

GRIP IS PREVALENT AGAIN. A prompt remedy is what every one is looking for. The efficiency of Peruna is so well known that its value as a grip remedy need not be questioned. The grip yields more quickly if taken in hand promptly. If you feel grippy get a bottle of Peruna at once. Delay is almost certain to aggravate your case.

For a free illustrated booklet entitled "The Truth About Peruna," address The Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed postpaid.

As Revised.

Tarpels, covetous of the gold bracelets worn by the Sabine soldiers, had told them she would open the gates of the citadel to them if they would give her what they wore upon their left arms. "Sure!" joyously answered the soldiers. "All rights reserved!"

It was not until he had rewarded her treachery by overwhelming her with their shields, which she also wore upon their left arms, that she tumbled.—Chicago Tribune.

Whiskey for Lame Back.

To one-half pint of whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce of Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This recipe is said to be the best known to medical science.

The average rent paid for New York City tenements and apartment houses built within five years amounts to \$14 annually for each person living in them.

To restore a normal action to liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, take Garfield Tea, the mild herb laxative.

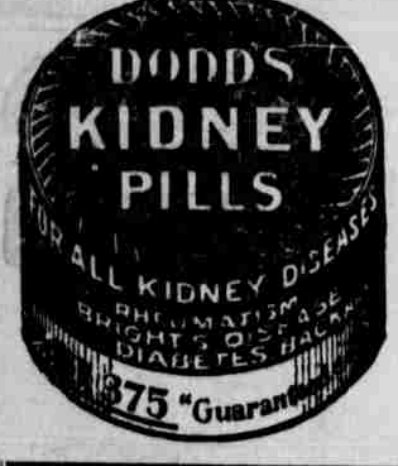
The postmen of Spain are unable to read and write as a rule, and it is a common saying that who treats the postmen best gets the most letters.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

In Extremis.

Late one night a clergyman was called out to minister to an old man—a worker upon the adjacent railway—who was supposed to be dying. The summons was brought by another old man, the elder brother of the stricken one. While he was bustling about, making preparations for departure, the clergyman forgot momentarily the social status of his visitor and asked, "Is he in extremis?"

The old man was not going to be henten. "Aye, he's right in your reverence." After a pause, he added, as a clincher: "Clean in, poor chap. Right up to the neck, sir."—Cornhill Magazine.



Men are unappreciative of efforts of their wives to look beautiful. During the recent absence of an Atchison man his wife put up her hair in curl papers every night, and washed her gray hairs in a new kind of tea women have discovered. She supposed that when her husband returned home he would remark her improved appearance. But he didn't! And his wife is still pointing.—Atchison Globe.

If You Want the BEST COUGH CURE you will ask for Kemp's Balsam

and if you get it you will have a remedy for coughs that will be satisfactory in every respect. If you accept something else we do not know what you will get, but it will not be the Best Cough Cure.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c., and \$1.
Don't accept anything else.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect Remedy for Biliousness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costed Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Aunt Diana
The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Oh, Mabel, my poor dear!" And Allison knelt down by her. She had not noticed how miserably the left arm hung down, and how Missie would not let her touch it.

"It is all bruised and cut," she said, her forehead contracting heavily with pain. "The doctor must see it presently, when he has finished in the other room; not now. Oh, Allison, where are you going? You shall not disturb them. What does it matter? If only—But here her fast whitening lips refused to utter her fear.

"Let me go, darling," returned Allison, anxiously; "I will not disturb them, you may quite trust me." And without waiting for Mabel's answer she slipped away.

As she entered the dressing room, the stranger, a dark, grave-looking young man, came out of her father's room. He listened to Allison's account, and promised to attend to her sister as soon as possible.

"We must finish the examination," he said, dismissing her, "but I will come as soon as I can. I thought there was something wrong, but she deceived us by hiding her arm under her mantle. She was bruised, that was all, she said. Keep her quiet, and I will be with you directly."

Missie was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed, but as Allison entered she opened them full on her sister, and the blank miserable look in them convinced Allison that she was dreading the worst.

"Do not look so, Mabel darling; she said, kissing her softly. "Indeed we do not know; they have told me nothing. Dear papa is in God's hands; we must leave him there, and hope for the best."

A low groan broke from Mabel's lips. "Oh, it is easy for you; even if you have nothing with which to reproach yourself. If he dies, I shall have killed him. How can I go on living, and know that?"

