For the LITTLE ONES

HOW TO MAKE A SAIL WAGON

Does Not Take Average Boy Long to Arrange One to Suit Himself—General Description.

In Fig. 1 the sail wagon is shown complete with an end view at "a" showing the steering arrangement. A board about 3 feet, 6 inches in length, by 18 inches across and about one-half or three-quarters inch thick, is cut into a shape something like an

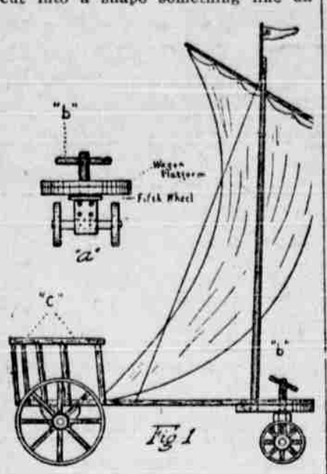

Fig 1

ironing board, narrower at one end than at the other. A one-inch piece of board is secured to the front end to give strength for the mast and steering gear.

One pair of large wheels and one pair of small ones must be procured or made as described further on. The large wheels and axle can be secured to the bottom board by means of two blocks of wood as shown in Fig. 1 and

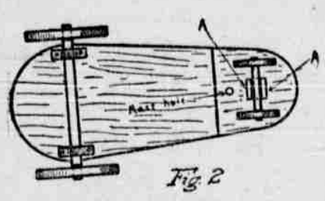

Fig 2

Fig. 2, the latter being a view of the under side of the wagon.

The two small wheels must be rigged up a little differently. A board about the same thickness as the axle is shaped at one end into a round handle, which should fit loosely into a bored hole in the front end of the wagon. The broad end of this board rests on the axle, and is bolted to two pieces of board the same width, which come down on the front and rear sides of the axle, and are bolted to it, Fig. 2, A, A. The fifth-wheel bearing is made out of tough wood, and placed so that the steering wheel turns easily (Fig. "a") A round stick is put through the stern of the piece, to press the feet against when steering (Fig. 1 "b").

Some boys make a rail (Fig. 1, "c") around the end, that they sit on.

The mast can be made from a round stick about 4 feet, 6 inches long. A broom handle will do for the cross arm, to which the sail is attached. The sail should be so arranged that it can be very quickly lowered should the wind get the best of the wagon.

Should it be found inconvenient readily to procure a set of discarded baby buggy or express wagon wheels, they can easily be made by an in-

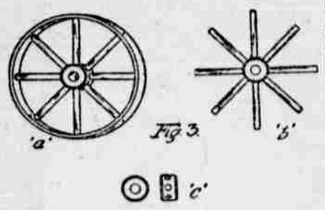

Fig 3

genious boy as shown in Fig. 3. A hub is made from a round block of wood, as shown at "c," and round sticks, cut from light curtain poles or broom handles, made into spokes as at "b," care being taken to get them all the same length. The rim is made from barrel hoops, although some boys make them of thin wood, well soaked in warm water and bent into shape. A nail or screw is put through the rim at each spoke, as shown at "a," the completed wheel.

While this is a general description of a sail wagon, it does not take the average boy long to make one to suit himself out of almost any old thing he is sure to find about the place. It is interesting to notice the many and different designs of wagons and sails when once the craze is started. Smooth roads, an open space and plenty of wind is all that is necessary for a successful sail-wagon race.

The Truth.

Father and son were walking the streets and passed a large park in which were many statues. One of them—the largest of all—was of a woman.

"Father, what is that?" asked the son, pointing to this particular one, which was inscribed "Woman."

"That is not a statue, my son," answered the father. "It is but a figure of speech."—Life.

An American Eagle.

The United States transport Buford, on its way from China to San Francisco, rescued an American eagle in distress far out at sea. The national bird had probably come from Alaska, the nearest land, and it was so tired that it would soon have fallen into the sea if the steamer had not appeared. It alighted in the rigging and a sailor climbed up and caught it. It was put in a cage and carried with the steamer to San Francisco.

A GOLDEN WORLD.

I feel like a second Columbus,
For I have discovered, you see,
A world in the shape of an orange
Which grandma has given to me!

'Tis covered with wrinkles and creases
Which represent mountains and seas,
Deep caverns, large islands and rivers
I trace on its surface with ease.

And 'way down below this tough cover
Gold juices are rolling around
Like lava beneath the earth's surface—
Just see what a treasure I've found.

