ble Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y .- "I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took



and for female trouoles and it straightened me out in good shape, I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it

shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."-Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Don't Neglect a Cold—It's Serious



The old standard remedy—In tablet form—Ne unpleasant after effects—No opiates—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails—

W. H. Hill Company . Detroit

A Sorry Lawyer.

Some time ago a man was haled into pened to be in the courtroom to rep- through with you to get my line staked resent him.

"Judge," the prisoner said when the jury had returned a verdict of guilty, "can I say something?"

"You may," the judge answered, "If you express yourself briefly.'

"It's about my lawyer, judge," the prisoner answered. "I would be very sorry if he was ever assigned by your honor to defend an innocent man."

CLEANSE THE PORES

Of Your Skin and Make It Fresh and Clear by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

When suffering from pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, smear the skin with Cuticura Ointment, failed to fathom. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients do much for the skin because they prevent pore clogging.

Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, and Sandry took them on. The Port-Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Behind the Scenes. Juliet-Packson says he is drawing

full houses. Romeo-Only on his own deal.

Judge.

And many a dear girl makes the mistake of marrying a cheap man.

Men who invest in watered stock are apt to get soaked.

Achy Joints Give Warning A creaky joint often predicts rain. It

nay also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous urle acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic palus, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizzlness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Dogn's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

A Nebraska Case



DOAN'S RIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

S OR FALLING

Towns Remedy Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Dear SirstI am sending you a picture of Eddrie Hanson
our son who is taking your treatment for



ness or clownishness of manners or heard of the Towns Remedy Co. and sent to them for treat-ment. He had language; absence of refinement; coarseness." dedne "vulgar" in the present sense

as "rustic; low, . . mean, base." When we say that anyone is vulgar we mean chiefly that he is, in Webstar's words, "offensive to good taste," and that is about as near an explana-tion as we can go.

base."

WOMAN HAD
NERVOUS TROUBLE
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE ILLUSTRATIONS by TRAY WALT = tes

unaware of it.

to use all my power."

going east tomorrow."

face was going gray.

that stung, but she put it resolutely

aside. She had determined to have

this man by fair means or foul and

she knew that in the future she would

"Yes," she answered quietly, "but

I'm coming back. I want to see my

CHAPTER XX.

A Cruel Weapon.

In the soberly correct offices of

Farnsworth & Heathcote, one of New

The honest roses in the cheeks of

Miss Poppy Ordway bloomed glorious-

ly. Her raiment whispered silkily

when she moved her splendid shoul-

ders a bit more comfortably against

"And now, Mr. Farnsworth," she

particulars of that mysterious rob-

"As one of the attorneys for the

Mr. Farnsworth spread out before

"'First-Standard Copper and Zine

"'Second-On the night of June 18,

1899, President Whitby had in his pos-

apartments at Whitby place, Aredale

\$502,000 in banknotes of high denomi-

nations. He had sent away his man

"Third-He was found at nine

o'clock the next morning, in his library,

dead. Under his hand lay an unfin-

I, James B. Whitby, president of the

Standard Copper and Zinc company, Con-solidated, sit down to write what I be-

leve will be my last word on earth. The telephone wires have been cut, my

nan is away for the night, and I am en

tirely alone in the grip of one of my re-current attacks of heart trouble, but my

brain is abnormally clear. I brought out last evening from business \$502,000, for

At one o'clock this night I looked up to face a pistol held by a man, a young man who was unmasked. "You may as well be patient," he said quietly, "for I intend

aving a talk with you."

Then followed what sufficed to heat me

into the greatest rage of my life-an ac-

cusation of myself, my methods and my

was the acme of studied insolence. He

home from a year in Europe after col-

He had, it appears, found his father a

a partner, and tracing some transactions

to me, laid it all at my door. He de-manded the money I had in my posses-

ened to expose him by daylight. He cool-

of high denomination.

ons known to myself-all of it in bills

Arcade Place, New York City, New York,

batim:

with rate and rebate swindles.

York's most solid and reputable law

firms, two persons sat talking.

the mahogany chair-back.

of the discussion in hand.

bery?"

