Bright Boy.

A small boy cyclist was riding early in the evening without a light and was stopped by a policeman, who asked him in gruff tones where his light was.

"Why, it's here!" exclaimed the rider in surprise.

"Yes, but it's out," solemnly asserted the patrolman.

"Well, it was lighted at the last turn."

"Why, it's cold; couldn't have been lighted this evening," triumphantly announced the officer.

"Huh! That thin metal cools in a minute. I'll light that lamp and wait until it gets red-hot, put it out, then ride to the next corner and back, and when I return it'll be cold."

"All right; try it," assented the acute policeman.

The boy lighted the lantern, waited until it grew red-hot, turned it out and started, and he is going yet.

Strong Language.

Fredericksburg, Ind., June 20.—Rev. Enoch P. Stevens of this place uses strong language in speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he gives good reasons for what he says:

"I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much," says Mr. Stevens. "They have done me so much good. I was troubled with my Kidneys so much that I had to get up two or three times in the night and sometimes in the day when starting to the water house the water would come from me before getting there. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely.

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people and have never yet heard of a failure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the things for Kidney Disease and Rheumatism."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys. Good Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health.

The Real Thing.

"Is this your writing?" asked the merchant, as he glanced over a written list of goods wanted.

"No," replied Mr. Meeker; "my wife wrote the list."

"Well, she certainly knows how to handle a pen," said the merchant. "Her diction is absolutely perfect."

"Yes, I suppose her diction's all right," replied Meeker, with a deep sigh, "but it's nothing when compared with her contradiction."

"Lake Shore" Summer Tours.

Where are you going to spend this year's vacation? The Lake Shore Railway's book of "Summer Tours to Mountains, Lakes and Seashores" will help you to decide. It will be sent on application to C. F. Daly, Chief Asst. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

To Avoid a Strain.

"Feeling blue, are you, Mr. Lightwayte," said Miss Jimplecute, sympathetically. "You ought to do something to occupy your mind."

"I don't mean," she added, after a moment, "that you ought to work very hard at anything."—Somerville Journal.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Instinct or Reason.

A Pittsfield man, as a proof that plants reason, offers the following account of a vine on his premises. The vine grows in a box on the window ledge. While watering it recently his daughter noticed a delicate tendril reaching out towards a nail in the side casing. She marked the position of the tendril on the wood, and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected itself very noticeably, and was again heading for the nail. The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same result; and finally one night the tendril, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and was found coiled tightly about it. Meanwhile another bunch of tendrils had been reaching for a hook that was formerly used for a thermometer. Just before it reached its destination the young lady strung a cord across the window sash above. It was a choice between the old love and the new; and as some vines seem to prefer a cord to anything else, it was not long in making up its mind. In a very few hours the pale, crisp, little tendrils—which, by the way, conveyed a surpassing suggestion of human fingers—had commenced to lift toward the twine; and the next day they reached it and took a firm grip.

Spade.

Schuyler hesitated.

"Call a spade a spade!" I urged.

"But this man is a rake!" persisted he.—Puck.

FOOD FACTS.

What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician of Rome, Georgia, went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food, and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that the food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion, and sick patients always gain just as I did in strength and weight very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains of this State, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food absolutely refused to sustain me, and it became plain that I must change; then I began to use Grape-Nuts food and in two weeks I could walk a mile without the least fatigue, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work miracles.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book. "The Road to Wellville."

HIS DEAR CHILDREN.

Look at his hands, they are knotted;
See how his shoulders are bent;
In toiling and gathering riches
All of his years have been spent;
Striving for gain has deformed him,
But great is the wealth he has won
To leave to his care-free daughter
And give to his polished son,
And they blush for shame at the manner
In which their father began,
For she has a maid to attend her
And Reggie possesses a man.

From that which the world thinks is pleasure,
He has steadily turned aside;
All of his wit and his power
To gaining have been applied;
The poor little shop where he started
Stands idle beside the way,
And the papers are publishing pictures
And stories thereof to-day;
He shaves himself in the morning
And saves wherever he can—
A French maid dresses his daughter
And Reggie possesses a man.

