

## GOOD BLOOD FOR BAD

Rheumatism and Other Blood Diseases are Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"In the lead mines I was at work on my knees with my elbows pressed against rock walls, in dampness and extremes of cold," said Mr. J. G. Meikel, of 2973 Jackson avenue, Dubuque, Iowa, in describing his experience to a reporter, "and it is not surprising that I contracted rheumatism. For three years I had attacks affecting the joints of my ankles, knees and elbows. My ankles and knees became so swollen I could scarcely walk on uneven ground and a little pressure from a stone under my feet would cause me so much pain that I would nearly sink down. I was often obliged to lie in bed for several days at a time. My friends who were similarly troubled were getting no relief from doctors and I did not feel encouraged to throw money away for nothing. By chance I read the story of Robert Yates, of the Klauer Manufacturing Co., of Dubuque, who had a very bad case of rheumatism. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy he had used. In three or four weeks after beginning to use the pills, I was much better and in three months I was well. The swelling of the joints and the tenderness disappeared. I could work steadily and for eight years I have had no return of the trouble. My whole family believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Both my sons use them. We consider them a household remedy that we are sure about."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mr. Meikel they are doing for hundreds of others. Every dose sends galloping through the veins, pure, strong, rich, red blood that strikes straight at the cause of all ill health. The new blood restores regularity, and braces all the organs for their special tasks. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your druggists' or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

### Fido Rode Inside.

From the Kansas City Times. "It is against the rule to permit dogs to ride in the cars," said a conductor on the Rockhill line yesterday, "and there is a woman living out south who doesn't like the order. Several times in the past few months she has boarded my car with her little dog. I have always kept the dog out here in the vestibule and she has always been made at me for it. Last week I suggested that she leave the dog at home when she had to use street cars. Monday she boarded my car. The dog was nowhere to be seen, but the woman held a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. "You won't have to keep Fido out in the vestibule this time," she said to me. "So you left him at home, did you?" I replied. She simply smiled. At Eleventh and Grand she left the car. As she stepped from the platform she began tearing the paper off the bundle. Fido was in it.

"Fido rode inside your car," she said, with an air of triumph. "All right," I replied, smiling. "If Fido hasn't any kink coming I guess I haven't. Then that woman actually made a face at me."

### IN CONSTANT AGONY.

A West Virginian's Awful Distress Through Kidney Troubles.

W. L. Jackson, merchant of Parkersburg, W. Va., says: "Driving about in bad weather brought kidney troubles on me, and I suffered twenty years with sharp, cramping pains in the back and urinary disorders. I often had to get up a dozen times at night to urinate. Retention set in, and I was obliged to use the catheter. I took to my bed, and the doctors failing to help, began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The urine soon came freely again, and the pain gradually disappeared. I have been cured eight years, and though over 70, am as active as a boy."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Not Impressed. From the Philadelphia Press. "Yes," the new Shade was boasting. "I was one of the leaders of the great beef trust. I tell you, we cornered cattle to suit ourselves." "Yes," replied the old Shade with the long beard, moving away with a yawn. "Say," the new Shade called after him, "you don't seem to be very impressed." "No," I had a corner in live stock myself once. My name's Noah."—Philadelphia Press.

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### A Promising Boy.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin. "My boy," said the frenzied financier, "you can remember that you can't eat your cake and have it." "But, father," the young man commented, "surely I can keep my own cake and eat the other chap's!" The light of a great joy shone in the father's eyes. He foresaw for his son a splendid future. Seldom, indeed, had he heard the vital principle of high finance more trenchantly laid down.

It is a pleasure to comment upon the conservative methods employed by the G. & C. Merriam company in the publication of the Webster's International Dictionary. Not every little slang word or phrase is put into the book regardless of its scholastic or linguistic qualities. It is this conservatism backed by scholarship of the editor-in-chief, William T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States commissioner of education, and hundreds of others of the greatest educators of this and other nations which has made the International a standard in all the courts of the nation, as well as in colleges and public schools.

King Victor of Italy is one of Europe's many monarchs who delight in little incognito trips into the country.

# THE MASTER OF APPELEBY

By Francis Lynde.

## CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

"Tis your own folly," I rejoined hotly. "You should blame neither the lady nor the man to whom she has given nothing save—"

"Save what?" he broke in savagely. "I recoiled on the brink as I had so many times before. The months of waiting for the death I craved had hardened me."

"Save a thing you would value lightly enough without her love. Let us have done with this bickering; find the colonel and ask his leave to go with me, making whilst I do the spying."

"No," said he; "not while you stand it upon such a leg as that."

I reached across and gripped his hand and wrung it. "Shall we never have the better of these senseless vapors?" I cried. "Tis as you say; I can neither live sane nor die mad without another sight of her, Dick, and that is the plain truth. And yet, mark me, this next seeing of her will surely set a thing in train that will make her yet and not mine. Get your leave and come with me on your own terms. Mayhap she will show you how little she cares for me, and how much she cares for you."

