A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weaknesses and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle-wrapper and attested under oath as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well proven remedy OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. *Your* interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest *of his* and it is an insult to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equaled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

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THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS EAST.

Pass. No. 504 (Daily) new line, 3:42 a m
" No. 6 (Ex. Sun.) new line 10:36 a m
" No. 24 (Ex. Sun.) old line, 10:39 a m
" No. 502 (Daily) new line, 3:50 p m
" No. 22 (Daily) old line 3:52 p m

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS WEST.

" No. 501 (Daily) new line, 12:37 a m
" No. 21 (Ex. Sun.) new line, 8:31 p m
" No. 23 (Daily) old line, arriv 1:13 p m
" No. 503 (Daily) new line, 1:18 a m
" No. 507 (Ex. Sun.) old line, 9:10 p m

Note: No. 504 does not run east of Mankato Sundays.

No. 21 does not run west of Sleepy Eye, connects at Sleepy Eye with Redwood Falls and Marshall branches.

No. 6 does not run east of Winona, arrives there 11:45 p m.

No. 507 does not run west of Marshall, arrives there 11:45 p m.

Through Sleepers on Trains 502 and 503 between Mankato and Chicago.

Through Sleepers on Trains 501 and 504 between Minneapolis and Redfield and Huron, S. D. Further information inquire of F. P. Starr, Agent, New Ulm, Minn.

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Shall We Tan Your Hide?

The average Stock Raiser hardly realizes the value of cow, steer and horse hides when converted into fur coats, robes and rugs. Get the new illustrated catalog of the Crosby Frisian Fur Co., Rochester, N. Y. It will be a revelation to you. And "Crosby pays the freight."

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The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama Canal. Many are restrained however by the fear of fever and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go there without this fear, well knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison too, biliousness, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Guaranteed by O. M. Olsen, druggist. 50c.

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Allen's Foot-Ease a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweeting, Swollen feet. Sample sent free, also Sample of Foot-Ease Sanitary Corn-Pad a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

William Muldoon, Professor of Regularity

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE BUILDER UP OF RUNDOWN HUMANITY AND HIS SYSTEM.

Practical Preacher of All Round Temperance Who Has Been Muldooning Secretary Root Was the World's Champion Greco-Roman Wrestler—Bitter Hater of Whisky and Cigarettes—His Guests, From Statesmen Down, Must Obey His Rules or They Are Shown the Farm Gate.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

ARE you run down? Do you feel dopy? Does the dark brown taste adhere to the roof of your mouth? Do you rage and imagine vain things? Well, if so you are not a heathen. You are simply an overcivilized person. The trouble with you is that you have been pursuing too closely the golden calf, which can run faster than a bay steer, or you have been working too hard for a living. You have been dissipating. Perhaps the dissipation consists of too much work and the consequent worry. Perhaps it consists of cocktails, cigarettes or even champagne. Perhaps you are what teetotalers call "temperate," but you have been eating too heartily or partaking of food that is altogether too rich for your blood. No matter. Whether you have brain fag, mental stagnation, intellectual torpidity, nervous prostration or just a dammed liver—dammed up by a clogged system that cries for exercise and relief—there is one thing that you must have done to you before you get over the trouble.

You must be muldooned.

Muldooning is the latest cure, even later than Christian Science. It is many centuries later than medicine. Perhaps it wasn't needed when men lived the simple life, before the days of subways and trolley cars and whiz wagons and stock tickers and daily papers and the tending of noisy machines in noisome factories. But in these overcivilized days a severe course in muldooning becomes necessary now and then for many men.

And what is muldooning?

Well, that reminds me. An old farmer in Arkansas once remarked to a youngster:

"Young feller, to be well an' stout an' peart you must eat reg'lar, sleep reg'lar an' work reg'lar, but," he added after a pause, "not too blamed reg'lar as to the work."

And that is the basement, superstructure, roof and skylight of muldooning—the whole structure of the science of restoring mental and physical faculties which have fallen into bad habits and gone awry. It is the science of regularity without intemperance in eating, sleeping or working.