And here she burst into hoarse sobs. "Mabel, my poor dear, oh! how am I to comfort you?" exclaimed Allison, unable to restrain her own tears at the sight of her sister's anguish.

"You can not comfort me," returned the unhappy girl. "What is the pain of my broken arm and my bruises compared to what I shall feel if he dies, and I am not able even to tell him that I am sorry for my deceit and disobedience? I would not say so, because he was angry. Oh, papa, papa, and I loved you so!"

And the poor child hid her face on Allison's shoulder. It seemed a relief for her to pour out her feelings. He had been so angry, and she would not own herself in the wrong, and then the horrible accident had happened, and she thought at first her father was killed. "When they said he was alive, and they must bring him home, and see what could be done, I thought I would not add to the trouble, and so I managed to hide my broken arm." But here she broke off, as Mr. Cameron entered the room.

"Papa?" she said, faintly, as he came up.

"His consciousness is returning; we shall know more to-morrow. It is not the head, as we feared," he said, evasively; "but now I must look at your arm, please. Your friend Dr. Greenwood will be here directly, and we will soon put it right." But, in spite of his cheerful words, "Poor child!" came pityingly from his lips as he blackened shoulder was revealed to his view. Missie must have suffered exquisite pain during the drive home, and the shoulder dislocated, and the bruised condition of the flesh filled Allison with horror.

It was a painful ordeal for Allison, but she bore it as bravely as she could. Roger had remained with his father; Miss Leigh was not in a condition to render any assistance; the sudden confusion had brought on accession of pain, and she could only lay her throbbing head on the pillow, and lie there in utter helplessness. There was no one but herself to wait upon the doctors and receive their directions, the very exigency of the case made her helpful. Her one thought was that she must not hinder her work; there was little for her to do. At the first touch of her wounded arm Mabel had fainted again. Allison could not have borne to witness the poor child's sufferings. Perhaps Dr. Greenwood knew this, for he contrived some errand that detained her for a few minutes out of the room. When she returned the worst seemed over, but the faintness continued, and it was only slowly and by degrees that Allison, with Sarah's help, could assist her to undress and lie down, after which a sedative was to be administered, as the pain of the bruises and the misery of her mind would effectually hinder sleep.

As soon as she could leave her in Sarah's charge, Allison stole into her father's dressing room. Dr. Greenwood came to her at once.

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, for he had known her from an infant. "This is a sad business, but, thank God, things are not so bad as they seemed at first. Your father must have received a blow; he was stunned, but consciousness has returned, and he has spoken. What we fear now is something different. He seems unable to move; but this may be due to the shock and temporary exhaustion. There are symptoms that make us hopeful that the full extent of mischief may not be realized. We shall require the greatest care. To-morrow I shall send in a nurse from the infirmary. Do you think you and your brother can manage to-night?"

"Oh, yes," returned Allison, with a painful catch in her breath; it seemed to her as though she were passing through some hideous nightmare; the very horror seemed to numb her sensibilities. She understood that night how people could live through terrible scenes; the very intensity of pain deadened the anguish.

Dr. Greenwood thought her a very brave girl. She listened quietly to his directions, but he took her hand once, and felt her pulse, and then he kindly bade her take some food and wine before she went into her father's room, and as Roger came out that moment he repeated the charge to him.

"Come, Allison," said Roger, taking her arm. "Dr. Greenwood will stay with father until we come back." And he led her away.

Allison noticed with some surprise that there was a sort of meal laid in the dining room; she had forgotten the early supper had been placed there a couple of hours ago in preparation for her father. Roger carved some chicken and brought it to her.

"You must try and eat, Allison, and I will do the same," he said, with some attempt at cheerfulness. "We have a long night before us, and we must husband our strength."

Allison felt the force of his argument; nevertheless, the food remained on her plate.

"Roger, how bad you look!" she said, suddenly; "but I do not wonder at it. Oh! what a dreadful evening we have had; and I can not imagine how it happened."

