

## RESTORE STRENGTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make New Blood and Good Health Follows.

The evil effects that follow many diseases—particularly the grip and the wasting fevers, such as typhoid and malaria, are caused by the bad condition in which these diseases leave the blood. As a result, the flesh continues to fall away, the sufferer grows nervous and irritable, and even slight exertion causes shortness of breath. These are dangerous symptoms and indicate that the system is in a state that invites pneumonia, bronchitis or even consumption. What is needed is a new supply of rich, red blood to carry health and strength to every part of the body.

"I was all run down from the effects of the grip," says Mrs. Annelia Hall, of No. 5 High street, Norwichee, Conn., "and could not seem to get strength to walk; could not eat a full meal, my stomach was so weak, and I was so nervous that I could not sleep. I could only stay in bed a few minutes at a time, either night or day. The least little thing would startle me. I had difficulty in breathing and had frequent fainting spells."

"My general health was completely wrecked and I had neuritic and rheumatic pains, dyspepsia, constipation, and female weakness. My physician attended me for the grip and again for the condition that it left me in, but I got no strength from the tonics he prescribed. In fact, nothing helped me until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me."

"I grow stronger and gained flesh from the time I began taking them. I am satisfied that the pills are all that is claimed for them and I shall do all I can to make their good qualities known."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders of every kind, check wasting diseases and build up strength. For booklet, address the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

### Claims Immortality of Beasts.

Prof. Howison of the University of California at Berkeley, Cal., argues that, since intelligence is eternally existent, and since animals have intelligence, ergo the beast of the field is immortal.

### 5 Tons Grass Hay Free.

Everybody loves lots of fodder for hogs, cows, sheep and swine.



The enormous crops of our Northern Grown Polaris Seeds on our seed farms the past year compel us to issue a special catalogue called

### SALZER'S BARGAIN SEED BOOK.

This is brim full of bargain seeds at bargain prices.

### SEND THIS NOTICE TO-DAY.

and receive free sufficient seed to grow 5 tons of grass on your lot or farm this summer and our great Bargain Seed Book with its wonderful surprises and great bargains in seeds at bargain prices. Remit to us and we will add a package of Cosmos, the most fashionable, serviceable, beautiful annual flower.

John A. Salzer Seed Co., Lock Drawer W. La Crosse, Wis.

### WON WAGER BY BAITING VICTIM.

After Much Provocation Conductor Was Caught Napping.

Some time in the seventies a party of friends en route to Boston from Portland on the Boston & Maine railroad, with Payson Tucker as conductor, hatched up a plot, and made a wager of a quart bottle of wine that Tucker couldn't be caught napping. One of the party said that he would take the bet.

He separated from the others, and as the conductor came along, asked what station they were then passing, and on receiving the reply he answered, "That's a what I thought." This act was repeated several times, and finally "Conductor Payson" became very indignant, and said: "Do you take me for a d—d fool?"

"That's what I thought," replied the other, who now owned a quart of the finest wine.—Boston Herald.

### Dull Days on the Willamette.

Brisk news and chances for scrapy comment are on the bum. Won't some fashionable lady or gentleman please scandalize herself or himself, or some holler-than-thou crank stick his nose into someone else's business and help to while dull time away in Portland? Lighten the gloom, somebody. Doesn't anybody feel like running away from his wife or taking a mint julep after 2 o'clock in the morning or smoking a cigarette or something moderately debauching? We're getting too good and the sun is shining too serenely on the banks of the willowy Willamette.—Portland Oregonian.

### THE EDITOR.

Explains How to Keep Up Mental and Physical Vigor.

A New Jersey editor writes: "A long indulgence in improper food brought on a condition of nervous dyspepsia, nearly three years ago, so severe that I had to quit work entirely. I put myself on a strict regimen of Grape-Nuts food, with plenty of outdoor exercise and in a few months found my stomach so far restored that the process of digestion gave me pleasure instead of distress."

"It also built up my strength so that I was able to resume my business, which is onerous, as I not only edit my paper but also do a great deal of 'outside' writing."

