The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Lief the Lucky.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

The forest seemed very still when he had done,—the only sound the clanking of the bits as the horses cropped the withered grass. Then suddenly the King gathered up his lines with a jerk.

"I cannot believe it," he said harshly. I do not deny both that you know well how to feign and that I would like to believe you, but you must prove it first before I do."

"How can I do that, lord?" she said helplessly; but shrank, the next moment, as she saw that already he had a plan in his mind.

Moving his horse a step nearer, he bent toward her triumphantly. "I will send for the Englishman, in your name or the name you wore—and you shall meet him in my presence, and I shall be able to tell from his manner whether or not you have spoken truthfully."

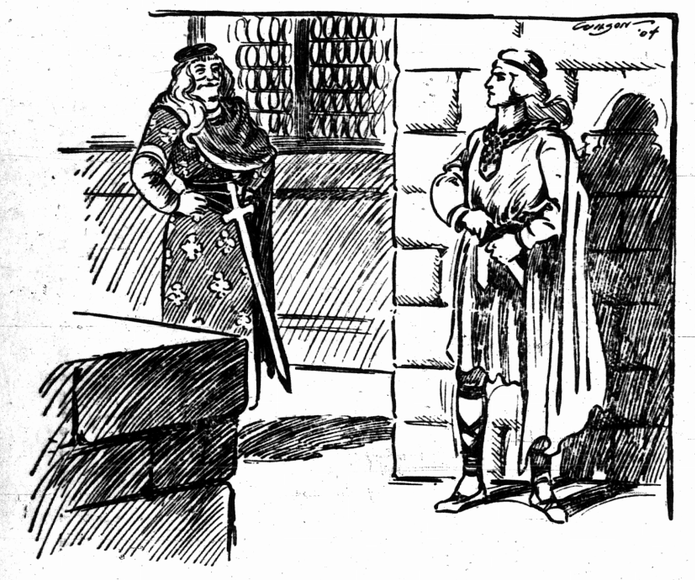
"I should like to reconcile myself to you," he went on. "Since first you came before me and showed by your entreaty that you thought me something besides an animal, I have felt friendliness toward you. And I should like to believe that some woman loves some man as you say you love this Englishman." Out of the very wishfulness of his voice a terrible menace spake: "I shall like it so much that I shall neither spare you in word nor deed if you have deceived me!" Drawing off his glove, he stretched forth his hand. "You may find that a man's harshness is little worse than a woman's guile," he said bitterly.

Dimly guessing what was in his mind, she dared not trust herself to words, but told her gratitude with her eyes, as she returned his clasp. Then he sent her back by the one semblance of a path which ran through the forest, and himself rode on to his hunters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

With the Jotun as Chamberlain.

"Once more, Lord Sebert, be exhorted to turn back," old Morcard spurred forward to offer a last remonstrance as the city gates yawned before them. "Even if the message be genuine, you are putting your life in peril."



The man who was advancing was Rothgar Lodbroksson.

The Etheling replied without slackening his pace: "I do not think they are liable to molest a peaceful traveler. I will take care that I upheave no strife, and I will make all my inquiries of the monks."

"Go a little more slowly, lord, and consider the other side of it," the old cniht entreated. "Suppose the message is false,—the black tress around it proves nothing. Suppose the son of Lodbrok has spread a net for you?"

"Then should I keep on my own way still more lustily," the Lord of Ivarsdale answered, "for his making use of the boy's name to entice me would show that he had discovered our friendship, in which case the youngling would be suffering from his anger."

Contenting himself with an indignant grunt, the old cniht reined to his place at the head of the dozen armed servants who formed the Etheling's safeguard, and the young lord galloped on between the bare fields, humming absently under his breath.

"Poor bantling!" he was thinking compassionately. "I shall be right glad to get sight of him again. I hope he will not betray himself in his joy when he sees me. Anything like showing that one is fond of him is apt to turn him a little soft."

None of these undercurrents was visible in his face, however, when, having left his escort in one of the outer courts, he stood at last in the parlor of the Abbey guest-house.

"I am a traveler, reverend brother, journeying from London to Worcester," he said with grave courtesy to the gaunt black-robed monk who admitted him. "And my errand hither is to ask refreshment for myself and my men, as we have been in the saddle since cockcrow."

