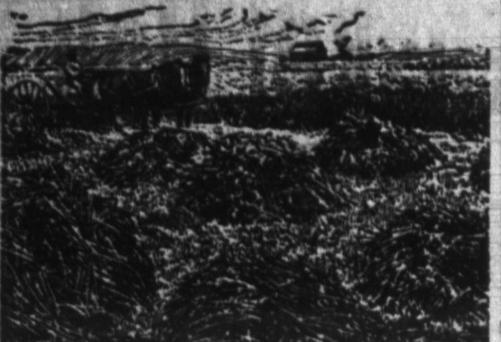


THE COLONEL'S GOLD MINE

Out in Gregory County, South Dakota, lives Colonel Johnson, the famed Alfalfa King of that great section. About thirty years ago he left Wisconsin for that domain. All he had was willing hands, a clear brain and a bright vision. Today he is the owner of thousands of acres, president of several banks.



He has found a veritable gold mine in his thousand-acre Alfalfa field, and this is of particular interest to you and me is that his first Alfalfa Seed, twenty-five years ago or more, was purchased from the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

The Colonel says: "The best paying crop in hay, or grass, or pasture food is Alfalfa. It outranks everything in money value."

Salzer's Alfalfa is good on your own farm, for three to five tons of rich hay per acre, and with the aid of "Nitrogen" (see my catalog) its growth is absolutely certain.

For 10c in Postage

We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Cereal Wonder"; Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats "The Prize Winner"; Bignon Dollar Grass; Teosinte, the Sisal Fiber, Alfalfa, etc., etc.

Or Send 12c

And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion, furnishing lots of lots of juicy delicious vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 700, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

Ambition and Humility.
The highest ambition is the parent of the truest humility; it makes one realize that our ultimate aim is so high that we need a power far beyond our own for the accomplishments of so transcendent a work; that if we are truly to be co-workers with Almighty God himself in the working out of the great scheme that rules the universe, the task is far too great for our unaided efforts, and we may confidently rely upon a power divine to help us in all our needs.

U. S. GOV. LAND FREE

Under special act of Congress the agricultural land of the U. S. Forest reserve of Arkansas can now be homesteaded in tracts not to exceed 160 acres to each person, free of cost. 1,000,000 acres free pasture range where cattle, hogs and sheep fatten eight months in year without grain. No overflow lands. Country very healthy, and well watered with running streams. We select these agricultural lands, take applicant to lands and locate you. Send 25 cents for State map showing location of Reserve and copy of Special Act to A. V. Alexander, Locating Engineer, Little Rock, Ark.—Adv.

His Mistake.

"John," she said to her husband, who was grumbling over his breakfast, "your love has grown cold."

"No, it hasn't," he snapped; "but my breakfast has."

"That's just it! If your love hadn't grown cold you wouldn't have noticed that your breakfast had."—Stray Stories.

SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered

for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dadds' Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Dadds' Kidney Pills cured me of constipation."

Dadds' Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dadds' Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Some Hint.

"Hello, Blank! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To the post office to put up a kick about the wretched delivery service."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Use Murine Eye Medicine. No Smarting, Pains, Itching, Quakiness. Try it. Eye Weakness and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent-Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the cure of eye diseases. Murine Eye Medicine, Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, Eye and Ear. Write for Booklet and Testimonials. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill.

Some family trees need frequent spraying.—Toledo Blade.

JUST A CHICKENFOOT

By IDA SPEED.

(Copyright.)

It was the romance belt of the Southwest which that tenderest of tenderfoots, Chick Saunders, struck.

Farther West is the land of the outlaw and desperado; back East commercialism makes 'em eat folks alive, and up on the North plains the cold grip a man's soul and makes him kinder brutal.

But we take things easy here and fog along, everybody friendly amongst themselves, givin' all the joshin' and raw remarks for the fellow from back East that busts in on our peace and goodwill.

Chick Saunders blew into Floretta off a west-bound passenger one bleak November day, which havin' only fifteen cents in his pocket he couldn't have rode but five miles further anyhow.

As that would have set him down in the middle of the prairie, he alights at Floretta, which is only redeemed from bein' in said middle by a half dozen cottages, a general store and post office, a two-story frame hotel, a lumber yard minus the lumber, and just such a school buildin' as you'd have to come to Texas to see.

All this was south of the railroad track.

