YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged, and thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. WILL YOUNG, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge.

Keeping Lent.

Harduppe—Er, what was the denomination of that bill you loaned me?

Cutting—Episcopalian, I think—it keeps Lent so well.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

Reported by Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 910 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn.: C. A. Brost, Kenmare, N. D., threshing machine attachment; J. L. Brown, St. Paul, Minn., sheet inserter; J. A. Clough, Spring Valley, Wis., step-ladder; J. R. McGiffert, Duluth, Minn., locomotive for logging and the like; E. J. Mundale, Frost, Minn., excavating machine; J. T. Hegeland, Minneapolis, Minn., bridle crown piece; T. V. Malone, Minneapolis, Minn., platform scale.

Unaccountable.

"When I got home this evening my wife gave me a surprise!"

"How?"

"She didn't ask whether I had come straight from the office."

Try Murine Eye Remedy
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Murine Doesn't Smart. Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine for Your Eyes.

Many are willing to wear the christian armor provided there is nothing but a parade in sight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

A well digger says there's always room at the bottom.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Through a Woman's Heart.

By Sidney Warwick.

CHAPTER XXVI. (Continued.)

He had come down to spy out on Anthony Strangways' behalf. Bonholt was exceedingly anxious to find out what there was suspicious, because he was rather afraid of Anthony, after his revelation that the woman calling herself Olive Vanstone, who had been stopping with the Ruthens, was, whether she herself knew it or not, Philip Hume's widow, and as such had a prior right of inheritance to the comfortable fortune he was enjoying. Anthony had been convinced that something was happening—"some queer game," as he had put it—in this house, and Bonholt Hume was beginning to feel that the suspicion was correct.

He looked cautiously round, then bent and put his eye to the keyhole. He could see nothing, but he could hear a voice, the doctor's speaking in a low, rapid tone to some one in a room just beyond the door, and that some one was evidently not Ralph Strangways, for the words he caught with difficulty were:

"Yes, this man has plainly come to spy out about Ralph Strangways, for all his plausible talk. There's one thing—he'll find out nothing; he won't find out that—"

Bonholt straightened himself suddenly and made a step from the door. He had heard a footstep in the hall. He turned quickly, going very red, wondering if he had been caught eavesdropping; inwardly raging, too. If he could have caught the next few words spoken behind that locked baize door he felt he might have something important to communicate to Anthony.

Miss Strangways had come into the hall; Bonholt could not be sure from her manner whether she had actually seen him with his ear to the door. He tried to cover his confusion by an appearance of unconcern, as overdone as when weeks ago Stephen Ruthen had caught him prying into a drawer in his study.

"How d'you do, Miss Strangways? So long since we met. I felt I must run down and see my dear old friend, your father. Surely you remember me, Mr. Hume?"

She bowed slightly without extending her hand. She knew perfectly well that this man and her father had never been more than mere racing acquaintances—and why was he loitering near that door?

The turf and men connected with it were alike abhorrent to this girl, who had been brought up in the atmosphere of racing, who had seen so much of its attendant evils. It was the turf that had brought her father to the brink of ruin; it was this gambling fever, that was a horror to her, which had drawn this swarm of racing touts and betting men to hover about this place trying to obtain a glimpse of Ralph Strangways—ghouls who would not hesitate to intrude on a man's deathbed in their eagerness to know whether a horse could run in a race. Was this man here for that same purpose?

"I am sorry if the servant has left you to wait in the hall," she said, coldly.

"No; I've seen the doctor; he has just gone to see if your father is strong enough to see me, and I unthinkingly strolled out after him."

"Won't you wait for him here, Mr. Hume?" She held open the door of the morning room. And Bonholt, fuming, went in again. If only he could have heard the rest of the doctor's words!

"Thank you. I am sorry to hear such bad news of your father," he said, watching her face. "Believe me, as an old friend, I sympathize deeply—"

"Thank you," she said. "I must ask you to excuse me, Mr. Hume." And the girl went away.

"If Ralph Strangways is living he's in a pretty bad way, that's certain," muttered Hume to himself. He had seen the tears start into the girl's eyes at his deliberate words, and she had not contradicted him.

Margaret Strangways walked away. The note was in her hand that had been left at the gate at the time Bonholt Hume was asking for Mr. Strangways—an insolent note, unsigned, but evidently written by the man who had tried to wrest the key of the wall door from her.