"The brother whose duty it is to attend upon travelers is at this hour in the Chapter House, with the rest of the household," the monk made answer. "When he comes forth, I will acquaint him with your needs. Until then, bide here, and I will bring you a morsel to stay your stomach."

Sebert smiled his satisfaction as the sandals pattered away. He had foreseen this interval of waiting—indeed, he had timed his arrival to gain it—and it was his design to put it to good use. While he swallowed what he wanted of the wafers and wine which were brought to him, he took measure of the reverend servitor, with the result that, as he set down the goblet, he ventured a question.

"From the numbers and heaps of attendants I saw in the outer courts, holy brother, it appears that this season of peace has in no way lessened the tax on your generosity. Is rumor right in declaring the Danish King to be one of the guests of your bounty?"

"Rumor, which is the mother of lies, has given birth to one truth, noble stranger. The King whom a chastening Providence has set over the northern half of the Island, has been our guest for the space of four weeks,—together with the gold-bought English woman who is known as his 'Danish wife.' If you have eagerness for a sight of him, you have but to walk through the galleries until you come to the garden in which he is fleeting his time with his women."

"Now I think I should like to take a look at him while I am waiting," the Etheling assented, rising gravely. "Should Edmund be the first to pay the debt of nature, which God avert! the Dane will become my King also."

The November sunlight that, unsoftened by any filter of rich-tinted glass, fell coldly upon the worn stone, showed the carrels beneath the windows to be one and all deserted by their monkish occupants, and he strode along unhampered by curious eye or ear.

"After all this luck," he congratulated himself, "it will go hard with me if I do not either stumble on the youngling himself, or someone who can give me news of him."

He had no more than thought it, when the sound reached him of a door closing somewhere along the next side of the square, followed by the clank of spurred feet coming heavily toward him. As they drew nearer, the rattle of a sword also became audible. Lifting his eyebrows dubiously, the Etheling grasped his own weapon beneath his cloak.

When the feet had brought their owner around the corner into sight, he did not feel that this motion had been a mistaken one, for the man who was advancing was Rothgar Lodbroksson. Sebert stared in amazement when the Dane, instead of flashing out his blade, stopped short with a burst of jeering laughter.

"Here is the Englishman arrived, and he looks small enough now!" he cried in his thunderous voice. "Has it happened that I am to be the bower-thane who is to fetch you in!"

Sebert's grasp tightened around his hilt. Apparently the son of Lodbrok was expecting him! He said with what haughtiness he could muster, "What should a plain traveler want with a bower-thane, Danishman? I stand in more need of the cellarer who is to provide me with a meal."

Another jeering outburst interrupted him. "I mean that I will fetch you in to one who sent you the summons."

"The one who sent you the summons?" Certainly that sounded as though he were using the words to conceal a name. Neither the Etheling's patience nor his temper was long enough to reach below the knee. He made a swift gesture of throwing aside all reserve. "Enough of mystery, Danishman! If the message which I have received was not sent by Fridtjof Frodesson, it was sent by you. Be honest enough to admit it and say plainly what your intention is toward me."

"Fridtjof Frodesson," the Jotun mocked, and his fiery eyes probed the Englishman like knives. "Now since honesty is to your wish, I will go so far as to confess that the word came neither from Frode's son nor from me."

Sebert's foot rang upon the ground. "Say then that the Devil sent it, and a truce to this juggling! Since you know that I am the boy's friend, you understand that any harm he has suffered is a harm to me, and that my sword is equally ready to avenge it."

Much to his surprise, the Dane accorded this challenge no notice whatever. He stood studying the Lord of Ivarsdale with eyes in which malicious amusement was growing into open mirth. It came out in another laugh.

"Now it would be more unlikely than the wonder which has occurred yet I begin to believe you! I myself will guide you to your Fridtjof, only for the pleasure of watching your face. The Fates are no such stepmothers after all!" He turned in the direction from which he had come and made the other a sign. "This way,—if you dare to follow. I am not afraid to go first, so you need give no thought of the chances of steel between your ribs."

The Etheling took his hand off his weapon with a twinge of shame; but he was not without misgivings as he strode along at Rothgar's heels.

