



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lilydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy Wise Temple, and Member of W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but I built me up and cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female troubles, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—MRS. ELIZABETH H. THOMPSON, Box 105, Lilydale, N.Y.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter produced.

Unflattering Smile.
In the smoking room of the Oceanic a number of Americans were talking about promptness and punctuality, according to the Baltimore Herald, when Clarence Mastic said:
"Punctuality is a virtue that we may insist on gracefully as a rule. In one case, though, it is ungraceful and unkind to demand punctuality with any emphasis."
"This odd fact was brought home to me at the London zoo. I visited the zoo with one of the fellows of the Zoological Society last month, and in the magnificent carnivora house we found ourselves, at the feeding hour, wedged in a corner behind an old man and a little boy.
"A terrific and continuous roaring reverberated through the building, and I heard the old man say to his charge: "Don't be frightened, Herbert. The lions are about to be fed. That is what makes them roar so."
"Oh, I ain't frightened," returned the little boy. "Father goes on just like that when his meals ain't ready."

'Twas Badly Jumbled.
While Secretary Hay was in the country one summer an important piece of official business was pending, relates the Argonaut, and he arranged with Washington that any news that might arrive concerning the matter should be telegraphed to him in cipher. Day after day he waited, but no telegram came. One morning, happening to go to the lonely little telegraph office, he said to the operator:
"I suppose you have received no dispatch for me?"
"Why, yes, etc.," the operator replied, "there was a dispatch for you the other day, but it was all twisted and confused, and I couldn't make heads or tails of it, so I didn't think it was any use to send it up to you."

A Moral Lesson Spelled.
King Canute was just about to convey a striking moral lesson to his deeply interested courtiers, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Waving his scepter at the advancing waves, he harshly bade them recede."
"Why don't they recede?" inquired a courtier present.
"Because," replied the wise old monarch as he hastily hitched his chair out of the wet, "because they are tide."
And he let it go at that.

An Open Secret.
"Ah, madam!" sighed the artless young bud, I would be loved as you are loved. Monsieur tells me it is yourself who knows the alphabet of Charm."
"My child," whispered the white-haired, wrinkled belle of 70 years, "eliminate every 'I' from your conversation and, instead, substitute 'You.' That is the whole secret."

WHAT'S THE USE
To Keep a "Coffee Complexion."
A lady says: "Postum has helped my complexion so much that my friends say I am growing young again. My complexion used to be coffee colored, maddly and yellow, but it is now clear and rosy as when I was a girl. I was induced to try Postum by a friend who had suffered just as I had suffered from terrible indigestion, palpitation of the heart and sinking spells.
"After I had used Postum a week I was so much better that I was afraid it would not last. But now two years have passed and I am a well woman. I owe it all to leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.
"I had drunk coffee all my life. I suspected that it was the cause of my trouble, but it was not until I actually quit coffee and started to try Postum that I became certain; then all my troubles ceased and I am now well and strong again." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
There's a reason.
Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

SUNSHINE.
I do not know what aches there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir,
A little when we turned to go;
I think I saw the grasses sway
As if they tried to kiss your feet—
And yet it seemed like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!
I think it must have been in May;
I think the sunlight must have shone;
I know a scent of springtime lay
Across the fields; we were alone.
We went together, you and I,
How could I look beyond your eyes?
If you were only standing by
I did not miss the skies!
I could not tell if evening glowed,
Or noonday heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road;
I only watched your face, until
I knew it was the gladiolus day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!
—Audrey Newton, in Pearson's.