On the roof of a big barn a quarter of a mile north, painted in bold letters, Chick saw it thereto, inquired timidly if old man Cranch was in, got the laugh from a bunch of cowboys that was standin' around the door, it bein' chick time, then walked in and got a job.

That job was to cut wood. Old man Crozier, the owner, had just looked out the window and observed that here was winter comin' on, a regular blizzard of a norther blowin' and no wood cut.

Chick was the man of the hour.

The boy's name on the pay roll was set down as Willie Saunders, but we're too uncertain out here about whether a fellow gives his right name or not, to put ourselves out to call him by it, so he bein' such a rank chickenfoot, we just christen him Chick from the start.

He'd crawl on any horse you told him to, but he'd almost be whimperin' from fear.

We thought he'd leave when he went down some day to git a drink on the train, as quick as he got paid off; but no, he was here to stay if it killed every animal in the pasture, includin' of himself.

Every spare minute he had, he hung around the Hotel Dalhart, for little Elsie Delhart and her mother showed him all the humane treatment he found, and it turned out he told them about his folks and read letters to 'em that he got from home, and let himself be known to them in a way we follows knew nothing of.

And Elsie! You put a wild rose amongst a bouquet of American Beauties in some hothouse, and I guess it wouldn't be noticed much; but out here on these wind-swept plains we ain't specchin' to see even a wild one, and they look awful good to us.

And, by the way, the thorns wasn't missin' neither. Elsie was the pride of this country, but she wouldn't stand for no foolishness off of us cow-punchers if she was the queen there.

She was one of those outdoor girls, though she helped her ma faithful around the house and kitchen.

In summer she wore them sailor-collar, polka-dotted affairs that look so well where they roll back from a soft, girlish throat. And any time of year there was a golden curl or two that bobbed around her face, and the eyes that kinder peeped out at you from beneath the long lashes made you want to dig your spurs in the bronc' you was ridin' and wish to the kingdom come he'd pitch and run so you could show how good you could ride. We all felt that away, but she was Mexico Charlie's girl.

Well, we all looked foolish.

This was the coward we had laughed at, and tortured, now ready to face the Bad Man of Floretta in the worst of his moods!

The whole group sauntered off a bit from the hotel, for there were ladies inside and they must not be disturbed. It was only a step to the store, and Mexico was comin' back now. Nobody made a move while he walked up to within twenty steps of where we stood, his back to the hotel gallery.

Chick spat out his cigarette.

Mexico whipped out his gun, and I glanced at the tenderfoot.

It was all over so quick, and a man can't see everything at once. I remember Chick had his gun—then I saw the wildest look of misery come into his eyes. Almost at the same moment came the sound of a sharp step on the gallery, there was a whirl of polka-dots, and then I heard the report of Mexico's gun.

Chick had failed to shoot.

We all looked from one of the combatants to the other, too dazed to speak, for there stood Chick unhurt, while Mexico was lookin' at a place on his right arm from which we could see the blood was tricklin', him havin' the sleeves of his shirt rolled up.

Little Elsie Dalhart was standin' there. A pair of spurs was in her hand.

"Here's your spurs, Mr. Mexico Charlie," she was sayin'. "I'm sorry I cut your arm, but it only serves you right. Between the mattress and the spring," she says contemptuous, "is no place for a pair of spurs. I cut my own hand on 'em while puttin' on the clean sheets," she says, puttin' her hurt hand to her lips like a woman does when she burns, or cuts, or scratches it.

Way down the track we heard the whistle of the evenin' passenger goin' west. It was the only sound there was. "Supper's ready," says Elsie, kinder peevish. And we all turned and went in the house like bad boys that'd been caught stealin' green apples. All, that is, except Mexico Charlie. I ain't never seen him since.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS FOR THE ATHLETICS

Delicate Intimation.

"I'll show them I can do more things than sit on a stool and look pretty."

"Come to think of it, you can sit on a stool."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bear the

Signature of *Cartt H. Fletcher*
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Out of the Frying Pan.

David Starr Jordan, at a peace meeting at the Hotel Astor in New York, said to a reporter:

"Half the world at war, and the counsel we are getting is that we must arm more heavily. That counsel reminds me of the African kings."

An African king feasted a white explorer royally. Then, at the end of the feast, 300 girls were led forward.

"Choose from among these 300," said the king, "his wife."

"But the explorer blushed and stammered:

"Oh, but if I took one, then the remaining 299 would be jealous."

"That is easily remedied," the king answered. "Take all."

The silos are being built underground extensively through the western part of the United States.

