A Very Demure Young Lady

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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It was a matter of wonder that such an ambitious, aggressive mother as Mrs. Kent should have such a demure daughter as Estelle. Yes, the mother was very aggressive, and the daughter was very, very demure. That was an opposite other mothers could not help but remark.

At seventeen Miss Estelle was sent to Vassar. She might have preferred another school, but her mother said Vassar, and that settled that. Mrs. Kent was a widow with an income none too large, but she had plans and schemes far ahead.

At eighteen and nineteen Miss Estelle was still acquiring knowledge, but at twenty she had finished. She had had vacations, of course, and there had been no change in her demureness. She was given three or four days in which to draw her breath after getting home for good, and then her mother called her to her side and said:

"Estelle, you are now twenty years old."

"Yes, mamma."

"You should be thinking of matrimony."

"I am, mamma."

"You have a handsome face and a good education, and you ought to marry well."

"So I should mamma."

"But the trouble is," continued the mother, "that there are no eligible young men around here. That is, none who could support you in the style you deserve."

"Not one, mamma."

"But there is a gentleman, after all—a middle-aged gentleman—a man of wealth who has been attracted to you. He has seen you on various occasions during your vacations, and has become smitten. He was here the other day to ask the privilege of calling on you."

"Yes, mamma."

"And I granted it. Estelle, you at least know of Mr. Henderson—the gentleman who owns the Golden Brewery?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I have heard it said that he is all of forty-eight years old, and dyes his whiskers. Those innuendoes are always thrown out against the rich. He is a fat man and baldheaded, but

"Estelle, Isn't He Just Splendid?"

you don't think that counts against him, do you?"

"Of course not, mamma."

"Fat can be reduced and bald heads covered with wigs. Mr. Henderson may not be as well educated as some, but he's a thorough business man. I thought you might be prejudiced against him because he is a brewer."

"Oh, no, mamma."

"Of course he doesn't rinse out the kegs and bottles and refill them again, nor does he drive one of his wagons. He stays in the office and counts the cash.

"Yes, mamma," was the same demure and dutiful reply.

"Mr. Henderson will probably call within a day or two. He has purchased a beautiful auto, and as soon as he can find a chauffeur to run it we are to go for a ride. I knew you would think as I do about this matter, but still I want to praise you for your good common sense."

"Thanks, mamma."

Mrs. Kent smiled with satisfaction. She hugged herself in her complacency. She believed the match as good as made. Within a radius of ten miles of her were a hundred other mothers who could have told her that it was the demure young lady to have an eye on, but the caution would have done no good. That same evening a letter was mailed to somebody up the state which contained the following sentence:

"Come at once and hire to him as a chauffeur. You know how to run an auto. We'll plan the rest after you get here."

Miss Demure was planning a little scheme. It was "yes, mamma," to everything, and mamma thought a girl twenty years old—.

Mr. Henderson called. Yes, he was short and fat and pudgy. He wore a wig and looked his age, no matter what it was. No, he was not an educated man. He was just a millionaire, with a loving heart, and when he made this announcement he laid his hand on his right side, as if his heart had moved over. He had hired a chauffeur that day, and could invite mother and daughter to go out for a spin with him on the next. The chauffeur was fine-looking and would be a man to do credit to him. After his call had lasted an hour, and the brewer who didn't rinse his own bottles had rendered himself as agreeable as he could, he bowed himself out, and the mother turned to the daughter with:

"Estelle, isn't he just splendid?"

"He is, mamma," was the reply.

"Can you find anything to criticise?"

"Not a thing, mamma."

"Then let me give you a motherly kiss."

And just one hour after that motherly kiss had been implanted on her demure cheek Miss Estelle was walking and talking with the brewer's chauffeur in the reading room of the town library! They talked about something that both smiled and giggled over, and the deceitful young lady almost whistled the air of a topical song as she made her way homeward.

