

Recently cured  
Sarsaparilla  
neutralizes the  
acid in the blood.  
who were  
write that they  
no symptoms  
matism since  
Hood's Sarsaparilla

**Go to Klondike**  
Conducted Tourist Excursions  
CLAND ORE., run  
**ROCK ISLAND ROUTE**  
CHICAGO Thursdays  
for TACOMA and SEATTLE  
and Klondike fields.  
Sebastian, C. P. A., CHICAGO.

**Edison Company,**  
Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**ADIAN GOLD FIELDS.**  
All Lie in the Yukon.  
The excitement of the past few months has drawn a great many people to the Canadian Yukon in search of gold, and has diverted the many others. But in order to be successful, a man must possess the best of health, endurance and considerable energy. His wife and his family are all unknown to other gold fields, though the crop of Manitoba, by North Dakota, yielded 21,000,000 bushels of wheat at 76 cents, which, as a local makes the product in gold wheat alone, equal to a value of twenty thousand farmers an average to each producer of

Some farmers are not living by this is only one source of revenue out of many. They have also potatoes, oats, barley and flound sometimes other things, so fairly estimated that their income at least \$1,000 per farmer. The fields have yielded this year 100 in gold, divided among 20,000 miners, and a general population of 200,000.

The cost of stamp mills, etc., etc., rich as is the Klondike, the axis being taken out of the wheat in this one province, is secured in any mining course mining development, and that is the element of Canada feels so much predicting prosperity to all who in Canada. Western Canada more than any other known to immigration. Farms of able of producing the best No. 1 yielding thirty to forty bushels, are given away free. Railroads, schools, churches, all are the Canadian form of government the most liberal known, and a ne is given to settlers of all nationalities there are many settlers in the states, and the reports are highly favorable. Those desiring to free homestead laws, station tracks, etc., will have sent free on application to the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to the Government, or to C. J. Canadian Gov't Agent, 1223 Building, Chicago, Ill.; J. Gov't Agent, Reed City, Mich.; Gov't Agent, Bad Axe, Mich.; new, Des Moines, Iowa, or D. B., Stratford, Iowa.

**Discontinued.**  
That is the matter, Blankley? about and your arm in a sling, had been in a fight, and yet smiling and smiling over it all. The fact is, I have all along Harold a sort of a miff, and to give him some boxing lessons, the result of the first lesson, of that boy.—Odds and Ends.

in a great deal of her spare advertisements and wanting Washington Democrat.  
why a man hates to change because he always forgets to get a—Washington Democrat.

and a dull, heavy pain in most relieved with my foot I would have to take my Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable. I now owe my health to the diseases peculiar to women. Compound is just what you will write her at Lynn, you the very best advice able to write to a woman advise you without charge.



**HE IS NOT NOBLE.**

He is not noble who would sell himself. His actions or his principles for pelf. Who bends the knee to wrong entrenched in power.  
Who flatters evil in its triumph hour. And trying to be all things to all men—Smirking and smiling falls in evil's den—On earth the merest pimple, wart or wen.  
He may be handsome and to all men seem The form material of an artist's dream, But in his polished words and varnished smile Keen souls discern the world-wash and the guile.  
No outward smoothness made of thin veneer. Deceives the instincts keen and vision clear Of those who dwell in honor's atmosphere.  
The truly noble soul can face the light Which brightly beats on fame's sky-piercing height: From sacred fire can light with honor's spark The lower depths, though desolate and dark; No small deceptions can their pall unroll. To hide the incandescence of a soul Which reads its mottoes from Heaven's sacred scroll.  
Turn thou away from tortuous deceit. Let tangled thoughts trip not thy steadfast feet. Scorn coward subterfuge and weakling Go by thy compass though men blame or praise; Thou canst afford the enmities of earth. The sneers of cravens and unseemly mirth. If true unto thy trust and Heavenly birth. L. EDGAR JONES.

