Our Boys and Girls

The Happyhammers are the young people who read the Youth's Department of The Houston Post. There are no fees or charges of any kind connected with the club. Boys and girls who read The Post may be enrolled as active members by sending name, age and address.

It is the object of all Happyhammers to "hammer happiness when and wherever possible." Hence the club name and motto. The club flower is the violet, the club tree the live oak, and the club pet is the mocking bird, all being chosen by the members themselves. The favorite dog of the Happyhammers is the Scotch collie, or shepherd.

The club colors are rose and gray. These colors are intended to be worn with or without the club button or pin. They are made into a badge by pinning or sewing together two pieces of narrow ribbon, one of rose pink and the other of light gray.

The club button is made of celluloid. The ground is white, with the words "Houston Post H. H. Club" painted in violet color. The club flower is engraved in the center and is of violet color. The letter "H" is in large type on each side of the violet. It makes a pretty little badge and will be sent to any Happyhammer upon the receipt of 10 cents. In ordering a button, address your letters to the Haphammer, care The Post, Houston, Texas.

For every new subscriber sent by a Happyhammer for the Semi-Weekly Post, a club button will be given free. The subscriber secured can be either for three months, six months or a year; no matter which of the three it is, your badge will not cost you anything. When sending a subscriber send your letter to the business office of The Post.

HAP TALKS.

Very Few Letters Received on Account of the Quarantine.

Dear Happyhammers: There is a big falling off in the number of letters for the Haps' page again this week. But we can easily find a reason for it. The summer vacation has ended and hundreds of our happy band who had plenty of time to write during vacation are now busy with readers, arithmetics, spellers, geographies, histories and grammar. The three R's, you know, stand for readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic, and when these three are mastered a boy or girl has a good starter in life. These three are the groundwork, the foundation of education. In order to write well and speak well we must study grammar. Very few pupils like grammar, yet it is essential to a thorough literary education. History is such a nice study. By reading history we know all that has been going on in the world. We read of all the great heroes and statesmen and soon become interested. Geography is one of the most interesting of all. The conquests of countries keep map makers busy changing their atlases. I think more attention should be paid to this branch of education. Nowadays, everybody, even the school children, read the newspapers and when they see news from foreign lands it is so nice to be able to locate in your mind's eye the country and the town from which the news item was sent.

Before the majority of the present band of Happyhammers are grown up a great trade will be built up between the United States and Mexico and all of Central and South America. The young Haps now growing up will be the proper ones to conduct the business when it comes our way, which it surely will. In order to do this they must learn the Spanish language because that is the language of Mexico and South and Central America. Texas being so much closer to those countries than any other State our boys and girls should be the first to open up and develop the new business and get the cream before the milk is all skimmed. Don't you think so? Instead of teaching other languages, which are regarded as accomplishments, teachers should teach Spanish, because it can soon be put to practical use and practical education is of the most benefit when we have to start out in life and make our own living.

We are all anxious for a great big frost. It has been hot and dry so long we would not mind the mud at all if a great big rain should come. Nearly everybody has, or has had this mean little thing they call dengue. It's real mean. Your head aches and your bones feel like you had been dropped out of a second story window onto the sidewalk. Then you have a little fever and must stay in bed two or three days, and when you do get up, after swallowing all those big capsules you still feel badly for a couple more days. It only lasts about four or five days as a rule, but some folks take a week or ten days to get well. It ain't the least bit like yellow fever, because no one has died from it yet, unless they had something else the matter with them, and then the symptoms are nothing alike, not a bit. Anyhow, it's real nasty and as soon as a good big rain comes or frost falls it will get tired and quit.

There are so many appeals for help I don't know what to do. I think I shall submit them all to a committee and whoever they agree shall be helped we'll assist. We can not help all, and the most pitiful cases have not been brought to your notice, because we do not want to make any of them feel worse than they now do by printing what they write us, as it is in a measure in confidence. Week after next we'll let you know what the committee decides upon, and we'll keep the list open until the 12th of November. That will give us time. For Christmas I will have a nice little contest for you, one you will all enjoy. I'll give you plenty of time to get your letters in and we'll print them all the same day. We can do that because we will confine each letter to a specified number of words.

