

# THE STORY TELLER

## SOUTHLAND'S WINTER.

Every morn and eve is misty  
Till the market tower stands  
Looking like a far cathedral  
Wrought with unseemly hands.  
And the city's like a picture  
Woven on a dreamland loom,  
And the air is heavy weighted  
With a faint and sweet perfume,  
And the mist is warm and coaxing  
As a soft kiss on the mouth,  
And the roses still are blooming  
When it's winter in the South.

And the bayous seem to slumber  
Where the cypress trees are tall;  
And the mockbird croons an anthem,  
Like the shadow of a call  
From an angel choir to listen,  
And enough leaves eady down  
Just to make a bronze-hued carpet  
In the by-ways of the town;  
And the red rose gleams all winter  
Through the perfume-laden mist,  
Like the lips your own lips yearn for,  
Red, red lips your own have kissed.

There are morning glory blossoms  
And the four-o'clocks unclose,  
And long pearl-robbed webs are streaming  
From the bush where flames the rose;  
And the air is opalescent  
And the grass shines misty through  
All the whiteness of the morning  
Like a green world dipped in dew.  
And the red and yellow roses,  
And the twisty bayous gleam;  
When it's winter in the Southland  
Life's a sweet and perfumed dream.  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## GUILEFUL PEPPAJEE JIM.

How the Indian Won the Red Top Boots.

BY BERTHA MUZZY BOWER.

PEPPAJEE JIM drew his gay, scarlet and yellow blanket closer about his athletic person and stepped from the glare of yellow sunlight into the cool shade of the catalpa tree by the gate. His black eyes roved restlessly over the silent yard. Keno rose, stretched himself lazily and wagged a languid greeting. Generally speaking, Keno hated Indians even worse than he did the gaunt, gray coyotes which sneaked through the sage-brush back of the chicken yard; but he and Peppajee were old friends.

Peppajee stooped and rested a grimy hand upon the sleek, black head of the dog.

"Yo Keno, wano dog. Heap wano!" It was the highest praise known to his tribe. Their scale of approbation is simple. It is this: wano, good; heap wano, very good, indeed. On the other hand, ka wano is bad, while heap ka wano is the worst possible. A more elaborate classification of one's good or bad qualities they consider superfluous.

Peppajee ascended and stood upon the porch. Finding the door open for the day was hot—he advanced and stood in the doorway, darkening the room with his six-foot stature.

"Huh. Where yo' ketchum, Will?" Will looked up from the new boots he was admiring. Their high, slender heels and shiny, red tops seemed to him the acme of perfection.

"Hello, Peppajee. Come on in. You like 'em boots? Wano?"

Peppajee came closer, eying the boots covetously while the white. He ran a long forefinger critically over the red tops. The leather was soft and pleasing to the touch—distracting to the eye. His blanket slipped unheeded from one shoulder and trailed upon the carpet.

"Huh. Mebbyso wano, mebbyso ka wano," he replied, guardedly. "Mebbyso holes come heap quick. Mebbyso hurt feet—ouch!" His bronzed features mimicked the agony of uncomfortable foot-gear, while his gaze lingered upon the red tops. "Red," he admitted, reluctantly, "him heap wano Where yo' ketchum?"

"Oh, I ketchum heap long way off—San Francisco. I pay \$8, so." Will held up a corresponding number of fingers. "No hurt feet—wano. No holes come, mebbyso one year." Will, when conversing with the Indians who came often to the ranch, adopted, as far as possible, their mode of speech.

Peppajee seated himself gingerly upon the edge of a chair, his blanket wrapped jealously around him. He would have preferred to squat comfortably upon the floor but for the fact that he prided himself upon his white-man ways. His beady eyes returned hungrily to the boots.

"Huh. Holes come, bimeby, yo' gimme red?"

"Yes, I'll give you red when holes come. It'll be a long time, though—mebbyso one year."

Peppajee grunted and relapsed into stolid silence. Secretly, Will wondered what had brought the fellow to the ranch. Two years ago he had been a frequent visitor, until Will, who was more facetious and less discreet, had concocted a horrible mixture of cold tea, red pepper, salts, vinegar and ipecac and presented Peppajee with a generous flask. It was April Fool's day, but Peppajee knew nothing of the significance of the season. All days were alike to him. He carried the flask joyfully home to his wickiup, and if he found the "wano whisk" below the standard, he made no complaint. The only sign of displeasure had been a sudden break in his visits. Until to-day he had not deigned so much as a glance in Will's direction, so that his friendliness now was rather puzzling.