He is proud to think that his children
Have a right to the pride they show;
He is proud of the way he has risen,
Of the start he made long ago;
And they are impatiently waiting
To build him a monument,
To buy the old shop and destroy it
And boast of a proud descent.
For his hands are knotted and clumsy,
Showing us how he began—
A maid serves his glorious daughter
And Reggie possesses a man.
—Butte (Mont.) Miner.

How Her Consent Was Won

HOWARD ASHBY! How absurd! She, a hireling, low-born, the daughter of a blacksmith! No, I never will consent. Rather let our race die out with us than the fair name of Ashby be sullied by such a union!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashby, looking at her son in a dignified manner.

The sweet notes of a joyous canary bird flooded the room with melody, but the haughty woman heeded it not.

"You wrong her; you wrong me, you even wrong yourself, mother," said her son. "You have not seen her. In intellect, in culture, Miss Watson is our equal. That she is of humble parentage is true, but that she should educate herself, become proficient at telegraphy, and, by her own zeal, should rise from obscurity to a position of responsibility is highly commendable."

"Howard, why by so persistent, so irrational? My ambition has been that you should marry well. Since your

BY THE WINDOW SAT MAY WATSON.

boyhood I have looked forward proudly to the day when you would bring home a bride worthy the name of Ashby, and you have made love to a girl almost a pauper because you were enamored of her pretty face!"

Mrs. Ashby sank lower into her rocker, her jeweled fingers stroking the chair arm impatiently.

"I have not made love to her, mother. I have sought your approval before mentioning love to her. I have——"

"Howard, let us dismiss this distasteful subject. I canot be reconciled to your marrying so far beneath you. Why did you speak of this matter today? Why thrust this hateful theme upon me to haunt my loneliness during your absence? Have you forgotten that you must start for Detroit today?"

"I have not. I shall go on the colonial express this evening," replied the young man.

Howard Ashby had but a faint recollection of the stern, haughty father who died when he was a child. The Ashby estate was a fair domain, and the boy's slightest wish had been gratified by the indulgent mother. Howard had taken a year's course at the Templeton business college. While at Templeton he fell in love with May Watson, who was employed as a telegraph operator there. Mrs. Ashby's oposition to this love was the first shadow that came into the young man's life. He could not disregard the wishes of his mother who had been so much to him. While she lived he must control the passionate yearning in his heart, and it was with somber thoughts that he began his journey to Detroit.

May Watson was temporarily filling the post in the telegraph and switching station at Templeton. It was a position that would have tried the endurance of a man, which required all her senses to be on the alert. A mistake might mean instant disaster and death to hundreds.

She had to know every order passed down the lines by the dispatcher. The orders to her station had to be obeyed promptly. There could be no delay, no hesitation.

On a certain day the clicking key told her that the night express was approaching at forty miles an hour. She must have the track clear for the passage of the train. The semaphore had been removed a few minutes before to send a long freight train onto the siding. It must be swung back to let the express go by, otherwise the great vestibuled train would crash into the freight, and a colossal disaster would result.

She grasped the lever of the semaphore that was to simultaneously move the switch and signal the engineer of the coming express that the track was clear. She pulled it over, but it did not slip into its accustomed notch. Instead, it flew back as if fired from a catapult, and struck her a stunning blow on the chest. It knocked her off her feet, and for a moment she lay there; but the importance of clearing the track for the coming express prevented her losing consciousness. That the lever must be moved was the one idea that was burning into her brain. She knew if it was not in the proper place an awful catastrophe would occur within a few minutes.

She dragged herself to her feet and grasped the lever aagin. Sharp pains shot through her body. Her brain reeled, but she held on to the lever and slowly moved it over to the right place, and heard the click as it reached the ratchet that held it.

She glanced from the window. The headlight of the locomotive was in full view, a stream of black smoke pouring from the stack and fire grinding from the driving wheels as the great motor came on, swaying with its long train of passengers behind. One look showed that the track was clear, that the signal was in its place. The long whistle of the engineer showed her, too, that he had seen the signal.

