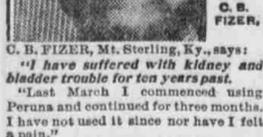


KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PERUNA.



C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past."

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since nor have I felt a pain."

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To demonstrate the value of Peruna in all catarrhal troubles we will send you a sample bottle absolutely free by mail.

The merit and success of Peruna is so well known to the public that our readers are advised to send for sample bottle: Address the Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio. Don't forget to mention you read this generous offer in the paper.

If in need of advice write our Medical Department, stating your case fully. Our physician in charge will send you advice free, together with literature containing common sense rules for health, which you cannot afford to be without.

An Anecdote of Genius.
The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne, on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt and found him in a large room with a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?"
"I know, I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Roumania has 6,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 30,000 are blind.

FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS and coughs, Allen's Lung-Balm does literally all that is claimed for it. This reliable medicine has been sold for over 40 years. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles. All dealers.

FASHION HINTS



This outing suit of rose colored lines has small tufts paneled in the sides of the blouse and skirt. Black linen is used for the belt, collar and deep cuffs.

A jaunty tie is drawn through the slash in the blouse front, giving just the required dash to the whole.

Warning to Poets.
"The late Richard Watson Gilder," said a New York poet, "always opposed the reading of light literature. A poet, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary style. He once told me that the poet, in this respect, was like Brown's parrot. Brown bought a parrot for \$20 from a pet stock dealer, and a week or two later returned to the shop and insisted that the bird be taken back."

"What's the matter with it?" the dealer asked.
"W-w-why," said Brown, "the durned c-c-critter s-s-stutters!"

ROSY COLOR
Produced by Postum.
"When a person rises from each meal with a ringing in the ears and a general sense of nervousness, it is a common habit to charge it to a de-ranged stomach."

"I found it was caused from drinking coffee, which I never suspected for a long time, but found by leaving off coffee that the disagreeable feeling went away."

"I was brought to think of the subject by getting some Postum and this brought me out of trouble."

"It is a most appetizing and invigorating beverage and has been of great benefit to me that I naturally speak of it from time to time as opportunity offers."

"A lady friend complained to me that she had tried Postum, but it did not taste good. In reply to my question she said she guessed she boiled it about ten minutes. I advised her to follow directions and know that she boiled it fifteen or twenty minutes, and she would have something worth talking about. A short time ago I heard one of her children say that they were drinking Postum now-a-days, so I judge she succeeded in making it good, which is by no means a difficult task."

"The son of one of my friends was formerly a pale lad, but since he has been drinking Postum, has a fine color. There is plenty of evidence that Postum actually does 'make red blood,' as the famous trademark says."

Read "The Road to Well-Being," found in pkg. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MOVING PICTURE TRICKS

"Now that the novelty of the moving picture has worn off," said a man whose business is to think up new ideas for the film makers, "it requires a good deal of ingenuity to show the public something it hasn't seen before. In the early days of the business, there were one or two simple tricks that never failed to fool the average audience. But nowadays the old tricks won't do."

"For instance, one of the first stunts was to take a roll of pictures and then run it off backwards on the machine. You would see regiments of soldiers marching backwards down the street, and disappearing in the distance, or there was that old stand-by, the water sports film, which, when run the wrong way, showed men rising feet first from the water, turning somersaults and finally landing gracefully on the springboard overhead."

"Another reversible film which kept many people guessing a long time was one which first showed a mass of clay, and then to take form and shape itself into the likeness of George Washington. How was it done? Simply by taking a wax image of the Father of His Country and slowly melting it while the photographs were being ticked off. Now, when we run the film backwards the melting process was reversed. But as I said, these things don't go down any longer."

"You'd be surprised to know how resourceful some of the photographers are to-day. There is a film which has lately been sent out all over the country that marks the climax in the art of motion picture taking. I don't believe one man in a thousand who sees it will have the least idea how it was done. It represents the flight of the children of Israel, and gives the scene where Moses waved his wand and the Red Sea parted."

"The man who took that picture spent twelve hours on the Red Sea section alone. He singled out a spot on the shore of Long Island, where there was a sandbar which was out of water at low tide, and under water at high. He started at high tide and took, say, a score of pictures of the sea as it looked then. After fifteen minutes he reeled off another twenty, and fifteen minutes later he did the same. Thus at the end of six hours he had a film showing the changes for every quarter of an hour. At the end of that time the tide had receded so that the sandbar could be seen. Then he called in the supers and had them walk across the bar while he took their picture."

