

HARD TO SECURE SOUTHPAWS

Eddie Plank of Athletics and Nap Rucker of Brooklyn Dodgers in Class by Themselves.

Winning left hand pitchers are exceedingly scarce in the big leagues. Among all the southpaws Eddie Plank and Napoleon Rucker stand in a class by themselves. Of the younger generation Veau Gregg in the American and Rube Marquard in the National are bidding for fame. Plank has lost few games for Philadelphia, rated one of the best rounded clubs in baseball. If Rucker were a member of the Giants, Red Sox or the Pirates, it is believed he would drop few contests.

Despite the flight of the seasons, Plank is still an effective hurler, with his wonderful cross fire delivery. Rucker has the speed, curves, control and the brain to make a great pitcher, and despite the fact that he is with a constant contender for the cellar title in the National league, every club has trouble beating the Brooklyn pitching wizard. There are a few other left hand pitchers who cut more or less of a niche in the nation's pastime, but Rucker easily tops the list, with Rube Marquard meandering along behind.

Good left-handers in the American league are scarcer than in the National. Besides Doc White, who has grown old in the service of Comiskey, Plank remains the only veteran of prominence who refuses to take the full court. He is the only southpaw on the Athletics who was with that team in 1911. Krause and Russell were turned back to the minors.

The Boston Red Sox have Ray Collins, but it will take another year to determine whether he will deserve a place in the hall of fame among the great left hand pitchers of baseball history. Collins stands alone among a cluster of strong right handers on the new world's champions. Wood, Hall, Bedient and O'Brien all being right-handers.

Of the first division clubs in the American league, Plank alone remains one of the great pitchers of the game. The Boston Red Sox, Chicago White Sox and Washington Senators have only four top siders, who can be considered regulars. Since these teams combined have nearly thirty twirlers, one may form an idea of the actual scarcity of good southpaws in the big circuits.

CHESBRO STILL HOLDS MARK

Record of Total Games Won During Entire Season Yet Unsurpassed by Star Slabman.

Messrs. Marquard, Johnson and Wood achieved more than passing fame last summer by compiling record consecutive victories. Marquard tied Keefe's record of 19 straight and set a modern mark unparalleled. Johnson and Wood cracked the A. L. pitching mark by two games, with 16 unbroken victories established.

That is all well enough and worthy of the extended salary offered.

But in the matter of modern records Jack Chesbro still holds the



Jack Chesbro.

mark worth shooting at—the mark much above any matter of consecutive wins.

Chesbro, in 1904, won 43 games. Ed Walsh came closest to this compilation in 1908 with 40 victories. Wood last season was nine victories below Chesbro's figure. Johnson was 11 below and Marquard, despite the feat of winning the first 19 games he pitched, was 17 games back of the Chesbrosian total.

If the Rube had won every battle in which he worked the best he could have done would have been to tie the 43 victories.

Straight win records frame ornamental pieces of pitching brica-brac. But the standard is to be figured upon the year's total. Marquard drew the headline and the action photos for his 1912 performance, but Chesbro in 1904 was 17 victories more valuable to Griffith than the Rube eight years later was to McGraw.

