

Still, there are a lot of people who would do well to reform their spelling.

In the case of a run on a savings bank—there's where a man gets a run for his money that he remembers.

According to Miss Addams man is invading the sphere of woman and practicing her trades. Self-defense is the first law of nature.

Mr. Carnegie has written a magazine article entitled "The Cry of the Wolf." The said cry sounds faint and far off to Mr. Carnegie.

It really is time for the little girl to get busy on that penwiper that she is going to make to give to her father for a Christmas present.

Large new coal fields have been found in Pennsylvania, but the consumer may as well be notified at once that the coal trust is going to control them.

Sir Thomas Lipton goes on building sailing boats despite the fact that there is no chance of disposing of them to bellicose governments, as there is with steam yachts.

A New York fancier's purchase of a bulldog in London for \$5,000 ought to convince Europe of the futility of trying to oppose American ambition to bring over great works of art.

Louisville Herald: The Parisian widow is almost as progressive as her American sister. Out of 1,907 widows registered in 1904 in the department of the Seine, all but three had in 18 months remarried.

The Krupp girls are only paying \$250 apiece for their wedding outfits. Many a shop girl in this country, whose father never was a millionaire, has spent as much on her trousseau as either of the big gunmaker's daughters.

It is reported from Shanghai that for the first time in its history China will abandon its traditional policy and emit coins bearing the effigy of the emperor. In fact, it is said silver rupees and half rupees have already been struck bearing the likeness of Kuang-su. The reason given is that the circulation of money adorned with the head of Edward VII. has materially increased British prestige in Tibet and the Chinese government wishes to effect this.

The women of Sinigaglia, Italy, may be noted in history, if they succeed in their recent efforts. Ten school-teachers of the town went to the board of registry and demanded that their names be put on the voting list, and the board complied. The district attorney took the matter to court, and the court confirmed the legality of the registration. The case will be carried before the highest tribunal. If the decision stands, woman suffrage in Italy will have gained a battle in a bloodless revolution by the simple strategy of some women who asked for what they wanted.

From a dray in the service of the United States treasury in New York city a bag containing \$50 in nickels fell to the street, and the coins scattered in every direction. The crowd scrambled for the coins. An officer of the treasury department and a policeman explained that the money belonged to the government, and requested that it be given back. The response was immediate. Every one of the thousand coins was returned. There is no reason to suppose that this crowd had been specially chosen by fate to represent the American people.

No further aid from the outside is necessary to relieve the Japanese famine. It is not quite at an end, but it has been mastered by charitable and administrative effort. A recent report of the consul general at Dainy says: "To the United States more than to any other country, the people attribute their relief. America was the first in the field with her contributions, and they exceeded in amount the contributions of all other countries combined." There can be no question for many years of the friendship between this country and its Pacific neighbor.

We have gotten away from the idea that the college bred boy must be a preacher, lawyer or doctor, says the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. We are living in an industrial age and commercial life holds out its prizes to brainy men quite as alluring and frequently more remunerative than the professional career. The captain of industry is no less a figure to be envied and emulated than his professional brother and the day is past in the south when prominence can be achieved only by the professional man or the wealthy planter. The south is passing from an agricultural to a manufacturing section and the trend of development is in this direction.

The prejudice against the uniform, when it takes the form of refusing its wearers admission to public places of amusement, whether or not it may be justified by experience, is a bad thing for the navy. It is difficult enough now to secure enlistments for that service, says the Boston Herald. It will be still more difficult if it becomes widely known that wearers of the uniform are subject to hostile social discrimination on shore. Self-respecting young men of the shops and farms, conscious of such proscription, will shun the service.

A Kansas woman has been released from jail because she insisted on singing. In some regards a deaf man should be an admirable candidate for the position of jailer.

American are swarming home from Europe with costly collections of foreign labels on their baggage and weird accents clinging precariously to their native speech.

A Kentucky man reported having seen a whistling rat with yellow body and blue feet. One would hate to have that man breathe on him.

THE SQUIRES VISITOR

By L. A. HARKER.

"The squire is a terrible old man!" said the new parson, shaking his head. "I pointed out to him that for his coachman to beat his wife causes a scandal in the village, and implored him to remonstrate."

