TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR

Seemed Imminent—Scalp Was Very Scaly and Hair Came Out by Handfuls—Scalp Now Clear and

New Hair Grown by Cuticura.

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being scaly. Shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still scaly. I started to use dandruff cures to no effect whatever. I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. I was afraid to comb it. But after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas I had my mind made up to be bald. W. F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Cant About Advertising.

There is a great deal of cant at the present day about advertising, emitted by persons who are very keen to get all the advertisement they can, and to get it for nothing if possible. Quiet people, who really do not want to advertise themselves, are much less censorious.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Urgently Needed.

"I wonder what Roosevelt did with his 'big stick' when he left Washington?" said the lantern-jawed poet.

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," replied his meek and lowly wife.

"Well, I wish he had turned it over to me," continued the hungry verse maker. "It might have enabled me to keep the wolf from the door."

To have more of Health and more of Life, take Garfield Tea! This Natural laxative regulates liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, corrects constipation, purifies the blood and eradicates disease.

All Mixed Up.

"Are you a Republican or a Democrat?" asked the man who asks personal questions.

"I can't say," remarked the introspective citizen. "I'm not sure whether I'm the kind of a Republican who argues like a Democrat or the kind of a Democrat who votes like a Republican."

It'll soon begin! But it'll never stop! You'd be sorry if it did. WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

Women seldom jump at conclusions because they seldom conclude.

Politeness is all right in its way, but not every man can cash it.

Women argue with utter disregard as to the accuracy of their statements

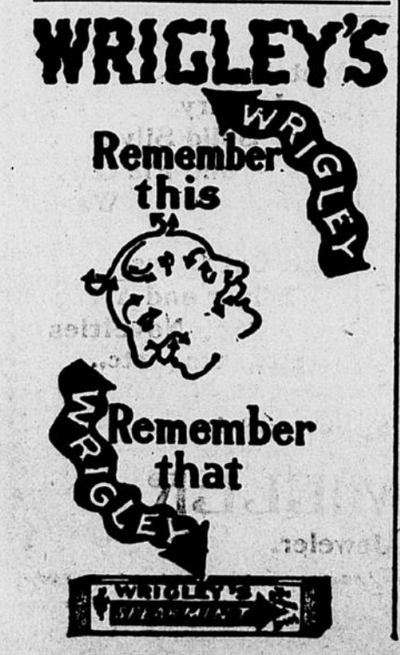
It is easier to stop the barking of a dog than the singing of a mosquito.

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

If a man hasn't a red cent he is apt to feel blue.

These brisk mornings. Gee Whiz on Waffles.

Even the self-made man is seldom satisfied with his job.



NO NEED TO TAKE CHANCES

There is a Sure Way of Knowing Good Paint Material.

There is really no need whatever for any property owner to take chances in the selection of his paint materials. It doesn't cost a cent to learn how to be on the safe side. Certainly every property owner has enough at stake to find this out.

A complete painting guide, known as Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49, can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Building, New York. This company is the largest maker of pure white lead in the world. Its Dutch Boy Painter trademark is famous as a guarantee of purity and quality. The outfit includes a book of color schemes, for either interior or exterior painting, a book of specifications, and a simple little instrument, with directions for testing the purity of paint materials.

We blame Providence for our poverty, but take the credit ourselves when we get rich.

A seasonable suggestion. Canada Sap Syrup.

The shortest cut to heaven is lifting some one out of hell.

Spear isn't anything! Mint isn't anything! Spearmint isn't anything—unless it's WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

Even when a man proves that he is a woman's superior she doesn't believe it.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c
relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The trouble with a lot of men who have good intentions is their lack of executive ability.

Contrary Ways.

"They say Hansum's rich, elderly wife makes him show her unrestrained affection. How does she manage it?"

"By a simple paradox."

"How is that?"

"Every time he gets demonstrative she encourages him by giving him a check."

A CURE FOR FITS.

The Treatment Is to Accomplish What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epilepticide still continues. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of fits and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, History of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. May Laboratory, 548 Pearl Street, New York City.

Had Confessed It.

Sculptor (angrily)—How came you to say I had been cutting a sorry figure of late?

Wagley—You told me so yourself.

Sculptor—I did no such a thing.

Wagley—Well, you told me you were making a statue of Repentance.

In case of accident, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, sprains, bruises, etc., nothing will so quickly take away all pain and soreness as Hamlins Wizard Oil.

Cities of Concrete.

The extensive use of reinforced concrete which the Italians have already made leads one to hope that if Messina and Reggio are once more to rise they will be reinforced concrete cities, with comparatively low buildings.

A Domestic Eye Remedy
Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drugs Laws. Wins Friends Wherever Used. Ask Druggists for Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine in Your Eyes. You Will Like Murine.