So this is how it came about that we two, garbed as decent planters and mounted upon the sleekest cobs the regiment afforded, took the road for Winstonsborough together on a certain summer-fine morning in January in the year of battles, 1781.

## CHAPTER XLV. IN WHICH WE FIND WHAT WE NEVER SOUGHT.

"Tis fifty miles as a bird would fly it from the grazing uplands of the Broad known as the Cowpens to the lower plantation region lying between that stream and the further Catawba and Watauga, and Richard Jennifer and I ambled the distance leisurely, as befitted our mission and disguise, cutting the journey evenly in half for the first night's lodging, which we had at the house of one Philbrick—as hot a Tory as we pretended to be."

From our host of the night we learned that within two days the British outposts on the Wateree and the Broad had been advanced; and that there were rumors in the air that Lord Cornwallis, who was hourly expecting General Leslie with two thousand of Sir Henry Clinton's men from New York, would presently move on to the long-deferred conquest of North Carolina.

"Has Cornwallis lost his wits?" Dick would say, when we were a-jog on the southward road again. "Tis a braver word than I gave him credit for being—if he will put his head in a trap that will close behind him and cut him off from his line and base."

I laughed. "You may wager Jennifer hasn't signed a copy of the Cowpens that Lord Charles will do no such unheroic thing. If this rumor be true, we have heard only the half of it."

"And the other half will be—"

"That my Lord Cornwallis will do his prettiest to pull the teeth of one or the other of the trapjaws before he trusts himself within them."

Jennifer was silent for an ambling minute or two. Then he said: "Twill be our teeth he'll try to pull, then. The Broad is nearer than the Pedee; and our is the weaker of the two jaws."

"Right you are," said I. "And how well we know what we have to discover."

"Anan?" he queried.

"We must learn by hook or crook who is to be sent against Dan Morgan, and when."

"That should be easy—if the use of it afterward be not choked out of us at a rope's end," he said.

"We can divide the rope's end chance of failure by two. We may work together as the opportunity offers, but once within the lines we must pass as strangers to each other, or at most as chance acquaintances of the road."

"God!" said he, and then his jaw dropped. "But what if one of us is taken? Never ask me to stand by stranger wise and see you hanged, Jack!"

"I shall both ask it and promise to do the same by you. Your hand on it, we go a step farther, if you please."

"Tis out of all reason," he demurred. "Tis the only reasonable course. Be- think you, this is no knight-errant venture; we are two of Dan Morgan's soldiers bent upon doing a thing most awful of the welfare of the country and its cause. 'Tis a duty higher than any obligation friendship lays on Richard Jennifer or John Ireton."

At this he yielded the point, though I could see that the proposal jumped little with the promptings of his general heart.

"Tis a scurvy trap you have set for me," he grumbled. "The risk is chiefly yours, and you know it. You are known to Lord Cornwallis, and to God knows how many more of them, and be- lieve me, the interruption came in the shape of a troop of redcoat horsemen galloping in the road to meet us, and we were shortly surrounded and put sharply to the question. We answered each for himself. Dick was a loyalist from Yorkville way, eager to be set in arms against the bandit Daniel Morgan; and I was a refugee from 'hornets'- nests' Mecklenburg, also bent upon revenge."

The troop officer passed us on, something doubting, as I suspected. But we were riding in the right direction, and he was unwilling to clog himself with a plain country gentleman held in leash as prisoners.

A few miles farther down the road the same brace of legs got us safely through the loosely drawn vedette line, and by evening we were in sight of our goal.

Viewing it from the rising ground of approach, Winstonsborough appeared less as a town than as a partly fortified camp. The few houses of the village were lost in the field of tents, huts and sheds, and the sound of marching men spread of war. It would seem that my Lord Cornwallis' army had been considerably augmented since I had last seen it in Charlotte. I spoke of this, but Dick was intent upon the business of the moment.

"Aye, there are enough of them, God knows. But tell me, Jack—I'm new to this game—what's to do first when we are among them?"

I laughed at him. "You are my troop- er commander, Captain Jennifer. 'Tis for you to make the dispositions."

"Have your joke and be hanged to you. There are no captives here."

"If you leave it to me, we shall ride boldly to the tavern, put up as travelers, and listen to the gossip, each for himself." Preplied; and this is what we did.

The village tavern, servilely bearing the king's arms thinly painted over the palmetto tree of South Carolina on its swinging sign board, was a miserable dogery, full to overflowing with a

riffraff of carousing soldiery. Separating by mutual consent in the public tap room, Richard and I presently drifted together again at a small table in a corner, with a black boy in attendance to see before such the entertainment as the hostelry afforded.

"Well, what luck?" asked Dick, mumbling it behind his hand, though he might safely have shouted it aloud in the din and clamor of the place.