"That was only half the work. Later in the day, when the tide began to rise, he returned and began again to take a few pictures every fifteen minutes. At the end of six hours the water had risen to where it was when he began. We had some doubt as to how the film would come out; we didn't know whether the tide, when photographed that way, would give the desired effect of a sea parting, and then closing up again. But it did. I don't know of any film that looks more lifelike and wonderful. The waves seem to rush apart for a minute, and then rush back again, just as described in the Bible."

sands of miles, so that years in which they are plentiful in Manitoba and the western provinces there is likely to be a decrease in the eastern provinces.

The mink does not appear to be quite so numerous as formerly. This can readily be explained by the large price paid the trapper for skins. Ten years ago a skin that would fetch \$1 now can readily be sold for \$6.

In Manitoba and the western provinces the season is closed for beaver and other owing to the scarcity of these animals. However, these two magnificent fur-bearing animals are becoming more plentiful. On many parts of the Assiniboine, where the beavers have not been seen for a period of twelve years, they are now visiting the old haunts and building new dams. On the Souris river the beaver has become so plentiful that farmers have complained of the damage done to small trees, particularly poplar.

The weasel is another animal that the fur men yearn to export in thousands. The weasel is easily taken by the trapper, as he is a very inquisitive animal and is always on the move. One fur dealer of this city has already shipped 60,000 weasel skins to the English market.

LAST AMERICAN WOODEN SHIP.
Square-Rigged Vessel, Class A.1. Built in Maine in 1893.

The Aryan, launched in Phillipsburg, Me., in 1893, is the last square-rigged ship of wood built in the United States and the only wooden ship classing A.1 in both the record of American shipping and in Lloyd's register.

She is of 1,213 tons register, carries over 3,000 gross tons, has three decks and is as strong as wood and metal can make her, says the Boston Globe. Her frame is white oak, docked in salt water over a year before being put into her, and is the last white oak ship frame out in New England, having been taken from New Hampshire for her. Her deck and planking are of hard pine.

When the ship was opened in New York last year for inspection the surveyors gave a certificate to the effect that she was as sound as any wooden vessel afloat, irrespective of age.

The Aryan was built by C. V. Minott & Co., a firm that was composed of the late Charles V. Minott—a man of sterling qualities, whose name was well known in shipbuilding circles for half a century—and his son, Charles V. Minott, Jr., a graduate of Bowdoin College and at present state senator from Sagadahoc county.

The Aryan recently arrived at San Francisco with coal from Philadelphia, and loaded a cargo of asphalt, canned salmon, wine, redwood and scrapiron for New York.

FALSE TEETH TRAGEDY.
They Stuck in Throat of Englishman and Tortured Him.

Numerous people, we believe, have swallowed their false teeth, and a few perhaps been throttled by them. But the latter occurrence is so rare as to deserve passing notice. At Highbridge, in England, a man was found dead in the highway, presenting all the marks of asphyxia. His body lay near the top of a hill. The autopsy disclosed a plate of false teeth wedged tightly in his throat across the opening into the lungs. They so completely blocked the passage that no air whatever could pass, and appeared to have been held in place by the suction of the lungs.

A medical witness offered the explanation that the man was walking up the hill, breathing heavily. In some way the plate was loosened and drawn forcibly into the throat by a "deep breath." It happened to fall in such a position as immediately to become tightly wedged, so that the victim was entirely unable to dislodge it. No one being about—it probably would not have made any difference if there had been, because he could not call out or even explain what had happened—he was choked to death just as effectually as if he had been garroted or drowned.

If such accidents were common it might be desirable to wear false teeth on a chain—as eyeglasses are worn—brought out of a corner of the mouth and fastened to the ear.—New York Press.

INCREASED COST OF FURS.
Skins Advance Between 500 and 600 Per Cent in a Few Years.

No fur has risen in value like the lynx in the last few years. Four years ago the dealers could buy any amount of skins for \$5 apiece, writes the Canadian correspondent of Fur News. Now a large skin will fetch the trapper \$30 to \$50.

The fact that fewer lynx have been taken this winter than last does not go to prove that they are decreasing in numbers. The lynx is an animal that is continually traveling and he goes in a huge circle, covering thou-

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG."

There is a land where stern and calm and sun Follow each other with fast flying feet; A land of hope, whose hours are fair and fleet, Where life seems long, and always just begun.

With eager feet we press along its ways, Nor pause to watch the rainbow tinted skies; Another land of hope before us lies, And in our dreams it holds still fairer days.

So slowly fades the brightness from the sky, So slowly hope turns backward from our side, We know not when we leave those highways wide, Till we have passed the pleasant places by.

Gladly would we that flowery path retrace, And breathe that hope inspiring air again; But none among the weary sons of men Has found, once passed, the portals of that place.

Still memory bears us to that magic strand, With every year still dearer, brighter grown, And oft we speak its name with tender tone, "When I was young," oh, dear, enchanted land!

—New York Sun.

