



**"I am grateful to Dr. Pierce for his advice, and the kind and encouraging letters he wrote me. I would advise every woman suffering with female disease to consult him."**

Weak and sick women who are suffering from womanly diseases are advised to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. If "Favorite Prescription" does not act as promptly as desired, weak and sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no restriction to the invitation to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. He may be consulted before using "Favorite Prescription," or after giving it a fair trial, or without using the medicine at all. The offer of medical advice made by Doctor Pierce is a genuine offer made by a genuine physician whose experience and success in the treatment and cure of womanly diseases has placed him in the front rank of physicians who successfully treat the diseases peculiar to women.

"After being subjected for some time to an annoying female trouble," writes Mrs. Minnie Tillotson, of Potomac, Vermilion Co., Ill., Box 150, "I wrote to Dr. R. V. Pierce, who at once understood my suffering and advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and use also his 'Lotion Tablets' and 'Suppositories.' After using his medicines eight or nine months I was completely cured. I am grateful to Dr. Pierce for his advice and the kind and encouraging letters he wrote to me. I would advise every woman suffering with female disease to consult him. Prompt and respectful attention will be given and good advice received by so-doing."

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly diseases. Do not accept an unproved substitute in its place.

**FREE!** Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor, containing more than 1000 large pages, is sent FREE on receipt of stamps to pay expenses of mailing ONLY. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume.

Address: Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

## A Pardonable Deception.

BY JENNIE EDDIE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) There was dire consternation in athletic circles of the University of Michigan when Stubby Shaw's resignation from the ball team came in just two weeks before the Cornell game. Moreover, this young man remained firm as adamant in the face of entreaties, expostulations, threats. "It's my own fault," he insisted. "Father wouldn't have said a word if I had passed my exams. But as it is, I've got to brace up in Math or go home, and baseball is strictly ruled out." Thompson, who was manager of the team, was the brother of a very pretty girl whom Stubby had adored for three years. Their engagement was but a few hours old when sentence was passed upon Stubby's sporting career by his hitherto indulgent father.

The Rev. John Shaw loved his only son with all the strength of his earnest, strong heart, and because of that love he was ambitious that John Jr. should make a success of life from start to finish. He had sent him proudly to his own Alma Mater and had watched his progress with tender solicitude, hoping, longing for some evidence of especial brilliancy, yet ever patiently content with his mediocre attainments. "He hasn't found himself yet," the fond father would say, "but when he does—" and the pleasant old gray eyes would light up with an almost divine fire as his mind pictured the roseate future of his son.

On a perfect spring morning Mr. Shaw received a letter from his boy. It was a frank, manly letter, telling of his love for Margaret Thompson, her promise to be his wife, and asking his father's approval of the engagement. The maid interrupted his reverie. "A telegram for you, sir." He tore it open and read it with a puzzled smile.

"Do you consent to John's engagement to Margaret?" Telegraph reply. "R. Thompson."

"Rather singular," said Mr. Shaw. "I never had such an experience before. But then it's a good many years since I knew anything about love affairs. This must be the latest formality."

Two hours later Thompson burst into Stubby's room waving a bit of yellow paper. "I've got it," he shouted, holding it still long enough for Stubby to read, "I give my consent, John Shaw." "What does it mean?" gasped Stubby. "Mean? Why it means that you agreed to stay on the team until after the Cornell game if I got your father's consent, and here it is." The famous shortstop was speechless with joy, but he wrung his friends' hand until Thompson winced and drew it away.

The practice weeks were gone before anyone realized it and the morning of the great day dawned clear and crisp. Hundreds of students loaded the special for Detroit. That city was in gala attire. College enthusiasm was fairly saturating the atmosphere and nowhere was greater loyalty shown than in the ranks of the alumni—the "old grads." Was it Fate that induced the Rev. John Shaw to leave his cozy study on that great day and take the suburban car for Detroit? He certainly knew nothing about the game until the flaunting streamers of yellow and blue stirred something warm in the depths of his heart and brought a mist before his eyes.

"Well, well, Shaw. Down for the game, I suppose," said a jolly voice as a pair of big hands grasped his own heartily.

"God bless my soul if it isn't Jack Thornton," exclaimed the minister. "What game is it?"