Unless the youngling had made a decided change for the worse, what satisfaction could the Jotun expect to get from witnessing their meeting? Before his mind, there rose again the tear-stained boyish face which had bidden him farewell that night at the postern, and his pulses throbbed with a fierce pity.

"He took himself from the one person who was dear to him, poor little cub," he murmured. "If they have maimed him, I swear I will tuck him under my arm and cut my way out though there be a wall of the brutes around him."

His musings came to an end, as the man preceding him stopped suddenly where one of the milky panes broken from the cloister window gave a view of the cloister garden. With the cold November sunshine a hum of voices was coming in, now brightened by peals of laughter, again blurred by the thud of falling quoits. Over the Jotun's shoulder, he caught a glimpse of gorgeous nobles and fair-haired women scattered in graceful groups about a sunny old garden, green in the very face of winter, thanks to the protecting shelter of the gray walls.

In a moment, they stood just out of reach of the square of light which fell through the open doorway. Framed in carved stone, the quaint old garden with its graveled paths, its weedless turfs and its background of ivy-hung walls, lay before them like a picture.

(To be continued.)

HAWTHORNE AND HIS CREED.

Great Author Was No Natural Lover of Darkness.

Yet Hawthorne believed that the sin and sorrow of humanity, inexplicable as they are, are not to be thought of as if we were apart from God. A neighbor of Hawthorne in Concord has recently written me that when death once entered a household there, Hawthorne picked the finest sunflower from his garden and sent it to the mourners by Mrs. Hawthorne with this message: "Tell them that the sunflower is a symbol of the sun, and that the sun is a symbol of the glory of God." A shy, simple act of neighborhood kindness—yet treasured in one memory for more than forty years; and how much of Hawthorne there is in it! The quaint flower from an old-fashioned garden; the delicate sympathy; the perfect phrase; the faith in the power of a symbol to turn the perplexed soul to God! Hawthorne was no natural lover of darkness, but rather one who yearned for light. The gloom which haunts many of his pages is the long shadow cast by our mortal destiny upon a sensitive soul, conscious of kinship with the erring race of men. The mystery is our mystery, perceived, and not created, by that finely endowed mind and heart. The shadow is our shadow; the gleams of insight, the soft radiance of truth and beauty, are his own.—Bliss Perry, in the August Atlantic.

A Great Dishrag Farm.

A novel enterprise, that of raising dishrags, is being exploited by a number of southern California horticulturists, who received the inspiration for the scheme from Charles Richardson, whose gardens in Pasadena are becoming famous for their remarkable productions. Mr. Richardson has successfully raised many growths new to American soil, and this year is exceeding all his previous triumphs by raising thousands of dishrags. Last year Mr. Richardson's string beans, which measures forty-three inches in length, created a stir, but dishrag vines, which, with their pendant dishrags, twine about orange trees, palms, evergreens and peach trees, and peek in at the second-story windows, bid fair to win the championship from the beans. These dishrags, or vegetable sponges, as they are sometimes called, are indigenous to Africa; but now that it has been demonstrated that they will thrive in this country they are bound to become a popular production. The seeds look like a cucumber, but when ripe the shell is broken and a sponge disclosed.—New York Tribune.

The Merry Ha-Ha.

Speaking of laughter a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette says:

"The most heartrending laugh is the laugh of the summer girl who shook you and is gadding around with some other fellow.

"The hollowest laugh is the laugh a man laughs when he sees the necktie his wife has bought him.

"The most hilarious laugh is the laugh of the fellow who scoops in the stakes on a jack-high bluff.

"The cutest, sweetest laugh is the laugh of your best girl.

"The most enjoyable laugh is the laugh that's on some one else.

"The most grotesque laugh is that of the fat woman at a picnic when she's got a pickle in her mouth."

The Voice of Experience.

The wedding is to occur soon, and she was telling her mother about her plans.

"When Fred is out late at night," she said, "I shall not scold him. I shall try to be reasonable. I think I shall go so far as to keep a light burning for him to make him cheery when he returns."

Her mother was silent.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to keep the light burning?" she persisted.

"Well, it might do very well for the first month or so. But after you have paid a few gas bills, you'll probably conclude that it will be just as well to put the matches where he can find them and turn the light out."

All His Life on Shipboard.