The new members this week are:

Allen Yankie..... Pleasant Grove
Nole Crowe.....
Maude Holley..... Orange Grove
Daisy Toland..... Chappell Hill
.....
.....Gonzales
.....Sweet Home

New members this week...	6
Last week's total	6,012
Number of Happyhammers...	6,018

INTERESTING STORY OF MONTEREY

Velasco, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: About six years ago, after having spent the summer at Corpus Christi, Texas, we decided before returning to our home in Fort Worth that we would also visit Monterey, Mexico. So one morning during the latter part of August we boarded a Mexican international train and late that evening, after a pleasant ride on the train, reached Laredo, where all had to change trains. When the train had crossed the Rio Grande it stopped at a small stationed named Nuevo Laredo, so as to allow the Mexican officials to examine the baggage. They did this in order to know whether the passengers were taking anything over to Mexico to sell, as it is against the laws of that country to bring goods from the United States except when a heavy duty is paid on them. The officials were very polite and only searched the baggage, after which they withdrew and the train proceeded on its journey. It was now night, and I retired early and did not know anything more until I got up the next morning, when I was surprised to discover our sleeper lying on a sidetrack in Monterey. The city of Monterey is located in a valley with mountains all around it which looked as though they touched the skies and the reader can imagine what a fine view of them we had from our car windows. After leaving the sleeper the first thing we did was to find an American hotel. We walked several blocks and took a street car and then decided to go to the Hotel Plaza. All the cars in the city were pulled by horses and all along the streets I could see a great many Mexican and Spanish boys riding burros. Before long we reached the hotel. It, like a few other Mexican buildings, was two stories high (but most buildings are only one story high) and built of stone and was located in the best part of the city, opposite a beautiful park, which was covered with grass, flowers and orange trees. The park was illuminated at night by electricity, and it was the custom of the people to assemble there and spend the evenings. The Mexican band played in the park every evening, and when I was tired I loved to go there and rest. The Hotel Plaza was run by Mrs. Glass, who formerly lived in San Antonio, and on the American plan, so that when dinner was ready the table was supplied with both American and Mexican dishes. The Mexican dishes were as follows: Frijoles, chili con carne and hot tamales. The different fruits were mamal acuata, mangoes and limes, and the principal Mexican drinks were mescal tiquilla and pulque. As whisky is to the United States mescal is to Mexico, and it costs more than pulque, but the latter is the more national drink. I say national because it is used among all classes as a common drink, like beer is to Americans. In the afternoon we took a walk about the city. I saw a great many old buildings and churches, some of which have been standing for a great many centuries. Some of the Mexican houses were made of adobe, or mud, molded into large bricks, and then dried in the sun. The roofs were flat, thatched with coarse grass and covered with mud. These houses, though rough and ugly looking from outside appearances, were very neat and clean inside, and are said to be far more comfortable than if built of burned bricks or of wood. We also visited the market, which contains all the products of Mexico, besides a great many tables covered with pottery, trinkets, fruits, drinks, also dry goods. The markets are great institutions, and are visited by all classes of people, and, like the park, appear to be a kind of meeting place where friends and neighbors meet together, laugh, talk and gossip.

I will now tell about my trip to the "Bishop's Palace," so called because it was once the residence of the bishop of Monterey. The palace is situated on the top of a high hill, and surrounding it are two great mountains called "Bishop's Hat" and "Saddle Mountains" because they have the shape of a bishop's hat and a man's saddle. When General Taylor captured Monterey thousands of Mexicans flocked to this palace, where they thought they would be safe from the Americans. But General Taylor sent a regiment up the hill and all that were not killed were taken prisoners. The palace looked to be very old, and about the floor lay several rusty cannons and balls. The walls were full of bullet holes and while we were in the building it seemed as though it would fall down any minute. I could see that some parts of it had already crumbled. When we were getting ready to descend the hill we met some Mexican men and women whose business was to take care of the old palace. They were boiling coffee and cooking tortillas over a campfire. From these Mexicans we bought a good lunch and enjoyed it ever so much. About the third morning after our arrival in Monterey we decided to take a car for Topo Chico Springs and take a bath in the warm mineral waters. Topo Chico Springs is noted as a great health resort, and thousands of invalids, afflicted with rheumatism, liver and other troubles go there from the United States, Canada and other countries every year to bathe in its celebrated waters, and be made well again. The legend of Topo Chico is interesting. (No well regulated hot spring is without its legend.) This is how this one goes: A beautiful princess of the ancient house of Montezuma was sorely afflicted, even unto death. Herbs and orgies had alike failed for her relief. The emperor in his palace by Texcoco was in despair for the health of his favorite. A warrior bold lately returned from what an American would call a raid suddenly remembered some springs flowing from the fissures of a rock—hot waters wherein the medicinal qualities were effervescent or at least in suspension, and forthwith informed his feathered and painted lord and master. It was decided that the princess should take the first train—not a railroad train, but a caravan—even the Mexican National was unthought of then. So on burro back, or in palanquin borne, the princess journeyed to what is now Topo Chico. There was one result, the only one that could be, the princess was cured and returned to her imperial lover as good as new. But she did not leave the place of her redemption so health without leaving a landmark, as it were. The mountain top on one side was carved to shape a warrior's saddle (a warrior had found the spring). The fact that horses, much less saddles, were not known in Mexico at the time does not come into the legend, but the Saddle mountain is there to prove it all. On the other mountain a mitre is carved, such as a bishop wears to commemorate the cure of so royal a personage and to this day the Saddle mountain and the mountain of the Mitre are monuments to the miraculous cures of the waters of Topo Chico. After leaving the springs we decided to go and see the silver smelter before returning to the city. Well, when I got there I saw large blocks of silver stacked up in rows and men were loading it on the train, which was standing near by. I picked up a small rock from the ground that contained silver and then went where they were turning bars of it out in great numbers. We remained at the smelter several hours watching the men work and then took a car and went back to the Hotel Plaza. We stayed in Monterey a week and saw many more sights and curiosities and then left for Fort Worth. This ends my trip to Mexico. Yours sincerely,

