

Salaried Man's Paradise.
 With over 50,000 men and women among its population earning a modest income in the service of the government, Washington may fairly be described as the salaried man's paradise, with ambitious schemers constantly watching the trend of legislation, and retired millionaires aggressively seeking that social recognition only too frequently denied them at home, it may not inappropriately be called the Versailles of the twentieth century. In a word, Washington society is a society of contrasts, but it is a society, also, in which the contrasts blend better certainly than they do almost anywhere else.

Idaho Joins.
 Fraser, Idaho, Nov. 27.—(Special.)—Mrs. Martha J. Lee has given for publication the following statement concerning Dadd's Kidney Pills: "I was down with Rheumatism three times," she says, "and each time Dadd's Kidney Pills helped me. The last time they cured me, and now I am able to get around and do all my work, though I am fifty-eight, and I can walk to Sunday School every Sunday. Before I took Dadd's Kidney Pills I was so bad I could use neither hand nor foot. I shall keep Dadd's Pills on hand all the time."

Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid crystallizing in the muscles. Healthy kidneys remove all Uric Acid from the blood. Diseased kidneys cannot remove this acid, which collects in the blood and poisons every vein and artery. Dadd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the kidneys; by heating and strengthening them, so that they can rid the blood of all impurities.

Lincoln's Hay Crop.
 The stories that Kansas newspapers are now printing of the big corn crop in Lincoln's story of the big hay crop in southern Illinois. "What," inquired a visitor, "do you do with such a big crop of hay?" "We stack all we can on the ground," replied the veteran story teller, "and the rest we put in the barn."—Detroit News.

It Was No Use.
 Dick—Come on and go down the street with me, Jack.
 Jack—All right, old man—wait till I finish this letter to my dad.
 Dick—Oh, if you're writing to him, don't come. I'm broke, too.—Cleveland Leader

CONVINCING EVIDENCE

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Cure Rheumatism.

"People can cure themselves of a good many common ailments at a very small cost if they go about it the right way," said Mr. Hoar, recently. "For instance, I have just cured myself of a very painful disease. I might have begun to treat it sooner, that's all the mistake I made in the matter. But I found the root of the difficulty and I picked out the right remedy without the aid of a doctor."

