

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At last it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Send us a book on this subject, free.

Our Medical Department. If you have any complaint, whether old or new, we will give you a free trial of our Cherry Pectoral. Write to Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

COEUR D'ALENE



MARY MALLOCK FOOTE

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XIII.—CONTINUED.

Faith sat beside her unconscious sleeper, listening to the sounds which reported all that she ever knew of those incredible scenes that have gone down on the annals of this region as "the massacre of Fourth of July canyon." Her senses were blunted, her mind refused to act; her heart crushed the life out of her with its beating.

Now was the time to say good-by—not the potential good-by she had bidden him an hour ago, but the actual parting, at the brink of the river of death. Many were crossing the dark waters to the city of refuge who would never return. She bent over her sleeper, and kissed him softly, but the sob that forced her heart against his aroused him, and he spoke to her suddenly in his natural voice:

"God bless me!" he murmured, while she held her breath in horror of his coming to himself at this fatal moment. "I thought that you kissed me! I must be dreaming. Oh, let it be true! Faith, dear, make it true before I lose you again."

"It is true," said the girl hoarsely, "and nothing else is true—nothing. I will never doubt you; I never did doubt you. Now go to sleep! Good night, dear; good night!"

He held his breath and looked at her keenly.

"Your lips are cold; your hands are cold. Why are you saying good night?"

"The boat is late," said Faith in a hollow voice. "We cannot go till the boat comes. You are sick; rest now—do rest; this is your only chance!"

She put her hands upon him, with soft, shuddering touches, trying with all the strength of her love to master her fear, that she might have power to lure him into oblivion of the awful sounds of the night. Under the trees it was quite dark; he could see nothing, but she felt that he was listening.

"What is that fringing?"

"Only some men," gasped Faith.

"But what are they shooting at?"

"Shooting? Oh, at a mark."

"Oh, I say! in the dark!" laughed Darcié softly. He was drifting off again, as his speech betrayed. "Are they drunk? What are they shouting about?"

"It's the other men who are shouting," Faith lied to him, feebly.

"What other men? Is this a stag picnic? or Lord's O' Faith, dear!"

Faith hardly knew what he was saying, but she welcomed any wildness, profanity—anything but his own low, steady tones.

"Be quiet, Darcié, dear!" she whispered.

"Darcié, dear!" he repeated, foolishly. "God bless me, but this is nice—what a sweet girl you are! Heavens! what a brute I was! Are you ever going to be friends with me again?"

He nestled his sick head close to her lap, contentedly, and gave himself up to the exquisite sense of her cold, soft touch moving over his hand in the dark.

"Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult!" whispered the tortured girl. It was the mother instinct, which can look on death, that taught her calmness at this moment, and gave her strength to exert her love, else of nature's miracles was wrought; for out of the anguish of her deadly fear came supreme rest to him she loved; and Darcié slept. His hand slipped from hers, lower and lower, and touched the sand; softly she saved the contact from disturbing him. He sighed, and breathed more deeply; he was gone, even beyond his consciousness of her.

She moved a trifle, cautiously; drew away her dress, and noiselessly raised herself upon her knees. All along the shore she seemed to hear stealthy footsteps and furtive, leafy rustlings, as of a hunter stalking big game. The rapid firing had ceased, but scattering shots came infrequently, one at a time, from a distance. Step by step she moved a little way past the bushes and looked out. Overhead the clouds were blown in wild masses; the stars in the dark blue lakes of sky winked peacefully, while the torn and flying cloud-signals altered from moment to moment. So did the peace of heaven abide this senseless, passing hour, that proved nothing, changed nothing, simply added its score to the wrong side, the side of a human passion, which must miss the mark a thousand times before one true aim shall raise the record a little higher as the centuries pass.

