MUNYON'S PAW-PAW LIVER PILLS

I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a healthful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money. — Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Co., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream and Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 yrs. and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

Real Modesty.

"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that said:

"'Engagement wanted—small part, such as dead body or outside shouts preferred.'"

Women Save Money.

Women are natural money-savers, no matter how much is said about what they spend for dresses and hats. They always know how to make a dollar go the farthest. That's why thoughtful women discover that by using Easy Task soap in their laundry work they save fuel and time and trouble and health and more than that, they save the clothes that are washed. Easy Task has no rosin in it to stay in the clothes and hold the dirt with it and rot the fabric.

He Had No Eye for Color.

There came to the home of a Negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Waul"—pointing to the one in the middle—"I think I'd save that one."—Everybody's Magazine.

Better Than a Drug.

"The late Senator Platt," said an Albany legislator, "had a cynical wit. Talking about a politician who had changed his party, he once said to me:

"'Circumstances alter everything—political views, religion, even health.

"'Why, I've got a friend who is afflicted with insomnia in its worst form, and yet every morning that man sleeps as sweet and sound as a new-born babe when his wife crawls over him to start the fire.'"

A Specialist.

"I don't see you on the messenger force any more, Jimmy," said the lad with the envelope in his hand.

"No; I've got a good job with a dog-fancier," replied Jimmy, as he puffed a cigarette.

"Wid a dog-fancier? What do you do—feed the dogs?"

"Naw! When a lady comes in and buys a pet dog I teach 'er 'ow to whistle."

Woman's inhumanity to man makes countless divorce lawyers happy.

Right food is a basis
For right living.
"There's only one disease,"
Says an eminent writer—
"Wrong living
"And but one cure—
"Right living."
Right food is supplied by

Grape-Nuts

It contains the vital
Body and brain-building
Elements of wheat and barley—
Most important of which is
The Potassium Phosphate,
Grown in the grain
For rebuilding tissues
Broken down by daily use.
Folks who use Grape-Nuts
Know this—they feel it.
"There's a Reason"
Read "The Road to Wellville,"
Found in packages.

THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XX.

When Tom, seated on Saladin, overtook Ardea on the morning after the night of offenses, she greeted him quite as if nothing had happened, challenging him gaily to a gallop with the valley head for its goal, and refusing to be drawn into anything more serious than joyous persiflage until they were returning at a walk down a boulder-strewn wood road at the back of the Dabney horse pasture. Then, and not till then, was the question of Nancy Bryerson's future suffered to present itself.

"I thought of it last night," said Ardea, nodding toward a cabin near the Major's kennels. "It is just the place for Nancy, if she can not, or will not, go back to her father. After breakfast, I shall send Dinah and a man up to set things in order, and she can come as soon as she likes. She won't mind the loneliness. Japheth will go after her when we are ready; and if you are prudently wise you will have business in South Tredegar for the next few days."

"That looks like dodging; and I don't like to dodge."

"You will have to do many things you don't like," she remarked. "But you shall be permitted to carry your full share of the burden. I mean to let you give me some money, if you can afford it, and I'll spend it for you."

"Charity itself couldn't be kinder," he asseverated. "And, luckily, I can afford it. But——"

He was looking at her wistfully, and the old longing for sympathy, for the sympathy which has been quite to the bottom of the well where truth lies, was about to cry out against this riveting of the fetters of misunderstanding and false accusation.

"But you would rather spend it yourself?" she broke in, fancying she had divined his thought. "That can not be. The one condition on which I shall consent to help is the completest isolation for Nan. You must promise me you will not try to see her. I am hoping against hope that none of the Mountain View avenue people will find out what you did last night."

"I'll keep out of her way, if you can keep her out of mine. All I care is to know that she is comfortably provided for."

In the comment of the simpler-minded Gordonia folk, the iron-master's son had finally "made it up" with Nancy, and here the note of approval was not wholly lacking. There were good-hearted souls to say that boys will be boys, and to express the hope that Tom would go on from this beginning and make an honest woman of Nancy by marrying her.

But Tom did not know of it. He was in the crucial month of the panic year, striving desperately to maintain the foothold given to him by the pipe-casting invention, and he had little time for the amenities. So it came about that he escaped for the moment; or, which was quite the same, he did not know he was pursued. Another Northern city, with its full complement of grafting officials, was in the market for some train-loads of water-mains, and again Thomas Jefferson was fighting the old battle of conscience against expediency, this time in the evil-smelling ditches where the dead and wounded lie.