"Dr. Cameron was here, and he told me," returned Roger, shaking his face from the light, as though it hurt him. "It was not a collision; something must have given way—the coupling chain, they think—and they were going down a steep incline at express speed. Dr. Cameron says some of the carriages went over the embankment, and were completely wrecked; one or two were turned entirely over. He was in the same compartment with father and Missie. They felt a jolting sensation, and the next moment they were thrown from their seats, the carriage side was completely smashed, and they were all flung in a heap. Dr. Cameron was on the top, and was happily unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises; father was underneath him; Mabel struggled up somehow unhurt, and came to father, and no one knew she was much hurt."

"Oh, Roger, how terrible!"

"Yes, it does not do to talk of it, and hardly to think of it. Now, Allison, if you have finished, will you upstairs. By the way, where is Miss Leigh?"

"Oh, I ought to have gone to her," exclaimed Allison. "How dreadful for her to lie there, and not to be able to help us! She has been suffering from one of her sick headaches, and, of course, all this will make it worse. Wait for me a moment, dear. I will just speak to her."

"Is that you, Allison?" asked the governess, in a feeble voice, as the girl came to her bedside. "I know all about it, dear, Eliza has told me. Poor children, poor children! and I can not help you."

"Roger is good and thoughtful; we shall manage nicely to-night, and Sarah will watch Mabel. You must not trouble her, dear Miss Leigh; to-morrow you will be better and then we shall be sure of your help."

"You must not stay now. Thank you for coming, my dear, but you must go to your father." And Allison was thankful to be dismissed.

In another moment she was leaning over her father. He closed his eyes as she heard her footsteps, and a faint smile came to his lips.

"How is your sister?" he whispered.

"Dear papa," she returned, tenderly, "how happy Mabel will be to know you asked after her! She is lying quite quietly, the sedative is lulling her, but she is not asleep."

"Poor child!" was all his reply, and then he closed his eyes again, but as Allison withdrew into the shadow of the curtain tears of thankfulness came to her eyes; there was no bitterness in her father's heart against poor Mabel. "As a father pitieth his children," the words came to her mind, ah! "so might thy Heavenly Father have pity on them."

CHAPTER XVI.

The dreary night watching was a new experience to Allison's life, for she had been too young at the time of her mother's last illness to share in the long and tedious nursing; the silence and inaction made the hours drag heavily. Roger, fatigued with his day's work, was sleeping heavily with his head against the wall. Allison pitied his weary position, and fetched a pillow from the other room and put it under his head.

Once or twice she went across the passage to look at Missie. She was glad to find her sleeping. Sarah was at her post, sitting bolt upright and nodding. Now and then her father spoke a few words; once he asked what the doctors had said. Allison was thankful that they had not informed him of their fears. "They do not seem to know, papa," she returned, gently; "they think you have a great shock, and you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. They will tell better by and by."

"There seems something wrong with my limbs," he muttered uneasily; "you are sure you do not know what they think?"

"Quite sure, dear papa," she replied, so earnestly that he could not disbelieve her, "but I hope and trust, if her lips quivering a little, 'that you may soon be better.'"

"You are a good girl, Allison; your mother always said so, and if I am spared—" He sighed heavily, and turned his face away; and Allison, remembering the doctor's injunction, dared not say any more, lest it should increase his agitation; she only took his hand and softly laid her cheek against it, as though she would show by this action a child's love and devotion. Her touch seemed to quiet him, and by and by he dozed a little.

Morning came at last, and Roger roused himself with difficulty.

Allison felt weak and faded; the strain was beginning to tell even on her vigorous vitality. She was glad the night's inaction was over, but she felt too weary for the day's work. But Roger had not forgotten her; he came back presently with a refreshed look on his face, and told her that breakfast was all ready in the dressing room.

"A strong cup of coffee has made me a different man," he said, cheerfully; "you must try my recipe, Allison." And Allison found the benefit of his prescription.

Her hands were soon full of business. Dr. Greenwood came early, bringing the new nurse with him, and Allison had to make arrangements for the stranger's comfort. She seemed a pleasant, capable woman, with a neat figure, and a bright face that expressed ability in her favor. She took possession at once of her patient, after a feeble protest on his part that he objected to nurses, but after the first few minutes he ceased to grumble. Dr. Greenwood soon convinced him that Roger was too busy.

young for such a responsibility; besides, the chief care of her sister must devolve on her.

Missie's sleep had not refreshed her as they hope; the pain of her bruises was making her feverish. She could not turn in her bed without suffering, and her anxiety for her father added to her discomfort. Allison tried to console her, and Miss Leigh, who was sufficiently recovered to sit in her room, spoke reassuring words to her; but it was evident that Missie could take no comfort; only when Allison was alone with her, miserable, self-accusing words came to her lips.