The "spin" was taken next afternoon. Truly, it was a fine auto, and truly it was a distinguished looking chauffeur. The ladies occupied the tonneau and the brewer sat beside the driver that he might show off his fat back and red neck. Ten—twenty—thirty miles an hour, and then a stop! The auto had gone dead. That was the way with all new autos, the chauffeur said. The bobcrank got foul of the jim crow, or some such thing, and the matter was easily remedied.

All four persons got out. Mrs. Kent and Mr. Henderson sauntered up the road a bit, and Miss Estelle, the demure, sauntered down, while the chauffeur crawled under the machine to beg of the bobcrank to behave itself.

"Ah, but she's a sweet girl!" whispered the brewer in the ear of the widow.

"She surely is."

"I quite flatter myself that she has taken a liking to me at first sight."

"It surely looks that way."

"You are my friend. Have you spoken to her?"

"Most certainly."

"Many, many thanks. In case she makes me the happiest man on earth—"

Both happened to glance down the road at this instant, and both saw that the auto had disappeared. They ran to the first turn in the highway—no auto!

"Oh, what can have happened!" exclaimed the widow.

"I know—I know!" shouted the brewer. "They have eloped. Nothing ailed that bobcrank. It was a put-up job. He is her lover!"

"Oh, no, no, no! It can't be!"

"But I say it is! The demure little cat has made a fool of me! I see it all—I see it all! By thunder—"

"Sir! Don't you swear in my presence!" warned the widow.

"Yes, she's a cat, and I believe you are either a scheming woman or—or—"

"You fat, bald-headed vulgarian, how dare you!"

It was three miles back to a farmhouse where the widow could hire a conveyance to take her home.

That night at ten o'clock, when the demure Estelle brought her newmade husband back and introduced him, the widow almost hugged him as she exclaimed:

"I'm glad of it! That keg washer of a brewer called me a dodo and my darling a—a cat!"

Part of the Role.

"Shall we pose as millionaires, or as foreign dukes at the hotel?"

"As the latter, my boy. As millionaires, we might be expected to display some evidences of wealth. But as dukes, nobody can possibly take it amiss if we skip."

Stolid Belgian Peasants

Aviator Sopwith describes in the London Times how he landed in Belgium after flying across the English channel in 22 minutes: "Making an aerial detour to avoid some hills, I endeavored to steer toward Chalons by the aid of a compass I carried with me, but I soon lost my way. Just as I was flying over a village about 800 feet high a very ugly gust caught my machine on one side and tilted it partly over. To my consternation the aeroplane refused to regain its normal position even when I exerted the full pressure of the small balancing planes fixed to the rear ends of the main planes. Just when I thought I should slide helplessly down through the air a field near a village presented itself. I planed down and sat still, quite exhausted. A Belgian peasant was working on the road near by. His nonchalance was amazing. He merely stopped his work in a leisurely way and gazed at me stolidly for several minutes. The apathy of the villagers, although they had never seen an aeroplane before, was indeed remarkable. Two old women to whose cottage I went did not appear at all astonished that I should have descended out of the air. All they wanted to know was what the weather was like in England."

A Helping Hand.

Aged Derelict—Excusin' the liberty of arskin' of a favor, mum, but would yer object to me committin' sooeyside in yer shed?

Soft-Hearted Woman—Poor man, you better come up to the house and I will give you the remains of my Christmas pudden.—Ideas.

You Can't Beat 'Em.

"What became of the pretty stenographer he had last year?"

"She asked him for an increase of salary and he wouldn't grant it."

"And she quit him, eh?"

"No, she married him."

MAKE CLOSET SPACE

ARRANGEMENT THAT GREATLY INCREASES CAPACITY.

Hangers That Can Be Lifted Up to the Ceiling Will Be Found of Much Value—Use for Old-Fashioned Secretary.

Help for dwellers in apartments whose closet room is congested comes in hangers that can be poked up to the ceiling. Therefore that space between the top and the line of hooks which hitherto has been wasted becomes of value by means of one or two rods stretched across about four inches below the ceiling. The value of this arrangement is not only in use of space that has been idle, but that long dresses may be hoisted so high that they are not in the way when entering the closet.

