

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly saved me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 2144 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided. Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LESA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 8.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pointing in proof conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

TRY TO CONVICT HUSBAND

MRS. HAINS TO TESTIFY AGAINST HER HUSBAND, WHO KILLED WM. E. ANNIS.

New York, April 14.—Mrs. Claudia Libbey Hains will be a witness against her husband, Captain Peter C. Hain, when he is put on trial in Flushing next Monday for the murder of William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club. So will her mother, Mrs. Charles Libbey of Boston, Fredrick C. Dewitt, district attorney, who will prosecute the young army officer, announced this upon his return from Boston, where he interviewed Mrs. Hains and her mother.

"I talked to the women four hours in the presence of their attorneys and they consented to come here next week and stand ready to take the witness stand whenever I choose to call them," Mr. Dewitt said. "I cannot say what they will be called upon to testify."

Mr. Dewitt said Mrs. Hains wants a divorce from the captain, and therefore declined to come here until she was assured that she would not be asked anything that might jeopardize her chances of obtaining the divorce. The defense undoubtedly will endeavor to show Mrs. Hains' relations with Annis but, of course, it will not be allowed to inquire into any subjects which are not laid upon in the state's direct examination.

The young woman appeared eager to recover custody of her children, the district attorney said. They are in charge of General and Mrs. Hains, Captain Hain's parents. Despite the failure to convict Thornton Hain, every effort will be made to send the captain to the chair.

Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) Cures Through the Blood Blood Poison, BONE PAINS, CANCER, SCALY SKIN, PIMPLES, Rheumatism, Eczema, Itching Humors.

B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is the only blood remedy that kills the poison in the blood and then purifies it—sending a flood of pure, rich blood direct to the skin surface. Bones, joints and wherever the disease is located. In this way all sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Eruptions, acne, boils, and cured, pains and aches of rheumatism, cancer, swellings, scalds, B. B. B. completely changes the body into clean, healthy condition, giving the skin the rich, red hue of perfect health. B. B. B. cures the worst old cases. Try it. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) is pleasant and safe to take; composed of pure Botanic ingredients. It purifies and enriches the blood. B. B. B. strengthens the nerves and builds up the broken down system. Express, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sold in Ardmore, Okla. by Wm. E. Frame Drug Store, East Main street.

MAGNETS ARE FRIENDLY

REPORTED FEUD BETWEEN HILL AND HARRIMAN IS DENIED BY HILL.

AGREEMENT AT PORT SAID

Hill Secures Part Ownership in Terminal There—Hill Gave Harriman an Entrance to Seattle Two Years Ago.

St. Paul, Minn., April 14.—(Special to Hill) President of the Great Northern railroad, returned today from a visit to the Pacific coast. Among the first things he had to say after he reached his office was that the last remaining difficulty of operation between the Harriman and Hill interests on the coast had been settled by an agreement between himself and E. H. Harriman, by which the Hill road would secure a part ownership in the terminal at Portland, and so in there as a benefactor with the Harriman interests.

Incidentally, he said that the Harriman-Hill "feud" was remarkably only for its nonexistence.

"There never was any Harriman-Hill feud," he said. "That was all a newspaper dream. Certainly there has been and will continue to be a sharp competition. That's true of every business. There have been business contentions between the Harriman and Hill interests. That's natural enough, isn't it, considering the capital invested, the territory covered and the business handled?"

"My meeting with Mr. Harriman on the coast," he continued, "was misrepresented so flagrantly that I felt called upon to deny the stories printed. They had us wanting to join issues and split up territory, which in the first place would be criminal."

"It would be conspiracy, wouldn't it?"

"Looked like it to me. The true situation was that we wanted to get into Portland and made all necessary purchases to put up an independent station for our terminal. But the Portland people didn't want another station; they wanted a Union station. We are willing to go in, but not as Harriman tenants. We wanted to own an interest in the terminal. On the coast Mr. Harriman and I talked it over and decided to settle it on the spot. In twenty minutes I made a proposition which satisfied him, and he took it back with him to submit to the board of directors. So the last objection has been removed."

"What about the much talked of fight of the Hill interests to keep Harriman out of Seattle?"

"All nonsense. Two years ago we cut off a strip of our property and sold it to Harriman to let him into Seattle, and did it so quickly there was hardly a ripple. The transfer was made without anyone knowing it."

We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package.

HELD ON FORGERY CHARGE

Forged Check on Joplin Cigar Store Man.

