

One Thousand Farmers Wanted

To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from \$7 to \$15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West.

For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

Indian Hymn Written. An American Indian who wrote the only hymn known to have been produced by one of his race was Samson Occum, an Indian preacher of great ability.

Half-Vare Excursions. The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route will sell round trip tickets on June 23, July 7 and 21, at one fare plus \$2 to certain points in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana.

All About Western Farm Lands. The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R.

Autocars for Parcel Delivery. In Paris the autocar is rapidly taking a place for business purposes. The Marasain du Louvre, after experiment with a motor driven parcel van, have decided to adopt a special form of parcels delivery van propelled by petroleum motor power.

Summer Resort Book Free. Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

Jaysman's Weird Way. "Jaysman Brown" of Kansas seems less eccentric when you analyze it, and discover that it is only a blame fool way of writing "James Samuel Brown."

THE STUDIO GIRL

An Interesting Letter From a Young Ladies' College. Race Between the Sexes for Education. Health Impaired by Incessant Study.

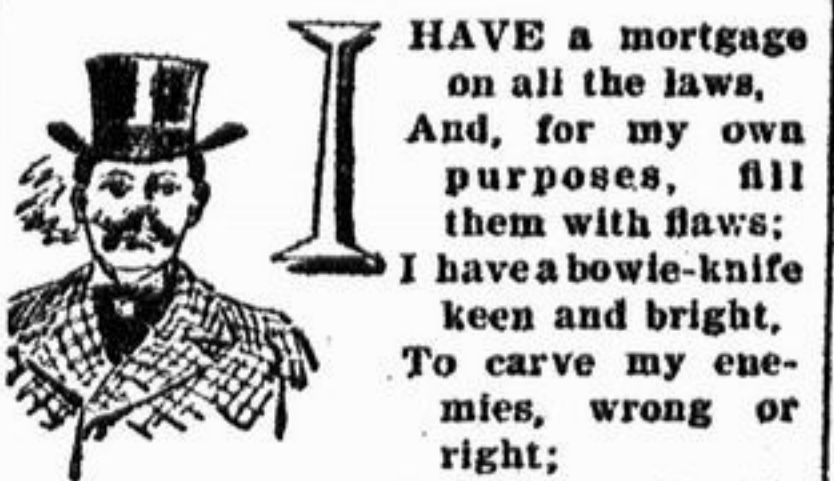
The race between the sexes for education is to-day very close. Ambitious girls work incessantly over their studies, and are often brought to a halt, through having sacrificed the physical to the mental.

Then begin those ailments that must be removed at once, or they will produce constant suffering. Headache, dizziness, faintness, slight vertigo, pains in the back and loins, irregularity, loss of sleep and appetite, nervousness and blues, with lack of confidence; these are positive signs that women's arch enemy is at hand.

THE JOKERS' CORNER.

CURRENT WITTICISMS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Picture of a Political Boss—Taking as Few Chances as Possible—City and Country Jays—One on the King—Save Us from Our Friends.



HAVE a mortgage on all the laws, and for my own purposes, fill them with flaws; I have a bowie-knife keen and bright. To carve my enemies, wrong or right; I have a pull with the daily press, Though it's somewhat elastic at times, I confess; I have a pledge as light as a bubble, That, bursting, will never get me in trouble; have a bucket of oily lies About appointments my voters so prize; And I get the profit of public loss—What do I care if I'm called a boss?

Save Us from Our Friends. "A very sad affair," remarked one of the mourners on the way home from the funeral. "Yes," replied the man at his side, "death is always sad."

"Of course, but it was particularly so in this case. Perhaps you didn't know the deceased as well as I do. She was one of the best women that ever lived, but all her life she was the victim of a strange terror. "You don't say so," commented the man.

"Yes," went on the melancholy mourner, stroking his beard reflectively. "She had an idea that she was going to be murdered by a burglar who had hid himself under her bed. She allowed the impression to grow upon her, and in course of time she became a monomaniac on the subject. All the doors and windows of her house were doubly locked and barred, and every night for thirty years the last thing she did was to look under the bed."

"But didn't her friends try to do anything to get her out of her morbid condition?" inquired the man, growing interested. "Everything they could think of," answered the mourner. "Why, the last thing they did was to buy her a folding-bed to sleep in."

"That surely cured her of her insane fear about a man under the bed." "You'd think so," returned the mourner, "but that's just where you make a mistake. She hadn't been sleeping in that folding-bed a week before the thing collapsed one night and smothered her."—Exchange.

Claims to Precedence. As the tired murderer took his way over the hot plains of Ecuador, suddenly the constable of Nod stood before him. "Come, fellow," he cried, rudely, "this warrant is for you."

Cain drew himself up haughtily. "Sir," he replied, in a severer tone, "be a little more respectful in your speech." The constable gave vent to a mocking laugh. "Inasmuch as to why?" he wanted to know, with a leer.

