MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womankind is not because it is a stimulant, not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and recontructor ever discovered to act directly apon the generative organs, positively puring disease and restoring health and disease and point. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over apon the generative organs, positively puring disease and restoring health and

rigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as hey know by experience it can be reied upon to effect a cure. The follow-

ing letter proves it.
Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass., writes:

"It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female difficulties, "My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for uterine trouble some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength.

and strength.
"I freely advocate it as a most reliable spe-file in all diseases to which women are sub-ject, and give it honest endorsement."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, bloating for flatulence), leucorrhœa, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, evarian troubles, that bearing down feeling, dizziness, faintness, indiges-tion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be testored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. No living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and

Do You Know

That death may lurk in your walls? In the rotting paste under wall paper; in the decaying glue or other animal matter in hot water kalsomines (bearing fanciful names)? Use nothing but



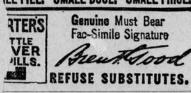
Rock Cement in white and delicate tints. Does not rub or scale. You can brush it on-mix with cold water. Exquisitely beautiful effects produced. Other finishes, mixed with either hot or cold water, do not have the cementing property of Alabastine. They are stuck on with glue, or other animal matter which rots, feeding disease germs, rubbing, scaling, and spoiling walls, clothing, etc. Buy Alabastine only in five pound packages, properly la-beled. Tint card, pretty wall and ceiling design, "Hints on Decorating" and our artists' services in making color plans, free.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Intigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They

ulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. ILL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



MIRACLE OF MILLIONS

In Which a Group of Frenzied Financiers Were Once Persuaded to Believe.

Following is a marvel of finance set forth by Mr. Lawson in his story of the New England Gas and Coke company, in the August installment of "Frenzied the August installment of "Fre Finance," in Everybody's Magazine:

"In the transaction outlined to me, Mr. Rogers, apparently, had religiously followed his well-seasoned habit, but I could not help gasping at the length and breadth of his audacity. Nothwithstanding the fact that all the stocks and bonds which represented the ownership of the actual gas companies of Boston had never sold for as much as \$14,000,000, he and Whitney had hypnotized a set of exceedingly smart and able frenzied financiers into believing that this city of 400,000 population could pay interest and dividends on \$35,000,000 in addition to the large amounts this deal still left outstanding. It must be understood that the new organization in no way disposed of our Bay State company with far-flung obligations, and so interest had to be earned on its securities as well. There had been inducements, of course. There are always douceurs in such deals for the insiders. I soon learned that the consideration prompting the Central Trust company to see the affair from the right angle was a promise of \$600,000 out of the three and a half millions cash business capital, together with a large block of the stock for good measure. A slice of the stock or cash went to each of the eminent gentlemen who had lent his name to the transaction. When I put together the different bonuses-I had almost written bribes-in cash and stock, the stock alone amounting to eight millions, I realized the kind of hypnotism that had been prac-

In Quito, Ecuador, it is usual to uncover one's head when there is a flash of lightning. This is probably a relic of worshiping days.

DOCTOR Brigham Says THE MASTER OF APPLEBY has brought my old curse upon me and I am like to rattle my teeth loose," "Let me go alone then. Another cold plunge may be the death of you." "No," said he, stubbornly. "Wait but a minute and the fever will be on me;

By Francis Lynde. =

CHAPTER XXV .- Continued.

edge and point.

"Ez I allow, that fotches us to the hoss-lifting." he said, in his slow drawl. Then he laid his commands upon us. "Ord'ly, and in sojer-fashion now; no whooping and yelling. If the hoss-cap-tain's got scouts out a-s'arching for us, one good screech from these here varmints we're a-going to put out'n mis'ry u'd fix our flints for kingdom come. I sin't none afeard o' your nerve,"—this to Richard and me—"leastwise, not when it comes to fair and square sojerfighting. But this here onfall has got to be like the smiting o' the 'Male-kites—root and branch; and if ye're tempted to be anywise marciful, jest ricollect that for the sake o' them wimmen-folks we've got to have these

You are not to suppose that he was holding us inactive while he thus exhorted us. On the contrary, he was posting us skilfully beside the trace like the shrewd old Indian fighter that gone upon his knees, we stood as we he was, with a rare and practiced eye to the maximum of cover with the minmum of thicket tangle to impede the rush or to shorten the sword-swing.

