Best for cakes
of all makes
Karo
CORN SYRUP
An everyday sweet for all people.
In air-tight tins, 10c, 25c, 50c.
CORN PRODUCTS
MFG. CO.

His Visiting Cards.

[Original.]

Miguel was a young gentleman of Madrid whom every one loved. His tastes led him to manly sports, and it was said of him that he had appeared in the bull ring in disguise. He was expert with all weapons, especially the rapier.

Miguel loved Donna Anita, the daughter of a Spanish grandee, and Anita loved him. Her family consented to the match, and the pair were to have been married within a very few weeks when the Count de Barillon, a wealthy Frenchman, appeared, took a fancy to the girl and proposed for her hand. Anita, whose father was dead, was under the guardianship of an elder brother, Felippo. Felippo, thinking to benefit himself through his sister, arranged a scheme for getting rid of Miguel. Then Anita married the count.

This was their plan: A few days before the wedding appointed to take place between Miguel and Anita, Miguel was arrested for conspiracy against the government and was carried before a judge. Two men, Nunez and Roderigo, whom Miguel had esteemed his friends, bore false witness against him, the judge convicted him and sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment. He served his sentence, and while he was in prison the Count and Countess de Barillon were divorced. The countess had discovered the conspiracy.

One day—it was eleven years after Miguel's misfortune—the Count de Barillon entered a cafe in Paris. When he was passing one of the tables a man put out his foot and tripped him. The act was so plainly intended and was seen by so many persons that the count felt obliged to resent it. The stranger simply replied that he would not deny him satisfaction. Barillon could not choose but fight and met the man who had insulted him the next morning at daylight. The weapons chosen by the stranger were rapiers, and the two men were scarcely in position when Barillon fell, pierced to the heart. The stranger disappeared, and when the count's body was exposed the wound instead of being a slit was found to be a circular hole.

A few months later M. Gautier, a Parisian, appeared in Madrid, where he spoke French badly and Spanish very well. One night at a ball at which Nunez was present Gautier accidentally—so it appeared—spilled claret on Nunez's waistcoat. Nunez was irritated and made a disagreeable remark about the Frenchman's carelessness, whereupon Gautier threw the remainder of the wine in the bottle over him. The two men went from the ballroom to the field of honor, where Nunez met his death. The surgeon on tearing open his shirt was astonished to see that the wound was crescent shaped. Gautier was not seen in Paris again.

The next spring a Moor came up to Madrid from the south and achieved considerable popularity socially, but his stay was not long. One night at a club he accused Roderigo of cheating at cards. They fought, and the mark left on Roderigo's body where his opponent's sword entered it was the shape of a scimiter. Roderigo died of the wound, and the Moor left Madrid before he could be arrested.

After the duel an item appeared in a Madrid newspaper mentioning the marks left on the body of Count Barillon, on that of Nunez and on Roderigo, the writer claiming that in each case the unknown victor was one and the same person. This he proceeded to prove from the character of the wounds and the fact that the mysterious person always contrived to be the insulted party and invariably chose swords for the fight.

One night Felippo was smoking in his library when a man whose face indicated that he was about forty years old entered at the door leading from the veranda.

"What do you wish, signor?" asked Felippo, half rising and looking anxiously at the stranger, who had thus entered unannounced.

"Have you heard of an unknown man who killed the Count Barillon in a duel?"

"I have."

"He left his mark in the wound."

Felippo stared at the stranger without reply.

"Then there was M. Gautier, who also left a mark on our mutual friend, Nunez."

"I remember," said Felippo, almost in a whisper.

"And the Moor."

Felippo sat with terror stricken eyes fixed on the stranger.

"And now comes myself. Having left my card with your three friends, I have called to leave one with you."

"I do not know you, signor. I have never seen you before."

"You are mistaken. I was once betrothed to your sister."

At the moment the door opened and the Countess de Barillon stood on the threshold.

"Miguel!"

The man had half drawn his sword. He stood looking at the woman of whom he had been robbed fifteen years before. The cloud of sorrow on his face had deepened into fierce hate, but at sight of her and at the sound of her voice the coming tempest was stilled.

"Anita," he said, permitting his sword to slide back into its scabbard, "you have deprived me of the power to finish my vengeance. One by one those who separated us have paid the penalty of their sin, but now this last arch conspirator, who deserves a worse fate than the rest, is saved for your sweet sake."

Turning, he left the room. And that was the last seen of the mysterious stranger and his deadly visiting cards.

SPENCER TROWBRIDGE.

