

**NOT AFRAID—ASHAMED**

It was during the first Bryan campaign. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was in the lobby of the Hoff-

**Charcoal Kills Bad Breath**

**Bad Odor of Indigestion, Smoking, Drinking or Eating Can Be Instantly Stopped**

Sample Package Mailed Free

Other people notice your bad breath where you would not notice it at all. It is nauseating to other people to stand before them and while you are talking, give them a whiff or two of your bad breath. It usually comes from food fermenting on your stomach. Sometimes you have it in the morning—that awful sour, bilious, bad breath. You can stop that at once by swallowing one or two Stuart Charcoal Lozenges, the most powerful gas and odor absorbers ever prepared.

Sometimes your meals will reveal themselves in your breath to those who talk with you. "You've had onions," or "You've been eating cabbage," and all of a sudden you belch in the face of your friend. Charcoal is a wonderful absorber of odors, as every one knows. That is why Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are so quick to stop all gases and odors of odorous foods, or gas from indigestion.

Don't use breath perfumes. They never conceal the odor, and never absorb the gas that causes the odor. Besides, the very fact of using them reveals the reason for their use. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges in the first place stop for good all sour brash and belching of gas, and make your breath pure, fresh and sweet, just after you've eaten. Then no one will turn his face away from you when you breathe or talk; your breath will be pure and fresh, and besides your food will taste so much better to you at your next meal. Just try it.

Charcoal does other wonderful things, too. It carries away from your stomach and intestines, all the impurities there massed together and which causes the bad breath. Charcoal is a purifier as well as an absorber.

Charcoal is now by far the best, most easy and mild laxative known. A whole boxful will do no harm; in fact, the more you take the better. Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges are made of pure willow charcoal and mixed with just a faint flavor of honey to make them palatable for you, but not too sweet. You just chew them like candy. They are absolutely harmless.

Get a new, pure sweet breath, freshen your stomach for your next meal, and keep the intestines in good working order. These two things are the secret of good health and long life. You can get all the charcoal necessary to do these wonderful but simple things by getting Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. We want you to test these little wonder workers yourself before you buy them. So send us your full name and address for a free sample of Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges. Then after you have tried the sample, and been convinced, go to your druggist and get a 25c box of them. You'll feel better all over, more comfortable, and "cleaner" inside.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 200 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

man house one evening just before the election, delivering an impassioned appeal for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Around him were gathered interested listeners, skeptics it is true, devotees of the gold standard, but deeply interested in the flow of eloquence which the senator poured upon them. In the midst of one of the most fervid passages a slim, slight, rosy cheeked youth, of twenty-two or twenty-three summers, paused in front of the senator, his cigarette loosely held between the first two fingers of his right hand, and after listening to his impassioned address for a moment, raised a monocle to his right eye, and exclaimed:

"Senator, would you answer me one question?"

Slowly and with dignity the senator, good naturedly disregarding the interruption, looked his inquisitor full in the face, smiled and said:

"Excuse me, sonny, I am not through yet, but just as soon as I finish I shall be pleased to answer you any question that you may want to ask," and turning again to his audience the senator continued his argument.

Four separate times the gilded youth attempted to break in upon the conversation, and finally, as though he were a conquering hero, he exclaimed, shaking his diminutive fist at the burly form of the senator:

"I know what is the matter. You are afraid to answer me."

The senator paused, looked the youth full in the eye, and without a ruffle appearing upon the serenity of his countenance, exclaimed:

"No, sonny, I'm not afraid. I'm ashamed to answer any question you could ask."

The youth disappeared amidst the jeers and laughter of the audience, and the senator finished his argument without further interruptions. —Events.

**TIT FOR TAT**

Young Stevens was on his way north to spend the week-end with his parents, and felt in a particularly jovial mood.

The train in which he was traveling had stopped at a small village. As a farmer, who was sauntering up and down the platform, came opposite Stevens' compartment he was asked by the youth if he knew the Duke of Devonshire was on the train.

Immediately the man showed great interest and said: "No! Is he?" "I think he is not," answered Stevens. "I only asked if you knew he was."

The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked Stevens.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was the reason for refusing?"

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.—Judge's Library.

**DREAMS**

Some of our common dreams seem to be directly traceable. Slipping down of the blankets is followed by dreams of Arctic relief expeditions or falling into snowdrifts. A gas distended stomach, pushing up the diaphragm and compressing the lungs, produces dreams of "something sitting on your chest," or dramatic struggles against other forms of suffocation.

The common single dream, that of falling, falling, falling from a great

height, to wake with a gasp of relief just as you are about to strike and be dashed to pieces, is probably due to the general muscular relaxation and falling of the head, arms and limbs which accompanies settling down to sleep. Careful studies have shown that it almost invariably occurs during the first forty-five seconds of sleep. A slip, a change of position of a sixteenth of an inch, is enough to suggest the idea of falling to the brain. It "does the rest" and provides out of its swarming storehouse of images the precipices, flights of stairs, giddy mastheads and other scenic effects. If the impression is not vivid enough to wake you, you "strike bottom" with a delicious sensation of restful warmth and repose just such as your tired body is getting from its "downy couch."

The next common dream, which

we have all had scores of times, and was sure even Queen Victoria, with all her royal wardrobes full of clothes must have also had, that of suddenly finding yourself in public half-dressed, seems almost equally traceable.

The dream, and we can all recall its mortifying vividness, is usually associated with insufficient or displaced bedclothes. This gives our drowsy brain cortex the idea that we haven't sufficient clothes on. Our arms and shoulders being completely covered by the close-fitting upper half of the night-gown, the impression of unprotectedness comes most vividly from our uncased lower limbs. Our well-trained modesty takes furious fright, and hinc illae lachrymae, "hence these tears."—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in American Magazine.

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