**A Feminine Resolve.**

Characters: Mrs. Walter Lee and Mrs. George Rivers. Time: Midmorning.  
**MRS. LEE** (loudly, above the clank of the hansom which is taking them westwards)—It's really frightfully nice of you, dear, to give up your morning to my concerns in this way.  
**MRS. RIVERS**—What nonsense, when you know that there's nothing I love better than choosing other people's clothes regardless of other people's expense.  
**MRS. LEE**—O, but it mustn't be regardless of expense in my case—for heaven's sake! How should I face Walter if I shopped on those principles?  
**MRS. RIVERS**—My dear, the Walters recover from these little shocks, I find. And a cheap hat is a social disgrace which no man could wish to bring upon his wife. But if you're really wanting to be good—  
**MRS. LEE**—I am, really. The hat I've got on was four guineas, and it's been weighing on my conscience like lead ever since I got it—in a moment of abandonment.  
**MRS. RIVERS**—It certainly doesn't weigh on your head. Perfect dream of a hat, my dear, and worth anything.  
**MRS. LEE**—O, please don't condone it. Scold me for it. I'm not going beyond two guineas on any account this time, and should prefer something at one guinea, if possible. I'm not a millionairess like you, remember. And it really is naughty to spend great sums on personal decoration when the East end—  
**MRS. RIVERS** (laughing)—All right, dear. I'll suppress you to the best of my abilities. Only don't blame me if you're a failure for the rest of the season. Here we are (as hansom pulls up at a hat palace in Regent street). Now, this is half my cab (feels determinedly for purse).  
**MRS. LEE**—Nonsense! It's entirely my cab, and no one else's. You—shall—not—(feels convulsively for her purse).  
**MRS. RIVERS**—I go shares or go home—you may choose, dear.  
(They wrangle amiably on the pavement, and end in mutual vows of postal orders.)  
**MRS. LEE** (the first symptoms of the hat fever dawning in her eye)—Now, then, we may as well look in at the window first. How do you like that toque with the hyacinths and red violets?  
**MRS. RIVERS**—Too old for you by ten years, ma mie. That Gainsborough with the early Victorian crown is more dans votre type.  
**MRS. LEE**—O! but the one with the strawberries, Edith. That's my hat!  
**MRS. RIVERS** (solemnly)—Mary, it's divine! You were made for it! Don't hesitate.  
**MRS. LEE** (the symptoms visibly aggravated)—Could I hesitate? It's my hat—unless—unless, of course, it's too expensive. Come along!  
(They go in. A Superior Young Person of superb figure and querying eyebrow sweeps up to know their pleasure.)  
**MRS. LEE** (airily, determined to show no awe in the presence of a friend)—O! I just wanted to see that hat with the strawberries, in the window, please.  
Superior Young Person—Certainly, madam (pronounce "Maram"). This way, if you please.  
**MRS. LEE** (in a whisper)—You will help me out of this if it's more than two, won't you?  
**MRS. RIVERS**—Course. We'll look round before deciding, in any case.  
(Superior Young Person waves them on to red velvet seats and disappears. They look round with excessive outward calm.)  
**MRS. LEE**—There are charming things, but nothing to touch mine.  
**MRS. RIVERS**—Oh, yours already? That's quickly settled. Then we needn't—