Cain pulled his mantle about him closely. "Because," he replied, with a proud gesture, "you are addressing a member of one of the first families." And before the constable could gasp twice Cain had disappeared in a cloud of sand over the edge of the desert.

Unable to Keep Awake. Leavitt—I see they have passed a law in Ohio forbidding women to wear hats in theaters. Millie (scornfully)—The brutes! I suppose they'll want us to take off our hats in church next.

Leavitt—Oh, no; the clergy would never allow that. If they did the women would all sleep through the service, like the men.

Couldn't Fool Him. St. Peter opened the gate wide. "Come in," he said. The shade shook his head. "No," it said, "I've backed many theatrical companies in my time, and I know from experience that it's no fun to be an angel."

Faults of Authors.

Editorial from the Daily Nit: Our quarrel with Marion Crawford, if we ever do quarrel with that author, will be based upon his provoking unwillingness to write and publish an occasional book. Having given us in the past a taste of his quality, we deem it unfair for Mr. Crawford to withhold from the reading public the fruits of a genius that he clearly possesses. What Mr. Crawford ought to do—we speak as a friend to American letters—is to write an occasional novel. We admit that he has done this, but the occasions have been so remote as to create an impression that our author is lazy. With the creative ability that Mr. Crawford possesses, with good health and a leisure that wealth affords, why should he not give to us more books? We brush aside as unworthy of notice an intimation that already he is putting forth two volumes a year. What the American public demands is not less than a book a month. What is Mr. Crawford doing that he should play second in this respect to Capt. Charles King, or that great emotional writer, Laura Jeap Libbey?

No Chance of It. Mrs. Hiram Daly—I have had to discharge a great many girls on account of their cooking. Katie Kohldsoop—You'll never have to discharge me on that account, mum. Mrs. Hiram Daly—I am glad to hear that. Katie Kohldsoop—No, mum, I can't cook.

Jays. Rural Citizen—Ef ye had been here er minute sooner, Jake, ye'd seed their comeliest looking jay yer ever laid yer two eyes on.



Did the Best He Could. Then young Mr. Tadley's wheel suddenly went unmanageable and in a flash he was skimming down the incline at thirty miles an hour. "Hould on, there—hould on!" screamed the fat policeman. Two seconds later young Mr. Tadley, with his legs thrust through the wire spokes, raised his head from the pavement and groaned heavily.

"I arriet yez!" cried the fat policeman. "Phy did n't yez sthop, yez shpalpeen? Didn't I tell yez to hould on?" "Well, I did," moaned young Mr. Tadley, "ill I went over. Then how could I?" Which would have seemed reasonable enough to anybody but a fat policeman.

It Was Uncle Will. Willie and his big sister Lizzie didn't get along together very well. Willie was only seven and his sister seventeen, but he resented her "boasing."

One day Willie's mamma had something to tell him, a piece of news from the household of his still older sister, who had been married a year before. "Willie," said mamma, "God left a little baby at sister Mary's house last night. You're an uncle now, my boy. How do you like that?" "Well," said Willie, after weighing the matter over carefully a minute, "I'll just tell you this, if I am Uncle Will, Lizzie aint goin' to boss me no more."

One on the King. The King of Jurl Jugg smiled as he read the message and then gazed thoughtfully at the scrap of yellow paper. It was a telegram from Gryn Deth, his Minister of War. He read the message again: "We have routed the enemy without the loss of a single man."

Two days later he found that one thousand of his troops had been slain. When questioned, the Minister of War explained that his telegram was true. Every soldier in the army was married, and still there was a surplus of women that had been captured from other tribes in previous battles.

A Natural Inference. Little George A—paid his first visit to the country a short time ago, and as was natural was much interested in the farm and all its belongings. One day his uncle took him to the barn to see some chickens that were just hatched. The process of incubation was something which had never before come under his observation, and he looked with open-eyed wonder at the fluffy chicks while his uncle tried to explain the hatching process. All at once he turned and rushed into the house to his mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma! come out to the barn, quick! Uncle John has set a hen and hatched out ten little Henrys!"

There Was a Reason. "See here," he complained, "you're a new woman, you know, and I supposed she was different. How is it you can't dress as quickly as a man, when your clothes are almost identical?" Before she could reply her little brother, who had overheard the remark, said: "'Cause she wears four pairs of stockings under her leggins."—Truth.

Suffered for His Country.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF A VETERAN CRIPPLED HAND AND FOOT.

From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill. Charles A. Rogers, a veteran of the War of the Rebellion, and a prominent West Side citizen, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., fifty-four years ago, and when a boy of scarcely fourteen came to Chicago, since which time this city has been his permanent home.

At the termination of the Civil War, Mr. Rogers, having received his discharge in July, 1865, found his health so broken by hard service, insufficient food, exposure and malaria in the desolate swamp lands of Louisiana and Mississippi, that he was almost wholly unfitted for a satisfactory performance of the exacting duties of his occupation, notwithstanding his great force of will. Indeed, the first winter after his return from the field was an extremely severe and trying one for him.

