MUNYON'S PAW PAW

TO THE PUBLIC:

Knowing that I have found a positive cure for dyspepsia and most stomach and nerve troubles I do not hesitate to urge every sufferer to try this new vegetable pepsin.

I know that it will cure Dyspepsia.

I know that it will cure Nervousness.

I know that it will cure Sleeplessness.

I know that it will give strength to the weak.

I know it by the testimony of hundreds of people that it has cured.

I know it so surely and believe in it so completely that I have put my reputation and my fortune behind it.

I want the public to know it as I know it, and believe in it as I believe in it.

I value your confidence and respect more than I value your money.

I earnestly ask every doctor, every chemist, every scientist to carefully investigate the merits of this medicine and then honestly tell the public the truth about it.

I want every dyspeptic to try Paw Paw. No matter what remedies you may have taken or what doctors you have consulted; no matter how many years you have suffered, get a bottle and see how speedily you will be benefited and how quickly you will be cured.

I want every irritable person, every nervous person, every weak person, every person who cannot sleep to get a bottle of Paw Paw. Take it according to directions and notice how quickly it will soothe and calm the nerves; how soon it will give vigor and strength to the whole system, and enable you to sleep restfully and soundly.

Don't take whisky! Don't take beer! Don't take narcotics, which are worse than either of them. Remember Paw Paw exhilerates but does not intoxicate. It lifts you out of despondency into the high altitude of hope and holds you there. Set aside all drugs, all medicines, all stimulants, and give Paw Paw a fair trial, and I believe you will have cause to give your heartfelt thanks to

Yours Very Truly,
MUNYON.

Large bottles can be had at any drug store, $1 per bottle. Paw Paw Laxative Pills, for those who need a gentle laxative or an active cathartic, 25c per bottle.

WELLMAN'S LECTURE

It Will Be Given in Y. M. C. A. Course To-morrow Evening.

Walter Wellman, who lectures to-morrow evening in the Y. M. C. A. course on "Behind the Scenes at Washington," has a reputation as an Arctic explorer somewhat dimmed by his later glory as a newspaper correspondent.

In 1894 Wellman organized and led an expedition to the Arctic regions. His steamer was crushed by the ice and sank near Spitzenbergen. After exciting adventures and interesting explorations the party returned safely. A more ambitious effort was organized in 1898. The winter was spent in Franz Joseph's land. Save for an accident Wellman would undoubtedly have approached nearer the pole than any previous explorer. An advance of one degree in latitude was made, and extensive exploration of unknown parts of the archipelago.

As a Washington correspondent Walter Wellman became known as a fair, impartial, fearless writer, always without bias.

Tickets for the third entertainment should be presented at the door. Seats are on sale at the Metropolitan Music store.

CATHODE RAYS

Pierces Metal as a Mauser Bullet Penetrates Wood.

Contemporary Review.

The nature of the Becquerel rays themselves is a matter of deep interest to physicists, and a brief description is necessary. Their most remarkable property is that they are deviated out of the straight lines in which they travel by a magnet, and this behavior is like that of the cathode ray which Sir William Crookes obtained from his vacuum tubes nearly thirty years ago. This is, the rays consist, according to the now accepted explanation, of swarms of minute particles of matter traveling in straight lines from their source with a velocity approaching that of light, and each particle carries with it a charge of electricity. From their minuteness and speed they are able to penetrate metals and matter, in general, which is opaque to light. A Mauser bullet piercing a thickset hedge is a fair analogy of a cathode ray penetrating a piece of metal. No one who has seen these cathode rays driving a windmill inside a vacuum tube, or heating a thick piece of platinum to whiteness by their impact, can fail to be impressed by the energy they possess. But whereas the Crookes tube works under the influence of electrical forces of great intensity and power, in the radio elements the same phenomena are produced by itself and goes on working, sublimely indifferent to known forces, apparently for ever and ever.

Baby Mine

Every mother feels a great dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of misery. **Mother's Friend** is the only remedy which relieves women of the great pain and danger of maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of **Mother's Friend.** "It is worth its weight in gold," says many who have used it. $1.00 per bottle at drug stores. Book containing valuable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address free upon application to

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend

BEAR TO RESCUE OF YOUNG LOVERS

Unreasonable Father Forced to Yield to the Inevitable—One Way of Gaining a Point—Walking Boss Wins Out Easily Against the Lawyer.