"I find that the Grape-Nuts diet enables me to write with greater vigor than ever before, and without the feeling of brain fog with which I used to be troubled. As to bodily vigor—I can now do a mile square every day without fatigue—a few miles used to weary me before I began to live on Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.

## Nature; The Artist

Such plots as untaught Nature yields:  
The calm disorder of the sea,  
The graceful splendor of the fields,  
The wind's gay insouciance.

O workman with your conscious plan,  
Compass and square are little worth;  
Copy (nay, only poets can)  
The artless masonry of Earth.

Go watch the windy spring's carouse,  
And mark the winter wonders grow—  
The graceful gracelessness of boughs,  
The careless carpentry of snow.  
—Frederic Lawrence Knowles, "In Life's Stairway."



(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

She had long yellow curls that looked like glistening columns of gold, bobbing in the sunlight when she walked, or lying in rich satin abundance all over her little fluffy shoulders when she was still. Her eyes were big and round and peculiarly blue—like twin cornflowers—and there were perpetual discs of pink in the small oval cheeks. When Winifred laughed, there was a transitory glimpse of something snow-white and deliciously even about the firm, shining row of upper teeth, and an unexpected dimple dawned at either corner of her mouth.

The day was hot to sultriness, the sun beating upon the lake with fierce intensity and transforming it into a great sparkling pool of melted metal. The willows that grew quite down to the water's edge drooped and wilted, and the languid butterfly folded their wings in the shade of them.

Winifred hurried down the road as fast as her long, white-stockinged legs would carry her, the big sun hat—scarlet with poppies—flying back from her head by its muslin ribbons. She found a tempting tuft of grass in the shadow of a giant water oak, and sat down to eat her lunch. When she had finished, she crossed her hands in her lap, and sat gazing out across the lake with suddenly tired, absent eyes. She heard the village clock strike two—then three—and all at once, the water began to dance and shimmer and grow black before her eyes. A horrible dizziness settled over her, and she flung herself down on the cool, grateful grass and closed her eyes. There seemed to be a perfect babel of noises ringing in her ears, and a lot of people shouting in loud voices. But Winifred took no notice of them; her senses began to wander and she almost laughed out to think how nice and cool and sleepy she was. Then came oblivion.

When the little girl came back to earth again she was lying in her own bed with the pretty canopy of blue satin, and the cloudy white draperies all around. She felt numb and stiff and listless, and when she opened her lips to speak, her voice sounded so tiny and far away. Many days passed before she was allowed to sit up, and hear all about herself and the grave, kind man who had rescued her.

"I should like so much to see him and to—to thank him," said Winifred one day—the first she spent out of bed.

"You may," replied her aunt, "for he is here right now. He was very ill himself that day. The heat played him an even more serious trick than it did you. He has been unconscious ever since he brought you home. But to-day he is some better and a while ago expressed a wish to see you as soon as you were well."

Winifred flushed with pleasure and begged to be permitted to go to him at once. "My mother would not care, I am sure," she insisted as her aunt demurred, "you will not refuse me?"

So the little girl was wheeled into the sick man's room, where his lay pale and prostrated against his pillow. He smiled as she came in and held out his hand. Winifred thought

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your kind aunt had not taken me in?"

"Then I suppose we must be quits?" She laughed merrily, showing all her dimples at once.

The other nodded. "Do you know," he asked presently, "why it was I wanted so much to see you as soon as I could?"

"Won't you tell me?"

"It was because once I had a little girl, with long yellow curls just like yours, and big blue eyes. You—you reminded me a lot of her that day I found you unconscious by the lake. Do you mind my telling you this?"

"No—oh, no. And your little girl—"



"For God's sake don't turn away from me now"

where is she now? She is not—is she—"

"She is not dead. But—"

Winifred looked at him suddenly, with wide, bewildered eyes.

"I—I lost her," the man explained after a pause, and the little girl did not question him further.

"My mama will be home to-morrow," she remarked, in a change of tone, "and I want you to meet her. She—oh, you don't know how grateful she will be to you. I—she hasn't any one but me," she added quickly.

"Have you no father?" he questioned gently.

Winifred shook her pretty gold head slowly back and forth. "Not now," she said, her eyes filling with swift tears.

