line passed from one pole to the other, on which the earth revolves," answered he, proudly.
"Yes, said the examiner, well pleased "and could you hang a bonnet on it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Indeed! And what kind of a bonnet?"
"An imaginary bonnet, sir."

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Radical Cure.
Since taking the drug treatment for alcoholism he had lost his fondness for books.

"Your mind is doubtless affected," we suggested kindly.

"No, it's because reading maketh the full man!" he exclaimed, snuffing abhorrently.

From this we perceived that the cure was extremely radical.—Detroit Journal.

In hot weather the butcher may lose lots of flesh without getting any thinner.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

A stage murder is not always effective when an actor simply murders his part.

Many courtships find smooth sailing until they are launched upon the sea of matrimony.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It isn't always because the play strikes you forcibly that you see stars at the theater.

If you must take to drink don't think it necessary to take any one else with you.

Luxuriant hair with its youthful color assured by **WING PARKER'S HAIR BALM.**
HINDENBERG, the best cure for corns. 15c.

It isn't spring laziness that makes the average clock have a white face.

Even the jail bird who knows how to sing cannot break forth in song.

You Will Never Know
what good ink is unless you use Carter's. It costs no more than poor ink. All dealers.

The overworked florist says he feels "blooming" tired.

ODD OCCURRENCES

HAPPENINGS WHICH SHOW LIFE'S UNCERTAINTIES.

Instant Death from a Needle Prick—Wept and Lost Her Sight—Champion Cigarette Smoker's End—False Teeth Caused Death.

A number of odd occurrences, involving loss of life and mishaps of various kinds, have occurred during the present month and they will go to show that tales of fiction are not nearly so strange as happenings in real life. Among the curious happenings are the following: While Madison Burke, a prominent farmer living near Steubenville, O., was playing with his children, he threw his head back and two false teeth slipped down his throat. They were removed in a Pittsburgh hospital, where he was taken, but an abscess was created, and he died. In Philadelphia, the point of a needle was accidentally thrust into the third finger of the left hand of Mrs. Annie M. Smith. With a scream she fell back dead. It is believed that the nerve connected the finger and the heart. She had been suffering from heart disease, and the prick is supposed to have, through the communicating nerve, caused a shock that stopped the heart action. At Geneva, N. Y., Mrs. Edward Pental died from the puncture of a needle in the back of her hand. Mrs. Matilda Quitman, of Manhattan, literally cried her eyes out through mourning the death of her husband and daughter. Her constant weeping is believed to have caused an irritation which stopped a blood vessel, thus producing sudden blindness. In Marietta, O., Frederick Kestermier cried for three days over his aged father and sole remaining relative, who was fatally ill. Ten minutes after the old man died the son threw himself on the bed and was dead in a few minutes. Physicians say his heart was broken. Tilly Mahon, aged 11, of Manhattan, and Freda Poingnee, of Belleville, Ill., died from the effects of excessive rope-skipping. The fatal exploit of the latter was 230 skips with out a rest. In Bridgeport, Conn., a factory girl waltzed to excess and became insane. At Scranton, Pa., a man became crazy because of failure to win over 11 other members of a jury he was sitting on to his view of a liquor violation case. In Manhattan, William Atkins, aged 22, offered to help a lady clean house. She had nothing for him to do except to see that a fire in the yard did not catch to any fences. At the same time, observing that he had on a new suit of clothes, she laughingly told him to put on one of her dress skirts. Atkins took her at her word, and in this incongruous rig assumed his duties. Soon after his dress caught fire and he was fatally burned. W. H. Bean, of Chicago, licked 300 newspaper wrappers and became violently ill. A doctor diagnosed the case as ptomaine poisoning, caused by the mullage. At Browning, Ind., W. A. Ellis was about to be operated on for appendicitis, when the family physician concluded to try a stomach pump. A large amount of sand and gravel was taken from him and he recovered. At St. Louis, Bud Ferguson, a negro, bet that the home ball club would beat Pittsburg. He won considerable money and while on his way home in a street car he laughed so immoderately when telling a friend of his luck that a hemorrhage followed and he dropped dead. In Philadelphia, Mrs. Caroline M. Ran heard that her father had died in another part of the city. On the way to his house she was taken violently ill and soon after died. The report of her father's death was false. It was the boast of John Dorsey, aged 27, at Hagerstown, that he could smoke more cigarettes than any other man in that section of the state. While smoking in the street he was stricken with paralysis of the heart. He soon died, but before lapsing into unconsciousness he asked a bystander to give him the cigarette that had dropped from his mouth when he fell to the pavement. Charles Boyd, aged 13, was smothered to death in a corn bin at West Middleton, Ind. John Patrie, a Euclid, N. Y., farmer, was squeezed to death against the side of a stall by a horse. Two maiden sisters named Pitts died at the same time in Warwick, N. J. A sleep of 166 hours ended in the death of Rev. Irwin Bullock, aged 80, of Newark, N. J. Little Katie Knepper, of Manhattan, complained of a toothache and fell asleep. Every effort to awaken her was in vain, and she died after slumbering a week.