'Tis a valuable world I am certain,
All golden without as within,
And people who live on my orange
Can never commit any sin!

I wish that the world of Columbus—
America, home of the free—
Were as good as the gold of my orange,
Perhaps it depends upon me!

For looking for good I can find it,
And trying to love every one
I'll find them more gentle and loving
Than ever before I have done!

AIR CUSHIONS AID SWIMMER

Apparatus Designed by German Master Enables Person to Move About in Water Freely.

The swimming apparatus designed by a German swimming master is both for trained swimmers and those ignorant of the art. When out of use, this apparatus is readily carried in the pocket, says the Popular Mechanics. It consists of two oblong air cushions, each subdivided into five compartments which are connected together by transversal straps. Before putting on the apparatus, which consists of thin caoutchouc lined with a dense fabric, it is inflated through a valve, within a few seconds, by a few strong breaths.

Being arranged on both sides of the body, the apparatus leaves the head and neck perfectly free, thus doing away with any pendulating motions characteristic of most salvage ap-

New Swimming Apparatus.

paratus. The person equipped with the apparatus moves about in the water with remarkable safety and stability. A special advantage of the apparatus is its allowing the swimmer at will to take up a vertical or horizontal position, thus enabling him to remain in the water for hours without fatigue.

BEE IS GREATEST ENGINEER

Little Honey Gatherer Has Solved Problem of Room, of Lightest Material and Strength.

Probably King Solomon has been most criticised in his judgment for sending the "sluggard" to the ant, there to "consider her ways and be wise." We can't say, but it may have been that in Solomon's time they didn't have the present day Italian honey bee turning out comb honey in the commercial square, pound frames. But we are assured just now that taking up a pound of honey in an ordinary frame, the average engineer ought to feel immensely incompetent and unwise as to ordinary ways and means to engineering results.

In the construction of the hexagon honey cell of material from her own body, the working bee at once has solved the problem of economy of room, of the lightest possible material of greatest strength, while the dividing wall in each honey case allows the greatest number of workers to continue "on the job." A. H. Godard, writing of the engineering capacity of the honey bee says: "I have seen strips of comb a foot wide and four feet long sustaining a weight of 30 or 40 pounds of honey, while the comb itself would probably not weigh more than five or six ounces. We need not hesitate to say that such a structure compares favorably with some of the best achievements of the modern engineering skill of man."

A Gentle Method.

Little Edward had been visiting his uncle's ranch, where they were very much bothered by rats. When he came back he started to school, where he received the information which he gave his grandmother one day. He said:

"Grandma, do you know how to get rid of rats."

"No, Edward. How?"

"Why, a soft answer turneth away rats."

The Home Team.

"Can I get off this afternoon to go to a funeral?" asked the office boy.

"Whose funeral?" asked the man with a cynical smile.

"I guess it's goin' to be the home team's."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Difference

By ANNIE HINRICHSEN

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The chorus girl and the chorus soldier boy swung into place in the marching, singing column.

"Our life is a glorious glitter," they sang.

"It's a glitter all right," muttered the soldier boy, "a silly, tinsel glitter."

The chorus girl looked at him in surprise. For weeks they had marched side by side in the chorus of "The Fighting Prince," and this was the first time he had ever spoken to her.

"You don't like it?" she asked.

"I hate it. Do you care for it?"

The leading lady was singing. They were at the rear of the stage.

"I have no illusions about it," she answered. "It is a means of bread and butter."

"I had illusions, an artistic ideal and operatic ambitions."

"Have you kept them?"

"I have learned the limit of my ability. The best I can do is to carry a tin sword and strut in a chorus with a score of other mediocre warblers. I leave the stage at the end of my contract. Say," he hesitated like a bashful schoolboy, "I know you are—you are awfully particular and prudish, but would you—won't you have supper with me after the show tonight? I abhor this whole crowd, except you. I've wanted to know you—you are different from the others."

The girl looked squarely into his eyes. "You're different, too," she said frankly. "I'll go with you."

"You are more different than ever in your street clothes," he informed her across the restaurant table.

"So are you," she retorted. "In citizen's apparel, with your face washed clean you look like—may I say it?"

"Go on."

"Like a nice, well raised young man from some quiet, little city a long way from New York."

"Good. At least, I was well raised and the home city is quiet and little and far away."

"And probably your father was the wealthy man of the little town and your mother was the grand lady. You

"Take That to Her!"

lived in a big, old-fashioned house. They sent you away to college and gave you everything you wanted."