"And what did he say?" asked Aunt Susan. "Oh, he smiled politely, and begged to point out that he had interferred between a man and his wife more than once in his life, and that trouble had always come of it; therefore he intends to interfere no more. It seems the man Jeffs is kind enough to his wife when he's sober."

The new parson looked inquiringly at Aunt Susan. She, too, shook her head, remarking: "The squire is incorrigible. This very coachman got drunk last election day. So the squire pulled him off the box, and put him inside the carriage. Then, mounting the box himself, he called out to the crowd—there's always a crowd outside the King's Arms on election day—'He's driven me home many times when I've been drunk, so now I'll drive him home!' and so he did."

"That was kind!" answered a new voice, a clear, young voice. Aunt Susan started. "Why, Mellory, child, I did not know you were here. Run away, dear; I don't want you just now."

But Mellory ignored her aunt, and, standing in front of the new parson,

"What made a good little girl come to see such a wicked old man, eh?"

"Oh, yes; because you are, you know!"

"Who told you I am wicked?"

"Well, people seem to think so, and so do I if you approve of beating a wife."

"What!" almost shouted the squire; but Mellory was not in the least alarmed. Calmly seating herself upon his knee, she continued: "You encourage your coachman to beat his wife. I wish you wouldn't; it isn't nice, really!"

"So that's what they say, is it?" laughed the squire, and his voice was not quite so pleasant this time. He put his arm round Mellory, asking, "Do you believe it?"

Mellory looked into his face; and then she said decidedly, "No, I don't. You are more like a knight than a squire—a right worshipful knight," she added softly.

The squire shook his head, and his face grew sad as he said: "Alas! No, I'm not that. I might have been—once! What made you come to see such a wicked old man, eh?"

"I'm not good here. I am at home; but Aunt Susan's goodness is different somehow, and I can't do it. Perhaps you can't be good here either?" she suggested.

The squire muttered something and then stopped. There was silence for a minute, till Mellory asked, "Do you love your coachman very much?"

"Well, no; I can't say I love him. He's been a good servant to me."

"Tell him he mustn't beat his wife. He would pay attention to you."

"Do you always pay attention to what you are told?"

"Well, no," said Mellory, rather slowly; "but I don't beat people."

"Neither do I," said the squire, "though I should often like to."

"Beat the coachman, then?" exclaimed Mellory, triumphantly, "then he'd know what it's like."

"Egad!" said the squire, slapping his unoccupied knee. "It's an excellent idea. I will."

Mellory put up her face, and the compact was ratified by kisses on both cheeks. Then she got off his knee, saying, "I'm glad I came; I don't believe you are a bit wicked, really!"

He looked very sad as he answered, "Try and believe the best of people, always, my dear; then you will grow up as good as you are pretty, and as happy as you are both."

Mellory did not understand exactly what he meant, but she realized that he was not very happy, so she said again, "I'm glad I came; we shall always be friends!"

"I wonder," mused the squire. He walked with her to her aunt's gate, and as he waved his hat on leaving her, she called after him, "You look a right worshipful knight, anyhow!"

He stood in the middle of the road to watch his hat once more, and to look back at the little figure standing in the sunshine. Then he turned into his own great gates, where the drive lay all in shade, like his heart.

Sorrow of the Rich. The man who has made \$150,000 in a few years looked downcast.

"What's the matter?" his friend asked. "Why are you unhappy? You ought to be thoroughly satisfied. You have made a splendid fortune, you are still in the prime of life and the workmen have just put the finishing touches on your fine palace. What more do you want?"

"That's just it," the despondent one replied. "Instead of moving into my palace now and enjoying life I've got to spend five or six years hunting through European junk shops for dingy pictures with which to decorate my walls."

How it Happened. Tarantula Tom—Why did Bill plug the tenderfoot?

Lava Bed Pete—It all come o' Bill's dressin' ignorance o' legal terms.

T. T.—How 's that?

L. B. P.—Well, Bill owed th' short-horn some money an' was sorter slow about payin'. So the stranger writ him a letter sayin': 'I will draw on you at sight.' An' Bill thought that meant a gun play. So when he meets up with the stranger he draws first. It was a misunderstanding.



"Beat the Coachman, Then!" Exclaimed Mellory, Triumphantly.

demanding, "Is the beaten wife much hurt? And who beat her, the squire or the coachman?"