In Search of a Husband

According to the family Bible, Julia Walsingham was 24, but she pleaded guilty to 26 with such ingenious frankness that everybody believed her. She had been engaged many times, but never for longer than three months at a stretch, although she had been introduced to each man's family as the only girl a reasonably sensible person could marry.

The rolling stone nature of Julia's affections at last caused her to be classed as fickle, and friendly attentions from young men suddenly ceased. She took serious counsel with herself as to the quickest method of acquiring a husband. There was no time to wait for a man to come to her, so she dressed herself in a dainty costume and went forth to battle.

By a fortunate accident she ran right into the arms of Jack Homebird, a cynical married man whom she had flouted long ago, when he thought her too beautiful for this sordid earth.

He was sorry for Julia now, and so grateful for his own escape that he undertook to help her to stalk a husband, although his conscience told him it was a cruel conspiracy against his fellow man.

Julia cheerfully confessed that, as

believe that you are the woman he has been waiting for all these weary years.

"I want him to feel that," said Julia. "No doubt; but when he is engaged in his work you will have to show him your marriage-lines to remind him that you are his wife."

"He's a bit fond of me, but hates flirt."

"If you can avoid that virtuous form of indiscretion he will be as plastic as clay in your accomplished hands."

Julia set about the siege of the author on the lines laid down by Jack Homebird.

Mr. Laurelle was, among other things, a poet, and sought inspiration in a public park in the evening. He was madly fond of flowers, and, like many men similarly sensitive to their beauty, he could not grow them at home, for you could not swing a cat in his garden—at least, not with any degree of comfort to the cat.

Julia met him quite accidentally, of course, and asked him about his work. He gave her a volume biography of all he had written since a child. She told him she had nothing to read worth reading, and he immediately

pressed her to accept a copy of his poetic drama, "The Starred Gazelle."

He walked home with her, and gladly promised to come to tea some evening.

He went to Julia's to tea, and she behaved so sensibly and charmingly that he metaphorically smote himself for not having seen long ago that life was a howling wilderness without a wife.

She sang to him, and he liked her songs because they were not too saccharine in sentiment.

It was a glorious evening for both, and he invited her to come whenever he chose, and guide her choice of books.

Mr. Laurelle's conception of love was august, and glittered with Arthurian rectitude. He professed a devotion of such ardor that no caprice of Julia could chill it. The fanfare of adulation wound up with an impromptu ode to her eyes, which so correctly catalogued the glories of those orbs that it might have been written by an outcast with a gift for rhyme.

When this avalanche of sentiment fell on Julia she gasped with amazement, and soon got hopelessly out of her depth in the welter of unfamiliar words in which he expressed his admiration.

Julia wisely refrained from answering it, and he called in some trepidation a few days later. He had never been so wildly in love before and feared that he might have overdone it. She, however, put him at his ease on that point, and he became a frequent guest at her house.

Now, Julia generally managed matters so that he should avoid meeting other friends until he could be introduced to her future husband, for then his Sir Galahad style of gallantry would be excused. One evening, however, an old lover called; he was a bank clerk with a divine mustache. He was also deeply in debt. Julia was in a radiant humor and simply could not resist the temptation to flirt. She cooed and languished and rather neglected Mr. Laurelle, who was puzzled at first and finally took refuge in deep thought. He made no allowances for the civilities due to a fellow guest. He did not understand the perils of his companions and felt that he was being made to look foolish.

Julia was not an alert observer and saw nothing of the turmoil that was tearing Mr. Laurelle's delicate nerves to shreds. He fancied that the other man saw his discomfiture and was en-

joying it. This infuriated him and he abruptly bade them good night with a chilling politeness which prevented her from saving the situation.

The next day came and the next, and the author made no sign. Then she wrote him a cajoling little note saying how dreadfully she missed his visits; but he was a master of the epistolary rapier and replied with a caustic courtesy that caused her poignant anguish.

He came no more. A year later she heard that he was married, and then someone sent her a small sheet of notepaper bearing the typewritten legend: "A bird in the hand should be held."—London Sketch.

PLANS NEW INSURANCE.
Terwilliger Promises a Livelihood
Whatever the Cause of Living.
When a man—and a fat man at that—walked up to Officer Harry Smith, who stood dutifully by the telephone booth at the Brooklyn bridge all yesterday afternoon, and remarked that he was no longer annoyed by the cost of living, Officer Smith refrained from calling the psychopathic wagon long enough to hear the fat man say: "It's a new kind of life insurance company."

Calling to mind the fact that investigating insurance companies is a first rung on the ladder of fame, Officer Smith began to probe. As a result of his questions a Sun reporter traveled to Yaphank, L. I., and interviewed Terwilliger, the inventor.