Cornelius Combs.

JOINED IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Noonday, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: I can imagine now that I hear the Haps stop and sigh when they reach my letter and see my name signed to it, for they will know at once there is nothing in it. But be that as it may, I will proceed. Had I not been busy I would have bored them with a long-winded letter long ago. I realize that our page grows brighter every day. Do you not think so, my little fellow Haps? I have never had cause to regret my having joined the band. I well remember the first little letter I wrote. At that time the page had no name, no motto had been selected, and there had been no contest. In fact, I joined in the "early days." I have never written many letters. I have been "standing off" watching the wonderful growth of the band. Not long after I commenced my connection with them, Mr. Hap (as he is now called) asked the members to suggest names for the club and he would select a name. Among the many names that were suggested there was the name "Happyhammers." This name did the editor select, and well did he, for the word contains a great deal. Then several suggested mottoes, and this was selected: "Hammer Happiness When and Wherever You Can." The name and the motto go hand in hand. Now the contests begin. I do not now remember the first contest. But they were all very interesting. I am not at all ashamed of the stand I took in any of them. In the bird contest I worked and voted for the dove. I favored the oak in the tree contest. I didn't take any part in the flower and dog contests. Then in the last contest I favored cotton. So you see only one time my favorite won. However, I am very well pleased with the choices. I had just as well be, for I couldn't help myself if I was displeased. It is a pity we haven't more writers like Guy Fagan and Thomas Taylor. One real interesting letter is worth twenty times as much as ten little, foolish letters. At least I had rather read one. Fellow Haps, there is one thing that is prevalent among us we should stop. It is this: Many times when there is a contest in progress and we have a favorite that we would like to see prevail, we go around among our friends and ask them to give us permission to send their votes for our favorite. Many of these friends will do this simply as a favor, without ever thinking of the qualities of the plant or bird or whatever it may be, and without any idea whatever of ever writing or having anything to do whatever with the band. There is hardly one out of ten that will ever think any more about it. I enter my solemn protest against any such thing, for it is wrong, and not strictly fair, if you will only think about it. I think that possibly some one has already said something about this, but if so, it is my conviction also. Dear Haps, do you ever think of the beauties of nature? Do you ever think about the many lovely things that God put close about us? All about us are blessings of God, but how little do we ever realize it.

Haps, will you allow yourselves to think about a new question? Which is your favorite season of the year? I think that would be a nice subject for a contest; but whatever the choice should be would cut little figure, for we have to put up with all of them anyhow. But my favorite is autumn. It is surely the most pleasant. Well, I have been writing for a considerable time, and haven't said anything yet, so I suppose I had better give you a rest. As ever and always, a devoted Hap.

Maurice O. Smith.

INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE HAPS.