Tulsa, Okla., April 13.—Charles Williams, who "did" to him \$100, because men on Tulsa and his partner who operated in Sapulpa a few weeks ago, are now under arrest on Tulsa. When they were taken to be held on a charge of forgery, Williams and his partner represented themselves to the managers of Hartline's hotel and restaurant as being arranging a boxing tournament to be held in the Tulsa sports house. Williams had collected some money from a Tulsa druggist, who had him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses. No one appeared against Williams, and he was turned loose.

After leaving here, Williams met his partner and the two went to Missouri where they operated extensively on the prize fight scheme. They were not satisfied, however, with securing \$1,000 or \$1,500 in Joplin and surrounding towns, but forged a check for \$20 on a Joplin cigar store man, who caused their arrest.

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. Sold by all druggists.

A MAN'S POCKETS.

What on Earth Does He Want With Eighteen of Them?

The great fundamental difference between the modern woman and the modern man is this—that whereas the raiment of the modern woman has no pockets at all the raiment of the modern man has nothing else.

Indeed, a man may be defined as an animal with a passion for pockets. If you were asked to say offhand how many pockets you possess at a given moment, you would be stumped.

It would be necessary to make out an inventory. In the first place, there are at least five in your overcoat. There are at least five more in your lounge jacket, four in your waistcoat and four in your trousers. You have therefore at least eighteen pockets.

Now, it is absurd to say that any man needs eighteen pockets. Why, it is almost a set of pincushions. They ought to be numbered or lettered. Often a man loses his railway ticket, and after paying excess fare he finds it hidden in one of his dozen and a half pockets. It takes some time to search carefully in eighteen little bags.

Men carry a great deal of rubbish in their pockets. There are few of us who do not suffer from accumulations of old letters, paid and unpaid bills, bus and tram tickets, theater vouchers and miscellaneous odds and ends.

We change our fobs and fetsam from one suit of clothes to another, for we are not happy without unnecessary fragments of paper.

I once knew a man who carried an amazing assortment of useless things in his pockets. He always had a lump of chalk, a piece of string, a small ivory inch rule, a penknife, a pencil and a pair of compasses.

In his pocketbook he carried stamps, sticking plaster, telegraph forms and pills. Another man I know always carries half a dozen silver cigar cases shaped like torpedoes with one cigar in each.

Some men have a mania for carrying enormous bunches of keys. They do not use more than two of them every day, but they are not happy unless they have a key for everything they have ever owned. When they lose their keys, it is a tragedy.

I sometimes wonder why the chancellor of the exchequer does not impose a pocket tax. It would bring in enough revenue to pay for old age pensions. It would be much more profitable than the ancient window tax, for men could live without windows, but they could not possibly exist without pockets.

A pocketless man would be miserable. Try to imagine yourself in clothes without pockets. The imagination boggles at the thought. A coat without pockets would be a monstrosity, before which a man would recoil in terror.

I suspect that the tailor is the first cause of pocketitis. He it is who forces us to submit to the plague of pockets. I appeal to my fellow men to revolt against this sartorial tyranny. Let us establish a pocket limit. Fourteen pockets ought to be enough for any sane man.—James Douglas in London M. A. P.

Value of a Laugh.

The value of a good natured laugh may be rated low by some people, but many writers have attested its worth in no measured terms.

It is not surprising that the merry Charles Lamb should have said, "A laugh is worth ten groans in any market," but from the lips of the somber Carlyle one is scarcely prepared to hear, "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether or irretrievably bad."

It was Douglas Jerrold who boldly stated that "what was talked of as the golden-chain of love was nothing but a succession of laughs, a rhythmic scale of merriment reaching from earth to Olympus."

"I am persuaded," wrote Laurence Sterne, "that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life."

Last of all comes the verdict of Dr. Holmes, given with his own inimitable humor, "The riotous tumult of a laugh I take it is the milk law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who rules the riot act."

"Hold the Rudder True."

If you have enemies, go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way, walk around them regard less of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks. He is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark, "They are sparks which if you do not blow will go out of themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—Selected.

Sandwich Man is Old.

The walking advertisement known as a "sandwich man" is by no means a modern idea. In 1346 a procession of men dressed to represent straw covered wine bottles used to parade the streets of Florence, Italy, being hired by the wine merchants there.

The New Judges Notes.

