



THE STREET CAR BORE

A DISTINCT VARIETY OF THE GENUS NUISANCE

A St. Paul Woman Tells of Her Experience in this Form of Travel—Pretty Girls, as a Rule, Like to Sit Near the Door.

A St. Paul woman said the other day: "Do write about the street car bore, which is a distinct variety of the species and should be relegated to outer darkness. He mutually hangs on a strap and bends over his victim and asks all sorts of questions of an intimate nature in a loud voice; for this he has a curiosity which knows no bounds, and his victim generally writes as the eyes of all the passengers are fastened upon her.

"I struck one of them the other day in a very crowded car. He was hanging on a strap and pinned me with his eye, as he inquired where I had been, where I was going, and everything except what my income was, which I expected to have him do next.

"I talk about the curiosity of women! It isn't a circumstance to that of men when they really want to know things. This man I speak of talked in a loud voice, and when the car stopped at the bottom of the hill and had to wait there he continued in just as loud a voice until every eye was riveted upon me and every ear was strained to hear his remarks. My replies were hardly audible, but I assure you I felt murderously toward that man.

"Women sometimes talk just as loud in cars, but not the women one knows, and most of them have the saving grace of disliking to air their private affairs in public.

"Another bore in cars is the man who stares, who selects some woman as a victim and fixes his eyes upon her. Try as she will, she doesn't seem to be able to get away from his gaze. That is one reason women dislike the seats that face each other in the cars; they prefer the front ones. Pretty girls who don't mind being stared at will sit near the door.

"There are so many things that happen in street cars that are tests of a person's good breeding. For instance, it is not at all necessary, because a man you happen to know sits with you, that he should pay your fare; of course this depends a good deal upon the way he does it whether it is objectionable or not. If you know him very slightly he should never presume to ask you for a ride. A St. Paul girl who has lived in Europe for years and who has the other day that she would never think of offering to pay the fare of a friend over there; it is regarded as insulting. Then, again, if you take a postage stamp from a friend and he tries to give it to you, it simply makes you uncomfortable. Tact governs these things; the well-bred person knows when to accept a favor and when not to.

"But, as I said in the beginning, one of the greatest trials to a woman in the street-car bore who talks in a loud voice and makes her conspicuous. He never seems to realize that you are not delighted to meet him, but he beams upon you and tells you that you are stout or thin, or looking well or poorly, and you wish lightning would strike him, and yet you continue to smile."

Marie

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE

Miss Alice Duford and Raymond Weisel were married on Wednesday evening at Christ church. Rev. C. D. Andrews read the service. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Duford, and William Olmsted acted as best man. The bride's gown was of white tulle, trimmed with lace and lace and seed pearls, and she carried Bride's roses. The maid of honor wore white tulle and carried white roses. After the ceremony a reception was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walker Weisel, Maria avenue. The rooms were beautifully decorated with purple and asters. Mr. and Mrs. Weisel will be at home to friends after Oct. 1.

Lieut. and Mrs. A. J. Harrison, of Fort Snelling, are visiting in Angus City.

Miss Nash, of Plattsburg, N. Y., is visiting Capt. and Mrs. A. F. Parmeter.

Miss Gussie Lux, of Carroll street, entertained formally for Miss Eva Thelen, of Milwaukee, at a musicale on Tuesday evening.

Miss Anna Kunz and Rudolph C. Pleins were married at St. Joseph's church, corner Carroll street and Virginia avenue, at high noon Thursday. After the ceremony a reception was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walker Weisel, Maria avenue. The rooms were beautifully decorated with purple and asters. Mr. and Mrs. Weisel will be at home to friends after Oct. 1.

The members of the Florentine club will give their dancing party at Garfield hall this evening.

Mr. George H. Prince has gone to New York.

Miss Perkins, of Arundel street, will remove from her apartments in the Laureate to the Ryan hotel on the 1st of October.

Mrs. F. E. Rice, of Summit avenue, has gone to Michigan to visit friends.

A number of St. Paul people attended the wedding of Miss Mary Cashman and Mr. Earl Ross in Hudson, Wis., last Tuesday evening. Rev. J. A. Barney performed the ceremony. The bridesmaid was Miss Lilly Cashman, sister of the bride. Both wore tan mousseline de sole over blue silk and carried roses. Miss Anna McNamara,

It isn't worth while to bake bread; we beat you, and "Moneyback" it.