"Indeed, dearest, there is no need for you to speak so," Allison said to her once, with a strong yearning to console her.

"Dear papa asked after you the first moment he saw me. You should have heard how tenderly he said 'Poor child!'"

"That is because my arm is broken, and he knows I am suffering such pain. If any one hated me they would pity me now," returned Missie, in a stifled voice.

"No, no; you must not take it in that way," exclaimed Allison, quite shocked, as she smoothed Missie's fair hair. She

looked so pale and pretty, and the blue eyes had such a pathetic look in them. Allison had parted the soft fringe, and the soft curly ends lay quite smooth and showed the broad white forehead. A different Mabel lay there, with the poor wounded arm folded on her breast, and all the little vanities laid aside. As Allison stood looking at her, Missie raised her uninjured arm with a sudden movement toward Allison, and in another moment the sisters were clasping each other close.

"Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear," whispered Allison, in the softest, most pitying voice. Missie kissed her hastily, and then seemed as though she would push her away, only Allison held her still.

"No, I don't deserve it; please don't be so good to me. I have been altogether horrid ever since you came home."

"Never mind all that now, dear."

"Yes, but I must mind it," turning restlessly away and then uttering a low groan. "Oh, this pain, Allison! Shall I ever be able to move again without it? I did not want you to come home; I thought you would be in my way, and that made me cross. I was jealous of you, and I did not want the others to care for you. Roger was never fond of me as he was of you, and I wanted him to be fond of me. And oh! how horrid poor Missie, reading her past conduct under a new light. In the dark hours when one's strength is low, conscience sometimes flings a vivid torch into the recesses of one's being, bringing hidden faults to light."

"Dear Mabel, we will forget all that now," returned Allison, gently; "we will try and love each other more."

"Oh, it is easy for you to love people, every one is so fond of you, and you are never cross and disagreeable as I am. Roger makes you his companion, and Rudel is less rough when you are in the room, and now papa will love you best."

"Hush, dear; what nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," she returned, in a despairing tone. "I have forfeited his love. He will never forgive me now. He told me that he hated death; that he should never be able to think the same of me. He said I should never see Eva again if he could help it. Oh, he was so angry, so unlike himself! I suppose my obstinacy vexed him, for I would not say I was sorry. He took hold of my arm and almost shook me to make me speak, but I was so like that man who had a dumb spirit."

(To be continued.)

CITY FAILURES ON FARMS.

It Is Asserted Newcomers Expect Too Much From Nature.

"More city men turn farmers at this season than at any other," said a farmer who has become a city man to a New York reporter. "There is no denying that the country in summer looks charming to the city dweller."

"The city man passes the cozy farm-houses where the rich grass in the front yards is set off by flower beds of all sorts, while in the pastures the cows are either grazing lazily or lying down peacefully, and in the fields the crops appear to be growing without any attention from the farmer. Farming looks mighty easy to the city man, and the enthusiasm he stirs up in his wife and children when he speaks of going to the country is not chilled by the real-estate man to whom an appeal for a good, small farm."

"Hundreds of city men move to the country every year, and about ninety-nine out of every one hundred go back at the end of the twelve months much wiser. The one man who succeeds out of each hundred has a real love for farming, and capital enough to buy or rent the right kind of a farm to experiment on. His wife and children are able to adapt themselves to the hours of farm life, going to bed at dark and getting up with the sun."

"Such a man gets a moderately good living out of farming, although he may not make a fortune out of it. He finds that nature is generous, but she will not be trifled with. She gives up her treasures when properly approached, but resents undue familiarity from amateurs."

"The principal cause of the city man's failure as a farmer is lack of capital. A man who would not think of trying to support his family and lay up a competence from the proceeds of a business established with a capital of \$2,000 will not hesitate to engage in farming on half that or less. There have been cases in which a farmer achieved success on a small capital, or no capital, but they are few."

"A farmer must buy seeds, implements and live stock, and have hired help, and he cannot begin to take his living from the soil for at least six months after he starts, and even then only a small part of it. These things cost money, and without it the city farmer will quickly find himself in debt, despondency and despair."

