

## Consumption Can be Cured.

Marvelous Discovery by the Famous Doctor Yonkerman of Kalamazoo, Mich.—State Officials and Great Medical Men Pronounce It the Only Cure for Consumption and all Throat and Lung Troubles

Consumptives Given up to Die and Sent Back From California Hopeless and Helpless are Now Alive and Well Through This Wonderful Cure for Consumption

A Free Package Containing Sufficient to Convince the Most Skeptical Sent to all Who Write.

Consumption can at last be cured. Marvelous as it may seem after the many failures, a sure, positive and certain cure for the deadly con-



DR. D. P. YONKERMAN, the Discoverer of Tuberculozine, the Only Cure for Consumption.

sumption has at last been discovered by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, a great Michigan doctor, who has made a life study of this fatal disease. His wonderful remedy has been fully tested and rigidly proven a sure cure by state officials, and noted medical men all over the world testify to its power to kill the dread germ that causes consumption. The doctor makes no secret of the ingredients of his wonderful cure, believing that the people are entitled to such a production of science, and he is sending free treatment all over the world, bringing joy of knowledge of certain rescue from this awful fatal disease. Such eminent scientists as Koch, Linton, Pasteur and all the great medical and germ specialists and chemists have already repeatedly declared that the consumptive germ cannot live a minute in the presence of the ingredients of this wonderful remedy that has already revolutionized the treatment of consumption and has taken it from the catalogue of deadly fatal diseases and placed it in the curable list. Free trial packages and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death are sent free to all who write to Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 2049 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Dr. Yonkerman wants every consumptive sufferer on the face of the earth to have this marvelous and only genuine cure for consumption. Write today. It is a sure cure and the free trial package sent you will do you more good than all the medicines, cod-liver oils, stimulants or changes of climate and it will convince you that at last there has been discovered the true cure for consumption. Don't delay—There is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send today for free package.

### ITCHING SKIN Eczema and Other Skin Diseases Cured

I discovered a method that permanently cures all skin diseases. I succeed when others fail. Trial treatment and testimonials sent for six cents. W. BULLARD, 346 Theodore St. Detroit, Michigan.

### CLARENCE S. DARROW'S New Book Entitled Resist Not Evil

is making a profound impression because it is a great book. Price 75c, postpaid. Altgeld's Oratory is now ready in a new edition at 50c, postpaid. Both books handsomely bound in cloth. Mention the COMMONER and we will mail the two books for one dollar. Agents wanted. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers, 55 Fifth Ave., Chicago.



## Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### My Hour Off.

When Dorothy gets the dishes washed and neatly put away, And gets the table covered up and sets the sponge to raise, I clean forget the weary cares that haunt me through the day And feel like letting out my voice in some old song of praise. It is the hour I call my own, when from the world I'm free; For hours of toil are over and my hour has come for fun. Then Dorothy takes her guitar down and plays and sings for me, When the evening meal is over and her work's all done.

I have profoundest pity for the fellows who go down And blow in all their wages for the juices of the corn, And think they're having lots of fun while painting up the town, But arising in the morning with their feelings all forlorn. They can do the whisky drinking and the going on the spree, But I'm a heavy winner when the next day is begun After listening for an evening when Dorothy plays for me, When the evening meal is over and her work's all done.

It rather nerves me up for work and shortens ev'ry day, For above the din of traffic I can hear each pretty tune As it tinkles from the instrument that Dorothy can play, And I know the time for quitting will be coming pretty soon. And when the whistle blows at six and from my work I'm free, I hasten home to greet her—then my joy time has begun, For Dorothy takes the guitar down and plays and sings for me, When the evening meal is over and her work's all done.

### Where the Unexpected Happens.

The young poet laboriously climbed the stairs to the office of the magazine editor, and knocked timidly at the sanctum door.

"Come in," said the editor. The young poet entered and stood silent.

"What can I do for you?" asked the editor in a kindly tone of voice.

"Sir, I have here a little poem on spring which I would like to submit."

"All right, sir; sit down while I look at it."

The young poet took a seat while the editor read the poem through.

"Well?" gasped the young poet.

"My dear sir," said the editor, "this is an unusually good spring poem. We will gladly publish it. Just wait and I will give you an order on the cashier for \$20. There you are, sir. Good day. Let us look at anything else you may write."