Ward-Corby Co.

of this city, maid of honor, wore a gown of pink muslin and carried white carnations. Mr. Edward Dorgan, of Hudson, attended the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Ross, after a short trip East, will be at home in Hudson after Oct. 1.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS

The indoor picnic is a form of entertainment that is popular in Philadelphia. It is something like a buffet luncheon, but the guests are expected to help themselves. On a side table are placed piles of plates, cups and saucers, napkins, knives, forks and spoons, ice water, etc., while the center dining room table is loaded with salads, cold chicken, pie, hot escalloped oysters, sandwiches, olives and radishes, preserves, candies and fruit. Everyone helps himself, and the only time a servant appears is when a dish needs replenishing. Indoor picnics are in especial favor with the young set, and the guests do not usually exceed a dozen in number.

A sad state of affairs has been revealed among the women of England by the application for advice which a certain mother made to a police magistrate after her daughter's habit of tight lacing. What kind of advice the magistrate found himself in a position to give the cable advised does not state, but of course he gave it.

SMART PEDESTRIAN SUIT.



Here is a good suit to withstand wind and weather; a stylish, warm, useful gray Scotch mixture wool; the fine skirt clears the ground, the deep plait being left free from the knees down. The smart, long basque coat is semi-fitting, and is lined throughout with gray silk. The collar and belt are of dark gray velvet. The simple, new hat is of black velvet folds, with a plaque of white beaver felt, embroidered in black chenille.

Among other things, however, he did say that he knew a young woman who will remain a confirmed invalid all her life as a result of the practice. A writer in a London newspaper says there is scarcely a fashionable woman who does not tight-lace. "To such an extent has the evil grown," he says, "that at a certain famous musicale in London fiddlers for gowns from women whose waist measurements are over twenty-two inches are delicately but firmly declined."

"We do not care to risk our reputation by gawking any but the most fashionable women," explained the principal, "and no woman with a large waist would wear a frock designed for one who has cultivated the short hip figure. So if a customer comes to us we wear the old-fashioned style of corsets and does not seem inclined to conform to newer ideas she must go elsewhere for her gowns."

"We have heaps of customers whose measurements are three or four inches smaller than they were last year, and in almost every case this is due to the tight lacing demanded to acquire the new figure. Quite young girls are the worst offenders, and I am quite sure we have not made a gown this season for a debutante whose waist measurement exceeded twenty inches."

This is a form of bondage that the American woman can scarcely imagine.

A well known minister of the gospel, who is noted for his urbanity, democracy and ability to inspire confidence in his fellow creatures, was passing through the Grand Central station the other day, in company with a companion divine, of whose esteem he was appreciative. They had been talking of

various experiences as to getting checks cashed in places where they were not known.

"I've had some narrow escapes," said the venerable divine of benign countenance, "but I don't believe I've ever been refused outright."

"I should think not," replied the younger man, knowing this to be his companion's tender point. "You radiate confidence."

Just at this point the courteous old man noticed two heavily laden females carrying between them three bursting valises, under the weight of which they were fairly staggering. Their

gowns and gait proclaimed them denizens of verdantville, as with an eye on the clock and another on the shifting trains they elbowed their way toward the rear exit. Instantly the folks stepped forward with a courteous "Allow me," and extended his free hand toward the burden nearest him. His other hand held his own grip and a small satchel, which, indeed, were far from new. The puffing individuals stopped short in their wild career through the building and sharply eyed the reverend. Their glasses traveled from his face to his bags and back again. Then one of them found her voice.

"And that's your little game, is it?" said she. "You're one of them green goods gold brick creators what think they can hoodwink us with their little yea's and no's. Get along with yer innings. You'll get nothing from us; we

of Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, of New York, is said to have been among the number.

In Paris, where the Arthurs were guests of Miss Fanny Reed, Miss Arthur resumed her conquests, but in the possession of her conquests she was not so successful. There she went to Colorado Springs, where she was admired immensely. In appearance the president's daughter is striking, if not beautiful. She is tall and dark, with fine brown eyes. She clothes her graceful figure to advantage. Her chief charm is her levity; that has a trace of French. Her conversation is unusually brilliant.

Having made a distinct impression on the Newporters, Miss Emily Taylor returned to her mother in Paris. Miss Taylor is a niece of the elder Mrs. Pierre Lorillard. She interested the fashionable set, and Henry Walters, the millionaire, gave her a luncheon for her abode the Narada that some thought significant. She is a pretty girl, with a pink-and-white complexion, and she is a cousin of Joseph Jefferson and of William Warren, the character actor. Her rendition of old women's parts was considered without a peer.