"How do you know all this?"

"You are stamped mentally and physically by your environment."

"Next month I shall return to the little far away city and a desk in my father's bank. Do you intend to remain on the stage?"

"As there is no father, no bank and no home waiting for me I shall remain in the chorus of 'The Fighting Prince.'"

"I wish you wouldn't," he said earnestly. "It is not the life for a girl like you. There are other vocations. School teaching, nursing or something like that would give you better opportunities for the development of the womanly virtues you surely possess. On the stage you learn all the seams of the world, all its dark spots, its tragedy. You are exposed to a thousand hideous experiences which the sheltered woman never knows. Some day you will want to marry. The right sort of man—and you could never care for the wrong sort—chooses his wife from an environment that makes a girl gentle, trusting and thoroughly womanly. Give yourself such an environment."

"Little country boy," laughed the girl, "don't lecture this worldly, wicked chorus lady."

"You are a good, true woman. Your eyes are clear and gentle and steady. Your mouth is tender and that dimpled chin is as firm as granite."

On the last night of his engagement with "The Fighting Prince" they went to the table where they had eaten their first supper together.

"It is the good old life for me again, Eleanor, and I am happy at the prospect; regular habits, home cooking, simple ideals."

She nodded comprehendingly. "It is the life for you," she agreed. "You will work hard and gratify your father's pride. You will be the rising young man of the little city. Your recreations will be picnics and strawberry festivals. There will be a girl, a sweet, charming, conventional girl with domestic tastes and little knowledge of the outside world."

"There is such a girl there."

"An old sweetheart, Jack?"

"We grew up together in the little city. She is my ideal woman—conventional, domestic and innocent."

"You will be very happy," she commented dully. The color had left her face and her lips were rigid.

"I wish you would leave the stage, Eleanor. You have been a good friend, a true comrade in this last month. I shall be happier if I can think of you in a different, less disillusionizing environment."

"Don't think of me at all. I am a child of this great, wicked city. After tonight we shall never see each other again."

* * * * * *

"It's no use to send a letter in to Miss Mayne," the doorkeeper was saying to an insistent young man. "She never reads stage door letters nor speaks to Johnnies."

The young man wrote his name beneath the superscription on the letter. "Take that to her."

A few minutes later he was in a stage dressing room.

"I've come back," he announced.

"To carry a tin sword in the chorus?"

"No; to take a certain girl out of the chorus; to take her back with me to a quiet, little town."

"To visit your wife?"

"To be my wife."

"But the other girl, the first sweetheart, the innocent——"

"We have broken our engagement. She is as glad to be free as I am. When I went back she—she, I don't want to talk like a cad, but I want you to know the truth—she bored me. Her innocence and conventionality are the result of a narrow environment. She knows only the little world of the little town, and she is satisfied that that is all there is worth while in life. She welcomed me as a prodigal and expected a bended knee repentance and confession of the sins I must surely have committed out in the wicked world. We have not one taste or interest in common, except the picnics and the strawberry festivals. The woman I love is one who has lived in the big, wicked world, who knows life and has kept her soul pure and true. The little town is a lovely, quiet spot, and it will be a heaven if—if you are there. Will you come back with me?"

"The right sort of man chooses his wife from an environment which makes her innocent——"

"This man has learned a few things about women, and he will learn more if you will teach him. I am an ignorant country boy——"

"You are not. You are everything that is clever and wise and dear, and—and—of course, I am going back with you."

Another Cure by Thunder.

Another case has been added to the long list of those who are said to have been cured of deafness and dumbness by a sudden shock. This time the story comes from Amiens, where a woman is said to have recovered her speech after a particularly loud clap of thunder. There have been heavy storms in the region for the last few days, accompanied with hail, rain, thunder and lightning, and trees in some places have been pulled up by the roots. At others lightning struck houses and barns and horses and cattle have been killed. A woman forty-eight years of age, the wife of a workman, had completely lost her speech since 1905. She was still able to hear, but the only way she had of communicating with any one was by writing. She was subjected to various treatments, among others that of electricity; but they seemed to have no effect. During the recent thunderstorms she was seized with a terrible nervous attack, and suddenly she recovered her speech, and is now able to converse as easily as before. Several physicians have come to question her, and her cure is talked of as almost miraculous.

A Cheering Arabian Plant.