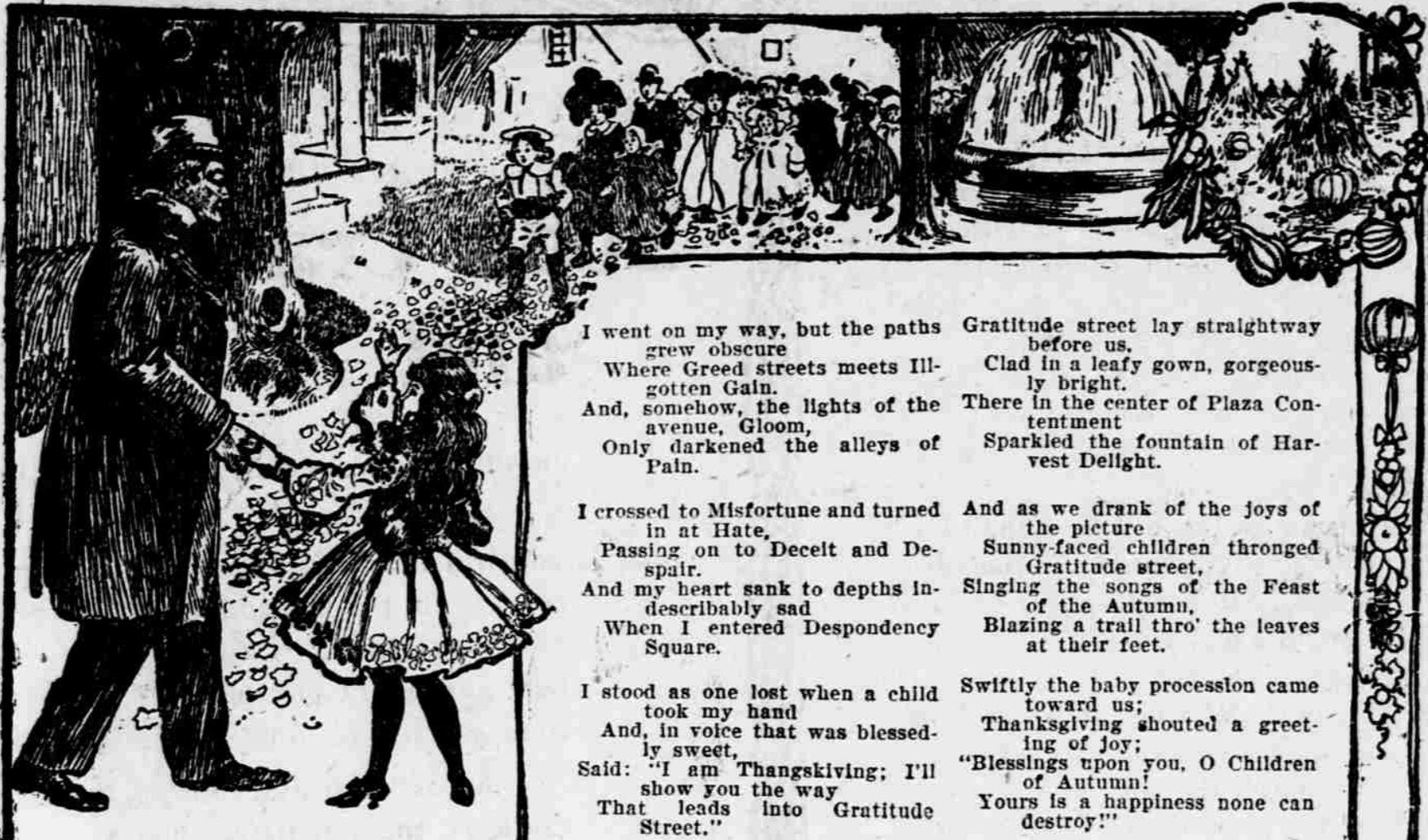
"It was really all in my blood. I first felt a twinge in my left foot and ankle in the middle of last January, following exposure to cold. I realized I had rheumatism and I knew that really comes from bad blood. Cold simply develops it. Then my hands and feet were cold and chancy even in hot weather, and numb a great part of the time. I concluded that my blood was thin and poor and the circulation sluggish.
 "After a time my feet and ankles swelled so badly that I could only tie my shoes half way up. My legs swelled terribly and I could walk only a short distance before giving out completely.
 "When I read of the cures of all kinds of blood diseases, that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I was convinced that they were just the remedy for my case, and so it proved. I could see that they were benefiting me before I had quite used up the first box. The improvement was decidedly marked after I had taken two boxes. Three more boxes restored my hands and feet and legs to natural size and feeling and then I stopped taking medicine and have since been perfectly well."

Mr. F. Le Roy Hoar lives at No. 133 Constitution street, Bristol, R. I. Any one can get convincing evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured anemia, rheumatism, erysipelas and other serious diseases of the blood by simply writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Used to It.
 Jasper—How can Smith marry a girl like that, when he knows that beauty is only skin deep?
 Casper—That's all right; he has been taking sugar coated pills all his life.

A Happy Combination.
 A happy combination of just the right proportion of each of the roots of several indigenous, or native, medicinal plants, or rather of the active medicinal principles skillfully extracted therefrom by the use of chemically pure glycerine of just the right strength, constitutes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of women. Many years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength, is a far better solvent and preservative of the medicinal principles found in our indigenous, or native, medicinal plants than is alcohol. Believing, as he does, that the use of alcohol, even in small portions, if long continued, works great harm to the human system, he determined not to employ this commonly used agent in making his medicines, but to use pure, double-refined glycerine instead. Now, glycerine is not only perfectly harmless, but possesses intrinsic medicinal properties, being a most valuable demulcent, solvent, nutritive and anti-ferment. Since they are non-alcoholic, Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines belong to a class all by themselves. They are neither patent nor secret medicines. Their ingredients are printed, in plain English, on each bottle wrapper.