W'en a chip o' th' old block goes up 'ginst th' block, you bet your neck there's a game wuth seein.'
—Philosophy of Colonel Wheaton.

"It was 'long way back in th 'old times down on th' Wiscone, lemme hee! Lemme se-e-e! Oh, well, twus 'bout th' time o' the cold year w'en old Antwine Devilbear—anyway he was 'n old Frenchman, 'n' that's 's near 's I kin come to pronouncin' his name—froze both feet, 'n' hands to boot, follerin' th' old buck they called the devil, 'n' then didn't git 'im 'cause I butted in, 'n' had 'im hung up 'fore old Antwine foun' out where he was at."

The colonel needs no introduction to Journal readers, and I have little need to say that he is speaking. "There was a whole passel o' folks come up that year to hunt 'ith me, 'n' my brother Bob. Highrollers they was, ev'ry one of 'em,, but they was the real thing in hunters, too. Ev'ry one of 'em had made his money hard, like they done in them times, 'n' ev'ry one took what was comin' as he went along, 'n' knowed blame nigh as much 'bout gittin' 'roun' in the woods 's me 'n' Bob di. There wasn't only one woman in the gang, 'n' she was a corker all right. She was the daughter of old Jim Clearstuff who'd stole gov'ment pine till he had a bank roll big 'nuff to choke a whole stockyard full o' cows, 'n' hadn't never got ketched at it once.

"One time old Jim he was loggin' way up Pine, 'n' some heirs of a big estate they got to fightin' over the split-up, 'n' went into court with nobody to look after the timber. More 'n a hundred million of it there was, 'n' them bughouse heirs lived back east, 'n' lawed fer five year 'fore they got it settled. Meantime old Jim cut ev'ry stick of that pine, 'n' got rich quicker'n old John D. Said he'd learn them fools better'n to go to law foolish, 'n' he did done it to, you bet your neck. Ketch 'im! 'Course they didn't ketch 'im! 'N' wat good 'd ketchin' 'im a done, anyhow? He'd a proved a alibi 't they'd ketched 'im in the act, 'n' that country was 150 miles west o' th' law in them times, anyway.

'N' this gal o' old Jim's 'at was 'long o' the crowd, she was th' only chick er child he had, 'n' 's he was a widderer to boot, he thought more o' her than anything he owned, lest it was his money, 'n' pret' nigh's much 's he did o' that. But him 'n her was lockin' horns 'bout that time good 'n plenty. Old Jim had a walkin boss who'd worked fer him ever since he was a kid 'n' used to live at his house, 'n do chores fer his board while he went to school w'en there was any school; 'n' then up in the woods 'n' on th' drive, 'n' in the mill soon's old Jim got so's he could own a mill, 'n worked right up, becauz he had the sand 'n' git thar to do it. 'N' he growed up 'ith old Jim's gal, right in th' same house,'n' 'fore they knowed it they was head over heels in love 'ith each other 'n' ready to line up for the minister right off the reel.

"Old Jim he was busy makin' money, 'n' didn't ketch on a little bit till jest before they come out on this hunt, 'n' was so far off s'pectin' that he asked the walkin' boss 'long. Bob Bruce was his name, he said he'd come too quick, 'n' he did come, 'n' it was in Milwaukee where the crowd got together that old Jim he ketched on. He mebbe wouldn't a kicked if Bob had a told him 'bout it 'fore he got so rich, but he'd sent th' gal off to Chico, 'n' had her high edicated, 'n' he figgered on marryin' her to a young lawyer, son o' some other rich old duck he knowed.

"'Course I sympathized 'ith Bob, 'n offered to lose the lawyer in the woods, er shoot him accidental, but he wouldn't have it that way a tall. Said he'd git th' girl all right, 'spite er old Jim, er old devil, but th' old man's stake was too big to let go w'ile there was any chanst o' cinchin' it. Said he meant to hang on to th' very last 'fore he made any play that would force him to break off 'ith th' old man for good, 'n' so lose a show fer th' boodle.