Terwilliger, best known as the man who invented the chivalry-poking machine, was found in his laboratory in the woodshed of his home, the New York Sun says. A dozen stovepipes rent the air, the sound of buzz saws was continuous, but the inventor—a fat man himself—prevalled against them all.

"The high cost of living," said he, "is the public, indeed, I may say, the private question of the day. I have solved it. I am about to launch and float a full-rigged insurance company which will carry the cost of living for you and me and the next fellow."

"This company will not pay premiums at death. It will be a genuine life-insurance company and will literally insure your living. By paying \$10 a year you can insure having a roof over your head; by paying \$20 a year you can secure a policy insuring your lodging and sustenance. By paying \$50 a year you get steam heat and choice of marmalade, apple pie and charlotte russe at supper; by paying \$100 a year you obtain parquet floors throughout and grapefruit for breakfast not to exceed twice a week."

The reporter choked with admiration at which Terwilliger patted him on the back, with kindly.

"That is about all," exclaimed the inventor. "It is simple, as the achievement of genius always is. I do not mind, however, explaining that there seems to be money in it. However, if there isn't an appropriation might be secured."

"How much better is it than existing alleged life-insurance companies. They don't insure your living at all. In fact, their carelessness has often made me wonder. You take out a policy for \$20,000 or so and as long as you pay your premium you may starve to death and lose them all that money, for all they seem to care."

"I will admit that this scheme of mine did not occur to me at first. For a time I thought the only way to solve the high cost of living would be by repealing the law of supply and demand. But politics is so vexing and information about this law of supply and demand is so vague that I abandoned the idea. It would be interesting to follow the social problem further and devise a method of insuring a man his job; but since I understand a man can already insure his income this hardly seems essential."

The Inheritance Tax.
An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the Civil War taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different States of the Union. In the United States collateral inheritance and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several States as a source of domestic revenue. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.

Make Some One Happy.
Charles Kingsley once counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better today.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

Don't Mention It.
The politest man in Boston collided violently with another man on the street. The second man was angry. "My dear sir," said the polite one, "with a bow, 'I don't know which of us is to blame for this encounter. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it.'"—Success Magazine.

Perhaps It Is.
"If you want a thing well done—" "Get an expert to do it for you. Ain't that more sense than what you were going to say?"—Cleveland Leader.

In Wood Green, England, there is living a woman of 103 years of age who can read without glasses.

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AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa. — "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies."



Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 8, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

WANTED, EXPERT STAMP LIKER
Drug Clerk Becomes Wearisome and He Protests Against Licking.

If you are in search of employment in a Milwaukee drug store you must be a stamp liker. The unofficial word has gone forth among owners of drug stores that lickless individuals in search of work are to be turned down cold.

That the ability to lick stamps is one of the prime requisites of a nifty drug clerk is just becoming known. Time was when Milwaukeeans licked their own stamps, stuck them on the packages or letters, and that was all there was to it. No more; the clerk must lick the stamp that he sells. It is a part of the bargain. True, it seems rather hard on the stamp deal, but facts are facts and cannot be reasoned around.

Ordinarily the new wrinkle of stamp licking is not noticed, but at such times as Christmas and New Year, when the tongues of the overworked clerks become weary from overmuch contact with glue, a wail goes up and the new order comes under the public's observation.

However, there have been drug clerks within the last few days who positively refused to lick any more stamps, says the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin. Their refusal is made on the ground that if they should overdo the operation it would seriously interfere with their speech. Many of the clerks who refused to lick stamps were women, though a number of men were in the striking ranks.

"It's simply awful," declared one clerk in discussing the situation. "A woman comes in here and buys a bunch of stamps. She has her letters in her hands. Sometimes there are 14 or 15. You give her the stamps. Then she counts them, sticks them on a letter, and politely hands them back to you with the demand, 'Lick 'em, please'—and you have to do it to hold your job."

Hint of a drug clerks' union, composed of members banded together under the sacred promise to never lick another stamp, has been heard, but until the present time the movement is so small that it has not created interest even among the clerks themselves.

Meanwhile the licking demand is made and stamps are being assiduously licked.

His Admiring Spouse.
"Pardon my temporary lapse of memory, madam," the professor said, "but your husband is a man of distinction, is he not?"

"The only thing I can think of," answered Mrs. Vick-Stuck, "for which he is distinguished is that there are more people in this town who don't look like him than any man I know of."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES BACKACHE
"75 Guaranteed"

Don't Wait Till Night
The moment you need help, take a handy Cascarets. Then headaches, dizziness, dullness disappears. The results are natural, gentle, prompt. To harsher physic does more good, and all harsh physics injure.

Test-pool test, 10 cents—at drug-stores. Most-secure a million boxes monthly. \$3