Will Paint Their Own Houses. WALLINGTON, N. J., Sept. 18.—The women here have defied the Painters' Union, and have begun to paint their own houses. They had difficulty with the unionists over the matter of wages, and as a result, they began a co-operation scheme whereby the town is rapidly acquiring a new coat of colors without the aid of the men.

Otero, the Spanish dancer, never is happy unless doing something off the stage to amuse the Parisians. Recently she was ejected from the Grand opera house. Then her losses at Monte Carlo were supposed to have swept away her fortune. Now the dancer has had herself photographed clad so scantily that even Paris is shocked. These Otero photographs are selling like hot cakes. She is shown with her bosom flashing with gems. In fact, the dancer serves as a viceroy. The dancer wears a stunner of brilliant and her bosom is criss-crossed with chains and ropes of pearls. One diamond ornament is ten inches square.

The Smart Set in Japan. The smart set in Japan does not know its own mind. The Japanese are arrogant enough to prefer their own traditions to those of other countries; at the same time, they wish to entertain the great powers; and, to do this, they must accept the fashions of the hated west. For, in their hearts, the Japanese do hate the West. They are sharp enough to see that no nation which does not wear trousers can be a great power. So, in Japan there are two smart sets, the one dressed in the unbreached, and as there are many Japanese who practice several religions, so are there many who live two lives.

The official smart set, the set which embraces ambassadors and cabinet ministers and politicians and civil servants generally, wear trousers and public. But follow home the immaculate field marshal or pompous courtier, and, within five minutes, you will find him minus breeches, and in a kimono, probably squatting on the floor. The Japanese who wear European dress do not do so to war it; on the contrary, they are as anxious to be rid of it as a fat woman of her stays.

Those who know the court only, and who imagine that Japan to be far more foreignized than it really is. The great politicians, and a few other great noblemen, live in foreign houses, use foreign furniture, give dinner parties in the foreign style, eat with knives and forks, sit on chairs, and dress like Christians in Sunday attire. Then, as I have said, the emperor requires that European dress be worn at his garden parties—of which he has at least two every year—a cherry-blossom party and a chrysanthemum party.—Douglas Sladen, in October Smart Set.

One may expect a series of Vanderbilt balls this winter. It is a time-honored custom of the family to entertain for debutantes who are relatives. Miss Ruth Twombly, tall and fair, has come out in Newport, and this winter she will be one of the most prominent "buds." If she proves to be as great a success as her elder sister, Miss Florence Twombly, she will be the belle of the season. Miss Florence is admired greatly. She possesses physical charm and a manner that is distinguished. She is athletic—in fact, she is of the best type of American girl. Miss Ruth resembles her sister. These girls are great heiresses and they have only one

aim, the greenies yer take us fer."

Next morn'g his hope is real, too. If he hadn't been sick in bed, he'd have been an obsequious porter, who deposited a dress suit case and an umbrella in the section opposite. "Be there about ten minutes," the girl softly said in answer to a question from the elder; "got to cut in some sleepers and a diner."

"Thank you. Better sit down, Aunt Bessie."

But the elder woman shook her head. "I do wish you had some one to go with you, Dorothy," she exclaimed in tones Howard could not help overhearing. "I can't bear to have you go alone. Your uncle never would let it if he hadn't been sick in bed. You're sure you don't mind?"

"I don't mind the least bit in the world, auntie. We bachelor girls have to learn to do for ourselves."

"Bachelor girls, indeed!" The elders lady sniffed while Howard felt an unaccountable thrill of pleasure pass through him. "Old maids we used to call them. A girl's a girl no matter what she says, and I don't like to see one traveling alone. It wasn't considered proper in my young days."

"But traveling has changed so since then, even down in this dear little out-of-the-way corner of the South. Why, what could harm me?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose, but I don't like it. You wouldn't even take a lunch with you," she added irrelevantly, her hospitable Southern heart aggrieved. "It seems so inhospitable to send anyone away without something to eat."

"You're awfully good, Aunt Bessie, but, indeed, it wasn't worth while. I'll get dinner and breakfast in the dining car and be in New York for lunch."

A sudden clanging made the elder

brother with whom to divide this wealth. The mother inherited \$10,000,000 from the William H. Vanderbilt estate. Since his marriage Mr. Twombly has taken advantage of these Vanderbilt connections and is credited with enormous wealth on his own account.