"Never mind. I oughtn't to have asked you. Won't you tell me something about that—Mama?" His cheeks lost some of their pallor as he spoke, and a sudden eager look crept into his eyes.

"She is the dearest, best and most beautiful creature in all the world!" Winifred broke out, an uplifted smile on her drooped, flushed face. "Everybody loves mama. She is so good and kind and true. But her health is not good at all. She has to work so hard—to take care of herself and me, and—I am afraid she is not going to hold out always. But mama is awfully proud; you'd see that right away. Wouldn't you like to see her picture?"

The sick man nodded, not trusting himself to speak. He watched her in silence as she unfastened the lock of a long-gold chain and held it out to him.

"So this is—your mother?" he asked, after a long, long pause.

"Yes, that is she. Now—do you blame me for loving her so much?"

"No; I—I shouldn't blame—any one," he responded slowly.

There was another long silence, during which, the door opened and closed on noiseless hinges and some one came softly into the room.

"Mama!"

"My little sweetheart!" The woman clasped her arms about the child and held her in a long, fervent embrace. When she looked up, a pair of dark, eager eyes were fixed upon her.

"This is the gentleman who saved my life, mama. Are't you—?" But the look on her mother's face interrupted her. She broke off, gazing from one to the other with big, wondering, almost comprehending eyes.

"Katharine! For God's sake don't turn away from me now. I—I am a different man. Heaven knows I will try to be worthy of you if you will come back to me and give me one more chance!"

The woman had buried her face in her hands, and her body shook with sobs. When she looked up, her eyes were moist. "I am a different woman too, dear," was all she said. But it seemed to be enough—at least to Winifred—and to Winifred's father.

There will be no escaping on technicalities at the last judgment.

## SHOULD A HORSE BE CLIPPED?

CLIPPING IN THE EARLY SPRING RECOMMENDED BY LEADING VETERINARIANS.

All Thinking Men Readily Recognize Its Advantages.

"A horse is a valuable asset, and should receive the best care possible. He should be well fed, comfortably stabled, carefully groomed and clipped in the early spring. If he receives these attentions he will work well and improve in value. A horse lives under artificial conditions. In his wild state he required none of these attentions, for he was able to look out for himself. The domesticated animal, being worked under conditions that are in themselves artificial, must be kept in condition for such work."

The clipping of a horse in the early spring is now conceded by all the leading veterinarians to be as essential to a horse's well being as shoeing him or giving him a comfortable bed to lie on. Farmers in England and France have been clipping their horses for many years, and American farmers are not slow to realize its advantages. A clipped horse dries out rapidly after a hard day's work, and will rest comfortably and be refreshed for the work the following day. An unclipped horse is liable to catch the heaves, pneumonia and all sorts of colds, rheumatism, etc. More especially is this so in the early spring, when his hair is long and he is "soft." If worked hard he will perspire freely and the moisture will be held by his long hair, and the food that should go to nourish him will be used to replenish the heat that is being constantly taken from his body by the mass of cold wet hair. If clipped, the perspiration will evaporate almost as soon as secreted, and when put in the stable he rests comfortably and his food does him good.

Some years ago a Buffalo street car company tested the value of clipping in the following manner: They owned 500 horses, and 250 of these were clipped early in the spring and 250 were not clipped. A careful record was kept of results, and it was found that of the 250 unclipped horses, 153 were afflicted with coughs and pneumonia, while of the 250 clipped not one case of sickness was reported.

A man would not expect to enjoy very good health if he did hard manual work clothed with heavy underwear, a heavy suit and a fur overcoat, and after perspiring freely, as he naturally would, go to sleep without removing same. It is just as ridiculous to expect a horse to be in perfect health if worked under the same conditions.

If you would get the best returns from your investment in your horse, treat him right, and be sure and clip him in the early spring. A first-class horse-clipping machine can be bought at almost any hardware store for less than \$7.00.—Horse Review, Dec. 5th, 1905.

Buttons Long Worn.

While buttons were known as far back as the time of Edward I. of England, it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that they came into general use in the civilized world.