Curious Cullings.

W. T. Hoe, a one legged man, slid down a fire escape from the top floor of a burning building in Pittsburg with his wooden leg under his arm.

Of the Fetterman family of Columbia county, Pa., consisting of six brothers and six sisters, all the brothers are blind and are cared for by the sisters, whose eyesight is good.

Spencer Bedeau, aged seven, of Bethlehem, Pa., playing "tea party," in sipping tea swallowed the saucer, which lodged in his throat and was not removed for several hours.

Mineral Waters.

Mineral waters are found at the snow of the Himalayas, and they rise from the sea at Balae and Ischia. They are to be found in all parts of the globe, but more particularly in volcanic regions. There are but few countries in which mineral waters are not to be found except in very flat ones and at the deltas of rivers.

Glass Varnish.

The Persians in 516 B. C. invented a transparent glass varnish, which they laid over sculptured rocks to prevent them from weathering. This coating has lasted to our day, while the rocks beneath are honeycombed.

Moscow Cathedral.

Moscow cathedral, next to St. Peter's at Rome, is the costliest cathedral in the world. On the exterior of the building alone 900 pounds of gold were used. Of its thirteen bells the largest weighs half as much again as "Great Paul" in London, and the doors of the cathedral, of which the largest weighs thirteen tons, cost $210,000.

A Plea.

You may break, you may shatter
The vase if you will,
But stay with us, Bridget,
We'll pay your wage still.
—Denver News.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS
FOR
Headache
NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS
TAKE ONE of the Little Tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE
25 Doses 25 Cents Never Sold in Bulk
They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad After-effects
If you have Headache Try One

NOW COUNTESS SZECHENYI

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt Weds Hungarian

CEREMONY AT THE HOUSE

Crowds of Curious Persons Throng the Street Outside—Decorations of Orchids—Bride's Dress of White Satin—Many Presents.

New York, Jan. 28.—Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, was married to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, a young Hungarian nobleman in the Fifth avenue home of Mrs. Vanderbilt at noon yesterday. The wedding was probably the most brilliant that has taken place in this city for a number of years. Although the number of guests was limited to about 350, mainly relatives and imediate friends of the two families, there were included Baron Hengelmuller Von Hengervar, Austrian ambassador to the United States, James Bryce, the British ambassador, and several of the prominent members of New York society.

Outside of the Vanderbilt house a great crowd of curious people gazed, hoping for a glimpse of the count and his bride and watching the arrival of the guests. There was no disorder in this crowd, for the streets surrounding the Vanderbilt residence were patrolled and kept clear by a force of nearly 100 policemen. Police lines were drawn across 57th and 58th streets between which two streets the house stands and the uninvited public was not permitted on the Fifth avenue sidewalk in front of the house. They gathered in large numbers in the square in front of the Plaza hotel but their curiosity was satisfied only by witnessing the arrival of the count and the guests. No glimpse of the interior of the house could be obtained by them.

From 11 to 12 o'clock the guests arrived in a procession of carriages and automobiles and on foot. Promptly at noon the wedding ceremony was performed in a large drawing room on the Fifth avenue side of the house in which a bower of palms and arbor of orchids were constructed. Beneath the arbor a temporary altar was erected and in front of this the ceremony was performed by Monsignor Michale J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral.

The bride was escorted by her elder brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, down an aisle bordered with palms, entwined with a great abundance of orchids, to the altar. Count Szechenyi was attended by his brother, Count Dionys Szechenyi.

The ceremony of giving the bride away was performed by Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin with embroidery, point lace and garlands of orange blossoms. Her veil was of point lace caught with sprays of orange blossoms while she carried a shower bouquet of orchids and garlands.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, her cousin, and Miss Dorothy Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney. The bride was also attended by her little niece, Miss Florence Payne Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Among the ushers were Count Stefan Szechenyi and Count Paul Esterhazy.

FAIR EDITRESS NEEDS HELPMEET TO SWEAR FOR HER

Her Leap Year Proposal Accepted, Provided, However, She Can Cook, Darn Socks, Etc.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 28.—Exasperated over having lost in a contest for printing, simply because she was a woman, Miss Elizabeth Soham, editor of the Storm Lake Vidette, has asserted her leap year prerogative, and in her current issue makes the following proposal:

"A constant fight for what rightfully belongs to her is a wear and tear on the nervous system of any woman, and we have come to the belief that in order to stay in newspaper work and maintain our health we will have to marry some good printer who can do the fighting and swearing for us.