With Dr. Pierce's medicines you don't have to pin your faith wholly to what their manufacturer says of their curative potency as with other medicines. Dr. Pierce's medicines have a record of nearly forty years of cures behind them, embracing many hundreds of thousands of bad cases restored to health and happiness.



IN GRATITUDE STREET.

By W. M. Herschell.
 I sought for the place where Gratefulness dwelt; They said 'twas in Gratitude Street, Not far from the corner of Peace and Good-will, Where Faith and Hope avenues meet.

A Thanksgiving Dream

By Gertrude Rodermund.

"I'm powerful glad to see that ar light in the window—it's like the light of Heaven in this November drizzle," muttered the old New Englander to himself, stretching forth a hand seamed with plow wrestling, to extricate an umbrella twisted in some bushes.
 Farmer Sloan had seen that light in the window for the past two years, but not until now had its real significance dawned upon him, and he sighed.
 "I wish," he mused aloud, "that I had half the faith in that ar boy that Marthy has. Two years this Thanksgiving since he went away, an' Marthy—but pshaw! all mothers are like that—still sometimes it makes me a little shaky—what if I should be mistaken after all? Now, that that candle," gazing intently at the speck of shining light becoming lighter as the distance diminished, "is that ar Joseph. I dreamed last night that he wuz home agin, an' I swan I'd almost forgive his getting off with the fowl money if he'd come back to-morrow—just to reward the love back o' that ar light."

For a moment he took a mental survey of the pies and puddings seen in the pantry in the morning, and wondered why it was that Marthy had spent so much time in getting up the little cup cakes no one ate but Joseph. He hastened his lagging feet until he gained the heights and entered the old colonial kitchen, lighted by blazing walnut logs, piled high in the huge fireplace.
 "Wall, this is comfort," and stepping to the fireplace, he dropped into a high-backed rocker. "Mother, mother!" he called.
 "Is that you, ffather?" called a cheery voice from an upper chamber.
 Before he could reply she ran lightly down the stairs and was standing beside him. A sigh of relief echoed through the warm kitchen, and he rose with an enthusiasm and agility that would have done credit to twenty-one, and folded the pretty, thrifty little housewife in his arms.
 "Who's a-comin' to-morrow, mother?" he asked.
 "Eliza; and many times my heart would have broken but for her faith and cheering words, and this, in the face of the fact that her intended husband was driven away as a thief upon her wedding day, proves Joseph made no mistake when he decided to add a daughter to our household. She will be here to-morrow, and I have fixed up Joe's room for her."

A shadow crossed the old man's face as he gazed intently at the fire. After an interval of painful silence he rose, gave a weary yawn, then kissing Marthy on either cheek, slowly climbed the high, narrow stairs and went to bed.
 Sitting alone in the freighted, strange thoughts thronged that mother's mind. Two years before there was a scene in that very room she would fain forget. Farmer Sloan had entered the house, calling to her from the porch that he had laid the market money upon the kitchen table, and bade her take care of it. She was busily carding wool in an outer room, and did not heed the command. Finally she ascended the stairs and going straight to the kitchen table looked for the money, but not a trace of it was visible. The kitchen door had been left open—certainly by her husband—and she called impatiently to Joseph, who was dressing in an upper chamber to take Eliza upon the last drive she was to enjoy as "Miss Eliza," and thinking he was playing one of his childish pranks upon her, she called in a voice unusually harsh. The young man hastened to her, his eyes flashing fire.
 "Mother, do you think I am a boy again to tease you in this way?"
 Before she could speak her husband threw wide the door and looking into her pallid face surmised the cause and roared:
 "Joe, hand out that money!"
 "Father, I swear before heaven and mother, I have not touched your money—have not seen it—"
 The old man strode forward and grasped his son by the collar.
 "None o' that," he roared, "give up that money, or you leave this house forever, an' that gal for whom you have stolen it will never darken these doors!"
 "Oh, ffather, don't!" shrieked the terrified wife. "Joseph never touched that money—I'll never believe it!"
 "You lie!" cried the father, enraged to the verge of insanity.
 Instantly the strong young man grappled with his aged parent, and clutching him by the throat forced him into the chair upon which he had been sitting, shouting:
 "Take that back, father! Take that back or I'll choke the breath out of your body!"
 Like lightning the mother wrenched his strong hands from her husband's throat, and flinging her arms about his neck, held him as in a vise.
 "Joe—my darling baby, for mother's