"I saw a little of Arabia in my trip around the world by way of the Suez canal," said Reuben Ferguson of Maryland. "An English tourist suggested that I ought to take a turn with the laughing plant of the Arabian region. He had a native find some of the plant and the seeds thereof, predicting that if I would make a tea out of the seeds or even make the seeds and leaves into a powder and take a dose of it occasionally the effect would be cheering and that I would desire to laugh for an hour or more without apparent reason.

"Once assured that there was no danger from the effects I tried the seeds and am ashamed to tell what others told me of my antics. It was a case of high jinks, dancing and foolishness both in conversation and actions. I cannot recall what I said or what sort of capers I was guilty of, but those who were with me seemed to take delight in telling of my intoxication and the utter nonsense of my conversation. Once they had told me of a few things I decided to have nothing more to do with the laughing plant."

So Simple When You Know.

There is reason to believe that the lady mentioned in this bit from the Cleveland Plain Dealer knew more about cooking than about navigation, or, to put it nautically, was more at home in the galley than on the quarter-deck.

The lady was reading a nautical novel. She struggled along bravely for a few minutes, but finally had to appeal to her husband.

"Gerald," she said, "the author says that the boat was sailing 'wing and wing.' What does that mean? I've been on a yacht, but I never heard that before."

"That means," answered Gerald, rejoicing in the fact that, he, too, had spent several hours on a sailing vessel, "that means that schooner had her mains'l out to port and her fores'l out to starboard—or vice versa."

"Oh, I see!" cried the lady. "It's just like a chicken—a wing on each side. Now I understand why they call those little sails in the middle 'jibs.' It's short for 'giblets,' of course. Isn't sailing interesting?"—Youth's Companion.

Terrifying.

The little boy regarded the pictures of the harem skirt with starting eyeballs.

"Does it mean that I am to have twice as many trousers cut down for me?" he shrieked.

Then he fell on his knees and prayed as never before that several sisters might be vouchsafed him in the future.

In the Present.

With the wise man it is always time.

HOME TOWN HELPS

WINDOW BOXES IN GUAYERE

How They Brighten Up the Town in Switzerland Where the Cheese Comes From.

Those who think all the delights of Switzerland lie among the high Alpine peaks or in the joy of winter sports will find upon visiting it that much of its strong appeal lies in the picturesque charm of its farm and village scenes.

Famous for its chocolate and cheese works, the town of La Guayere still clings to its ancient customs and surroundings. Many of the houses date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while the chateau of the Counts of La Guayere is of an even earlier period.

Ancient buildings, however, soon become commonplace to the European traveler, says Country Life in America, and so probably the first thing one notices in this interesting village is the prevalence of window boxes.

They are everywhere. No matter how old or tumbledown the house may be, there are always flowering plants in the window, and they brighten up the whole town wonderfully. Gay colors are the rule; pink and red geraniums are most common, although one sees a few nasturtiums and carnations, with an occasional hydrangea.

Unlike American window boxes, which are boxes in actuality containing a considerable quantity of soil, these usually found in Switzerland are a sort of grated box, with sides much like a picket fence, in which potted plants are placed. These boxes are either set upon the broad window sill itself or just outside upon brackets secured to the wall of the house.

When there are very heavy storms which might do damage to the plants the blinds may be closed to afford protection in the former case or the pots may be taken indoors by one in the latter.

MAKE THE SUBURBS PRETTY

Unsightliness in Development Usually Due to Greed of Speculators and Promoters.

The unattractiveness of most suburban development lies, first, in the fact that the land is hopelessly subdivided into uniform and monotonous units admitting of little or no variety, excepting by an expenditure of money which the investment does not justify; hence the attempt to obtain variety by stunts and detail, much of which is tawdry, John M. Carrere writes in Country Life in America.

Secondly, the designing of these houses, which has been mostly in the hands of spectators and promoters, has not usually been intrusted to architects of skill, and has not been developed with the idea of elevating and developing public taste, but rather of catering to passing fancies.

Assuming four lots, each 50 feet wide, if, instead of building, as usual, four houses with a narrow frontage and extending back into the lot—all in a row, with a small garden in front, a contracted space separating them, and ugly yards in the back—it were planned to place the two end houses with narrow fronts and extending back, and the two middle houses set back and designed with broad fronts, thus forming a court, a composition would immediately be possible, and a better distribution of light, air and grounds—whether for ornamental or merely back yard purposes—would immediately result without any interference of property lines or of light easements.

Holland a Land of Flowers.