COPYRIGHT BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Daily's tumber camp directs needle to the north and in them came stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry instantly an expression of wistful sadintroduces himself to John Dally, fore-man, as "the Dillingsworth Lumber Co., introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as "the Dillingsworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and klasses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Dally's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. claims title to the East Belt and sets up a cabin on it. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disjusted tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. Poppy firts with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry's men deserthim for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Siwashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and

tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Slietz and Sandry taiking together and becomes jealous. The big timber raft is started on its way, but is blown up and Sandry is dangerously injured. Poppy insists on taking care of Sandry and says she is his promised wife. "No" cries Siletz, "he kissed me and I am his woman." In Sandry's delirium he gives Poppy a clue to his past. On recovering Daily tells him of the successful filling of his contract and he says that he is going after Hampden himself and "get him straight." Ma Daily shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his delirious talk. Poppy plays with Hampden.

CHAPTER XIX-Continued.

"But they say you're goin' to marry that da-beg yer pardon-that Johnny Eastern. That so? For God's sake, girl, don't say it!"

Hampden's red face was pale, and she enjoyed seeing this coarse, bulllike man shaken to his foundations. "And what if it is?"

"I'll kill him! So help me heaven, I'll get him next—I tell you I can't stand for that!"

"Get him next time," she was saying swiftly to herself, "oh, Hampden, I court on a larceny charge, and, not fancy there'll be a lot of gettinghaving counsel at the trial, the judge whether or not Walter Sandry wants assigned a young lawyer who hap me to quit-now, after all I've gone

> Aloud she said at the same time, "No-it isn't true." And Hampden gravely. caught her hand and kissed it

March crawled by and April-May mer-as it does in the western hills, ceed." warm and bright and eternally sunny Sandry wondered if it had ever rained him a set of papers. Any exertion tired him cruelly, so he loafed about the office, sat on the east | company, consolidated," he read withporch at the cook-shack, and talked out preface, "one of the most conservaidly with the three women, for Poppy tive and entirely solvent concerns in Ordway, despite Ma Daily's coldness the country. Under the control and her runabout waited. and hints, and Siletz' silence, still in the hands of Whitby, Halstead, stayed on at the camp. Often Sandry Witherspoon & Haste. watched her with a puzzled look in his eyes which all her cleverness had Twice involved in suits at law, charged

There was a slight constraint between them.

The work of the camp went on session, for what reason has never well. A bunch of lumberjacks from been made known, at his bachelor Free sample each by mail with Book. Sacramento had come in during April, land Lumber company received the second raft, a smaller one, by the for the night and was entirely alone. middle of May, and followed its receipt with another order that would keep all hands and extra help at work sitting before a table, several hours until August. The pressing mortgage had been lifted by that first big check ished letter. This letter follows, verand the young owner felt his spirit surging within him like the growing year. His only worry was the fact that Hampden was building track and a log-trail into the strip between camp and the East Belt from the south.

> He evidently meant to begin operations under Sandry's very eyes. "Walter," asked Miss Ordway, "how long are you going to wait before letting me use my lever to pry Hamp-

den off?" She watched him with narrowed eyes. The strange reticence, the embarrassed reserve that had fallen upon Sandry of late and for which she could not account, kept his glance from hers as he answered:

"Until I am able to go to Salem." The woman's exquisite cheeks flamed a dull crimson under their roseleaf pink-the heavy bue of anger-

but she only smiled. "And I cannot help?" she asked wist-

fully. Sandry laughed, constrainedly, "I'll have to get him myself," he reiterated, "and I can't fight him with sion—at the point of the pistol!

My fists—though, by heaven, I'd like Shaking with rage I obeyed, and threatmy fists-though, by heaven, I'd like

At that moment Siletz came around proofs, in his hands, which would states. | the pistol!"

Webster's dictionary defines "vul-

gar" in the modern sense as "lacking

cultivation or refinement; rustic, boor-

ish; also, offensive to good taste or

refined feelings; low, coarse, mean,

And "vulgarity" it defines as "gross-

The half of these definitions might

As to what good taste is, who can | MADE HIS PROMISES GOOD HARD TO DEFINE VULGARITY inform us? To say that it is the taste of the best people does not get us What One Generation Condemns Anmuch farther, for we have then to disother May Have Considered cover who are the best people. And Distinctly Proper. is it the best people who have ever lived that we must follow, or the best There is nothing more difficult to people who are living now? The best define than vulgarity. It is often merepeople nowadays would consider it ly something one dislikes in somebody's manner of speech or behavior.