"You and that friend of yours who's so ready with his fists spoiled my plans this afternoon, but I'm getting a bit of my own back, and something over. You ask him how it feels to be in jail. I expect he hasn't told you that, nor who he is—no blooming fear! So I'll tell you. He's Jack Lathom of Fellsgarth—wanted for the murder of Philip Hume. I hope you're proud of your pal, and are glad to know that because of you it won't be so blooming long before he's quodded again. I'm putting the police on to him—that's where the laugh comes in for me!"

This threatening note had startled Margaret Strangways immeasurably. At first she had refused to believe that there could be a word of truth in the assertion it made; this discomfited scoundrel wanted to frighten her by some preposterous lies. Then she suddenly remembered how the man who had come up to her help had cried, "I've seen your face before." He had known this scoundrel, and he had mentioned Fellsgarth. Could it be possible that he was Jack Lathom?

Margaret Strangways had heard of the case, of course; her father and Philip Hume had been acquaintances. Was it possible that this man—whose name she did not know, and about whom she knew nothing except that he was connected with Chatterton's theatrical company—could be the Lathom who had escaped from the police?

"Oh, it's impossible! I can't believe it!"

It seeemd utterly ridiculous to imagine this man who had rushed up to help her, and who had been so sympathetic towards her dog, was a murderer. It seemed impossible of belief.

"Or, if it is true, then he is innocent of the charge," she said to herself—"I am sure he must be innocent."

She read the letter again, full of nervous misgivings; there was an ugly threat in it. Would the writer carry out his threat? This girl felt she would always reproach herself if, through his chivalrous impulse on her behalf, this man were to come to any harm.

What a strange coincidence it was that the murdered man's relative should have come today! But that she mistrusted Bonholt Hume, who she was certain had been eavesdropping when she found him in the hall, she would have asked him to describe the escaped man, John Lathom.

"If only I knew whether he really is Lathom—whether he has anything to fear from this man's threats!"

What was she to do? She must do something; she would always reproach herself if, through her this man came by any harm.

"I must warn him somehow," the girl said to herself suddenly. But how was she to warn him—a man whose name even she did not know?

* * * * *

Bonholt Hume waited in the morning room, where in a few minutes Dr. Brewer rejoined him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hume," he said, "but my patient does not feel strong enough to see you today. He desired me to express his regrets."

"You are sure you asked him?" said Bonholt abruptly, his bonhomie wearing thin.

The doctor started almost imperceptibly; his eyelids narrowed, his tones grew a little more metallic.

"I have explained that Mr. Strangways does not feel equal to seeing you."

"I suppose there's not much chance of him living till the day of the race?" snapped Bonholt, losing his temper, as he realized that he must go back to Anthony Strangways, having failed in his errand.

"Oh, every hope; and because we are full of hope and anxiety that he should do, we are not allowing him to be disturbed unnecessarily by callers. Yes, my dear sir, I think you may rely on it, Pride o' Life will run in the City and Sub."

"If Pride o' Life runs and comes in first, were I the owner of the second horse I should want to see Mr. Strangways in the flesh with my own eyes after the event," said Bonholt Hume, meaningly, forgetting prudence in his chagrin, "to be sure that he was still living and that the horse was qualified to run. With all this mystery and secrecy, these locked doors—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"But since you have no horse running, Mr. Hume," he broke in, pleasantly, "I think it is rather immaterial what you would do, isn't it? As for the mystery you have the good taste to hint at, I fail to see what mystery there is—because I do not allow the patient in my charge to be disturbed by every irresponsible caller. I am acting in the interests of my patient, and that is sufficient reason." He rang the bell, and the man servant appeared. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hume."

And Mr. Bonholt, realizing that he was beaten, had no option but to follow the man to the gates.

He walked back to the hotel near the station where he was putting up in a decidedly bad temper.

"What is their game?" he said to himself. "If it wasn't that I know the girl to be devoted to her father, I should say Ralph Strangways was a prisoner in his own house. I am sure no message was taken in from me. It was just a ruse, that pretense on the doctor's part of going to ask—"

He dragged himself suddenly from the train of thought. A man was coming out of the station whose face was familiar to Bonholt Hume. It was a detective officer from Fellsgarth. He looked surprised to see Bonholt.

"What are you doing in this part of the world?" said the latter.

The detective's answer seemed to startle Bonholt Hume.

"I've just come in by the train—on business connected with the murder of Mr. Philip Hume," the man said—"to make an arrest, if I'm fortunate."