"Why, don't you know? Cornell and Michigan. Best game of the year. You used to be better posted on these things in our day, eh, Shaw?" Visions of his long forgotten triumphs on the diamond made him smile reflect-

ively went up from the crowd of partisans, but when Mr. Shaw also failed to score the outlook was not so promising. Eight innings were played rapidly with no score on either side. Then Cornell again lined up. A whizzing sound, a well aimed stroke, and Cornell had a man on first. There was a perfect storm of applause from the little group of New Yorkers who had accompanied their team. Whether this inspired their men or rattled the Michigan pitcher, the result was the same. The game was now Michigan 0, Cornell 1. To say that the crowd was now mad with excitement is utterly inexpressive. There was a death like stillness when Stacey came to bat. "Strike one. Strike two. Strike three." It was Warren's turn. "Strike one! Strike two! Strike three!" A groan of despair told the story of shattered hopes. Then a third man stepped to the plate. The entire responsibility of the day lay on those broad shoulders. He did not seem aware of the seriousness of the situation or was he indifferent to it? Suddenly, whizz! came the ball on an incalculable curve. A firm, strong blow, directed as carelessly as though the whole world were not waiting breathless its result, and the ball



"I'm proud of you, my boy."

skipped the ground at the pitcher's feet, slipped through his hands and bounded across the field. The man that sent it did not stop to look. He was half way to his base before the crowd realized that he had made a hit. On, on, would he ever get to second? Yes, and he dares to try for third. Now the outfielders are after the ball as it skims the ground. The right fielder has caught it! No, he fumbles. He turns swiftly but the man is past third and running for dear life. The ball has started on its long journey home. It is almost in the catcher's grasp. The runner sees it. He is so near, but will he ever make the goal? The catcher jumps back a foot to get the ball. The runner drops to the ground, slides his full length and stretches a long muscular arm to the plate. His fingers touch it a full second before the announcer of the umpire that Michigan has a home run is drowned in the thunderous roars from the grand stand. Everybody is jumping up and down, yelling like mad. The Rev. John Shaw is swinging his hat and pounding the floor with his best umbrella. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" he finds himself yelling, and then a magnificent howl breaks forth from a thousand throats, "Stubby! Stubby! Stubby!"

"That's a boy to be proud of," said Jack Thornton to John Shaw.

"Indeed, he is!" returned that gentleman enthusiastically. "If that was my boy, I'd rather have him make that run than take the Latin scholarship!" Another tally for the U. of M. was added by the good plays of the succeeding ten minutes, but the wild fever with which they continued to cheer Stubby remained unabated. When the game ended with Michigan 2, Cornell 1, the Rev. John Shaw bent over a lad of ten who had been one of the wildest enthusiasts. "Can you tell me, my boy, what Stubby's other name is?" The child looked at him in disgust. "Stubby? Don't you know Stubby Shaw? Why, everybody knows him!"

Down in the dressing room Mr. Shaw found a mob of young men fairly tumbling over each other in jubilant glee as they shook hands with everybody again and again, pounded each other on the back, and hurrahed for Stubby. It was with difficulty that the elderly gentleman made his way to the inside of this room where the hero sat perched on the shoulders of his vociferous admirers, but the crowd parted like magic at his words, "I am Stubby's father." "I'm proud of you, my boy," he said. "That play atones even for your disobedience." Thompson interrupted, "I deceived you both, Mr. Shaw," he said humbly, "but you see we just had to have Stubby play. He thought your telegram concerned the game—" "That's all right, I'm much obliged to you, Thompson."

"What's the matter with Mr. Shaw?" shouted the captain of the team. "Fellows, here goes, three cheers for him." The people outside thought it was another edition of the same old story. "Listen," said one. "They're cheering Stubby again." But the Rev. John Shaw and the team knew better.

**Novel Fishing Tournament.**

A novel tournament was held at Avalon, Cal., recently. Thirteen boats took part in it, and their anglers landed 10,000 pounds of abigara, few of which weighed less than twenty-five pounds. In all 318 fish were brought in. The winning catch was seventy-seven.