A mist swam before her eyes. She turned again to the instrument at the little table, and, almost fainting from pain, moved the switch that connected her with Blanford.

"Send help to Templeton. I am hurt. Wa——" The message dribbled off in an unintelligible fass of dots and dashes, but fortunately it was understood by the operator at Blanford, for as she was trying to make clear what had happenedfl she sank unconscious on the floor of the lofty switching tower.

There she was found, lying as if dead a half hour later. Tenderly she was carried to an express wagon, and made as comfortable as possible on blankets, and brought to her boarding house.

The physicians who attended her said she was severely hurt internally. The lung tissue had been bruised but there was no evidence of internal hemorrhage, and they had strong hopes of her recovery.

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Ashby was in her elegant library reading the letters the post had brought. On the table beside her were several magazines, and a copy of the morning paper.

After reading her letters she took up the paper. The bold type of a lengthy article's heading caught her attention: "Colonial express saved by wounded girl. Miss May Watson struck by semaphore lever in switching tower at Templeton last night. Almost unconscious she puts it in place, and collision with freight is averted."

Mrs. Ashby's face grew grave and pale and the lines that time and care had imprinted thereon became more distinct.

"The colonial express? Why, that was the train that Howard had taken!"

Eagerly she read the article. She saw the glowing account of the brave girl's heroic deed. In her tremor and excitement, the paper dropped from her hands. A possible scene of the awful disaster pictured itself in her mind. She saw the flying express crash with impetuous velocity into the long freight, derailing cars and piling them an unrecognizable mass of debris. She heard the terrible clang of iron against iron, the horrible hissing of escaping steam, and the dull grinding, crushing, splintering of wood. The piteous shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying rang in her ears, and there among the bruised and mangled bodies was the boy she loved with almost idolatrous devotion.

But instead the express had been saved by a brave girl! She a hireling, low-born, the daughter of a blacksmith, had done this!

For nearly an hour Mrs. Ashby walked up and down the room in agitation. A multitude of thoughts rushed through her excited brain. Presently she summoned a servant.

"Tell Thomas to have the carriage in readiness at one-thirty," she said to the maid who answered her summons.

* * * * * * * *

Howard Ashby was returning home. He had been absent four months. When he left home he intended to be gone only a few weeks, but his restless spirit demanded continued change of scenes, so his absence had been prolonged.

When autumn drew near he became tired of a roving life, and hastened homeward. As he beheld familiar scenes from the car window as the train sped through his native State, he realized how dear the old home and its associations were to him.

It was a short drive from the station to the Ashby residence. When the carriage entered the spacious grounds he saw his mother coming across the lawn to welcome him.

"Mother," he said, as they entered the house, "I have visited many fair places, but this is the dearest spot of all.'

"Then why have you stayed away from it so long, Howard? My loneliness became unendurable, and I sought the companionship of a dear young lady who has been with me many weeks, and has done much to relieve the tedious monotony of the dull hours," said Mrs. Ashby.

"A young lady? Who is she, mother?" inquired Howard.

Mrs. Ashby did not reply, but opened the library door. To Howard's great surprise by the open window sat May Watson. The August sunlight streaming full upon her heightened her dark beauty. With extended hands she came eagerly to him.

"We are glad to see you!" she said.

"M—May! M—M—Mother!" exclaimed Howard in his confusion.

"One would think, Howard, that you were under the influence of a stupefying drug," said Mrs. Ashby.

"Pardon me, I pray! This meeting was so unexpected that it quite unnerved me. But I am delighted to see you, Miss Watson, I assure you," he said as one waking from a dream.

"Miss Watson will spend the autumn with us. You must assist in making her visit pleasant," remarked Mrs. Ashby.

Howard Ashby passed a sleepless night. The more he thought of his mother's strange conduct the more he became mytified. The next morning he asked for an explanation.

"Miss Watson is a very estimable young lady, Howard; I sincerely hope that you will enjoy her visit, and that you will endeavor to make it equally enjoyable to her," said Mrs. Ashby, and she declined to discuss the subject farther, so he resolved to let the mystery unravel itself.

One morning in October Mrs. Ashby entered the library. Howard was waiting for her there.