"The coachman, my dear, since you've heard so much, but it's not a pleasant subject for little girls."

Mellory looked at the parson with some scorn, then slowly and with dignity left the room.

Aunt Susan gave a sigh of relief, as the door closed. "She is my nephew's only child, and lost her mother two years ago. She is always with him, and terribly spoiled."

Then they changed the subject, and both Mellory and the squire were forgotten.

Mellory, however, didn't forget. Fully conscious of her influence in her own sphere, where she ruled Dad and the friends who frequented the big studio, with a rod of iron, she decided to go herself to remonstrate with the squire.

"I'll teach him it's horrid to beat wives—anybody's wife!" she said to herself, and she trotted down the road. The squire's big gates stood open, and she turned down the drive, which seemed very long. But presently she came in full view of the great square house. On the lawn, under the shade of an immense tulip tree, sat an old gentleman. Mellory, feeling sure it was the squire, walked slowly across the grass towards him. Her sun-bonnet had fallen back, masses of brown curls clustered round the hot, pink cheeks, and her brown eyes were shining. A big deer bound, lying at the squire's feet, rose as she approached, and sniffed at her. Laying a little brown hand confidently on its collar, she and the dog faced the squire together.

"What is your name?" abruptly demanded the squire.

"Oh, my name is Mellory. You don't look very wicked!" she added, quickly. The squire sat up in his chair.

IN HIGH POSITION.

WOMEN IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE AT WASHINGTON.

English Newspaper Somewhat Astonished by the Confidence Placed in the Fair Sex by Authorities at the National Capital.

Most people are aware that women are a great power in the United States, particularly from a social standpoint, says the Pall Mall Gazette of London. But it is by no means so generally known that at the headquarters of the American government in Washington there are a number of highly paid women who are a standing contradiction of the old gibe that women can never keep a secret.

At any rate, the services of these women are so highly appreciated that it is unlikely their brethren will ever oust them from these highly paid offices. To a youthful and pretty woman diplomat, recognized as such by the government, is unthinkable. Yet such a person is Miss Margaret Hanna, who is permanent assistant to the permanent secretary of state. This latter official carries on all the delicate negotiations between the United States and foreign powers and so conducts an immense correspondence.

All this most secret and sacred correspondence is under the charge of Miss Hanna, who is so well versed in Uncle Sam's relations with the outside world that she could undoubtedly act as assistant secretary of state herself if the occasion arose.

A still more remarkable position is that held by Miss Clara Gracee, legal adviser to the treasury department. Here again we find a young blonde not yet 25, who a few years ago came to Washington as an ordinary typewriter in the comptroller's office. At that time her work was taking down dictation relating to legal "opinions" about claims against the treasury. Miss Gracee gradually developed a taste for law so that on one occasion the comptroller asked her to prepare an "opinion" of her own on a minor case.

Thereafter the clever and ambitious girl studied law with feverish energy at a night school in the diplomatic capital, and so brilliant were her talents that when the position of law clerk of the treasury fell vacant she applied for it and got it, even against a number of capable lawyers.

You might think that these American blue stockings were frumpish and dowdy in appearance. Vastly otherwise would be your opinion in the presence of Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of all the Indian schools throughout America. Miss Reel is a strikingly handsome woman of distinguished men and not much over 30. Her headquarters is at the Indian bureau in Washington, but for the most part she spends her time in traveling throughout the states inspecting the educational methods adopted in day and boarding schools, kindergartens and other institutions kept up by the federal government for the little aborigines. In her own department Miss Reel's power is absolute and her pay is \$600 a year besides her traveling expenses.

Thousands of women are employed in the treasury department, for it is found that they are quicker and more accurate than men in counting money. Nor must one omit to say they are found far more honest. Out from among the rack of these women stands Mrs. Willa Leonard, probably the fastest "teller" of money alive as well as the most astonishingly accurate. Mrs. Leonard is besides a wondrous expert in detecting counterfeit notes. One must bear in mind that practically the whole currency of America except small change is paper money.

Another woman expert of the treasury at Washington is Mrs. S. F. Fitzgerald, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been mending mutilated bank bills and also identifying money that has been partially destroyed. So expert is she that often when nothing remains of the money but a scrap of paper smaller than a sixpence and that containing no name of bank, denomination or number, Mrs. Fitzgerald will fasten upon a scrap of engraved design and then pour forth a volume of information about the destroyed note which would surely give points to Sherlock Holmes.