"Them Scotch-blooded fellers's heads is ginnerally's level they are built, you bet your neck. Old Jim'd forbid Bob to monkey'roun' th' gal whiles they were out campin', 'n' he'd been fool nuff to tell th' gal, too, she'd have to give Bob th' go by, 'n' take up 'ith th' lawyer. I'd a thought he'd a knowed that since Eve et th' apple the surest way to git a woman to do anything's to tell her she shan't. This lawyer, he was a good looker, all right, but he warn't more'n a 150-pound man, 'n' Bob was a six-foot, 190-pounder, 's limber's a eel, 's quick's a bobcat, 'n' 's strong's a bull moose. 'Sides that he was as good lookin's Uncle Sam's best gal on a twenty-dollar gold piece, 'n' no woman 'at wasn't blind 'd a shook 'im fer's little 'r chap as ih' lawyer, 'special if her dad ordered her to.

"Well, we went out to a old camp that old Jim had sent out a crew of men to, 'n' had it fixed up fine, 'ith a room partitioned off fer his gal, 'n' tables, 'n' sofys, 'n' rockin' cheers put in like a reg'lar hotel, 'n' we was fixed fer a hunt in good shape, I tell you. They'd fetched a coon 'long to cook, 'n' me'n Bob, my brother, we didn't have nothin' to do but help 'em git game.

"This lawyer chap he was along, too, 'n he wan't a bad sort of chap either, come to know him, but first off he give me a pain in th' stummick. Come out to our place togged out in a plug hat, 'n' a biled shirt, 'n' puttin' on more style 'n' the nigger barber at Stevens Point, 'n' you couldn't pass him 'thout battin' your eyes like the sun was shinin' right inter 'em.

"I ketched on right off that somepin was out o' trim w'en I heerd old Jim call Bob Mr. Bruce, 'n' I boned Bob 'bout it fust time I got a chanst to speak to him private. He told me old Jim 'd ketched 'im huggin' 'n' kissin' th' gal at th' hotel in Milwaukee where the crowd met, 'n' he'd called 'im down hard about it. Said old Jim told 'im he'd passed his word to this lawyer chap's daddy that him 'n' the gal would marry each other, so's to unite both piles, 'n' make a great big one in one fambly..

"They got it, too, you bet. The gal she could shoot like a good one, 'n' she didn't shoot no kindergarten popgun, neither. She had a regular rifle, man's size, 'at kicked like a mule, 'n' she could shoot a d—d sight better 'n her dad, w'ich old sport allers got excited 'n' nervous w'en deer showed up. All the time he was out old Jim was herdin' Bob Bruce off'n his gal, 'n' tho he didn't know it, he was a playin' right inter Bob's han' adoin' that, fer any fool knows a woman's boun' ter get anything you tell her she sh'n't have. Old Jim'd knowed that, too, 't'f been anybody else's gal, but bein' his'n he forgot, jes like a man allers does 'bout his own children.

"Well, final, 'bout the day 'fore Thanksgivin', Bob he comes to me 'n' asks me to tote th' old man off the nex' day 't it could be worked, fer he was agoin' back day after turkey day, 'n' wanted to git a good talk 'ith th' gal. So I put's it upto th' crowd thet we take a lunch 'ith us in th' mornin', hunt all day, 'n' have a big dinner at night, same's hightoned folks does on sech occasions, 'n they all agreed. Then I tells old Jim private that I 'm onto a place where he may mebbe might git a bear, tho I didn't ever hear of one anywhere nigh there, 'n' he swallowed it like pie, 'n' me'n him got away f'm the crowd, 'n' off by our lonesome early, him clean forgittin' th' gal.

"I walked him all over th' woods, thru all the swamps, 'n' other bad places I could sight, 'n' longer 'bout noon I had him plum outer wind, 'n' hungry 'n' cross's a bear 'ith a sore head. So I proposed to him to set down 'n' rest a bit, 'n' eat a lunch where we was, 'n' I'd scout about a little, 'n' look up a good bear place, 'n' come back fer him.

"Where I lef' him was a place where five er six big pines hed blowed down 'n' lef' their roots stickin' up twenty feet in th' air like they allers do w'en they're blowed over, 'n' he set down on one of them trees 'ith his back 'gainst th' roots, 'n' I piked off'n lef' him.