Hume had gone suddenly white.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Well, as you are the near relative of the dead man, Mr. Hume, there is no harm in telling you," said the detective, lowering his voice confidentially. "We have received information by wire—it may not be reliable, of course; that remains to be proved—that Lathom, who slipped out of our clutches weeks ago, is here playing in a theatrical company."

CHAPTER XXVII.

At the Theater.

The news seemed utterly to disconcert Bonholt Hume in a manner that was surprising seeing that he had openly professed his belief that Lathom was guilty, and as the nearest relative of the dead man might have been naturally supposed to desire that Philip's murderer should be brought to justice.

"Of course, it may be a hoax, though I don't think it is," said the detective, looking hard at Bonholt; "and I shall naturally go carefully. Only, if the information's authentic, Lathom won't slip through my fingers again. I've got a bit of personal interest in this matter—you see, I happened to be in charge of him that day in the cab when he got away, so I should like to put my hands on him again."

They parted, and the detective walked on, leaving Bonholt Hume startled. He went into the hotel and asked one of the waiters what time the performance at Chatterton's theater began.

"Seven o'clock, sir."

It was then about ten minutes to seven. Bonholt turned and went out of the hotel again. He felt a restless desire to satisfy himself whether the detective's suspicions were correct. If only the man had told him under what name Lathom was suppesed to be playing! But he had no clue. There were flaring yellow bills outside the great wooden erection, but the names on the bills gave him no information. He went up to the entrance and paid for one of the reserved seats—two or three rows of chairs separated from the seats behind, which were merely long planks, rising in tiers to the back, which were already crowded. Inside the "theater" two huge braziers of burning coke threw a red glow on the faces behind, and made the atmosphere in this temple of dramatic art stiflingly hot except where draughts from entrances stabbed cuttingly across it. The reserved seats were more sparsely occupied, adevrtised time for the curtain to rise on the tiny stage; but as Bonholt Hume entered he caught a glimpse of two figures sitting at the farther end of the second row, whom he was surprised to recognize as Miss Strangways and the doctor with whom he had his passage of arms an hour ago.

Margaret Strangways, in her apprehensions caused by the letter she had received, had taken the doctor into her confidence and asked him to go with her to the theater; thus she would be able to find out the name of the man whom the letter concerned, and warn him.

The doctor, apart from the fact that he immensely admired Miss Strangways and had been ready enough to accompany her, was glad for the girl to be seen here; her patronage of this place of entertainment would be noticed—would help to confirm the impression he was assiduously fostering, that Mr. Strangways' health was a matter for no alarm.

Scarcely had Bonholt taken his seat when some one who had followed him in dropped into the vacant seat beside him.

"Ah, so you've come to see the show, Mr. Bonholt?"

The man addressed turned to see the detective.

To Be Continued.

TEN POUNDS OF COFFEE.

Each Person in This Country Uses That Much Each Year.

Considering the cheapness of tea, it is a surprise to find that more of it is not used in this country.

It is possible to make 250 cups from one pound of good tea, and experts claim that if more than one-half a cent is used in the making of one cup it is an extravagance.

In spite of its low cost, it is estimated that a pound and a quarter of tea per capita is used in this country, as against ten pounds a person each year in England.

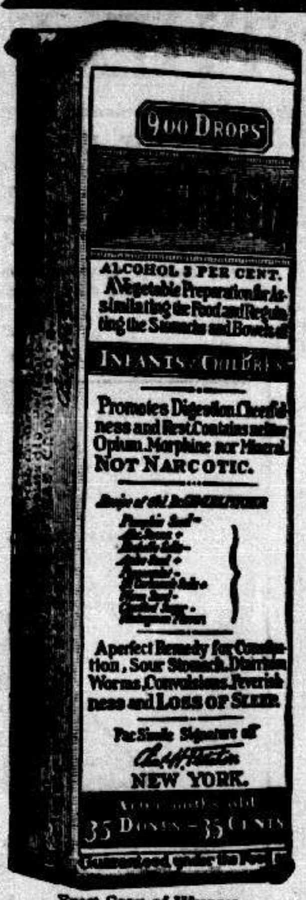
The figures are almost exactly reversed for coffee; it is the United States which uses more than ten pounds a person, while the English only use one and a quarter.

The efforts of the dealers are directed toward increasing the love for tea, and they say that if we in this country would buy a higher priced brand of tea that the results would be better, and soon we would equal our English brethren in the amount consumed.