When the life of Mrs. Webb was hanging in the balance she used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was restored to health. Her experience made her the firm friend of the medicine that cured her.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no equal in its cures of womanly disease. It establishes regularity, dries the drains that weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

Five years ago when my life was hanging in the balance, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was brought to my home," writes Mrs. Caroline Ruff, Director of German Orphan's Home, residing at 257 Rowan Street, Detroit, Mich. "I took it, and it won me back to health. Ever since that time I have been its firm friend. We frequently have mothers come to our Home who are suffering with uterine troubles, inflammation, tumors and ulcerations. Our great remedy for a female trouble is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and we have found nothing so far which would so quickly cure the disease, relieve inflammation and stop pain. It is a good friend to women."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advisor, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Cables Laid by Ferrets.

An American inventor of infinite resources and sagacity has utilized rats to lay the telephone cables through the conduits. Several rats were turned loose in the conduit with a ferret after them, to which was attached a cord. Through 700 feet of the conduit the merry chase was carried, and the rats emerged into daylight at the other end just a few feet ahead of the ferret, which was probably impeded somewhat by the cord.

### Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Sodeholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but it was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy a bottle of it which he did. It quickly relieved her and enabled her to sleep which she had not done for several days. She was so much pleased with the relief it gave her mother that she has since recommended it to many others. For sale by all druggists.

The Hnb is giving 20 per cent off on clothing from regular prices.

HARRY GESAS.

### Croup.

The peculiar cough which indicates croup, is usually well known to mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed, and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by all druggists.



**Mrs. Laura S. Webb,**  
Vice-President Woman's Democratic Clubs of Northern Ohio.

"I dreaded the change of life which was fast approaching. I noticed Wine of Cardui, and decided to try a bottle. I experienced some relief the first month, so I kept on taking it for three months and now I menstruate with no pain and I shall take it off and on now until I have passed the climax."

Female weakness, disordered menses, falling of the womb and ovarian troubles do not wear off. They follow a woman to the change of life. Do not wait but take Wine of Cardui now and avoid the trouble. Wine of Cardui never fails to benefit a suffering woman of any age. Wine of Cardui relieved Mrs. Webb when she was in danger. When you come to the change of life Mrs. Webb's letter will mean more to you than it does now. But you may now avoid the suffering she endured. Druggists sell \$1 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

**WINE OF CARDUI**

Miss Livingstone, at 107.

The cousin of the famous African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, is still alive, being 107 years old. Miss Kate Livingstone has for many years been a valued domestic in the family of Mrs. Fletcher of Finnish, Isle of Mull, Scotland, who is now taking every care of the old lady in her declining years. Her faculties are fast giving way, her hearing has completely gone, and for a long time her memory has

### SHE TOOK NO CHANCES.

This Little Girl Utterly Refused to Name Satan.

Mrs. C. was horrified to discover that her little 7-year-old daughter was acquiring the habit of alluding very freely to the devil, and at last she told her determinedly that a repetition of the obnoxious word would bring severe punishment.

The child knew that her mother was in earnest, so she set a seal on her lips. At last she seemed to have forgotten it, but one Sunday Mrs. C., who had been too ill to go to church, asked her if she could tell what the minister had preached about in his sermon.

"Oh, yes'm," she answered; "he preached about our Lord going up into the mountain and being tempted by— by—the gentleman who keeps hell!"

She didn't intend to run any risks of being punished.—Lippincott's.

### Longest Letter on Record.

A former Philadelphian, who is now in business in Chicago and who has been spending a portion of his vacation with old friends here, wrote a letter the other day to a chum in the Windy City that surely breaks the record for lengthy letter writing. He had promised to write "a good, long letter," so he procured a coil of thin white tape paper, such as is used by the telegraph companies on their ticking machines, and proceeded to work, writing a single line lengthwise on the tape from the beginning clear through to the little wooden center. The letter was in the neighborhood of 450 feet long.

### Six Thousand Watch Glasses a Day.

In the production of common watch glasses the glass is blown into a sphere about forty inches in diameter, sufficient material being taken to give the desired thickness, as the case may be. Discs are then cut out from this sphere with the aid of a pair of compasses having a diamond at the extremity of one leg. There is a knack in detaching the disc after it has been cut. A good workman will cut 6,000 glasses in a day.