Dr. J. Furness Brice, ship's surgeon of the trans-Atlantic liner Cymric, has crossed the ocean 819 times, traversing about 2,500,000 miles, equal to more than 100 times around the globe. The doctor, now in his seventy-eighth year, is as active as he was thirty years ago, and confidently looks forward to making his nine hundredth trip across the Atlantic. His firm opinion is that there is no sure cure for seasickness. He has tried them all on passengers—from copious champagne drinking to staying all the way over in a berth hung on rollers. The trouble, he believes, arises from the brain rather than the stomach.

Vessel for Harbor Work.

Contracts for a $72,500 steam vessel to be used in the river and harbor work around New York have recently been placed by the chief of ordnance of the United States army.

FARM MISCELLANY

Farcical Judging of Fruit.

The writer attended the Illinois state fair last week, and while there made a cursory examination of the fruit in the horticultural exhibit. The premiums had been already awarded, and some of the results were startling. The judge that awarded the premiums for Bartlett pears had placed the blue ribbon, which indicates first, on a plate of Keiffers. The Keiffers too had none of the appearance of Bartletts but were typical Keiffers. A plate of Rome beauty took first prize as York Iperial, though the Rome beauty was typically Rome Beauty and the York Imperials shown were typical York Imperials.

What inducement is there for fruit men to show fruit if the judges selected are men almost ignorant of the things they are supposed to judge. It would be far better to hire experts at almost any price than to have such results. Of the three judges chosen only one, so far as the writer knows, is an expert on fruit. If all three judged the same fruits the results might not be so bad; but each one was given a certain amount of the fruit to judge and made supreme so far as that fruit was concerned. The expert used the better part of two days in arriving at his decisions, while the other men made their awards in a few hours.

The expert related to the writer the manner in which he was selected. The member of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture that had charge of the fruit exhibit wrote to a lawyer in the city and asked him to select a judge for the fruit. The lawyer chose the fruit man mentioned. It is probable that the same unscientific method was used in the selection of the other judges. It is surprising that they got even one good man out of three.

Such inefficiency in the management of the horticultural exhibition cannot be too severely condemned. We have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in equipping a state fair as an educational institution and then the management is turned over to men entirely incapable of managing it in a way to make the educational feature of any value. The Illinois State Board of Agriculture has the names of numerous fruit growers in this state any one of which knows enough about apples and other fruit to at least recognize the varieties. Why are they not appointed as judges?

The trouble with the Illinois State Board of Agriculture seems to be that a man is appointed as Superintendent of a department and then allowed a free hand to work his own sweet will. No matter how little he knows about it, he is not interfered with, and it would be considered discourteous to even make suggestions to him. The power of the man is supreme over all the exhibitors. His opinion is accepted and must be accepted against the opinions of men that know a hundred times more about the exhibit than he does.

In the selection of judges for the fruit there is no reason why the State Board of Agriculture should not ask the advice of the State Horticultural Society. When the International Live Stock Exposition and the World's Fair managers wanted live stock judges they wrote to the different live stock associations and asked them to name a number of men who were able to judge in their breeds. Out of these the managers of the two great shows made their selection of judges and so got men well equipped for judging. There is no reason why a State Board of Agriculture should not ask the State Horticultural Society to name men capable of judging the different kinds of fruit. It would be far better than writing to a local lawyer and requesting that he pick out a man to act as judge on a fruit exhibit.—Farmer's Review.

Silage in the Cow Ration.

At the last round-up of Wisconsin institutes, C. P. Goodrich said:

Now, I will tell you how I think is the cheapest, easiest and best way to provide summer feed for cows. It is to have a good silo and put up corn silage. If you have good pasture this silo needs to be only about one-half as large as the one which holds the winter silage. It should be smaller in diameter, but just as deep, so that enough can be fed from the top each day to keep the silage from being damaged by exposure to the air. In this way you can have the best of feed to tide over a time of drouth and short pasture. It will be always ready and in the most convenient form possible to feed. The cows will eat the silage with great relish every day, no matter how good the pasture is, though they will not eat as much as in winter, when on otherwise dry feed.