"You are sure you went into it thoroughly, Norman?" he demanded of his lieutenant, when the latter returned from a personal reconnaissance of the field. "The break they are making at us seems almost too rank to be taken at its face value."

"Oh, yes; I dug it up from the bottom," said the henchman. "It's rotten and riotous. The political machine runs the town, and the bosses own the machine. So much to this one, so much to that, so much to half a dozen others, and we get the contract."

"That comes straight, does it?"

"As straight as a shot out of a gun. They got together on it, eight of the big bosses, called me in and told me flat-footed what we had to do," said the salesman. "Oh, I tell you, those fellows are on to their job."

"No chance to go behind the returns and stir up popular indignation, as we did in Indiana?" suggested Tom.

"No show on top of earth. The ring owns or controls two of the dailies, and has the other two scared. Besides, they've just had their municipal election."

To prepare for the new exigency, Tom took the afternoon local for South Tredegar. The lump sum required for the bribery was considerably in excess of his balance in bank. Notwithstanding the stringency of the times, he made sure he could borrow; but it was in some vague hope that the moral chasm might be widened to impassibility, or decently bridged for him, that he was moved to state the case in detail to President Henniker of the Iron City National. Mr. Vancourt Henniker could dig ditches, on occasion, making them too vast for the boldest borrower to cross; but Tom's credit was gilt-edged, and in the present instance the president chose rather to build bridges.

"We have to shut our eyes to a good many disagreeable things in business, Mr. Gordon," he said, genially didactic. "Our problem in this day and generation is so to draw the line of distinction that these necessary concessions to human frailty will not debauch us; may be made without prejudice to that high sense of personal honor and integrity which must be the corner-stone of any successful business career. This state of affairs which you describe is deplorable—most deplorable; but—well, we may think of such obstacles as we do of toll-gates on the highway. The road is a public utility, and it should be free; but we pay the toll, under protest, and pass on."

Mr. Henniker was a large man, benign and full-favored, not to say unctuous; and his manner in delivering an opinion was blandly impressive, and convincing to many. Yet Tom was not convinced.

"Of course, I came to ask for the loan, and not specially to justify it," he said, in mild irony which was quite lost on the philosopher in the president's chair. "I wasn't sure just how you would regard it if you should know the object for which we are borrowing, and this high sense of personal honor you speak of impelled me to be altogether frank with you."

"Quite right; you were quite right, Mr. Gordon," said the banker, urbanely. "You are young in business, but you have learned the first lesson in the book of success—to be perfectly open and outspoken with your banker. As I have said, the venality of these men with whom you are dealing is most deplorable, but * * *"

There was some further glozing over of the putrid fact, a good bit of it, and Tom sat back in his chair and listened, outwardly respectful, inwardly hot-hearted and contemptuous. Was this smooth-spoken, oracular prince of the market-place a predetermined hypocrite, shaping his words to fit the money-gathering end without regard to their demoralizing effect? Or was he only a subconscious Pharisee, self-deceived and complacent? Tom's thought ran lightning-like over the long list of the Vancourt Hennikers: men of the business world successful to the Croesus mark, large and liberal benefactors, founders of colleges, libraries and hospitals, gift-givers to their fellow men, irreproachable in private life, and yet apparently stone blind on the side of the larger equities. Could it be possible that such men deliberately admitted and accepted the double standard in morals? It seems fairly incredible, and yet their lives appeared to proclaim it.

Having obtained the sinews of war, Tom kept the appointment with Norman, and their joint discussion of the business situation made him too late for the early dinner at Woodlawn. To complete the delay, the evening train lost half an hour with a hot box at a point a mile short of Gordonia. Two things came of these combined time-killings: a man in a slouched hat and the brown jeans of the mountaineers, who had been watching the Woodlawn gates since dusk from his hiding-place behind the field wall across the pike, got up stiffly and went away; and Tom reached home just in time to intercept Ardea on the steps of the picturesque veranda.

"Been visiting the little mother?" he asked, when she paused on the step above him.

"Yes—no; I ran over to tell you that we moved Nancy to-day."

"Oh! Well, that's comfortable. She was willing?"