"Yo' eat dinner plenty quick, mebbyso?" asked Peppajee, insinuatingly, as certain savory odors floated out to his nostrils from the kitchen.

"Yes. You stay, eat dinner with us." Peppajee nodded acceptance of the invitation, and Will produced a box of villainous cigars, bought from a peddler and kept for the delectation of such guests.

"Come out on the porch, Peppajee. We smoke."

Peppajee rose, gave his blanket a hitch, and followed his host.

"Where fadder? Where boys?" he asked, politely, as they seated themselves.

"They went for horses. They come back soon."

Peppajee smoked in luxurious silence for a time, then began, suddenly: "Me got heap wano pony. Me trade him yo'. Him wano—heap wano. Him go fas—lak dat." He drew a hand rapidly through the air. "Him no buck, him no keek, him go all places same. Mebbyso rocks—lava bed—him go s-l-o-w—him no fall. Mebbyso wano road, him go, go, all same deer. Mebbyso heap dark—no moon, no star—him no los, him go all time home. Mebbyso ride all day, no stop for eat, for drink, him go all time fas. Heap wano pony. Yo' trade?"

Will applied a match to his newly-rolled cigarette and puffed vigorously. He knew something of the way of the red man; he is full of guile as when he rode rampant the plains, seeking whom he might devour—that is to say, scalp.

"What for you trade wano pony?" he demanded, suspiciously. "What for you no keep him?"

Peppajee shifted his position uneasily; his eyes narrowed. "Vinnie, she ride all the time. Vinnie heap lazy. I lick. She no care, she ride all time same. Vinnie no stay wickiup—no cook—no make moccasins for sell. Mebbyso me keel deer, me come home, Vinnie gone. Me haf skin deer—haf cook. Vinnie come back bimeby, me lick. No good. She go nex' day all same." He paused, dramatically, then continued.

"Me trade pony. Me git noder pony, mebbyso me make buck a little. Vinnie she see, she no ride—Vinnie heap 'frad. No walk—heap lazy. Vinnie stay home, cook deer, make moccasins for sell—me no lick. Wano."

The explanation was logical and convincing. Will, more trusting than he is at present, smothered any lingering doubt, and inclined his ear to Peppajee's specious reasoning.

"All right. We eat; then I go look at pony. Mebbyso I trade."

The eyes of the Indian sparkled. "Yo' got wano pony—mebbyso make buck a little?"

Will nodded. "You saw him out in the corral. Little black pony, wano. You spur him, he buck. You ride him to wickiup, you spur him—heap scare Vinnie."

Peppajee looked down at his moccasins. "Huh. Me no got spur."

"Oh, well, there's an old pair in the blacksmith shop I'll give you," said Will, tiring of the "lingo." Peppajee grinned; evidently the prospect pleased him. Still, he clung to his Indian caution.

"Me go look; mebbyso me trade. Mebbyso me want ten dollar, so." He raised both hands, the fingers and thumbs extended, and the negotiations were postponed until after dinner.

"Mebbyso, me ride yo' pony. Wano. Mebbyso me trade."

"All right," said Will, and led the fiery little black from the corral, and held him while Peppajee transferred his saddle. The horse was a beautiful creature to look upon, but lacked stamina for a hard gallop over the rough, surrounding country, so Will considered the trade all in his favor.

Peppajee's pony was a plump little pinto, kind-eyed, sure-footed, and sound.

The black threw back his head and eyed his prospective owner askance. Some horses seem to possess a constitutional aversion to our red brethren, and Mohawk was one of these. Peppajee hesitated, one moccasin foot in the stirrup.

"Him no buck heap?" he queried, apprehensively. The belligerent, backward glance of Mohawk filled his Indian soul with misgiving. Peppajee was a victim of civilization. He had allowed most of his accomplishments to grow rusty from disuse while he tarried long at wine—or, to be explicit, cheap whisky. He no longer rode a la Centaur. I doubt if he could even properly scalp an enemy; I am inclined to think he would have botched the job disgracefully. Will hastened to reassure him.