The farmer entered the office of the Podunk Banner and addressed the editor:

"I'd like to know how much I owe you up to date. You see I'm taking so many papers that I—"

"Yes, I know, sir," said the editor, "but the Banner is undoubtedly the best local paper in the county and we are sparing no expense to make it better every—"

"I know that, but as I was about to say I'm taking so many papers that I—"

"And we are contemplating some im-

provements that will make the Banner even better than it—"

"All right, but you see I'm taking so many newspapers that I—"

"Your subscription to date amounts to \$1.53. I'm sorry you have decided to stop the Banner for—"

"Who'n thunder said anything about stopping it? Here's your \$1.53 and \$2 more for another eighteen months. We couldn't get along without the Banner. I was trying to say when you interrupted me that we are taking so many papers we have decided to quit a few of them, but you bet we'll not stop the Banner. Step out to the wagon and get a crock of butter my wife sent you with her compliments."

"Keep of'n my corns," growled the big man, pushing the little man roughly to one side.

"I beg your pardon," said the little man, pleasantly.

"All right, but be careful. I'm tired o' having you walk all over my feet."

"I beg your pardon," said the little man again. "I will try not to offend again."

"Well, see that you don't. If you do I'll take a punch at your face."

"O, you will, will you?" retorted the little man. "Why, you big duffer, you couldn't punch one side of my face. I'll—"

By rights it should be made to appear that the big man made one pass at the little man and then received a beautiful whipping. Truth compels the statement that the big man picked the little man up, dusted the car aisle with him, boxed his ears and then threw him through the door.

Willie Washington bought a handsome box of flowers for Miss Gushington's birthday. While waiting for the messenger to come and get them Mr. Washington folded up his other trousers and put them in a box preparatory to sending them to the tailor for repairs. The box containing the trousers was exactly like the box containing the flowers.

When the messenger came Mr. Washington was badly rattled. He gave the messenger a box and carried the other to the tailor himself.

That evening Mr. Washington called on Miss Gushington. She met him at the door, wearing some of his flowers, the others reposing in a handsome cut glass vase on the center-table.

The next day Mr. Washington called at the tailor's and secured his trousers.

### Brain Leaks.

Only a poor sermon satisfies everybody.

Adversity is the safety brake on vanity.

Gossip thrives only in a field of listeners.

Those who have suffered are best able to feel.

Clean politics will come when honest men assume control.

Trouble is about all some church members give the preacher.

Satan never wastes time on the owner of a well-thumbed Bible.

A corrupt city government is possible only in a city full of hypocrites.

There is, too, plenty of room at the bottom, but the company is not nearly so select.

From precept to practice is such a

## 'Tis a Pity

To Stay Sick, When a Postal Will Bring Help.

Please note this offer again. Send no money—just a postal, stating which book you need.

I will mail you an order—good at any drug store—for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. You may take it a month on trial. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

Just think what that means. It proves that I have faith in the remedy, and faith in the honesty of people. It shows that I have learned how to cure these diseases, else the offer would ruin me.

Let me convince you. You are waiting when you should be well. When the test is made, I don't want a penny, unless you are glad to pay.

My success comes from strengthening the inside nerves, which operate the vital organs. I have spent my life in learning how to do it. A weak organ means weak nerve power. It is like a weak engine that needs more steam. To doctor the organ is useless; what it needs is power to act. My Restorative alone brings back that power, and in most of these diseases no other way can cure.

My book will tell you why.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 515 Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA  
BOOK NO. 2 ON THE HEART  
BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEYS  
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN  
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN  
BOOK NO. 6 ON RHEUMATISM

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

long distance that most men never cover it.

Those who become tired at a 40-minute sermon can sit three hours in a theatre.

When a man profits through wrong or fails through lack of effort he is very apt to talk about "destiny."

There is something wrong about the Christianity of the church member who takes no interest in politics.

Some people think they are growing sentimental when in truth they are merely in need of a liver regulator.

The longer a boy is tied to his mother's apron-strings the nearer he is to success when he does cut loose.

When men are as true to themselves as their dogs are true to their masters, this will be a much better world to live in.

The best knowledge is knowing how to appreciate what we have and how to get along without the things we cannot possess.

If the flowers that grow on the graves of the dead had bloomed in their lives the world would have been made better and brighter.

Nothing makes a man feel that he is growing old like finding out for the first time that he can no longer "chin himself" on a horizontal bar.

There always will be men willing to give dollars to learn that the pea is not under the shell, but unwilling to give pennies to learn the right.

The man whose children are not glad to see him when he comes home in the evening is not to be trusted any further than you can throw a barnyard by the gate.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 547 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.