"Y-es: almost, at first; and altogether willing when I told her that I—that she—" There was an embarrassed moment and then the truth came out. "Perhaps I should have asked you first; but she was quite satisfied when I told her that she owed her changed condition to the person whose duty it was to provide for her. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," he said, absently, and the under-thought dealt savagely with Nan—with a woman who, for the sake of the loaves and the fishes, and the shielding of the real offender, would suffer an innocent man to go to the social gallows for lack of the word which would have cleared him. He laughed rather bitterly and added, out of the heart of the under-thought: "I'm glad I'm not naturally inclined to be pessimistic."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because, after hearing"—he changed his mind suddenly, and transferred the hard word from Nan to Mr. Vancourt Henniker—"after what I've been hearing this afternoon I find myself more in the notion of weeping with the angels than of laughing with the devils."

"What has happened?" she asked, sympathetically alive to his need in one breath, and keenly apprehensive for her own peace of mind in the next.

"An exceedingly small thing, as the world's measurements go. I was in town, and made a business call on Mr. Henniker. He's a member of your church, isn't he? I needed some money to bribe a lot of political grafters in a Pennsylvania city where I'm trying to sell a bill of water-pipe. I went to Mr. Henniker to borrow it."

"And, of course, he wouldn't let you have it for any such wretched purpose!" she flamed out.

"No, you are mistaken; it's just the other way around. I told him what it was for, hoping rather vaguely, I think, that he'd sit on me and make the crime impossible. But he didn't. He took the trouble to try to explain away my scruples; made it seem quite a virtuous thing before he got through. You wouldn't believe it now, would you?"

"But, Tom! you didn't take the money?"

"How could I refuse so good a man? Norman is on his way to Pennsylvania at this present moment, with a letter of credit in his pocket big enough to make the mouth of even a professional grafter water. At least, I hope it is big enough."

She was hurt, shocked, horrified, and he knew it and found pleasure of a certain sort in the knowledge. When a man has done violence to his own best impulses, the thing that somes nearest to the holy joy of penitence is the unholy joy of making somebody else sorry for him. There were unmistakable tears in her voice when she said:

"Tom, why have you told me this—this unspeakable thing?"

"Why—I guess it was because I wanted to ask you how you supposed the Mr. Henniker kind of men square such things with their conscience; or don't they have any conscience."

"What can I say to help you, Tom? I would do anything that a true friend may be!"

"There might have been a thing; but you have made it impossible. No, don't freeze me again—it's the last time. If I could have won your love * * * but what is the use of trying to put it in words; you know—you have always known. And now it is too late."

For a single instant Vincent Farley's chance of marrying the Deer Trace coal lands trembled in the balance. Ardea forgot him, forgot Nan, thought of nothing but the passionate yearning that was drawing her like gripping hands toward the man who had bared his inmost heart to her.

"It is not too late for you to be a man, noble, upright, honorable. Let the world find that for which it is looking, my friend—my brother: the strong man armed who can stand where others faint and fall. Oh, I wish I knew how to say the word that would make you the man you were meant to be!"

When it was said, she was gone and the sound of the closing door was in his ears when he turned and went slowly down the driveway and out on the white pike, lying like a snowy ribbon under the December stars. On the highway he hung undecided for a moment; but an hour later, William Layne, driving homeward from South Tredegar, overtook him plodding slowly southward far beyond the head of Paradise; and it was nearing midnight when he won back, pacing steadily past the Deer Trace and Woodlawn gates and holding his way down the pike to Gordonia.

The railway station was his goal; and when he had aroused the sleepy night operator and gained admittance, he sat at the telegraph table to write a message. It was to Norman, addressed to intercept the salesman at the breakfast stop.

"Cancel Pennsylvania date and come in at once to take managership of plant," was the wording of it; and at the breakfast-table the following morning Tom announced his intention of leaving the industrial plow in the furrow while he should go to Boston to complete his course in the technical school.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN INVADING BUSINESS.

Employment of Want Ad One of the Principal Entering Wedges.

The present day woman in business employs just as up-to-date methods as a man, declares Prof. Charles Zueblin in the Delineator. When she goes after a position she does so with all her might. The frank adoption of masculine methods in order to beat the men at their own game, is modestly exemplified by the young Bryn Mawr graduate who published the following enticing advertisement:

"Situation wanted—Are you looking for brains? For an experienced correspondent who can write convincing letters, letters that get what they are sent to get? A clever woman who can write clever ads. or clever talks on any subject and from any point of view? Some one expert in the use of stenography and typewriting? A hybrid from the university and business world? One who knows people and conditions and who can meet all combinations of the two with unwreckable savoir faire? That describes me exactly. Address B A 251, Tribune."