I know personally several men who practice this way and feed silage every day in the year, and I need not tell you they are very successful men. I know a few men who feed silage the year round who do not have any land in pasture. I have in mind one now who has a small farm and keeps as many head of cattle as he has acres of land. He has nearly one-third of his land in alfalfa, and the balance, outside of that occupied by buildings and yards, is used for growing oats and corn. He has the material for a good, well balanced, succulent ration the year round, and his cows produce splendidly. Practically one acre feeds a cow. If he needs to buy a little concentrated feed the pork made from the skim milk is ample for that purpose.

Need I tell you that this man is getting for his labor and his feed a very high price indeed? They who do as he does are getting many times as much as some men who work harder than they do, just because they use intelligence, judgment and skill in "summer cow feeding," as well as in "winter cow feeding," and in selection, breeding and care of cows.

Quit Burning Straw.

The old wasteful habit of burning all the straw on the farm is still followed on those farms that do not have a good deal of stock. Even where it is possible to utilize the straw by hauling it to the barnyard it is still burned, because the owner does not figure out that the fertility in the straw is worth hauling the straw to the barnyard for. He says that anyway the ash is left and there is some fertility in that. Taking all in all he is under the impression that he is getting about as much out of his straw by burning it as in any other way, unless he can sell it or feed it to stock.

But all investigations go to show that humus plays a much larger part in the matter of soil value than we thought. Every pound of straw should be brought back onto the land in some form. A number of cattle will trample up a good deal of it if it is thrown into the barnyard from time to time. This would be especially the case with some barnyards we have seen and it would at the same time greatly improve the condition of the barnyards.

Get the straw and the manure mixed together in the shortest possible time. When the straw is mixed with the manure it is surprising how quickly it will go to pieces. One farmer has a barnyard that does not cover more than half an acre, yet into that every year he puts the cornstalks from forty acres of land. The stalks become quickly pulverized under the feet of the farm animals and in the course of months one fails to recognize in the manure any cornstalks.

Of course this means work, but it means also the keeping up of the producing capacity of the land. It also means the keeping up of the ability of the land to resist drouth. Get the straw into the manure and then get the manure into the field as quickly as possible after it is fit to go there.

Cultivation of New Land.

Franklin Williams, in a bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture, relative to the cultivation of new land, says:

The quantity of roots remaining in the ground after it has been cleared is always surprising. No matter what clearing method has been pursued or how carefully it has been done, the plow will discover an aggravatingly large number of roots. When stumps are pulled out by machinery many more roots are removed than by any other method. But even in machinery-cleared land the ground will still be full of roots, mostly small, it is true.

In plowing new land a good, steady, strong span of horses is of the first importance. Horses that are fast or fractious will not answer. They will fret the plowman, break the plow, and bruise their shoulders. With a spirited team, even though nothing is broken or injured, it is hard to do good work. If the plow is drawn rapidly it is quite impossible to guide it closely and avoid stumps and roots.

After the winter season of comparative idleness horses should not be put to plowing new land. Their shoulders have grown tender from disuse and should be first gradually toughened in old land; moreover, some of their accumulated energy should thus be worked off.

Oxen preferable to horses.—For plowing new ground oxen are preferable to horses. They are steadier and stronger. Formerly in breaking new land it was a common occurrence to see several yoke of oxen attached to one strong plow; and they did yeoman service. Now, in this age of hurry and rush, the slow, plodding ox has been forced to give way to the faster horse, and when new ground is to be plowed unfortunately the ox is seldom at hand.

There are several patterns of plows made especially for new-ground work. These grub plows, however, while strong and handy, are not essential. Any standard plow with a good cutter properly and securely adjusted will do good work.

Cut roots that stop the plow.—When plowing new land always have a mattock conveniently fastened to the plow handles, and cut all roots that do not break. When the plow becomes "hung" in roots it is better to cut it loose than to back and pull out. The root that stops the plow will interfere with cultivation, and the same root, unless severed, will occasion this annoyance for several successive seasons. In plowing new land it is well "to make haste slowly." Leave no skips. Turn a continuous furrow. The time saved in cultivating the crop, together with the increased harvest, will more than pay for the pains taken.

The second season the plow furrows should be run at right angles to those of the first. If these two plowings are thoroughly done, the ground will be completely broken and subdued.