**Mrs. Lee**—Oh, don't you tease! I know it'll be too dear. Here it comes. (Fumbles with hat pins and veil.)  
Superior Young Person—Allow me, madam.  
**Mrs. Lee** (feeling bitter reproach in her manners and general station in life)—Thanks.  
Superior Young Person (placing hat at correct angle of fashionable discomfort and handing mirror with dignity)—I think you will like that, madam. Suits you perfectly. One of our latest model hats.  
**Mrs. Lee** (diplomatically casual)—Yes, it's not bad. A little large, perhaps. How much did you say?  
Superior Young Person (languidly)—Four and a half guineas, madam.  
**Mrs. Lee** (with a drawn smile)—Oh, dear! How very ruinous! Rather too large for me, isn't it, Edith?  
**Mrs. Rivers** (manfully)—A trifle large, and very ruinous.  
Superior Young Person (weary and unmoved)—Of course, we only use the best materials. But if you wish to see something inexpensive—  
**Mrs. Rivers** (courageously)—You'll want to see some others before deciding, in any case, won't you, dear? Try this one.  
(She tries quantities, all found wanting. Superior Young Person's interest flags more and more. During one of her absences.)  
**Mrs. Lee** (pale and weakening)—It's no good, Edith. There's only one that I don't look a fright in—and it's too dear. Do help me. Couldn't I bargain?  
**Mrs. Rivers** (cruelly)—I'm afraid they won't reduce it to two guineas, dear.  
**Mrs. Lee** (wincing)—No, of course not—but three—or three and a half—or—(sees something badly suppressed in other's eye and leaves it).  
Superior Young Person (returning with fresh ammunition)—How do you like this, madam? Two guineas. Just for morning wear, or country—  
**Mrs. Lee** (inwardly conning excuses for the fall which she now feels to be inevitable)—Thanks, no. I think I'll try the one with the strawberries once more.  
Superior Young Person (more cheerfully, seeing land at last)—Certainly, madam. I know this one would give



you satisfaction. So very stylish, is it not?  
**Mrs. Rivers** (plunging nobly)—It certainly does suit you, dear, but four and a half seems an absurd price for what it is. What is your last price, now?  
Superior Young Person (coldly)—I can inquire, madam. (Goes in search of Mr. Somebody.)  
**Mrs. Lee** (desperately)—What am I to do, dear, if they won't reduce it?  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Leave it to me now. I'll be doggedly determined.  
**Mrs. Lee**—And if that's no good?  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Then it rests with you—  
**Mrs. Lee** (dropping on to the settee)—To take it.  
**Mrs. Rivers** (without a smile)—Or leave it.  
**Mrs. Lee** (looking glazed)—You know that's impossible.  
Superior Young Person (returning with deepened contempt in her nostrils)—We could let you have this one for 85 shillings, madam.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Will you say, please, that we do not wish to go beyond four pounds?  
(Superior Young Person again disappears.)  
**Mrs. Lee** (very pale)—You're a trump. If I can get it for four, I'll wear it straight away. Lurching at the Sapwings, you know.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Isn't it a little—er—outre for the Sapwing set? Might shock the old lady.  
**Mrs. Lee**—Well, I wanted a hat for that sort of occasion. Perhaps it is a little too much for Mrs. Sapwing; and it's very delicate, isn't it? I mustn't abuse it.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—No. That's the sort of thing for a small luncheon (pointing to hat on stand). Pretty, but unchallenging.  
**Mrs. Lee** (trying it on with an off-hand air)—Of course, this is really the sort of hat one spends one's life in missing.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—How it suits you! Change your mind, and have it instead of the others.  
**Mrs. Lee**—Instead? O, my dear, it wouldn't replace the other in any way.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Of course not.  
**Mrs. Lee**—But I quite see that I do re-

quire this sort of thing, if only to save the other from too much wear—only—  
Superior Young Person (reappearing)—We can let you have it for four pounds, madam.  
**Mrs. Lee** (suppressing all emotion)—Thanks. Then I'll take that. And what is the price of this one? I've just been trying it on.  
Superior Young Person—Allow me; forty-five and six, madam.  
**Mrs. Lee**—Yes; I'll take that as well, please. I want to wear it this morning.  
**Mrs. Lee** (back in Regent street)—Well? (A deep sigh.) Say something, Edith. Congratulate me, or comfort me, or something.  
**Mrs. Rivers**—You look charming in both the hats, my dear, and that's the principal thing, after all, I suppose.  
**Mrs. Lee** (nervously)—You think I've done well—in all respects?  
**Mrs. Rivers**—Admirably. I couldn't have done better myself—for two guineas.—Black and White.