Is it surprising that she was swamped with answers?

Women who attain success in the most masculine of industries and financial positions are evidently multiplying. The statistician who prepares the annual report on the cotton crop for the government is a woman, who is said to have increased her income from $8 a week to $10,000 a year.

Trenton, N. J., has recently reported fifteen business women whose occupations are scarcely feminine. They include barbering, wholesale tobacco, real estate, undertaking, pharmacy, jewelry, piano dealing, insurance, shoe repairing banking, charcoal, etc. South Chicago's situation is more spectacular, if less creditable. In addition to women doctors and police, a woman runs the worst saloon and another the best undertaking establishment, so that, from birth to death, even by "the broad way which leadeth to destruction," a feminine hand may guide.

Way-Ko or Wack-Ko?

Every town has its right to pronounce its name in its own way, but Texans never seemed to get together on the pronunciation of the name "Waco." Years ago Texas was represented by two rather ancient senators, one of whom called the town "Way-ko," whereas the other insisted it was "Wauk-ko."

The reading clerk had a merry time. If the word were read one way the opposing senator would make a complaint, and vice versa. It recalls the time when Arkansas was represented in the senate by Garland and Walker. One insisted that the state should be called "Arkansas," just as it is spelled. The other always insisted upon "Arkansaw." John J. Ingalls, who was presiding officer of the senate in those days, had the matter down to such a nicety that he would recognize the one as "the senator from 'Arkansas,'" and the other as "the senator from 'Arkansaw,'" being very careful to give each senator his favorite pronunciation.—Washington correspondence St. Louis Star.

The New Hen.

Of the late Atherton Blight, one of the founders of fashionable Newport, a Philadelphian said at the Rittenhouse Club:

"Mr. Blight was amused by the antics of the militant suffragettes. At a Christmas luncheon at the Bellevue he once sat next to a lady with suffragette notions. Plovers' eggs, hard boiled, formed one course, and the lady called Mr. Blight's attention to the high cost of plovers' eggs this year.

"'Even though,' she said, 'they have to be shipped from England, I don't see why their price should have nearly doubled, do you?'

"'Well—er—not exactly,' murmured Mr. Blight, 'though they do say that the hen plovers have taken to acting very oddly of late—strutting round, and growing topnots and spurs, and even trying to learn to crow.'"

Courtship Class for Jap Girls.

Japan has killed the last doubt as to its modern progress by the organization of a "class of courtship" for girls in each of the secondary schools. The Japanese maidens are taught that if they "should be so unfortunate as to fall in love before becoming engaged they must conceal the fact. Above all they must remember that women never propose. Another thing, they are warned that well bred girls do not exchange photographs with their admirers. In Japan until now there has not been any trouble about courting, and this is the first evidence that the Japanese maidens need instruction in affairs of the heart. Classes to the contrary, however, the point is maintained that there is not a Juliet under the sun who does know the exact formula for dealing with a Romeo.

English Woman Visitor.

An English visitor in this country is Lady Coleridge, widow of the late lord chief justice of England, who died in 1894. She was Miss Amy Augusta Jackson Lawford, and she was intrusted to his care returning home in England after a visit in this country. They fell in love with one another on the trip across the ocean and the marriage resulted. She has not visited the country since.

A new putty knife, the invention of a New Yorker, has a scraper attached to remove the surplus putty.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

FAMOUS MEN IN WISCONSIN

Two of Them, Gen. Zachary Taylor and Second Lieut. Jefferson Davis, Became Presidents.

Three United States army forts, built before Wisconsin was a territory, did much to attract attention to what has become one of the solid commonwealths of the nation, writes Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous in Chicago Tribune They were Fort Howard, at Green Bay; Fort Winnebago, near Portage, in Columbia county, and Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien. There were soldiers in those rude forts 75 years ago and since, who became famous. Two of them, Gen. Zachary Taylor, who went to Fort Howard as a lieutenant colonel more than seventy-five years ago, and Lieut. Col. Jefferson Davis, who went there a little later,

Sometimes a Friendly Indian Did the Paddling.

became presidents, one of the United States, the other of the confederacy. These two officers were on duty for a short time in the two other forts named.