"Mother, I—I have asked Miss Watson to be my wife," he said hesitatingly.

"Well, did she consent?"

"Yes."

"And so do I, most heartily!" said Mrs. Ashby.

Then she told him the story of the switching tower, how her heart had gone out to the brave girl who had saved his life, how she had hastened to her and cared for her until her recovery, and had won the girl's love, and gained her consent to be taken to the Ashby home as soon as the doctors would permit.

"My son," she said, "this is the happiest moment of my life. Of all women, you have chosen the one most worthy to bear our name."—Waverley Magazine.

DRAGON FLIES.

Those of Carboniferous Period Measured 2 Feet Across Wings.

They are large, as British insects go, these dragon flies, says the Pall Mall Gazette; Anax formosus measures some 4 inches in length, and as much from tip to tip of the wings; yet they are but degenerate descendants of their formidable ancestors in the carboniferous period. Monsieur Brongniart has collected some of these as fossils from the rocks of Commentery; among them, one species measuring over 2 feet across the wings. What terrible subaqueous scourges must the "nymphs" of these mighty flies have been!

In the instance above described a small trout was the victim, and all my sympathy went out to it as the nobler animal of the two. But from the same shelf my friend took down a larger bottle, wherein was contained seven proofs of the profligate nature of Salmo fario. Often as I have listened to complaints by those interested in salmon preservation against common river trout as destroyers of salmon fry, I have always hitherto declined to believe that the damage they caused was appreciable. First, methought, so nearly akin as salmon and trout, and obviously of a common descent, must surely have some regard for each other's families. Trout, it is well known, greedily eat salmon spawn, but, then, their excuse is that salmon are so culpably careless in the management of their nurseries; they leave such a lot of spawn rolling about in the river bed, that if the trout did not eat it, something else would. But young salmon—parr or smolts from 3 to 7 inches long—are scarcely to be distinguished from young trout, unless by very careful scrutiny. Surely, whatever a trout might do in extremity of hunger, he would never make a practice of devouring salmon smolts. Alas! the contents of that bottle dispelled my charitable illusion. Live and let live is not the trout's motto. The bottle contained several well-grown salmon parr, weighing together seven ounces, which my friend took out of a trout which he killed with the fly during last summer. The creature professed to be the respectable weight of one pound and a quarter. No less, nay, rather more, contents of his stomach. Think of it! 'Tis as though a man of twelve stone should consume fifty-six pounds of provender at a single meal, and remain inclined for some light refreshment afterward.

STEEL RODS ARE IN FAVOR.

Fishermen Claim They're Stronger, Handier and Better Balanced.

Steel fishing rods are becoming popular with the angler. While some do not take kindly to the new idea, claiming that men who are true sportsmen will give the fish every chance to get away, the rods are fast becoming used more extensively than the wooden ones. Anglers claim that the steel rods are handier to carry and that they are better balanced. Moreover, there is no danger of the rod breaking.

These steel rods are made of the finest tempered steel tubing and japanned. The eyelets are of German silver, fastened to the rod with fine wire. The handle, of course, is of cork, mounted with nickel, as is all of the mounting of cork handles on the wooden rods. The joints are long—that is to say, nearly three inches of the finer section is inserted in the larger, which makes it practically impossible for the piece to become disjointed when bent, owing to the pliability of the metal. The rod can be made to suit a fisherman better as to the balancing, as the weight of the pole can be evenly distributed throughout. In weight the pole can be made light or heavy by putting in it material of different temper and size. Steel rods are no heavier than the wooden ones, varying in size from six ounces upward.

The wooden poles become rotten after long use, while a steel one can be used without reserve and requires very little care—a coat of japan each year or so. There is nothing to rust or rot about a steel pole. Anglers also claim that the new pole is more sensitive than the wooden ones. Every move of a fish can be felt, and the angler can be guided accordingly.

The favorite wooden pole at present is the lancewood, though split bamboo is in demand.—New York News.

Just Double.

The visitor was showing little Ostend the book of fairy tales.

"But wouldn't you like to have been the 'two-headed giant'?" asked the visitor. "He had lots of fun."

