

NO MORE HEADACHE

GENERAL WEAKNESS AND FEVER DISAPPEAR TOO.

How a Woman Was Freed from Troubles That Had Made Life Wretched for Many Years.

The immediate causes of headaches vary, but most of them come from poor or poisoned blood. In anemia the blood is scanty or thin; the nerves are imperfectly nourished and pain is the way in which they express their weakness. In colds the blood absorbs poison from the mucous surfaces, and the poison irritates the nerves and produces pain. In rheumatism, malaria and the grip, the poison in the blood produces like discomfort. In indigestion the gases from the impure matter kept in the system affect the blood in the same way.

The ordinary headache-cures at best give only temporary relief. They deaden the pain but do not drive the poison out of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the contrary thoroughly renew the blood and the pain disappears permanently. Women in particular have found these pills an unerring relief in headaches caused by anemia.

Miss Stella Blocker recently said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a great deal of good. I had headache nearly all the time. After I had taken three boxes of these pills I became entirely well."

"How long had you suffered?" she was asked.

"For several years. I can't tell the exact date when my illness began for it came on by slow degrees. I had been going down hill for many years."

"Did you have any other ailments?"

"I was very weak and sometimes I had fever. My liver and kidneys were affected as well as my head."

"How did you come to take the remedy that cured you?"

"I saw in a southern newspaper a statement of some person who was cured of a like trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My physician hadn't done me any good, so I bought a box of these pills. After I had taken one box I felt so much better that I kept on until I became entirely well."

Miss Blocker's home is at Leander, Louisiana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists. Besides headache they cure neuralgia, sciatica, nervous prostration, partial paralysis and rheumatism.

Mythical Healing Qualities.

Many plants acquired a reputation for healing merely from their shape or from some peculiar mark upon them. Thus the wood sorrel, which has a heart-shaped leaf, was used in a cordial; dragonwort was supposed to counteract snake bite, on account of its speckled appearance. The yellow juice of thecelandine caused it to be recommended for jaundice upon the principle that "like cures like."

Small Boy's Mixed History.

Around the great striking figures of history the small boy weaves curious answers. "Moses's mother pitched his little cradle within and without with pitch and left him there in the pool of Silliam. But when the daughter of Solomon got the green leaf from the dove she hastened and brought food convenient for him, and the babe crouched thrice and grew up in her court.—Century Magazine.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in ½-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

When a man tells his wife he has a surprise in store for her, she hopes it isn't a basement bargain.

FREE—52-page copyright book, "Advice to Victims Great White Plague (Tuberculosis)." Drs. Van Hummel, 614 14th St., Denver, Colo.

Rat in His Strong Box.

M. Aumont, a Belgian farmer, has committed suicide owing to the loss of valuable securities. Rats gnawed their way through a wooden deed box and destroyed the documents.

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

The want of worthy motive has caused many a scolding down in the value of a seeming service.

IMPERIAL HERNIA CURE.

Dr. O. S. Wood cures Rupture by a new process, in a few weeks, without loss of time or inconvenience. Rectal diseases cured without the knife. Send for circular. O. S. Wood, M. D., 521 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha.

Death has evidently traded his pale horse for an automobile.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best or money refunded, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

Blessed is the sorrow that cures of selfishness.

The CONVICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER.
Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Anita," Etc.
Copyright, 1905, by Charles Morris Butler.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Attempt to Assassinate Golden.

When the party camped for the night, Lang separated from Golden and made himself useful helping the women folks prepare supper.

Pondering on the events of the night before, and on the conversation that he had had with Golden, Lang came to the conclusion, which was the just one, that Golden had a reason for quizzing him, beyond the mere fact of desiring to enlighten him about the Convict City.

Golden had been recalled to the city; this might mean much or little. It might mean that the old man's labors had been appreciated and that he was to be finally rewarded; or it might mean that something was transpiring among the people which made his presence necessary; or it might be that he was to be punished for some miscarriage of their plans. The fear of the latter made Golden ill at ease.

