

AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waukegan, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I bought it and wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."
—Mrs. SARAH STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 2, Box 21, Waukegan, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.
Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run-down condition and for three years could find no help."
"I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I have saved my life."
"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it."
—Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, Box 234, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.



Six-Letter writing never amounts to anything.
Six—Oh, I don't know. Ten letters cost me \$1,000 once.

Youthful Criminals.
One of the most distressing cases I have ever had to deal with faced a Liverpool (England) magistrate recently, and one cannot wonder at his exclamation: "What can I do with these babies?" as he gazed upon five tiny prisoners in the dock. The youngest was only seven years old, and the oldest eleven, yet the quintet for two months have carried out thefts and other depredations with such skill and cunning that for two months the police and detectives have been trying in vain to find out who were the thieves. No fewer than 40 charges were brought against the children. The seven-year-old child was the ringleader, and quite an adept at thieving and planning thefts.

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in The For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What We Are Coming To.
Jack—What's your landlord doing? He's letting the children in.
Henry—Sh! We call it Fido.—Harper's Bazar.

To enjoy good health, take Garfield Tea; it cures constipation and regulates the liver and kidneys.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
Soothing, softens the throat, reduces inflammation, always pains, cures whooping cough, cures a colic.

Who so neglects learning in his youth, loses the past and is dead for the future.—Euripides.

Garfield Tea, invaluable in the treatment of liver and kidney diseases.
The ship in which many fond hopes go down is courtesy.

Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know CASCARETS' value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, just try CASCARETS once—you'll see.

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Always in boxes a month.

KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS A RELIABLE TRADE MARK
PLANTER'S C & C BLACK CAPSULES
SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN
Solely in the hands of the Dispensary

OLD SORES CURED
It was Mrs. Hignote's first appearance, and she was on her trial. The audience sat spellbound. First came a cadenza, and then—the first C. Would she do it? Mrs. Hignote thought she wouldn't. She was just about to attempt the



CHAPTER I.

"I'm N. G.—that's a cinch! The sooner I chuck it the better!" Caught in the swirl of the busy city's midday rush, engulfed in Broadway's swift moving flood of hustling humanity, jostled unconsciously by the careless, indifferent crowds, discouraged from stemming further the tide of pushing, elbowing men and women who hurried up and down the great thoroughfare, Howard Jeffries, tired and hungry and thoroughly disgusted with himself, stood still at the corner of Fulton street, cursing the luck which had brought him to his present plight.

It was the noon hour, the important time of day when nature loudly claims her due, when business affairs, no matter how pressing, must be temporarily interrupted so that the human machine may lay in a fresh store of nervous energy. From under the portals of precipitous office buildings, mammoth hives of human industries, which to right and left soared dizzily from street to sky, swarmed thousands of employees of both sexes—clerks, stenographers, shop girls, messenger boys—all moved by a common impulse to satisfy without further delay the animal cravings of their physical natures. They strode along with quick nervous step, each chatting and laughing with his fellow, interested for the nonce in the day's work, making plans for well-earned recreation when five o'clock should come and the uptown stampede for Harlem and home begin.

The young man sullenly watched the scene, envious of the energy and activity of all about him. Each one in these hurrying throngs, he thought bitterly to himself, was a valuable unit in the prosperity and welfare of the big town. No matter how humble his or her position, each played a part in the business life of the great city, each was an unseen, unknown, yet indispensable cog in the whirling, complicated mechanism of the vast world metropolis. Intuitively he felt that he was not one of them, that he had no right even to consider himself their equal. He was utterly useless to anybody. He was without position or money. He was destitute even of a shred of self-respect. Hadn't he promised Annie not to touch liquor again before he found a job? Yet he had already imbibed all the whisky which the little money left in his pocket would buy.

Involuntarily, instinctively, he shrank back into the shadow of the doorway to let the crowds pass. The pavements were now filled to overflowing and each moment newcomers from the side streets came to swell the human stream. He tried to avoid observation, fearing that some one might recognize him, thinking all could read on his face that he was a sot, a self-confessed failure, one of life's incompetents. In his painful self-consciousness he believed himself the exposure of every eye and he winced as he thought he detected on certain faces side glances of curiosity, commiseration and contempt.