Won by a Poem.
Yesterday afternoon a sweet-looking old lady, with hair as white as the snow and countenance smiling and cheerful, stepped into Attorney Henry N. Spaan's office in the Trust building and said she wanted to have the lawyer make a few changes in her will, which she had written about 10 years ago. The lawyer made note of the alterations desired and then for the first time picked up the faded instrument for an examination. Down in the corner of the first page, written in a very fine, delicate feminine hand, he saw this verse from Tennyson:

And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
"When I read that prophetic verse," said Mr. Spaan to a Sentinel reporter, "I took one steady look at the lovely old woman, bowed my head with reverence, and—well—I cut my eye right in two in the middle."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Missouri Apples.
Missouri apples that have been kept in cold storage since early last fall have been repacked and shipped in refrigerator cars to New York. There the fruit goes into the cold storage end of a steamer. It is supposed that cold storage will keep the apples until they are wanted at the Paris exposition. Missouri is cultivating European trade for its apples.

Behind the Barber's Screen.
There was a lull in the day's business. Two of the downtown barbers' assistants were watching the street from their basement window, the two pairs of eyes gazing fervently up from the actual asphalt level. Another assistant read a forlorn looking newspaper. Only the boss barber was occupied with a customer, and this individual, gazing ceilingward through luxurious lather, became aware of conversation in the room which was not accounted for by the four persons in sight. There was now and again a distinct treble quality to the murmured alternation of voices. Later, when shaved and returned to an upright posture, the visitor made further discoveries. A green screen partitioned one corner of the shop. Beside it appeared the square shoulder of a man. He was facing a table, and just beyond could be seen the nods and smiles of a smartly dressed young woman. "That?" echoed the boss barber, in reply to the customer's question. "Oh, that's only our manœuvre. Does quite a thriving trade here on Saturday afternoon. Surprising how many business men will stop to have their hands polished off. But they will, though, and we had to have a manœuvre here. That girl is a niece of mine, and she's usually kept busy the afternoons she stays here. She was handy at learning things, and she's making a little money of her own."—New York Sun.

About the Veil.
Veils with velvet spots have been the reigning fashion for some time, but the novel feature which distinguishes them now is that you can select your plain net, choose the size and number of spots most becoming and have them put on to order as far apart or as near together as you like. Fancy a pretty woman standing before the mirror arranging the becoming position of the spots on her veil while the girl behind the counter sews in little threads to mark the places, and you will have a new edition of the vanity of vanities, but the result fully justifies the means.—New York Sun.

Why the Customer Objected to the Taste of the Coffee.
It was plain that the man at the corner table in the restaurant had indulged in several appetizers. He handled his utensils unsteadily and made a lavish use of the condiments, tipped over the catsup and spattered soup freely on his pie. Yet he bothered no one, so no audible objection was made. Suddenly, after taking a couple of sips of his coffee, he made a grotesquely wry face that was in accord with his rye breath, and blatted out: "Phat th' divvle is th' matter wid this coffee?" A waitress quickly reached his elbow and inquired solicitously as to the cause of his criticism of the coffee. "Who?" he said, "thot stufv tastes loike it wor mixed wid vinegar ur mebber sprayed wid paris green." "Did you sweeten it?" coyly asked the waitress. "Phwere did Oi git it? Who, out iv thot tayspoons iv shugar in ot, and wov, phwat a taste it hov!" "Where did you get the sugar?" inquired the fair young waitress, trying hard to repress a smile, as her suspicions began to take form. "Phwere did Oi git it? Who, out iv thot shugar bowl, iv course. Phwere wud Oi take shugar frum—out iv a salt cellar?" She retreated a safe distance before she explained matters. "That bowl," said she, "contains horseradish!" "It luku more loik oice crame," said the victim, as he meekly paid his bill and went out for a bracer.—Ex.

POINTERS FOR KENTUCKIANS.
Man born in the mountains of Kentucky is of feud days and full of virus. He fisheth, fiddeth, cusseth and fighteth all the days of his miserable life. He shunneth water as a mad dog and drinketh much mean whisky. When he desireth to raise h— he planteth at a neighbor and lo! he reapeth twenty fold. He riseth even from the cradle to seek the scalp of his grandfater's enemy, and bringeth home in his carcass the ammunition of his wife's neighbor's wife's cousin's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed. Yes, verily his life is uncertain, and he knows not the hour when he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey half shot and cometh back on a shutter, shot. He riseth in the night to let the cat out and it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot out him. He goes forth in joy and gladness and cometh back in scraps and fragments.