If the land is very stumpy it will be quite difficult to level down for planting purposes. When the stumps are too thick for the old-fashioned A harrow to be used a heavy brush or cultivator, run opposite to the way the land was plowed, will answer fairly well. When the land is not too stumpy, or the stumps are cut very low, the spring-tooth harrow will do excellent work. The teeth will bound over stumps and roots that are fast and comb out a great many that are loose or broken. If the roots are plentiful, and they usually are, many of them will have to be removed. With an improved adjustable spring-tooth harrow, many of the loose roots may be combed out and windrowed and then burned or hauled off.

In bringing new land under cultivation, cultivate for several successive seasons or until all roots are thoroughly broken and all foul vegetation completely destroyed. If cultivated for only one year and then seeded down or left idle any number of roots and small bushes will revive and start into renewed life.

In selecting a peach tree to plant the experienced orchardist selects one not over five feet tall and with a diameter of less than an inch. Some even select whips three feet tall. The amateur wants a big tree, not knowing that it will not make the growth of the younger tree.

Uniformity in fruit packing is desired, as buyers are constantly looking for uniform packing instead of uniform packing. The buyer does not know what price he can afford to pay for a consignment that is not uniform and so pays the smallest possible price.

The Babcock test should be within the reach of every farmer.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac., Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say: Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Clergyman Student of History.

Dr. Randolph H. McKim, D. D., of Washington, elected to the post of chairman of the house of deputies of the Protestant Episcopal church, for almost forty years has been one of the most prominent clergymen of his denomination. He is a close student of history, and has been called upon to give many addresses of a historical character before patriotic and other societies.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Men of Science Live Long.

Eminent German professors are becoming proverbial for their longevity. The latest to celebrate his seventieth birthday is Ewald Hering of the German university at Prague. Like Helmholtz, Brucke, Dubois, Fechner and others, he has done original work in several branches of science, but perhaps his most important discoveries relate to the physiology of memory.

Conklin's Vest Pocket Writing Desk Book is a handy volume, containing 15,000 synonyms and antonyms, 50,000 words difficult to spell, capital letter and punctuation rules, rules of construction, rules of style, abbreviations, and other information of value for use at the writing desk. Published by Geo. W. Ogilvie & Co., Chicago.

ARE YOU GOING TO ST. LOUIS?

The Hamilton Hotel is located but a few blocks from World's Fair. It is fireproof and moderate in charges. Good rooms with bath, $2.00 per day and up. European plan. Breakfast 50c. Write for Booklet. Address F. Williamson, manager.

Honolulu's Harbor Is Shallow.

The new Pacific Mail steamship Manchuria, which runs between San Francisco and Oriental ports via Honolulu, is too deep in the water to enter Honolulu harbor. The Hawaiian people all comment on the failure of Congress to provide for the dredging of the harbor.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for same money.

Human Face Endures Much.

Whenever we see a girl with a hand-painted complexion and a factory halo we wonder how the human face can stand the strain.—Exchange.

More Flexible and Lasting,

won't shake out or blow out; by using Defiance Starch you obtain better results than possible with any other brand and one-third more for same money.

The story that the battleship Georgia was to be christened with something stronger than champagne turns out to be all moonshine.

Structural iron is said to be cheaper than at any time in four years, but most people will stick to the regular brands of breakfast food.

BLOOD WILL TELL

A THEORY SUPPORTED BY FRESH, CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

A Recent Instance Proves That a Woman's Happiness Is Largely Dependent on the State of Her Blood.

When the blood is disordered every organ of the body is affected unfavorably and fails to discharge its functions properly. In the case of every woman nature has made special provision for a periodical purification of the blood, and so long as this occurs her health and spirits unfailingly reveal the beneficial results. So slight a cause as a cold or a nervous shock may produce a suppression of this vital function, and until it is restored she is doomed to misery. The remedy that has proved most prompt and effective in all disorders peculiar to the female sex is that which brought such great relief to Miss Mattie Griggs, of No. 807 Indiana street, Lawrence, Kansas, concerning which she speaks as follows:

"In the winter of 1902, from some unknown cause, there was a cessation of functions peculiar to my sex for a period of four months. I became very weak and could not get up stairs without help. I had nausea and pain and a constant headache. I was under the care of a physician for three months, but he did not succeed in curing me. Then a lady friend told me about the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which she had used in her family, and she induced me to try them. It was in May when I first began to use them, and in June I had fully recovered my health, and have since remained perfectly well."