Packard-Richardson. Special to The Globe.

CROOKSTON, Minn., Sept. 18.—Last evening, in this city, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Richardson, occurred the marriage of Frank E. Packard to Miss Bulah Richardson. Only some twenty-five of the immediate relatives were present. Rev. Alfred E. Peterson, of this city, officiated, and a wedding dinner was served. The bride is one of the most popular and accomplished young women of this city. Mr. Packard is a graduate of Hamline university and was formerly connected with Twin City papers. Last year he was managing editor of the Grand Forks Plaindealer, and is now occupying a like position on the Crookston Times.

Aged Actress Dying. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 18.—Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, the actress, so well known to theater-goers of decades gone by, is passing away at her home in this city, her death being only the matter of a few days, according to the statement of the attending physician. Mrs. Saunders first appeared before the public fifty years ago. Her name of the stage was Angerson, and she is a cousin of Joseph Jefferson and of William Warren, the character actor. Her rendition of old women's parts was considered without a peer.

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Here's a Professor. NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—For the first time in the history of Columbia university, a woman has been directly appointed to a professorship by the board of trustees. The new professor is Miss Margaret E. Mathey, Ph. D., a graduate of Barnard, who will be inaugurated at the beginning of the academic year as adjunct professor of physics.

Poems Worth Reading

THE VESTAL STAR.

The day has said good night, and gone to sleep:
Each drowsy bird lies dreaming in his nest.
A sweet, transparent light low in the West
Still lingers tenderly, as if to keep
A memory of the past alive. Stars creep
Faintly forth, and Venus with her crest
Of diamond-splendor hovers, loveliest,
As vernal guardian of the violet deep.
The star of love reigns also in my heart,
And the somber shadows of its night
Pours the soft radiance of her holy light.
As from a lamp hung in a shrine apart;
And thou, O Loveliness, its vestal art
To keep the flame forever pure and bright!
—Nathan Haskell Dole in October Smart Set.

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And still not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look
Ere I do down my soul's affliction
In its tumult and strife;
Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad
Breezes blow,
But every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow.
Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?
Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve?
To curse myself and all who love me!
Nay,
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day;
And each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rain-
bow show me, and I take His slightest gift, no
fears.
Nor any doubts are mine.
Dark skies must clear, and when the
clouds are past
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of gladness,
Then vex me not with chiding. Let me
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness
The flowers of light befriended.

As the train came to a stop Howard Monroe glanced out of the window of the Pullman. "Twenty-four hours I've been waiting for you, and you're here," he said, "helped—by George, that's a pretty girl. Nice old lady with her, too. Hope they'll come in here."

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Home Duties

The real heroines of every day are in our homes. Frequently, however, it is a mistaken and useless heroism.

Women seem to listen to every call of duty except the supreme one that tells them to guard their health. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system unstrung? Irritability takes the place of happiness and amiability; and weakness and suffering takes the place of health and strength. As long as they can drag themselves around, women continue to work and perform their household duties. They have been led to believe that suffering is necessary because they are women. What a mistake!

The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will banish pain and restore happiness. Don't resort to strong stimulants or narcotics when this great strengthening, healing remedy for women is always within reach.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

For proof read the symptoms, suffering and cure recited in the following letters:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express to you the great benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My trouble was female weakness in its worst form and I was in a very bad condition. I could not perform my household duties, my back ached, I was extremely nervous, and I could not eat or sleep, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. My husband spent hundreds of dollars to get me well, and all the medicine that the doctors prescribed failed to do me any good; I resorted to an operation which the physician said was necessary to restore me to health, but I suffered more after it than I did before; I had hemorrhages of the womb that nothing could seem to stop.

"I noticed one of your advertisements and wrote you for advice. I received your reply and carefully followed all instructions. I immediately began to feel better, and in two weeks was about the house. I took eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and continued following your advice, and to-day I am a well woman. Your remedies and help are a Godsend to suffering women, and I cannot find words to thank you for what you have done for me."—MRS. LOTTIE V. NATION, 1328 N. J. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered so much from falling of the womb and all the troubles connected with it. I doctored for years with doctors' and other remedies but received only temporary relief.

"I began taking your medicine, and had not taken it long before I was feeling better. My husband said that I should keep right on taking it as long as it gave me relief from my suffering, as I could not expect to be cured by one or two bottles. I did so and am now able to be on my feet and work hard all day, and go to bed and rest at night. Thanks to your Vegetable Compound I am certainly grateful for the relief it gave me. It is the mother's great friend. I would not be without it in my house, for when I feel tired or out of sorts I take a few doses and feel all right.