He suffered from chronic diarrhoea, malaria fever and sharp shooting pains in the back and lower limbs, his discharges, at the time, he attributed to rheumatism, but the disease soon proved to be locomotor ataxia (a congestion of the white matter of the spinal chord). In spite of the continued treatment by some of Chicago's leading and most skillful physicians, the malady increased rather than abated, until by rapid stages he came to use first a cane, then crutches and finally an invalid's wheel chair, which to this day is his only means of locomotion, as he has not been able to walk since 1873. Despite this terrible affliction, which would unnerve almost any man, he preserved a cheerful disposition, bearing his sufferings with a resignation amounting to heroism.

For years, at every change in the weather, exposure to the slightest draft, excruciating, sharp, darting pains that cannot be described would occur, lasting often from ten to fifteen days at a time and without a moment's cessation. The agony he endured at these times was almost unendurable. No sleep could come to his relief, and his case was a most desperate one.

So the years went on until the winter of 1892, then he was attacked with his grippe, which was so prevalent at that time. This complaint, added to his other malady, well nigh crushed him. He could neither eat nor sleep, and the best of medical talent that friends could suggest or money procure seemed powerless to help him, but on the contrary appeared to aggravate his disease.

At this juncture a new light came into his life. Mrs. Rogers, his estimable wife, having read in the Inter-Ocean of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged that he should try them. He confessed, however, to having little or no faith in any so-called patent medicine, but her solicitations finally prevailed and he commenced using them by taking one at a dose. In three or four days he began to crave food, which he had not done for many years before. He increased the size of the dose to two pills at a time and in less than two weeks wanted, as he expressed it, three square meals a day.

Gradually but perceptibly his general health improved, his bowels became regular and the horrible pains with which he had been afflicted, began slowly but surely to diminish in their intensity, until now they have greatly subsided and he feels like another man. While it is true that Mr. Rogers is far from being well and robust, yet his general health is so much improved that he is greatly encouraged and daily returns to a kind of pleasantness that the remedy so fortunately furnished him.

Mr. Rogers resides at 991 Jackson boulevard, on the corner of Western avenue, in one of the pleasantest spots on the West Side. As for Mrs. Rogers herself, she was the first to suggest the use of the Pink Pills, and the other members of the household, who are thoroughly familiar with all the details of the case, they cannot but marvel at the efficacy of the remedy and do not understand why such an apparently simple medicine should produce such wonderful results, exceeding by far their most sanguine expectations.

Having read the foregoing, I hereby certify that the facts in my case are as stated herein. (Signed) CHAS. A. ROGERS. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-ninth day of October, 1896. A. F. PORTMAN, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A department of comparative pathology will be added to the Harvard medical school, a Boston merchant having endowed it with \$100,000.

Pink's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1863.—J. R. Madison, 2400 43d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

A few years ago a Miss Tolleson of Memphis, while suffering from tonsillitis, showed a temperature of 103 degrees.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. The ice cave near Decorah, Winnebago county, Iowa, is said to be the only one in the central United States.

Hogeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Croup, Hoarseness and Sore Throat. Sold by Dr. E. C. Clark Co., St. Louis, Mo. The English language is spoken by only about 125,000,000 persons, while the Chinese is spoken by over 400,000,000.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Saccharine Syrup for Children Teething.

The only colored "ossified man" was Lucius Moore of Virginia, who first went on exhibition in 1890.

THEY—All of them stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Peppermint Cure. No Pills for the Croupy's Use. Harrowing cure. Treat the and \$2 trial bottle free in all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The world makes and eats 1,900,000 tons of butter and cheese.

That Pleasing Paralyzing Pio! How good it looks! How good it is!..... And how it hurts. Why not look into the question of PII after Pio? Eat your pie and take Ayer's Pills after, and pie will please and not paralyze. AYER'S Cathartic Pills CURE DYSPEPSIA.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 25. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

A Bicycle Built for Two. BattleAx PLUG Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two choppers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

COLUMBIAS AT ONCE. The Columbia you want is ready for you. Not a day's delay, if you choose regular equipment. We have been preparing for months to meet the present great demand. \$100 TO ALL ALIKE Tandems, \$150 Men's Columbias Women's Columbias Tandems THE STOCK IS COMPLETE. HARTFORD BICYCLES \$65, \$50, \$45 Such quality at such prices is unheard of. But Hartfords are leaders in both price and goodness. Regular models ready for delivery. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn. Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

THE NEW Placket Holder —AND— DRESS FASTENER COMBINED. 5,000 Dressmakers Now Using Them. Prevents the Skirt from Gaping. No More Hooks and Eyes. No Safety Pins. Makes a Firm, Smooth, Non-Stretching Clasp for the Waistband. Very Suitable for This Dress. A Necessity for Heavy Dress Skirts. Yucca Co., Aurora, Ill.