"He never bucks with me, unless I spur him," he said. "I don't know," he added conservatively, "how he'll act with you. He never had an Injun on top of him. He don't seem to take to the idea."

"Huh," grunted Peppajee, stung by the distasteful epithet. He mounted, and settled himself and his blanket firmly in the saddle. "Yo' let go yo' head. Mebbyso, Injun ride fo' yo' bawn!"

Ned and Dick, who were watching the trade, sprang upon their horses, expectantly. Will turned loose the black and swung into the saddle. "We go with you," he explained. "We see how he go."

"Huh," said Peppajee, but got no farther. Mohawk gathered his feet under him and sprang straight into the air, then dashed off down the trail, the boys following.

The scarlet blanket loosened and streamed out behind, like the danger signal it was. Peppajee turned in the saddle to readjust it, and inadvertently drove a spur deep into the flank of Mohawk. He winced perceptibly, lowered his head between his knees and bucked off the trail and into the sage-brush. Will had neglected to warn Peppajee that Mohawk had a disagreeable habit of bucking backward—it might have spoiled the trade. However, Peppajee was not long discovering this peculiarity. Backward went

Mohawk, nearer and nearer to a deep wash-out where a placer claim had once been located. Will, comprehending the danger, shouted, warningly, Peppajee, clinging tightly to the saddlehorn, looked behind him and shouted also.

"Mebbyso, yo' rope—heap quick!" Will unfastened his rope, galloping closer the while. The noose circled overhead, and Mohawk backed from its threatening swirl. Now he was on the brink. Twenty feet straight down—Peppajee leaned forward, panic-stricken.

Swish-sh! Will's faithful Gypsy braced herself for the strain. Mohawk dodged—too late. The noose settled relentlessly over his shoulders.

"Darn it all, look at that blamed Injun! He might have had sense enough to dodge that rope!"

Peppajee lay prone upon the neck of Mohawk, held fast by the pitiless rope which gripped horse and rider alike. Will turned Gypsy's head and drew the maddened black—and his thrice-maddened burden—back to comparative safety.

"Throw your rope, Dick!" cried Will. "Catch him by a foot and throw him. I'm breaking that blamed Injun's neck."

Dick obeyed. Another loop circled overhead; another rope swished through the sultry air. Mohawk struggled fiercely; then fell heavily in the loose sand.

Peppajee, freed from bondage, rose stiffly to his feet, assisted by Will.

"Huh!" he snorted, in a tone of deepest disgust, gathering his blanket about his outraged person. Will sat suddenly down in the hot sand, and covered his face with his gloved fingers. His whole body shook with what may have been sobs, but which bore suspicious resemblance to violent, uncontrollable mirth. Peppajee evidently so interpreted the emotion. He stood up, straight and tall, one trembling, snowy arm outstretched accusingly, and regarded him wrathfully.

"Huh. Yo' heap laugh now. Bimeby yo' no laugh—mebbyso yo' heap cry. Yo' tink for keel me. Yo' do tat for mean! Me go for town; me tell sheriff-man yo' try for keel me. Him come, take yo'. Me go cot, me tell yo' try for keel me. Me put in jail, one two—'rree year! Yo' bet yo' life! Mebbyso yo' quit laugh. Me no trade. Me no want cayuse! Huh."

Turning majestically upon his heel, he scowled vindictively at the black and stalked haughtily—albeit with a limp—through the sage-brush and up the hill; not once turning his head to look back.

"He's so mad he forgot his pony and saddle!" said Will, when he recovered, and stood up. "I'll go after him and tell him I'm sorry. Poor old heathen, he did have a hard deal that time. I'll offer him my new boots that he had his eye on; that'll ease his temper, maybe."

Peppajee made no sign as Will clattered up behind him.

"Hold on, Jim. Come on back." There was no answer, though the face of the Indian lost an atom of its sternness. It was balm to his soul to be called Jim. Will went on, conciliatingly: "Come on back. I hear sorry, Mebbyso yo' trade; I give you boots."

"Huh." Peppajee relaxed sufficiently to grunt sarcastically. "Mebbyso holes come heap quick."

"No, no; heap wano boots. You trade; I give you boots."

Peppajee stood still and considered. When he spoke it was as an emperor commanding his vassal.

"Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollar, me trade. Yo' no trade, me go tell sheriff-man. Me ride cayuse, me no spur. Him buck, mebbyso me break yo' back!" Thus the ultimatum was pronounced, and Will consented, reluctantly, to the terms.