Nor was he altogether mistaken. More than one passer-by turned to look in his direction, attracted by his peculiar appearance. His was a type not seen every day in the commercial district—the post-graduate college man out at elbows. He was smooth-faced and apparently about 25 years of age. His complexion was fair and his face refined. It would have been handsome but for a drooping, iridescent mouth, which denoted more than average weakness of character. The face was thin, chalk-like in its lack of color and deeply seamed with the tell-tale lines of dissipation. Dark circles under his eyes and a peculiar watery look suggested late hours and overfondness for alcoholic refreshment. His clothes had the cut of expensive tailors, but they were shabby and needed pressing. His linen was soiled and his necktie disarranged. His whole appearance was careless and suggested that recklessness of mind which comes of general demoralization.

Howard Jeffries knew that he was a failure, yet like most young men mentally weak, he insisted that he could not be held altogether to blame. Secretly, too, he despised these sober, industrious people who seemed contented with the crumbs of comfort thrown to them. What, he wondered idly, was their secret of getting on? How were they able to lead such well regulated lives when he, starting out with far greater advantages, had failed? Oh, he knew well where the trouble lay—in his damnable weakness of character, his love for drink. That was responsible for everything. But was it his fault if he were born weak? These people who behaved themselves and got on, he sneered, were calm, commonplace temperaments who found no difficulty in controlling their baser instincts. They did right simply because they found it easier than to do wrong. Their vir-

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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He was a Type Not Seen Every Day in the Commercial District.

He was nothing to brag about. It was easy to be good when not exposed to temptation. But for those born with the devil in them it came hard. It was all a matter of heredity and influence. One's vices as well as one's virtues are handed down to us ready made. He had no doubt that in the Jeffries family somewhere in the vanguard past there had been a weak, vicious ancestor from whom he had inherited all the traits which barred his way to success.

The crowds of hungry workers grew bigger every minute. Every one was elbowing his way into neighboring restaurants, crowding the tables and buffets, all eating voraciously as they talked and laughed. Howard was rudely reminded by inward pangs that he, too, was famished. Not a thing had passed his lips since he had left home in Harlem at eight o'clock that morning and he had told Annie that he would be home for lunch. There was no use staying downtown any longer. For three weary hours he had trudged from office to office seeking employment, answering advertisements, asking for work of any kind, ready to do no matter what, but all to no purpose. Nobody wanted him. A nice look-out certainly. Hardly a dollar left and no prospect of getting any more. He hardly had the courage to return home and face Annie. With a muttered exclamation of impatience he spat from his mouth the half-encased cigarette which was hanging from his lip, and crossing Broadway, walked listlessly in the direction of Park place.

He had certainly made a mess of things, yet at one time, not so long ago, what a brilliant future life seemed to have in store for him! No boy had ever been given a better start. He remembered the day he left home to go to Yale; he recalled his father's kind words of encouragement, his mother's tears. Ah, if his mother had only lived! Then, maybe, everything would have been different. But she died during his freshman year, carried off suddenly by heart failure. His father married again, a young woman 20 years his junior, and that had started everything off wrong. The old home life had gone forever. He had felt like an intruder the first time he went home and from that day his father's roof had been distasteful to him. Yes, that was the beginning of his hard luck. He could trace all his misfortunes back to that. He couldn't stand for stepmother, a haughty, selfish, supercilious, ambitious creature who had little sympathy for her predecessor's child, and no scruple in showing it.

Then, at college, he had met Robert Underwood, the popular upper classman, who had professed to take a great fancy to him. He, a timid young freshman, was naturally flattered by the friendship of the dashing, fascinating sophomore and thus commenced that unfortunate intimacy which had brought about the climax to his troubles. The suave, amiable Underwood, whom he soon discovered to be a gentlemanly scoundrel, borrowed his money and introduced him into the "sporty" set, an exclusive circle into which, thanks to his liberal allowance from home, he was welcomed with

open arms. With a youth of his proclivities and inherent weakness the outcome was inevitable. At no time overfond of study, he regarded residence in college as a most desirable emancipation from the restraint of home life. The love of books he considered a pose and he scoffed at the men who took their reading seriously. The university attracted him mostly by its most undesirable features, its sports, its secret societies, its petty cliques, and its rovyism. The broad spirit and the dignity of the alma mater he ignored completely. Directly he went to Yale he started in to enjoy himself and with the sophisticated Underwood as guide, went to the devil faster than any man before him in the entire history of the university.