I went on my way, but the paths grew obscure
 Where Green streets meets Ill-gotten Gain.
 And, somehow, the lights of the avenue, Gloom,
 Only darkened the alleys of Pain.

I crossed to Misfortune and turned in at Hate,
 Passing on to Deceit and Despair,
 And my heart sank to depths indescribably sad
 When I entered Despondency Square.

I stood as one lost when a child took my hand
 And, in voice that was blessedly sweet,
 Said: "I am Thanksgiving; I'll show you the way
 That leads into Gratitude Street."

And then, as by magic, a curtain was lifted,
 We stood amid scenes entrancingly fair,
 Before us lay avenues gilded with sunbeams,
 Back of us pitiless Woe and Despair.

Gratitude street lay straightway before us,
 Clad in a leafy gown, gorgeously bright,
 There in the center of Plaza Contentment
 Sparkled the fountain of Harvest Delight.

And as we drank of the joys of the picture
 Sunny-faced children thronged Gratitude street,
 Singing the songs of the Feast of the Autumn,
 Blazing a trail thro' the leaves at their feet.

Swiftly the baby procession came
 Thanksgiving shouted a greeting of joy;
 "Blessings upon you, O Children of Autumn!
 Yours is a happiness none can destroy!"

Each little chorister ran up and kissed her,
 Each had some tender heart-tribute to pay;
 Crowned her the Queen of the Grateful and shouted:
 "Long live thy festival, Thanksgiving Day!"
 —Indianapolis News.

sake don't lay your hands on ffather. He's wrong, but remember you are young—and his son, and something is due to old age!"

"For your sake, mother, I will desist, but I leave this house, and never shall see my face again. If I stay it will mean—murder!" And picking up his hat he left the house, striding rapidly down the hill, going in the direction of Eliza's home.

At the click of the garden gate a pretty, demure looking maiden, clad in a pink frock, ran down the walk to greet him, but started in dismay at his flushed face.

Taking her into a small grove adjoining her home, unmindful of wraps, they wandered almost to the roadside, he bitterly describing the scene just enacted at his home, she tearfully listening. When her grief had spent itself she raised her tear-wet face from his shoulder and gazed steadily towards the roadway.

"Look, Joe," she whispered, "see that man!"

By the roadside stood a pony, unhitched, and close beside him, seated upon a fallen tree, was a man with a blue stocking across his knee, intently rifling its contents. Joseph Sloan instantly recognized the homely safe in which his father had kept his money. His breath came hard.

"Ranchman Jack, who supplies the village with cattle from Texas," he breathed. "He has followed father and stolen not only the market money, but all father has—let me go," and he unclasped the young girl's arms fiercely from his neck.

There was a scream of terror. The man looked up, and noting that he had been observed, leaped upon the pony and dashed down the road.
 "Joe, don't follow that desperado—it may mean death if you hunt him!" Again her arms sought his neck.