But when all was done we were at this disadvantage; that since the enemy was close at hand we dared not cross the path to give our trap a jaw on either side. To offset this the Caon either side. To offset this the Catawba dropped out of line and disappeared; and when the Cherokees were no more than a hundred yards away. Uncanoola came in sight like a distance in the opposite direction, runting early down the path to meet the ning easily down the path to meet the upcoming riders.

Richard let slip an admiration-oath under his breath. "There's a fine bit of strategy for you!" he whispered. "That wily Jack-at-a-pinch of ours will be fool them into believing that he is a runner from the Cowee Towns. 'Tis our cue to lie close; he will halt them just here, and there will be roving eyes the heads of the two who have not n the heads of the two who have not to talk."

to talk."

We had not long to wait. Our cunding ally timed his halting of the emisparies to a nicety, and when the three Cherokees drew rein they were within easy blade's reach. The powwow, lengthened by Uncanoola till we were near bursting with impatience, was ipun out wordly, and presently we saw the pointing of it. The Catawba was affecting to doubt the protests of the emissaries and would have them lismount and prove their good faith by smoking the peace pipe with him.

I give you fair warning, my dears, that you may turn down the page here

I give you fair warning, my dears, that you may turn down the page here and skip what follows if you are fain to be tender-hearted on the score of these savage enemies of ours. It was not the very summer solstice of the year of violence, a time when he who took the sword was like to perish with the sword, and we thought of little save that Margery and her handmaiden were not deadliest peril, and that these Inlians had five horses which we must have.

have.

As for my own part in the fray, when recognized in the five-feathered chiefain of the three that copper-hued imp of Satan who had been the merciless master of ceremonies at the torturing of my poor black Tomas, the decent need of mercy which even a seasoned soldier may cherish died within me. made sure the steel would find ts mark.

So, when Uncaloonla drew forth his obacco pipe and made the three loomed ones sit with him in the path smoke the peace-whiff all around, we picked out each his man and smote to slay. The sckthe-like sweep of Jenuifer's mighty claymore left the five-leathered chieftain the shorter by a head in the same pulse-beat that the Ferara scanted a second of the breath to yell with; though now I recall it, the gurgling death-cry of the poor wretch with the steel in his throat was more terrible to hear than any war-whoop. As for the old borderer, he was more deliberate. Being fair behind and within arm's reach of his man, he e picked out each his man and and within arm's reach of his man, he seized him by the scalp-lock, bent the read backward across the knee-but, faugh! these are the merest butcher letails, and I would spare you—and myself, as well.

While yet this most merciless deed was a-doing, the Catawba bounded to als feet and made sure of the horses, which were rearing and snorting with affright. That done, he must needs gloat, Indian-wise, over his fallen adresary, turning the headless body with his foot and gibing at it. "Wah! Call hisself the Great Bear,

Heap lie; heap no bear; hear no let his nothing now. Papoose bear no let his-self be trap' that way. No smoke peace

But now Ephraim Yeates, standing ear a-cock and motionless, like some ar a-cock and motioniess, like some grim old statue done in leather, cut nim short with a sudden, "Hist, will ye!" and a twinkling instant later we had other work to do.
"Onto the hosses with this here In-

nun-meat, ez quick ez the loving Lord'li let ye!" was the sharp command. "There's a whole clanjamfrey o' the varmints a-coming down the trace, and i reckon ez how we'd better scratch gravel immejity, if not sooner!"

CHAPTER XXVI

WE TAKE THE CHARRED STICK FOR A GUIDE. Luckily for us the new danger was opproaching from the westward. So, by dint of the maddest hurryings we got the bodies of the three Cherokees hoist upon the horses, and were able to efface in part the signs of the late encounter before the band of riders coming down the Indian path was upon us. But there was no time to make an orderly retreat. At most we could only withdraw a little way into the wood, halting when we were well in cover, and hastily stripping coats and waistcoats to muffle the heads of the

horses.