Reading, attendance at lectures, became only a convenient cloak to conceal his turpitudes. Poker playing, automobile joy rides, hard drinking became the daily curriculum. In town rows and orgies of every description he was soon a recognized leader. Scandal followed scandal until he was threatened with expulsion. Then his father heard of it and there was a terrible scene. Jeffries, Sr., went immediately to New Haven, and there followed a stormy interview in which Howard promised to reform, but once the parent's back was turned things went on pretty much as before. There were fresh scandals, the smoke of which reached as far as New York. This time Mr. Jeffries tried the plan of cutting down the money supply and Howard found himself financially embarrassed. But this had not quite the effect desired by the father, for, rendered desperate by his inability to secure funds with which to carry on his spree, the young man started in to gamble heavily, giving notes for his losses and pocketing the ready money when he won.

Then came the supreme scandal which turned his father's heart to steel. Jeffries, Sr., could forgive much in a young man. He had been young himself once. None knew better than he how difficult it is when the blood is rich and red to keep oneself in control. But there was one offence which a man proud of his descent could not condone. He would never forgive the staining of the family name by a degrading marriage. The news came to the unhappy father like a thunder-clap. Howard, probably in a drunken spree, had married secretly a waitress employed in one of the "sporty" restaurants in New Haven, and to make the mesalliance worse, the girl was not even of respectable parents. Her father, Billy Delmore, the poolroom king, was a notorious gambler and had died in convict stripes. Fine sensation that for the yellow press. "Banker's Son Weds Convict's Daughter." So ran the "scare heads" in the newspapers. That was the last straw for Mr. Jeffries, Sr. He sternly told his son that he never wanted to look upon his face again. Howard bowed his head to the decree and he had never seen his father since.

All this the young man was reviewing in his mind when suddenly his reflections were disturbed by a friendly hail.
"Hello, Jeffries, old sport! Don't you know a fellow frat when you see him?"
He looked up. A young man of athletic build, with a pleasant, frank



face, was standing at the news stand under the Park place elevated station. Quickly Howard extended his hand.
"Hello, Cox!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing in New York? Who ever would have expected to meet you in this howling wilderness? How's everything at Yale?"
The athlete grinned.
"Yale be hanged! I don't care a damn. You know I graduated last June. I'm in business now—in a broker's office in Wall street. Say, it's great! We had a semi-panic last week. Prices went to the devil. Stocks broke 20 points. You should have seen the excitement on the exchange floor. Our football rushes were nothing to it. I tell you, it's great. It's got college beaten to a frazzle!" Quickly he added: "What are you doing?"
Howard averted his eyes and hung his head.
"Nothing," he answered gloomily.
Coxe had quickly taken note of his former classmate's shabby appearance. He had also heard of his escapades.
"Didn't you hear?" muttered Howard. "Row with governor, marriage and all that sort of thing? Of course," he went on, "father's damnable unjust, actuated by absurd prejudice. Annie's a good girl and a good wife, no matter what her father was. D—n it, this is a free country! A man can marry whom he likes. All these ideas about family pride and family honor are old world notions, foreign to this soil. I'm not going to give up Annie to please any one. I'm as fond of her now as ever. I haven't regretted a moment that I married her. Of course, it has been hard. Father at once shut down money supplies, making my further stay at Yale impossible, and I was forced to come to New York to seek employment. We've managed to fix up a small flat in Harlem and now, like Micawber, I'm waiting for something to turn up."

Coxe nodded sympathetically.
"Come and have a drink," he said cheerily.
Howard hesitated. Once more he remembered his promise to Annie, but as long as he had broken it once he would get no credit for refusing now. He was horribly thirsty and depressed. Another drink would cheer him up. It seemed even wicked to decline when it wouldn't cost him anything.
They entered a bar conveniently close at hand, and with a tremulous hand Howard carried greedily to his lips the insidious liquor which had undermined his health and stolen away his manhood.
"Have another?" said Coxe with a smile as he saw the glass emptied at a gulp.
"I don't care if I do," replied Howard. Secretly ashamed of his weakness, he shuffled uneasily on his feet.
"Well, what are you going to do, old man?" demanded Coxe as he pushed the whisky bottle over.
"I'm looking for a job," stammered Howard awkwardly. Hastily he went on: "It isn't so easy. If it was only myself I wouldn't mind. I'd get along somehow. But there's the little girl. She wants to go to work, and I won't hear of it. I couldn't stand for that, you know."