Pleasant Grove, Texas—Dear Mistress Primrose: The time is here when we will see in the next paper whether birds won. We had a nice rain the other day and it made everything look so much better. I was glad to see it and hope everybody else was. I have to pick cotton every summer and also chop cotton in the spring. My father and mother are both getting old and I love to help them do all I can. There is a Sunday school within two miles of us every Sunday morning. I was a member of it but could not go every Sunday, which I would like to have done. My mamma is old, but her eyes are good. She is learning me how to quilt, embroider, piece quilts and knit. I can also paint and draw nearly any kind of a flower I want to. Our school begins at Pleasant Grove in November. I would like to start the first day if I can. Mr. Long will be our teacher and Mrs. Glass will be the assistant. I have a little sister who wants to join the happy band. Her name is Alder Yankie, her age 11 years. Love to all the Haps and Mistress Primrose. Your true Hap,

Minnie Yankie.

THE HEN.

Caldwell's Store, Texas.—My Dear Mrs. Primrose and Haps: I am seized with the desire to write again to you. As so many of you are writing about birds, etc., and I see Mr. Thomas Taylor has written up the poor old crow with all his caw-caws, I will talk of our barnyard fowl, the American hen, who is much abused, for she is never given her dues. Think what would we do; if it was not for her we would have no eggs to eat or cook with, and as all cooks know the use of eggs there is no need of me telling what they are used for. And we would not have any fried chicken for breakfast, no smothered chicken for dinner, no pound cake to eat, no delicious egg custards, no good old egg bread. Think how many families have been tided over hard times by her eggs; how many times she and her eggs bought a dress for the farmer's wife when she was not able to get it otherwise, and the bugs and worms she destroyed which had eaten up the cotton. She has placed something to eat on many a table and made good what otherwise would not have been fit to eat, and the very bugs and worms that eat up a farmer's cotton she lives and grows fat on, and after she has done all the good she can, she yields up herself to be baked and stuffed and eaten by hungry farmers and others. If it was not for the hen our tables would not have as many dainties, and then after all, she gives her own life for the good of humanity. So let us forever sing "All Honor to the American Hen." She is the glory of all the country barnyards and the pride of every farmer's wife's heart.

Violet Houston.

A JOLLY HAP.

Dilworth, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: Guy Fagen, I think you will find the Pernin system of shorthand better than the one you are studying. There is no shading in the Pernin. I studied it five months and found it better than the Pitman, Graham or Standard systems.

Hurrah for our contest. It has been splendid. Eddie Morris, I congratulate you for winning the contest.

Well, how many Haps know how many species of humming birds there are in America? There are 300 species. In all of the bird talk no one has described the swan, with its snowy plumage and gracefulness, floating, or rather, swimming, about on the lake, calling to its snowy, downy cygnets or diving for the fish or prey beneath the surface. They do not dive the whole body, but just the head and neck.

The albatross is well described in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

Keep hammering, Haps.

I shall close, as my letter is already too long, but I hope it will jump over the waste basket.

I will exchange recitations or songs with anyone who will write for them.

A jolly Hap., Willie M. Mooney.

COULDN'T MAIL IT.

Ellinger, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: After an absence of quite a while, I come again to congratulate Eddie Morris upon his great victory. Just think! A victory over 600 bright, brainy boys and girls. Eddie, you may feel proud of yourself. You are now the smartest of all the members, according to your great victory. Why I didn't send in my list of birds I will immediately tell. It was this way: I had finished my list, containing over one hundred names of all kinds of birds, and had sealed it, ready in an envelope to mail, but as I live in the country, I do not get to town every day, so somehow or other I couldn't mail it until it was too late. I am sorry I didn't send it, because I know I would be on the roll of honor, and this would perfectly satisfy me.

Although the interesting bird contest is over I am continuing to study about birds, for I am deeply interested in studying the feathered tribes. I hope that we will have a fruit contest after this, or a contest like we had, about wild animals, and find out who is the smartest member. We could have a horse contest, a mineral contest or anything like that. I must also congratulate the Haps who are on the roll of honor. Isn't our band increasing? Last week there were thirty new members, all willing to hammer happiness when and wherever they can. I will describe my home. We have a lot of trees in the yard. We live on the public road, between Fayetteville and Ellinger. There are a lot of mocking birds here, singing all day.

Grover G. Beyer, I saw a letter from you in The Post, and was glad to see that you had become a member. I hope that you may be an active member some time in the future. Effie Dai, why don't you write to The Post? Once more I congratulate Eddie Morris. With best wishes to everybody who read this letter.

Henry R. Beyer.

Wished He Was a Boy.