"This is leap year and this may be considered as a proposal by anyone who would be qualified to fill the vacancy so evident in the Vidette office."

G. A. Craig, the bachelor editor of the Lytton Star, believing that a proposal of marriage coming from such a talented woman could not be turned down, wrote an acceptance and in the last issue of his paper he says:

"We believe we are eligible to fill the vacancy which Sister Soham feels exists in her print shop. We're a Missouri Democrat of 40 years standing; considered a smooth printer; as to our fighting qualities, suffice to say we come from a family that kills on the swearing proposition, our press feeder says we would be there with the goods, as we swear in several different languages at once when things go wrong on press night.

"But before we would agree to take up Lizzie's burdens she will have to show credentials as to her eligibility to the vacancy which we have known existed for some time at our wigwam.

"She must know how to make pancakes, fry ham and eggs and make good coffee; she must have the staying qualities to chase a dirty shirt up and down a washboard until it becomes clean; she must know how to darn socks and the gable end of our trousers, etc. If the fair editress feels like filling a vacancy, for a vacancy exists, we stand ready to close the deal."

In her next issue of the Vidette, Miss Soham will assure Editor Craig of her ability to deliver the goods, and all Iowa newspaperdom is preparing to extend congratulations to two of the brightest members of the fraternity.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or 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 57 years, 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 United States, Canada and Europe.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN
PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED FROM 8 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAYS EXCEPTED. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and aboveboard."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?

Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick woman are asked to write?

Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?

Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?

Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?

Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

GIRL AGREES TO RACE FOR $1,000

Miss Violet Dudley Blushingly Declares That Stakes Must Go to Charity.

New York, Jan. 28.—An international motor car race for $1,000 was arranged quickly at a dinner party at Sherry's.

Miss Violet Dudley, daughter of Edward C. Dudley of Atlanta, Ga., was at the dinner party given to Elgin Braine, an ardent motorist, who is at the Dorlton, West Seventy-second street. He has won many races abroad. He drove his 90-horsepower car 129 miles in an hour over the Brooklands motor course, Weybridge, England. It happens that Miss Dudley is an accomplished chauffeuse. One of her admirers, knowing that she is going to England in the spring, exclaimed:

"I'll bet $1,000 that Miss Violet, driving a 90-horsepower car, can beat Braine in a 100-mile run over the Brooklands course."

"Done," cried Braine.

Miss Violet arose, blushing becomingly, and said:

"Of course I will not race for money unless—unless the owner gives the stake to charity."

And so the match was arranged.

EARL TO DEMAND MONEY OF THAWS.

Sum of $1,000,000 Mentioned by Detective, or No Divorce.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 28.—The Thaws have been notified by attorneys for the earl of Yarmouth that the latter will demand a settlement financially before submitting to a divorce, as he holds an agreement signed by Alice Thaw before her marriage that all her fortune shall pass to the house of Hertford in the event of her dying childless.

A detective who has been working on the case admitted yesterday that the Thaws expect a hold-up for $1,000,000 on the part of the earl, but were ready for it.

Detectives who, disguised as servants, were in and around the Thaw house at the time of the Thaw-Yarmouth wedding, are now discussing the troubles between Harry Thaw and Yarmouth. One who served as a butler in Lyndhurst yesterday said that Harry Thaw, on finding that the earl had sent Alice a loving cup of gold, hurled it through a window and threatened to kill a servant who would have returned it to the house.

Then Mrs. William Thaw brought peace by threatening to have Harry's income cut off for five years if he made another effort to interfere with the preparations which the family had made to marry a title into the family.

Cardinal Richard Dying.

Paris, Jan. 28.—Cardinal Richard, the archbishop of Paris, is critically ill with congestion of the lungs. Extreme unction has been administered and the blessing of the pope has been telegraphed from Rome.