> E Pluribus Unum. many states. The expression is found originally in a Latin poem entitled "Moretum," supposed to have been

safely be cast aside. It is absurd to written by the poet Virgil. Business Based on Credit.

vulgar to get drunk at table; but the manner, and all, he was "some" woobest people of bygone times were of er!) until he described the honeya different opinion. The Latin phrase "E Pluribus Unum," means "From Many, One." It is the motto of the United States, as being one nation, though composed of

The checks which pass through the ceed the value of all the existing gold and silver coin in the world.

orison me, and which proofs I positively cnow do not exist. The affair. I believe at this writing will cost me my fife. o vitally did it stir my anger, and here and now before my strength falls, let me commend him to the fullest limit of the law for punishment. He is as truly my murderer as if he had fired his gun, to this I swear, and

"There," finished the attorney, "the letter ended, signed only by the hand of death, leaving the greatest mystery of the times. There was no trace of the young man with the pistol.

"There has been found no trace of the immense bundle of banknotes, as there could be found no record of their numbers nor any word of where Mr. Whitby got them. There has been the corner of the house and Sandry's found nothing, as all the world knows. eyes went to her as helplessly as the The estate has employed the best detective talent of the country to no avail. There are no true clues, opinions or theories. All are false when That look sent a cold chill to the applied.

passionate heart of Poppy Ordway and With lightning rapidity Miss Ordin a flash she made a decision. The way had been following the attorney's danger in Siletz was drawing near, reading in shorthand in the red noteshe knew, though Sandry himself was

"Ah!" she said with a breath of "So it's going to be a fight?" she satisfaction, "that is excellent! Excelthought, while a sick rage hurried her lent-and it closes the first matter of breath; "all right! I guess I'll have which I spoke. Now for the second." "Walter," she said suddenly, "I'm

eyes in her own bewitching manner as she told the small lie, for there were Instantly he turned upon her, searchno two matters upon which she had ng her face with startled eyes, and sought intelligence, but one only and though Miss Ordway was smiling sweetly at the girl, she knew that his "Yes?" he asked unsteadily. The plode any moment. tone pierced her heart with a pain

However, the air of finality with and far-seeing man, Farnsworth, himrepay him for any pain she might cause in the process of winning him. He saw no connection between her

> ing to turn the trend of her own mind her next query. "And now, Mr. Farnsworth," she

> said briskly, "what do you know of the name 'Sandry'?"

The lawyer was folding up his pa- did stop. pers and putting them carefully away in the drawer.

"Sandry? Why-not very much. Miss Ordway. Simply that there is a firm by the name of Sandry & Mussel dorn which deals in fancy horses and racing stock. They have magnificent breeding farms in New Jersey and are rated as rather more than financially solid. Mr. Wilton Sandry, the senior was saying, "can you give me the full partner, is an old man, of very fine presence, an invalid since three years ago-tied to a wheel chair in his man-The eminent lawyer's quiet eyes sion on Riverside drive. Musseldorn, were taking pleasurable note of the a clever man, extremely capable and woman's beauty, the concise handling | pleasant."

"And is that all? Has this Mr. Wil ton Sandry any family?" estate of James B. Whitby, I think I

"Why, let me see-yes, I believe am qualified to do so," he stated there is a son, one son. The mother is dead." "Then," said Poppy Ordway, open-"And where is this son?"

ing a little red morocco notebook at "I do not know. He has been in came in with the feel and look of sum- a page far to the back, "let us pro- Europe, I believe, though it seems to me that he returned some time ago.