So you are to conceive us waiting with nerves upstrung, ready for fight or flight as the event should decide, stifling in such pentup suspense as any pr all of us would gladly have exchanged for the fiercest battle. Happily, the breath scanting interval was short. From behind our thicket screen we presently saw a file of Indian horse-men riding at a leisurely footpace down the path. Ephraim Yeates quickly

ned these new comers for us.
Tis about ez I allowed—some o the Tuckaseges a-scouting down to hold a powpow with the hoss captain. Now, then; if the sharp nosed ponies o' their'n don't happen to sniff the

The hope was dashed on the instant by the sudden snorting and shying of two or three of the horses in passing, and we laid hold of our weapons, key-

ing ourselves to the fighting pitch. But, Richard swore grievously, but the old ackwoodsman took the checkmate lacidly, and began to set the pieces or the second game in which the in a little time that danger was over-past and the evening silence of the mighty forest was ours to keep or break as we chose.

The old frontiersman was the first to

speak.

"Well, friends, I reckon ez how we mought ez well thank the good Lord for all His marcles afore we go any furder," he would say; and he doffed his cap and did it forthwith.

It was as grim a picture as any limner of the weird could wish to look upon. The twilight shadows were empuraling the mountains and gathering

purpling the mountains and gathering in dusky pools here and there where the trees stood thickest in the valley. The hush of nature's mystic hour was abroad, and even the swiftly flowing river, rushing sullenly along its rocky bed no more than a stone's cast beyond the Indian path, seemed to pretermit its low thunderings. There was never a breath of air astir in all the wood, and the leaves of the silver poplar that will twinkle and ripple in the

gone upon his knees, we stood as we were: the Catawba holding the pack horses, and Jennifer and I the three that bore the ghastly burdens of mor-tality. The bodies of the slain had been flung across the saddles to balance as they might; and to the pommel of that saddle which bore the trunk of the fivesaddle which bore the trunk of the hve-feathered chieftain, Uncanoola had knotted the grisly head by its scalp-lock to dangle and roll about with every restless movement of the horse a hideous deathmask that seemed to mop and mow and stare fearsomely at us with its wide open glassy eyes.

With this background fit for the stagic comedy, the looming mountains, the upper air graying on to dusk, and the solemn forest aisles full of lurking solemn forest aisles full of lurking shadows, you are to picture the old frontiersman, bareheaded and on his knees, pouring forth his soul in all the sonorous phrase of Holy Writ, now in thanksgiving, and now in the most terrible beseechings that all the vials of Heaven's wrath might be poured out upon our enemies.

His face, commonly a leather mask to hide the man behind it, was now ablaze with the fire of zealotry; and truly, in these his spasm-fits of sup-plication he stood for all that is most awe-inspiring and unnerving, asking but a little stretch of the imagination to figure him as one of those old iron hard prophets of denunciation come back to earth to be the herald of the wrath of God.

'Twas close upon actual nightfall when the old man rose from his knees and, with the rising, put off the beadsman and put on the shrewd old Indian fighter. Followed some hurried counselings as to how we should proceed, and in these the hunter set the pace for us as his age and vast experience in woodcraft gave him leave,

Woodcraft gave him leave,

His plan had all the merit of simplicity. Now that we had the horses,
Richard's notion of an approach from
the head of the sunken valley became
at once the most hopeful of any. So
Ephraim Yeates proposed that we betake ourselves to the mountain top and
to the head of that ravine which the
Catawha and I had discovered. Here Catawba and I had discovered. Here we should leave the horses well hidden and secured, make our way down the ravine, and, with the stream for a guide, follow the sunken valley to the camp at its lower end. Once on the ground without having given the alarm, gorge up to the we might hope to free the captives under cover of the darkness; and our retreat up the valley would be far less hazardous than any open flight by way on of the train had used.

So said the old backwoodsman; but neither Dick nor I would agree to this in toto. Dick argued that while we were killing time in the roundabout advance we should be leaving Margery wholly at the mercy of the baronet, and but on the chance that we might yet wholly at the mercy of the baronet, and that every hour of delay was full of hideous menace to her. Hence he proposed that three of us should carry out the hunter's plan, leaving the fourth to take the hint given by the charred stick and the swimming ambush crew, and so penetrating to the valley by the stream cavern, be at hand to strike a blow for our dear lady's honor in case

"'Tis a thing to be done, and I am with you, Dick," said I. "Should there be need for any, two blades will be better than one. If it comes to blows and we are killed or taken, Yeates and the chief must make the shift to do without our help."

