That's the kind—Libby's—There isn't another sliced dried beef like it. Good? It's the inside cut of the finest beef sliced to wafer thinness.

Libby's Sliced Dried Beef

stands supreme. The tasty dishes one can make with it are almost numberless. Let's see! There's creamed dried beef, and—but just try it. Then you'll know!

Always Insist on Libby's

Don't accept "a just as good." From relish to roast, from condiment to conserve, the quality of Libby's Ready-to-Serve Foods is always superior. And they don't cost one whit more than the ordinary kinds.

Put up in sterilized glass or tin containers

At Every Grocers

Libby, McNeill & Libby

Chicago

W. N. U., Little Rock, No. 33–1912.

The uses of a mother-in-law are too often less than her abuses.

Don't be misled. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful white clothes. At all good grocers.

Homely Philosophy.

"'After all, it isn't always those with the loudest voices that have the best things to say,' said the little brown hen."

Not So Bad.

"I don't see how you can find life worth living in such a small town."

"Oh, it's not so bad. We probably have just as many scandals here as there are in your neighborhood."

Consistent.

"Your friend is very particular about conformity in all things, isn't he?"

"Yes, indeed. When he went on his last spree the family were in mourning and he saw only black snakes."

Show Devotion to Queen.

Queen Alexandra was very much touched by the devotion of the woman of every station of life who sold flowers on Alexandra day for one of her pet charities, the hospitals of London. More than $150,000 was collected, and next year it is said that all of England will celebrate the queen mother's day in the same way.

More Time Needed.

"You must get three weeks vacation this year."

"Why?"

"Two weeks aren't enough."

"They're all I can get."

"I don't care. You've got to have three. Last year I had to come home with two new dresses that I hadn't had time to wear."

A Triumph Of Cookery—

Post Toasties

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels **Post Toasties** in tempting the palate.

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot-weather economy.

The first package tells its own story.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Change of View

"It's time to begin considering my vacation," said the little stenographer, dubiously, as she examined the contents of her pocket book. "Honestly, sometimes I wonder which is preferable—to stay at home and be content with spending money you earn each week as it comes along, without thought or worry—or to begin hoarding early in May and go without your lunch and give up matinees and regard even nickel shows as expensive treats, and fast from all candy and soda—in fact, save every cent you can, and then borrow some, so you can go away for two weeks and spend it!"

"Been saving since early in May, have you?" remarked the bookkeeper, solicitiously. "I thought you were looking thin and worn. I had supposed it was just the need of a vacation and I didn't want to mention it, as I might frighten you. Why don't you stay at home and fatten up? You could get a big steak every day in the week at the club for what you'd pay for it once on a vacation."

The little stenographer eyed him suspiciously, but there wasn't a hint of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, I am considering it," she admitted. "When I think of all the money I've wasted on vacations it makes me positively ill! Actually I could run an automobile on it!

"Besides, what do vacations amount to?" went on the little stenographer. "I can go in bathing here at home just as well—the water's just as refreshing. I can sit on the sand here, just as well, and it will be just as sticky and grimy. I can walk around under a stylish sunshade and sit on the porch and talk, in my best clothes, exactly as well and as satisfactorily as I can 'way off somewhere at large expense.

"Then when it's all over I can look in my purse, count a roll of bills that haven't been spent and get seats for all the shows I want to see during the year!

"It would mean a chance to get acquainted with one's friends, too. Honestly, I've got dozens of married friends, who I know would be glad to have me go out and see them, but I never have the chance. Think what I could accomplish in the way of renewing old friendships in the course of two or three weeks!"

The bookkeeper nodded his commendation. "Then you'll have a chance to take in a bunch of summer parks, won't you?" he said. "And you can see the sights that you've never had time to look at, and you can hear the good music, take long rides, go out into the woods, pick flowers, have picnics—oh, there's so much one can do!

"That's what they all say," added the bookkeeper. "But why can't you be honest? Why don't you say right out that there's no use in your going up to the lake if Jimmy isn't going to be there, that if he's to be in town you'd just as soon stay, too? Why don't you tell me truthfully that you expect to sleep as late as you can, just getting up in time to press your best dress before Jimmy arrives to take you out? Why don't you admit that you'd like to spend your money on personal attractions as long as Jimmy's around—and keep him right at hand?"