Luxury All Can Have.

Elihu Root just now is being muldooned. Mr. Root is the American premier, the secretary of state, with only two men in official rank between him and the presidency of the United States. He believes in muldooning, and that should be a good recommendation for the system. You need not go to William Muldoon's place, as Secretary Root has done, to be muldooned. You can muldoon yourself wherever you are. Mr. Muldoon has room for only a few men at a time, and it costs much money to be muldooned by Muldoon, the original muldooner. Consequently only the rich can afford to muldoon at Muldoon's. But this luxury is yours for the taking at your own home, for Mr. Muldoon hasn't patented his system.

Muldoon's place is a farm about two miles from White Plains, N. Y. There is a commodious house, with shower baths and a gymnasium. There are broad acres for walking over and long roads for riding along, and there are gardens to hoe and hay to rake and fork. Muldoon is called "Professor," and he deserves the title. Nearly twenty years ago he began his career as a professor of regularity and a practical preacher of all round temperance. He has no divinity degrees and probably no scholastic degrees, but he is one of the most successful doctors and preachers in this country or any other.

Up to about 1889 William Muldoon was the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the world. He could throw any man on earth time and again. He went up against the champion of land after land and put him to the mat. He held the championship so many years that he got ashamed of his selfishness and voluntarily relinquished it so that the other fellows might have a chance. Then Muldoon entered upon his long career of muldooning.

The Boston Bruiser.

One of the first conspicuous personages to be muldooned was John L. Sullivan. Muldoon took the Boston bruiser in hand to put him in shape for the fight with Jake Kilrain. Sullivan, as everybody knows, was dissipated. When he went to Muldoon's he was unruly at first. But the professor gave him to understand that he must obey the rules absolutely or be chucked out, which would mean his probable defeat at the hands of Kilrain and the desertion of the friends who were trying to keep him in the championship. John L. trained under Muldoon and found Kilrain easy. Regularity did it.

Kid McCoy and other pugilists were put in shape by Muldoon to their advantage. But prize fighters have formed only a small percentage of Muldoon's list of patients. Rich New York clubmen and society men, Wall streeters and professional giants have gone to Muldoon's with their livers dammed up and their tongues wearing overcoats in August. They have undergone the six weeks or so of muldooning and come away feeling like new men.

There are two things which Professor Muldoon hates as a chicken hates a rattlesnake. Whisky is one and cigarettes the other. No whisky gets past his threshold, and a cigarette can't come within smelling distance. Muldoon was walking on Eighth avenue, in New York, one day when four boys, all smoking cigarettes, passed by.

"Look at those boys," he remarked to a friend. "That is an evil that ought to be suppressed. Cigarettes are the bane of a boy's life. Give me a lad who knows nothing of them or the taste of beer and liquor, and I'll give you the making of a big, strong and healthy man. I take a great interest in little chaps and do everything I can to encourage their ideas of sport. I would like to teach them all to stay away from vice and to learn to box, wrestle, run and jump."

On another occasion a young man smoking a cigarette approached Muldoon to get data for a life of John L.

"If you'll stop sucking that thing and throw it away, I'll talk to you," said the professor.

That was some years ago, and Mr. Muldoon was described as "a handsome blue eyed man, with cheeks as pretty as the speckled sides of June apples, his shoulders looking as solid as his limbs, so lithe and active." Now the professor is past sixty, perhaps a little older than his present distinguished patient, Secretary Root, who is sixty-two and a half. Yet Muldoon still looks as pretty as the bloomy side of an Elberta peach, and he can punch the bag, box, wrestle, ride, walk or work to the limit of endurance for any one of his patients, even the youngest and strongest of them.

Genesis of Muldooning.