While at Fort Crawford Lieutenant Davis wooed and won General Taylor's daughter, his first wife. It is said to have been a runaway match, but that has been disputed. At all events General Taylor was so much offended that he and Lieutenant Davis were enemies until one day, while Taylor was commanding an army and Davis was colonel of a Mississippi regiment in the Mexican war, Davis was seriously wounded in battle. Then General Taylor rode up to the wounded colonel, shook hands with him and warmly complimented him for his bravery and the good management of his command.

At the next general election Taylor—"Old Rough and Ready," as he was called—was elected president. Four years later General Pierce was chosen president, and one of the first things he did was to offer his Mexican war comrade, Colonel Jefferson Davis, a seat in his cabinet, which the future Confederate leader accepted. He made a very good secretary of war.

Speaking of presidents, Wisconsin people do not forget that a volunteer captain from Illinois campaigned in their territory during the Black-Hawk war. He camped for a night where Whitewater now stands, and was also at Fort Atkinson before Governor W. D. Hoard made it prominent by becoming the foremost butter and cheese man in the country. That was Capt. Abraham Lincoln. Nor should I stop here. A young lieutenant, with his wife and daughter, went 70 years ago to Fort Winnebago, where the lieutenant was stationed for several years. He was R. B. Marcy. Mrs. Marcy was a prime social favorite and their girl was beloved by the entire garrison. She grew to beautiful womanhood and married a captain of the engineer corps. In 1861 the captain who had retired to civil life, was advanced over all the officers in the army except Brevet Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, and was placed in active command of the army. That is what happened to Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, who three years later was the choice of his party for president, and officers who knew little Miss Marcy at Fort Winnebago were almost persuaded to favor her husband's election so that she could be mistress of the White House. A recent mayor of New York is her firstborn.

When General McClellan assumed command of the army in 1861 his father-in-law was a major and paymaster. The general lost little time in placing him on his staff as a brigadier general.

Maj. David E. Twiggs was another noted man. He served at Forts Howard and Winnebago. From 1828 to 1830 Mrs. Twiggs was the only woman at Winnebago. Twiggs was a brigadier general on duty in Texas when the great war came. He went with the south, the only officer of his rank who left the old army for the Confederacy.

This story would not be complete without a reference to the social life at those army posts of the early days. By the Fox river it is something over 100 miles from Fort Howard to Fort Winnebago, and by the Wisconsin river from Fort Winnebago to Fort Crawford it is 120 miles. In making visits the travel was always by canoe, on the rivers named and on Lake Winnebago from Oshkosh to Neenah. The trip from Fort Howard to Fort Winnebago required a week or longer. Sometimes a friendly Indian did the paddling, but more frequently the young officers and their wives were the propellers.

Drag of Ignorance.

Every ignorant man is a drag on his country.

Excellent Definition.

"Bjornstjerne Bjornson, in his hotel fronting the Tuileries gardens, received a few friends up to the last in Paris," said the continental agent of a typewriter firm.

"I had the honor to be among those friends and I never wearied of the great Norseman's wit and wisdom.

"The last thing he said to me, in cautioning me not to give an important provencal agency to an easy-going man of the world, was this:

"'Beware the easy-going man. An easy-going man, you know, is one who makes the path of life very rough and difficult for somebody else.'"

LOW RATES ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., AND RETURN VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.

Tickets on sale Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Good returning Sept. 29. Privilege of extension. Ask Agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Bores Barred.

A reporter asked Mr. Roosevelt at the Outlook office how he got through so much work and at the same time saw so many people. "I shun bores," was the reply. "I don't waste a minute of my time on bores. Do you perceive that I have only just one chair in this room? You see, my hunting experiences have shown me that great bores are always of small caliber."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard.

Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

A Fake Camera.

"Yonder is a beach camera fiend," said the first bathing girl. "They are disgusting, I think."

"This one is particularly disgusting," declared the second bathing girl. "After I had posed all morning for his benefit, he ate his lunch from that box."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Rockefeller's Hard Shot.

John D. Rockefeller tried a game of golf on the links near Augusta. On a rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as the dust flew up he asked his caddy:

"What have I hit?"

The boy laughed and answered:

"Jaw-jah, boss."

LOW ONE WAY COLONIST RATES WEST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

August 25 to Sept. 9 and Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. Full information of Agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 36

The entire nature of man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—W. E. Gladstone.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Isn't it shocking when you hear a nice man complain of anything.

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

The crop that never fails year after year is trouble.

When Servants Were Slaves.