Faith was quieted; she had reached the limit of emotional fear, and now a species of insensibility crept over her—the reaction after the shock. She wondered why she could not feel as she ought the peril of all those other men who were strangers to her affection. Where was Mike—always rash with himself? Was he safe? And how was it with the honest Cassons—the wife waiting with her little sleepy brood about her, to learn perhaps that they were fatherless?

She started back from her relaxed outlook and hid herself as a man came running, like one pursued, out from a group of black birch trees that stood together shivering in an open windy space. He was uncertainly, this way and that, as if fraced with fear. His dog-hearted pursuer covered him with deliberate aim. It was pitiful to see him waver between the chances of the river and of the broken plain below. He was exhausted with running; his chest labored in hard, painful gasps; his legs were giving under him. The next moment he stumbled and fell. The "scab" hunter came up and turned him over with his foot, keeping the muzzle of his rifle close to his chest. He said something brief, which Faith did not hear. The man never spoke, but threw out his hands expressively on the sand. The other searched his clothes and took all that he had in money or small valuables and, stirring him with his foot, said:

"Git—git out from here! I'll give you till I count 60."

The hunted man sprang up and ran. Once he turned his head over his shoulder, and saw his pursuer following him with cool aim. He plunged into the bushes, cleared the bank and splashed into the river.

The man with the rifle stood on the bank and waited. Faith could have touched him where he stood. He watched till the swimmer's head showed plainly beyond the shoreward shadow, a dark spot parting the current in mid-stream; then a bullet went clipping through the willow-thicket. The black spot turned toward the light; it was the man's face; he was taking his last look at the sky; his hands went up; he sank—and a coil of ripples un wound in widening circles toward the shore.

The hunter of "scabs" stood still a moment while the smoke of his rifle drifted away among the trees. Then he set his feet upon the river bank, slid down, and stooped at the river's brink. He laid his face to the water and drank; and the river did not refuse to quench his thirst.

Faith crept back to her place; her sleeper still slept. The man by the river turned her way, and set his feet again upon the bank. She slipped the mantle from her shoulders, and laid it, as soft as the rose of silence, upon Darcié's face. The silk-lined folds settled into place; he did not move. So he had looked when she had thought him dead. She clasped her hands upon her knees, and bent her head upon them. Steps came up the bank and paused close beside her; she merely breathed. There was silence; then a voice said:

"Who is your man, my dear?"

She did not answer. Dan Rafferty studied the two figures attentively a moment.

"Is this you, Miss Bingham? and our folks look for you high and low! And who's this party you are hidin' out with?"

Faith raised her hand, but she did not speak.

"Show me his face! What's the matter with him?" Rafferty made a step forward.

"Keep your hands off the dead!" said Faith.

"Dead, is he? I don't think you can play that with me. If he's dead, it'll harm him to show his face."

"There is a dead man whose face you will see in the day you go to meet your God!" Faith pointed to the river. She had risen, and placed herself between Rafferty and her sleeper; and was aware that Darcié was stirring, and her flesh rose in horror; she had no hope, only to postpone the moment of discovery.

"I know you, Rafferty," said the desperate girl. "I will bear witness against you, if you dare come one step nearer. Coward! you took his money, and then you took his life!"

"Come, now, that's no way for a lady to talk! I want to see who's your best feller. Pull that thing off his face! I bet I know who it is. Don't I know them English shoes? Well, if you won't, then stand aside. See here, now; I don't want to put me hands on you."

"Ah!" cried Faith, simply shuddering at him.

Rafferty gave a hoarse laugh. "Come off the nest now, me little chicken! It's your own doin's if I have to hurt you."

Suddenly Faith felt that she was free. Rafferty had loosed her, and stood listening.

"Quit that!" came Mike's great battle-roar. "Put up your bloody hands! I have the drop on ye."

Rafferty had not been the last to perceive that this was true. It settled the situation between him and Mike once more, and for the last time, Mike walked slowly forward, hurling taunts at his old enemy:

"Chuck me your weepins, Raff, me boy. You'll not want them where you'll be goin' shortly; you'll not be huntin' scabs in Boise City."