Chief Justice Falconbridge of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Riddell, a newly appointed judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto. According to some legalists who were present, the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Riddell, who, by the way, was not to the same extent lauded against the prolixity of the proceedings as were his colleagues, was observed to pass one of them a slip of paper, on which presumably were written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues there was a sudden suggestion of mirth apparent on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

THE NOTES. (With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling) "You're it makes that innocent note?" Asked Fudge to Fudge. "It's innocent's opinion argument." The court was silent. "Go on to eat the jury staff?" Asked Fudge to Fudge. "The staff and its two third more." The court was silent. "For he doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts. His logic is so rotten, you can see through all the cracks. And how pretty were to get it where the chicken got in at." When the court delivered judgment in the morning. —Cleveland Leader.

A Boomerang Contract.

The author of "A Temperance Town" and "A Texas Story" spent much of his time in his country home, but one day he appeared unexpectedly in New York at the Lamb's club. Going straight to the cafe, he made one large, inclusive gesture, which (though) every man present about him, "It's on you," said Mr. Hoyt. Then he told his story.

It was before the days of electric and gasoline motors, and he had bought a little steam yacht. He engaged as his engineer one of his Yankee neighbors and offered him liberal wages, with the provision that the engineer should find his own coal. It was a long way to the nearest coal yard, and Mr. Hoyt had all the trouble he was looking for to keep his own furnace fed.

"But where shall I get the coal?" the new engineer asked.

"I don't care," said the foremost of American stage humorists, "Steal it." So the bargain was struck. All went well until the early autumn Mr. Hoyt went into his cellar to see how much more coal he would have to purchase for the winter. Of several tons on hand in the spring only two or three scuttfuls remained. The theft was speedily traced to the engineer.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Sun and the Telescope.

The popular notion is that the astronomer points his telescope directly at the sun and fires his vision point blank across the chasm of millions of miles. Instead, says a writer in the Ohio Magazine, the errant sun rays are lassoed by a concave—a great circular mirror driven by clockwork in such a manner that it throws its light into another mirror above, and this in turn sends the long, concentric beam far into the interior of the telescope house. The two mirrors move in automatic adjustment to each other, so that the solar beams may be shot into the building, no matter in what portion of the sky the sun may be situated. At the farther end of the building the reflected sunbeam strikes a concave mirror which catches the light and, flashing it back toward the opening whence it first entered, focuses it into a perfect image of the sun.

Female Diamonds.

The jeweler held a magnifying glass to a superb white diamond. "Do you see those little diamonds on the farther edge?" he said. "They are invisible to the naked eye, but the glass shows them quite plainly—doesn't it? Well, they are the proof that this diamond is a female; hence we say that there are male and female diamonds, the males, of course, being those that don't produce these growths."

"Female diamonds are always the finest. In fact, nearly all the diamonds of wide world fame are female."—New York Press.

Society of the Cincinnati.

The Society of the Cincinnati was an order established by the officers of the Revolutionary army in 1783 to perpetuate their friendship and to raise funds for the relief of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen during the war. It was so named because it included patriots headed by Washington, between whom and the old Roman farmer-general, Cincinnatus, there were supposed to be many resemblances.

Present Troubles.

"Ah, pretty lady," said the fortune teller, "you wish to be told about your future husband?" "Not much," replied Mrs. Galley. "I've come to learn where my present husband is when he's absent."—Philadelphia Press.

Evolution.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?" "Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

Royal Remedy.

Mistress—Your odd's very bad, Jane. Are you doing anything for it? Jane—Oh, yes, ma'am. The chemist 'ave give me some cremated stincture of Queen Anne.—Punch.

He is sufficiently learned that knows how to do well and has power enough to refrain from evil.—Cicero.

A NOTORIOUS RASCAL

Bold Exploits of Colonel Thomas Blood in England.

TRIED TO STEAL THE CROWN

The Daring Scamp Almost Succeeded, Too, and Managed to Escape Punishment After Being Captured—His Attack on the Duke of Ormonde.

A daring, fearless scamp and one of the most reckless and brazen soldiers of fortune that ever cut a swath in England was the notorious Colonel Thomas Blood.

This choicest of seventeenth century scoundrels was born probably in Ireland in or about 1618. During the civil war he was active on the parliamentary side, was made a justice of the peace by Henry Cromwell and received large grants of land. Those were confiscated at the restoration, and Blood forthwith began his career as a desperado.