The Reclaiming of Nick Bentley

By A. C. CALDWELL

NICK BENTLEY stalked into the "XLER" saloon and slammed the door behind him. The "barkeep" looked over at him and grinned a grin that was intended to pass for a bland smile. "Hello, Nick," said he, "what'll ye nick neither turned his head nor looked up. His hat was jammed down over his eyes, and the visible part of his face wore a dark frown. He walked to the stove, ran his hands deep into the pockets of his riding overalls and stood looking at the floor.
Three or four men were gathered at a card table near by. One of them glanced up at Nick. "Hello, Nick," said he: "sit into the game?"
"Can't," said Nick, sourly; "I'm broke."
"Broke!" echoed the crowd, and there was a laugh. "Come, Nick," said one, banteringly; "that's a pretty good joke. Won't you tell the boys what you raked in here and go home last?"
"Or the little stack you lifted a week ago down to Barber's?" put in another.
"I see," said Nick, in mock compassion. "You fellows set there with your noses over them greasy, calker-backs all day long, an' don't get to hear no news; so I reckon I'll have to tell ye. First place, then, old Mortenson got a notion 'twas me that took them horses he'd been lookin' for; second place, he told the court so; third place, the larned jury said I'd have to stay 'round pretty close till court met next summer, an' that it was a case of put up or be shut up, an' as I don't care to board at the little hotel with the high winders, I had to drop my wand. See?"
"You don't say!" said one. "What a shame!" said another; and a third said: "Well, sit in anyhow, Nick; I'll stake you."
"No," said Nick; "don't want to play. I'm tired. Was up all last night. I'll rest a bit, an' then go home," and he threw down his coat for a pillow, and curled up on the floor behind the stove.
He did not know how long afterward it was that he opened his eyes and stared around. His friends had left the card table, and two others sat there. They were talking in low tones, and the voices were strange to him. One lamp still burned on the other side of the room, but as he lay in the shadow of the stove, the strangers were probably unaware of his presence.
"Yes," said one; "he's got the money on him, all right. You know, he's treasurer for this Stockman's concern. Well, they turned over some funds to him to put in the bank, an' the bank ben' closed, he just took the wad home with him. 'Twould be safe enough, he said; nobody knowed had it. He'd bank it to-morrow."
The other man bit the end off of a cigar. "Yes," said he; "it'll be safe enough. Ha, ha, ha. He'll never get past them willows on Waterhole creek with it, though. Them fellers down there will see to that." He reached over and struck a match on the stove, and as it flickered up he caught sight of Nick's boots.
"Hello," said he, in a startled voice, "what's this?"
The other made a hurried investigation, but Nick remained silent, breathing heavily; he was apparently reassured. "A drunk," was his comment. "Guess he's safe."
"We can't take no chances, though," was the answer. "He might wake up. Let's go down to Barber's, and the strangers got up and walked out.
For some time Nick lay there in silence. "Luck's turned my way," was his first thought. "They'll slug old Mortenson, an' then they'll be on prosecution, an' my case'll be dropped. If the feller's that's been duffin' all the holdin' up 'round here lately they'll be no tales told when they get through with him. All I've got to do is to keep still."
But keeping still did not prove so easy, and in a very short time he got up and walked out. There was a light in the store where Mortenson was in the habit of trading, and thither he went. There he learned that Mortenson had driven out about a quarter of an hour previous. "Plenty of time to head him off," thought Nick; then he stood a moment irresolute.
His grievance against Mortenson rose up in his mind, and with it, others. Once he had been an honest cowboy, now he was a gambler and roustabout, picking up a living as best he might, and what had brought him to it? This same Stockman's union, of which Mortenson was a leading member, and whose money even then he (Nick) was planning to save. They had made him what he was, and brought similar troubles to others that he knew, by their infamous system of "black-listing," which made it impossible for a cowboy to get employment again when discharged by one of their number, for any offense, however slight.
This all came back to him, and he smiled bitterly. Then he threw up his head, settled his big hat firmly upon it, and strode down the street. "Can't help it," he said to himself. "I'll play a square game, if they haven't. I won't see a man downed without a fair shake if he has played me low."
He went to the shed where he had left his horse, and led him out. He lightened his cinches, carefully examined his big Coits six-shooters, then mounted and

