

STARTLING NEWS.



Old Skindint—Here, boys, what's this you were shouting? "Great swindle—60 victims!" I can see nothing about it in the paper.

HUMOR BURNED AND ITCHED.

Eczema on Hand, Arms, Legs and Face—it Was Something Terrible.

Complete Cure by Cuticura.

"About fifteen or eighteen years ago eczema developed on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and to my legs and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best in town. He told me it was eczema. His medicine checked the advance of the disease, but no further. I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely cured from the disease, and I have not been troubled since. C. Burkhart, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908."

Mars the Next Field. There are many who will part from the north pole with regret. All their lives it has seemed the one sufficient and noblest of nature's fortress, the very synonym of the impossible goal of human endeavor. With the pole itself succumbing, the world is no longer the same, and everything seems within the realm of mortal achievement. We must now think of talking with Mars with more respect. The professor's mirrors may prove any day a reality.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

His Proper Sphere.

Prince Bismarck was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father; "he speaks seven languages." "Indeed," said Bismarck, who did not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements; "what a wonderful head waiter he would make!"

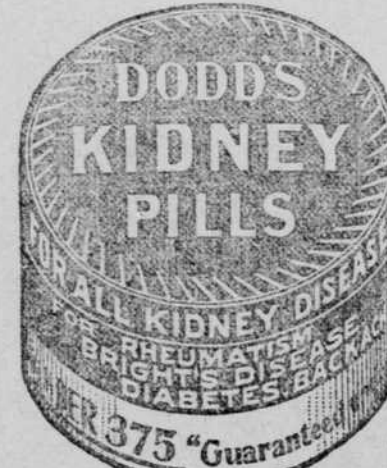
She Took a Pair.

"How much are these shoes?" asked the lady who had the reputation of being a keen shopper. "Those shoes are not for sale," replied the salesman, who had something of a reputation, too; "we're giving them away with every pair of shoe laces at \$2.50."—Judge.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder. It makes gritty or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to break in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. 25¢. Retail package, 50¢. Address: Allen S. Gales, Letcher, New York.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.—Doddsley.



Townsite Opening

New town of TWO BITTES, Colorado, will be opened October 22, 1908. Priority of selection determined by drawing. Town surrounded by 2500 acres of irrigated farm and State lands, besides vast areas of forest, grazing land and Colorado. Ground floor opportunity for every kind retail mercantile business. Full information on application. THE TWO BITTES IRRIGATION & RESERVOIR CO., Lamar, Colorado.



Bale Ties For Hay and Straw

Watson T. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Book, Leaf, High-Grade, Best References. Best Results.

Thompson's Eye Water

A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC IN COLDS is as safe as it is effective. Guaranteed to contain no opiates. It is very palatable too—children like it. All Druggists, 25 Cents.



Hickey Was Using His Revolver.



CONFESSON OF ONE HUSBAND

And How He Found His Niche in the World. "Where youth is coupled with intelligence illnesses pass rapidly away. Early in my married life it dawned on me that I was going to be at home for a long stay. I realized that my tenure in business, and even my place in my father's family, were insignificant in their importance when compared with this new relation I had established. I saw that it was the greatest contract I had ever signed. I was also becoming conscious of my relative insignificance in the general scheme of things. It appeared less likely that I should be called away to dig the Panama canal, and more and more probable that I should continue in the daily performance in inconspicuous work.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Ah, out that, can't you?" Hickey got on all fours, found his cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and fell into place at Maitland's side. "Hickey, I mean. But how—" "If ye've Maitland, 'nd Anist's at the St. Luke buildin', tell that fool up there to drive!" Maitland had no need to lift the trap; the cabby had already done that. "All right," the young man called. "It's Detective Hickey. Drive on!" The lash leaped out over the roof—crack!—and the horse, presumably convinced that no speed other than a dead-run would ever again be demanded of it, tore frantically down the avenue, the hansom rocking like a top-sail-schooner in a heavy gale. Maitland and the detective were battered against the side and back of the vehicle and slammed against one another with painful regularity. Under such circumstances speech was difficult; yet they managed to exchange a few sentences. "Ye gottah gun?" "Anist's—two good cartridges." "Jus' as well I'm along, I guess." And again: "How'd ye s'pose Anist got this cab?" "I don't know—must've been in the house—I told cabby to wait—Anist seems to have walked out right on your heels." "Hell!" And a moment later: "What's this about a woman in the case?" Maitland took swift thought on her behalf. "Too long to go into now," he parried the query. "You help me catch this scoundrel Anist and I'll put in a good word for you with the deputy commissioner."

them with perhaps greater discretion than consideration. They wavered and fell back, grumbling discontentedly; and Maitland, his anxiety temporarily distracted by the noise they made looking round to find his crafty cabby at his elbow. Of whom the sight was inspiration. Ever thoughtful, never unmindful of her whose influence held him in this coil, he laid an arresting hand on the man's sleeve. "You've got your cab—?" "Yissir, right outside." "Drive round the corner, away from the crowd, and wait for me. If she—the young lady—comes without me, drive her anywhere she tells you and come to my rooms to-morrow morning for your pay." "Thankee, sir." Maitland turned back, to find the situation round the elevator shaft in statu quo. Nothing had happened, save that Hickey's rage and vexation had increased mightily. "But why don't you go up after him?" "How 'n blazes can I?" exploded the detective. "He's got 't' night car. 'F I takes the stairs, he comes down by 't' shaft, 'nd how'm I tuh trust this here mutt?" He indicated his associate but humbler custodian of the peace with a disgusted gesture. "Perhaps one of the other cars will run—"