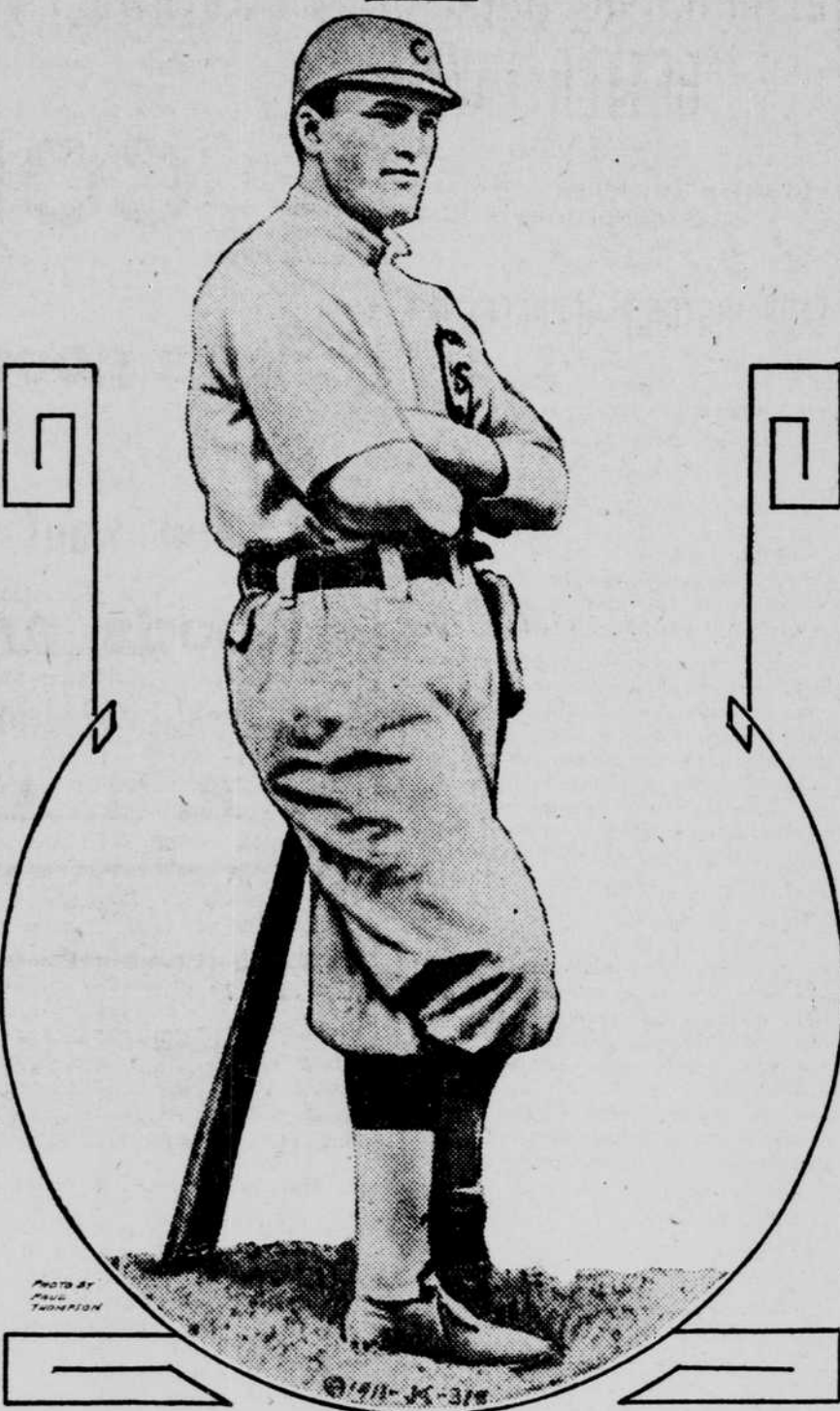
Grand Rapids Franchise Sold.
The Grand Rapids baseball franchise in the Central league was purchased by Edward Smith and William Essick of Chicago from Bert Annis of South Bend, Ind. The sale price is said to be close to \$15,000. Essick and Smith are members of the team, and will take their regular turns in the pitcher's box this season.

Novelty in Brooklyn Stadium.
One of the novel features in the new baseball stadium at Brooklyn will be an umbrella room. President Ebbets will provide several thousand umbrellas to be used by patrons of the games on rainy days. Ebbets says he is willing to try the experiment if only to learn how many persons will forget to bring the umbrellas back.

Magee Regains Batting Eye.
Shaver Magee has regained his batting eye. Doolin says the only thing that can keep Magee from leading the National league in batting is a superfluity of arguments with umpires.

Barrows Breaks Leg.
Outfielder Barrows of the Rochester International league team broke his right leg at Anniston, Ala., in a practice game with Alabama Polytechnic when sliding to third base.

VETERANS OF THE BASEBALL DIAMOND



Jimmie Sheppard of Chicago Cubs.

One interesting point in connection with the career of Hans Wagner of the Pittsburgh club was not brought out recently when he signed his Pirate contract for 1913.