galloped away, leaving the trail and taking a shorter course across the prairie.
About an hour later he struck the trail again on the crest of a little hill, and reined in his panting horse. Before him the ground sloped away to the gully or "draw" known as Wa'-rhole creek, and just where the trail crossed the ravine stood a thick clump of willows. Beneath these, as Nick well knew, were hiding two or more desperate men—men who would hesitate at nothing, well-armed and bent on robbery. And these men he had come to capture, single-handed, to save an enemy!
Nick dismounted and hung his reins on his saddle horn. "Hate to run you into danger, old boy," he said, patting the horse's neck, "but I've got to keep 'em lookin' this way. Go home, old fellow. Steady now," and the horse walked off down the trail. Nick loosened his big, jangling spurs, and threw them by the roadside. Then he slipped away down a small ravine which joined the creek just beyond the clump of willows.
Half an hour later Mr. Mortenson reined in his team near the crossing and stared in surprise at the sight before him. Two masked men stood beside the road, with their hands held high above their heads and their eyes fixed on a pair of huge revolvers, which gleamed brightly in the moonlight in the hands of a third man.
"Nick Bentley!" ejaculated Mortenson, as his eyes fell upon the latter.
"At yer service, 'quire," was the cool reply. "Jest step down and fasten the gent's hands, will ye? They're tired of holdin' 'em up."
Mortenson did as he was bid.
"Now you better look 'em onto your backboard an' trot 'em back to town, an' thank yer lucky stars that I found 'em afore you did. Their guns is under the trees thar, some'ers, where they dropped 'em. You'll find a couple of their pair hangin' out at Barber's, if ye go hearful an' don't skeer 'em."
Mortenson climbed to his seat and took up the lines. "Nick," said he, in a husky voice, "come into Willett's about two o'clock to-morrow. We've got something to settle with you."
There was a plenty of gossip stirring in Plainfield the following morning. "Squire Mortenson had come near bein' robbed and murdered," and Nick Bentley, a man he had accused of "rustling," had saved him. Four desperate men, whose liberty had been a menace to the stockmen, had been arrested, and this, too, was due to Nick. Now, rumor said, the delegates to the local Stockman's union were to meet the hero of the hour that afternoon at Willett's store, ready to reward him, generously, in true western style, in whatever way he might choose, and there was much speculation as to what he would accept. Some thought he would take land; others, cattle, and still others that he would prefer a cash reward.
At half-past one the delegates arrived, and allowed their way through the gathering crowd in front of Willett's. A little later Nick Bentley dismounted from his powerful gray, and threw his reins on the ground, and the crowd fell back respectfully as he stalked into the store.
Then the president of the union arose and made a little speech, in which he briefly stated the facts, and announced that inasmuch as the union felt under deep obligations to Nick, they were desirous of publicly rewarding him in whatever way he saw fit, and requested him to name his choice.
Nick's reply was something of a surprise. "Well, gents," said he, "you might begin by givin' me back what you'd no right to take away—my character."
"The charge against you shall be withdrawn, quickly," said Mortenson, quickly.
"That ain't all," said Nick. "It was you fellers that made me what I am, a gambler, by your infernal black-listin', an' not only me, but others. Thar's Jack McGuire, an' Bill Sykes, an' Terry Sioane, all hands, all of 'em, an' you know it, workin' 'round at odd jobs at starvation wages, because you black-listed 'em, an' that for next to nothin' an' ye know that, too. Take their names off your black-list, or don't talk about reward to me."
It was a scathing rebuke, and the delegates winced under it. One of them, Mr. Kirby, a dapper little man with a peppery temper, was the first to speak. "That," said he, "is aside from the question. That is not a matter for an outsider to meddle with; the union has settled that for itself."
"Then," said Nick, "jest drop the subject. A square deal all 'round or I ain't in your game."
A murmur arose, a murmur of approval, for the man who had uttered the unselfish sentiment, and of resentment toward the one who could not appreciate it. It rose alike from cowboys and stockmen.
Then the president spoke: "Mr. Kirby," he said, "you do not voice the sentiments of the union as they stand today. Gentlemen," raising his voice and addressing the crowd, "this man who stands before you, endangered his life to protect one of our members, and to save the funds of an association that had ill-used him. When we have offered him a reward he has asked for nothing but justice, and that only if it could be shared by others. I take off my hat in the presence of such a character, and acknowledge that I, for one, have learned a much-needed and wholesome lesson. Mr. Bentley, it shall be as you wish."