As you would guess, the old hunter demurred to this halving of our slender force, but we over-persuaded him. If all went well, we were to rendezvous on the scene of action to carry out the plan of rescue. But if our adventure should prove disastrous, Yeates Uncanoola were to abide their striking in when and how they might.

Touching this contingency, I drew the old man aside for a word in private. "If aught befalls us, Ephraim—if w should be nabbed as we are like to beyou are not to let any hope of help-ing us lessen by a feather's weight the rescue chance of the women. You'll promise me this?"

"Sartain sure; ye can rest easy on that, Cap't John. But don't ye go for to let that rampaging boy of our'n upsot the fat in the fire with any o' his foolishness. He's love-sick, and there ain't nothing in this world so ridic'lous foolish ez a love-sick boy—less'n 'tis a love-sick gal."

I promised on my part and so we went on separate ways in the gathering darkness; though not until the lashings of the packs had been cut and the pow der and lead, save such spoil of both as Ephraim Yeates and Uncanoola would reserve, had been spilled into the river. As for the bodies of the dead Indians, the old hunter said he would let them ride till he should come to some convenient chasm for a sepulcher; but I mistrusted that he and the Catawba would scalp and leave them once

we were safely out of sight. At the parting we took the river's edge for it, Richard and I, keeping well under the bank and working our way cautiously down the gorge until we were stopped by the pouring cross-tor-rent of the underground tributary. Here we turned short to the left along the margin of the barrier stream, and tracing its course across the gorge came presently to the northern cliff at the lip of the spewing cavern mouth. By now the night was fully come and in the wooded defile we could place our-

selves only by the sense of touch.
"Are you ready, Dick?" said I.
"As read as a man with a shaking ague can be," he gritted out. "This dog's work we have been doing of late has only one high school for girls.

"Let me go alone then. Another cold plunge may be the death of you."
"No," said he, stubbornly. "Wait but a minute and the fever will be on me; then I shall be fighting-fit for any-

thing that comes."

So we waited, and I could hear his teeth clicking like castanets. Having had a tertian fever more than once in the Turkish campaigning, I had a fellow-feeling for the poor lad, knowing well how the thought of a plunge into cold water would make him shrink.
In a little time he felt for my hand

In a little time he felt for my hand and graped it.

"I'm warm enough now, in all conscience," he said; and with this we slipped into the stream.

"Twas a disappointment of the grateful sort to find the water no more than mid-thigh deep. The current was swift and strong, but with the pebbly bottom to give good footing "twas possible to and strong, but with the penny bottom to give good footing 'twas possible to stem it slowly. Laying hold of each other for the better breasting of the flood we felt our way warily to the middle of the pool; felt for the low-sprung cavern arch, and for that scanty lifting of it where we hoped to find head room between stone above and stream room between stone above and stream

We found the highest part of the arch after some groping, and making lowly obeisance to the gods of the underworld began a snail-like progress into the gurgling throat of the spewing rock-

monster.

I here confess to you, my dears, that, had I loved my sweet lady less, no earthly power could have driven me into that dismal stiffing place. All my life long I have had a most unspeakable horror of low-roofed caverns and squeezing passages that cramp a man for breath and for the room to draw it in; and when the suffocating madness came upon me, as it did when we were well jammed in this cursed horror-hole, I was right glad to have my love for I was right glad to have my love for Margery to make an outward seeming man of me; glad, too, that my dear lad was close behind to shame me into going on.

Yet, after all, the passage through the throat of the rock dragon was vastthe throat of the rock dragon was vastly more terrifying than difficult. Once
well within the closely drawn upper lip
we could brace our backs against the
roof and so have a purchase for the
foothold. Better still, when we had
passed a pike's-length beyond the lip
the breathing space above the water
grew wider and higher till at length we
could stand erect and come abreast to
lock arms and push on side by side.
From that the stream broadened and

leck arms and push on side by side.