At the mention of Boise, which is the city of approximate justice and of occasional punishment, Rafferty gave Mike a bitter look; but he offered no retort.

"I hope the climate will agree with ye," Mike proceeded. "I hear it's a nobby buildin', the Pen, an' the boys is doin' a little 'ard'nin'." Yet! make a fine-gard'ner, Rafferty! I doobly ye'll turn out a pious fraction of a man."

As he came opposite to the spot where his prisoner stood, Mike raised his rifle and lowered his head, and suddenly he opened cry, like one mad schoolboy defying another:

"Run, Rafferty, me bould boy!" he yelled. "The scabs is after ye! Get a move on you! Shake it up, man! Hit the road! and as Rafferty ran, Mike, roaring with laughter, leaped upon the top of the bank, and sent his big voice after the fugitive:

"The boat is in, Rafferty! And the throops is on board! That's right, I'm tellin' ye! The throops is on board! They're flyin' light two companies from Sherman, an' Gin'ral Carlin in command. Will ye try the river, or will ye try the canyon? Tell the boys if ye meet 'em that martial law—is out—in the Cor de Lane!"

Long after Rafferty was clean out of hearing Mike continued to disperse his soul in barbaric hoots and howls, till Darcié, raising on his elbow to listen for another sound, bade him hold his infernal riot.

A quarter of a mile away the troops were disembarking. The orders demanded a quiet landing, but Mike had heard the roll call on board the boat before she touched the shore. And now the tramp of feet could plainly be distinguished treading the deck of the wharf-boat; now they were mustering on the ground. Two by two, in columns of twos, the companies were marching as one man. Steady, through the night, on came the solid, cadenced tread. As sharp as pistol shots rang the words of command. The white stripes, the steel points, gleamed through the

trees. Silence; and "piercing sweet," O voice of rescue in the dark distance, the bugles sounded:

"Attention!"

It sent the blood to the hearts of all who heard that midnight call. Darcié thrilled, and was himself again in that moment of strong excitement. Faith broke down like a child, and wept. A word at last had been spoken to which even anarchy, red-handed, paused to listen. That brief order would carry through the night; it would fly from camp to camp through the mountain gorges, and every man who caught but the echo of that word would understand. Those who will not heed the voice of law, or soften to the stiller voice of kindness, must pause at last when the bugles sound:

"Attention!"

There was no "weddin' in Spokane," as Mike had generously predicted; but there was a doctor in Spokane, which was more to the immediate purpose.

The wedding was some months later, when the eve was over, and the trials were over, and the technicalities of the law had done much to retract the ringing lesson which the clear-voiced bugles taught. The mines had resumed; Mr. Frederick Bingham had "resigned," and was investigating the Keeley cure; and Darcié Hamilton was sent over as manager of the Big Horn. This time he did stop in New York long enough to protect his claim to the virgin lode he had located, under trying circumstances, the previous summer in the Coeur d'Alene. (The name of it was not the Black Dwarf.) But the complications between that early, rash location and the subsequent patent under law would make another story, with a very different scene-setting. The family discussions, in Darcié's opinion, were far worse than any miners' war. He never knew on which side his best friend would turn up. His mother, for instance, was inflexibly against him, while his father, the most positive of men, was inclined—especially after seeing Faith's picture—to look upon the young man's adventures in the Coeur d'Alene as very much what might have been expected, so why make a row about a thing that was a mistake all around? Darcié by no means considered that any of it was a mistake; but if his father chose to call it so, and to give his consent to his wishes on that understanding, he was willing to yield the point, in name. But Faith declined to go to England, into a family that gave her so cold a welcome. Therefore Darcié came to America as manager of the Big Horn, and the intrepid young pair went westward on their conquering way, and left age and opposition behind them. And if they have disappointed each other's high expectations of happiness, the fact has not as yet transpired to the knowledge of their relatives.