BERNHARDT LIVES IN FORT.
Great French Actress Spends Strenuous Vacation on Bare and Rocky Brittany Isle.
Sarah Bernhardt has taken her vacation at her fort on Belle Isle, in Brittany. She went to this island on a little excursion with a friend ten years ago, and before she left had made terms with the proprietor to buy the old castle there, now called Poulains.
Nothing could be barer and rockier than the surroundings of the fort then, but Bernhardt's magic will has made fruit trees and flowers grow, though her friends and the inhabitants said she never would. She also has cultivated melons and vegetables, all under her supervision. Her days are spent in the open air and hunting, fishing and athletic games.
A cat will not look at a king, if there is a mouse in sight.

FARMER AND PLANTER.

DOES FARMING PAY?

Under Modern Conditions, If Taken Advantage Of, The Answer May Be Affirmative.

"Probably more than a third of the persons living in the United States receive their support from the farm. The question is answered."—Country Life in America.
To the farmer more than any other is due the groundwork of the great tide of prosperity which has carried the country to the first position among the nations of the world. Neither the farmer, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his employee, know the meaning of an eight-hour day. The farmer's time to work is just as long as there is work to be done. The work may be drudgery, the man may be awkward, but his sturdy back, his healthy body, his simple life, have given the strength of mind and body to the sons he has sent out into the world to make their way in other paths of life. It is the strenuous metropolitan life which saps the strength and undermines the nerves. The ever-lasting push, push of active trade, ceaseless competition, struggle for business, greed for dollars, would soon blight and destroy, were it not for the constant infusion of the rich, pure blood and sound mind and nerve of the country boy who seeks the business or professional life of our business centers.
There is a phase of rural life, however, which is seldom considered in business. In a measure, the farmer's life is more rural than ever before; his home is changed for the better. There is more of comfort, more of education and refinement than ever, due to the ease of intercourse with the outside world, thanks to the railroads, the telegraph, the good roads, quick mails and better schools. But the rural districts are devoted to farming. The old country store has disappeared, or is fast disappearing. Many a reader who in boyhood clerked in his village store might find, did he return, the old store still there, unchanged in years; many an article of stock in the same old place, waiting, waiting for the purchaser who never comes. Country stores are doomed; their day is past. The farmer passes them by on his way to the centers of trade farther away, or buys at a distance, using the mail for his messenger and the railroad for his horse. He has learned that he, too, may have almost equal shopping facilities with the city dweller. He can buy without fear, for whether he sees or not, all sound business to-day requires the unquestioned permission to return any article which the buyer finds unsatisfactory.
The old methods of barter are gone. The farmer sells his products for cash, and buys where it suits him best. He has learned to farm better, to buy better and to sell better. He has learned that his hay and corn go to market cheaper and more profitably as fat beef and pork than as hay and corn, and sent them, they leave the valuable manures behind. He has learned to grow 50 bushels of wheat on ground that formerly grew but 25. He has learned that berries grown in Florida may be sold at a profit in New York, that California fruit may be sent at a profit to Europe. He is learning that God never intended the water of his springs to run to the ocean unchecked, or to send the rain only when it was needed. He is also learning that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb only through his intervention.
In other words the farmer is becoming educated; he is learning to farm. He is learning to utilize the water given to him and to feed it to his crops as they need it, and not alone as nature wills. He is learning to care for and improve his stock; he is learning to concentrate his power, his education and his energy to make a profitable farm more profitable, and he is doing it. He has better markets and better profits than ever before. He lives better, he dresses better, he has more comforts and more money, which he spends where he will. As a customer he is better satisfied and more easily pleased than the city shopper.—Midland Farmer.