"U'm," Miss Ordway was saying to self for men-she must write from herself-"a year in Europe, after college." Twenty minutes later the eminent

lawyer walked down with her to where As she threaded among the teeming ful of closely typewritten pages. traffic, Poppy Ordway was saying to

herself, "Wilton Sandry, financially "'Suspected of crooked methods. solid. James B. Whitby robbed by a



"There," Finished the Attorney, "the Letter Ended."

man-a young man just home from a firm, the statistical coldness of which year in Europe, after college, whose sible way of touching the swindler, for father he had found bankrupt by un it has been done in a manner that was a young man, almost a boy, just wise speculation of a partner and the said James B. Whitby. And Walter the victim knows in his heart that the Sandry in the Oregon hills mutters other is a thief. Now here is my bankrupt, through unwise speculations of of 'Ruined! Ruined! And he does pointnot know!' 'Legitimate! It is done legitimately!' and 'I am the law this Walter-Walter-heart of my heart, words she uttered were purely me he that cannot reason is a fool, and

CHAPTER XXI.

The Right Law. Once again Poppy Ordway was back at Dally's. Seemingly nothing bad happened in her absence. Sandry was to be at the work, able to go about the camp and the tilted meadow. He was dence." pale still, and to her passionate eyes her fears and her anxiety.

She went back to her work with rethis wild country than she had ever been in her life, filled with the excitement of Fame that lured and Love that beckoned, and, so she believed, able to capture both.

Then one day an incident took place that caused her to see that she for the mastery. must let him feel the steel beneath the velvet.

As usual, she sat in the golden after soon on the east porch, her work for the day being over, and Sandry lounged on the lowest step, his elbow on the floor and his hat pulled low over his eyes, gazing down the valley. She smiled into Mr. Farnsworth's Presently there came a sound, a rhythmic sound, at first far off, then coming nearer, the rolling thunder of a big horse in full flight, and up from the lower rollway came Black Bolt. that of so gigantic and uncertain a gleaming, dark, splendid. As if she nature that she felt as if she were were a part of him, Siletz rode, swayhandling dynamite which might ex- ing with her loose motion that always suggested the very drunkenness of speed. In her arm she held a great which she folded the notebook and bunch of wild bleeding hearts, their thereby seemed to dismiss the great brilliant crimson splashing gorgeously Whitby mystery deceived that shrewd along her olive throat, where the blue shirt lay open a bit.

With a slight pressure of knee and heel the girl sent the great black horse two sets of questions when she, seem- directly at the steps of the porch. As he came on Miss Ordway sprang up into an entirely different channel, put with a little scream, overturning her chair. But Sandry sat unflinching on the lowest step, smiling. Within three feet of him Black Bolt lowered his head, set his feet and came to a splen-

> Siletz leaned forward and dropped her burden in Sandry's lap, showering him with the blood of the bleedinghearts. She did not look at him. Then they trotted away around the corner to the shed and Sandry's lips tightened pitifully as he gathered up each smallest spray of the woods-treasures.

Where she stood back against the wall, one hand at her pulsing throat, Miss Ordway saw that tightening of the lips, the droop that came into the man's whole face, and her eyes narrowed and hardened like a cat's.

That night she came to him in the eating room. "Walter," she said, "I'm 'stuck' in

the middle of a chapter. Will you go over a few pages with me and give me the benefit of a man's ideas?" He smiled. "I'm afraid mine will not be of much

account, but such as they are you are welcome to them." "They will answer," said Miss Ordway, "a woman cannot write from her-

man to man. I'll bring my manuscript out here." And turning, she went from him to the sanctuary of the little south room. When she returned she carried a hand-

They drew up one of the pine benches, spread out the manuscript between the catchup bottles and sat down

together. Instantly with the touch of the shifting sheets in her fingers Miss Ordway seemed to drift away from the personal. She became detached, absorbed, swallowed up in the thrall of work and Sandry had a feeling of what such

a work must mean to one. "Now see," she said, half excitedly, 'here is the point about which I am a trifle in doubt. But I will have to sketch the situation for you so you can get a grip on it."

She turned toward him, spreading out flat on the paper one exquisite hand. Among her other hidden vanities, Poppy Ordway cherished an inordinate pride in these hands of hersand she knew their value and their potency to the last atom.

With an unconscious appreciation Sandry now looked down at it where it spread across the page. Unconsciously, too, his mind caught a shadowy comparison-the memory of the olive-colored, slim hands of the girl Siletz But she was speaking and he looked again.