He broke off with a snort as Maitland, somewhat to his own surprise, managing to move the gate of the third shaft from the night elevator, stepped into the darkened car and groped for the controller. Presently his fingers encountered it, and he moved it cautiously to one side. A vicious blue spark leaped hissing from the controller-box and the cage bounded up a dozen feet, and was only restrained from its ambition to soar skywards by an instantaneous release of the lever. By discreet manipulation Maitland worked the car down to the street floor again, and Hickey, with a grunt that might be interpreted as an apology for his incredulity, jumped in. "Let 'er rip!" he cried, exultantly. "Fan them folks out intuh 't' street, Bergen, 'nd watch 'em out!" Maitland was pressing the lever slowly wide of its catch, and the lighted lobby dropped out of sight while the detective was still shouting admonitions to the police below. Gradually gaining momentum the car began to shoot smoothly up into the blackness, safety chains clanking beneath the floor. Hickey fumbled for the electric light switch but, finding it, immediately shut the glare off again and left the car in darkness. "Safer," he explained, sententiously. "Anist 'll shoot, 'nd they says he shoots straight."

Floor after floor in ghostly strata slipped silently down before their eyes. Half-way to the top, approximately, Hickey's voice rang sharply in the volunteer operator's ear. "Stop'er! Hold'er steady. T'other's comin' down." Maitland obeyed, managing the car with greater ease and less jerkily as he began to understand the principle of the lever. The cage paused in the black shaft, and he looked upward. Down the third shaft over, the other cage was dropping like a plummet, a block of golden light walled in by black fire-work and bisected vertically by the black line of the guide-rail. "Stop that car!" Hickey's stentorian command had no effect; the block of light continued to fall with unabated speed. The detective wasted no more breath. As the other car swept past, Maitland was shocked by a report and flash beside him. Hickey was using his revolver. The detonation was answered by a cry, a scream of pain, from the lighted cage. It paused on the instant, like



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even keeping my seat while that lunatic Ophelia is on the stage. This is my great achievement, but it is more than matched by my wife, who can sit with her back to the wall and appear to be calm while I read about Edgar Allan Poe's story of how the rats bothered that fellow in jail."—American Magazine. Marriage of Widows in India. We are glad to note the number of widow marriages increasing every year. Following on the heels of one in high life in Calcutta, there have been lately three such marriages in different parts of the country. This is a noteworthy record, which should cause the social reformer to take heart for the ultimate success of his work. The agitation that has been kept up for years by the social conference has been successful, if only in impressing all classes of the Hindu community with the necessity of widow marriage. It is, however, well known that those who still take exception to it and offer sentimental objections have no widowed daughters at home, and consequently have no means to judge their sad condition.—Indian Mirror. The Hard-Hit Author. "Our town poet had been reading about the old-time authors getting inspiration out of garrets, where they did most of their writing, so he went to work and rented the only genuine garret in town, but in his case the scheme didn't work." "Nothing happened, eh?" "Oh, yes—something happened all right. Whilst he was tryin' to look the callin' out of countenance, three yards of plaster broke loose and knocked his head sideways! And now he's even afraid to compose in the open air, for fear some of these balloon fellers will pelt him with sand-bags!"

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION. Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a common occurrence nowadays to hear a man remark with good reason: "It is impossible to have good painting done these days; either the paint is not good or there are no good painters." This, however, is not true. There is good paint, and there are good painters. But the question is, bringing them together. One cannot expect a satisfactory painting job without pure white lead. There is a way to make sure you are getting pure white lead without testing it. See that the keg bears National Lead Company's famous Dutch Boy Painter trademark, which is a positive guarantee of purity. However, anyone can test white lead. National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York City, will send you a lead tester and painter's outfit, consisting of book of color schemes, specifications, etc., upon request. "Filly Lucere." The expression "filthy lucre" is of Biblical origin, and is to be found in the third chapter of the first book of Timothy, where the qualifications necessary for the office of a bishop are thus set forth: "This is a true saying. If a man desireth the office of bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop must then be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine; no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous."

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Inaction. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal-Tar Stomach, Headache, and all the other ailments of the Bowels. They regulate the Bowels. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

30 ft. Bowels—Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

PUBLIC LAND DRAWING. 22,000 acres of irrigated Government Land in Arkansas Valley, Colorado, will be thrown open for settlement October 21, 1909, under the Carey Act. Opportunity to get an irrigated farm at low cost on easy payments. Only short residence required. Send for book giving full information. Two Buttes Irrigation and Reservoir Company, Lamar, Colorado.

This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty in the purchase of paint materials. It is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy. NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 1802 Trinity Building, New York.

Just Lather and Shave NO STROPPING NO HONING. Gillette. KNOWN THE WORLD OVER. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 40-1909.

Fortune Telling. Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health. The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross. Womanly health when lost impairs, may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing dizziness, neuralgia, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands, and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensive repugnant examinations. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free. All correspondence held as sacredly confidential. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers in plain English hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent free, in plain wrapper at any address on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only, or in cloth binding for 31 stamps. For DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. SPOLIN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.