Pushing her from him he fiercely cried: "Hunt him! I'll hunt him into his grave! Good-by—explain to mother," and he went like the wind in the direction of the village. Two hours later a pony was found upon the green, grazing upon a patch of half-frozen grass, but the ranchman had taken the first train out for Texas.

Two years passed, and far away on the plains of northern Texas, a weary exile is leaning upon a table. He is alone in the wilds, and yet is not unattended. On the table, close at hand, lay a heavy rifle; in his belt glittered an ugly looking dirk, while at his feet crouched a trusty bloodhound. The man's head drooped and he murmured wearily:
 "Two years next month since I started my search, and yet no trace of that man who has wrecked not only my happiness, but that of my mother and Eliza. Strange I can find no trail of him here in his own hold!"
 A fierce blast almost shook the log house, but he felt secure and paid no heed until the dreary, sobbing wail of a hungry wolf fell upon his ears. There was an ominous scratching between the beams, and he knew the pack had reached his dwelling. A low snarl and a cry of a human being in distress smote his ear. Quickly going towards a chink in the beams he saw a sight that almost stilled his heart beats. In front of his hut a human being was lying face down upon the ground. The wolves had tread him, and overcome with fright he had fallen from his stronghold into their midst. The back of his head was gone.

The man in the log house waited to see no more. Forcing the gun between the beams he fired continuously at the beasts of prey, until their leaders lay dead and the others in fright took to the forest.
 Throwing wide the door, he dragged the wounded man to a place of safety within the hut.
 "Ranchman Jack!" he cried, looking contemptuously upon the fellow to whom he was playing the part of "Good Samaritan."
 Ten minutes later his guest regained consciousness, and looking into the face of his rescuer, almost wept:
 "Don't kill me! I'll make good that money, but do not kill me!"
 "All I want is my father's hard-earned money!" thundered the young man.
 "Hand that out and I will nurse you back to life and health. If you refuse, I shall again throw you out to the mercy of the wolves."

"I will, I will," groaned the man, feebly. "It is down under the oak tree by the creek. There is a hollow in the trunk, and there you will find a box containing the money I stole from your home, and many hundreds in gold—all honestly earned in trade—I swear it!"
 Binding up the torn scalp, Joseph called to the dog, and left the hut, rifle in hand. With rapid strides he went towards the creek, never pausing until he stood beneath the bare brown branches of a giant oak. A careful search brought to light the heavy box,

described by the ranchman. Opening it, the first object that met his gaze was the old blue stocking, familiar to him from childhood. It was now completely stuffed with crisp, green bills. Replacing it, he took the box in his arms and returned to the cabin.

Placing the precious burden upon the table, he sat beside the bed, calmly awaiting the time when his patient should awake. An hour thus passed in gloomy meditation. Two years of his life had been blasted by the thieving, helpless wretch now lost in slumber. At last the sleeper awoke. Looking at Joseph, he feebly pointed to the box upon the table. The young man placed it on the bed beside him. Painfully raising himself upon his elbow he opened it and handed him the blue yarn stocking his mother had knitted with one foot on his cradle.

The sick man deliberately counted out two hundred dollars, and restored them to the stocking; then, with nervous haste, added another fifty, feebly murmuring: "The market money," and he again handed the stocking to Joseph, who took it with a gloomy air.
 "Now get well, Jack, for I want to take you back to the old Bay State and make an honest man of you."

A week later Joseph and his strange companion arrived in Boston. That night he telegraphed Eliza:
 "Am on the way home with thief and money. Tell mother."
 This, then, was the secret of that silent preparation which had so mystified Farmer Sloan.