FIGHTS FOR MANCHURIA

China Rushing in Great Many Settlers

DEVELOPING BUSINESS

Observations by Former Minister Shipoff in Far East—Makes No Comment on Japanese Activity in the Province.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 28.—M. Shipoff, former minister of finance, returned here Sunday after a five months' trip in the far East. He visited Japan, China and Siberia on a special government mission, the results of which he has embodied in a report to the emperor. M. Shipoff expressed himself Saturday optimistically regarding conditions in the extreme Orient, which he said is rapidly recovering from the period of depression following the war. M. Shipoff was greatly impressed by Chinese activity in the colonization of Manchuria. Although faced by the prospect of Japanese occupation of the provinces, the Chinese are rushing thousands of settlers into that country and are displaying the greatest energy in developing business opportunities, opening mines and planning railroads. This tide of colonization, he said, has offered an inspiring example to Russia, which is confronted by a similar task in the development of Siberia. Many of the native Koreans, however, are leaving the country to become Russian subjects rather than remain under Japanese sovereignty. M. Shipoff carefully avoided comment on Japanese activity in Manchuria, but it was his opinion that China would have to submit to the objections offered by Japan to the construction of a new railroad, as Japan is fully prepared to support her demands. In this connection the action of the minister of war in ordering four brigades of infantry, now stationed at Odessa, to proceed to Trans-Baikalia to strengthen the garrison in the neighborhood of the Russo-Chinese frontier, is interesting. This constitutes the largest transfer of troops in Russia since the war with Japan and is a plain intimation of the disquieting character of recent military activity on the part of China with reference to the Chino-Japanese relations.

RUSSIANS MASSING ON PERSIAN FRONTIER.

Czar's Ambassador Protests Turks Occupying Suj Bulak.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 28.—Renewed representations by the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, M. Zinobieff, have been made necessary by the Turkish occupation of Suj Bulak in Persia, which is regarded here as a grave infraction of the promises made by the Porte that Turkish troops would undertake no further forward movement pending a settlement of the existing dispute. It is believed Russia soon will be forced to take more decisive steps than protests.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Tiflis writes that in spite of official denials large numbers of Russian troops are being moved from Tiflis to the frontier, and there is reason to believe that a military demonstration is pending.

A Nuisance.

When I would buy a cake of soap that's suited to my mind
I much resent the man who keep the "just-as-good-as" kind.
In breakfast foods, and potted meats, and sardines in a can,
The kind I want I want, despite the "just-as-good-as" man.

If I a porous plaster need to ease my lumba-go,
And seek the druggist for to get his cure-all for my woe,
It stirs my wrath to hear him say, "Our two-cent postage stamps
Stick just as fast as plasters do to backaches and to cramps."

And if I'd go to Rome, N. Y., it plays the very deuce
To have the porter put me off at night at Syracuse.
And later on excuse himself, and impudently say
That "Syracuse is just as good as Rome is any day."

In books I find it just the same. I don't want E. P. Roe
When I incline to read a line or two by E. A. Poe.
And when I ask for Libby's works, how can I rest serene
When Mr. Bookman hands me Caine, the "just-as-good-as" Jean?

If Dickens I am after I won't have G. P. R. James,
Or Mrs. Eden Southworth or those other "good-as" names;
And if in play I seek surcease at dewy eve from toil
I won't have Schenck on Poker when I ask for Standard Hoyle.

In short, that "just-as-good-as" man is on my nuisance list,
And some day I devoutly hope we'll find that he is missed,
Not to appear upon the sphere again, until that hoot
When Gabriel drops his ancient horn and blows his substi-toot.
—Life.

There's Nothing Better For Coughs and Colds than Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar
DON'T WALK THE FLOOR
USE PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS

Obeying Orders.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]

There was a column of us riding along the highway in sets of fours when one of the cavalrymen swayed, lurched and pitched from his saddle just as we heard the report of a rifle. At the edge of the cornfield twenty rods from the road was a puff of blue smoke to direct us to the bushwhacker. We had the fences down and were riding toward the spot two minutes later.

War is cruel enough, but bushwhacking is simply murder. A farmer ambushes himself and fires into a column of marching men. Whether he wounds or whether he kills, the war goes on just the same. The government would feel the loss of a mule more than of a man.

"If your column is bushwhacked, find the man and hang him. If he has a home, burn it."

Those were the orders, and every man remembered them as we rode down on the bushwhacker. We found where he had knelt down to take aim, but he had disappeared. Fifteen rods up the hill was a wretched pole cabin, with the roof sinking in. It had no door at the opening and no sashes at the windows. There was no floor, and the cooking was done at a rude fireplace. A girl who could not have been over eighteen and who was poorly clothed and barefooted sat at the front door, smoking a pipe. She saw us swarming up the hill, but did not move. Our curses filled her ears a moment later, but she puffed at her pipe and looked at us indifferently.

"Where is the man who fired the shot? You heard it. You must know who it was."

"Didn't dun hear nor see nuthin'," she replied.

There was only one room in the cabin. Lying on the floor under the rude bedstead, with his gun beside him, was the man. We hauled him outdoors without resistance. The wife on the steps did not rise up nor cease to puff. She did not look at us nor at him. The man was a squatter, perhaps twenty-two years old. He was "white trash."