In his early manhood Muldoon was a cavalry officer. He served during the civil war and in the regular army after the war. It is said that he conceived his theory of building up rundown humanity in the service on the plains, when gangs of recruits were sent to him to be made into troopers. Many of the men who enlisted in those days just after the war were sorry specimens of humanity. Most of the good ablebodied fellows had had too much of war. It was difficult to get recruits. But when a man was starving he was willing to enlist, and Muldoon got many of that sort. He put them through a regular course of training—in eating, sleeping and working. They made new soldiers. That gave Muldoon his idea, which he put into practice a quarter of a century later. It was the genesis of muldooning.

Those who go to Muldoon's place go to him who must be obeyed. The professor is the commanding officer. He looks over the man and tells him precisely what to eat, how much and when. He prescribes just so many hours' sleep, usually about nine. The recruit must get up when the commander knocks on his door, about 6 o'clock. When Muldoon says work he must work, whether it be some form of play exercise or real labor in the fields. If a man needs something in his diet to make him sleep better, Muldoon feeds him lettuce, but more often he feeds him work.

Once a man went to Muldoon's who was troubled with sleeplessness. At "taps," 9 o'clock, every light is supposed to be put out. The professor noticed some time later a light in this man's room. He was reading.

"All right, my man," muttered the professor.

It wasn't all right. It was all wrong. That was merely the Muldoon way of keeping to himself what he intended doing next day to the derelict one. He simply put on the patient a considerable amount of extra work, saying nothing as to having caught him with his light burning after taps. That night Mr. Patient excused himself shortly after supper and retired. He slept soundly until the professor rapped on his door next morning at 6.

Medicine Ball Drill.

Mr. Muldoon has invented one form of exercise which looks amusing to the outsider, but it is said to be the most efficacious of all. It is the medicine ball drill. The professor conceived the idea of making some balls ranging from six to thirty inches in diameter. The men at the farm divide into sides every morning and proceed to pass the medicine balls. No man knows at any moment the size or weight of the ball he is going to get tossed at him. It may be a little fellow or the biggest in the series. This keeps him mentally alert as well as physically.

Any system that trains the body and neglects the mind, according to Muldoon, is false to the first principles of physical culture. The ability to see, think and act at one and the same time is the secret of success in athletics as well as in life, says this master muldooner of men.

When Secretary Root went to Muldoon's some weeks ago he was in a condition which gave his friends much alarm. He had been working too hard. The secretaryship of state is no sinecure. Mr. Root was run down. For some time he had been thinking of going to Muldoon's, and his friends advised him to do so.

"Mr. Root feels like a new man already," said the professor a few days ago, and the secretary of state was seen to leap into the Muldoon wagon at the postoffice without touching the step, which went to prove that he was physically active.

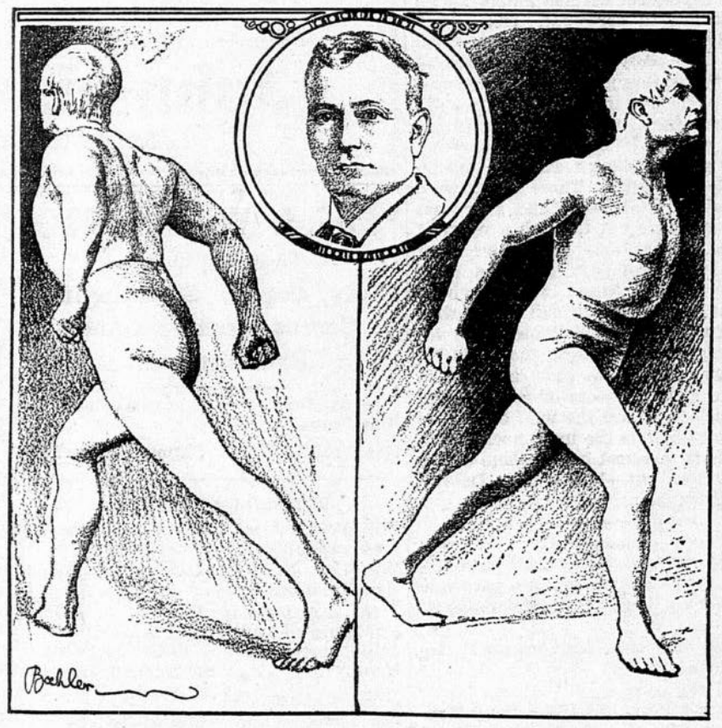
The professor will not let Secretary Root work at official business more than two hours a day, and some days he is said to limit the premier to half an hour, according to his condition.