"Now suppose my hero is confront ed with a man-his friend, it happens-who, in the plausible and unimpeachable methods of modern business, has calmly become possessed of my hero's wealth. There is no posgives it the seeming of legality. Yet

Miss Ordway was talking slowly as if thinking carefully and no one listennight, James B. Whitby!' Ah me! ing would have suspected that the fire of my blood-you're the man with chanical, having been written out and he that dares not reason is a slave.memorized that afternoon, and that Sir W. Drummond.

per mind was pusy with a different set of ideas. In fact, this was what she was thinking, tabulating rapidly a set

"Widening eyes-aroused interest. abnormal. Fingers tapping the tablea little stronger, a bit more impatient startled nerves. No suspicion, but astonishment at so unique a coinci-

Atoud she was going on: "Suppose more to be desired than ever. She my hero to be a modern man of avernoticed quickly how wistfully tender age good principles, could be bring was the face of Siletz, and how the himself to steal back deliberately an girl stayed apart from Sandry in a amount equal to, or compensating for. certain diffidence. This was balm to the amount stolen from him, and not consider himself a criminal? Could be go out among men with his head up, newed vigor. She was happier here in not deeming himself a thief? And would the modern man of average honor do such a thing?" Miss Ordway was leaning forward,

seemingly absorbed to her problem, her eyes on Sandry's face, where conflicting expressions were struggling

"In a moment!" she was saying to herself, eager as a hound; "in a mo-



Miss Ordway Was Talking Slowly.

ment he will commit himself!" for the bright, blue glance of the young owner | ter pound of limestone phosphate will wavered a bit, he opened his lips, shut | not cost much from your druggist or his hand upon the oilcloth and his jaw hardened with tautened muscles. "No! He wouldn't be a thief-three

rould be the right law." Every nerve in Miss Ordway's body jumped, though there was no outward sign, as the tension that had been growing between them snapped with the voice of Siletz.

The girl had stopped on the far side of the room, unnoticed by either, and now she stood leaning forward with her hands upon the table, her braids hanging beside them. The shadow of her parted hair was over her eyes. Miss Ordway's fingers crawled into her palm, rigid with a desire to inflict bodily pain upon this uninvited blunderer. But Siletz was of the wilder-

ness and she did not know she had committed a faux pas. She knew only that she had become absorbed in the exigencies of this mythical man confronted by so grave a problem and she spoke as unconsciously as a child. With a deep breath exhaled slowly, as if a swimmer drew in sweet air, Sandry lifted his eyes to her.

"The right law!" he said. "Yes. S'letz is right. And a man would do it if he had an incentive great enough -even a sane man of today-with the average honor. And he would hold up Gently cleanse your liver and his head if he was of the strength to do the thing at all."

For a moment Miss Ordway sat sient, regarding him intently.

"Good!" she said at last, "then you think I may go on without danger of overdrawing my character?"

"Unquestionably." She dropped her eyes, toying with a bone-handled fork lying near.

"Thanks, Walter," she said at last gently; "I shall go on with more confidence. It is a daring thing to make my hero do-but-the woman loves him in spite of a thousand crimesabove and beyond them."

Her heart was beating so fast that her white throat fluttered spasmodically at the soft hollow at the base and she knew that she took a chance. She knew also, as Sandry rose abruptly and left the room, that he had felt the steel, for his face was gray

again. In the silence of the little south room she stood long, staring into the vellow flame of the hand lamp on the stand. Then, suddenly, she covered her flushed face with her hands and

shuddered. "If I should blunder!" she gasped, "my God! If I should fail to win him after all! Oh, Walter, Walter-heart

of my heart!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Uncle Eben. "Patience is fine," said Uncle Eben, ef it keeps a man workin'. But it ain't much good ef it keeps him stickin' to a crap game."

Daily Thought. He that will not reason is a bigot:

Woman Likes to Be Looked At. A man likes to be noticed, but a woman wants to be looked at Put he is of all men the most miserable. Put a woman in something similar with like results, and she is filled with a peace and joy that nothing on earth can give. Ask any ordinary man, if you like, and he will tell you, if he is truthful, that if a girl's face is the first thing he looks at, her feet are the next. Put the prettiest girl in the world in thick cotton stockings and shapeless boots and the masculine susceptibilities will receive a jar from which recovery is well nis's impossible.-Philadelphia Ledger.