The "Flying Dutchman" is the oldest player in the National league in point of continuous service. There are one or two players in the organization who are a bit older in years than Honus, but there is none who has graced the big show as long without a break as he has.

Wagner signed with the old Louisville club on July 19, 1897. The only other player still in active service who broke in the same year as Wagner is Jimmie Sheppard of the Chicago Cubs, who signed his first National league contract on September 14, 1897. Neither of these players has been out of fast company since, but Wagner's record for the long period is much better than Sheppard's.

Wagner was secured by Louisville from Paterson, N. J. Sheppard broke into baseball at Portsmouth, Va., in 1896. The next year he was with Brockton in the New England league, from which club he went to Brooklyn.

PRaise FOR OSCAR STANAGE

Californian Is Considered by Manager Jennings as Wonderful Catcher—Also Hard Hitter.

Tiger pitchers have pitched not alone good but in several instances phenomenal ball against the eastern



Oscar Stanage.

clubs. There are performances by Mullin, Summers, Donovan and Lafitte that stand out as accomplishments in pitching above the ordinary.

Due credit is given these pitchers for masterly performances, but in this case, as in others, there is a "man behind," and in this particular case the man behind is Oscar Stanage, the Californian, who receives the shoos, curves, fast balls, spitters and slow ones of the Tiger hurlers.

Hughie Jennings has always insisted that Stanage is a wonderful catcher. Hughie said that a few years ago. Since the present season opened many have been heard to agree with Hugh Ambrose.

Cool-headed, quick-thinking, strong-armed Oscar, the boy with the broad shoulders and massive muscle development, who "can throw the ball like a shot and hit it a mile," is the man to whom much of the credit for the success of Detroit's pitching staff is due.

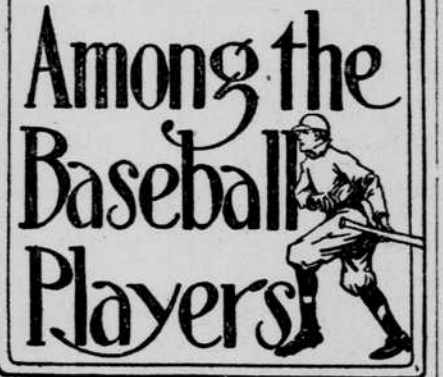
Quick to outguess a batter, sure in receiving, accurate in throwing, and the best judge of hit and run and base-stealing intention in the world, Stanage stands supreme today in the American league as a backstop.

Stanage rarely asks for a pitch-out. He does not ask his pitchers to make a wide pitch so that he can get a man stealing. When Stanage asks for a wide pitch chances are four out of five that the runners for whose benefit, or rather detriment, the wide pitch is ordered will try to advance.

In 1897 he did not play enough in the big league to get a batting or fielding average. Since then he has been with Baltimore, Brooklyn and Chicago, going to the Cubs in the spring of 1906.

There are two players in the American league who have been playing in fast company longer than either Wagner or Sheppard. They are Lajoie of the Naps and Bobby Wallace of the Browns. Lajoie broke in with the Philadelphia Nationals in 1896, taking part in 39 games that season, after having played 80 games with Fall River in the New England league, where he was a center fielder. He remained with the Phillies until 1901, when he jumped to the American league. The following year he joined Cleveland, and has been there continuously since.

Bobby Wallace played his first major league ball at Cleveland in the old National league in 1895. He was in the Forest City until 1899, when he went to the St. Louis Nationals. In 1900 he appeared first in the American league, and has been with the Browns ever since.



Frank Chance says that Sweeney is the best backstop in baseball.

It is rumored that Hank O'Day will act as scout for the Cubs this year.

Al Schultz, the Highlanders' recruit southpaw, has made a hit with Manager Chance.

Cy Dahlgren, the Reds' new pitcher, has won 77 games and lost ten in the last three years.

Now Manager Griffith is trying to make a second sacker out of Howard Shanks, his outfielder.

The new pitching things are beginning to come in: Eddie Plank has perfected a parcel post delivery.

Manager McGraw has pledged himself to follow a hands-off policy in regard to umpires again this year.