RECLAMATION OF FARMS.
Successful Results Follow the Planting of Clover and Cow Peas on Sterile Lands.
Through the use of cow peas and clover the officers of the Missouri state board of agriculture hope to reclaim many of the deserted farms of the state and bring back to barren lands its former fertility. Many farmers, in an endeavor to reclaim farms, resorted to the use of commercial fertilizers, but the method is too expensive to insure profitable crops.
In the general introduction of cow peas and clover, it is thought that the problem of reclaiming this land has been solved. A series of experiments carried on by the University of Missouri has demonstrated this and farmers in all parts of the state are being urged to take up the plan. Although the area of barren land in Missouri is very small, as compared with that of older states, it is rapidly growing larger, and the necessity of immediate remedy is apparent to those who realize the situation.
The reason for recommending clover and cow peas is because they possess a power peculiar to this class of plants, of gathering nitrogen from the air. Nitrogen, one of the important elements of plant food, is required by all domestic plants, and is the most expensive part of commercial fertilizers.
The other staple farm crops, such as corn, wheat, timothy, blue grass, rye and millet, have not the power of gathering nitrogen from the air, and must depend upon the available supply already in the soil. This, in part, explains why clover and cow peas, although producing a hay crop rich in the elements of plant food, will leave the soil on which this product is grown more productive than before.
On land that is badly worn the careful saving of the farm fertilizers and the proper rotation of clover and cow peas with the other farm crops, will keep up the fertility of the soil, and will avoid the necessity of the purchase of any commercial fertilizers.
Unfortunately, there are many failures, often under the very best management, connected with the attempt to grow clover. The experiment station at Columbia receives more inquiries as to the best method of seeding and caring for the clover crop than any other problem in agriculture. As a result of these inquiries the station has undertaken a series of experiments to determine the proper season to sow clover and the best methods of procedure.
On the station grounds for the past two years, once each week, clover has been sown from the 1st of February to the 15th of April. The result of these experiments have demonstrated that the best time to sow clover is about the middle of March. When sown earlier than that, an early warm spell will germinate the seed too early and leave the young plants the victims of a late frost.
The cow pea appears to have the ability to thrive on land too poor to grow red or crimson clover. It is not affected so seriously as clover by excessive heat or drought, and is not easily smothered out by weeds.
On moist soils in central and southern Missouri it yields a larger quantity of vegetable matter containing a larger total quantity of nitrogen than does red clover. In the sections of the state where the climate is well adapted to the growth of cow peas it is believed that they will prove more satisfactory as a green manure crop than either red or crimson clover, especially on poor soils, inasmuch as there is less risk in securing a stand, and there is no danger of the hot weather in the midsummer killing the young plants.
Compared with other fertilizer crops, the cow pea seems to grow especially well on poor land. On a piece of naturally poor upland clay, which has for the past five years been grown in corn and wheat without fertilizer, the section began last spring a number of experiments in methods of restoring the soil to productivity. On six of these plots cow peas were sown without fertilizer. The average yield of vines and pods was very large, and aside from the fertilizing properties of the crop showed it to have a value of \$5.90 an acre.—Missouri University Correspondence Post-Dispatch.

Here and There.
Rightly handled rape makes a good pasture for pigs and, at the same time, is beneficial to the land. The way to do it is to have a portable fence of hurdles and thereby protect the animals on the plots fed each one after another. The ground is thus not only thoroughly tilled and all weeds exterminated, but a economical crop cheaply grown—comonomical in that it furnishes most excellent fare for the pigs, and quickly brings them into the best condition for the final finishing by grain food. If other requirements are equal, such pork will be of the finest quality, and yet produced at a cost considerably less than that made by feeding chiefly on grain; in truth, rape has a healthful influence on the system of swine that largely augments the effects of the after feeding. The expense of fitting the land for it, and procuring and sowing the seed, is more than offset by the animals' rooting over the ground and turning the crop into immediately available manure for the succeeding one.—Epitomist.

MAKING TOO LIGHT OF IT.

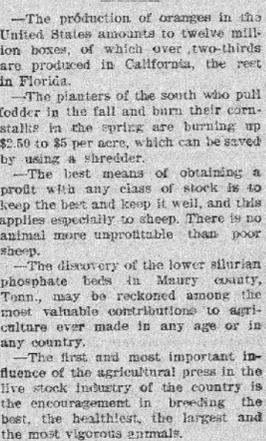
Drug Clerk Who Needed to Learn the First Principles of His Business.