A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of his neighbor's wife, and his neighbor's wife's husband bloweth him into Abraham's bosom before he hath time to explain.

He emptieth a demijohn into himself and a shotgun into his enemy, and enemy's son leeth in wait for him on election day, and lo! the coroner plougheth up a forty acre field to bury the remains of that man.

Woe, woe is Kentucky, for her eyes are red with bad whisky, and her soul is stained with the blood of innocent moonshiners.—Martin (Tex.) Democrat.

SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

Why the Customer Objected to the Taste of the Coffee.

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WILD DAYS IN KANSAS

TOWN WHERE MEN DIED WITH BOOTS ON.

For More Than Two Years Hays City Was Ruled by the Gun and Scores of Lives Were Wiped Out—Wild Bill Hickok.

The recent decision of Congress to give old Fort Hays to the state of Kansas for use as a branch of the State Agricultural College has started a flood of reminiscences about the town of Hays City, which sprung up to the north under the protection of the garrison.

Hays City started with the building of the first trans-continental railroad across the plains. All the border characters who had followed the construction of the railroad westward went to Hays City, then known as Fort Hays. There was neither law nor order there for two years and a half after the town sprang up.

There were murderers by the score in Hays City. Wild Bill Hickok was the boss killer in Hays City. He boasted that he had killed 17 white men in his day. Over in a sun-baked cemetery on a side hill, west of Hays City, lie all who died in the town until 1880. There are about 240 graves, and nearly 90 of them were filled by tragedies of some sort.

Only slight provocation was needed for murder. The Empire Hotel, a frame structure with a few bunks and much room for a saloon and gambling, was the scene of a sample shooting affair. One day in December, 1873, a gambler named Lewis, from Chicago, had a dispute with the bartender, Jim Daly, about how rich was a friend of theirs in a dance hall down the street. Lewis ran to the door, and, turning, drew his revolver and fired at Daly. The latter snatched a pistol from behind the bar and returned the fire. This was kept up until both men had emptied their pistols, and then Daly, being mortally wounded, went to the back of the saloon, laid himself out upon the billiard table and died. While the shooting was going on a little stage driver named Freeland decided to take a hand in the fighting. His only weapon was a single-barreled, muzzle-loading pistol. Taking this in his hand, he rushed up behind Lewis, and, at the distance of only a few yards, shot him squarely between the shoulders. Then, without waiting to see the result of his shot, he dropped the weapon and fled.

Lewis, who happened to be wearing a heavy overcoat, did not even know that he had been hit, and continued his main fight as if nothing had happened. When about a mile from town the fleeing Freeland met some men and reported that he had killed Lewis. Then he continued his flight, and from that day to this no human being is known to have seen him alive or dead.

No story of the exciting days in early Hays City is complete without something about James William Hickok, better known as Wild Bill. He was a notorious desperado and man killer, and on that score was hired to keep order as city marshal in Hays City. When a salary of \$200 a month was offered him he put on a silver star and took two huge loaded revolvers and started out on his new duties. His revolvers were very heavy, and his favorite way of using them was by clubbing. Grasping the handles, he would pound an obstreperous cowboy into insensibility with the utmost ease. He never let up for a moment in his endeavor to keep order. His treatment of his old companions among the cow punchers and saloon men made him many enemies, and they declared they would have his life. He never walked on the sidewalk, knowing there might be an armed foe lurking for him. His bitterest foe was Phillip Cole, who declared he would shoot him on sight. One day Hickok stood in front of the Daisy saloon. Cole came up the street and neared the sidewalk. There was a shot fired at the marshal, whether by Cole or some cowboys nearby will never be known, but in an instant Wild Bill drew both his revolvers and placed two bullets in Cole's breast. The holes where they entered were not two inches apart, although the men were twenty feet from each other. The shooting emptied the neighboring saloons and 100 or more men were on the spot in a moment. Hickok ordered them to disperse and be quick about it, and they dispersed. Before the bystanders had fallen back far Mike Williams, who had heard the shooting, came running up from another part of the town. Either Wild Bill did not recognize him, or thought that Williams had turned against him, for, with the same unerring aim that he had just exhibited, he leveled both revolvers again and two more bullets found their mark. Williams sank, bleeding, to the ground.

President J. H. Raymond.
President Jerome H. Raymond of the University of West Virginia, under whose presidency marvelous things have been accomplished, has felt constrained to resign because some of his important recommendations were not acted upon by the state board. Most men who had accomplished so much as he has in five years would think themselves in great luck, but Dr. Raymond has high ideals, and prefers not to put in his time and energy unless all conditions are favorable. No man of his years has made such a record as his has been at Morgantown, and all who are familiar with his work there will follow him into whatever field he may enter with great interest.—Journal of Education.