Catarah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarah. Send for testimonials, free of charge. G. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Police Court Note.

Here is another gem from that prolific mine, the police court: "Prisoner used such strong language," said a constable, "that I was obliged to get the assistance of another officer to take him into custody."—London Telegraph.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2-oz. package 50 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Capital and Labor.

Employers of labor are apt to overlook the fact that no favor whatsoever is conferred upon a man by employing him; that, if anything, the boot is on the other leg, and the man who barter brain or muscle in return for a proportion only of what it brings his employer is the party in the transaction who really confers a favor.—Surveyor and Municipal and County Engineer.

Write for a Sample Package

of Garfield Tea, the mild laxative which cures constipation, sick headache and derangements of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Garfield Tea is made wholly of herbs. Address Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send name of your druggist.

Japanese Painting Exhibit.

San Francisco is to have the first exhibit of Japanese paintings ever held outside of Japan, it believes. There will be no prints, because the Japanese say prints are not art, but artisanship. But there will be 150 specimens of paintings in water color or sumi (a black medium), on paper, some of them dating back 1,200 years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. No opium.

London motor bus drivers who avoid accidents for a week receive a bonus. They are fined for accidents.

Good Solicitor Wanted.

—man or woman, in the United States. Send two cent stamp to Mrs. Kate Salzer, Box 101, Buffalo, N. Y.

## BEYOND KEN OF LITTLE CHILD.

Advent of Black Angel Had No Significance for Him.

Mrs. Dash is young, handsome and worldly. Morning, noon and night she appears fresh and eager for its gaiety, for no one loves life more than she does.

She has a small son 3 years old who seems to carry round with him a soul at least 3,000 years old. He is a romantic, highly geared little chap, although sturdy and cherubic to the eye, a mere baby, and his parents have had the good sense to let him unfold from within under the guidance of an old world nursery governess.

The little lad's fancies are quaint and fantastic and the days are too short for his imagination to get his work in. Busy, indeed, is he with his pony, his small pets, his old nurse and his outdoor and indoor play.

Recently his lovely mamma was stricken with a serious illness. The telephone jangled all day with the inquiries of friends, servants with solemn faces moved about, noiseless trained nurses came and went, doctors arrived in swift motors and little "Chappie" was much impressed with his first knowledge of dangerous sickness.

In a fortnight he was summoned to the sickroom to see his mamma, who was beginning to feel the real glow of convalescence.

There was his mother sure enough lying palely beaming under a canopy of snowy laces against the embroidered pillows around which swept the very stilet coverlet.

"Good morning, my baby boy," with a hug. "What has my blessed being doing while his mother was sick? What has he done with all the beautiful flowers that came?"

Lifting his head proudly and dimpling with pleasure, said he: "I've been keeping the flowers fresh to put on your grave, dear mother."—Chicago Chronicle.

Fault of Our Civilization.

When a man sees a woman stumbling along with a bag that is twice too heavy for her, wearily shifting it from right to left and trying in vain to hold up her skirts with her elbows, his natural desire is to put his muscles at her service. It will be play for him to swing that bag upon a car, while to her it is a real difficulty.

Yet he knows his offer would be politely refused. Her face may express sentences varying from "I am sorry, but it wouldn't be proper" to "Mind your own business," but "No, thank you," would be the inevitable reply.

And all the time she would like nothing better than to accept his help. But she has heard warning tales all her life long, about the annoyances, the confusion and the terror strange men can inflict on imprudent women, and she is afraid to trust appearances or accent or any of the evidences of his caste and quality.

And probably she is wise. The devil is clever at masquerade, and it is easier to keep out of trouble than to get out of it. Yet what a long way we have gone from the original creation if one human being cannot put his hands out to help another without an introduction or a chaperon.—Maude Muller in Chicago Journal.

Romance and Reality.

The young man had pulled the young woman up the hill on the toboggan, and was amazed to find her moodily silent when they reached the top.

"What is wrong?" he asked.

"If you had any romance about you, you would have taken advantage of the occasion and the opportunity to say that you would be happy to pull me up the hill of life forever and ever," she sighed.