Faith celebrates in her letters the wonderful wild flowers of the Coeur d'Alene, the grandeur of its mountains, the softness of its sudden spring. Other persons maintain that the spring lies very late in the Coeur d'Alene this year. Her aunts wonder if the climate has changed. Something has changed, she says, for her heart of youth again, and with it the courage to be glad. The premature, crushing experiences of the year before, its shocks and its shameful surprises, have taken their due place in relation to larger experiences and more vital discoveries. She has parted with one sacred illusion, but she is fortified against that irrevocable loss by a deeper knowledge of life and its inevitable shortcomings. Greater joy than hers no woman, she believes, has ever known. She cannot look to have all the joys, and all the strengths, of a woman's perilous life of the affections.

Her mother she lost before she ever knew her. A father she never had; he died the spiritual death before his child was born. The body of Frederick Bingham has found her heart of youth will never be cured by the Keeley or any other mundane cure; it expired too long ago. When the will is dead, the man is dead. His children can only mourn him, and pay what respect they may to the dreary remains.

Darcié has his enemies in the Coeur d'Alene, but he has also his staunch friends. Mike is foreman of the Big Horn in place of Peter Banning, deposed; and Kitty Tyler, now Kitty McGowan, makes the surly Big Horn bitchen a realm of perpetual sunshine. She is spoiling her young mistress for whosever her successor may be when she and Mike go to housekeeping in the fall.

THE END.

The Paper Morris Used.

Mr. Morris was no advocate for thick paper, but he had long before found out that machine-made paper of wood pulp and clay was useless for permanent results, to say nothing of the uninteresting quality of its surface. The latter failing is a factor by no means unimportant in the beauty of a book. Much of our shiny, calendered paper is, besides, trying to the eyes. He was forced to resort to the plain, honest way of the old-time paper-makers. Unbleached linen rags were used, and molds whose wires were not worn with absolute mechanical accuracy, thus obtaining a sort of variety in the surface. This paper was made expressly for him by Mr. Batchelor, at Little Chart, near Ashford, and "resembles the paper of the early printers in all its best qualities." Three watermarks were designed by him for paper of different sizes—"the apple, the daisy, and the perch with a spray in its mouth; each of these devices being accompanied by the initials W. M.—Pratt's Institute Monthly.

The Clincher.

A gentleman, one day driving down a country lane, and observing a rustic driving a sow and her little ones along, remarked:

"Whose pigs are those, my boy?"

Boy—"The old sow's, sor."

Gentleman—"But who is the master?"

Boy—"That stumped-tail little beggar boy—(Pointing to one of the little pigs.)"

Gentleman (waxing wroth)—"Where do they belong?"

Boy—"The third sty on the left, sor."

Gentleman (angrily)—"Idiot! Do you want a fool's place?"

Boy—"Why? Be you going to leave, sor?"

The gentleman was last seen driving down the lane at a furious pace—Spare Moments.

Mrs. Lakeside—"What profession do you expect your son to follow?"

Mrs. Divorsey—"Matrimony, I hope—Yellow Book.

COULDN'T HEAVE TO.

The Peculiar Experience of a Deep-Sea Skipper Who Didn't Understand a Fore-and-After.

"The philosophy of seamanship is supposed to be the same in all sailing vessels," said the old skipper, "but there is a vast difference between handling a square-rigger and a fore-and-after. A deep-water sailor is at sea in a double sense when he gets aboard one of our clipper schooners. I served my apprenticeship on a schooner, and never sailed on a square-rigger vessel until I was a man.

"In 1873 I bought a swift schooner for some friends and fitted her out for a cruise in southern waters. Capt. Bill Curtis, who had never sailed in a fore-and-after, commanded her. He hunted around for a mate who had sailed in schooners, and finally got a man who had made two or three voyages to the West Indies. I told the owners there was likely to be trouble aboard. Although I had given up the sea, they persuaded me to make the voyage to Havana in their private interests.