CAT DISPLAYS STRATEGY.

Feline Ingenuity Worthy a Military Expert.

It was not his size or his beauty which made him remarkable, though his possession of these attributes of feline superiority easily made him prominent among the cats of the neighborhood, with whom he waged unrelenting warfare, but the fact is that he possessed a controlling mind and a strategic ability that would have made him a great commander had he been born in a more exalted sphere of life. For this cat, with true diplomacy, made friends with the dogs of his particular domain and went forth to battle attended by a body-guard whose appearance inspired respect and assisted him in his combats. An English mastiff, a bird dog, and a small cocker spaniel shared his meals, and later enabled him to gain victories over his hated rival, the gray cat across the street. This cat had had many a contest with that gray cat, but the combat always resulted in a draw, because of the guerrilla tactics of his wary opponent, who preferred a short fight and a rapid dash to safety to a prolonged conflict where the superior weight and fighting ability of the cat with the controlling mind would have a decided advantage. The thought that victory, undisputed, had never yet perched upon his banners, vexed the soul of the diplomatic feline and embittered his milk and beefsteak with the wormwood of vengeance long delayed. But at last diplomacy triumphed and retribution overtook the gray prowler and disturber of midnight slumber. One day in a fatal hour the gray cat invaded the precincts of the feline Bismarck when the allies of the latter were at hand. When he struck a sudden blow and ran, a smile of joy parted the whiskers of the cat with the controlling mind, and with him the three dogs joined the chase.

Because of their superior numbers the dogs easily caught and brought to bay the gray cat and then formed a ring about him while the avenger entered the arena and began the battle. Continually driven back into the ring by the three dogs, the gray cat was unable to pursue his favorite tactics, and the result, after one of the prettiest "cat scraps" that that ward had ever seen, was complete victory for the cat with the diplomatic inclinations. Only when the gray cat, by a flying leap over the heads of the dogs, escaped did he let up in the work of righteous retribution. Then in the consciousness of victory, the conqueror returned, accompanied by his allies, to his repast of milk and beefsteak, lord of his own domain. And the surrounding neighborhood as far as three blocks owned his undisputed sway.—Grand Rapids Herald.

Legal Spelling.
Under the heading "What the Puerto Rican Bill Provides" a Republican newspaper says: "Misunderstanding and misconception of the Puerto Rican tariff measure, which has just become a law, are prevalent to a most unfortunate extent." That is so, and this newspaper is an example of the fact. The bill referred to provides that the name of our insular colony—as it is made by the act of Congress—shall be spelled Porto Rico, and not "Puerto Rico." There never was any reason why the Spanish spelling of the name should have been preserved. It was a mere affectation and fad of the class of intellectual duds who persist in pronouncing Paris "Paree" and fail to understand that all geographical and other proper names are anglicized in our daily conversation and in the official papers of the government. It would be just as proper for us to speak of Spain as "España" or Vienna as "Wien" or Brunswick as "Braunschweig" as to retain the Spanish spelling and pronunciation of Puerto Rico. Throughout the Puerto Rico bill the anglicized spelling is retained.—Chicago Chronicle.

Phonetic.
A Brookline (Mass.) family was simply horrified recently when a small daughter of the house broke forth into song with the words, "To hell with the birth of Christ." The amazement was intense, and they very naturally put a stop at once to such irreverence. Upon questioning the child, they learned that she had been taught the song in school, and an investigation quickly followed to determine what manner of teacher had the oversight of their own little darling and of other children, as well. It was soon learned that the teacher, a most competent and careful one, had been instructing her pupils in the words of a Christmas carol, which were: "To Heral the Birth of Christ." This was different! The innocent young one, not understanding the meaning of the correct words, had sung them as they sounded to her. Did this happen, or is it simply a bit of jollying at the expense of Superintendent Dutton? Probably the latter.—Journal of Education.

An Indian Child's Prayer.
Miss Mary P. Lord, a teacher among the Sioux Indians, tells us this beautiful little story: "An Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while nearby stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian. 'Papa,' said the little daughter, 'little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray.' As she said this she kneeled at her father's knee, and this was the sweet little prayer which fell from her lips: 'Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly, and let her in. Amen.'—Ram's Horn.

REVENGE.

Editor—I cannot publish your poem. Poet—You would better reconsider. If you don't accept it I will dedicate a book to you, or I will hereafter use your name as a pseudonym.—New York World.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Powder?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Theatrical managers announce strong attractions for the week.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
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Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROOKLINE, MASS.

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