



MRS. ESTHER M. MILNER.

Box 821, DeGraff, Ohio.

Dear Sir:

I was a terrible sufferer from pelvic weakness and had headache continuously. I was not able to do my housework for myself and husband.

I wrote you and described my condition as nearly as possible. You recommended Peruna. I took four bottles of it and was completely cured.

Peruna is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to my friends with the very best of results.

Very few of the great multitude of women who have been relieved of some pelvic disease or weakness by Peruna ever consent to give a testimonial to be read by the public.

There are, however, a few courageous, self-sacrificing women who will for the sake of their suffering sisters allow their cures to be published.

Mrs. Milner is one of these. In her gratefulness for her restoration to health she is willing that the women of the whole world should know it.

A GRAATEFUL LETTER TO DR. HARTMAN

Chronic inflammation in a valid brought back to health is no small matter. Words are inadequate to express complete gratitude.

Benjamin Hobbs of Springfield, Mass., is the oldest active armorer in America. He has been in government employ for over fifty years.

Wanted—Women in each town to sell extracts, toilet articles, massage cream, etc. Waterloo Chemical Works, Waterloo, Iowa.

A Wise Cat. A true cat story is told by a correspondent of the Hartford Courant. A family moved to a new home twelve miles from the old one.

They gave their cats to a friend about six miles from the new home. One of them, the mother cat, remained at her new quarters only a short time, and nothing was heard from her until this summer.

One morning she was discovered in the yard of her old mistress' home in the city which she had never seen, being born and raised at the old home in the country.

To the greeting of her mistress she responded with every show of affection and delight. Of course, the wanderer was made welcome. She shows a decided aversion to being put out of doors at all, and clings with a devotedness which is really touching to her old friends.

"Now," asks the writer, "could this be merely chance that pussy, in her tramp life, should find her way to that particular place, or do these dumb creatures know more than we give them credit for?"

Limits. The train was called the limited, but what was limited about it? It ran at an unlimited speed, the incivility of the conductor and the brakeman was unlimited, as was the rapacity of the porter.

"It's a mystery!" exclaimed the little party of foreigners. But in a moment they entered the drawing room car, and their wonder vanished.

"Of course, it's the good taste of the decorations!" they whispered, and, remembering their manners, pretended not to notice—Puck.

There Are Others. "Say, Harker, I heard you telling your wife the other morning that you were going fishing."

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"My dear Oswin—if you want to carry out this theater party come and see me about it. I shall be at home all the morning. Yours very truly, AGNES WINTER."

The young sailor read this letter among others at the breakfast table. His father and sister were engaged on their own affairs—Helen with her letters, the admiral among his newspapers.

Oswin Grace read the letter twice, and then slipped it into his pocket together with the envelope that contained it.

Miss Winter's elderly maid servant expected Miss Grace, for she opened the door and stood back invitingly. He was ushered up into the warm, luxurious drawing room, and after the door had been closed, stood for a few moments in the middle of the deep carpet.

Presently he began to wander about the room, taking things up and setting them down again. He inhaled the subtle atmosphere of feminine home refinement and looked curiously around him.

There were a hundred little personalities, little inconsiderable feminine trifles that are only found where a woman is quite at home. There was a little lace handkerchief utterly useless and vain, lying upon a table beside a work basket.

He took it up, examined its texture critically, and then instinctively raised it to his face. He threw it down again with a peculiar twisted smile.

"What has never seen it is," he muttered, "I have never come across it—anywhere else."

He went toward the mantelpiece; upon it were two portraits—old photographs, somewhat faded. One of Helen, the other of himself. He examined his own likeness for some moments.

"Solomon little began," he said, for the photograph was of a little square-built middleman with a long, oval face. "Solomon little began; wonder what the end will be? Wonder why he is on this mantelpiece? I think that he is rather a fool to come here. Tyars would not like it."

While he was still following out the train of thought suggested by this reflection the door opened and Miss Winter entered. She had evidently just come in, for she was still gloved and furred.

"Ah!" she said, gayly, "you have come. I was afraid that your exacting commander would require your services all the morning."