In all cases of delayed development of young girls; in anemia or weakness due to impoverished blood and showing itself in pallor, lack of ambition, despondency and nervousness; also in the great constitutional disturbances attending the period known as the change of life, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable for women, whose health is always closely dependent on the state of the blood. They are sold by all druggists. A booklet of valuable information relating to the care of a woman's health at all important periods, and entitled "Plain Talks to Women," will be sent free in a sealed envelope to any one who chooses to write for it to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

If wishes were wishbones the flying-machine problem would be solved.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

REAL ESTATE.

The Chance of a Lifetime. I shall be pleased to answer personally any inquiries regarding the elegant lands lying near the western terminus of the Canadian Northern survey. This stretch of country, even now settling up rapidly, is soon to become the most lively portion of Canada. Road completed next year. A large list of lands—$4 to $10. Liberal terms arranged. J. R. Black, Opposite Bank of Commerce, Edmonton.

California Wheat and Alfalfa Land at $15 per acre on easy terms. 60 to 80 bushels of wheat can be raised per acre each year on these lands. Plenty of water for irrigation. Free booklet describing these lands, sent on application. Write us if interested. WESTERN COLONIZATION & INVESTMENT CO., 809-811 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SALE—1,500 acres land in the best county in Kansas, (Jewell Co.), all in one body. 200 acres alfalfa, 500 farm land, balance pasture; all fenced, 3 sets improvements, plenty of good water, fruit; on R. F. D., ¼ mile from school, 3 miles to station. Liberal terms Write Fair & McCammon, Formoso, Kans.

Iowa Corn Belt Farms! Also Missouri, Minnesota and other states. Merchandise, city properties for sale or exchange. A. McClintock, Calhoun Co., Manson, Ia.

Send Me 25c in Stamps

and I will send you prepaid a map of your state, showing all railroad systems in separate colors, with complete guide, giving list of all towns, express companies, telegraph stations, money order post-offices and electric lines. Address,

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554 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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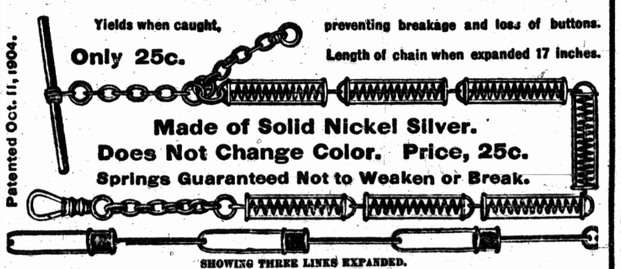
LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER
STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR
Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Just Think of it—a Dollar Watch Chain for a Quarter.

EXPANSION WATCH CHAIN

A Dollar Watch Chain for a Quarter. Patented Oct. 11, 1904. A Dollar Watch Chain for a Quarter.

Yields when caught, preventing breakage and loss of buttons.
Only 25c.
Length of chain when expanded 17 inches.



Made of Solid Nickel Silver.
Does Not Change Color. Price, 25c.
Springs Guaranteed Not to Weaken or Break.

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BEST WATCH CHAIN MADE FOR MEN OR BOYS.
Will be mailed anywhere promptly on receipt of 25c. in silver.
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Write to-day. Address, E. C. GIPE, 610 Wilson Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

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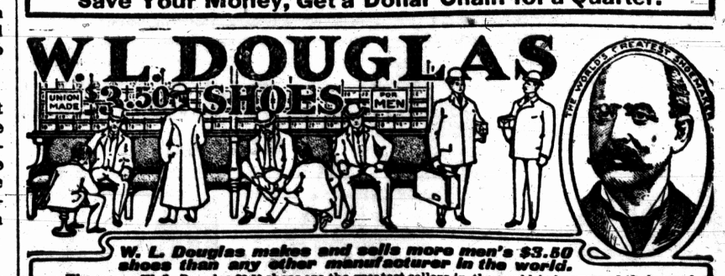
W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOES



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were $6,263,040.60.

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior in fit, comfort and wear to others costing from $5.00 to $7.00."—B. S. McCUE, Dept. Coll., U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

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