"I didn't go not ten rod 'fore I walked right onto Bob Bruce'n th' gal snuggled up 'mong some more of them big roots where nobody couldn't see 'em, 'n' they was so busy they couldn't break away 'fore I was right onto 'em. But shucks! They knowed I was all right, 'n' wouldn't squeal, 'n' jus' then anyhow we heerd th' old man's gun go off twice, 'n' then him a hollerin' fer help like a fog horn. We started to-'rd 'm, 'n' I was goin' to run, but the gal she says: 'Hol' on! Don't you be in no rush,' she says; 'les' see w'at dad's up agin',' she says. So we got up in easy sight, 'n' old Jim was up agin' the real thing, you bet your neck.

"He was up top of them roots, 'n' them a bendin', 'n' a crackin' 'ith his heft, 'n' on the trunk of the tree was th' durndest, biggest old he bear ever you see, a-reachin' out after him, 'n' only jus' not able to claw him by 'bout four inches. I could see old Jim, he'd drapped his gun, 'n' more too that them dry roots wouldn't hold him up outer the bear's reach more'n a few minutes, 'n' I upped my gun to shoot. But th' gal she choked me off agin, 'n' w'ispered to me to hold on th' bear, but keep out of th' old man's sight till she spoke to him, so me'n Bob we squatted down, 'n' that gal stepped out bolder'n brass, 'n' hailed her daddy.

"'Say, pa,' she hollered, "what'll you give me to plug 'im?' she says.

"Anything on earth,' old Jim he hollers back: 'Fer God's sake shoot quick, fer I feel them d—d roots agivin',' he says.

"'Well, I want Bob Bruce, with your blessin,' th' gal says: 'Do I git 'em, fer it's both er nothin'?'

"Jus' then crack! goes a root, 'n' old Jim settled down 'most 'ithin th' old bear's reach.

"'Yes, yes! You do, er any other d—d thing you want! But shoot, shoot you d—d fool, er it'll be too late.'

"An' the gal' n' me both let go right there, 'n' Mr. Bear went off th' tree, 'n' out in less'n no time. 'N' old Jim comes down 'n' rubs the cramp out'n his laigs, looks at th' gal hard, 'n' says: 'Well! I be d—d! That's all. He didn't make no more kick ever I heerd of.

"Where th' bear come f'um was too many fer me, but old Jim said he kinder dozed off, bein' tired, 'n' first thing he knowed he woke up, 'n' seen him walkin' by a weavin' his head f'um side to side, 'n' he up, 'n' let go at him twice, only hittin' him hard enough to make him fightin' mad. The bear put after him, 'n' he drapped his gun w'en he got up to reach the roots, 'n' 't we hadn't a butted in th' bear ud 'a got him sure. —C. C. Kelly.

ST. ANTHONY PARK

The L. B. T. V. club was entertained Monday afternoon by Miss Pauline Berenham.

The Young People's Card club will be entertained Saturday evening by George Williams of Raymond avenue.

Mrs. E. E. Clark of Pelham street, entertained the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Ada Weed and Miss Cora Weed of Spring Valley, Minn., are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Fryckberg of Manvel street.

Mrs. Mills and son of Rochester are guests of their cousins Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cudworth.

Mrs. Mason and Miss Maud Mason have returned from Vermont.

The Household Economic division of the St. Anthony Park Woman's association, met last week at the home of Mrs. F. C. Genge. The Abt quartet gave some musical numbers. Professor Harry Snyder gave a paper on "Food Values."

Mrs. M. A. Jones entertained the whist club Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Stephenson entertained Dr. and Mrs. Balcome, the Messrs. Williams, the Messrs. Halstead, Misses Avis and Ethel Hall, Mason and Bercham, at dinner and at finch Friday evening, in honor of Miss Jennie Willis and Harold Stevenson.

Professor Lange has sold his residence, and Mrs. Lange and children will spend the winter in California.

The Royal Hungarian Court orchestra gave a concert Monday evening at Pendergast hall, under the auspices of the Students' Lecture Bureau.

Mrs. Margaret J. Biair addressed the Farmers' club, at Redwood Falls, Friday, on "Industrial Work in the Schools."

