



THE BAD BOY TELLS HIS UNCLE ABOUT LONDON FOGS—HOW THEY MADE FIRST-CLASS FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON—A VISIT AT "MILL" ASTOR'S COUNTRY PLACE—HOW "MILL'S" FLUNKY SAT ON A CHESTNUT BURR.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.
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"Come in, you young heathen," said the groceryman, as the Bad Boy looked through the front door. "It's a foggy morning."

"Foggy?" said the Bad Boy, as he seated himself. "Say, old man, you just ought to see a London fog. If a court sentenced me to live in that town, I would appeal the case, and ask the judge to temper his sentence with mercy, and hang me. The fog there is so thick you have to feel around like a blind goddess, and when you show up through the fog you look about as high and you are so wet you want to be run through a clothes wringer every little while. For two days we never left our hotel, but looked out of the windows waiting for the fog to go by, and watching the people swim through it, without turning a hair. Dad was for going right to the lord mayor and lodging a com-



HE WOULD PUNCH 'IS BLOODY 'ED OFF.

plaint, and demanding that the fog be cleared off, so an American citizen could go about town and blow in his money, but I told him he could be arrested for treason. He came mighty near being arrested on the cars from Liverpool to London.

"When we got off the steamer and tried to find the widow who robbed dad of his roll of money, but never found her, we were about the last passengers to reach the train, and when we got ready to get on we found these English cars that open on the sides, and they put you into a box stall with some other live stock, and lock you in, and once in awhile a guard opens the door to see if you are dead from suffocation, or have been murdered by the other passengers. Dad kicked on going in one of the kennels the first thing, and said he wanted a parlor car; but the guard took dad and gave him a shove, and tossed me in on top of dad, and two other passengers and a woman in the compartment snickered, and dad wanted to fight all of 'em except the woman.

"When the door closed dad told the guard he would walk on his neck when the door opened, and that he was not an entry in a dog show, and he wanted a kennel all to himself, and asked for dog biscuit. Gee, but that guard was mad, and he gave dad a look that started the train going. I whispered to dad to get out his revolver, because the other passengers looked like hold-up men, and he took his revolver out of his satchel and put it in his pistol pocket, and looked fierce, and the woman began to act faint, while the passengers seemed to be preparing to jump on dad if he got violent. When the train stopped at the next station I got on and told the guard that the gentleman in there was from Helena, Mont, and that he had a reputation from St. Paul to Portland, and then I held up both hands the way train robbers make passengers hold up their hands.

"When I went back in the car dad was talking to the woman about her resembling a woman he used to know in the states, and he was just going to ask her how long she had been so beautiful, when the guard came to the side door and called the woman out into another stall, and then one of the passengers pulled out a pair of handcuffs and told dad he might as well surrender, because he was a Scotland Yard detective and had spotted dad as an American embezzler, and if he drew that gun he had in his pocket, there would be a dead Yankee in about four minutes. Well, I thought dad had nerve before, but he beat the band right there. He unbuttoned his overcoat and put his finger on a grand army button in his buttonhole, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am an American citizen, visiting the crowned heads of the old world, with credentials from the president of the United States, and day after to-morrow I have a date to meet your king, on official business that means much to the future peace of our respective countries. Lay a hand on me and you hang from the yard arm of an American battleship."

"Well, sir, I have seen a good many bluffs in my time, but I never saw the equal of that, for the detective turned white, and apologized, and asked dad and I out to luncheon at the next station, and we went and ate all there was, and when the time was up the detective disappeared and dad had to pay for the luncheon, but he kicked all the way to London, and the guard would not listen to his complaints, but told him if he tried to hold up the train he would be thrown out the window and run over by the train. We had the compartment to ourselves the whole way to London, except about an hour, when the guard showed in a farmer who smelled like cows, and dad tried to get in a quarrel with him, about English roast beef coming from America, but the man didn't have his arguing clothes on, so dad began

**Work and Originality
Key to Success**

By LESLIE M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury.

what you do as long as you do it better than it is now going done. Our present standards of work are not advancing. We of the passing generation are not improving. We are doing most things as they were done ten or twenty years ago, we are not working as well as we should. I fancy that most women are baking bread just as they did when they were first married, and that the only reason why their husbands still survive is that they are now able to hire a cook to assist them. If our boys are wanting in one thing more than all others it is the quality of self-reliance. But there is a great difference between self-confidence and self-conceit. Hard work is the other important factor. It is the price of success.



to find fault with me, and the man told dad to let up on the kid or he would punch 'is bloody 'ed off. That settled it, when the man dropped his "h," dad thought he was one of the nobility, and he got quite chummy with the Englishman, and then we got to London, and dad had a quarrel about his baggage, and after threatening to have a lot of fights he got his trunk out of the roof of a cab, and in then the fog began an engagement. If the fog here ever from stiff, the town would look like a piece of ice with fish frozen in. Gee, but I would like to have it freeze in front of our hotel, so I could take an ax and go out and chop a frozen girl out, and thaw her till she came to.