"No, indeed," responded Ostend. "Think how he must have suffered when his mamma started to wash his ears."

A Living Thermometer.

Mother—How do you judge the temperature of the water in baby's bath, Mary?

Mary—By baby, ma'am. If it's too cold he turns blue, and if it's too hot he screams awful.—Ally Sloper.

Down in Panama a woman doesn't cut much of a figure in society unless she is the daughter of at least fifteen or twenty revolutions.

A man naturally has more warm friends in summer than he has in winter.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

For several months, Prof. Wiley, chemist of the Agricultural Department, has been conducting experiments to determine what effect preservatives used in foods and beverages have upon the human system. All of the twelve young men composing the "drug squadron" show ill effects from eating the drugs used as preservatives. One or two of the men are on the verge of a breakdown, but the identity of members of the "poison squad" is concealed. The results of the experiments show some of the preservatives are deadly, causing inflammation of the digestive organs. This experiment tends to explain away the poison mysteries following the eating of canned goods. Results of these experiments will be made public in a short time, but pending the publication of the report by Secretary Wilson Prof. Wiley will not discuss the subject. All the food was prepared in the most appetizing and hygienic fashion. At first poison was put into the food without the squad knowing which dish was doctored. The effect upon the mind of the squad whose stomachs finally began to rebel at the best of food, even that unpoisoned, caused a change in the method and the poison was administered in capsules.

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Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, of Ohio, in a speech on the pension order fixing 62 years as the age when a soldier may be considered disabled, said that it was a right ruling, and that men who reached that age were disabled. Of course, he meant were disabled for manual labor, as a number of Senators called attention to the fact that if the idea was followed it would leave the Senate almost without a quorum. The following Senators have passed the 62d milestone: Morgan, 80; Pettus, 82; Berry, 62; Perkins, 64; Bard, 62; Teller, 78; Patterson, 63; Platt (Conn.), 76; Hawley, 77; Bacon, 64; Cullom, 74; Allison, 74; Blackburn, 65; McCreary, 65; McEnery, 66; Hale, 67; Frye, 72; Gorman, 65; Hoar, 77; Burrows, 67; Alger, 68; Money, 64; Cockrell, 69; Clark (Mont.), Gibson, 73; Millard, 67; Stewart, 76; Gallinger, 67; Dryden, 64; Platt (N. Y.), 71; Depew, 71; Mitchell, 68; Quay, 70; Aldrich, 62; Bate, 67; Proctor, 72; Foster (Wash.), 67; Elkins, 62.

-:—:-

A warning has been sent out from Washington to prospective home-seekers who may be interested in the irrigation plans of the government. An organized gang of swindlers is at work in the West, and less actively in the East. In cunningly worded advertisements they assert that they have inside information as to the plans of the government engineers, and promise to place settlers on the best of the lands which the government purposes to irrigate, for sums ranging from fifty to two hundred dollars. The fact is that they have no information that will not be given by the Interior Department to any inquirer. When the proper time comes for throwing the lands open to homestead entries the Secretary of the Interior will announce the fact through the press.

-:—:-

In a letter defending the estimates of population recently issued by the census bureau, Director North incidentally gives an estimate of the population of the United States under the census to be taken in 1910, placing the figure at 89,041,436. The director says that this indicates a percentage of increase of 17.2, as compared with 20.7 in the decade 1890-1900, but he admits that events are possible in the future development of the country, which will put this estimate awry. Speaking of the estimate recently published Mr. North says that it has been of very great benefit to the country. He says, however, that the estimates are in no sense a census nor do they represent local conditions.

-:—:-

Government ownership of all wireless telegraph stations at points where over-the-sea communication is possible has been decreed by the cabinet, and the Navy Department is putting the order into effect. One result will be that Marconi will be forced to move his stations to Canadian soil. In place of the Marconi station on the Nantucket lightship the department will establish its own plant, using a modification of the Slaby-Arco system in its eight stations. The government will make no charge on messages to and from ships at sea.