The little stenographer opened her mouth several times to remonstrate—but no words came "Why—why—" she finally gasped. "I never—"

Just then the telephone rang.

"Well, what do you think?" She issued from the telephone booth all excitement. "I've got to get all ready to go away in two weeks! I never dreamed of going before August, but I've got to go on the 20th of this month, and I haven't got any clothes ready. I haven't even got a suit!

"Oh, I wonder if the firm'll let me go at that time. I'll have to sound Mr. Brown this afternoon. Isn't it great? Up on the lake—you know, the same old place we always go! Oh, I can hardly wait! Don't you envy me? Think of the swimming and the canoeing and the woods and the all day hammocks—doesn't it make you homesick?"

"How about those financial straits?" the bookkeeper inquired.

"Oh, mother'll advance all I want," replied she, as she looked absently into space. Then she smiled rapturously.

"Jimmy call you up?" hazarded the bookkeeper.

"They're going to give him a vacation after all. Things have changed. He didn't dream he'd—"

She stopped suddenly and glared, with fire in her eyes, at the bookkeeper, because he was smiling.—Chicago Daily News.

Simple Home Remedies.

Stranger in Town—Say, what's good to take for a cold?

Native—Oh, quinine and whisky, or quinine and brandy, or quinine and rum, or quinine and gin—and say—you want to be darned careful about the quinine—it's powerful stuff.—Puck.

Investigation.

"What kind of an investigation do you want?" asked the legislator.

"One of those that get the public so tired of the whole matter that they are willing to quit talking about it."

WERE NOT AT ALL DIVERTING

Serious-Minded Quaker Saw Nothing to Smile at in the Lighter Poems of Whittier.

The late Gertrdue Whittier Cartland, cousin of Whittier, the Quaker poet, presented an ideal picture of the saintly aged Quakeress. Her sweet, serene face, framed in its tight little bonnet, seemed to shine with clear, spiritual radiance; to hear her recite, in a voice of tranquil music, the hymns and graver poems of her famous relative was always delightful.

But she did not leave her cousin's lively sense of humor; and it was hard to tell whether this lack lessened or increased the effect, when in exactly the same grave, even tones, she occasionally read aloud some of the verse that he wrote, not for publication, but for the pleasure of his intimate circle. That was always light, frequently gay, sometimes fairly rollicking.

Her admiration for the writer made her try very hard to appreciate his fun; and she thought she did so; yet mirth seemed always as alien to her tongue as a red rosette pinned upon her dove-gray shoulder-shawl would have been to her costume. This incongruity was felt, doubtless, by another Friend, of even more serious mind than she, who once said to her reprovingly:

"The verses are harmless, and I perceive they are intended to be diverting; but they do not divert me, Gertrude, and I do not think they really divert thee. Be honest with thyself; if thee read them and did not know thy cousin Greenleaf wrote them, would thee not consider them extremely silly? Thee knows I mean no affront, and greatly admire thy cousin Greenleaf. Surely he is a great poet; but a great poet may sometimes write such silly stuff. And surely this time thy cousin has done it. Reflect and thee will agree with me."

She reflected—on the necessity of care in selecting an audience for a joke.—Youth's Companion.

ECZEMA BEGAN BY ITCHING

Goldsboro, N. C.—"My daughter suffered from eczema. The trouble began in the ears by itching and running water, and later it formed pus and became very offensive. She began to scratch it and it went into sores. When the scabs came off there was a yellowish watery discharge. The outside of the ear was one solid sore. She tried several different remedies but received no relief. She had been troubled with it between one and two years when she finally began using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

"She had not made but two treatments when all the scabs came off and the flesh just looked very red and dry. She kept up the treatment four or five weeks and she was entirely cured. It also cured other sores on the children, especially chapped feet on one of the little boys." (Signed) Mrs. W. H. Edgerton, Jan. 24, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Badly Frightened Fish.

"It was never so known before," says Rankin Dunfre, a local angler, who wasn't angling on the occasion in point. "I was crossing the bridge near home swinging my lantern, for the night was dark. I heard a great splash, got down on the bank with my lantern to see the cause, and lo and behold a 16-inch fish lay floundering in the weeds. The lantern must have scared him out of the water—don't you think?"—Philadelphia Record.