"I would recommend your medicine to all tired mothers, and especially to those suffering as I was."—MRS. R. F. CHAMBERS, Bennett, Neb.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

froze the smile with which she had unintentionally favored him, and had promptly averted his eyes, as if in hopes that the girl's wrath might glance off his broad shoulders. Thus, he turned away, leaving her to her discovery of her open purse and her consequent consternation. When he had ventured to look again, she was staring straight at him, and he saw what seemed to him a most inscrutable expression. In reality she was thinking of the luncheon she had refused to eat, and she was wondering that even a modern dining car is of little avail unless one had the price of a meal.

The afternoon wore away Howard began to curse the conventionalities. Here he was within a few feet of this peerless girl—as he had already begun to term her—and yet to all practical purposes was miles and miles away. He had always been slow to scrape acquaintance, even with men, and, so far as he could tell, he had never in his life done so with a woman. Unless Dorothy—he heard her aunt call her Dorothy—should give him an opening, he told himself sadly, that he should never venture to address her.

After awhile a waiter passed through the car announcing dinner. Howard was hungry, but determined to wait until Dorothy should go in. The car might be crowded and he might be compelled to sit with her at the same table, where he might hope that the chances of the meal might enable him to address her. But wait as he might, Dorothy showed no signs of budging, and, long after the last call for dinner had even circulated, he was forced to go in alone.

While dining he wondered over the situation. The girl had eaten nothing since she came on board the train nearly six hours before. She had no lunch with her—not even a box of candy. She was a solid, healthy girl, not by any means one of those fragile beauties who live on air, and should have had an appetite to correspond. What the dickens could be the matter?

With quickly stifled sighs, Dorothy sat motionless, looking in the eyes of the by-the-time besotted waiter, lovelier than ever. As a matter of fact, the lack of her morning coffee had given the girl a headache, while the lack of other food made her savage and miserable.

At last came a crisis. Just as the waiter about to thrust his "last call for breakfast in the dining car," the train stopped, not at a station, but out in a field. After ten minutes had given the girl without sign or movement, Howard, who had been waiting for breakfast as he had waited for dinner, went out to investigate. Soon he came back and went straight up to Dorothy, with determination in his eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but we have been stopped by a wreck across the track and will be delayed at least six hours. They are going to cut off the diner and send it back as soon as breakfast is served. If you want anything to eat you had better get it now, before it is too late."

Six hours longer! The tears came into Dorothy's eyes, and her lids quiv-

ered pathetically. How could she bear it? "Thank you," she said, as bravely as she could. "Thank you! But I'm not hungry."

Not hungry. Harry stared at her incredulously. "You're not hungry?" he said. "You've had nothing for twenty-four hours. Not hungry? The thing was preposterous. He glanced at her white cheeks, then with sudden suspicion, at her pocketbook. "I haven't had any breakfast myself yet," he said. "Won't you take pity on me and be my guest? I can't bear to eat alone."

For an instant the girl gazed at him while a mist wove before her eyes. "Thank you very much," she said, humbly. "I lost all my money overboard a few minutes after we started yesterday, and I'm nearly starved to death."

A year later Mr. and Mrs. Howard Monroe, in the newest of new clothes, were taking the same trip northward. Aunt Bessie had just left them and they had settled themselves for the twenty-four-hour trip before them.

Howard turned to his month-old bride reflectively. "Just to think," he said softly, "if I hadn't spoken to you a year ago we shouldn't have been here today. I hesitated a long time before I ventured."

"A long time! I should think so," there was much emphasis in the words.

Howard appeared startled. "Too long, was it?" he asked. "If I hadn't spoken when I did what would you have done?"

"Well," reflectively, "if you had delayed much longer I believe I should have asked you myself—and hated you ever afterwards!"

"Instead of—suppose you guess."—San Francisco Call.

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans. It has been so long known, and its efficacy so generally admitted, that it is now a household name. It is a pleasant, palatable, and effective remedy for all the ailments of the stomach, liver and bowels, and is the only remedy that can be taken without danger to the system. It is a general tonic, and gives the system a general tonic up. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary case. The family bottle, 25 cents, is a general tonic for a year. All druggists sell it.

Signature of Dr. H. H. Pritchard.