AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.

F. A. Rippy, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NO BATHTUB FOR HER.

"New-Fangled Contrivance" Emphatically Failed to Win Approval.

The French abhorrence of the bath a la nature is shared by many people, particularly one old woman up in an east Tennessee town. The town had just had a water system installed and the natives were "pinting with pride" at their bathrooms and equipment where one could perform his ablutions at will without waiting and longing for Saturday night.

This old woman was an exception to the rule. She made her home with her son, and his wife, according to the mother-in-law, was "allus a-hankerin' after somepin' newfangled."

A neighbor, who had been in to inspect the improvements in the house, remarked to the old woman:

"Well, Mrs. X——, this will be a pleasure for you—bath any time, night or day. You will certainly enjoy it—"

"That I won't," said the old woman, tartly. "I been a member of the church 50 year an' always lived honest an' upright. Git inter one er them tubs? Me? Why, Sary Ellen, them things ain't decent!"

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Small Urchin (to major, who has been thrown from horse into pond)—Hi, mister, as you 'appens to be in the water, would you mind looking for Willie's whistle?

Too Rough for the Cows.

Mrs. Rorer, of cook-book fame, tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently, says Everybody's Magazine. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least.

"These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said, apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairymaid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

Good English.

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said: "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."—Success.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

London's Bridges.

Few perhaps are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than 75 bridges. Of these 19 are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct) and 53 bridges which connect private premises.

BUD DOBLE

The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience with horses I have found SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE the most successful of all remedies for the horses. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle 50c and $1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers, agents wanted. Send for free Book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Often a woman stands in front of a mirror and makes a bluff at adjusting her hat when in reality she is making sure that her front hair is pinned on properly.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the redskins have carried their destructive work there also. Stella Anthony, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Vincent is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Finds letter of importance involving plans of opposition road. Plot to destroy company's ship Flora is unearthed and incriminating evidence against Cadwallader found. Phineas Cadwallader faces prison on charge of wire tapping. A perfect chain of evidence connects him with plot to blow up "Flora." Banquet in railroad town is scene of monopolization of Alfred by a Miss Hamilton. Mrs. "Sally" Bernard announces riches. Gideon makes threat against Alfred's life. Quickly leaves town on best procurable horse in search of Vincent. Race to beat opposition company's stage a success. Stella fails to hear of Gideon. Stella receives a letter "Promise to marry Gideon Ingram or Alfred Vincent will die." After conference Stella decides to flee. Years pass. Stella becomes known as Esther Anthony, becomes a rich woman, educates herself at Vassar and steps into highest San Francisco society. Kidnaping changes Alfred greatly and when he and Stella meet in Frisco society, she passes him without recognition. Stella's love for Alfred and his for her is revived. However, neither shows recognition of the fact to the other. Anthony romance is unfolded, showing Gideon, who loved Stella, to be her own cousin. Alvin Carter, Viola's lover when the Bernards were poor, visits them and Sally B. consents to their marriage, despite the fact that several sons of rich sires are asking the girl's hand. The Bernards lose their riches and Sally B. again becomes a hotelkeeper. Viola marrying Alvin Carter. Stella visits Sally B. and sees "Uncle Billy." Decides to cease waiting for Alfred and says she will devote her life to charity. Stella is held up by vagrant she befriended, but succeeds in escaping. Train bearing iron, which was to be the salvation of the Central Pacific, is wrecked. Alfred and Stella are reunited, when former acts the hero in wreck of iron train.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"Will the fireman live?" Alfred asked, while Esther helped him into his coat.

"We think so, but can't tell surely, of course. Poor fellow! He's conscious now." The sympathy in the man's tones brought Esther's tears.

"Could I do anything? Some—" she began haltingly.

"I'm sure I can," Alfred exclaimed, half rising again.

The brakeman waved him back. "Miss Anthony, don't let him! He had a pretty good shaking up himself; but that's nothing to what he did. No one knows how he ever pried that wheel off from poor Dooly's leg; but he did, and held it free till we came, the sun broiling him like a beefsteak, and Dooly begging all the time to be put out of his misery. That's enough for one day. You keep him right here."

Alfred tried vainly to stop the story. The brakeman finished, prompted by Esther's eager, appreciative face. Yet he left them shortly, and the train started. Then Esther turned toward the cabbages.

"What in the world—" Alfred began.

"I'm captain now," she interrupted. "I'm going to make you comfortable before the last shred of daylight goes."

"It won't be dark; there's a moon."

"Much light a four-days-old moon will give!" she scoffed.

"But I'm comfortable now, if you will only come and sit beside me."

Heedless of his importuning, she continued piling the cabbages away till one forward corner was bare.