A week later a travel-worn old Indian, who disclaimed any knowledge of the white man's language, skulked into the shadow of the catalpa-tree, and was immediately set upon by Keno, who would have done serious damage to the dirty gray blanket and called him back. The Indian, after scanning the young man's countenance sharply, handed him a soiled fold of cheap letter-paper, and skulked back into the sage-brush whence he had come. Some ex-student of one of the mission schools had evidently acted as amanuensis for Peppajee Jim, who dictated the letter. Will read, and his soul was filled with bitterness.

Yo' Will Bolter, yo' heap big fool. Long time ago, yo' gimme big bottle, yo' say heap wano whisky. Me take whisky home, me drink, drink, whisky all gone. Heap ka wano! Me heap sick—me tink all time mebbyso me die. Me mad, all same lak for keel yo'. Me no keel. Me wait one, two year; me bring yo' me say wano pony. Yo' glad for trade. Pony him not my pony; him John Little Rabbit pony. Yo' gimme boots, yo' gimme ten dollar; yo' gimme black pony. Wano. Me sellum boots, sellum pony, heap dollar. John Little Rabbit, mebbyso him come take him pony. Yo' try for keep, yo' go for jail. Me go heap lang way—yo' no can find. Me got heap dollar, yo' got nothing. Wano.

—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Queen Rebuffed Chef.

A good story is told of the common sense of the Italian king and of his lovely consort, who has an unmistakable gift of humor. In the time of King Humbert the Quirinal household consisted of 430 persons, who lived in lordly style and truly regal extravagance. When the present young monarch came to the throne he cut down all expenses and reduced salaries all round, putting his chef on a moderate wage. The indignant cook appealed to Queen Helena to intercede for him against such treatment; but she added insult to injury by explaining that he already received a larger salary than did the Minister of War in Montenegro, her native country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## THE TRI-STATE CONVENTION.

All Kinds of Farmers Assemble at Fargo at the Fifth Annual Meeting—Very Interesting Session.

The Tri-State Grain and Stock Growers' Association met in Fargo last week in annual convention. The association was organized five years ago on a suggestion of Budde Rowley, then mayor of Fargo, and in the movement Mayor Johnson, of Fargo, in the movement. The annual meetings have always been held in Fargo.

This year a new feature of the convention was an exchange by which the visiting delegates might swap grain and stock. A room was provided for grain samples and stock transfers were made by photographs and pedigrees. The plan was suggested for the improvements necessary in herds and better seed selection in all kinds of grain.

The North Dakota and Minnesota Poultry Association was in session and the exhibits were the largest ever entered. Judge H. H. Johnson, the Minnesota expert, passed judgment on the birds.

The North Dakota Dairymen's Association was in session and the convention had charge of the tri-state program one afternoon in addition to its independent meetings. There were butter judging contests presided over by officials of the national department of agriculture at Washington. Prominent speakers were present to address the convention.

The attendance at the second day's Tri-State Grain and Stock Growers' convention was large and enthusiastic enough to make the most ardent promoter of the association.

The papers read in the forenoon were by T. H. Hovstad of Crookston, M. A. Carleton, cerealist of the department of agriculture at Washington, and E. S. Deland of Valley City. In the afternoon Prof. Thomas Sheppard, Minnesota, N. S. French of Berlin, N. D., State Dairy Commissioner McConnell of Minnesota and the dairy commissioner, Kaufman of North Dakota were the speakers.

The committee was appointed to report on Senator McCumber's national grain inspection bill, composed of D. L. Wellman, Frazee, Minn.; E. D. Childs, Crookston, Minn.; and R. J. Ranck, Webster, N. D.

At the night session of the convention the Cadet band gave a concert, after which Theo. M. Knapp of Minneapolis spoke on the effects of reciprocity with Canada. He was followed by Hon. G. S. Barnes of Fargo.

In the butter exhibit R. F. Flint of Minn. won the second prize, getting 95%. Fred Kraus was a close second with only a quarter of a point less. Of the exhibitors several won awards, better. The scoring was done by W. D. Collier, United States dairy inspector, of Washington.

Without awaiting the probable action of Gov. White in requesting Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture to change the range of the northern part of the state to eradicate the cattle scab, the North Dakota Live Stock Association has made an appeal direct to the secretary.