"But, I—but, I—"

"But, I—summer when we were boating you said you could think of no brighter future than to drift together adown the stream of life."

"I know, dear; but when a man pulls 150 pounds of a girl up a half-mile hill he hasn't enough breath left to say what he thinks. Drifting in a boat gives him more breathing, and more time to think, and less laborious work for his arms."—Chicago Tribune.

Singer of One Song.

He sang one song and died—no more but that!

A single song and carelessly compete. He would not bind and thresh his chance-grown wheat.

Nor bring his wild fruit to the common vat.

To store the acid rinsings, thin and flat, squeezed from the press or trodden under feet.

A few slow beads, blood-red and honey sweet.

Oozed from the grape, which burst and spilled its fat.

But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things

That weight his pack, will carry diamonds long.

So through the poets' orchestra, which weaves

One music from a thousand stops and strings,

Pieces the note of that immortal song: "High over all the lonely bugle grieves."

—Henry Augustin Beers.

Parisian Politeness.

There is a thin coating of ice on the pavement. Horses slip and stumble, and one of them falls, but is not hurt. It is so slippery that her efforts to raise herself are in vain.

The coachman takes off his triple-caped coat with a chivalrous air and with a gesture a la Raleigh he spreads it before the feet of the poor beast. Then he takes off his leathern cap, shows his jolly red face, and with a low bow, addresses the animal: "Madam, will you do me the honor?"

And "Madame" rises with difficulty, and the two, supporting each other, go off amid the cheers and applause of the delighted crowd.—Paris Letter to the London Outlook.

## HERITAGE OF CIVILIZATION.

Thousands of Soldiers Chronic Kidney Troubles the Service.

The experience of Capt. J. Ely, of Co. E, 17th Ohio, now at 500 East Second street, New Kansas, will interest the thousands of thousands of men who came to suffer from the Civil War with kidney complaints. Capt. Ely says: "I contracted kidney trouble during the civil war, and the occasional attacks finally developed into a chronic case. At one time I had to use a crutch and came to get about. My back was lame and weak, and besides the aching, there was a distressing retention of the kidney secretions. I was in a bad way when I began using Don's Kidney Pills in 1901, but the remedy cured me and I have been well ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## MERE MATTER OF EVOLUTION.

Successive Steps From Kitchen Table to Hall Mirror.

Mrs. Compton looked at her patient but bewildered husband with an expression of good-natured superiority. "Dear me, George," she said, cheerfully, "I don't see the use of my trying to explain to you, but I'm perfectly willing to do it, of course."

"I did intend, as you say, to buy a kitchen table, and I came home with a hall mirror. But it was an absolutely natural change."

"First I looked at kitchen tables. Then the clerk called my attention to the kitchen cabinets, with drawers and everything. Then I saw how much they looked like bureaus, except that they had no glass. Then he showed me one with a glass, and then he said he had such a pretty bureau, if I cared to look at it."

"So I looked at that, and it was pretty, but the glass was rather small. So then he showed me a dressing case with a nice glass mirror, and I said what nice glass it was. And then he said, 'If you want to see a fine piece of glass, let me show you one of our new hall mirrors.'"

"And of course, George, you can understand that when I saw that beautiful mirror I had to have it; and you know you don't like me to run up bills in new places, and I hadn't enough to buy a kitchen table, too, so—now isn't it clear?"—Youth's Companion.



If you will write to us about your needs in the Jewelry or Silverware line, we will be glad to give you the latest information as to styles and quote lowest prices for reliable goods.

Established 1862

Park's JEWELRY STORE 170 MAIN ST. Salt Lake City, Utah.



SLOAN'S LINIMENT

CURES 50c. and \$1.00.

Swine Disease and Hog Cholera

Send for Circular with Directions.

Dr. E. B. SLOAN, 615 Albany St., Boston, Mass.

HOLD UP! and consider



THE POMMEL FISH BRAND SLICKER

LIKE ALL TOWERS WATERPROOF CLOTHING

Is made of the best materials in which you will find the most perfect and reliable waterproofing.

SIGN OF THE FISH

It costs less to flavor a cake with HARDESTY'S EXTRACTS