The night was slowly drawing to a close. Quiet reigned. The last embers of the camp-fires were dying out. The white tents of the campers, in which the men slept, could be barely discerned in the darkness. Up to a late hour Lang had remained in company with the women folks, furnishing music and singing songs, as was his custom. When he did retire it was to lie and toss in restless slumber for hours. To Lang the fact that he had been assigned different sleeping quarters on this night, away from Golden, and that Golden had been given a tent all alone, in something of an unprotected and deserted part of the vast circle, was more than accident. It only takes a little thing to make a wakeful man suspicious, and Lang was suspicious. Strange fancies took possession of him, and he slept only in short fitful naps. He came to the conclusion that designs were on the

gang. They did not show their hostility openly, however, and finally placed in custody the would-be assassin, meanwhile appearing pleased that Golden was yet alive. Neither Lang nor Golden were deceived, though. Of course there was excitement. All were not aware of the attempt before, and were generally horrified at the cold-bloodedness of the attack, the women folks especially.

Golden clung to Louis like a child to his parent, until the dawn appeared. Then he was himself again. Golden was well aware now of his ultimate doom. He knew that these men must have been put up to it by some one high in authority or they would never have dared to lay their hands on him in the manner they contemplated.

When the train again moved off Golden was given a place to ride in one of the "schooners," and at the request of the wounded man, Lang was placed upon the seat as driver of the wagon. During the progress of the march Lang managed to draw out of line away from the hearing of any other part of the train.

"I told you last evening that I was going to make a confidant of you," said Golden, opening up the conversation. "I am more resolved now than ever, since my life has been attempted. I am positive it was by the order of the present king. What his object is I cannot tell. The king, you should know, is the only personage who has more power than another in the colony. But as I said before, even he has no right to kill without giving a chance for life. This shows me that the people themselves do not wish my death; if they did, the penalty would have been exacted under cover of the law. Though I escaped last night through your watchfulness, there are many ways yet in which it may be taken. You saved my life, but I am afraid that you have incurred the ill will of the people who must be

your comrades and that may place your life in jeopardy."

"Never mind me," was Lang's answer. "I look at this differently than you do. If, as you say, the people do not desire your death—they must desire to again place you in power. If such is the case I have gained rather than lost by the transaction! See?"

"You are a riddle," replied Golden, "but whether honest or otherwise, I mean to do you a favor. Sometime you may tire of Paradise—that is the name of our city. I mean to tell you how and where to leave it when you are ready to do so! I helped build the town. It is a poor builder who does not know where to find the weakest spot! I had an idea when I built, that some time I should like to leave the place and built accordingly, leaving an opening known only to myself. This entrance is through the cellar of a little cottage which is built upon the side of one of the three large hills that surround the town. It is in the shape of a tunnel, which was once the fountain head of the river which flows through the town. Entering the cellar and uncovering the mouth of the tunnel, one could travel to the very heart of the mountain and find an exit through what seems to be a bear's cave. The door here is protected by an artificial barrier of rocks which could be easily removed. I do not think that this secret has ever been discovered, because over and around the cave I have planted young trees, which undoubtedly hide the entrance. The cottage is supposed to be haunted. When the winds blow, sighs, moans and unearthly noises are heard. You can readily understand that I am the one who haunts that ranch! I put so much confidence in you that I tell you the secret, that you may profit by my experience. It is a terrible thought to me that I am being brought to this terrible end of the way place to be killed—or held in bondage! I am not afraid to die, but I do not wish to die and leave my wife and boy at the mercy of a cruel and unjust world! Yes, I am married—I have a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked boy and a lovely little wife. They are my joy and my pride, and so far above me that I fairly worship them. I have tried to live



Bounded across the open space.

life of Golden. Louis had waited in expectancy of hearing some unusual sound, some note of warning given. At last, unable to endure the suspense any longer, our hero got up.

All was darkness and quiet. Leaving his sleeping partners, Limpy Jim and Pete, soundly sleeping, for a moment Louis stood in the doorway of his tent enveloped in its folds. Through the darkness Lang thought he discovered a moving form between him and Golden's tent. Without a sound, without a moment's warning, Louis bounded across the open space. As he turned to leave his tent he imagined that there was some one prowling around his own tent, but with the thought uppermost in his own mind, to prevent an attack on Golden, he wasted no time in attempting to learn who the prowler was, or what the purpose might be in prowling around his own tent at this unseasonable hour.