Unsatisfactory Transaction.

"I'll admit," said Erastus Pinkley, "dat de mule I done traded off foh a bushel of oats warn't much good. But jus' de same I feels like I been cheated."

"What are de trouble?" inquired Miss Miami Brown.

"I traded de mule off for a bushel of oats. While I had my back turned de mule done et de oats, an' I don' see how I's gwinter break even."—Washington Star.

His Rank.

Mistress—Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary; but what's your reason?

Mary keeps silent.

Mistress—Something private?

Mary (suddenly)—No, mum; please, mum, he's a lance corporal.—Illustrated Bits.

Lacks Originality.

"Bilkins tells me that he has lately subscribed for a new thought magazine."

"I hope its perusal will inspire him with some new thoughts. Nobody talks about the weather more than Bilkins does."

Speed the Parting Guest.

Father Knickerbocker—Can't you stay a little longer?

Departing Visitor—No. Haven't a red cent left.

Father Knickerbocker—Oh! Well, good-by.

A cat may have nine lives, but a cow can kick the bucket a dozen times and continue to hold her job.

PUNISHMENT.

Summer Girl—What do you think you deserve for kissing me like that?

Youth—Well, say you might marry me!

In the Meantime.

There had been a row at recess time, and Miss Martin had called in all of the pupils, and had a sort of a school court, which lasted until time for school to be dismissed. The trouble had started with some of the older boys in a misunderstanding over a game. After hearing both sides of the question, she decided proper punishment for the combatants, and told them to remain in their seats after the others had gone home. She remembered something she wanted to say to a little boy who did not take part in the affray, and she turned to him and said:

"No, in the meantime, Guy—"

"I wasn't in it, Miss Martin," Guy interrupted hastily.

"Wasn't in what?" asked Miss Martin.

"Why, in the mean time," said the eight-year-old. — Mack's National Monthly.

What He Bought.

A Syracuse business man living in one of the suburbs decided to give up his spacious back yards to the raising of currants as a profitable side issue. So, wishing to absorb all the information he could acquire on the subject of the currant industry, he went down town one Saturday afternoon recently and returned with his arms full of books."

"Well, Teddy," inquired his enthusiastic spouse, as he dumped the volumes on the table, "did you succeed in getting what you wanted?"

"Sure, I did!" he replied, proudly pointing to the books. "I bought a whole year's edition of a standard work on current literature."—Exchange.

New Idea for Dressmakers.

A New York woman has inaugurated a new departure. She sent word to a number of dressmakers that she had so many dresses to make, of such and such materials, and so many others to be altered, and named the alterations to be made and asked for bids. She will probably accept the lowest bid, and this seems to open up a new field in dressmaking. It will also develop a new variety of shrewdness on the part of successful dressmakers—the ability to figure on bids.

America's Athletic Missionaries.

Writing under this title in Harper's Weekly, Edward Bayard Moss describes our athletic triumph at Stockholm in the Olympic games. "Some idea of the caliber of the athletes and the competition can be gained from the fact that thirteen new Olympic and nine world's records were established during the games. The victory of Arnold Jackson of Oxford in the 1,500-meter run was the only feature that redeemed England's poor display."

Prize Winner.

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some lovely silver cups on the counter.

"These are race cups to be given as prizes."

"If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with the cup in his hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.—Keystone.

To be sweet and clean, every woman should use Paxtine in sponge bathing. It eradicates perspiration and all other body odors. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

Pa's Rather Indefinite.

"Pa, what is an anachronism?"

"Oh, that's something or other smart people are always finding in Shakespeare's works. Now, run along and play."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effectual form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

Their Place.

"Where are marital rods in pickle kept?"

"I should suggest in family jars."

Even a wisdom dispenser shouldn't prolong the performance until people get weary.

Hot Weather Drink.

Philip Hale, one of Boston's latter-day philosophers, recommends barley water as a more sensible drink for hot weather than "ice-cold" blends of waters, sirups, acids, gulped at the marble fountains. Mr. Hale's recipe for his favorite tipple is as follows:

"For three pints of water you will require a teacupful and a half of well washed pearl barley, four lumps of sugar and the thin rind and juice of one lemon. Pour boiling water over it, cover with a saucer and let it stand till cold; then strain again and again till clear, and pour into a jug."