Ray Chapman is being groomed as the sensation of the American league shortstops for the coming campaign.

Hans Wagner says there is no truth in the yarn that he is going to dye his hair black to conceal his gray hairs.

Manager Cornelius Mack has three good men on his team fighting for the infield utility job. They are Orr, Brady and Flick.

Captain Jake Daubert of the Dodgers says that Frank Allen, the new recruit, has more speed and better curves than Rube Marquard.

Manager Jack Hendricks of the Denver team is confident that he will cop the flag this year. "I am going to win that third rag sure," says Jack.

Bris Lord is being groomed as the next leader of the Baltimore Orioles. The former Mackman is well liked by his comrades and will make a capable manager.

"Topsy" Hartsel, manager of the Toledo Mud Hens, is against player-writer articles. "A player isn't qualified to write a fair, unbiased opinion," says Topsy.

Harry Wolchance still has a chance to stick in the majors. Washington has decided to turn him loose, but Cleveland has refused to waive and Harry will get a try out in Birmingham's outfield trio.

Great Year for Gandil.
Chick Gandil, who made a great hit on first for the Washington team last season, thinks that he will have a great year in 1913. Chick has recently undergone an operation for the removal of the tonsils and feels in better physical condition.

LOST STAGE COACH

Had Been Buried in the Sand Forty Years With Its \$30,000 Treasure.

By SELINA LILLIAN HIGGINS.

"You must not be discouraged, Abner," spoke Mrs. Waldron in her patient, sympathizing way.

"I'm not, mother," was the prompt but infinitely weary response. "It is not the loss of business, home and friends. What worries me is the fact that after all my sacrifices, I shall not be able to pay my creditors in full. It is a pretty heavy load for an old man like me to carry."

"Remember the promise: 'On whom God's hand resteth, hath God at his right hand.'"

Abner Waldron tried to smile bravely, kissed the dear old patient face of his helpmeet, and left the house for his accustomed stroll. It had ceased to seem like home for a week past, for it was scheduled to follow the rest of his possessions and go towards paying his debts.

He had done very well in a business way, until a smooth, smart city promoter had come to Albion. His father, James Waldron, the banker, had come to the little Michigan town 50 years since. He had left the son some money, and Abner had built up a profitable manufacturing business. Then the promoter had filled his mind with expansive ideas. He had branched out, the sleek schemer had reaped a rich harvest, and then—failure.

Abner had turned over every penny he had in the world. It paid up everything except a few thousand dollars. Mrs. Waldron had in her own right a small farm in an adjoining county. They had decided to go there, and were now on the eve of departure.

"It's the older children, Richard and Maud, that I care about," the thoughtful bankrupt had to his close friends. "The boy can earn his own living. The girl has a fine education, and can do the same. But you see, both are engaged. I expected to give them a good start in life. Now, the weddings must be postponed. It seems as though my foolish ideas of becoming a millionaire have driven happiness away from everybody who had anything to do with me."

Abner evaded meeting his neighbors, and took a lonely route out of town. He was soon among the sand hills. He wanted to think, plan out resignation for the present, contentment for the future. It was a great sand district about Albion. Lying along the lake shore, air currents had piled up great yellow mountains of the shifting particles. One wind storm would build up a great hill in a night.

Two Historic Examples to Show That This is by All Means a Dangerous Practice.

In the titles of books lie at times pitfalls for the unwary. An almost classic example was afforded by John Ruskin, when, in 1851, he wrote a short pamphlet on the text, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." This, which treated of the reunion of the Protestant churches, was published as "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds"—a title which, appealing rather to the agricultural than to the clerical mind, insured a brisk circulation among farmers—those of the border especially—many of whom ordered a copy in the hope that they might glean therefrom some original hints and ideas that would be of use to them in their calling.



It Was a Great, Lumbering, Old-Fashioned Vehicle.

A second from a contrary direction would obliterate this nature-building within an hour. Abner got in among the dunes, and sat down amid a lonely and desolate scene as could well be imagined.