-:—:-

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, tells this story on himself: "I reached a certain small town during a campaign," said he, and found that the proprietor of the hotel where I usually stopped was in jail. He had gone there of his own accord rather than pay a judgment which he considered unjust. He asked the sheriff to let him out for two hours to hear his old friend Dolliver speak. The sheriff agreed, and sent an order for the release of the prisoner for two hours for that purpose. Then he considerately added at the end of the order, 'The rest of your punishment is remitted.' "

-:—:-

In a recent report an Agricultural Department officer expresses regret that the statistics of milk production are reported in gallons, since milk is sold more generally in quarts or in pounds, according to the use to which it is put. The gallon he regards as an unnatural unit. One argument for the metric system is that it would provide absolute units. Now we often know that a quantity is six or eight hundred something, but do not remember whether it is feet or yards, miles or leagues, gallons or quarts.

-:—:-

Employes in the White House for a long time have been in the habit of soliciting subscriptions from and offering tickets for sale to persons who call at the executive mansion. The custom had become so general as to be a nuisance and an order has been issued putting a stop to the abuse.

Young women may avoid much sickness and pain, says Miss Alma Pratt, if they will only have faith in the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all young women how much **Lydia E. Pinkham's** wonderful **Vegetable Compound** has done for me. I was completely run down, unable to attend school, and did not care for any kind of society, but now I feel like a new person, and have gained seven pounds of flesh in three months.

"I recommend it to all young women who suffer from female weakness."—MISS ALMA PRATT, Holly, Mich.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO YOUNG GIRLS.

All young girls at this period of life are earnestly invited to write Mrs. Pinkham for advice; she has guided in a motherly way hundreds of young women; her advice is freely and cheerfully given, and her address is Lynn, Mass.

Judging from the letters she is receiving from so many young girls Mrs. Pinkham believes that our girls are often pushed altogether too near the limit of their endurance nowadays in our public schools and seminaries.

Nothing is allowed to interfere with studies, the girl must be pushed to the front and graduated with honor; often physical collapse follows, and it takes years to recover the lost vitality,—often it is never recovered.

A Young Chicago Girl Saved from Despair.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to thank you for the help and benefit I have received through the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills.** When I was about seventeen years old I suddenly seemed to lose my usual good health and vitality. Father said I studied too hard, but the doctor thought different and prescribed tonics, which I took by the quart without relief. Reading one day in the paper of Mrs. Pinkham's great cures, and finding the symptoms described answered mine, I decided I would give **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** a trial. I did not say a word to the doctor; I bought it myself, and took it according to directions regularly for two months, and I found that I gradually improved, and that all pains left me, and I was my old self once more.—LILLIE E. SINCLAIR, 17 E. 22d St., Chicago Ill."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the one sure remedy to be relied upon at this important period in a young girl's life; with it she can go through with courage and safety the work she must accomplish, and fortify her physical well being so that her future life may be insured against sickness and suffering.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

New Use for the Pulpit.

There are queer nooks and corners in England yet.

A country parson lately went to preach in an old remote parish one Sunday. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said: "I hope your riv'rence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, and I've got a duck sittin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."—London Tid Bits.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An Insinuation.

"My store was robbed last night," said the grocer.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the early customer. "Did the thieves get away with very much?"

"I haven't made out a list yet," replied the grocer, "but I know they took three barrels of sugar."

"That being the case," said the e. c., "they'll probably have sand enough to tackle a bank next time."

I have used Piso's Cure for Consumption with good results. It is all right.—John W. Henry, Box 642, Fostoria, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1901.

The Way to Wealth.

Spendthrift—I see nothing before me but poverty and disgrace.

Friend—How much have you left?

"Just fifty dollars."

"That's plenty."

"Plenty?"

"A superfluity. Buy a paste-pot and shears. Then go over to London and start a comic paper."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Bunyan was singularly abstemious. A piece of coarse wheaten bread with a bowl of milk was his usual breakfast and supper.

Ripans Tabules are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Postpaid, enough to prove the value of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water—non-poisonous and far superior to liquid antiseptics containing alcohol which irritates inflamed surfaces, and have no cleansing properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution—lasts longer—goes further—has more uses in the family and does more good than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhœa, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

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