"My exacting commander," he answered, "as he took her gloved hand in his, 'has a peculiar way of doing everything himself and leaving his subordinates idle.' She was standing before him, slowly unbuttoning her trim little sealskin jacket."

"What," she said, suddenly, "about the expedition?" He looked back at her over his shoulder, for he had gone toward the window, and there was a sudden gleam of determination in his eyes.

"What expedition?" he asked curiously, on his guard. "This theater expedition," she replied sweetly.

"Oh, well, I suppose it will be carried through. We all want to go. I suppose you are not strongly opposed to it?"

"I?" she laughed lightly; "of course I want to go. You know that I am always ready for amusement, profitless or otherwise—profitless preferred. Why do you look so grave, Oswin? Please don't look so solemnly. Do you know you have got terribly grave lately? It is—"

"It is what, Agnes?" He was looking down at her with his keen, close-set gray eyes, and she met his glance for a moment only.

"Mr. Tyars," she answered, clasping her fingers together and bending them backward as if to restore the circulation after her cold walk.

"There is something," said Grace, after a little pause, during which Miss Winter had continued to rub a remarkably rosy little pair of hands together, "that jars. Tyars annoys you in some way. Why?"

Miss Winter changed color. She looked very girlish with the hot blush fading slowly from her cheeks. She did not, however, make any answer.

"Won't you tell me, Agnes?" he urged; and as she spoke he walked away from her and looked out of the window. They were thus at opposite sides of the room, back to back. She glanced over her shoulder, drew a deep breath, and then spoke with an odd little smile which was almost painful.

BEAN HARVESTING.

Cutting by Machinery—Storing in Barns and Thrashing. Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts.

The bean harvester or cutter shown here is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up.

The blades are pulled men pass along with forks, throwing them into small bunches.

After drying perhaps for one day the bunches are turned and so moved that three rows, as left by the puller, are made into one, leaving space between the rows to drive through with a wagon.

If drying weather prevails they will become fit for drawing and storing in the barns without further turning, but if the weather is unfavorable the bunches must be frequently turned to prevent the beans in those pods resting on the ground from becoming damaged.

To the foregoing in American Agriculturist Professor J. L. Stone adds that we weather does not injure the crop seriously provided the beans are not allowed to rest on the wet ground long at a time, but the frequent turning necessary to prevent them from injury involves considerable labor.

When dried they are stored in barns like hay and may be thrashed at convenience. The thrashing is done by specially constructed machines much like the ordinary grain thrasher. Some growers prefer to thrash with the old-fashioned flail, claiming that the saving in beans that otherwise would be split compensates for the slower work.

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Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you. Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they eat, whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle of his medicine, a list of the ingredients of which his medicines are made and underlines the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, nervousness, headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most potent, strengthening, and efficient remedy.

It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system for the safe and comfortable delivery of the child. It is a most potent, strengthening, and efficient remedy.

It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and brain tonic, curing nervous exhaustion, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs.

A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recognize each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may rest assured that the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

With Carter, the National Y. M. C. A. secretary for India, who was sent out from Harvard, he called representatives from each province of India, Burma and Ceylon, to meet in Carey's historical library in Serampore, to set up a scheme to do for over 100,000,000 people who as yet are not reached by the gospel what this native band of theologians had done for a few. It is a stupendous enterprise. It will unite the Christians and churches of the provinces and the leading missionaries are backing it, the veteran mission leader, Dr. Chamberlain, being one of its strongest advocates.

They Draw Customers to the Drug Store in Every Town. It would be hard to imagine a live up-to-date American drug store these days without a good soda fountain, but probably there are many cities in the world where this luxury is not found.

Retail druggists who have never installed soda fountains would do well to consider their money-making possibilities, however, and it would be strange if any good druggist in a town of any size, whether north or south of the equator or in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, could not make a good soda fountain a profitable enterprise.

The soda fountain itself need not be an expensive affair, but on the other hand fountains can be obtained which cost many hundreds of dollars and which it would take many months of business to pay for.

The old idea that soda fountains were profitable only during a few months of the year no longer prevails in this country. This is proved by the experience of a New York drug store which in one evening early in the spring accommodated 800 customers within four hours.