As Lang hurried across the open he drew his billy and held it ready for use. Hearing a noise as if of a struggle, Louis with a yell of warning boldly entered Golden's tent, and as a form bounded up from the earth, grappled with it. Our hero was placed at rather a disadvantage, not knowing with whom he was tussling—whether an assassin or Golden himself. The yell uttered by Louis awoke several of the emigrants, some one lit a torch and lit up the scene. Before he arrived Louis had succeeded in disarming and throwing his antagonist upon the ground.

The arrival of light made explanations easy. Golden's life had been attempted. A light sleeper, the old man had been aroused by hearing somebody feeling around his person, and attempted to grapple with his assassin. Louis' timely arrival and shout had perhaps saved the life of Golden, for the would-be murderer, stung for a moment at the thought of the unexpected arrival of aid for Golden, did not strike the fatal blow; but in the melee which ensued simply blindly struck at his victim, cutting a deep gash in Golden's leg.

"You have saved my life!" said Golden, coming to the side of Louis. Lang could see the evil scowls on the faces of several of the teamsters and knew that he had no friend in the

an upright life with them. When I found that my past might rise up and haunt them and make them blush for my sins, I left them in ignorance of my true character. I know that they do not want for temporal things, because I keep them supplied with money. I have been a millstone around my loved one's neck, but I have tried to do well by them. I am fearful now that I will be taken away from them and that they will be left without a protector!"

"I, too, am a father!" said Louis Lang. "And I can sympathize with you." There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. He longed to tell his friend, for such he considered Golden, that he had hopes of returning to civilization with money and fame; that he was here to attempt the breaking up of the vipers' nest—but he refrained.

"You have awakened in me holy thoughts," continued Louis. "I once was happy in married life; but death, that cruel reaper, took away my loved one from me. She was the only one who believed that I was not wholly bad. Her loss drove me mad! The demon drink caught me in his iron clutch and I sank from a true position to the dregs! I may return; I may reform; I may yet live in peace with my child, who as yet, is unconscious of guilt or of his father's crime!"

"Yes! You may return! You may return now, if you say the word!" Louis stopped him with an impatient gesture. "Tempt me not," he said. "I would not feel satisfied with myself if I turned back. I will on and see this adventure to its end—though it end in death and ignominy!"

"But I do not wish death to end you!" cried the old man in spirit. "Death may claim me; but I want you to live to tell my wife I died—died a repentant man; died with her pure name on my lips! I want you to live to see that she needs for nothing. I have placed in a Chicago bank sufficient funds to keep them in comfort a lifetime! They need never know how I came by it; I wish you to see that they get it! Will you promise me?"

"If I live to return to Chicago, I will see that your family want for nothing, but if I were you I would never say die! There are many slips 'twixt cup and lip! The battle is not always to the strong! If, as you say, the people do not desire your death, rise up, you were king once, why not become one again?"

"It is not possible. I am meeting my just reward for a life of crime! But you need not think of my dying. For the love I bear my wife I will make your escape easy!"

"Golden, set your mind at rest! If I live neither you nor your family will suffer while I can help them. I'll tell you the truth and brave the consequences! I mean to go back, and when I do it will not be in fear of the assassin's knife! I am young—like better men before me I am ambitious! I mean to be king of Paradise before I leave, or there will be no king!" cried Lang.

"At last I understand you!" was the triumphant reply of Golden. "Or there will be no Paradise! That's what you mean to say?"

"Or there will be no Lang!" assented Lang.

"So be it!" said Golden, who seemed to fall in with the spirit of Lang. "I saw it rise—would that I could see it fall!"

"Give me your aid," said Lang. "Revenge yourself of these people who have attempted your life. Between the two of us we can overthrow the octopus. What do you say?"

"I am with you body and soul!"

Did Golden mean what he said? Would the faithful servant of an unholty cause turn upon his treacherous friends and deliver them to the hangman? Was Louis Lang true to himself and Denver in thus giving away his mission. The tide of battle oftentimes hangs upon a slender thread!

Would Golden prove true? (To be continued.)

MULE RACES WITH A TRAIN.

Takes a Daily "Workout" of Half a Mile Alongside the Track.

"I'd like to know who owns that mule just east of Bates City," said George Jacques yesterday, the engineer who pulls the Alton's "hummer," the Chicago limited train, into Kansas City. "Talk about running—why, he'd make the Picket or McChesney want to hide. I'll bet he can do a mile in 1:37."