"What's that for?"

"You must sleep; and it will be bitter cold. This is—"

"Sleep! Sleep to-night, with you here? Never!"

She smiled at him, yet persisted, throwing the soft grass in the corner, smoothing it carefully. "Come. Let me help you over here. It is too cold there by the door."

"Dear tyrant!" He smiled happily, and pulled himself up by the door-handle. But he was unsteady, and would have fallen had she not supported him. For once she was grateful for her strength.

"Lie down. I think you'll find that a tolerable substitute for a hair mattress."

"The worm turns. I won't! I'll sit down, though, and in that corner, if you'll sit beside me."

She demurred, to indulge him finally; and, seated side by side on the floor, with cabbages tumbling about their feet, they wandered in Arcadia. Amabel, Esther's hiding, Alfred's capture and illness, his search for her, college and business life—it was a tale of the years told by the light of the thin desert moon.

But Gideon's part in the story Esther modified, allowing Alfred to believe that her flight from Colfax had been the impulsive result of fear for him, as was her wild race to Virginia City.

"Life begins now where it forsook us years ago when Amabel Hamilton asked me to button her shoe in the Colfax parlor."

"No. Life does not forsake, it tests us," Esther replied.

The engine wheezed, puffed ineffectually, and stood still.

"Oh, can there be some new trouble?" cried Esther.

"I guess by the sound they've only stopped for kindling wood," Alfred surmised.

Esther looked out. Men were running here and there about in the brush, more discernible by ear than by eye. They filled their arms with towering loads of sage and returned with them to the engine, crushing the pungent stuff into the firebox. Slowly the wheels began to turn. The men kept alongside, piling the tender high, till the summit was reached. Three times they had thus to reinforce their small stock of green Sierra wood before the journey was ended.

The night grew colder. When the car stood still, the biting air swept through and chilled the two in spite of the glow at their hearts. Esther bustled about, chafing his hands, protecting the wound in his head with her handkerchief, and tucking in the blanket more closely, while he surreptitiously pulled it loose, that it might be tucked again. A vagrant lock of her hair brushed his face as she leaned over him.

"Tell me, Stella, what have you done to your pretty hair; something's turned all its gold to—to dark, autumn-tinted brown. It's lovely, though."

"Not I, but the salt Pacific, turned my gold to rust. It treats nearly all desert gold so, especially if the gold is on young heads."

At last they touched more serious things.

"But don't you know how you came to be liberated from that awful place?"

"No," Alfred replied to her question; "nor how I came there. I only know that after Cadwallader, Gideon and I had looked over Gideon's prospect we climbed down the mountain to where the horses were tied. Mine was gone."

"Only yours?"

"Only mine. 'We'll look up your nag,' Gideon said; 'you stay here.' Cadwallader came back alone a little later to see if my horse had returned; but it hadn't; and Cad went away again. It was nearly dark then. Perhaps it was only minutes, it seemed hours, that I wandered around, when something hit me on the head. The next I knew I was in an old tunnel, chained to the heavy timbers."

"I Guess They've Stopped for Kindling Wood."

"Oh, oh!" Esther moaned.

"I was well in from the mouth, and only a little light came in by day; at night it was Egyptian darkness. Some one brought me food. Food!" he repeated with a shiver. "What I didn't eat tasted best."

"Oh, my poor love!" Esther murmured unsteadily.

"I counted the days at first, then lost the count. That terrified me more than all the rest."

"How long was it? You learned afterward?"

"Nearly a month."

"Don't you know where the place is?"

"No. No one does, except the miscreants who put me there."

"They have never found—don't they know?" Esther faltered.

"Not a word. I never saw my jailer. He used a dark lantern and came only at night. I never heard his voice; he always whispered. I think he was an Indian. The night he freed me and told me to go a gun at my back hurried me, warned me neither to look around nor speak. I hastened along a steep path that led from the mouth of the tunnel. Dearest, you can never know what rapture it was to see the stars again! I can only guess how far I went before I fell, striking my head. When I recovered consciousness I couldn't stand, but crept on slowly in the darkness."

Esther stroked his hand softly, but did not speak.

"I don't know how far, or what happened. I—"

"And then?" she questioned as he halted.

"The hospital at Sacramento. I opened my eyes to sanity more than three months after the trip to Gideon's mine."

"And you've been in danger since, many times, haven't you?"

"Oh, no; not often. Don't fancy me charging danger every day, sweetheart, like a modern Saint George."

"Yet, your business in San Francisco—I know you had enemies, have them now—company's enemies."