"Say, old man, if anybody ever wants to treat you to a trip to Europe, don't come here, but go to some place where they don't think they can speak English. You can understand a Nitalian or a Frenchman, or a Dutchman, who can't speak English, and knows he can't, better than you can an Englishman who thinks he can speak English, and can't, 'don't you know.' Everything is 'don't you know.' If a servant gives you an evening paper he says: 'Here's your paper, 'don't you know,' and if a man should—I don't say they would, but if a man should give you a civil answer, when you asked him the name of a street, he would look at you as though you were a cannibal, and say: 'Regent street, 'don't you know,' and then he would act as though you had broken him of his rest. Dad asked more than a dozen men where Bill Astor lived, and of all the population of London I don't believe anybody knows, except one newsboy. We rode half a day on top of a bus, through streets so crowded that the horses had to creep, and dad hung on for fear the bus would be tipped over, and finally we got out into the suburbs, where the rich people live, and dad said we were right on the trail of King Edward, and we got off and loitered around, and dad saw a beautiful place, with a big iron fence, and a gate as big as a railroad bridge, and dad asked a newsboy who lived there, and the boy made up a face at dad and said: 'Hastor, you bloke,' and he put out his hand for a tip. It was the first civil answer dad had received in London, so he gave the boy a dollar. The boy fell over on the sidewalk, dead, and dad started to go away for fear he would be arrested for murder, but I kicked the boy, and he got up and yelled some kind of murdered English, and more than a dozen newsboys came on a gallop, and when the boy told them what had happened they all wanted dad to ask the questions.

"I told the boys dad was Andrew Carnegie, and that he was giving away millions of dollars, so when dad got to the gate of the beautiful Hastor place, the boys yelled Andrew Carnegie, and a flunky flunked the gate open and dad and I went in, and walked up to the house. Astor was on the veranda, smoking a Missouri corn cob pipe, and drinking American beer, and seemed to be wishing he was back home in America. Dad marched right up to the veranda, like a veteran soldier, and Astor could see dad was an American by the dandruff on his coat collar, and Astor said:

"You are an American citizen and you are welcome. Once I was like you, and didn't care a continental for anybody, but in a moment of passion I renounced my country, swore allegiance to this blawsted country, and



SMOKING A MISSOURI CORNCOB AND DRINKING AMERICAN BEER.

everybody hates me here, and I don't care to go home to collect my rent, for I will be quarantined at Ellis Island and sent back to England as an undesirable emigrant who has committed a crime, and is not welcome in the land where I was born. Old man, have a glass of Milwaukee beer and let's talk of your home and my birthplace, and forget that there is such a country as England."

"Dad sat down on the porch, and I went out on the lawn chasing peacocks and treading guinea hens, and setting dogs on the swans, until a butler or a maid or something took me by the collar and shook me till my teeth got loose, and he took me back to the veranda and sat me down on the bottom step so hard my hair raised right up stiff, like a porcupine. Then I listened to dad and Astor talk about

America, and I never saw a man who seemed to be so ashamed that he was a brevet Englishman, as he did. He said he had so much money that it made his head ache to hear the interest accumulate, nights, when he couldn't sleep, and yet he had no more enjoyment than Dreyfus did on Devil's Island. He had automobiles that would fill our exposition building, horses and carriages by the score, but he never enjoyed a ride about London, because only one person in ten thousand knew him, and those who did looked upon him with pity and contempt because he had renounced his country to get solid with the English aristocracy, and nobody would speak to him unless they wanted to borrow money, and if they did borrow money from him he was afraid they would pay it back, and make him trouble counting it. He told dad he wanted to get back into



JUST AS THE FLUNKY FLUNKED ON THE CHESTNUT BURR, THE FIRECRACKER WENT OFF.