From that the stream broadened and grew shallower with every step, and presently we could hear it on ahead babbling over the stones like any peaceful woodland brook. Then suddenly the dank and noisome air of the forest; and, looking straight up, we could see the twinkling stars shining down upon us from a narrow breadth of sky.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW A KING'S TROOPER BECAME A WASTREL.

Dick pressed closer to me, and I could feel him drinking in deep draughts of

the grateful outer air.
"What new wonder is this?" he would ask, with something akin to awe in his voice; but we must needs grope this way and that to feel out the answer with our finger-tips.

When the answer was found, mystery of the lost trail was solved most simply. As we made out, we were in a deep crevice cut crosswise by the stream which, issuing from a yawning cavern in the farther wall, yawning cavern in the farther wall, was quickly engulfed again by that lower archway we had just traversed. In some upheaval of the earthquake age a huge slice of the mountain's face had split off and settled away from the parent clift to leave a deep cleft open to the sky. One end of this crevice chasm—that toward the upland valley—was choked and filled by the debris of later landslides; but the lowdebris of later landslides; but the low-

Through this lower end, as we made no doubt, the powder train had come, turning from the Indian path in the gorge up to the bed of the barrier stream, turning again at the outer cavern mouth to squeeze in single file between the thickly matted undergrowth ous than any open flight by way on the cliff's face, and so to pass unexplored road the powder around the split-off mass and come into the crevice rift.

How the sharp eyes of the old hunter, and those of the Catawba as well had missed the finding of this squeezneed to know all the crooks and turn-ings of this outlet, we felt our way quite around the masking cliff and down to the stream's edge in the gorge.

That done we were ready for a farther advance, and clambering back into the crevice we once more took the stream for our guide and were pres-ently deep in the natural tunnel pierc-ing the mountain proper. This extension of the subterranean waterway proved to be a noble cavern, wide and high enough to pass a loaded wain, as we determined by tossing pebbles against the arching roof. None the less 'twas full of crooks and windings; and in the sharpest elbow of them all, where we were like to lose our way by blundering into one of the many branching side passages, Richard stopped me with a hand thrust back. (Continued Next Week.)

TOD SLOAN A CHAUFFEUR.

Has Lost a Fortune of \$500,000 Inside

of a Year. Washington Star: After traveling across the country in special trains, entertaining with a lavishness that filled his friends with awe, and making unsuccessful attempts to break the bank at Monte Carlo, James Tod Sloan, one time champion jockey of the world, is in Parls, working

as a chauffeur.

From a wardrobe that was equal to that of any Beau Brummel in the world, and which made him a pet in society, the little fellow, according to word which has reached this country, is in want of both clothes and a place to sleep. He is in Paris, employed temporarily by a French automobile concern at a paltry salary—a salary that in a month does not

wo years ago. When not employed as a chauffeur h is engaged in selling machines for dif-ferent concerns, who rely upon his repu-tation as a former jockey to bring trade to their shops. His downfall since being ruled off the English tracks has been

reach the figures of one day's expenses

rapid. Always of determined spirit, he recently told some acquaintances who met him in France that he would never return to the United States and suffer the humilia-tion he knew would be his should they learn that he is now receiving less than \$1,000 a year, where he was earning \$80,000 annually when he last saw his relatives. His foster parents live at Kokomo, Ind.

and they say that Todd was worth \$500,000 not long ago, but he gave none to them, and they are not now in a position to help him financially, willing as they are to do so. An effort will be made to raise funds for him should he care to return to his former home, but those who know the disposition of the young man declare

HOW A FRIEND-SHIP GREW

The Story

Whether Hand Sapollo got a more enthusiastic welcome in homes where Sapolio was an old and tried friend, or where it was a stranger, is a question. Where women had come to rely on Sapolio for rapid, thorough cleaning in every part of the house except the laundry, they commenced without loss of time, to avail of this new prize. Grubby little hands, and stained, workworn older ones, whitened, softened, and smoothed out as if by magic, callous spots disappeared, and complexions cleared. Children ceased their strenuous objections to the scrubbing up process, because it became a

Doyon Wanta
Wanta
clear and
healthy
Skin?

after dish-washing, removing the most disagreeable feature of that necessary task. It was found to keep delicate baby skins from chafing better than saive or powder, and the crowning note in the song of delight came when an adult member of the family used it in a full bath, and realized that a

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness: the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even food, unless you are clean. Use HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases everyone.