The association had the program at this session of the Tri-State convention before the range of the northern part of the state to eradicate the cattle scab, the North Dakota Live Stock Association has made an appeal direct to the secretary.

The afternoon program of the third day consisted of addresses by Delancy of Valley City and Hovstad of Crookston on the regular hour of assembling those interested in macaroni wheat came together, and, after several addresses, which by M. A. Carleton, the cerealist of the department of agriculture in Washington, it was decided to organize the North Dakota Macaroni Wheat Growers' Association.

The forenoon program of the convention was turned over to the horticulturists, and there were addresses by Waldron of Fargo, Elliott of Williston, Ueland and French of North Dakota, Bush, Latham and Robertson of Minnesota, and Pillsbury of Wisconsin, along the lines of organization. Before adjournment the North Dakota Horticultural Society was organized with 150 members. The officers are: President, James Holmes, Fargo; treasurer, Lieut. Gov. Bartlett; secretary, C. B. Waldron, Fargo; vice president, H. H. Johnson, judicial district. The Minnesota constitution and by-laws were adopted with slight alterations, and the organization already has about 200 members.

The dairymen and buttermakers got together and elected officers as follows: President, Fred Leutz of Helbon; treasurer, H. C. Thomas, Oberon; secretary, E. F. Frazee, Resolute. Resolutions thanked Secretary Wilson for sending W. D. Collier, United States dairy expert, here to judge the butter exhibit, and also commending him and J. W. Yerkes, internal revenue commissioner, for their fearless enforcement of laws relating to the sale of inferior dairy products and Secretary C. Y. Knight of the National Dairymen's union for his championship of pure dairy products in the United States.

The North Dakota Poultry association held its business session, after all exhibits had been judged by Judge Holden. The new officers are: President, S. T. Crabbe, Fargo; vice president, R. E. Korman, Hillsboro; secretary, J. H. Korman, Fargo; treasurer, L. D. Caniff, Fargo; superintendent, D. V. Moug, Mapleton.

The last day of the grain and stock growers' convention was the most interesting, not only from point of attendance, but from enthusiasm shown by the proceedings.

The chief feature was the fight made on Senator McCumber's national grain inspection bill.

A committee composed of E. D. Childs of Crookston, Minn.; D. L. Wellman of Frazee, Minn.; R. J. Ranck of Webster, N. D., had been appointed to make a special report on the bill. Their findings were adverse. In fact they stated that the bill would do more harm than good. It was a failure from the fact that it was local rather than a general measure, and applied to all markets.

The senator was referred to as having introduced the bill without thorough investigation, and that the committee suggested that he refrain from further advocacy of the bill.

The report of the committee had the strong support of a coterie of Minnesota grain men who have been on the ground working up sentiment against the McCumber bill. After the report was read there were a number of speakers who attacked it. Col. Benton of Fargo and O. M. Mer of Williston.

It was held that the Minnesota grain men had considerable nerve to endeavor to have North Dakota turn down her own senator in the interests of their favorite grain inspection. Cries of "table the report" were heard from all over the house, and when a vote was finally taken the report was snowed under by an overwhelming majority.

Another important feature of the convention was in transferring the organization to the North Dakota institute board. The latter will conduct the meeting in the future and have the proceedings published in the institute report by the state for the benefit of the farmers. This action prevented the election of officers.

The general resolutions of the association were laudatory of the men responsible for the success of the organization and the present meeting, and especially to Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, in recognition of the meetings in sending three of his best men here for addresses.

Addresses were made by Hovstad and Bush of Minnesota, Worst and Bolley of North Dakota, and Greeley of South Dakota. This afternoon Mrs. Laws, Mr. Greeley and Pure Food Commissioner Ladd spoke. The latter was tendered a vote of thanks for his work in the enforcement of the law.

Mrs. Laws and Prof. McDowell spoke after a band concert concluding the work of the convention.

The live stock men elected officers as follows: President, Dean Sheppard of the agricultural college, Valley City; C. F. Massingham, Mandan; second vice president, Charles McKussick; treasurer, G. S. Barnes, Fargo; secretary, E. S. Delancy, Valley City.

## MEDICAL EXAMINER.

Of the United States Treasury Recommends Pe-ru-na.

Other Prominent Physicians Use and Endorse Pe-ru-na.