Whether one or two rods may be used in this fashion depends upon the depth of the closet. There must, however, be space enough to permit all garments being placed on coat hangers.

The racks which are to be skied are those ordinarily used, and to make the handling of garments placed so high easy there is a long stick, with a hook at the end, which may be used to lift clothes down and put them back without reaching.

The rods should be put across the closet, or from end to end, but arrangeemtns depend, somewhat upon the shape of the closet.

Needless to add such garments as are skied should be those not worn every day, and the stick for taking them down should be kept in the closet.

A woman who has lived for many years in an apartment finds an old-fashioned secretary a useful piece of furniture, because of the number of different articles it will hold. The lower section is always either drawers or a cupboard, and underclothes or other garments may be tucked away in such manner that they may be easily taken out. The top always has doors and shelves. If the doors are of glass thye can be backed by plain or figured silk, fulled on rods. In the hidden space thus arranged no end of articles, large and small, may be placed.

An old-fashioned bookcase, which begins at the floor, and is about five feet high, may be converted into a clothes closet.

The shelves may be removed and hooks put around the top, inside, so coats and skirts of any kind may be hung.

When serving a pineapple sherbet, add a spoonful of maraschino to each portion after putting it into the glass cups.

Boil the milk and the liquor of the oysters separately. Put them together boiling hot and the milk will not curdle.—Suburban Life.

Rich fruit cake has done service in an emergency as pudding and deceived the guests completely. The cake was steamed, cut in slices and served hot, with a rich plum pudding sauce.

If the cake frosting is too thin, put it in the sun, which will draw the water from the frosting; then put the frosting on the cake, set the cake in a hot oven for just a minute, and the frosting will harden.

When baking custards grate some chocolate over the top just before putting them into the oven. Those who like chocolate will find a delightfully brown and "crusty" coat over the custard when done, while the mass beneath will remain a clear gold color.

Baked Ham and Egg.

Chop or grind trimmings of cold ham; put a rounding tablespoon of butter into a saucepan and when melted stir in a level tablespoon of flour, a teaspoon of vinegar, a dash of cayenne and one-fourth level teaspoon of mustard; let cook until thick and simmer a little, then stir in as much ham as the seasoning will take up; stir until heated, turn into a baking dish and make several depressions in the top; into each hollow break one egg, dust with salt and set in the oven until the white of the egg is set; serve in same dish.

Roast Jigot of Mutton.

This may be done in an iron saucepan, and does not demand the attention that open fire roasting does. Warm the saucepan thoroughly and rub the bottom with a little butter. Then lay in the gigot, and turn it frequently till it is all nicely browned, then lift saucepan to the side of the fire and let it cook slowly till wanted. It may be salted by pouring salted water over it. Two hours should cook a seven-pound leg of mutton.

When Baking Cookies.

Whenever you are baking cookies pin a piece of muslin over the bread board, stretching it tight. Flour the muslin well and you can roll the dough as soft and thin as you please. A piece of muslin around the rolling pin is still another improvement.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Grate two cocoanuts, one-quarter pound butter, three-quarter pound sugar, yolks of four eggs; mix the butter and sugar, then stir in the cocoanut and add one and one-half pints milk; put a paste in the dish and bake in a moderate oven, but not too long.

Cream Rice.

Cook rice in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. Take as much as required for dessert and mix with a cupful of whipped and sweetened cream. Flavor with vanilla and set away in a cold place. This is simple, but is always satisfactory.

IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY IS SOON REALIZED

According to my experience I do not consider there is anything to equal Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for kidney affection. Twice it relieved me when I was completely helpless.

The last time I was traveling in Texas, when my kidneys became affected, and for ten days I suffered excruciating pain, accompanied with severe chills. Several years previous, having been relieved of a similar attack, I naturally sought relief as before, from Swamp-Root.

After using four of the large size bottles, I was completely restored and went on my way rejoicing and praising Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. This was three years ago, and I have had no indication of the return of the affliction.

Yours very truly,
J. C. SMITH, Jr.
Jackson, Tenn.

State of Tennessee
County of Madison
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of July, 1909.
P. C. STOVALL,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one dollar.