"I was put on the articles as sailing master. We sailed from off the Battery with a stiff northwester. We had a crew of foreigners, all square-riggered sailors. I had nothing to say except in an advisory capacity. We had a good run to Hatteras and across the Gulf stream. When well to the southward of it, in the squally latitudes, I looked out of the companion-way and saw a squall coming. The captain saw it, too, and I saw that it worried him. All sail was set. I went below. Pretty soon I felt the schooner heel, down, down, down she went. Then I heard the whistling of the blast and the voice of the captain yelling: 'Hard up! Hard up!'

"I ran up on deck. The captain had just reached the wheel and was helping a sailor to put the helm up. The vessel's lee rail was under water and the topsails were adrift, flapping in the wind. The captain had attempted to clew them up, but he had held on too long. He had seen the mate take a squall 'over the shoulder,' and had attempted the same trick. But the vessel had been hit forward of the beam and should have been luffed. The men at the wheel couldn't budge it. Neither knew enough to ease off the main sheet. I immediately did this, and the hard-pressed schooner paid off and righted in a lift."

"We got down somewhere about latitude 30 degrees south, and were making for the Hole in the Wall under close reef, with the bonnet off the job. Capt. Bill was a good marine sailor skipper, but was not strong on navigation. For getting latitude he was all right, but in working chronometer time for his longitude he was weak. At nightfall he was in doubt about his position. He feared that he might pile the vessel up on a reef if he stood in his course, so he decided to heave her to. It was the mate's watch. The captain went on deck and said: 'We'll leave her to for the night, Mr. Brown.' The mate responded: 'Aye, aye, sir. How shall we lay?'"

"The schooner was traveling eight knots on her course, and the breeze was steady and strengthening all the time. The captain got in a passion, and cursing the mate, said: 'Heave her to, I tell you.'"

"Under what sail, sir?" said the mate.

"Then the captain shouted down at me: 'How in thunder do you heave this schooner to?'

"'Call all hands,' I answered, 'and tack ship. Give me the wheel. Stand by the mainmast halyards and let the mainsail run down as she pays off on reefs.' This being done, I kept her off while the men stowed the job. Then, under close-reefed foresail, I let her come to the wind, trimmed the boom in, and gave her a spoke or two of lee wheel till she lay to the wind and to the heave of the sea like a petrel as dry as a bone.

"Becketing the wheel, I said to the captain and the mate: 'There, you can all go to sleep now.' When I went on deck later I found the captain leaning against the main boom looking off to leeward, smoking his pipe. 'Well, I'm blowed,' he said, 'but this is comfort. She lays like a baby in a cradle.'—N. Y. Sun.

The Ills of Children.

Dr. Hartman offers his advice to parents on the treatment of coughs and colds.

LEARN

child catches cold don't wait a moment before attacking that cold. To the ignorance or neglect of parents is due the fatal termination of many children's complaints.

If you are not informed as to the proper course to pursue to drive off a child's cold, write to Dr. Hartman, president of the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, O., for advice, and ask for some of his free books which contain the most pertinent facts about colds and coughs and all catarrhal diseases.

For-ru-na, Dr. Hartman's great prescription, is wholly vegetable. It wards off colds entirely if taken at the beginning in proper doses. It breaks up settled colds quickly; it is scientific and safer; there is no mystery about it. Dr. Hartman's books tell just how it acts and why. All druggists sell it.

Mrs. C. T. Rogers, Elgin, Ill., says: Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O. DEAR SIR—"Your medicine saved my baby's life. We stopped all treatment but yours, and now he is a beautiful boy. It was certainly a miracle."

Mrs. Becking, East Toledo, O., writes to the Per-ru-na Medicine Co.: DEAR SIR—"Per-ru-na is the best medicine I ever had in my house. My children had a bad cough, and one of them had the lung fever. I cured them all with Per-ru-na."