DR. LLEWELLYN Jordan, Medical Examiner of the U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College, and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from your wonderful remedy. One short month has brought forth a vast change and I now consider myself a well man after months of suffering. Fellow sufferers, Peruna will cure you."

A constantly increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

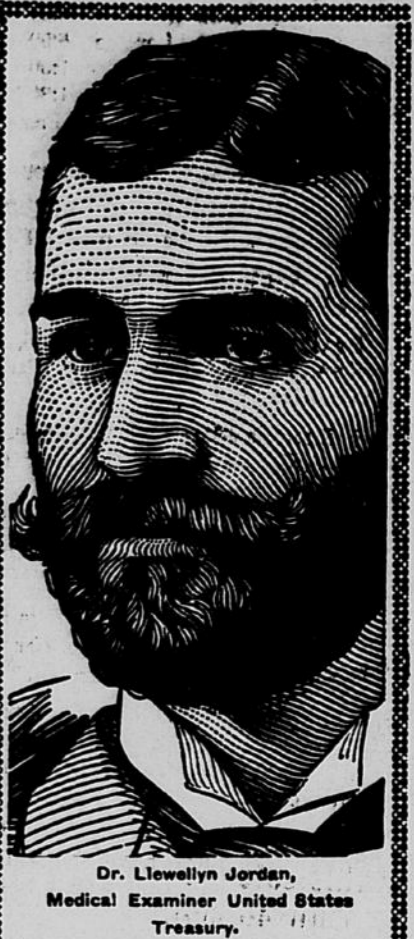
Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession to-day. Catarrh, as everyone will admit, is the cause of one-half the disease which afflicts mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal diseases afflict one-half of the people of United States.

Robert R. Roberts, M. D., Washington, D. C., writes: "Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."—Robert R. Roberts.

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes: "Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Besides prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases."

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and the suffering."

Dr. M. C. Gee, writes from 515 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.: "Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for



Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Medical Examiner United States Treasury.

women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhoea and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

Catarrh is a systemic disease curable only by systemic treatment. A remedy that cures catarrh must aim directly at the depressed nerve centers. This is what Peruna does.

Peruna immediately invigorates the nerve-centers which give vitality to the mucous membranes. Then catarrh disappears. Then catarrh is permanently cured.

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Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

## PARTY LINE TELEPHONE.

A Squabble Between Subscribers That Was Settled Very Speedily and Amicably.

Washington has thousands of party line telephones. The best of feeling does not always prevail between those on the party lines when both want to use the phone at the same time, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. A prominent politician is on a party line with a doctor. He is in great haste to get a friend over the phone and began ringing and shouting "hello."

The other subscriber wanted to use his telephone at the same time, with the result they were soon saying harsh things to each other. "Who are you?" demanded the politician. "I'm Dr. Blank," was the answer.

"Oh, pardon me, doctor, you can have the line. It weren't for you I couldn't make a living."

"Well, who are you?" asked the doctor. "I'm Jones, the undertaker," was the answer.

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Agr. Editors wrote about it, Agr. Institute Orators talked about it, while in the farm house by the quiet fireside, in the corner grocery, in the village post-office, at the creamery, at the depot, in fact wherever farmers gathered, Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass, that wonderful grass, good for 5 to 14 tons per acre, and lots of pasture besides, is always a theme worthy of the farmer's voice.

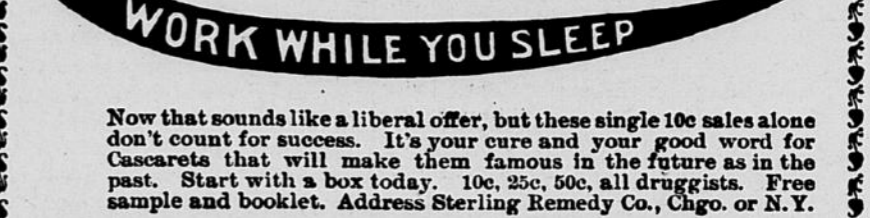
A. Walford, Westlone Farms, Pa., writes: "I have 60 acres in Salzer's Alfalfa Clover. It is immense. I cut three crops this season and have lots of pasture besides."

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS and this notice to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Cross, Wis., for their big catalog and farm seed samples. [K. L.]

The principal reason for making a record is to have it broken.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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