**RUSHING THROUGH SPACE.**

**The Earth's Fearful and Unceasing Race Toward the Stars.**  
I have seldom felt a more delicious sense of repose than when, crossing the ocean during the summer months, I sought a place where I could lie alone on the deck, look up at the constellations, with Lyra near the zenith, and, while listening to the clank of the engine, try to calculate the hundreds of millions of years which would be required by our ship to reach the star Alpha Lyrae if she should continue on her course in that direction without ever stopping. It is a striking example of how easily we may fail to realize our knowledge when I say that I have thought many a time how deliciously one might pass those hundreds of years in a journey to the star Alpha Lyrae without its occurring to me that we were actually making that very journey at a speed compared with which the motion of a steamship is slow indeed.  
Through every year, every hour, every minute of human history, from the first appearance of man on the earth, from the era of the builders of the pyramids, through the times of Caesar and Hannibal, through the period of every event that history records, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it, have been speeding their way toward the star of which I speak, on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clock beat through which humanity has existed it has moved on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second.  
We are at this moment thousands of miles nearer to Alpha Lyrae than we were a few minutes ago, when I began this discourse, and through every future moment, for untold thousands of years to come, the earth and all there is on it will be nearer Alpha Lyrae, or nearer to the place where that star is now, by hundreds of miles for every minute of time come and gone. When shall we get there? Probably in less than 1,000,000 years, perhaps in 500,000. We cannot tell exactly, but get there we must if the laws of nature and the laws of motion continue as they are. To attain to the stars was the seemingly vain wish of the philosopher, but the whole human race is in a certain sense realizing this wish as rapidly as a speed of six or eight miles a second can bring it about.—From an Address by Prof. Simon Newcomb.

**The Child at the Play.**

The six-year-old son of a newspaper man occasionally goes to the matinee with his mother, but the trouble with him is that he becomes greatly excited, and is apt to express his feelings in words, to the amusement of the audience, but somewhat to the annoyance of the actors. At a recent play one of the actors was in the act of choking another whom he suspected of being guilty of a crime. As the actor went toward the supposed victim with his hands outstretched, the boy became greatly excited, and as the men clinched the boy stood up and called out: "Say, let him alone; he didn't do it." There was a laugh from the audience and a surprised look from the stage. At another time, in a play where a husband suspected his wife, and she was pleading to be taken home and given an opportunity to prove her innocence, the boy could not stand the woman's pleas and the husband's cold reception of her entreaties, and he called out: "Please, mister, take her back." The boy has not been taken to the theater recently.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

**Must Insure Jewelry.**

No parcel containing coin, jewelry, or anything made of gold or silver will be forwarded by the British post office hereafter to foreign countries or British colonies unless it is insured. Any one detected violating the rule will be fined.  
**Very Useful.**  
Preacher—Yes, Bobbie, everything has its uses; for instance take a fly, it—  
Bobbie—Oh, yes; pa says they are the only things that keep him awake when you preach.—Up To Date.  
—France has set up about 300 monuments to more or less distinguished Frenchmen during the last 25 years, and there are now 127 committees collecting money for more.

**ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.**

**Murdered Her Stepdaughter.**  
Louis Wollert, 12 years old, was murdered in her own home at Algonquin. Her step-mother, Mrs. Christian Wollert, at first said a tramp had shot the girl, but while the coroner's inquest was in progress she confessed to the murder. She would not at first give any motive, but finally said she wanted the girl out of the way because she feared her testimony in a suit for divorce now pending.

**A State Bank Closes.**  
The State bank of Elmwood, with a capital stock of \$50,000, assets estimated at \$100,000 and liabilities of \$60,000, was closed by the auditor of state. This action was precipitated by the suicide of the cashier, Miles Caverly, who shot himself during the progress of an investigation by the state bank examiner. His accounts are all right, and no cause is known for the suicide.

**Given Big Damages.**  
In the Christian county circuit court at Taylorville Dora Alexander was awarded damages for \$3,500 against C. L. Wannach and Peter Michels, saloonists. The suit was brought as a result of the death of the plaintiff's husband, it being alleged that he froze to death while in a drunken stupor produced by liquor purchased from the defendants.