Turkish Bath at a cost of one dollar was outdone by a small fraction of the little, ten-cent, velvety cake.

there were people who had not learned to prize Sapolio. To these the advertising of Hand Sapollo came as a surprise. Sapolio, a scouring soap,

adapted for the hands, the face, the general toilet? Impossible, it would be horrid. Who ever heard of such a use? Finally a bold shopper carried home a cake. Does it look like kitchen Sapolio? No one is sure, and a cake of that is bought, and comparison made. Behold a family using both the Sapolios for every conceivable purpose, and comparing notes! After easily and quickly cleansing a greasy pan with Sapollo, Jane thought the other would be gritty, and was astonished at the smooth, dainty lather. Another was certain it would harden



the hands and could scarcely realize how soft and "comfy" they felt after the washing.

Then began the excitement of adventure; what would the new soap NOT do? A girl tried a shampoo. Her hair, pretty, soft and silky "went up" perfectly, with none of the unmanageableness that generally exists for a full week after the usual process. A man used the delightful lather for shaving, and felt no need for cold cream afterwards. A pimply face was treated to a daily bathing with the full suds, and promptly becameclear. Tartar on the teeth yielded to it, feet that

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

ency tohardening of the skin regained their natural condition, till another family had joined the chorus of friendly acclaim. And so it is everywhere, those who know the 'elder brother" welcome the newcomer, for the sake of the first known, and those who meet both for the first time are plunged into a whimsical worry as to which they could better spare if they had to make a choice.

TRY HAND SAPOLIO. Its steady use will keep the hands of any busy woman as white, untanned and pretty as if she was under the constant care of a city manicure. It is truly "The Dainty Woman's Friend," in the suburbs

or on the farm.

Those ugly dark brown streaks on the neck, arising from tight collars, and the line where the sunburn stops, can be wiped out by the velvety lather of HAND SAPOLIO. It is, indeed, "The Dainty Woman's Friend."



The Dread of War.

From La Vie Parisienne. War between France and Germany! Who would dare to anticipate such a catastrophe? The Germans desire it no more than the French. Imagine what it would mean: Paris shut in, every man a soldier, relations with the outside world interrupted, habits changed, friendships broken off, and oneself, perhaps, wounded. The thought is too terrible.

Mrs. Winslow's Scottling Strup for Children techning; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, at lays pain, cures wind colic. 25 centr a bottle

The Positive Finish. Houston Post: "Yes," said the builder, "this little alteration I have just suggested will only cost you an extra hundred and it will be the finishing touch."

'Well, go ahead, I'll put up the hundred. can bet that you're right that it but you can bet that you're right that it will be the finishing touch; I don't stand for any more."

We use Piso's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine.

—Mrs. S. E. Borden, 442 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

His Finish.

—Is he a finished musician? Dix-He came near being one last night neighbors chased him nearly

To Destroy Slugs on Roses.

After much experimenting with insect After much experimenting with insect powders, sprays, etc., I have learned from a florist a very simple and effective means of keeping rose bushes free from slugs. Use plenty of strong Ivory Soap suds around the roots and on the foliage. This will prevent insects and cause the plants to be perfectly healthy. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

The Same Pride.

"They say old Colonel Hanthunder is as proud as Lucifer."
"He is—and with about the same kind of a personal record to be proud of."

The Opposite.
Yonkers Statesman: Bill—"Did you have your head shingled when you were a lad?" Jill-"No, not my head."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorito Remedy, the Great Ktoney and Liver Cure. World Famous. Write Dr. Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bettle A good swimmer is not safe against

FOR WOMEN troubled with ills peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvelo cessful. Thoroughly cleanes, kills disea stops discharges, heals inflammation

stops discharges, heals inflammation and local goreness.

Partine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, heaßing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Trial Box and Book of Instructions Pree.

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