There are two Hollands, one of the dikes and windmills, and one of the flowers, that is seen by comparatively few, says Country Life in America. The Holland of the flowers is a thing of the past each year by the time the average traveler gets around that way, which, as a rule, is July or August.

So early as February the annual flower pageant gets a start with the rare Tulipa haufmanniana, winter aconite and snowdrops, until it makes its first grand demonstration with scilla and crocus in March. Then in the glory of the tulip and hyacinth comes the greatest burst of color, followed by the Spanish iris, early gladiolus and lily to provide an anti-climax that runs over into June. But for sheer gorgeousness, nothing can match the heydey of the tulip, the banner bulb of Holland.

Texas Women Beautify Their City.

This is the time of year when housewives are cleaning the interior of their homes. But there are little touches that may be made in the yards that will give more pleasure to a greater number than even the clean home.

The women in a block in which the alley is neglected could get together and change things very soon if they would. There is a woman's civic league down in Sherman, Tex., says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, with five hundred members, that has done marvels, it is said, in the way of beautifying the city. It made a beautiful square, with flowers and plants, in what was an unsightly "hitching" place. It will erect fountains there, expects to secure a library, will fight the mosquitoes and do numerous other things.

Improving House Yard.

The house yard should never be overlooked. As a rule, the lawn appears better if not fenced; a gently sloping lawn gives the best effect. Ornamental shrubs may be planted with good effect. The trees may be arranged in rows or placed irregularly so as to give the appearance of a grove. White elm, box-elder or catalpa make good shade trees. Walks should be laid where necessary, and then as direct as possible. Flower beds along the sides of the walk are very attractive.

FEELS LIKE A BOY.

Since Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Terrible Kidney Trouble.

Sheldon Smith, Prop. Arlington House, Woodland, Cal., says: "Three years I was almost helpless. Kidney secretions scalded terribly and obliged me to arise ten to twelve times a night. My left limb became so stiff and sore I could hardly walk — just hobbled around with a cane. I had almost every complaint that diseased kidneys produce, and Doan's Kidney Pills removed them all. At the age of 76 I feel like a boy and enjoy health and comfort. Can anyone wonder at my gratitude?

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DID THE BEST HE COULD.

Mr. Bugg—Why, I expected this message two days ago.

Snail Messenger—It's not my fault, the company only gave it to me a week ago.

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura.

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. I think Cuticura is a great remedy and would advise any one to use it. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

A New Sensation.

Little Jean had visited one of the large summer amusement parks for the first time, and with the courage possessed only by those girls whose playmates are boys and girls older than themselves, she had not hesitated, when invited, to take a ride on one of the "thrillers" that abound in such places.

"To her mother, on her return from the park, she confided the emotions she had experienced as she swept round the curves of the "figure eight" with her elder brothers.

"Mamma," she said, "when I went round those awful turns so fast I felt just as if I had freckles on my stomach!"—Youth's Companion.

With Emphasis.

Mistress (hastily sticking a finger into either ear)—Kittie, for heaven's sake! what does that frightful noise and profanity in the kitchen mean?

Kittie—Oh, that's nothin', ma'am! It's on'y cook rejectin' a propos'l av marrij from the ashman!—Harper's Bazar.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to mfrs. 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Bribery.

Mrs. M.—Who did you vote for?

Mrs. N.—I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week.

If you make a fool of yourself don't take it too much to heart. The world is full of people who are kicking themselves.

If you want to be up with the lark in the morning, beware of the swallows at night.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is one of the rules that work both ways.

Chew and smoke untaxed tobacco, cheap, and enjoyed. Meriwether & Edwards, Clarksville, Texas.

If a girl is in love with a young man she can't see any one else in a crowd.

OWES HER HEALTH

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
521-531 W. Adams St., Chicago

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

Established 30 Years

J. C. RENNISON CO.
FLORISTS

Floral emblems and cut flowers for all occasions. SIOUX CITY, IOWA

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 25c. HAROLD SOMERS 150 De Kalb Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Uicerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A7, St. Paul, Minn.

READ our Booklets "Why They Move to North Dakota" and "Dirt That Grows Dollars." They'll interest farmers, they're free. Write NORTHERN IRRIGATION ASSOCIATION, FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

W. N. U. SIOUX CITY, NO. 27-1911.

Discouraged

The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.

Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures weakness.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

Refuse substitutes offered by unscrupulous druggists for this reliable remedy.

Sick women are invited to consult by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.