His first plot was to seize Dublin castle and the person of the Duke of Ormonde, the lord lieutenant, in 1663. A crowd was to be collected at the castle gates, a pretended baker with a load of bread upon his shoulder was to stumble and upset the barrels, and in the scramble which would probably ensue among the castle guards the gates were to be seized, but the plot was betrayed to Ormonde, and although Blood himself escaped, his brother-in-law was arrested and executed.

After a period of seclusion among the Irish hills and in Holland, Blood crossed to England and joined the fifty monarchist men. After one or two minor deeds of daring he planned and nearly carried out a desperate stroke in 1670. In that year the Prince of Orange visited England and was entertained by the city of London. In his train on the occasion was the Duke of Ormonde, against whom Blood nursed unyielding hate. The duke was dragged from his coach in St. James street by Blood and his son-in-law, strapped on horseback to one of the conspirators and hurried toward Tyburn. So determined was the prime mover in the affair that his enemy should die that he hurried on toward the gallows to arrange the rope. The duke's coachman gave the alarm and followed his master with assistance, and a timely rescue was effected.

On May 9 in the following year Blood made his great attempt to carry off the Tower jewels. He set about the task in quite a modern style. Some three weeks before the attempt he and a woman whom he represented as his wife—his real wife being then in the north of England—visited the Tower, where the lady feigned a sudden illness. She and her companion were invited into the private apartments of Edwards, the aged keeper, that she might rest and recover.

Three or four days later they returned with a present of gloves as an acknowledgment of the civility. Blood was courtesy itself, admired everything, but especially Edwards' pretty daughter, and presently proposed a match between the young lady and his "nephew." This was agreed to, and the visitors at once dined with the family. Blood pronouncing an edifying grace. After dinner they were shown over the house. Blood managed to rid Edwards of a case of pistols by purchasing them for a friend, and it was arranged that the "nephew" should be brought for inspection by his future bride at 7 o'clock on the morning of May 9.

Punctual to the day and hour, E. appeared with three companions—Parrot, Hunt and Holloway. Each had a swordstick in his hand, a dagger in his belt and pistols in his pockets. Holloway remained outside to guard the door.

Blood, with a nice regard for the etiquette of the occasion, proposed that they should await the arrival of his wife before joining the ladies and that Edwards should show them the crown jewels to while away the time. The jewel room was entered and the door as usual closed. Edwards was at once attacked, gagged and bound, an iron hook being even attached to his nose "that no sound might pass from him that way." In spite of threats he struggled gallantly, was knocked down, stabbed and left for dead. Parrot put the glove in his loose breeches. Blood crushed up the crown and thrust it beneath his cloak, while Hunt began to file the scepter in two before putting it in a bag.

At this moment like a bolt from the blue, appeared Edwards' son, newly arrived from Flanders and eager to greet his family. He went first to his mother and sister, and the thieves slipped out, but Edwards, regaining consciousness, managed to give the alarm, and they were taken. Said Blood philosophically, "It was a bold attempt, but it was for a crown."

After this one imagines there would be short shrift for Colonel Blood, and we expect the march to Tyburn and an edifying "last speech." But he refused to plead unless in private to the king and was admitted to an interview, got on the right side of the merry monarch, hinted at accomplices by the hundred who would avenge his death, was granted his forfeited estates and was thenceforward frequent in the presence chamber. Then he quarreled with his patron, Buckingham, and was cast in damages for slander on the duke. He died in 1680 and was buried in Tyburn fields; but a "sham funeral" rumor being started, he was exhumed two days later and identified at an inquest.—London Globe.

Air is estimated to surround the earth to a depth of from 120 to 200 miles.



A Few of Our References.

Let Us Figure With You

On your proposed building. We can help you save some money. Write, phone or call on us. Office over post office, Ardmore, Ok.

J. E. BURGESS & SON Contractors and Builders.

FELKER THE GROCER Everything Good to Eat UNDER ONE ROOF!

The People of Ardmore Who have tried the famous BROMIDE WATER are highly pleased with it. The demand for this wonderful water is growing every day. E. M. Goff, Agent ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA

If you happen to be in Oklahoma City over overnight don't forget the Grand Avenue Hotel Good Cafe in connection.

Gorman, Bogie & Dobbins Insurance and Loans Reliable Insurance, Quick Loans, Over City National Bank Phone 50 Ardmore, Oklahoma.

W. P. Poland W. H. Foster Poland & Foster General Insurance Office Over First National Bank. Telephone No. 48.