Refined Pessimism.

Burton was writing his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

"I suppose," he sighed, "I'll accumulate a big stack of bones out of this."

However, as he further reflected, this was not much better than having a family skeleton in the closet.

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

His Idea of Reforming It.

Party of the First Part—But don't you believe in reforming the tariff?

Wild Eyed Crank—Reforming the tariff? Of course, I do. It has one 'f' too many!

Wait! The delicious fragrance of WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT will soon fill the air everywhere!

The best thing to do when you catch a cold is to let go of it.

No, Cordelia, cabinet ministers do not deliver sermons in a cabinet.

DR. J. H. RINDLAUB, (Specialist), Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Fargo, N. D.

Many people who want noble character are unwilling to go to its school.

WE BUY CREAM GET OUR PRICE Miller & Holmes, St. Paul, Minn.

Excessive emphasis on a few ideas is evidence of the absence of many.

There's nothing so delicious as Canada Sap.

A man of means seldom gives himself away.

The Man in the Overcoat

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT.

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

The Burglar opened the front door with a latch-key—or something that closely resembled it—and entered the hall.

It was very dim, as he anticipated, Betsy, the housemaid, having been sent on a sudden errand to the grocer's just as she was about to light the gas.

The Burglar had watched her exit from an opposite area, and on seeing her pause at the corner of the avenue for a heart-to-heart talk with the big policeman concluded the coast was clear and slipped in.

He gave himself a good half hour for operations before the maid would be back.

Softly the front door closed, almost silently, but there must have been keen ears listening upstairs, for a woman's voice called down:

"Is that you, John?"

This was exasperating!

The mistress of the house had been safely and distantly located in the basement only five minutes before.

The Burglar began to whistle.

He was a good mimic and had not walked down-town behind her husband that morning for nothing.

As the notes of "El Capitan" rose on the air he noiselessly extracted an ebony-handled umbrella from the hat-stand and tried on John's overcoat, which he sorely needed.

It was a perfect fit.

"I don't think you're very polite," remarked the voice upstairs. (It was a sweet voice with a suspicion of tears

The Burglar Waited.

in it.) "Aren't you coming to apologize for all the unkind things you said this morning?"

The Burglar paused warily, considering the situation.

"There's a row on," he decided, "and John's been behaving bad. Well, well, I guess he'll have to keep it up, poor fellow."

Still whistling unconcernedly, he seized his curiously-shaped black bag, and going into the dining room slammed the door.

"That's to put her on her ear-brow," he prophesied shrewdly if inelegantly, as he set to work on the buffet silver, aided by the electric light in the street below.

"No more good 'soft soldering' now for a good while, you bet!"

The Burglar was a married man and knew the ways of the sex.

Into the black bag, which possessed strangely elastic properties, went coffee urn, cream pitcher and sugar bowl, each article stowed away with the utmost deftness and celerity.

Then the Burglar cast a dubious eye on the small silver.

"Poor quality, and not much of it!" he pronounced disappointedly. "But what can you expect of the cashier of a little one-horse bank? Well, well, it can't be helped. You have to take things as you find them in this world."

It was his favorite motto, and not inappropriate under the circumstances.

Burglary certainly begets philosophy. With great care and dispatch two dozen knives, forks and spoons were packed away in the depths of the black bag, a pair of repousse candlesticks followed in their wake, while the Burglar hastily concealed a motley collection of coffee spoons, salt cellars and pepper pots in the pockets of the newly acquired overcoat.

"Now for them cut-glass things," he reminded himself, and turned his attention upward.

The lock of the hanging cabinet was hard to pick, but he had got it off and was inspecting certain decanters on the shelves with the assistance of his small dark lantern when there came soft, slippered footfalls in the hall without.

The Burglar faced about in utter astonishment.

So she had actually come down, had humbled her pride in five minutes, when he, with his knowledge of Woman, had given her 15 at least to get over that impertinent slam of the door.

What a fool he had been!

But even as he swore at himself under his breath a line of light sprang up beneath the door.

She had lit the hall gas.

The Burglar vaulted to the nearest window and paused for reflection.

The sash had to be lifted, and there was a good 20-foot drop into the street

One instant he hesitated, and the next he heard her steps at the door.

The handle was being softly turned.

But even in this predicament the Burglar did not lose his nerve. Out went his lantern and down came the heavy window-curtains, while he rapidly summed up his chances.

There was just a bare possibility that he could keep up the delusion a little longer; the master of the house was about his own build, and had the same close-cropped, fair hair.

Perhaps in the dimness, with his back turned—

Quick as thought he wheeled into position just as the door swung open.

There was a moment's silence.