There are few American drug stores or confectionery shops which do not operate their fountains through the entire twelve months. It is not necessarily true, moreover, that people patronize soda fountains simply for the purpose of quenching their thirst.

The large variety of "liquid foods," such as egg drinks, malted milk, fermented milk, etc., provide the busy man with the opportunity to "steal a bite" hurriedly at any time of the day, speaking figuratively at least, if not literally.

Another variety of soda drinker is the business woman who prefers a luncheon in the form of a cool-liquid drink rather than the stereotyped styles of pastry usually found in the restaurant. In the winter time the demand is for hot drinks, such as chocolate, coffee, tea, or whatever may please the taste of the customer.

The soda fountain is a great drawing card always for other departments of the drug store. It brings in scores of customers whose attention may be often directed to other goods in the shop, and in this respect it is a great advertisement for the regular lines of the drug store, aside from its own money-making possibilities.

The percentage of profits which druggists make on their soda fountains is a subject that they naturally prefer to keep to themselves, but it is easy enough for a novice to calculate that there is very little danger of loss in the sale of soda fountain products, whereas it would perhaps surprise people to be told that the druggist or confectioner is more likely to double his money than not on every glass of refreshment which he serves. In fact, it is asserted that a soda fountain is rarely known to fail as a money-making enterprise. It is bound to be a great success if it is properly conducted and if only a little regard is had for the comfort and tastes of customers.

Not Well Edited. A local celebrity had made the "hit" of the evening by a speech full of humor and eloquence at a business man's banquet. When the city editor of the Morning Journal read the manuscript brought in by the reporter who had attended the banquet, he gave orders that the portrait of the speaker be printed along with the story in the next morning's paper.

There was no cut of the man in the office, and the hour was late, but one of the messengers who were sent out in search of the desired portrait succeeded in procuring an indifferent photograph of him, and a half-toile reproduction of it was duly printed in the next morning's paper.

Full of wrath and mortification, the man called at the office of the paper. "This is a miserable showing you have given me!" he said.

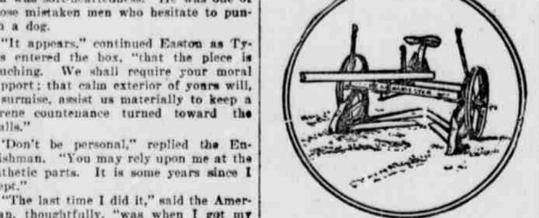
"Why, Mr. Simmons," said the city editor, "we gave you the star part. I edited the report of your speech myself."

"The speech?" exclaimed the caller. "The speech is all right. But why didn't you edit that picture, too?"

The Usual Way. "Did you ever get something for nothing?"

"Yes, but I've found afterward that I've usually paid a pretty high price for it."

While loading, a man usually thinks about a big scheme that won't work.



BEAN HARVESTER.

QUEER STORIES

In the Indian Ocean only 370 out of 16,300 islands are inhabited.

Probably the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is a Russian cattle king, who has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

King John of Abyssinia has decreed that the nose of any one of his subjects found taking snuff shall be cut off, while smoking and chewing tobacco feels life. In Morocco, persons disobeying the Sultan's decree of prohibition smoking are imprisoned and flogged through the streets.

Probably the lowest type of man is found among the bushmen of Australia. They are so primitive that they have no idea of building even the most rudimentary form of hut or shelter.

Travelers from this part of the world tell wonderful stories of the nest-building people who inhabit the wilds. They find whole families of them nesting in the thickets like our ground birds, though their nests are not constructed so carefully and artistically as those of our feathered friends.

A record time for converting grain into bread has been established by a Canadian farmer. Wheat which was in the sheaf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was made into scones before 6. When operations began a wagon stood in the barn with about half a load of grain in the sheaf. Beside it was a threshing machine. The engine was started, the sheaves were fed into the threshing machine, and the grain was deposited in a bin. The power was then transferred to the cleaner, and the work of changing the newly-threshed wheat into flour was quickly carried through. The rest of the task was easy.