The bleak environment chilled him, but at the same time quieted. Alone and undisturbed, he reviewed all the past. He bravely faced the future. After all, it would be rest and peace after turmoil and strife. The small or children would be happy and comfortable and the little farm might bring in enough to help him to pay eventually the debts that harassed his sensitive nature like a millstone about his neck.

A cheerful reaction took place in Abner's mind, as he reflected that after all his was not the worst condition in the world. He had a loyal, helpful wife and loving, obedient children. From a more comfortable attitude of mind his thoughts idly drifted, and he fell to dreaming over events in his past life. Then in a whimsical way a story of the long ago came to his memory.

His father had been well nigh ruined right among these treacherous sand hills nearly 40 years since. The event was the sensation of the hour through the whole district. James Waldron had removed his little country bank to Albion from Sankatuck in the next county. Over \$30,000 in gold had been carried in locked iron boxes in an old stage coach. Its driver had lost his way among the sand hills, a great storm had come up, and he was blown from his seat against a rock and rendered insensible.

When he came back to consciousness the stage coach, the horses, the treasure, had disappeared. There was a search all over the country. It was generally decided that robbers had driven the treasure away, stage and all, and no trace of the outfit was ever found.

The sky had darkened while Abner sat dreaming. A cyclonic gust nearly swept him off his feet as he got up to make a start for home. A blinding rain of sand cut his face. Abner walked briskly forward, but several times in his up and down hill progress he went headlong as the sand slides took him off his footing.

"This is getting serious!" he exclaimed, as he slid nearly the length of a hill, to land in a gully between two towering mountains of sand. He tried to reascend. It was like breasting an avalanche. The cut was filling up fast. At one time the sand was up to his knees.

"Why! I shall be engulfed! It is like quicksand!" he reflected in vivid alarm.

His situation was truly critical. He knew that unless he got out of what was a natural funnel for the tornado air currents, he was lost. He struggled on, came to a turn in the gully, and dimly made out a slanting mass of gnarled tree roots. Abner ran to it, slipped, a cavity was revealed, and he dropped into darkness fully 20 feet.

The breath was nearly knocked out of his body, and it was some time before he could arise to his feet. He stood on a sandy foundation, apparently of some large sheltered void. It was so dark he could not make out its extent. Groping along, he landed against a post. Then it occurred to him that he had come upon one of the many sand submerged houses swallowed up in some tornado years before. Once he had stepped into a chimney, all that was left visible of one of these engulfed structures.

Abner was a smoker. He therefore carried matches, and feeling in his pocket for one, drew it forth and flared it. Then, transfixed, he strained his gaze, wondering if some Aladdin touch had suddenly created a fairy scene for deluded senses.

Before him was an open shed supported by posts. Back of it was a great, lumbering, old-fashioned vehicle of a team of horses. Thrilled, amazed, in almost a shout the electrified observer gasped out:

"The lost stage coach!"

Yes, it could be no other—it was no other. Like lightning through his bewildered brain ran a theory elucidating all the mystery of 40 years and more.

To this shelter on the night the bank was moved the horses had strayed, to be enveloped, swallowed up in the great winding, wreaths of sand, past rescue and sight until now.

More matches, a closer inspection, and there, intact, just as they had been originally stowed, were the iron boxes. Abner found the bank treasure—his by right of discovery, his by right of legal inheritance.

So all the dark clouds passed away. Drooping root ends enabled the adventurer to regain the open air when the sand storm was over, and the family roof was saved, and soon there were two joyful weddings.

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BUYING BOOKS BY THE TITLE

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The bucolic mind, indeed, would seem singularly predisposed to jump to hasty conclusions, for English farmers followed but in the wake of their Irish brethren—or rather of their Irish brother, who, an enthusiast on the subject of cattle breeding, greeted with delight the appearance of a little volume by Maria Edgeworth, bearing the title, "Essay on Irish Bulls." Although the name of the authoress was to him unknown, the contents would doubtless, he considered, be well worth the few shillings he so willingly disbursed; but, alas! although the spirited engraving of rampant Taurus that prefaced the essay gave delightful promise, he had but to read a few lines to find that he had become possessed of a treatise, not on bovine ruminants, but on that particular "blunder which is commonly supposed to be characteristic of the Irish nation."