**A Fatal Quarrel.**  
George Calender and Elwood Moore, farmers living three miles northeast of Lewistown, became engaged in a quarrel and Calender struck Moore over the head with a large club, cutting his head to the bone. Calender then sent his wife into the house after his rifle and he shot and killed Moore. Calender gave himself up to the sheriff.

**Lawyer and Minister.**  
Judge C. J. Scofield, ex-judge of the circuit court in the old Ninth judicial district of Illinois and appellate judge in the Mount Vernon district, has accepted the pastorate of the Christian church in Carthage for the ensuing year. He will also continue to practice law in that city.

**After Valuable Land.**  
Suit has been commenced in Quincy by Edwin M. Harrison and other eastern claimants to recover possession of thousands of acres of farm lands, worth \$2,000,000, in Adams, Hancock, Warren, Knox, Henderson, Mercer, Peoria and other counties.

**Woman Found Dead.**  
Mrs. M. Curry, a widow, was found dead in her home at Coal Valley. The house had been ransacked and \$200 in money and two gold watches taken. Coroner Eckhart had James Cavanaugh, of that township, arrested, but the prisoner says he can prove his innocence.

**Told in a Few Lines.**  
Mrs. L. M. Paget, of Western Springs, was burned to death by a gas explosion in her home and the house was destroyed with all its contents, causing a loss of \$13,000.

The Rockford foundry, one of the largest and best concerns of its kind in the city, has discontinued business.

The largest fee ever received for incorporation by the secretary of state is that paid by the American Steel & Wire company of Chicago, which incorporated with a capital stock of \$87,000,000. The fee was \$87,000.

The total amount of taxes assessed in St. Clair, the third county in population in the state, for the year is \$735,516.

A new post office has been established at Fort Gage, Randolph county, with James Lynn as postmaster.

The main business part of Potka was wiped out by fire which originated in Altom's store. Eleven buildings were consumed. Loss about \$25,000.

Edward M. Hunt, ex-deputy sheriff, was shot and killed in Chicago by W. Ray Smith, a ballist.

State Mine Inspector Robert Pickett was sandbagged and robbed of his watch and money near a saloon in Spring Valley.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$200,000 more to the University of Chicago.

The young men of the Jericho church near Aurora raised \$64 in bounties for the killing of 3,200 sparrows.

George Moore, aged 20, while at work in the Carlinville coal shaft was struck by falling coal and instantly killed.

Military drill has been inaugurated at the University of Chicago by Lieut. John M. Palmer.

The Illinois Firemen's association held its annual meeting in Champaign and C. D. Wilcox, of Monmouth, was elected president. Decatur was selected for the tournament.

Thomas Willis, a retired farmer of Libertyville, 70 years old, is about to marry Mrs. Emily Priest, of the same place, whose age is 44 years.

The post office at Sullivan was robbed of \$1,000 in currency, stamps, etc.

Robert F. Gudgeon, a wealthy Chicago saloon keeper, was killed by a hold-up gang in his saloon.

The twelfth annual charity ball of the masonic societies of Chicago for the benefit of the Illinois masonic orphans' home netted \$7,500.

Thomas Gelden, for many years a leading republican of Clay county, died at his home in Harter, aged 81 years.

The Variety wood works at Rock Island\* assigned with liabilities of \$8,000 and assets of \$8,600.

**BAKER'S CHOCOLATE**  
Celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage. Has our well-known **YELLOW LABEL** on the front of every package, and our trade-mark "La Belle Chocolatiere" on the back.  
NONE OTHER GENUINE.  
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SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF Five Two-Cent Stamps TO COVER THE COST OF MAILING.  
**BEST INSTRUCTOR** in geography ever seen. Interests the children and teaches them the geography of their own country in a practical and lasting manner.  
Not more than one sent to one address. Write to **F. H. LORD,** General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago Great Western Railway, QUINCY BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of **Grain=O**  
It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

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

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