"Well, that need trouble you no more. I'm to have other work to do; I did have one escape there; it might have been my end. One night a ruffian caught me from behind on a dark street; and some one else immediately wrenched him away and whispered in my ear, 'Run!' I haven't the slightest idea who either of them was, though I've tried hard to discover the man who saved me."

Esther listening, breathless, knew it must have been Gideon; but she was mute.

A chill hand on her cheek startled her. "Out of the blanket against orders!" she exclaimed. "When did you eat last? And please keep the blanket snug," she coaxed.

"This—no, yesterday morning. I received a message to come on to the Front at once, just after arriving at Elko from another trip; took the first train out, which happened to be the iron train; did telegraphing at Toano that used up my dinner time, and—you know the rest."

Esther detected growing weakness in his voice. "I must get you some supper—breakfast, I guess it will be," she said decisively.

He laughed. "From were?"

"From our larder," she answered jauntily. "Fortunately, it is full, and raw cabbage is digestible."

She pulled open a head, and shredded some of the crisp center into the hollow of a large leaf. "Now, you are to be full of faith—faith is the substance of things hoped for'—you must believe this an elegant repast. Also be sentimental, fancy the touch of my—supply your own adjectives—the touch of my fingers adds a most piquant flavor. No; I shall feed you."

"I'll behave if you'll tuck me in again," he said with mock humility, taking the white bits from her fingers. "Why, it's good!"

"Certainly. I intended you to say that. Don't be in haste. You were very hungry. I've dessert, also; this is to be a course dinner." She surprised him with a box of candy from one of her bags. "Uncle Billy's gift, and right from Sacramento," she explained.

She laid the several kinds on different cabbage leaves, and teased him tantalizingly as she wisely dallied with her serving.

"This is the third time you've presided at my early morning table; the first as my desert rose, next as Juliet, now—"

"As Railroad Bridget."

He was taking a lover's way of making her retract the lowly name when a distant gleam warned him of the journey's end. "There's Toano! We'll be there in 20 minutes! I haven't said half I wish. Oh, my darling, I'm just the same nameless man! I've nothing to offer you. Will you wait still a little longer? Stella, I've no right to taste of heaven; I've been cheating you," he finished ruefully.

"I think—I think I'd rather be so cheated than have any other man's honesty," she said, with her first touch of shyness.

"Yet you must now know the truth about me. I ought to have told you before. My father thought me a thief, turned me adrift, forbade me to use his name. Until I can prove him in the wrong I cannot offer you the only name I'm willing you should have."

"But how could he call you a thief? He ought to know you simply couldn't steal. You steal!" Her eyes blazed, and she lifted her head proudly.

Her dear faith warmed him, yet his voice was sad.

"No, I didn't steal, but I caused some one else to do it. And my father had every right to believe me guilty." His voice dropped; his eyes were shadowy.

"But you never meant to! He should have known that," she persisted vehemently.

"God knows I didn't mean it; but fire burns, whether one falls in or jumps in." He gazed past her into the dim desert.

She caressed his cheek, but was silent.

"It's a long story—I'll tell it all some day. You'll like to hear about Max. Max Ober, my life-long friend, as his father and mine were always friends. They were poor boys together; but my father grew rich rapidly; Mr. Ober has always been poor. Yet Max was his only son and idol; and both fathers tried to prevent Max and me from recognizing the part that money played in our lives."

"How foolish!"

"Worse! It was criminal. I was the older, the leader, Max's model. He came to college when I entered my junior year, and I took him at once into my own rollicking clique. We weren't vicious, only silly, indulging in various costly pranks that seem to spring from a young cub's desire to destroy things, the same whether it's boy, bear or pup. Afterward I knew how Mr. Ober had crippled himself that Max might return my dinners at five dollars a plate, or light his Havanas with currency. Remittances from home did not begin to suffice. Max borrowed heavily, his association with me making that dangerously easy, and left college when I did greatly in debt. We both entered my father's bank."

A double whistle warned them of the approaching station.

"Oh, it was the same old story," Alfred continued hastily. "Mr. Ober, broken in health, called for a part of Max's salary. Max, beside himself, falsely proud toward me, and genuinely anxious to spare his father, shunned every one, pinched, paid a little, but not fast enough. Then he began to gamble, successfully at first, but afterwards losing; and then he plunged, and dipped into the bank's till. I happened upon him one night after all the others had gone. He was toiling feverishly at his books, a loaded pistol at his side. I forced from him the whole story." He stopped, and Esther saw his jaw set sternly.

"Yet you, Alfred—" she began, but he went on without heeding her.

"For the first time I realized the moral obligation money imposes, the Mephistophelian part I had played in Max's life. I beat down his objections, made him transfer to my account his doctored bank record and pledged him to secrecy. Since we had been fools together we should repent together. I hadn't a tenth of the money needed to pay; but I would tell my father, ask him for time to work out the deficit."