When the rivers freeze to the bottom and small trees snap off from the biting force of the cold stands the coldest inhabited city in the world—Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia. It is a place of some size, stands 150 feet above the sea level, and in winter boasts of a temperature 85 degrees below zero. Its annual temperature is three degrees above zero. The Russian government owns the town, and is interested in having an administrative center where clever and industrious Yukuts, fur-trading Jews of Siberia, carry on their operations. All the inhabitants of Verkhoyansk, with the exception of a few officials and Russian traders, are Yukuts.

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Would Not Be an Actress.
Little Mary, aged sweet fifteen and stage struck, laid down her knitting with a sigh one night and said:

"Ah, mother, how I'd like to be one of those great actresses or singers on the stage!"

"Would you?" said the mother un- easily. "I don't know. It's an unhealthy business, isn't it?"

"Why is it?" asked the daughter.

"It must be," said the mother. "Don't you always see their names in the paper telling how they've been taking tonics and patent medicines and so on?"

Library Without Light.
The great national library of France, the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, has a splendid site, 44 miles of shelves and 3,000,000 volumes to fill them, but in the winter that vast store of learning and intellectual delight is nearly useless, because the library has no artificial light, and its books are issued to readers and students only in the middle of the short days.

FOR BETTER ROADS

CURE FOR INDUSTRIAL EVILS

When Time and Labor Unnecessarily Consumed in Transporting Products There Is Big Waste.

If the public could be convinced that it is economy to begin with fundamentals the problem of progress in every line of social endeavor would be solved.

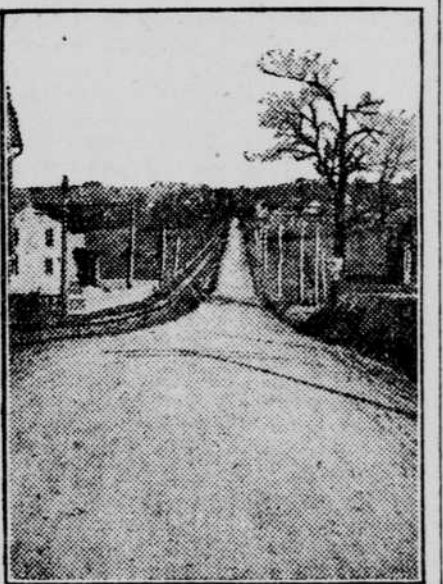
At present the sole remedy for many industrial evils lies in the betterment of roads.

Manifestly, when time is unnecessarily consumed and labor wasted in transportation of products to market there is a fundamental waste. One instance will serve as an illustration. A man loaded his wagon early one morning with a bale of cotton and a few bags of the loose product. He lived twenty-two miles from town. The roads in that section are better than the average, but it took him until nightfall to reach the selling point. He and his half-grown son, who accompanied him, spent the night in town, paying the expense of lodging, meals and keep for the team. The second day was spent in negotiations for the sale of the cotton and the purchasing of a few necessities. They arrived on the third day late in the afternoon, having lost practically three days.

That farm was mortgaged. Every thing made from year to year was paid out in interest and for a poor living for the family. There was not a dollar for improved labor-saving machinery, for additional fencing, or, in fact, anything that would enhance the value of the place.

If this farmer had raised small marketable crops—which he didn't—he could not afford the time or give up the use of his team to take them to the nearest point. A few sweet potatoes, cotton and corn were the sole products raised.

If his place had been mortgaged for the building of a pike or trolley line connecting him with a market there would be hope of paying out. As conditions are, he gets poorer and more hopeless every year.



A Good Road in Ohio.

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GOVERNOR SULZER ON ROADS

In Recent Message to New York Legislature He Laid Down Law in No Uncertain Terms.