America, and become a citizen again of that grand old country of the stars and stripes, and asked dad how he could do it, for he said he had rather than a slaughter house in America than be a grand duke in England.

"I never saw dad look so sorry for a man as he did for Astor, and he told him the only way was to sell out his ranch in London and go back on an emigrant ship, take out his first papers, vote the democratic ticket and eventually become a citizen. Astor was thinking over the proposition, and dad had asked him, if he was not afraid of dynamites, when he shuddered and said every day he expected to be blown sky high, and finally he smelled something burning and said the smell reminded him of an American Fourth of July.

"You see, I had been sitting still on the step of the veranda so long I got nervous, for something exciting, so I took a giant firecracker out of my pocket and lit the long tail, and shoved it under the porch and looked innocent, and just then one of the flunkies with the tightest pants you ever saw came along and patted me on the head and said I was a nice boy, and that made me mad, and when he went to sit down beside me on the step I took my horse chestnut out of my pocket and put it on the step just where he sat down, and how it happened to come out so I don't know. It must have been Providence. You see just as the flunky flunked on the chestnut burr, the firecracker went off, and the man jumped up and said: 'Ellis-fire, 'ham blowed,' and he had his hands on his pants, and the air was full of smoke, and I lay on his knees and said: 'Now I lay me,' and Mr. Astor fainted all over a rocking chair and tipped beer bottles on the veranda and more than 40 servants came, and I told dad to come on, and we got outside the gate, ahead of the police, and got a cab and drove quicker than scat to the hotel, and I sat dad what he thought it was that went off, but he said: 'You can search me, but I had got enough of trying to reform escaped Americans, and we got in the hotel and laid low, and the newspapers told and a dynamite outrage, and laid it to anarchists.'

Patrick Henry's Grave.
 "Inquiry is made now and then," said James Atkinson, of Philadelphia, "as to where Patrick Henry, the Tongue of the Revolution, is buried. The great orator lies in a quiet grave on the estate in Charlotte county, Virginia, where he formerly lived. Red Hill is the name of the estate, which is on the Staunton river, 28 miles from Lynchburg. When Patrick Henry bought the place it comprised about 2,500 acres. One of the nearest neighbors was the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, 15 miles away. Red Hill is now owned by Henry's grandson, William Wirt Henry."—Baltimore Sun.

Well Posted.
 A quack doctor whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Ipecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."—N. Y. Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

VENTILATION IN DAIRY BARN
 System Which Will Render a Stable Which is Not Too Old Perfectly Sanitary.

Many farmers do not seem to appreciate the difference between ventilation and sanitation. There is little use of spending money for ventilating flues in an old, filthy, plank-floor barn. Usually in such places liquid manure has soaked through the floors for years, while the ceilings are open and covered with cobwebs. Such a stable as this gets change of air, but the air is so great that it is always offensive. Ventilation is not an antidote for uncleanness.

Probably nine out of ten stables feel quickly the effect of a strong wind or a lowering of temperature. Nothing except thorough insulation or double walls will remedy this trouble. The cement

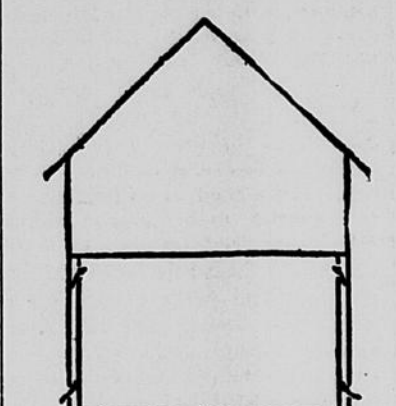


FIG. 1—OUTFLOW FLUES IN KING SYSTEM.

floor should cover the barn sills, so that ingress of air cannot take place at the bottom; a ceiling made of narrow matched lumber, with a few cracks or knot holes, will defeat the good effects of the system, as the warm air in the upper part of the room passes out rapidly through the small openings. The side walls should have a double air space, to prevent moisture condensation and, in extremely cold weather, frost. If a thermometer is placed near a frosted window, the difference in temperature from the center of the room may be as high as ten degrees. The same conditions exist near a single, solid, board wall. Not so marked, of course, because the wood is not as good a conductor as glass.