### Oregon Short Line

ST. ANTHONY BRANCH & CONNECTION

### TIME TABLE

North Bound No. 23 South Bound Leave daily. DEC. 14, 1902. Arr. daily

No. 51.	IDAHO FALLS	No. 52.
11:15 a m	5:30 p m	
11:40 a m	5:00 p m	
12:01 p m	4:35 p m	
12:15 p m	4:23 p m	
12:25 p m	4:15 p m	
12:55 p m	3:58 p m	
1:25 p m	3:35 p m	
1:45 p m	3:15 p m	

D. E. Burley, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Agt. Salt Lake City.

D. S. Spencer, Ass't Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

For further information regarding time and connection with all trains, call on R. T. DROLLINGER, Agt.

### Advantages of Wealth.

Reginald Vanderbilt, who failed to receive his diploma with the Yale academic class of 1902, has been given a special private examination in law, the study in which he was deficient. A rule of the university allows a special examination to be held in a student's home provided he pays the expenses of an instructor to hold the same. Several other students who failed to pass last June have also been given special examinations.

## Years

Of Suffering From Heart Disease.

I Would Not be Alive Today

But For Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

Do not neglect the warning symptoms of a weak heart. Palpitation, smothering spells, swelling of feet or ankles, pain in and around heart; oftentimes affections of the stomach, lungs, liver, bladder, kidneys, etc., arise from heart weakness. A weak heart must be helped. It cannot stop to rest. It must be strengthened and regulated. The blood must be enriched, the heart nerves strengthened and the circulation improved by the great heart and blood tonic, Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. There is positively nothing to equal this wonderful medicine in its beneficial influence upon hearts weakened from any cause.

"I am very grateful for what Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has done for me, as I am confident I would not be alive today had I not learned of its wonderful virtues and taken it before it was too late. I had been a sufferer from valvular heart disease for many years, in fact ever since I was a little girl and for three years before I began using Heart Cure I was in very bad shape. I could not sleep on my left side at all and would frequently have the most dreadful smothering spells. At times my left side would swell up. I had pains in my head all the time from which I suffered greatly. Nothing I took did me any good until I used eleven bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure which removed all these distressing symptoms and made me feel well and strong."—Mrs. H. C. CRUSE, San Francisco, Cal.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

### A Scientific Discovery.

Kodal does for the stomach that which it is unable to do for itself, even when but slightly disordered or overloaded. Kodal supplies the natural juices of digestion and does the work of the stomach, relaxing the nervous tension, while the inflamed muscles of that organ are allowed to rest and heal. Kodal digests what you eat and enables the stomach and digestive organs to transform all food into rich, red blood. Watson & Moore.

Ladies, misses and children's hosiery free at the Thompson Mercantile Co's. The greatest hosiery event of any country or at any time since history began. Come and get particulars.

See The Thompson Mercantile Co's. big Dollar saving add on another page.



Read it with a puzzled smile, ively, and when Jack Thornton hailed a car headed for the ball grounds, he followed mechanically. They took a front seat in the grand stand among unfamiliar faces. There was the usual chatter as the teams took the field for their preliminary practice. Mr. Shaw recognized anecdotes of Stacey and Leaming and a good deal was said about some one they called Stubby, but this was evidently a new member whom his son had never mentioned. He began to grow a trifle jealous of this same Stubby when they told of his splendid form, his boundless popularity, his inexhaustible good-nature. He started once to ask who this young paragon was, but just then the game was called.

Cornell came to bat first. Three men were struck out in quick succession. The Michigan pitcher was certainly starting well. A murmur of

### Boast Worth Making.

Frank Jones, the millionaire brewer and ex-congressman, who is dead at Portsmouth, N. H., entered that town forty years ago with a peddler's pack of tinware and died the richest man there, his estate amounting to about \$15,000,000. It was always his boast after he became a brewer that he "never made anything but good, honest ale." Mr. Jones was elected mayor twice and on one occasion gave his entire salary to charity.

## Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fatterer, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

**SCOTT & BOWNE,**  
CHEMISTS,  
409 Pearl St., N. Y.

50c. and \$1. all druggists.

See the new ad of A. J. Lewis, proprietor of the Cash Racket Store.