Excusable Ignorance. "But money talks, you know," remarked the man with the quotation habit. "As a matter of fact, I don't know anything of the kind," answered the man with the fringe on the bottom of his trousers. "I never was able to get within speaking distance

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexion: we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosycheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Just as necessary as it is to clean the ashes from the furnace each day. before the fire will burn bright and hot, so we must each morning clear the inside organs of the previous day's accumulation of indigestible waste and body toxins. Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before put-

ting more food into the stomach. Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, billous attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarat the store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.—Adv.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate ver, bowels and stomach.-Adv.

About the only difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the man who says it.

Throw Off Colds and Prevent Grip.
When you feel a cold coming on take LAXATIVH BROMO QUININE. It removes cause of
Colds and Grip. Dely One "BROMO QUININE."
B W. GROVE Signature on box. 22c.

"What a funny sort of fellow that young surgeon is!" "Yes; he's a regular little cut-up."

sluggish bowels while you sleep. Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, billiousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath-always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the in-

testines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the

stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will surely

straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep-a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum

CLAIMS THAT SWAMP-ROOT SAVED HER LIFE

About nine years ago I had Rheumatism so bad that I was in bed for six weeks. I was not able to raise my head weeks. I was not able to raise my head to take a drink of water. I was unable to move my hands or feet, and my back would hurt me so that words could not tell what I suffered. I saw Dr. Kilmer & Company's advertisement of Swamp-Root and I decided to try it and com-menced to improve with the first bottle. I continued on with the use of Swamp Root until I was restored to good health I am now 67 years of age and I do my own house work for four in the family; also I do my own washing. I have not been troubled with the Rheumatism for the last eight years. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root to others as I believe it saved my life.

Very truly yours,

MRS. EMMA A. BOGGS,

1000 N. 9th St., Independence, Kansas.

State of Kansas, County of Montgomery Before me, C. L. Jukes, a Notary Pub-lic in and for said County-and State, personally appeared Emma A. Boggs, to me known to be the identical person who ex-cented the within and foregoing instru-ment of writing, and acknowledged to me that she executed the same as her free and voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Notarial

Seal the day and year above mentioned. C. L. JUKES, Notary Public. Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bot-

tle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.-Adv.

There are times when the corkscrew is mightier than the typewriter.

Ardent Wooer Gave Bride at Least a Glimpse of the Splendors She Longed For.

She managed to withstand his wooing (though, what with his red hair and sparkling teeth and impetuous moon that he would provide for her. Ever had it been her ambition to

travel. "The world will lay its treasures at your feet!" he cried. "The silks and chopsticks of China, and the perfumes the hide of an elephant." "Step in and lovely horses of Arabia, the myssacks of Russia!"

raptured. He went on glowingly: obstreperous wild beasts of the jungle. | non's mouth." clearing house in London and New The splenders of the East and West. York in one month in normal times ex- the glories of the North and South-

eat, the Occident, the Accident!"

"Wilton," she gurgled, "I am yours!" And he clasped her in his arms and they were married. And it was all keeping mice away from the ele-

"Oh, Wilton!" she whispered, en rainy day. Our assistants are as for a dowerless daughter. Goods are "You will ride on the camels of the dispatched to customers' houses with desert, and see, saie by my side, the the rapidity of a shot from the can-

The man who always looks straight

The Cheerful Japanese Ad. Japanese advertisers, according to The Cosmopolitan," in the Boston Evening Transcript, believe in a lavish use of superlatives. "The paper we sell," runs the announcement in a Tokyo stationer's window, "is as solid as side!" is the call of a big shop in the ticism of India, and the cavorting Cos same city. "You will be welcomed as fondly as a ray of sunshine after a amiable as a father seeking a husband

as he had promised, for she spent her him in something that no one else is honeymoon with Darnum and Nailey's | wearing, that makes people turn round circus, where he had a steady job and gasp, and street horses shy, and

all shall be at your service! The Ori | ahead misses a lot of beautiful scenery on the side.