"Even if he has the capital the city man must not think he can be a farmer without some exact knowledge of the occupation. But with a little of both, a good supply of faith and courage, business common sense and love of the soil, a man can safely abandon the city with its long hours of labor, its indifference and greed, for the freedom, healthfulness and sure reward of the farm."

A Medical Bill.

Patient—I have a touch of ague. Physician—Yes. Patient—I shall keep within doors for a week. Physician—Yes. Patient—Shall I diet myself carefully. Physician—Yes. Patient—I shall take ten grains of quinine twice a day. Physician—Yes. Patient—How much is your bill? Physician—Half a guinea.—Punch.

The Natural Inference.

"Ma, didn't the heathens have a god for everything?"

"Yes, my child."

"Well, who was the god that ruled over kitchens?"

"I don't remember, but I think it was the great god Pan."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Next Question.

"The impudent thing wanted me to marry him."

"When is the wedding going to be?"

—Nashville American.



"I'm going to quit 'em," said the young man with the drooping lower lip. "They can't make a monkey of me, you bet your life. If anybody got promoted I ought to have been the one, and everybody knows it, too. I've been working for 'em close on to three months and he hasn't worked two months yet. Do you call that a square deal?"

"I think long and faithful service ought to count," said the cigar-stand proprietor. "I ain't in favor myself of turning down a tried and trusty employe for some Johnny-jump-up who hasn't anything but novelty to recommend him. While you're quitting, I'd advise you to quit smoking them cigarettes, too. It's money out of my pocket to give you that advice, but I never did care anything about money."

"They ain't hurting me," said the young man. "I could smoke 'em all day and they'd never faze me. Well, I'll show 'em I don't have to stand for any such work as that."

"Are you going to break it to 'em to-day?" asked the cigar-stand proprietor.

"Not on your postcard photo," said the young man. "Break nothing! I'm going to get another job first."

"That's right," said the cigar-stand proprietor. "I wouldn't be in a hurry. I'd just take my time to pick the one that would suit me and not close with the first that came a'long. I'd make 'em agree not to promote anybody over my head, too. I'd have that understood from the start. If anybody goes up it's to be you and no foolshness about it. It seems funny to me, though, that your bosses would take a chance like they did. What do you suppose made 'em?"

"Oh, this guy put up a great front," said the young man with the drooping lower lip. "He started in with a horrible bluff of breaking his neck to get things done. He'd come in mornings two or three minutes before time and shed his coat and go to it like there was somebody behind him jabbing him with a leek. There wasn't no need of it. He'd have got along just as well if he'd taken his time same as the rest, but he thought he ought to make a gallery play all the time. Sure! Say, he'd get so busy he'd forget when it was time to go to lunch and when it was quitting time. Don't it make you tired to see one of those what-can-I-do-now boys? It does me. Well, that's how it came he got shoved up. He made his bluff go. He's smooth, all right. It was smooth work. There's lots of fellows who'll put on an extra spurt if the boss is looking, but he'd work if the old man was out of town."

"Pretty forty guy," commented the cigar-stand proprietor.

"He wasn't satisfied to do his own work; anything he could do that wasn't done was good enough for him," pursued the young man in an injured tone. "If there was anything he didn't know how to do he'd poke around and find out, whether it was any of his business or not. It made lots of the boys sore. I wasn't the only one. I knew what he was after, but I didn't suppose he'd make it work the way he did. I didn't expect to see him jumped over my head."

"Well, that's because you haven't had as much experience as I've had," said the cigar-stand proprietor. "It ain't an uncommon thing by any means. Every once in a while you run across a bluffer like that. He'll put into some office or store and he'll put up just that kind of a front, starting to work on the second, bumping and hustling along and keeping his eyes kindled and looking as cheerful as if he liked it, and the first thing you know the man who's hired him is chump enough to raise his wages. You try it the next place you go and see if it isn't so."

"I've got too much self-respect," said the young man with the drooping lower lip.—Chicago Daily News.

SOME EXPENSES IN 1911.

Interesting Disclosures Made by an Old Memorandum Book.

An old memorandum book has just come to light in which some interesting prices are recorded. They make us groan. As we read them we begin to believe what the old people told us—that former times were indeed better than these.

The woman who kept this account book paid, to be sure, \$3.25 to go from Westfield, Mass., to New York, and \$3 more to go from New York to Philadelphia, but she paid only 28 cents a dozen for her washing—beautifully ironed and brought to her door—and \$10 a month for her board, and says it was good, too.