"Bring a rope!"

The man leaned up against an old cherry tree and looked at wife and baby. I was looking into his face all the time. It was emotionless and unreadable. Not one human sentiment swept over it. He simply stared and stared and stared.

The baby had been nursed and crooned to sleep. The woman still held it. Her pipe had been smoked out. She still retained it in her black teeth. As the free end of the rope was thrown over the limb of another tree not far away the woman seemed to look at her husband for the first time and said:

"Jed, didn't I tell you un so?"

"Reckon."

"He's bushwhacked one of my men and he's got to hang!" said the officer to her.

"Told him not to."

"Will you go inside?"

"Fur why?"

"You don't want to see your own husband hung, do you?"

"I'll sit yere," she answered as she settled down.

"Now, then," said the officer to the husband, "do you want to kiss your wife and child before you go?"

I looked to see soft lines come into the man's face, but I observed not one single one. It was a face of wood or stone. He looked at the woman and at the child, and it seemed as if he had not understood. She did not even look up. I doubt if they had ever exchanged kisses. Perhaps he had never taken the infant in his arms. It seems cruel now, when peace has been upon the land for a third of a century, but blood ran hot in those days of war, and men did not stop to think. The man was walked to the other tree, the noose slipped over his head, and half a dozen pairs of hands drew him clear of the ground, his arms having been first tied behind him. He said no word and made no struggle. You would have thought that something like that had been part and parcel of his daily existence for years.

"Now we must burn the house," said the officer to the wife as the grewsome thing hung there, swaying in the breeze.

"Reckon you must," she answered as she moved aside for us to pass in.

We brought out everything and made a pile in the grass. She assisted us in no way. The baby woke up again, with a wail, but before nursing and crooning again she filled and lighted her pipe. One of the troopers gave her a match. When ordered to move, she walked away about ten yards and sat down under a bush. The old cabin was fired, and in a quarter of an hour it had disappeared. What we had carried out could have been taken away in a wheelbarrow. The provisions consisted of a small piece of bacon and about five pounds of cornmeal. The bugle blew "Attention!" and the troopers began moving down the highway. I lingered behind to say to the woman:

"Your husband is dead, your house burned down, and what will you do now?"

"Can't reckon to say," she replied in careless tones.

"Got a father and mother to go to?"

She shook her head.

"Any friends to take you in?"

Another shake.

I took out and handed her a five dollar greenback, and she was inspecting it and giggling over it when I hastened away.

M. QUAD.

Not His Fault.

Father—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day.

Son—Well, pa, don't scold me about it. Why didn't you go for grandfather?—Current Literature.

"Nature commands to suffer with the
A sick person is forting associate un circumstances. Wh body suffers the mind mountains out of mo If you have a run dow table, sickly friend, te to use
VINOL
and if Vinol does not he him we will pay back h money.
Red Cross Pharmacy,
RICKERT & WELLS, Props.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Believed Himself Invisible.

The first Lord Lytton was certainly daft. One morning while he was entertaining a large company at his country seat the guests were assembled at breakfast in the great hall when their host came in in an old dressing gown, poured out a cup of tea and disappeared without uttering a word to any one. Arthur Russell expressed his surprise to his next neighbor, who said:

"He believes himself to be invisible."

And, sure enough, in a little time he appeared in his usual dress and saluted his friends as if he had not seen them since the previous night.

Riot of Joy Proffered.

A tramp applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee," said the man, "but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Hamlet.

"I went to the theater last night."

"What did you see?"

"A play called 'Hamlet.'"

"How was it?"

"Fair, only fair. A good, lively sextet would do it a world of good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Disgusted.

Small Boy—Say, mister, dere's a sign in yore winder readin' "Boy Wanted." Wot kind uv a boy does youse mean? Merchant—A nice quiet boy that doesn't use naughty words, smoke cigarettes, whistle around the office, play tricks or get into mischief. Small Boy—Gwan! Youse don't want no boy; youse wants a girl. See?—Chicago News.

An Easy Trick.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark."

"How does she do it?"

"She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Fun.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

Do You Open Your Mouth
Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?
Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes broadcast and on each bottle-wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies it under oath. This he feels he can well afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.
For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nervine and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine.
A host of testimonials from several of the leading men of each of the United States testify to the "Favorite Prescription" being a cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, sent free for the asking, if you send 21 cents in stamps to pay for mailing only. Address, in the first instance, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation. Sugar-coated, small as mustard seed, easy as candy. Price, 25 cents a vial, druggists.