Spices come from the four corners of the earth, but importers are not much interested in the tariff revision, as there is little or no duty on these articles and not much prospect of there being any change. The spice merchants did not have a particularly bad year, bit they felt there is room for much improvement. The business done since election has been very encouraging, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue on the upward trend.

Doing a Man's Work.

Mandy (scornfully)—Mose Johnson, seein' you ain't good fer nuffin' else, sposin' yo' go long down an' lec' de new boa'd o' aldermen!



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Jealous Mosquito.

Ere many days have vanished, we
Will hear the gay mosquito call,
"I'm busier than the busiest bee,
And yet I get no praise at all."

A cold on the lungs doesn't usually amount to much, but it invariably precedes pneumonia and consumption. Hamlins Wizard Oil applied to the chest at once will break up a cold in a night.

"MATUSHKA VOLGA."

Melody of Sorrow and Unrest Heard in Prison and Palace in Russia.

There is an air so popular in Russia that it is even more familiar than their national anthem to the people of that great mysterious empire, says Travel Magazine. I have heard it in all parts of the czar's dominions, from the Baltic sea to Bering strait and from Archangel to the Caspian; in the glittering palaces of St. Petersburg and in foul prison dens of Siberia.

It is a simple melody in the minor key, suggestive, like most Slav music, of sorrow and unrest, and it is called "Matushka," or "Mother Volga," as for some cryptic reason every Russian, be he noble or nihilist, is taught from childhood to regard this great river in the light of a maternal relative. Yet the river is full of sad associations, for convicts formerly traveled a portion of the journey to Siberia along its broad, sluggish stream.

I can never forget the haunting sweetness of "Matushka Volga" as I heard it sung on a prison barge one quiet summer evening by a party of fettered politicals banished to the great lone land of exile. For "Mother Volga" was their last link with home and the loved ones they might never meet again.

Fortunately the condemned are now sent into Asia by the Trans-Siberian railway and the unhappy exile is spared at least one bitter parting—that from his well beloved "Mother Volga."

PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was on inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A man may know his wife like a book, but he can't shut her up like one.

A Rare Good Thing.
"Am using ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet.—Mrs. Matilda Holtwert, Providence, R. I." Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

There's a lot of difference between believing a thing and believing that you believe it.

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

Many a man wrecks his ship because he spends all the time in the hold with his freight.

WE PAY 10c, 12c FOR COWHIDES. High price for wool. Sell sheep dip cheap. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

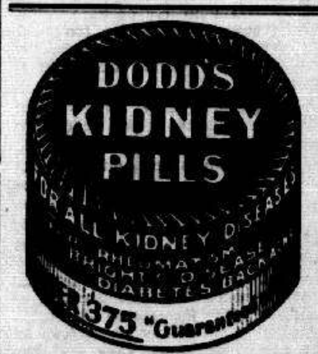
It's difficult for a girl who is engaged to realize how lucky—or unlucky—she is.

WE BUY CREAM GET OUR PRICE Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

WE BUY CREAM, BUTTER, EGGS. Samels Bros., Minneapolis, Minn.

The average girl would rather be in love than be happy.



LAND—IRRIGATED—LAND. Perpetual water right; fine water; productive soil; crop failures unknown; 40 bu. wheat per acre; 3½ to 5 tons alfalfa; healthful climate; free timber; easy terms; write now. LINGOOD LAND CO., Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Your Jeweler Knows a Good Watch

He knows how to properly adjust one to your individual requirements—so it will be accurate under all conditions.

That's the only way to buy a watch—never by mail.

A South Bend Watch

Frozen in Solid Ice Keeps Perfect Time

A watch, no matter how good, cannot be accurate unless adjusted to the person who is to carry it. A South Bend Watch—acknowledged superior in every grade—couldn't keep perfect time unless individually adjusted.

Ask your jeweler to show you a South Bend Watch. Write us for our free book—showing how a South Bend Watch keeps accurate time in any temperature.

South Bend Watch Co., South Bend, Ind.

Constipation—

Nearly Every One Gets It

The bowels show first sign of things going wrong. A *Cascaret* taken every night as needed keeps the bowels working naturally without grip, gripe and that upset sick feeling.

Ten cent box, week's treatment. All drug stores. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

Dr. McINTOSH celebrated **Natural Uterine Supporter** gives immediate relief. Sold by all surgical instrument dealers and leading Druggists in United States and Canada. Catalog, price list and particulars mailed on application.

THE HASTINGS & McINTOSH TRUSS CO., 913 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of trusses and sole makers of the Genuine stamped "McIntosh" Supporter.

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