REPAIRS TO WHITE HOUSE. Months Have Been Spent in Much Needed Renovation.

For a second time within a few months workmen have spent months in renovating and repairing the White House. Although a large sum was appropriated by congress for extraordinary repairs, care has been taken not to make any alterations in the external or internal appearance of the house, possibly as a result of the outcry which greeted President Roosevelt's former changes. Col. Charles S. Brownell, U. S. A., superintendent of public buildings and grounds, who has the White House in charge, says: "It was deemed essential in treating the appointments and decorations of those rooms that are shown to the public that care should be exercised to prevent hostile criticism by visitors to the White House. Unlike any other official private residence in this country, these rooms cannot be shut up to prevent the entrance of air and sunshine, but they must always be kept open and ready for inspection by critical housekeepers from this country and abroad. If such critics found carpets and draperies faded or worn, they would not hesitate to condemn apparent ingardiness on the part of those who duty it is to recommend and expend appropriations. People have been accustomed to hear of the blue, green and red parlors, and they wouldn't take kindly to any changes in the fittings and furnishings of these apartments at variance with the tints which have thus far characterized the interior arrangement and decorations of the White House."

In the east room, which is the great reception room of the mansion, the prevailing tint on the walls and ceiling is an ivory white. The only pictures found in the state apartments are those of former masters and mistresses of the mansion, the latest acquisition being that of President Roosevelt.

Secretary Taft's Travels. Secretary Taft has traveled 100,000 miles or four times the distance around the world at the equator, since May 24, 1906, when he became governor general of the Philippines. In the five and a half years since his call from the federal bench he has spent 360 days on the ocean, or almost one year. He has passed six weeks on railroad trains. Most of this has come in his three trips to the Philippines, one of them by way of Rome, and his two trips to the Isthmus. These facts, which came out in a recent personal conversation, show something of the demand of a public position in this age of America as a world power.

Too Many Officers Absent. The "absence habit" is a menace to the United States army. This is the statement made by Brig. Gen. Bubb, commanding the department of Dakota, in his annual report. He calls attention to the great number of officers now absent from their regiments and says that the number is steadily increasing from year to year and is greatly impairing the efficiency and discipline of the various organizations of the army.

Burton's Life of Sherman. Notwithstanding the fact that Congressman Theodore E. Burton was one of the busiest members of the last congress he has found time to write a life of his old friend John Sherman, which will be published this month.

FEW REWARDS FOR CLERKS.

Government Service Is at No Time a Secure.

The arrest of a young woman employed in the agricultural department calls attention to a fact that has been pointed out many times. This is that an ordinary government clerkship is not worth having. The young woman in question explained that the \$600 a year she received would hardly pay her laundry bills, so she committed forgery. "I've been on the rocks for a couple of years," explained the prisoner, "and I needed the money to keep up my end."

There will be no sympathy aroused for the prisoner, who seems to be a fit subject in addition to being criminal, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Many workers for the laundry by washing their own linen, and evidently do not indulge in so large a number of fresh washes. The clerk of either sex who goes to Washington under the impression that there is an end "to be held up" is making a serious mistake. The one who can live simply and decently on the income allowed is an excellent manager. The chances of running hopelessly into debt for the seeming necessities of life are many and potent. Any attempt to "put on style" is ruin.

The government clerk is part of a vast machine. At best no great rewards await. The positions that are open to capable men and women are such that really capable men and women with any pride or any particular hope for the future would refuse to accept. The scramble for them is due to a lack of knowledge. The young man or woman successful in securing one is to be commiserated, for the faithful performance of duty leads nowhere, and after a while the individual is fixed in a rut, lacking the courage and at last the ability to get out of it.

Comparatively few clerks "go wrong." As a rule, they accept conditions as they find them and make the best of it. Of course the girl who needs \$600 a year to meet her laundry bills has no business in a department. A wiser course for her would be to marry a rich man. While the positions are humble and the pay small there are many girls who would be glad to get the salary, deeming it better than nothing toward keeping up family expenses, which is about all that can be said of it, and such girls would have no temptation to piece out their incomes by recourse to forgery.

All About the Pulujaes.