The following is traveling the rounds of the country press and many a big boy will appreciate it:

I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care, with freckles scattered o'er my face, and hayseed in my hair. I'd like to rise at 4 o'clock and do a hundred chores and saw the wood and feed the hogs and lock the stable doors and herd the hens and watch the bees and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim so they will not sink, and milk a hundred cows and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day and churn and churn and churn, near my brother's cast-off clothes and walk four miles to school and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule, and then get home again at night and do the chores once more, milk the cows and feed the hogs and curry mules a score, and then creep wearily upstairs to seek my little bed and hear dear old dad say: "That worthless boy, he doesn't earn his bread." I'd like to be a boy again. A boy has so much fun. His life is just one round of mirth from rise to set of sun. I think there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors and herding hens and chasing bees and doing evening chores.

LIKES THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Pennington, Texas—Dear Mistress Primrose: I have been a silent admirer of your happy band for a long time, but conquering my timidity I come with a note, hoping to be admitted to the children's page. Mamma takes The Post. All I would want to do would be to set under some shady tree perusing interesting letters till she should be disappearing in the horizon casting a shade of melody upon the land. You all had such an interesting contest that I wish I had written sooner. Whippowill is my favorite bird. I am 15 years of age. I would like to correspond with any of the boys and girls of my age. Wishing Mistress Primrose success, I will close. A true friend,

Roye Robb.

HER FIRST LETTER.

Yoakum, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: May I join your happy band? I am a little girl 12 years old. I go to school and I am in the fifth grade. May I have a button if I send my dime? I do not know much about kids, but I have two canaries. They are very young yet. They were given to me by two friends. One is named Trilby and the other one Hanny. I take music lessons and like it very much. I like to read very much. I have read nearly all Miss Alcott's books and a great many others. As this is my first letter I will close.

Epie Crowe.

A GONZALES GIRL.

Gonzales, Texas.—Mistress Primrose: I have been wanting to write to The Post for quite a while. I see the contest has closed and Eddie Morris has had the brightest eyes. I have been a silent reader of The Post, and will ask for admittance. I am 11 years old. The school will start in about two weeks from now. I am in the sixth grade. Anna is my first, I will close with a riddle. Round as a butternut, red as a fine coat a white spot right smack in the middle. Good-bye,

Mary Jungermann.

ASKS A RIDDLE.

Rice, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: It has been some time since I wrote to the Haps. My age is 11. I am not going to school now and work before Christmas. Won't we have a good time gathering pecans, as there are many this year? I will answer Martha V. Hilburn's riddle: There was only one going to St. Ives. I will ask a riddle: Formed long ago, yet made today, empty while others sleep; what few would like to give away nor any wish to keep. I close, a true Hap.

Maud Morris.

IS INTERESTED.

Chappell Hill, Texas.—Dear Mistress Primrose: I have read your nice letters in The Post and have gotten so interested in them, I thought I would join the Haps. I have read and read them all Sunday afternoon they are so interesting. I am 10 years old and I hope you will be glad to have me join the club. Yours very truly,

Daisy Toland.

A PEAR OF EGGS.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are little things;
They can not until they're hatched
And have a pair of wings.
If once you hatch the tender shell,
The wrong can't redress;
The yelk and white will all run out,
And make a sad mess.
'Tis but a little pile at best
That hens lay every day;
Tomorrow egg addled be,
Although it looks fresh today.
So let the top very light
That takes from the keg;
There is not whose cunning skill
Can mend broken egg.

—A. C. in Hartford Times.

A MAN'S LETTER.

Concerning Friman's Free Treatment for Women.

I received your book on Gynaecology and commenced the use of your medicine at once. I took five bottles of Peruna and Man-a-lin. I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking Peruna I could hardly walk across my room; am doing my own work, can walk a mile and a half to church. I shall never cease to thank you for prescribing for me. I have been under the treatment of doctors, but never received any benefit. I commenced taking your medicine, now well and able to do my own work. I wish every woman who was suffering as I was could send for one of your books on Gynaecology. It is a God-send to suffering women. May God bless you and you many years to relieve women who are suffering as I was. I am anxious for every woman who is suffering as I was to know what your medicine did for me.

Mrs. H. D. Amoss,
Greenesboro, Ga.

A free written expressly for women by Friman, will be sent to any address. Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Work of Dr. Mackey

His New and Better System of Treatment for Chronic Diseases. Not One Cent Charged During the Month of October for Consultation and Examination, and to Those Who Take His Treatment Only a Merely Nominal Fee Charged to Cover the Cost of the Needed Medicine for a Cure.

Promises Less Than He Can Do, and a Satisfactory Assurance Furnished for a Prompt and Perfect Cure in Every Case Undertaken.