She had her daguerrotype taken, a single picture, and paid \$1.50 for it. (We can improve on that price.) She bought a pair of shoes for \$1.25, and had a dress cut for 37½ cents. The accounts bristle with half and quarter-cents. Things cost sometimes a "nip," sometimes a "pevy," the former was 6½ cents, the latter 12½ cents.

She bought a pair of rubbers for 87½ cents, and wrote them down as "gums." For her pew rent at church she paid 66 2/3 cents a quarter. Her "gowns" were made of "debahe," "shelaine" and "mull," and she paid \$1.75 for the fitting and making of one. She wore congress gaiters, and paid the exorbitant price of \$2.25 for a pair. She bought a copy of "Agnes; the Key to Her Codex," a book which many of us remember to have seen lying on parlor tables in the seventies. It was considered a wonderful book in its time, and most comforting to those in affliction. For teaching school eleven weeks this woman received 82¢.

She had 30 cents to go from Westfield to Springfield, and \$1 from Springfield to Hartford, with carriage hire. She usually went from Hartford to New York by boat, but she makes one entry, "Hartford to New York, across the land," and then neglects to record the price. She has a tooth drawn and

pays 25 cents. We reflect that this was before the days of anesthetics. She burned in her lamp "fluid"—a highly inflammable oil which preceded the safer kerosene. These seem primitive and homely days to some who read these lines. It is true that life was simple then, but in New England and Eastern New York and the vicinity there may have been higher living, in many respects, than now.—Brooklyn Eagle.

STANDARD OIL'S SPY SYSTEM.

Cases of "Overzeal" That Even Mr. Rockefeller Will Hardly Uphold. And while I am suggesting topics there is another department of Mr. Rockefeller's great business which originated with him and which I wish he would be explicit about, and that is the spy system, writes "Interpreter" in the American Magazine. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller will not venture to attribute this peculiar activity to the "overzeal" of some employes "anxious for his own or his company's advancement"—the general explanation he gives in the first chapter of his reminiscences to the criticisms made in his concern. I at least know that far from being a case of overzeal, the spying on competitors has been a well-organized and most efficiently managed part of his business organization for many years. I once had in my hands a great bundle of the anonymous "reports" and "forms" which had been used and discarded by the bureau which looks after this kind of thing—a division of that great bookkeeping system to which I see Mr. Rockefeller attributes so much of the success of the Standard Oil Company. A boy employed by the Standard Oil Company to burn such papers regularly in the furnaces noticed frequently on them as he stuffed them into the fire the name of a man who had once been kind to him. The man was an independent dealer in oil. The boy studied the papers. He saw from them how this man's shipments were reported from the freight offices by railroad employes secretly to the Standard. He found a telegram ordering agents to secure a countermand of the orders—says reports that the ordering had been successfully discharged. So often did he see this that he became alarmed for his friend and finally, unable to endure his secret, he gathered up complete sets of the documents and carried them to night to the man's house. It was from there they came to me. The papers now are buried in the mountain-high pile of testimony the government is talking in its suit against the company.

Extremes of Advertising.

"We want to do something big to advertise this new play," said the New York manager.

"Well," answered the press agent, "which kind of a play is it? One to which you invite the attention of the clergy or the attention of the police?"

—Washington Star.

FILES CURBED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blisters, Bleeding or Pruritic Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

How It Started.

"George, I am going to cook you a dinner all by myself on Wednesday!"

"Make it Thursday, dear."

"Why?"

"I'm going to be out of town Thursday."—Houston Post.

Sore throat leads to Tonsillitis, Quinsy and Diphtheria. Hall's Wizard Oil used as a gargle upon the first symptoms of a sore throat will invariably prevent all three of these dread diseases.

AUTOS PRESERVE HEALTH.

London Physician Says Gases Destroy Germs and Act as Tonic.

The death rate in London in a recent week was only 10 per 10,000, the lowest rate in over half a century. A physician whose anonymity is preserved declares this is due to the decrease in horse traffic and especially the increase in motor traffic.

The fumes from the motor cars and motor buses, according to this authority, are the finest possible disinfectant, clearing the air of germs and impurities. He says the burr carbonized matter is a splendid antiseptic and the creosote