Two dead-air spaces will practically shut off all chance for heat radiation and the inside boarding will be as warm as any portion of the room. While I have no experience with a cow stable having straw stuffed between the inside

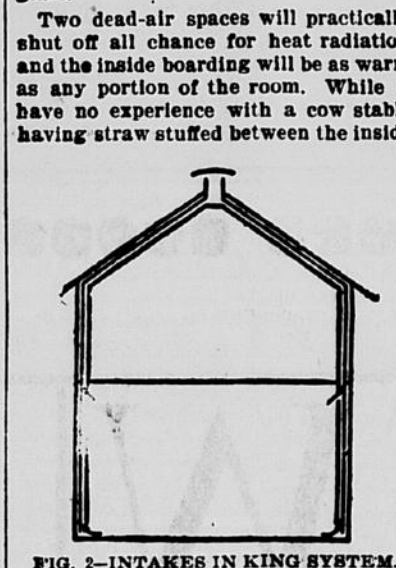


FIG. 2—INTAKES IN KING SYSTEM.

and outside walls, I believe it a safe thing. Several years' use of a henhouse so constructed leads me to advise it for a cow stable. With concrete floor and wall there will be no trouble from rats.

About seven pounds of water are thrown off daily from the skin and lungs of an averaged-sized cow. Therefore, there is a large volume of water to carry out through the flues. The secret, says H. E. Cook, in American Agriculturist, is to keep this moisture in the form of vapor until it reaches the open air. Carrying away moisture is not the only function of perfect ventilation. If the moisture is removed, carbonic acid gas will go with it.

The principle of the King system of ventilation is shown in the illustrations herewith. Fig. 1 exhibits the outflow flues, and Fig. 2 the intakes. I have this system in use in my dairy barns. When these barns were built I supposed that no other form was practical. Observation has taught me that if the principles of construction from the floor to a point above the highest ridge of the barn are followed, it will make little or no difference whether the flues are placed outside or inside, providing they are sufficiently insulated to prevent the cooling of the air current within them.

Wood, being a non-conductor of heat, is the most satisfactory material for making flues. In constructing them with the build-up, I used only one solid wall, made of two thicknesses of match boards with tar paper between. The wall was perfectly tight and no side air currents could form, interfering with the circulation. These flues must be well built as a chimney. In fact the whole principle works like a great box stove, with perfect draft and pipe.

The size of the flues must depend upon the animals housed, and not upon the air space inclosed. I find it a safe rule to have a square foot of area for flue space to each five or six mature cows. The openings near the floor and at the ceiling should be so constructed as to be under perfect control. The temperature is raised by using the lower opening, and lowered if the upper outlet is used. I have been able to maintain nearly a uniform temperature during the winter in my barns.

The intake flues should not exceed six inches in diameter, and can be constructed of any material at hand. They should be placed as shown in the illustration, upon each side of the building. Air coming into the stable under these conditions is better circulated than if coming from one side only. In my experience I am unable to give a safe working rule for these small flues, but they do the business. The location of the barn in its relation to atmospheric pressure has a marked effect upon the inflow. Probably about half the area of the outflow flues would be a safe working rule, and under control. These flues should not be less than three feet long to insure perfect circulation.

HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity, who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and pure medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines. They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances. The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package. They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup" and of some piratical concern, or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package, he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness. Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased everywhere, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

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NATURALIST WAS AT FAULT
 Man of Learning Failed to Identify Very Common Animal from Description.

One of the professors at a great university in Scotland recently wrote to an eastern university to the following effect:

"Walking in the dusk through the grounds of the university the other evening, my attention was attracted by a low murmuring sound near me, which was neither a hissing nor a whistle. On looking I saw a creature lying on the ground, larger than a cricket. Two antennae-like protuberances projected above the eyes. It had no wings; and the covering of its body was variegated, though certainly not like a dove."

"Mindful of the danger to myself, I did not venture to turn it on its back, so as to count the legs. On the ground lay a small quantity of snow-white substance, which had evidently exuded from the body. Can any of your professors identify the creature from this imperfect description?"

The naturalist connected with the eastern university fell into the trap—baited, probably, especially for him. He wrote learnedly about various insects, and concluded that the one observed must be one of two whose long Latin names he gave.

"The antennae-like protuberances are used for burrowing in the ground," he wrote, "and these insects secrete a fluid which they have the power of ejecting to protect themselves in case of attack."

The tutor wrote again to the naturalist for his information, and to say he need not trouble him further, as he had fortunately observed the creature again more closely under exactly similar circumstances, and was able now to identify it himself as the *Vacca vulgaris*, or common cow.

Left an Impression.
 "Your son's head is unusually full of bumps," remarked the phenologist. "How does it happen?"