The limited train does not stop at Bates City, and before it passes into the city limits it is doing easily fifty miles an hour. Passing a pasture by the side of the track Jacques has a race with the mule every trip.

"I can see him watching for me," the engineer said, "and the minute I blow the whistle he's off. He fudges a little—we don't get away well, and by the time I get to the post the mule is several hundred yards away, his head and tail both extended, and running like a racer. He has a half mile to make his dash. Of course the big engine simply runs away from him, but I'll tell you that mule is determined to win a race yet. He looks for it every morning. When the train has passed him he stops and watches until we are out of sight. He takes his run nearly every morning. I'd miss that mule if he was taken away."

Not Personal.

"I hope you are not leaving me for any personal reasons, Norah?" "Personal, ma'am? Oh, no, ma'am. I'm only leavin' you because me steady young man—he's a policeman, ma'am—has been transformed from this district to the twenty-first, an' it's too far to go courtin'. Oh, it ain't personal, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PALACES OF THE SULTAN.

They Bring to Stranger's Mind a Vision of Arabian Nights.

In spite of the extreme lack of architectural beauty, there is a certain picturesqueness and softness in the Constantinople street scene which forms a pleasing background to the stately palaces of the sultan, says A. Maundeville in the Era Magazine. Perhaps it is merely the contrast between the dingy wood-colored houses of the people and the pure white marble or gilded stucco of the royal buildings which bring to the stranger's mind a vision of enchanted palaces of the "Arabian Nights." The soft tints of shade, the wavering reflections in the Bosphorus, the fancy that a pair of black, dreamy eyes may be looking out through the lattice windows, the charm of the mysterious, the horror of the tragedies which rumor says have been enacted within the palace walls, the curiosity to know if there is really a trap-door and just how beautiful was the Circassian slave girl who lost the favor of her imperial master and suddenly disappeared in the dark subterranean stream connecting with the Bosphorus, and a thousand other fancies tend to enhance the vision. And the architect may tell you that the palaces have not the proper proportions, that the details do not harmonize with the size or form, that there are hundreds of private houses in America more magnificent, more durable, of better architectural design and with finer surroundings; but in spite of it all the palaces of the sultan have an irresistible charm which wraps the stranger in intense admiration and always remains with the old resident at the Turkish capital.

FIRES THAT NEVER GO OUT.

Hearths in England Have Been Kept Glowing for Centuries.

There are domestic fires burning in Yorkshire, England, to-day which have never been out for hundreds of years. At the old-fashioned farm-houses in the dales of Yorkshire peat is still burned. The fuel is obtained from the moors and stacks of it are kept by the farmers in their stack garths.

The country round is noted for its "griddle cakes," which are made from dough baked in quaint pans suspended over the peat fires. These fires are kept glowing from generation to generation and the son warms himself at the fire which warmed his sire and his grandsire and his grandsire's sires and which will warm his son and his son's son.

There is a fire at Castleton in the Whithy district which has been burning for over 200 years. The record probably is held by a farmhouse at Osmotherly, in the same district. This fire has been burning for 500 years, and there are records to show that it has not been out during the last three centuries.

Definite Directions.

Where time is not money, ideas of distance are always uncertain and frequently confusing.

"About how far is it to Gourdville?" asked a stranger of a North Carolinian, who sat on the veranda, holding up the front side of the house.

"Two hoots and a look, reck'n," was the laconic reply.

"Well, how far is that?" queried the stranger, impatiently.

"Twicet as fur as yo' kin holler an' as fur as yu' kin see beyond that."

"But I'm consumptive, and can't 'holler' at all," urged the traveler.

"How am I to tell anything from such a direction as that?"

"Better look twicet an' not holler at all," was the answer. "Gourdville ain't wuth hollerin' about nohow."—Golden Days.

Jes' Lookin' On.

Seems to me, jes' lookin' on, that things is travelin' fast. 'Tain't half so easy livin' as in the good old days that's past. We used to slow up then a while, an' take a little rest. An' git a taste of things we folks accounted best. Mebbe I'm a bit too slow for this new century rush. But I long for flowery meadows and the woodland's gentle hush. Away off in the valleys where the flowers softly bloom, Where there ain't no rush an' hustle an' there's always plenty room.

Seems to me, jes' lookin' on, we are carryin' 'em too much steam.

Better hug the shores a while, than get out in the stream;

It's safer in the by-ways than along the crowded street.