Coxe feared a "touch." Awkwardly he said:
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Illusions.
It is true we labor under many illusions, but if these were to be done away with we should hardly deem it worth our while to labor at all. Almost none of the things which man so ardently pursues in the belief that they will make him happier is really capable of doing so, and yet it is needful that he keep up the pursuit for the sake of what he incidentally achieves in behalf of destiny.
The illusions we labor under partake, in fine, of the nature of sanitary conditions, though they chiefly affect the health of the spirit, and by that have no municipal functionary appointed to look vigilantly after them. Nor, in fact, do they need any such, since providence has been so kind as to see to it that illusions we shall always have.—Puck.

Being Natural.
Can you, if you be the gentler sex, walk down the street behind an elegantly groomed woman and restrain the impulse to imitate her poise of head, her carriage and the fascinating ways she possesses? Have you ever been in a crowded room where one woman was the center of attraction and seen someone trying to imitate her? A woman is most charming when she is natural. A woman who is natural, even in her erratic moods, does not give offense. One cannot imitate the ways, manners and style of another without appearing ridiculous. The nicest women we meet are those who do not pose or seek to imitate some one else.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Powder, the Antiseptic powder for Itching, swelling, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. Do. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample, address Allen S. Olinette, Le Roy, N. Y.

If a girl has a grown up brother she acquires a pretty fair knowledge of men without having to pass through the agonies of matrimony.
The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.
Some women are like some old hens—set in their ways.

It will be welcome news to dyspeptics to learn of a remedy that, in the opinion of thousands, is an absolute cure for indigestion and all forms of stomach trouble, and, better still, it is guaranteed to do so. The remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.
We all know the value of pure pepsin in indigestion, and add to this some exceptional laxative ingredients and you have a truly wonderful remedy. Mr. T. W. Worthing of Fayette, Ga., got to the point where he could not even eat or digest vegetables and after many years of seeking he found the cure in Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mr. Rudy Kanzer of Moline, Ill., was in the same bad predicament with his stomach, took Syrup

His Limit.
Joshua had just made the sun stand still.
"Fine, but we bet you can't make Willie Jones do it," we cried.
Herewith he acknowledged his limitations.—Harper's Bazar.
Nature's laxative, Garfield Tea, overcomes constipation and is ideally suited to tone up the system in the Spring.
He who gives pleasure meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship and the book of love.—Basile.
Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.
It is not necessarily true that the worst is yet to come.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN
Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as strictly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally unnecessary, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.
Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst cases.
It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secret in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

A ROUGH WAY.



Pete—I hear dat Sam's wife done cracked him over de head wid a rollin' pin an' frowed all de kindin' wood at him.
Joe—Well, I specks she were celebratin' dere woodin' weddin'.

"ECZEMA ITCHED SO I COULDN'T STAND IT."

"I suffered with eczema on my neck for about six months, beginning by little pimples breaking out. I kept scratching till the blood came. It kept getting worse, I couldn't sleep nights any more. It kept itching for about a month, then I went to a doctor and got some liquid to take. It seemed as if I was going to get better. The itching stopped for about three days, but when it started again was even worse than before. The eczema itched so badly I couldn't stand it any more. I went to a doctor and he gave me some medicine but it didn't do any good. We have been having Cuticura Remedies in the house, so I decided to try them. I got me a box of Cuticura Ointment, and washed off the affected part with Cuticura Soap three times a day, and then put the Cuticura Ointment on. The first day I put it on, it relieved me of itching so I could sleep all that night. It took about a week, then I could get the scab come off. I kept the treatment up for three weeks, and my eczema was cured.
"My brother got his face burned with gunpowder, and he used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The people all thought he would have scars, but you can't see that he ever had his face burned. It was simply awful to look at before the Cuticura Remedies (Soap and Ointment) cured it." (Signed) Miss Elizabeth Gehrk, Forest City, Ark., Oct. 16, 1910.
Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to Potter D. & C. Corp., Dept. X, Boston.