WISE GIRL.

"I suppose your sister is busily preparing for her wedding?"

"Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old letters."

CURED HER BABY OF ECZEMA

"I can't tell in words how happy the word 'Cuticura' sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another, but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming.

"For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years she was never without the terrible eruption, but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Householder, 2004 Wilhelm St., Baltimore, Md., May 10, 1910.

The Chief Need.

A pale, intellectual-looking chap, wearing eyeglasses and unshorn hair, visited Tom Volk, the athletic instructor not long ago and asked questions until the diplomatic athlete finally became weary.

"If I take boxing and wrestling lessons from you, will it require any particular application?" he asked.

"No," answered Vok, "but a little arnica will come in handy."—Cleveland Leader.

Simplicity of Expression.

A story was told on Martin Lomasney at the Cape Cod commercial travelers' dinner by Representative Pope of Leominster. "Last season Lomasney was seen talking to some one in one of the corridors, and as I passed I heard these words: 'Shall I write him?' 'No,' said Lomasney; 'never write a thing when you can talk, and never talk when you can nod your head.'"—Boston Record.

A Success.

Byker—I attended a successful sleight-of-hand performance last night.

Pyker—Really?

Byker—Yes. I lent a conjurer a counterfeit half dollar and he gave me back a good one.

Had His Uses.

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said the innocent bystander to the man behind the bass drum as the band ceased to play.

"No," admitted the drum-pounder; "but I drown a heap of bad."

Garfield Tea purifies the blood and eradicates rheumatism. It is made of Herbs.

Perhaps Mohammed went to the mountain because it was cheaper than spending his vacation at the seashore.

Itch Cured in 30 Minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Angelfood cakes seldom make boys angelic.

STRANGE ANGLE OF SIGHT

Happy but Perplexed Father Thought Himself the Possessor of Twins.

"There's nothing like temperance," said Mayor Shank at a temperance dinner in Indianapolis. "Take the case of John Humphreys.

"Humphreys, at a supper, drank more than was good for him, and arrived home at 2 a. m. in a rather unfortunate state.

"The family physician met him at the front door.

"'Humphreys,' he said, 'I congratulate you. You are a father again.'

"And the physician led Humphreys upstairs to the nursery, where the nurse proudly exhibited a fine infant.

"But Humphreys, instead of manifesting Rooseveltian joy, frowned, swore and left the room.

"The next morning, when he again saw the newborn child, he showed amazement and perplexity.

"'But, nurse,' he said, 'where is the other one?'"

Has an Old Relic of Washington.

One of the most interesting relics of George Washington is owned by the city of Salem. It is a medallion in wood, carved after a sketch from life. The same artist executed both sketch and carving, which gives the relic added value. He was Samuel McIntire, native genius with a gift for portraiture. He studied Washington when the father of his country visited Salem on his tour of the east, and made the medallion shortly afterward, to adorn the arch over the west entrance of Washington square, Salem. Here the effigy remained from 1807 until 1850, when the arch was taken down to give place to an iron fence, still in use.

This Washington relic is kept in the fireproof room at the Essex institute, Salem, where it is frequently studied by artists and others as an odd and striking likeness of the great American whom no two artists pictured alike.—Boston Globe.

Granite in the South.

When one speaks of granite the mind naturally reverts to Vermont. It is difficult to associate granite with any section of North America outside New England, yet it must now be acknowledged to the credit of the south that Georgia, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia are producing large quantities of stone of good quality which insures the south a place in the market at any rate.

The annual output is now worth about $3,500,000 and the industry is growing. It may be of comparative interest to know that New England's output is about $9,000,000 worth of stone annually.

ROOFING.

Galvanized Iron Corrugated and Crimp of best quality for barns, sheds, chicken houses and residences,—Fire and water proof, needs no paint, takes care of itself, will last for years. Get the best, all lengths, 5 to 12 feet. Full weight goods. Send this ad with order. PIDGEON-THOMAS IRON CO., "The Roofing Folks," 94, 96 N. 3d St., Memphis, Tenn.