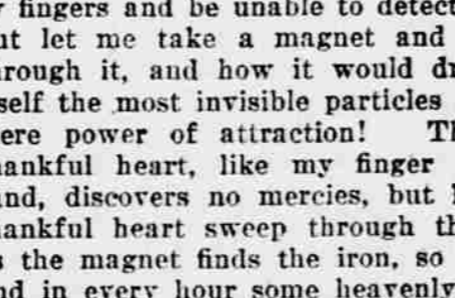
Thanksgiving morning brought Eliza, radiant in new furs and brown stuff dress. Drawing the old man aside, she quietly read to him a letter just received from Joseph.
 "I swan, if I didn't think he was a-comin' in my dream," said the old father, rubbing his hands in glee. "An' to think that he run down that ar thief in Texas. Come to think out, that ar fellow was on the road behind me on market day, but how he got into the house is the mystery." His eyes suddenly fell upon the table which mother was spreading. "Six plates and six chairs mean six persons—who can the other two be? And he looked inquiringly at Eliza, who blushed to the roots of her black hair.

"One is for this latter day Judas, who has caused all the trouble, father, and—the other's for—the minister."
 Before the astonished father could reply, a scream of joy from the mother in the kitchen was heard, and looking out they saw her clasped in the arms of her stalwart son. In his wake was a man, too feeble to make many steps alone. The farmer recognized him as Ranchman Jack. The repentant man reached his hand to the man he had wronged. It was warmly clasped, while the mother, too happy for speech, pushed her son into the little sitting room, where sat Eliza, and quietly shut them in.

That afternoon there was a joyous home wedding on the hill and the minister said it was hard to tell which one of the quartette was the really happy one, but his verdict was in favor of the mother.—Waverley Magazine.

The Thankful Heart.
 If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them, but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies, but let the thankful heart sweep through the day as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Our Turkey Crop.
 The turkey crop of the United States finds its first important market at Thanksgiving when, according to a reliable estimate, about 6,000,000 of the birds are sold. It is raised in small lots all over the country, each farmer contributing a few. This crop of 6,000,000 Thanksgiving turkeys, if all of them were marching in single file, would stretch from Boston to San Francisco and as far as Denver on the return journey.



Anticipating.
 Mr. Jinks (3 a. m.)—What's all this noise?
 Johnnie—Gee! Just had an awful nightmare! Thought it was the morning after Thanksgiving!



One of the most prominent figures in Congress at the approaching session will be Representative Chas. E. Townsend, of Michigan, whose proposed railroad legislation, backed by the President, is again to engage the attention of that body. His seat in Congress was gained largely through the winning an important railroad



State tax suit for the people in the federal court in 1901. President Roosevelt invited him to the White House for a conference on rate legislation. With Representative John J. Esch, of Wisconsin, also a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee, he prepared the Esch-Townsend bill. It gives the Interstate Commerce Commission power to make the rates charged by railroads. The bill passed the House, but failed to pass the Senate. A bill embodying the same features is to be resubmitted to Congress at its coming session. He is married and has a charming family.

Official statements show that the Postoffice Department deficit for the last fiscal year amounts to the large sum of \$15,087,000. This tallies practically with the treasury deficit for the first quarter of the present year, and the sharply suggested deduction is that if the mail service should be placed on a paying basis the government's finances would present a fairer face. The width of the gulf between the receipts and the expenditures of Mr. Cortelyou's department has brought to Washington Representative Jesse Overstreet, chairman of the House Committee on Postoffices and Post Roads, who is in consultation daily with the official in the effort to devise means to cut expenses or increase the income.

The annual distribution of vegetable and flower seeds by the Department of Agriculture will begin soon, and before planting time it is expected the entire amount, aggregating 38,000,000 packages, will be in the hands of the people in all sections of the country. Congress for several years has appropriated \$290,000 for this purpose, but a portion of the amount is used for foreign experiment work. Most of the packages are subject to the order of Senators and Representatives for distribution among their constituents, the Secretary of Agriculture reserving one-fifth of the entire amount to supply the statistical crop correspondents, the weather bureau and for other purposes.