The value of light as an agent in curing diseases is becoming increasingly recognized. The latest development of the idea is the assertion of a medical man that the clothes worn by convalescents should be of a color which will allow the light to penetrate the body. White materials, it is found, are the best for the purpose, and convalescents are consequently advised to clothe themselves in snowy raiment, either of linen, velvet, cotton or cloth. Silk, however, is barred. Next in curative value comes blue, but it is far inferior to white. Materials of black, red, yellow or green are said to be useless, as they prevent the passage of the germicidal rays.

A RICH YOUNG MAN IN INDIA. Yale Man Is Crowding Christianity Into on College Team Work. One of the three Yale students who went out from "Old Eld" ten years ago to make an appeal to the students of the colleges and universities of North America to go as missionaries to foreign countries, was a young "Shed" student by the name of Eddy. He paid his own way. He liked to play the game for the sake of playing it as much as any man who ever went on the gridiron or the track. His colleagues were Pitkin and Luce. Pitkin was butchered by the Boxers in China. He was a square-jawed fellow who "did things," says Harper's. Robert Spear says that Pitkin fairly won his place among heroes. Luce is now a missionary in China. Eddy, after finishing his work at Yale, went to India as Y. M. C. A. college secretary, and worked "for the fun of working," without salary. He made other men work with his own enthusiasm at the work of Christianizing their fellows. The Y. M. C. A. method of catching the best man in the crowd who can do things, getting him converted, showing him how to do it himself and making a missionary of

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Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

INDIAN TREASURE TROVE. Ancient Silver Coins Found by Chittrani.

The small village of Jogaltembi, in the Bombay district, is likely to earn transient fame among numismatists and archaeologists by reason of the accidental discovery within its limits of a great hoard of very ancient coins.

The piece of concealment of the coins was found by children while at play. Excavation disclosed an earthen pot firmly imbedded in the hillside and filled to overflowing with silver coin, much of which the villagers proceeded in the true commercial spirit to melt down.

But the story of the find spread further than the limits of Jogaltembi; and within a short time the balance of the treasure, about 10,000 coins, had rightfully found a resting place in the local treasury under the treasure trove act.

The coins are all silver, of approximately the same size and type. On the obverse appears the head of the King who struck them—a face, despite the defects of the die, marked by a broad eye, a splendid aquiline nose, and a firm chin, with just a suspicion of thickness about the lips. Around the head runs a legend in debased Greek characters, which Prof. Rapson, but lately appointed to the vacant chair of Sanskrit at Cambridge, and the late Pundit Bhagwanlal Indrajit declare to be a transliteration of a bi-lingual legend on the reverse of the coin. The coins are those of Nahapana, the founder of the dynasty of the Western Kshatrapas, which ruled over a considerable portion of western India from A. D. 119 to A. D. 288.

Although several specimens of the coins struck by Nahapana's successors (e. g., Chasthana and Rudradama) have been found, only a few of Nahapana have hitherto come to light at Nasik, Junagadh and Mahunbad; and those were by no means such good specimens as these of Jogaltembi, which, safely preserved within their earthen basket, have defied the adverse influence of high eighteen centuries.—Times of India.

DOCTOR DESPAIRED

Anemic Woman Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Recommends the Pills to All Others Who Suffer. Anemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anemia as food cures hunger.

They cured Mrs. Thomas J. McGann, of 17 Lincoln Place, Plainfield, N. J., who says: "In the spring of 1908 I did my usual house cleaning and soon afterward I began to have the most terrible headaches. My heart would beat so irregularly that it was painful and there came a morning when I could not get up. My doctor said I had anemia and he was surprised that I had continued to live in the condition I was in. I was confined to my bed for nearly two months, the doctor coming every day for the first few weeks, but I did not improve to amount to anything. Altogether I was sick for nearly two years. I was as weak as a rag, had headaches, irregular heart beats, loss of appetite, cramps in the limbs and was unable to get a good night's sleep. My legs and feet were so swollen that I feared they would burst."

"Before very long after I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt a change for the better. I have taken about twelve boxes and although I was as near the grave as could be, I now feel as if I had a new lease of life. I have no more headaches, the heart beats regularly, my cheeks are pink and I feel ten years younger. I feel that I have been cured very cheaply and I have recommended the pills to lots of my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.