His Wish Granted.

M. Jean Robie, the celebrated Belgian artist, died at Brussels the other week aged 89. He was the son of a blacksmith who worked at his father's forge early in life, and afterwards developed a taste for painting. M. Robie was also famous as a horticulturist, and was an authority on roses. He used to say: "I want to die among my roses," and his wish was fulfilled.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM Take the Old, Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 years. Price 50 cents.

Policy.

He—Darling I would die for you.

She—Dearest, do you carry much insurance?

Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlins Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

In the fulfillment of duty we have a sense of blessedness, even in hours of weariness and simple endurance.—Taylor.

Drink Garfield Tea at night! It insures normal action of liver, kidneys and bowels.

Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.—Seneca.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.
Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah J. Stuart, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 16.
Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Christina Reed, 105 Mound St.
Natick, Mass.—Mrs. Nathan B. Greaton, 51 North Main St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 1st St.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvena Sperling, 1468 Clybourne Ave.
Galena, Kan.—Mrs. R. R. Huey, 713 Mineral Av.
Victoria, Miss.—Mrs. Willie Edwards.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. W. H. Housh, 7 Eastview Ave.

Change of Life.
Epping, N. H.—Mrs. Celia E. Stevens.
Streator, Ill.—Mrs. J. H. Campbell, 206 North Second St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. Evens, 823 Halsey St.
Noah, Ky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Cathlamet, Wash.—Mrs. Elva Barber Edwards.
Circleville, Ohio.—Mrs. Alice Kirlin, 333 West Huston St.
Salem, Ind.—Mrs. Lizzie S. Hinkle, R.R. No. 3.
New Orleans, La.—Mrs. Gaston Blondeau, 1512 Terpsichore St.
Mishawaka, Ind.—Mrs. Chas. Bauer, Sr., 523 East Marion St.
Racine, Wis.—Mrs. Katie Kubik, R. 2, Box 51.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. P. Boyd, 2410 9th Av.

Maternity Troubles.
Bronaugh, Mo.—Mrs. D. F. Aleshire.
Phenix, R.I.—Mrs. Wm. O. King, Box 282.
Carlstadt, N.J.—Mrs. Louis Fischer, 32 Monroe St.
South Sanford, Me.—Mrs. Charles A. Austin.
Schenectady, N.Y.—Mrs. H. Porter, 782 Albany St.
Taylorville, Ill.—Mrs. Joe Grantham, 826 W. Vandevever St.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Sophia Hoff, 515 McMicken Ave.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. M. Johnston, 210 Siegel St.

Backache.
Peoria, Ill.—Mrs. Clara L. Gauwitz, R. R. No. 4, Box 62.
Augusta, Mo.—Mrs. Winfield Dana, R. F. D. 2.
St. Paul, Minn.—Mrs. B. M. Schorn, 1063 Woodbridge St.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Mrs. G. Leiser, 5219 Kinkaid St., E. E.
Kearney, Mo.—Mrs. Thomas Asburry.
Blue Island, Ill.—Mrs. Anna Schwartz, 328 Grove St.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R.F.D 2.

Operations Avoided.
Sikeston, Mo.—Mrs. Dema Bethune.
Gardiner, Me.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, 142 Washington Ave.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Ahrens, 2239 W. 21st St.
Bellevue, Ohio.—Mrs. Edith Wieland, 238 Monroe St.
DeForest, Wis.—Mrs. Auguste Vespermann.
Dexter, Kansas.—Mrs. Lizzie Scott.

Organic Displacements.
Black Duck, Minn.—Mrs. Anna Anderson, Box 19.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R.F.D. 1.
Trenton, Mo.—Mrs. W. T. Purnell, 307 Lincoln Avenue.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. Ella Johnston, 289 Liberty St.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 2052 Ogden Avenue.