The words of the President, "square deal," are being worked vigorously by many persons who have old claims or requests upon the government. Many of the cases which are known in the department as "old slugs" because of the many times they have been considered and rejected have again been presented with a demand for a "square deal." An officer of the army to whom all such cases in the War Department are referred for report says that all these claims, which have heretofore been passed upon and decided adversely to the claimant, set out that what they ask now is a "square deal," and many of them insist that their requests be presented to the President.

What will be the final number of American States? And will there ever be a completed list? At times it has seemed as if no more States would be possible after the admission of all the existing territories. Just at present the question is, Shall the four territories in the West become two States, three or four? The division of the old States, although of extremely rare occurrence, is always possible. Parts of the American domain outside the Continental Republic may also become States, should a majority in both Houses of Congress so decide. Many stars may yet be added to the flag.

There promises to be the hottest kind of a fight in Congress over the question of the type of canal to be constructed across the isthmus of Panama. Whatever may be the recommendation of the President, based upon views expressed by the board of consulting engineers and the isthmian canal commission, advocates of a sea level type and lock type will engage in a battle royal, which is calculated to please only those interests charged by Secretary Taft and Chairman Shonts with working to prevent the building of the waterway.

A historian has been appointed for the Panama Canal. He will henceforth keep track of every event in connection with that world-famous project. How glad the chroniclers of the past would have been to get on the scenes destined to command the world's attention just before the excitement began. Many photographs have accidentally been taken at critical moments. A care-free tourist had his camera pointed at the Campanile in Venice just as it 'd.

Eminent Doctors Praise His Ingredients.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Ulmoria root (Helonias Dioica) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":
 "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator, and makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Helonias we have a medication which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Ulmoria root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhoea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding) due to a weak condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhoea (suppressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."
 "If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Ulmoria root, or Helonias, and the beneficial properties of which is not faithfully represented."
 "Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of 'Favorite Prescription,' Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:
 "It is an important remedy in disorders of the female. It is particularly adapted to cases of general debility, it is useful."
 Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:
 "In relation to its general effects on the system, there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion. It is universally regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."
 Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:
 "Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhoea (painful menstruation)."
 Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

The Suburbanite.
 "And when you look back," said Blanki's serious uncle, "aren't there times when you feel as if you had missed something in life?"
 Blankie smiled.
 "Of course you mean that confounded 7:28 morning train," he said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CUTICURA, THE SEED, \$1.00.
 Complete Treatment for Every Humor, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age—A Set Often Cures.
 Cuticura Treatment is local and constitutional—complete and perfect, pure, sweet and wholesome. Bathe the affected surfaces with Cuticura Soap and hot water to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, dry without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take Cuticura Resolvent Pills to cool and cleanse the blood, and put every function in a state of healthy activity. More great cures of simple, scrofulous and hereditary humors are daily made by Cuticura remedies than by all other blood and skin remedies.

Locating the Frenzy.
 "What is frenzied finance?"
 "Frenzied finance," replied the Wall street man, "is a condition of affairs in which small investors lose their heads, while we remain perfectly self-possessed and take the money."—Washington Star.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY AGENTS wanted in every Town and City.—Complete outfit furnished free. We guarantee that you can make from \$1.00 to \$4.00 per day. Address P. O. Drawer No. 990, Buffalo, N. Y.

No Room for Doubt.
 Mr. Newwood (sniffing)—These eggs do not seem very fresh.
 Young Wife—Nonsense, my dear. They are just out of the store!

Terrible!
 She—A soldier's life must be full of dangers.
 He—Yes, there are so many girls after us!

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives immediate relief in all throat troubles.—F. E. Bierman, Leipsic, Ohio, Aug. 31, 1901.

The Jaws of the tortoise and turtle are natural scissors.

NOT YOUR HEART
 If you think you have heart disease you are only one of a countless number that are deceived by indigestion into believing the heart is affected.

Lane's Family Medicine
 The tonic-laxative, will get your stomach back into good condition, and then the chances are ten to one that you will have no more symptoms of heart disease.
 Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

SICK HEADACHE
 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.

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