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Willington entertained Wednesday evening in honor of their niece, who is visiting them.

Professor and Mrs. S. B. Green entertained about fifty of the alumni of the state agricultural school, who are now taking university courses, last Saturday evening. The rooms were decorated with chrysanthemums and carnations.

Professor Andrew Boss, with two carloads of stock from the state farm, is in Chicago at the National Fine Stock exhibit. The senior class of Minnesota Agricultural school went to the exhibit to do practice work in scoring and judging stock.

A PRIVATE OPINION.

Baltimore American.

Mrs. Hornihand—I sea hyer where they've went an' formed a boys' brigade.

Farmer Hornihand—For goodness sakes, don't let our boy Joe see that piece.

Mrs. Hornihand—Why, Silas?

Farmer Hornihand—He's got too much of a leanin' toward military life now, seein' that he's been a-soldierin' on that job o' corn cuttin' fer th' last two weeks.

QUITE OFTEN SO.

Washington Star.

"Aim high," said the successful business man.

"That's jest like a feller that don't know nothin' 'bout shootin'," commented the backwoodsman. "Most every boy with his first gun aims so derned high he don't git nothin', an' it looks to me like it's that way in business sometimes."

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Chicago News.

"And every night," said the guide who was conducting a party of tourists thru an ancient castle, "the ghost appears as the clock strikes 12 and groans and wrings its hands in anguish."

"Huh," exclaimed the irreverent globe trotter. "His ghostship must have been a victim to the turbulent cucumber."

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EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

Little tubes of tissue to draw draughts of pleasure thro.

"MOGUL SMOKE MAKES EGYPTIAN SMOKERS"

10 for 15 Cents. Cork Tips or Plain.

Sabe the Coupons

HAMLINE

Mrs. McKinstry will spend Thanksgiving in Amboy.

The debating society of Hancock School meets Friday evening.

Mrs. E. J. Funk of Los Angeles, has been a recent guest of Hamline friends.

Miss Margaret Cowan of Webster, S. D., attended the Taylor-Cowan wedding on Friday.

Mrs. William E. Brink is entertaining her sister, Miss Luella Webb of Delano.

Miss Edith Montgomery of Owatonna, is spending a few days in Hamline.

Miss Nina Whitman entertained the Okiyaka club of Hamline Monday at her home in St. Anthony Park.

The Sophomore class of Hamline university will give its annual reception and banquet in honor of the senior class Thursday evening, Dec. 3.

A course of six lectures was delivered last week at the Hamline Methodist church by Dr. Charles Horswell of Chicago. The subject was "The Gospels and the Sermon on the Mount."

"Assyrian and Egyptian Art," was the subject of the first lecture given in the university chapel by Professor Maria Sanford of the state university, Saturday evening.

The Philomathean society entertained the Browning society Thursday evening at the home of Burton Boyer, in honor of Arthur Manuel, who won the grand diamond medal at Cincinnati last week.

Mrs. Reed Johnson was hostess at a luncheon Friday for Mrs. Fred M. Grant, who leaves this week for California.

The marriage of Miss Helena Maude Taylor to Joseph Allen Cowan of Canton, S. D., took place Friday evening at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Wingard on Simpson avenue. Dr. R. N. Avison of the Methodist church performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Wingard, and was attended by her little niece, Leona Wingard, as flower girl. Miss Elsie Williams of Minneapolis played the Lohengrin wedding march.

GETTING EVEN.

Chicago News.

"I understand," said a stranger at the reception, "that Miss Caustique is the belle of the season."

"She's the belle of two seasons at least," replied a former masculine admirer who had been left at the post. "She has a peppery tongue and a vinegary face."

JOLLY IDEA.

Philadelphia Press.

Mother—Oh, you dirty boy, look at those finger-nails of yours. Gracious. There's enough dirt there to plant pototaes in.

Tommy—Oh, ma, let's try it.

THE MENU AND THE MAN.

Yonkers Statesman.

Church—Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are.

Gotham—Well, I eat hash at Mixum's restaurant.

"Then you'r ea fool."

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To sweeten,
To refresh,
To cleanse the system,
Effectually and Gently;

Dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated;
For men, women and children;

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