Painful Periods.
Caledonia, Wis.—Mrs. Ph. Schattner, R.R. 14, Box 54.
Adrian, Mo.—Mrs. C. B. Mason, R.R. No. 2.
N. Oxford, Mass.—Miss Amelia Duso, Box 14.
Baltimore, Ohio.—Mrs. A. A. Balenger, R.F.D. 1.
Negaunee, Mich.—Mrs. Mary Sedlock, Box 1273.
Orrville, Ohio.—Mrs. E. F. Wagner, Box 629.
Atwater, Ohio.—Miss Minnie Muelhaupt.
Prairie du Chien, Wis.—Mrs. Julia Konicheck, R. No. 1.

Irregularity.
Buffalo, N.Y.—Mrs. Clara Darbrake, 17 Marlemont St.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal, R.R. No. 7.
St. Regis Falls, N.Y.—Mrs. J. H. Breyere.
Grayville, Ill.—Mrs. Jessie Schaar, Box 23.
Hudson, Ohio.—Mrs. Geo. Strickler, R. No. 5, Box 32.

Ovarian Trouble.
Murrayville, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Moore, R. R. 3.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2219 N. Mole St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St., North.
Hudson, Ohio.—Mrs. Lena Carmocino, R.F.D. 7.
Westwood, Md.—Mrs. John F. Richards.
Benjamin, Mo.—Mrs. Julia Frantz, R.F.D. 1.

Female Weakness.
W. Terre Haute, Ind.—Mrs. Artie E. Hamilton.
Elmo, Mo.—Mrs. A. C. DaVault.
Lawrence, Iowa.—Mrs. Julia A. Snow, R. No. 3.
Utica, Ohio.—Mrs. Mary Earlwine, R. F. D. 3.
Bellevue, Ohio.—Mrs. Charley Chapman, R.F. D. No. 7.
Elgin, Ill.—Mrs. Henry Leiseberg, 743 Adams St.
Schaefferstown, Pa.—Mrs. Cyrus Hetrich.
Cresson, Pa.—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey.
Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. Idella A. Dunham, Box 152.

Nervous Prostration.
Knoxville, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Franks, R.F.D. 3.
Oromogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N.J.—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Avenue.
Muddy, Ill.—Mrs. May Nolen.
Brookville, Ohio.—Mrs. R. Kinnison.
Fitchville, Ohio.—Mrs. C. Cole.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Frank Clark, 2416 E. Allegheny Ave.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any stage are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and $1 a bottle; $5 and $10 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

Chemists and Bacteriologists SPOHN MEDICAL CO., GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

A Country School for Girls in New York City

Best Features of Country and City Life

Out-of-door Sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Full Academic Course from Primary Class to Graduation. Upper Class for Advanced Special Students, Music and Art. Certificate admits to College. School Coach Meets Day Pupils. Miss Bangs and Miss Whiton, Riverdale Ave., near 252d St., West

Always Worrying.

The late John H. Barker of Michigan City, who left a fortune of over $30,000,000 to his 14-year-old daughter, was strongly opposed to speculation.

"Do not speculate," Mr. Barker once said in an address to young men. "Speculators stand on shaky ground. They know no peace."

Mr. Barker smiled.

"In fact," he said, "a speculator is always worrying about the money market, while his wife is always worrying about the market money."

His Labor-Saving Device.

"I have discovered a great labor-saving device."

"I always said you were a genius. What is it?"

"I'm going to marry Miss Bullion, the heiress."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Reforms come slowly because we all would rather wield the ax than bear the knife.

Constipation is an avoidable misery—take Garfield Tea, Nature's Herb laxative.

Some tombstone inscriptions are too good to be true.

PRESIDENT GUARANTEED WORK SHIRT

REGULAR 50c EXTRA SPECIAL $1.00

The regular 50c President Shirt has pleased over 2 Million wearers—that's why we are now making the Extra Special President at a $1, an even more remarkable value. Both shirts represent Real shirt economy and satisfaction. Made in a variety of fast color patterns of strong, wear-resisting materials and backed by our Guarantee.

Your dealer can supply you; if not send us his name, your collar size with price in stamps for sample shirt and book of new patterns.

The President Shirt Co. 110 W. Fayette Street Baltimore, Md.

REST AND HEALTH

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