Solely to Blame.
Diner—Who is that singing so dreadfully out of tune?
Restaurant Proprietor—It is my wife.
Diner—Perhaps the accompanist plays out of tune?
R. P.—She is accompanying herself!
London Opinion.
A Backhanded One.
He—The great trouble with Gableigh is he talks too much.
She—That's strange. When he's been with me he's scarcely said a word.
He—Oh, he's too much of a gentleman to interrupt.

EATS WHAT HE LIKES
AFTER TAKING FREE SAMPLE
It is a guaranteed cure for indigestion, constipation, biliousness, headaches, gas on the stomach and similar complaints. A bottle can be had at any drug store for fifty cents or a dollar, but if you wish to make a test of it first send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will supply a free sample bottle, sent direct to your address. You will soon admit that you desire a truly wonderful remedy to replace salts, cathartics, breath pills, and other temporary reliefs. Syrup Pepsin will cure you permanently.
For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

Household Remedy
Taken in the Spring for Years.
Ralph Rust, Willis, Mich., writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a household remedy in our home as long as I can remember. I have taken it in the spring for several years. It has no equal for cleansing the blood and expelling the humors that accumulate during the winter. Being a farmer and exposed to bad weather, my system is often affected, and I often take Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results."
Hood's Sarsaparilla is Peculiar to Itself. There is no "just as good."
Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

DEFIANCE STARCH
15 ounces to the package
Other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.
WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN
Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as strictly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally unnecessary, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.
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Splendid Crops
In Saskatchewan (Western Canada)
800 Bushels from 20 acres of wheat was the thrasher's return from a 100-acre farm in the West. This is the result of the best farming in the world. The soil is rich in potash, and the climate is ideal for growing wheat. The crops are so good that the farmers are making money. If you want to know more about the best farming in the world, write to the Saskatchewan Government Agent.

Save Money and Toil
Modernize Your Country Home
The Pleasure of Living in the Country or the City is greatly enhanced by a few City Conveniences, the Most Necessary and Comfort Giving of which is a Satisfactory Gas Supply.
Gas for Lighting.
Gas for Cooking.
Gas for Laundry purposes.
Gas to heat water for the bath and other uses.
Gas to operate a gas engine for pumping and other purposes.
You can have all these conveniences cheaply and automatically by installing the
DETROIT Combination Gas Machine
Will illuminate and cook. Will increase your income. On the market for 40 years. Make sure you use in Best Quality. Gas, Factories, Churches, Schools, and other buildings. It will pay you to investigate. Write us for literature.
DETROIT HEATING & LIGHTING CO.
424 Wood Street, Detroit, Mich.
Factory Direct to Consumers

Constipation Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Stop after dinner
care indi-
gestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine with Signature
Asa Wood

A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
in New York City. Best features of country and city life. Out-of-door sports on school park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Academic Course Primary-Cast. Graduation. Upper class for Advanced Special Students. Music and Art. Write for catalogue and terms.
1105 East 10th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Keeps and beautifies the hair. It is a natural growth. Never Falls to Rest. Gray Hair turns to Youthful Color. Cleans scalp and keeps it cool. 25c and 50c Druggists.

Retains Eye Salve MAKES SORE EYES WELL
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO 17-1911.

Fame Thrust Upon Singer
Marvelous Note Emitted Was Great Effort, But Entirely Unpremeditated.
It was Mme. Hignote's first appearance, and she was on her trial. The audience sat spellbound. First came a cadenza, and then—the first C. Would she do it? Mrs. Hignote thought she wouldn't. She was just about to attempt the

from the curtain because you were ill."
"No, I am well. It was only—" "And he wanted me to tell you that high C you let out at the end was the finest he had heard for years, and the audience is crazy over you. You must give an encore."
"I can't—I can't," wailed the prima donna; "not unless you get another mouse."
The Truce of God.
The "Truce of God" was introduced by the clergy of Guienne around the year 1050. It was adopted in Spain about 1050, in England about 1080. According to this famous treaty, a cessation of all violent quarrels was enjoined, under heavy penalties, during all church festivals, and from every Wednesday evening until the following Monday morning. This left only about 80 days in the year available for shooting and stabbing one's neighbors. The truce seems to have accomplished much good, notwithstanding the fact that it was very imperfectly observed.

Associated with **Thompson's Eye Water**