"I notice," said the chemist to his assistant, in a *Sault's Weekly* yarn, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription, and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"
"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drachms of acid into the bottle, and fill it up with water."
"Never mind if you had only ten to do that," the chemist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to prepare, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?"
"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough syrup is handed to you, you must look doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it to-day. When he says yes you answer that you will make a special effort to oblige him, and you give him the stuff in three minutes."
"Now, a patient approaches a prescription that he has so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But you do any more of that three-minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first-class chemist."

LOSER BY FIRE THOUGHT ICE DRINKS SHOULD HAVE HAND-GRENADES FOR CHASERS.
"Fire insurance contains many surprises to the lay mind," said Marsden S. Briggs, president of the board of underwriters, according to the New York Sun. "One man who came to me for a policy on some ice houses which he had just acquired almost refused to credit my statements as to the appalling risks because they are able to estimate some cases. It happened in this city, and the applicant received a telegram while we were still discussing the matter. He was informed that his new properties had burned to the ground. It came to be a very sad day, and we adjourned for refreshments."
"I will have a tumbler full of cracked ice with a pint of Apollinaris," said the waiter.
"Why not a hot lemonade?" suggested the stricken ice house man.
"What's the thermometer?" I protested.
"He waved his hand."
"Consider the risk," he said. "The fire rate on ice is six, seven, even ten per cent. per annum. At least, if you are going to risk spontaneous combustion, you had better drink a few hand-grenades for a chaser."
Always Food for Laughter.
When Johnny was a child they laughed at the ridiculous things he said. When he was a youth they laughed at his half-baked opinions. When he was a man they laughed at his wisdom because they could not grasp it. When he was old they laughed at him for a crank. There is always some one to laugh, and this is a jolly world.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Not a Hamper.
The Lady—Why are you so melancholy, my poor man?
Gentry George—Ah, lady, it's a sad story. When I was a baby I was left in a basket.
"That was sad."
"Yes, in a manner, and it was a wash basket."
"Chicago Daily News."
His stopped forehead permanently cured. No. 6 after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS
UNION MADE. \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's shoes in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their freedom with every fitting and superior wearing qualities. It is not until you compare the shoe made by W. L. Douglas with those of other makers that the difference becomes most understood why W. L. Douglas shoes are worn so much. Why they hold their shape, better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why they sell for the low price of \$3.50, \$6,263,040.00.
W. L. Douglas purchases their value by placing his name and price on the bottom. Look for the name and price on the bottom of every shoe. That's why they sell so well.
Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear.
I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior to all other shoes in every respect. They are comfortable, durable, and give me the greatest pleasure in wearing them. W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, the President of the Supreme Court, and by the most distinguished men of the world.
W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the United States. They are made by the greatest shoe maker in the world.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

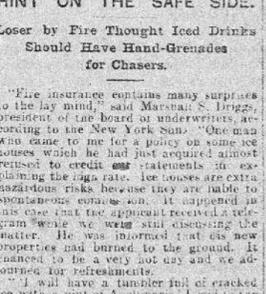


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MAKES LEAN BABIES FAT SICK BABIES WELL
For Teething, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Etc. Contains No Poison in Any Form. Is Pleasant to Take. Guaranteed to Cure.
PRICE, 25 and 50 CENTS. For Sale by all Druggists.
MAYFIELD MEDICINE MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

HAD TO GIVE UP.

Suffered Agonies from Kidney Disorders Until Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

George W. Renoff, of 1023 North 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa., a man of good reputation and standing, writes: "Five years ago I was suffering so with my back and kidneys that I often had to lay off. The kidney secretions were unaccountable, my legs and stomach were swollen, and I had no appetite. When doctors failed to help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and improved until my back was strong and my appetite returned. During the four years since I stopped using them I have enjoyed excellent health. The cure was permanent."
(Signed) George W. Renoff.
A TRIAL PILL—Address Postoffice Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents.



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LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY.
TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
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LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS Electrotypes
IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY
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DROPSY
VALUABLE FERTILIZERS
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