"I suppose," explained the father, "it's because everything he knows was knocked into it."—Detroit Free Press.

Important.
 "What is the most important thing about an airship?" asked the investigator.

And without a moment's hesitation the inventor made answer:

"The parachute."—Washington Star.

Good News for All.
 Bradford, Tenn., Oct. 23rd (Special).—Scientific research shows Kidney Trouble to be the father of so many diseases that news of a discovery of a sure cure for it cannot fail to be welcomed all over the country. According to Mr. J. A. Davis, of this place, just such a cure is found in Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Davis says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are all that is claimed them. They have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I had Kidney Trouble very bad and after taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am completely cured. cannot praise them too much."

Kidney Complaint develops into Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, Rheumatism and other painful and fatal diseases. The safeguard is to cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills when they show the first symptom of disease.

A man has made great progress when he has learned that some of the people who don't agree with his opinions may, after all, be partly right.—Somerville Journal.

His Offering.
 A Kansas City druggist tells that a wealthy man came into his store one Sunday morning, and throwing a dime on the showcase, said: "Give me two nickels for that please." "Going to try a slot machine?" asked the druggist, pleasantly. "No," replied the wealthy man, "I'm going to church."

Politician's Viewpoint.
 "That was a terrible explosion in your city. Two hundred men killed, you say?" "Two hundred and fifty."

"Hard! Hard!"

"Well, I should remark. And election only a month off, too."—Chicago Sun.

Misleading.
 "Give me a package of chewing gum." "We don't keep such things."

"Well, you've got a card in the window that says: 'Typewriter Supplies.'"

Houston Post.

RESTORED HIS HAIR.
 Scalp Humor Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment After All Else Had Failed.

"I was troubled with a severe scalp humor and loss of hair that gave me a great deal of annoyance and inconvenience. After unsuccessful efforts with many remedies and so-called hair tonics, a friend induced me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The humor was cured in a short time, my hair was restored as healthy as ever, and I can gladly say I have since been entirely free from any further annoyance. I shall always use Cuticura Soap, and I keep the Ointment on hand to use as a dressing for the hair and scalp." (Signed) Fred'k Busche, 213 East 57th St., New York City.

Biography is often only the gentle art of varnishing the truth.

Western Life Indemnity Company.
 The Policy Holders' Committee at No. 77 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, will give complete information about the Security of \$200,000.00 of company funds as commissions to Mr. Rosenfeld for the purchase of Life Insurance Company of Pennsylvania, 20th, 1905, and the expenditure of \$200,000.00 company funds on September 20th, 1905, to purchase 5,000 shares of stock in the Security Life and Annuity Company (par value \$10.00 per share). Mr. Moulton, Mr. Rosenfeld, and Mr. Moore, the Executive Committee, are now cited by Judge Kohlsaat to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt in making the last transaction. Make inquiry at once.

HERVEY B. HICKS, Chairman.

A man who is hunting for work doesn't need to carry a gun.

REGULAR BOSTON JOKE.
 Professor of Geology Was Not in the Habit of "Reading Up" When He Read.

The professor had been summoned as an expert witness in a case involving the ownership of a tract of coal land, relates the Chicago Tribune.

"I will ask you, professor," said the attorney for the prosecution, "if the geological formation of the land corresponds with the published data pertaining thereto?"

"If does, sir," he answered.

"You have thoroughly read up the geology of the tract in question?"

"I have not."

"No, sir?"

"I ask the jury to notice that the witness flatly contradicts himself. Now, sir, if you haven't read up the geology involved in this case, why do you pretend to know anything at all about it?"

"Because, sir," said the professor, "in studying geological formations, it is my invariable custom to read down."

"Silence in the courtroom!" thundered the judge.

The smartest thing women ever decided to do was not to understand money matters.—N. Y. Press.

A man is more often known by the company he keeps than by the taxes he pays.

GREAT SONG WRITER.
 Paul Dresser, the Popular Composer, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Paul Dresser of New York, author of "Banks of the Wabash" and many other great song hits, writes:

Gentlemen: I wish to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, in the hope that my endorsement will be read by some of the many thousands of sufferers from kidney complaint. I was so wretched from this malady that I could not sleep, rest nor eat, and had a weak and aching back. Doan's Kidney Pills effectually cured me, and I wish that others may know.

(Signed) PAUL DRESSER.

Sold by all dealers. PAUL DRESSER, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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