Horseback riding is prescribed daily, winter or summer, rain or shine, and a daily walk of four miles or so is in the curriculum of this school for regularity. The Muldoon guests, from statesman down, are simply pupils under the professor, who is quite a pugnacious man, by the way, and will brook no interference with his authority. If a secretary of state or anybody else declines to obey the rules, what happens? Well, the head master is not authorized to go to the woods, cut a birch switch and apply it. But he shows the farm gate to the obstreperous one.

Every Sunday morning the guests are weighed. The professor also steps on the scales, for he wants to see whether he is keeping himself in condition. Any man who has gained flesh when he should have lost it, or vice versa, gets a change of treatment the following week. The change is largely in the matter of exercise or work, whether it be boxing, medicine balling, riding or hoeing potatoes.

It may be that the personality of Professor Muldoon counts for much in the muldooning of men. He exacts systematic obedience or he will have nothing to do with a man. But a course in amateur muldooning is open to anybody, anywhere, at any time. If all of us were muldooned now and then, it would mean money in our pockets.

And there are no pockets in shrouds.



WILLIAM MULDOON AND TWO OF HIS POSES AS A GRECO ROMAN WRESTLER.

Will Kansas Swedes Hearken to Oscar?

We cannot refrain from smiling when we think of the Swedes up along the Republican river between Concordia, Kan., and Republic City reading King Oscar's invitation, request or command to Swedes in this country to come home to their native land to help build it up, comments the Concordia Kansan. We can see some of them reading Oscar's talk while sitting on the front porch of a three story modern dwelling, steam heat, hot and cold water arrangements, with private gas for lighting purposes, icehouse in the rear, peach and apple trees for lawn decorations and a herd of Poland-Chinas or Durocs for barnyard embellishments, with a sea of corn and alfalfa for landscape—oh, yes, we can imagine them selling their automobiles, ripping up their rural mail boxes, tearing the phone down off the wall, throwing the cat out of doors, shooting the dog and taking the next train for Sweden in response to the invitation of King Oscar. Why, if Oscar had one of those fine farms in Norway or Beaver township he wouldn't go back to Sweden either.

The Launch of the Leaves.

The yellow leaves go sailing down the stream
Whose whispering waters run to seek the sea,
Where slender alders and pale aspens gleam
And every wychelm seems a golden tree.

Amber and brown and red the light leaves float.
You cannot see the Pixy at the prow,
But each gay galleon is a faery's boat—
The good folk throng the craft from poop to bow.

You cannot hear the laughter and the song,
Though to sweet reedy pipes they laugh and sing.
You'd say, "So late the robin sings and long
This autumn twilight has a sound of spring."

The hunter's moon is rising, broad and bright,
A bronze lamp in the ashen colored sky,
To light their shallops down the stream tonight.
Far through the woods I hear the white owls cry.

From the low bridge I watch them on their way,
Fleeing the sunless, starveling days to be.
How would my heart rejoice if, even as they,
I, too, might follow summer oversea.
—Rosamund Marriott Watson in Harper's For September.

Agreed.

Wife—I'd rather starve than cook.
Husband—I'd rather starve than have you cook.—Harper's Weekly.

Every action is measured by the depth of the sentiment from which it proceeds.—Emerson.

Man's Walk Shows Age.

"You can tell a man's age by his hands," said one of the girls. "They get knotty and veined and terrible. They get old sooner than his face."

"You can tell it most of all, I think," said the woman, "by his walk. I know a man who has been one of the brightest minds of his time who is still the best company I know, but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home along the hall it made me awfully sad to see the heavy, old, old way in which he walked."—New York Press.

Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

The only high grade Baking Powder sold at a moderate price.

Occasional headache, belching, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite and slight nervousness are symptoms of indigestion which, when allowed to go uncared for, will develop into a case of dyspepsia that will take a long time to get rid of. Don't neglect your stomach. At the first indication of trouble take something that will help it along in its work of digesting the food you eat. Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia will do this. Kodol will make your food do you good and will enable you to enjoy what you eat. Sold by E. A. Pfefferle.

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The CANADIAN West Is The Best WEST

THE testimony of tens of thousands during the past year is that the Canadian West is the best West. Year by year the agricultural returns have increased in volume and value, and still the Canadian Government offers 160 acres free to every bona fide settler.

Great Advantages

The phenomenal increase in railway mileage—main lines and branches—has put almost every portion of the country within easy reach of churches, schools, markets, cheap fuel and every modern convenience. The ninety million bushel wheat crop of this year means $60,000,000 to the farmers of Western Canada, apart from the results of other grains as well as from cattle.

For literature and information address Superintendent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Government Agent,

E. T. HOLMES
315 Jackson St. St. Paul, Minn.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is good for boils, burns, cuts, scalds and skin diseases. It is especially good for piles. Sold by Eug. A. Pfefferle.

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The Dakota House, New Ulm, Minn.,

Wednesday, Sept. 18th

Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

One day only and return each 28 days

Cures permanently the cases he undertakes and sends the incurable home without taking a fee from them. This is why he continues his visits year after year, while other doctors have made a few visits and stopped. Dr. Jones is an eminently successful specialist in all chronic diseases, proven by the many cures effected in chronic cases which have baffled the skill of all other physicians. His hospital experience and extensive practice have made him so proficient that he can name and locate a disease in a few minutes.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Diseases of the Ear, Nose, Throat and of the Lungs (and Consumption in the earlier stages) are to be cured when Dr. Jones' methods are applied.

Granulated Eyelids and **Cataract** permanently cured by his **Absorption Treatment.**

Glasses fitted and **Guaranteed.**

Cross Eyes straightened without pain.

Astonishing cures are readily made in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Paralysis, Epilepsy and **Skin Cancer.**

Treats all curable Diseases of the Heart, Blood, Skin, **Liver,** Stomach, **Kidney,** Bladder, and of the Nervous System, and Female organs.

A never-failing remedy for Big Neck.

PILES, FISTULAE and RUPTURE guaranteed cured without detention from business. **Special attention given to all Surgical cases.**

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Are you nervous and despondent; weak and debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken; red and blurred; pimples on face; restless, haggard looking; weak back; deposit in urine; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength, sleepless?

DISEASES OF MEN AND PRIVATE DISEASES A SPECIALTY.

Blood Poison, Syphilis, Stricture, Gleet, Spermatorrhea, Varicocele, Hydrocele, and the effects of early Vice or Excess, producing Debility, Nervousness, Defective Memory, etc., which ruins mind and body, positively cured.

WONDERFUL CURES

Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. No incurable cases taken.

Consultation Free and Confidential.

Address DR. ADDISON-JONES, G 3801 Lake Ave., Chicago.

Reference, Drexel State Bank.

There are a great many people who have slight attacks of indigestion and dyspepsia nearly all the time. Their food may satisfy the appetite but it fails to nourish the body simply because the stomach is not in fit condition to do the work it is supposed to do. It can't digest the food you eat. The stomach should be given help. You ought take something that will do the work your stomach can't do. Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia, a combination of natural digestants and vegetable acids, digests the food itself and gives strength and health to the stomach. Pleasant to take. Sold by Eug. A. Pfefferle.

Our New Flour

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is now on the market All Grocers handle it.

Its first cost is higher than ordinary flours, but in the end it is cheaper—because you will require about one-fourth less flour in making your usual quantity of bread.

ONCE USED—ALWAYS USED

Eagle Roller Mills

Daily Capacity, 5,000 Barrels.