Where you're jostled an' you're hustled by ever one you meet.

Mebbe life's too hustle, jes' to always race for gold.

But there's better things for nothin' than can't be bought or sold;

Ain't so long to be here, if you goin' to take you better give.

An' seems to me, jes' lookin' on, that's the better way to live.

—Tommy Hawk, in New York Press.

Realist and Romanticist.

A recent interviewer of Dr. Henry Van Dyke discovered among his treasures a photograph of Rudyard Kipling upon which Kipling had written this odd aphorism: "As a matter of cold fact, the man who calls himself a realist is in the nature of things a libelous and unconvincing romanticist; whereas the man who, admitting all men are liars, joyously sets out to write accordingly is the only real realist— is so because human nature is contrarious."

Her Come-Back.

"Well, madame," shouted Mr. Jawback, triumphantly, as he entered the house with an idea of vengeance in his brain, "your goose is cooked."

"Good gracious, my dear," cried Mrs. Jawback, anxiously. "I know this weather is frightfully warm, but do you feel so bad as that? Cooked is a strong expression. Shall I get you a drink of lemonade, or put some cracked ice on your head?"—Cleveland Leader.

A portion of Mont Blanc has been sold for \$30,000, and is to be broken into large squares of granite for building purposes. The rock in question is a world-famous stone which, broken off from Mont Blanc in the glacial period, was deposited in the Rhone valley at Monthey.

A man's wife may not object if he becomes economical with his kisses six months after marriage, but she's sure to kick if he acts the same way with his money.—Chicago News.

Thousands of Women ARE MADE WELL AND STRONG

Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Rests Upon the Fact that It Really Does Make Sick Women Well

Thousands upon thousands of American women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file in Mrs. Pinkham's office, and prove this statement to be a fact and not a mere boast.

Overshadowing indeed is the success of this great medicine, and compared with it all other medicines and treatment for women are experiments.

Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished its widespread results for good?

Why has it lived and thrived and done its glorious work for a quarter of a century?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has even approached its success is plainly and positively because there is no other medicine in the world so good for women's ills.

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womankind is not because it is a stimulant—not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructer ever discovered to act directly upon the uterine system, positively curing disease and displacements and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures, and physicians who have recognized the virtue in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are glad enough to give credit where it is due. If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience that it will effect a cure.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration, or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Anyway, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. It's free and always helpful.

EXACT SIZE

SPECIAL OFFER

The name and address of your shoe dealer and 15c to cover cost of mailing, etc., will secure one of the handsome rolled gold pins illustrated above. Enameled in colors and will wear for years. These pins were secured by thousands of World's Fair visitors. Only a few hundred left. Write Quick.

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND SHOE CO. ST. LOUIS MANUFACTURERS OF "STAR BRAND SHOES"

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and horn-flies in dining-room, sleeping-room and places where flies are troublesome. It is a powerful fly-killer, will not hurt or irritate the skin, and is perfectly safe. Try it once, you will never be without it. If not kept by dealer, write to:—Sears, Roebuck & Co., Dept. 279, Herald Square, 149-N. W. Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many who formerly smoked 10 Cigars now smoke LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR Your Jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

MOLES and WARTS REMOVED With ANTI-MOLE. No pain, soreness or scars. GUARANTEED PERMANENT. \$1.00 per bottle by mail.—Miller Manufacturing Co., Lincoln, Neb.

W. N. U. Omaha. No. 31—1905.

\$25.00 Cream Separator

FOR \$25.00 we sell the SEPARATOR, capacity, 200 pounds per hour, 200 pounds capacity per hour for \$25.00. The price of Separators that retail at \$75.00 to \$125.00. OUR OFFER. We will ship our 30 days' free trial plan, with the kindling advertisement if you do not find, by comparison, cream separator, milk, cream, skin cooler, milk, skin separator, and other milk-making appliances, more valuable than any other Cream Separator made. You can return the Separator to us at our expense and we will immediately return any money you may have paid for freight. This offer is good until this ad. is out of date and mail to us, and you will receive by return mail, free, postpaid, our LATEST SPECIAL CREAM SEPARATOR CATALOGUE. We will get you the best and our free trial proposition and you will receive the MOST ASTONISHINGLY LIBERAL CREAM SEPARATOR OFFER. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.