Larry Lajoie, Natural Slugger, Now With Connie Mack's Champions.

(By FRANK G. MENKE.)

The acquisition of Larry Lajoie makes it seem certain that the Athletics will be in the 1916 pennant fight all the way. Don't be surprised if they get away in the front and lead the parade to the wire, despite efforts of the dangerous Red Sox to do the overhauling stunt.

It seems to be the proper thing just now to spoof the pennant chances of the Athletics simply because Eddie Collins, Charles Bender, Eddie Plank and Jack Coombs no longer have their names enrolled in the lineup. But it seems that the spoofing is somewhat uncalled for.

The loss of Collins seemed to be a terrific blow at first, but the purchase of Lajoie to fill his boots changes the aspect of things. Lajoie is old and he isn't as speedy as Collins. But despite his forty years he still is good a fielder as Collins. He can't run bases like Collins, but in all the years up to last he could hit like Collins and hit beyond Collins.

Lajoie slumped to .258 in 1914. But he'll hit .300 or better in 1915 or we'll miss our guess. And that's about as good as might be expected from Collins.

Lajoie isn't through as a hitter, even though he is nearing his fortieth year. He's a natural slugger and he'll do a "come back" this year. Great hitters are great hitters as long as they are able to hold a bat. During the coming season Lajoie will be working under a manager who will appreciate him and encourage him.

Last year he worked under the fiery Birmingham, and he worked with a team that was torn by internal strife.

Mexico steps down and forces Chick to look at him.

"I'm goin' for my gun," he says furiously. "I'll fix you for this." And he rushes off toward the store.

Chick looks at us kinder bewildered.

"Now what did he mean?" he asks innocently.

Then we all explain at once, for we know this Mexico of old and that's why nobody else has ever thrown in too much with Elsie.

"Have you got a gun?" I asks excitedly.

Chick puts down his foot and reaches back to his hip pocket.

"Yes," he says, drawin' out, not a .45, but a sack of tobacco and a book of cigarette papers.

"Heavens, man," says Johnny Carson, "where is it?"

"In my pocket," says Chick, cool as a refrigerator. "I guess I'll have time to roll a cigarette before he gets back," he adds in his injured voice. "I've got a date with Elsie for the dance, too," he says regretfully.

Well, we all looked foolish.

This was the coward we had laughed at, and tortured, now ready to face the Bad Man of Floretta in the worst of his moods!

The whole group sauntered off a bit from the hotel, for there were ladies inside and they must not be disturbed.

It was only a step to the store, and Mexico was comin' back now. Nobody made a move while he walked up to within twenty steps of where we stood, his back to the hotel gallery.

Chick spat out his cigarette.

Mexico whipped out his gun, and I glanced at the tenderfoot.

It was all over so quick, and a man can't see everything at once. I remember Chick had his gun—then I saw the wildest look of misery come into his eyes. Almost at the same moment came the sound of a sharp step on the gallery, there was a whirl of polka-dots, and then I heard the report of Mexico's gun.

Chick had failed to shoot.

We all looked from one of the combatants to the other, too dazed to speak, for there stood Chick unhurt, while Mexico was lookin' at a place on his right arm from which we could see the blood was tricklin', him havin' the sleeves of his shirt rolled up.

Little Elsie Dalhart was standin' there. A pair of spurs was in her hand.

"Here's your spurs, Mr. Mexico Charlie," she was sayin'. "I'm sorry I cut your arm, but it only serves you right. Between the mattress and the spring," she says contemptuous, "is no place for a pair of spurs. I cut my own hand on 'em while puttin' on the clean sheets," she says, puttin' her hurt hand to her lips like a woman does when she burns, or cuts, or scratches it.

Way down the track we heard the whistle of the evenin' passenger goin' west. It was the only sound there was. "Supper's ready," says Elsie, kinder peevish. And we all turned and went in the house like bad boys that'd been caught stealin' green apples. All, that is, except Mexico Charlie. I ain't never seen him since.

Some Hint.

"Hello, Blank! Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To the post office to put up a kick about the wretched delivery service."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, that check you promised to send me ten days ago hasn't reached me yet."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Use Murine Eye Medicine. No Smarting, Pains, Itching, Quakiness. Try it. Eye Weakness and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent-Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the cure of eye diseases. Murine Eye Medicine, Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, Eye and Ear. Write for Booklet and Testimonials. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill.

Some family trees need frequent spraying.—Toledo Blade.

Some family