Governor Sulzer of New York is a road booster of the right type. In his recent message to the New York legislature he "laid down the law" to the legislators in no uncertain terms, pointed out defects in New York's road laws and pronounced the doom of the spoliators who had been fattening on the people's money, says the Southern Good Roads. In his message he paid this great tribute to good roads:

"We know that good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they enhance the value of farm lands, facilitate transportation, and add untold wealth to the producers and consumers of the country; they economize time, give labor a lift and make millions in money; they save wear and tear and worry and waste; they beautify the country and bring it in touch with the city; they aid the social and religious and educational and industrial progress of the people; they make better homes and happier firesides; they are the avenue of trade and the agencies of speedy communication; they mean the economical transportation of marketable products—the maximum burden at the minimum cost; they are the ligaments that bind the country together in thrift and industry and intelligence and patriotism; they promote social intercourse, prevent intellectual stagnation and increase the happiness and prosperity of our producing masses; they contribute to the greatness of the city and the glory of the country; give employment to our idle workmen, distribute the necessities of life—the products of the fields and the forest and the factories—encourage energy and husbandry, inculcate love for our scenic wonders, and make mankind better and happier."

Cow Coming Fresh.
If one knows a cow is coming fresh it is a good plan to start feeding her about two pounds of bran three weeks beforehand, increasing the amount gradually. This will put her in the right condition for calving.

Fault of Feed Rack.
Usually there is more dirt in the rack than in all the rest of the fleece put together, and this is generally the fault of the racks. A little attention to their construction may remedy this evil.

"THE GRANARY OF NORTH AMERICA."

GOVERNOR SULZER SAYS THAT OF WESTERN CANADA.

The close ties of friendship existing between the United States and Canada were dwelt upon in addresses by Premier Robert L. Borden, of Canada, and Governor Sulzer, at the annual dinner of the University Club of Albany.

"Canada and the United States," said Premier Borden, "have a common heritage in the language, the literature, the laws, the institutions and the traditions which have come down to them from the men of bygone days.

"Perhaps no more instructive object lesson ever has been given to the world than the four thousand miles of undefended boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which bears silent but eloquent testimony to the mutual confidence and respect of the two nations. Time will shortly place upon the brow of each nation the laurel of one hundred years of peace. It matters not so much as to the form of the outward celebration, but let us hope that its full significance may sink deep into the hearts of both nations, and that, whether north or south of the boundary, we may stand with bowed and reverent heads, offering grateful thanks for the Divine blessing of peace, and earnest prayers that in the century to come, mutual confidence, good-will and respect may truly animate the ideals and aspirations of both nations."

Referring to the natural resources possessed by the United States and Canada, particularly along the St. Lawrence River, the premier urged that they be "preserved and developed for the people."

Governor Sulzer predicted that the "Great Canadian Northwest is destined to become, before long, the granary of North America."

"Many of our best citizens, I regret to say," said the governor, "are leaving the States of the west and going into the Canadian northwest, because of the fertility of its soil, the liberality of the Canadian government and the ability of those people to better their conditions here.

"We should extend to them a helping hand in their onward march of progress. Instead of closing our doors by tariff barriers against these countries and their products, in my opinion, we should open them wider and do everything in our power to facilitate closer commercial relations. We want their products and they want our products, and all restrictions to prevent a fairer and freer exchange of goods, wares and merchandise should, in so far as possible, be eliminated."—Advertisement.

Youthful Diplomat.
Lola, five years old, wanted a pair of skates, but as she was very naughty in school and always seated in the last row, father would not get them for her. He compromised, saying that if she were bright enough to get in the first row she could have them. A week later she came home saying she was in the first row. Father said: "Fine! How'd you do it?" Lola said: "I told teacher I couldn't see the blackboard from way back there, and she put me in the first row."

Depends on Her Size.
"It's very unkind to make fun of a young wife's cooking."

"Yes. And at times it's very un-safe."

Before burning your bridges behind you, it might be well to see that they are fully insured.

Mrs. Winslow's Scouting Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle 10c.

There are just as good compliments floating around as ever were fished for.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ady.

Some women look upon charity as a stepping stone to society.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizziness, spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy.

Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lee had.

A Texas Case.
J. H. Lee, 112 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Tex., says: "For four years I endured misery from gravel, rheumatism was my only relief. I had terrible pain in my back and it was hard for me to pass the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me quickly, and I have been well ever since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature *W. D. Wood*

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C., books, free, highest references. Best results. W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 18-1913.