"And wouldn't your father?" Esther began indignantly.

"Before I could explain, the secret expert discovered me, reported to my father. He refused me a hearing, disowned me, commanded me to drop his name, a name all Boston honors. That hurt worst of all." He finished and dropped his eyes.

"Alfred, don't look down, look up! You've done a grand, a heroic thing! No matter how long we have to wait!" She rose to her feet, her face glowing with love and pride.

He stood beside her, cheered by her eager approval. "I said it was the same, but it isn't; I'm thousands nearer. Gideon helped to—"

"Alfred, I've such a lot of money! Let me—"

"Never yours, dear love. I must earn my own way to my name, our name."

"Oh, can't you let me help you a little, Alfred? It's been such a long, hard way!"

"Not much longer—it may be any day, sweetheart. I expect to sell some mining property for more than enough to pay in full. I shall know surely next week."

The engine stopped. They were at Tona; and Sally B. was flying out to meet them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knew Better Than to Insist

Conductor Willing to Miss Fare Under the Circumstances.

There was a determined-looking woman on the far end of the seat of the car, and as the conductor began to pass along the running board to collect his fares the colonel got out his own nickel and asked the woman if he should pass hers.

"He'll get no nickel from me," was her brusque reply.

"Excuse me, but I thought you had to pay."

"Well, you watch out and see whether I have to or not. If I do then there'll be such a row on this car as you haven't seen for a year."

The conductor came along and the colonel handed over his fare and watched. The man stood for a moment looking the woman in the face, and she returned the look without flinching. Then he seemed to sigh as he passed on.

"Didn't I tell you so!" chuckled the woman.

"He must have suspected that you were ready for a row," answered the colonel.

"You bet he did. I told him last night what to expect."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"Know him? He's my own husband and he wanted his own wife to pay fare so that he could knock it down. Not any for Mary!"

With Thanks.

John Pudd was a most sedate, precise and altogether exemplary young man. When he wooed and won Susan Smiley, the belle of the village, everybody rejoiced at John's good fortune. However, he bore his triumph with modesty and decorum until the day of the wedding. Then, for one awful moment, his air of aplomb failed him. When the officiating clergyman asked, "Will you, John, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" John responded, blushingly: "Yes, please."

Causes of Neuralgic Headache.

At least 90 per cent. of all cases of neuralgic headache are attributed by Dr. Toms, an American oculist, to defects of the eyes.

HAD HEARD THEM.

Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

She—I'm a telephone girl, judge.

TESTING PAINT.

Property owners should know how to prove the purity and quality of white lead, the most important paint ingredient, before paying for it. To all who write, National Lead Co., the largest manufacturers of pure white lead, send a free outfit with which to make a simple and sure test of white lead, and also a free book about paint. Their address is Woodbridge Bldg., New York City.

Aptly Defined.

A woman in a town lying under the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator and asked him what he understood by the term "the smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as the 'rain belt.' It never rains there."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Intelligent Witness.

"What was he doing when you saw him?" asked the judge of the witness.

"Well, sir, yer honor, ef I don't disremember, he wuz a-raisin' of the devil an' a-doin' of nothin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

If Your Eyes Bother You get a box of PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, old reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Majesty of the Law.

Law kept is only law; law broken is both law and execution.—Meandor.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can aspire.—Emerson.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

To plead that anything is excusable is to admit that it is wrong.—Smiles.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Ease. Use at your Druggist's. Write A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample.

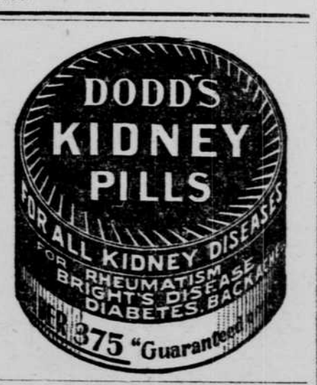
He who hesitates much will accomplish little.—Von Moltke.

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

If you have anything to do, do it; don't loaf on the job.

FARMS FOR RENT or sale on crop payments. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, Ia.

One cannot quarrel if the other will not.



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 40, 1908.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Almost any man can marry money if he is willing to take a widow older than he is along with it.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

If you don't get the best of it, make the best of it.

This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick **women to write her** for advice. **She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.**

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Want a Job? Good pay. Write Red Cross Chemists Specialty Co., Chicago.

If afflicted with Sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

This Is What Catches Me!

16oz.—One-Third More Starch.

A... FULL POUND for 10c

No premiums, but *one-third more starch than you get of other brands.* Try it now, for hot or cold starching it has no equal and will not stick to the iron.