"I see by the papers that these here Pulujaes have turned loose on a town out west," remarked a son of the soil the other day to a group of citizens gathered in a country settlement not far from the capital city. "What might them critters be?" he queried, "propounding the question generally, but relying for a ready explanation upon the boundless knowledge of the village sage. Though not directly addressed that worthy at once recognized that the burden of elucidation rested upon him. The others understood it, too, and turned to await enlightenment.

Now it happened that the wise man didn't know a Pulujae from a fried lemon, but he rose to the occasion. Leaning back right grandly against a soap box on the counter of the village store, he delivered himself of the following:

"These Pulujaes, gentlemen, are nothing to make such an all-fired fuss over. In fact, they are not much worse than an ordinary swarm of mosquitoes. Don't let those high-sounding names fool you. The Pulujaes are only insects, a kind of bacteria or germ, according to science. But they can bite, and the worst thing about them is that they have wings, which makes them sorter hard to get away from. Also, I might add, there is a kind which is very bad at times in some sections. That is the variety armed with gyrate appendages. They are not to be fooled with. No, gentlemen, don't bother them, for they are very ugly when they get mad."

Question of Location.

"In looking over a pamphlet entitled 'Historic Points of Interest,' prepared for use during the inaugural ceremonies, said a district official, 'I noticed that Point No. 102 is marked 'William J. Bryan resided in this house.' The question arose in my mind as to whether in permanently marking historic spots in Washington, which work is to be begun under an appropriation of \$500 made for the purpose by the last congress, the tablet with this inscription will be placed at the location given in the pamphlet or whether it will be reserved to be placed on the grounds of the executive mansion."

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What He Most Wanted For.

Join Fiske, the American historian, was an ardent lover of music and himself no mean musician. Furthermore, he was extremely corpulent and felt the hot weather painfully. He was once delivering a course of lectures at a summer school in a small city of the middle west. The heat was terrific and adjoining the house where the lecturer stayed was a church where an ill-matched but zealous "quartet" practiced and performed during all hours of the torrid afternoons and evenings. One evening, seeing the famous man sit for a time unoccupied and apparently oppressed by this combined affliction, the young daughter of his hostess attempted to divert him by offering him a new novel, then just becoming popular. "I think 'The Choir Invisible' is perfectly splendid," Mr. Fiske said. "Would you like to read it?" The historian put the book aside. "My dear young lady," said he, "the only choir in the world in which I could feel any interest at this moment would be the choir inaudible."

Rich Crown Has Disappeared.

A richly jeweled crown, which cost \$20,000, has disappeared from the church at Mont. St. Michael, Rouen. One version is that it has been stolen, another that it has been hidden by the priests to save it from confiscation by the government.

Onions and Whisky Form a Combination.

calculated to put almost any happy home out of commission.

ALASKAN CABLE IS BUSY.

Line to Be Duplexed and 200 More Miles Added.

Few people who have not been over the ground have any conception of the wonderful development of Alaskan interests and trade. For instance, the commercial receipts from the Alaskan cable and telegraph lines for the month of July amounted to \$24,000. The rapid increase in the demands upon the system will be met by the government by duplexing the cable. The cable ship Burside, which is to install the duplexing apparatus at the Alaskan end of the cable, will carry about 200 miles of new cable for the extension of the service to Ketchikan. This extension will be effected by tapping the lines from Sitka to Juneau at Cape Fashaw. From that point a branch line will be extended down the Wrangell, then to Hadley on Prince of Wales Island, and then to Ketchikan, which is only 60 miles from Fort Simpson, the English town which is to be the terminus of the Grand Trunk and Pacific railroads.

It is believed that this additional 200 miles of cable will largely increase the cable receipts, as it taps a country rich in mines, fishery and canning industries and greatly in need of daily communication with the United States. It is expected that this new line will be completed by November 1.—Pittsburg.

Somehow it doesn't sound just right when a spinster asks for a match.

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Eyan, Mass., February 24, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work, she passed her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical, her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the results, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information and results in treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its original passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the world has ever hindered her. Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of another person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Blek women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from simple roots and herbs, the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

CAPISICUM VASELINE

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT.

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c.—IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. POINT TO TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Soreness. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation unless you see the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WILL MAIL OUR VASELINE PAMPHLET WHICH WILL INTEREST YOU.

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IN THE CANNING SEASON.