In the stream of light that flowed from the hall the tall, broad-shouldered figure could be distinctly seen, standing motionless, with head bowed and hands clasped behind him, every fold of the well-fitting overcoat expressing meloncholy and deep contrition.

It was an effective and touching picture.

The steps paused on the threshold. Holding his breath, the Burglar waited, his senses keenly alive to the soft rustle of feminine drapery behind him, the faint scent of orris that filled the air.

One minute passed, two, then—

"There's no need to look so tragic, John." (The tone was crisp, even condescending, yet the Burglar felt a thrill of relief.) "The matter really isn't worth thinking about, much less discussing. It was quite unnecessary to slam that door." (Her tone was dignity itself.) "I wouldn't have mentioned the subject again for the world."

She paused, and the Burglar heaved a sigh, a tragic, dispairing sigh. He felt that it was the proper and artistic thing to do at this juncture. "Though she'll find me out in a moment," he told himself, grimly, and reflected that it was just as well that the rifled sideboard stood in an alcove and out of her range of vision.

"Let's make up, Jack." (To his infinite perturbation she took an impulsive step toward him.) "I've no doubt you thought me very silly and childish this morning, but I did want that dress. You see, dear, I haven't had anything new for two whole years."

Her voice trembled a little, and the Burglar shifted uneasily from one foot to another. He felt profoundly moved and very uncomfortable.

"Of course, it isn't that I mind strict economy," she hastened on, "one servant, and spending the summer in town, and all that. But sometimes I confess I do long for pretty things—a few trinkets, you know, and clothes, and—and silver."

(She thought she saw the broad shoulders wince.)

"Don't think it's your fault, dear old boy." Her voice was a caress. "I know how hard you work from morning till night in order to make both ends meet, and deny yourself everything for my sake. Why, you wouldn't even have that overcoat now, if I hadn't bought it for you myself on the sly out of Uncle George's check. You're the very best man in the world." (And her hand fell affectionately on his sleeve.)

This was going a little too far.

With a hoarse, smothered ejaculation, the Burglar turned swiftly from her and made for the door in two strides.

The black bag stood in the shadow of the portiere, but he only kicked it impatiently out of the way as he went out, leaving the mistress of the house alone.

"Jack, oh, Jack!" she cried in terror as something fell heavily in the hall outside, and running to the threshold, she gazed horror-stricken at a long, black object that lay on the floor at her feet.

The Burglar closed the front door and walked down the steps minus an overcoat, but with a stately mien that betokened conscious rectitude.

"Don't mention it," he said graciously to the master of the house, who stumbled against him on the curbing and apologized profusely.

In the glare of the electric light he looked tired and overworked.

"Poor devil!" soliloquized the Burglar, compassionately (he himself hated work); "I wouldn't care to be in his shoes."

And then as a cold wind from the avenue struck him, he added, ruefully:

"But Golly! I'd like to be in his overcoat!"

Fabulous Fees of the Methodizer.

The "methodizer" is comparatively a newcomer into the ranks of modern expert callings. Though the list of recognized "system experts" is small, some clients are inclined to think that the fees of this profession run in inverse ratio to the number of its followers. It is not a sensational circumstance for a methodizer of large reputation and a genuine gift for his peculiar work to receive a fee of $1,000 for a day's work, and the yearly earnings of several system experts probably exceed $50,000.

What does he do to earn such enviable fees? He acts as a physician to commercial patients, makes a searching examination of a business, demands of its proprietors their fullnest confidence in giving him a clear view of its conditions, and then prescribes a series of changes in the system by which the business is conducted. This generally implies the installation of a new system of office or factory accounting, but it may equally apply to the arrangement of floor space in a shipping room or of desk space in an office—in fact, to the minutest mechanical and operative detail.—The Bookkeeper.

Great Water Power at Charlotte.

Charlotte is the center of the greatest electrical power development in the South, or in the United States, except at Niagara Falls. The Southern Power company has a capital of $10,000,000, with general offices in Charlotte.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Extremes.

"What did Gladys do when George insisted on a positive answer?"

"She sent him a decided negative."

WE PAY 10-11c FOR COWHIDES. High price for furs and sell leather cheap. N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

After losing a case a lawyer is willing to "try, try again"—as long as his client is willing to pay the freight.

We buy cream. Write desk No 3 for prices. The Crescent Creamery Co., St. Paul.

One way to remove paint is to sit down on it before it is dry.

Spearmint! Spearmint! What's that? Nothing—unless it's WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.

If some people were to think twice before speaking they would probably forget what they wanted to say.

For you and for me. Gee Whiz Syrup.

Bravery of some men looks a good deal like brute force.

N D N U —NO. 16— 1909