A buttermilk fan adds:

"Then set the jug in a cool place and forget it."

Illiteracy in Germany.

According to the latest official reports, only three persons out of 10,000 in Germany are unable to read or write, while the proportion of illiteracy in Great Britain is 150 per 10,000, as against 770 per 10,000 in the United States. These figures are based on a comparison of illiteracy among some of the leading nations which has just been made and issued for free distribution by the United States Bureau of Education.

Lumbago, Rheumatism and Chilblains

There is nothing that gives so quick benefit as Hunt's Lightning Oil. The very minute it is rubbed on the improvement is noticed. For over thirty years this Liniment has been acknowledged to be the best for these troubles. Every druggist will recommend it. Price 25c and 50c per Bottle.

Why?

"George, don't you think, now that your salary has been raised, we can have an automobile?"

"Oh, I suppose we can have one, if we wish, but why be so common?"

Tell it not in Gath, but there are church members who look too happy at a horse race and too solemn in prayer meeting.

Makes the laundress happy—that's Red Cross Ball Blue. Makes beautiful, clear white clothes. All good grocers.

A wife is supposed to be a man's better half, but sometimes she turns out to be his bitter half.

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

It takes a woman to cry over her inability to find something to laugh at.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

In this age of research and experiment, all nature is ransacked by the scientific for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides in the past century, and among the—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine is that of Therapion, which has been used with great success in French Hospitals and that it is worthy the attention of those who suffer from kidney, bladder, nervous diseases, chronic weaknesses, ulcers, skin eruptions, piles, &c., there is no doubt. In fact it seems evident from the big stir created amongst specialists, that THERAPION is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. It is of course impossible to tell sufferers all we should like to tell them in this short article, but those who would like to know more about this remedy that has effected so many—we might almost say, miraculous cures, should send addressed envelope for FREE book to Dr. LeClerc Med. Co., Haverstock Road, Hampstead, London, Eng. and decide for themselves whether the New French Remedy "THERAPION" No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3 is what they require and have been seeking in vain during a life of misery, suffering, ill health and unhappiness. Therapion is sold by druggists or mail $1.00. Fougera Co., 90 Beekman St., New York.

NO. 666 FOR CHILLS AND FEVER

This is a prescription prepared especially for Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case of Chills and Fever, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

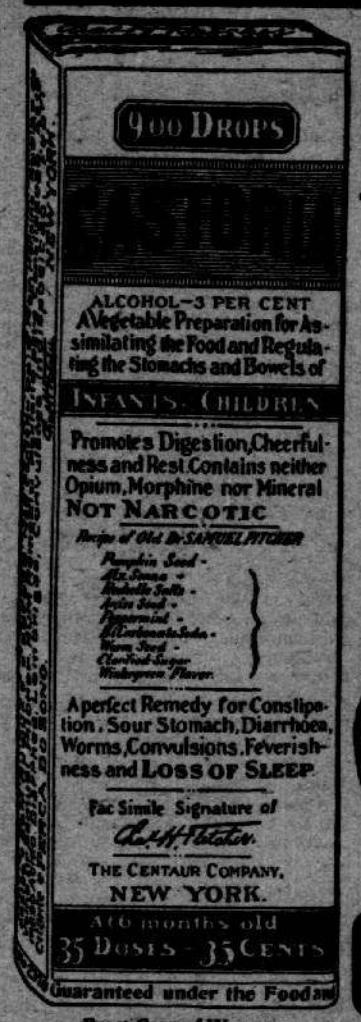
MILLINERY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

We want your business. Latest styles, lowest prices, largest stock, quick shipments. Falk's Millinery Co., 206 Main St., Little Rock, Ark.

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever; and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. Price 25c.

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-40 days, trial treatment FREE. DR. GREENE'S SONS, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS ONE DOLLAR EACH. Wannamaker Poultry Farm, Kennedy, Tenn.



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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

FOR MALARIA AND GENERAL TONIC. Oldest and Best 45 Years of Cures

C. E. Rosenbaum Machinery Co.

Engines - Boilers - Saw Mills

Ginning Machinery and Mill Supplies

313-315 E. Markham St. Little Rock, Ark.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use "RENOVINE." Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price $1.00