Dr. Mackey, the specialist, has already scored a remarkable success in Houston in curing many stubborn chronic diseases where others have failed. His unequaled success is due to his skill and ability as a physician and to his fairness, honesty and integrity as a business man. He prefers to promise less to his patients than he can do for them, and in doing so spares disappointment to the sick and afflicted who call on him for advice and relief.

He promises only that which he is sure of accomplishing. No incurable diseases taken. All cases carefully looked into and diagnosed before being placed under treatment. If he were to promise a cure of incurable ailments it would ultimately result in a waste of time for him and a source of serious disappointments to the sick. Honesty of purpose must govern all transactions—to deceive others means to deceive oneself—because it is the preservation of a good name and a good reputation for which everybody must look to if desirous of being successful in business and otherwise. Dr. Mackey can point with pride to his ten years of successful experience in the treatment of the following diseases of which he makes a specialty:

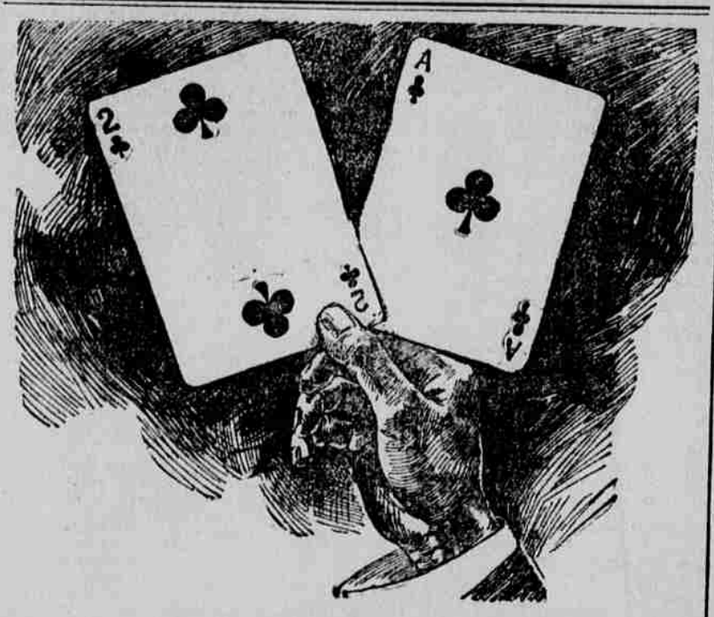
Catarrh, Deafness, Asthma, Lung Diseases, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Malaria, Liver and Stomach Troubles, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Blood, Skin and Nervous Disorders, Special Diseases of Men and Diseases Peculiar to Women.

Patients living at a distance cured at home. Write for symptom blanks if you can not call.

DR. J. L. MACKEY.

Office permanently located in Houston at rooms 3 and 9, Telephone building, corner Fannin street and Prairie avenue.

Office hours: 9 to 12, 2 to 5 and 7 to 8. Sunday, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.



The comparative value of these two cards is known to most persons. They illustrate that greater quantity is not always most to be desired. The Ace expresses the beneficial quality of Ripans Tabules as compared with twice as many of any previously known dyspepsia cure.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (60 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

On Dangerous Ground.

CLARKSVILLE, TEX., May 3rd, 1897.

I was sick four months with inflammation of the bladder and other irregularities and troubles and thought sure I would die. My doctors some way did not give me any relief. I heard of Wine of Cardui and sent for a book on "Home Treatment of Female Diseases." After reading the book in bed I determined to try Wine of Cardui. After using the Wine with Black-Draught three days I could feel a great change. I took five bottles altogether and believe it saved my life. I have had perfect health ever since, until last week. I felt some symptoms of the old trouble then. But I got a bottle of Wine of Cardui at once and before I had taken half of it I was all right again. I recommend Wine of Cardui to everybody. I don't think there is anything like it for "Woman's Relief".

JULIA A. MASON.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

When a woman's menstrual periods are accompanied by severe pains or when the time of appearance or duration varies a day or two, she is in danger. There is something wrong. To go on without giving attention to these warning signals means suffering. If long neglected it means invalidism and untimely death. But every kind of uterine, ovarian or kidney trouble can be cured by the use of Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught at the proper time. These medicines have an unparalleled record for curing suffering women. They do their work in the privacy of a woman's own home. $1.00 per bottle at drug stores.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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G., H. & H. R.
LEAVE HOUSTON—
5:40 a. m., 8:40 a. m., ... p. m., 4:45 p. m., ... p. m.
I. & G. N. DEPOT... FOOT OF CONGRESS AVE.

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