Proper knowledge of the treatment of coughs and colds is of the first importance to parents. This knowledge is offered free. All catarrhal diseases succumb to Per-ru-na.

CALENDAR FOR 1899.

JANUARY							JULY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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NOT GOOD AT QUOTATIONS.

He was Called Down for Springing Something He Didn't Know the Authority Of.

He came home in a bad temper. "Jane," he gruffly asked, "have we such a thing as the constitution of the United States on the premises?"

"Why, yes, William," she cheerfully answered. "I'll get it for you."

She came back presently with a thin volume and handed it to him.

He took it up, glanced at it, and flung it to the floor.

"What's gone wrong, William?" she asked.

"Why, this very morning," he angrily cried, "I was quoting at length from the constitution, as I supposed, when a fellow yelled out: 'That ain't the constitution.' This took me aback, but I rallied and cried: 'I mean the declaration of independence.' 'Tain't that, neither,' he roared. 'What is it, then?' I howled. 'It's the Bible!' he shrieked. Say, Jane, have we got a Bible in the house?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Easy Deduction.

Wise—Gabby's wife must be a very beautiful, fascinating woman.

Calico—She is. Have you seen her?

No, but their maid is very pretty.—N. Y. Journal.

Boaster (disgusted)—"I can't eat this food; 'tisn't fit for a pig." Boarding-House Keeper (coolly)—"I don't cater for pigs."—Fun.

Guarding Against Twin Germs.

A village clergyman tells this story: He was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening, when he saw one of his parishioners very busy, whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, he called out: "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart. Will you let me see what you have done recently to the cottage, de?"

Descending from the ladder, and slowly walking to the hedge which separated the garden from the road, "That's not exactly the reason why I'm a doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, 'I'll take an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, 'as 'ow we got ten children already.'"

—Cornhill Magazine.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. **Hall's Catarrh Cure**, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying **Hall's Catarrh Cure** be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. **Hall's Family Pills** are the best.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of back, and sometimes with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—Mrs. FLORENCE R. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition de- scribed by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

SPRAINS

BAD WORSE WORST

Can be promptly cured without delay or trilling by the GOOD BETTER BEST remedy for pain, **ST. JACOBS OIL.**

It is an evidence of greatness to listen to the advice and experience of others. A fool is always bull-headed.—Acheson Globe.

Healthy, Happy Girls

often, from no apparent cause, become languid and despondent in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise so that merely to walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption."

They are anemic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood? More anemic people have been made strong, hungry, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means they are the best tonic in the world.

Miss Lulu Stevens, of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., had been a very healthy girl until about a year ago, when she grew weak and pale. She lost her appetite, was as tired in the morning as on retiring, and lost flesh until she became so emaciated that her friends hardly knew her. The doctors declared the disease anæmia, and gave her up to die. A physician who was visiting in Gasport prevailed upon her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She did so, and was benefited at once. She is now well and strong—the very picture of health.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

The genuine are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. For sale by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, fifty cents per box. Book of cures free on request.

"THOUGHTLESS FOLKS HAVE THE HARDEST WORK, BUT QUICK WITTED PEOPLE USE

SAPOLIO

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STAR PLUG L. & M. NATURAL LEAF PLUG CLIPPER PLUG CORNER STONE PLUG SLEDGE PLUG SCALPING KNIFE PLUG SLEDGE MIXTURE SMOKING LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY, Manufacturers.

THE COMPASS PLANTS.

Among Them Are Classified the Wild Lettuce and Rosin Weed of the Temperate Zone.

Among the plants of the temperate zone the so-called compass plants are examples of similar adaptations. The compass plants include among others, the wild lettuce (*Lactuca scariola*) and rosin weed (*Silphium laciniatum*). These plants place the leaves in a vertical position with the tips pointing north and south