It hasn't been so many years since servants were practically slaves; they were bound out for a term of years and never could hope to better their conditions. The world is advancing, however, and now servants, especially those who do washing and house-cleaning, are better treated. Easy Task laundry soap, that does half the work itself, and which cleans pots and pans and painted work like magic, is responsible for much of this emancipation. Only 5 cents a cake, too.

The trouble with the man who knows nothing is that he is always the last to find it out.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

And some people never appreciate a rose until they encounter the thorn.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents

It is easier to raise a disturbance than a mortgage.

Hot Sun—Dusty Roads

By the time you reach town and light you'll be hot and tired and your throat dry with dust and dirt. Rush up a soda fountain and treat yourself to A Glass or a Bottle of

Coca-Cola

Just as cooling as the bottom step in the spring house. You'll find it relieves fatigue too, and washes away all the dust and thirst as nothing else will. It touches the spot.

Delicious - Refreshing - Wholesome

5c Everywhere

Our Free Booklet

"The Truth About Coca-Cola" tells all about Coca-Cola—what it is and why it is so delicious, wholesome and beneficial. It gives analyses made by scientists and chemists from coast to coast, proving its purity and wholesomeness. Your name and address on a postal will bring you this interesting booklet.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga. 1-P

Whenever you see an arrow think of Coca-Cola

DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year." James McGune, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 929

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS

Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain

Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00

EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

STOCKERS & FEEDERS

Choice quality; reds and roans, white faces or angus bought on orders. Tens of Thousands to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence Invited. Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co.

At either Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

W. N. U., FT. WAYNE, NO. 35–1910.

Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

WESTERN CANADA'S 1910 CROPS

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Wheat Yield in Many Districts Will Be From 25 to 35 Bushels Per Acre

Land sales and homestead entries increasing. No cessation in numbers going from United States. Wonderful opportunities remain for those who intend making Canada their home. New districts being opened up for settlement. Many farmers will net, this year, $10 to $15 per acre from their wheat crop. All the advantages of old settled countries are there. Good schools, churches, splendid markets, excellent railway facilities. See the grain exhibit at the different State and some of the County fairs.

Letters similar to the following are received every day, testifying to satisfactory conditions; other districts are as favorably spoken of:

THEY SENT FOR THEIR SON.

Maidstone, Sask., Canada, Aug. 5th, 1910.

"My parents came here from Cedar Falls, Iowa, four years ago, and were so well pleased with this country they sent to Coeur d'Alene for me. I have taken up a homestead near them, and am perfectly satisfied to stop here." Leonard Douglas.

WANTS SETTLER'S RATE FOR HIS STOCK.

Stettler, Alberta, July 21st, 1910.

"Well I got up here from Forest City, Iowa, last Spring in good shape with the stock and everything. Now, I have got two boys back in Iowa yet, and I am going back there now soon to get them and another car up here this fall. What I would like to know is, if there is any chance to get a cheap rate back again, and when we return to Canada I will call at your office for our certificates."

Yours truly, H. A. Wik.

WILL MAKE HIS HOME IN CANADA.

Brainerd, Minn., Aug. 1st, 1910.

"I am going to Canada a week from today and intend to make my home there. My husband has been there six weeks and is well pleased with the country; so he wants me to come as soon as possible. He filed on a claim near Landis, Sask., and by his description of it it must be a pretty place.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Frank J. Zimmer, lives there and it was through him that we decided to locate in Canada."

Yours truly, Mrs. Richard Henry Ebinger.

TAKES HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S WORD FOR IT.

Taylors Falls, Minn., Aug. 7, 1910.

"I shall go to Camrose this Fall with my cattle and household goods. I got a poor crop here this year and my brother-in-law, Axel Nordstrom in Camrose, wants me to come there. He formerly lived in Wilton, North Dakota. I am going to buy or take homestead when I get there, but I do not want to travel two times there, for I take my brother-in-law's word about the country, and want to get your low rate."

Yours truly, Peter A. Nelson.

WANTS TO RETURN TO CANADA.

Vesta, Minn., July 24th, 1910

"I went to Canada nine years ago and took up a quarter section of railroad land and a homestead, but my boys have never taken up any land yet. I still hold the railroad land. I had to come back to the states on account of my health. Please let me know at once if I can get the cheap rates to Ponoka, Alberta."

Yours truly, Geo. Paskewitz, Vesta, Minn.

Send for literature and ask the local Canadian Government Agents for Excursion Rates, best districts in which to locate, and when to go.

W. H. ROGERS, 3d Floor, Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio

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Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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