I shook my head. "Nothing as yet, save that his overzealous tipsy corporal telling his tipsy sergeant that the officers would be holding a revel tonight at a Tory manor house situate somewhere beyond the camp confines to the northward; the house of one Master Marmaduke Harndon, if I heard the name aright. Then he added: 'The officers will be drunken to serve our purpose. 'Tis only the common soldiery, and we shall learn nothing here.'"

"There was at least one who was not a ranker," said Dick, and there was something akin to awe in his voice. Then he leaned across the table to me and said: "Fair had a fright."

I smiled. "Fear, of God, man or the devil, was not one of the lad's weaknesses."

"You may grin as you please," he went on; "but answer me this; do the dead come back to life?"

"Not in this resurrection revel, if we may believe the dominies."

"Then I have seen a ghost—a most horrible mask of a man we both know to our cost."

"Name him and I will tell you whether he be a ghost or not," said Dick. "Tis the ghost of Frank Falconnet; or else it is what of the man himself the fire hath left," said Dick and I marked his shiver at the word.

"No!" said I.

"I tell you yes,"

I sprang up, but the lad reached Watauga, and Richard smote me back into the chair.

"Softly, old firebrand; 'twas you who said the public matter must take precedence of the private. Moreover, if this be Francis Falconnet whom I have seen, your sweetest revenge on him is that even Dick, who has known her from childhood, was struck dumb with admiration, as his face sufficiently advertised. And, indeed, I had much ado to play my own part with any decent self-possession, though I did make shift to bow stiffly, and to say: 'I see I should have thought the prettiest little deeds with me to make you sure that I am not my rebel cousin John, Mistress Margery. Your servant, Colonel Tarleton; and yours, Mr. Richard.'"

"Twas done so cleverly and with such an air that even Dick, who has known her from childhood, was struck dumb with admiration, as his face sufficiently advertised. And, indeed, I had much ado to play my own part with any decent self-possession, though I did make shift to bow stiffly, and to say: 'I see I should have thought the prettiest little deeds with me to make you sure that I am not my rebel cousin John, Mistress Margery. Your servant, Colonel Tarleton; and yours, Mr. Richard.'"

Dick's bow was an elaborate hiding of his tell-tale face, but the color of his eyes, and the gleam of his teeth, and the gleam of the side-black eyes of him boring into my very soul.

Had my lady given him but a moment's time I make no doubt he would have come instantly at the truth and the little farce would have been turned into a tragedy on the spot. But I saw the light of the door, and the spin in the ball room above was tinkling out the overture to a minuet, and she laid the tips of her dainty fingers on the colonel's arm.

"This will be ours to walk through, will it not, Colonel Tarleton?" she said, playing the sprightly minx to the very limit of her power. Then she dipped us a curtsy. "Au revoir, gentlemen. 'Tis a thousand pities you had not joined sooner, and so had the red coat and small sword to grace you here."

"When they were gone Dick laughed sardonically.

"Saw you ever such a cool-blood little jade in all your life? 'Twas with me as it was with you; I, too, stumbled upon them, and the colonel bustled me and set his heel on my foot. I dare say I should have had myself in irons in another moment but for the minuet. See the light in between and introduced us as sweetly as you please."

"Nevertheless," said I, "the colonel recognized us both."

"No! Think you so?"

"Tis certain enough to play upon. What we do now must be done quickly or not at all. What have you overheard?"

He swore softly. "Never a cursed word; less than nothing of any interest to Dan Morgan."

"We must try again. 'Twill surely be talked over here if the army is about to march. Do you take a turn in the ante-room and meet me in a quarter of an hour at the outer door."

At the word, Dick promptly lost himself in the throng whilst I made a slow circuit of the refreshment table. Once I thought I had the clue when a girl hanging on the arm of an infantry lieutenant said: "Will it be true that you will presently go out to hunt the rebels down, Mr. Thornicroft?" But the prudent lieutenant smiled and put her off cleverly, leaving her from the question—and me—the wiser.

(Continued Next Week.)

## Girls and Their Education.

E. S. Martin in Harper's Bazar: And there comes in the special complication that affects the education of girls.

When you have a fine girl with a good mind, who can learn any thing in a useful labor, after her education has come to the point where specialization might begin, you have to face the possibility that by going on and giving her a special thing to think about and work at, you may be aiding to divert her from a woman's greatest career to one, notable it may be, but less satisfying and of less importance. The risk—the apparent risk—is not that a girl may know too much to marry, but that during the years when marriage is best, and easiest, achieved, she may be so busy with other concerns as to miss meeting the man whom she ought to marry.

For while it may be confidently asserted that no mere intellectual preparation is going to hinder a girl from marrying the man whom she recognizes to be the right man if he come along at the right time and suggests it to her, it is possible that she may be too much preoccupied to recognize him when he comes, and that her work, leaving her far from the social point she would naturally occupy and cause her to miss meeting him altogether.

## The House's Expensive Rugs.

The latest congressional bill for Perian rugs, some of which worth \$2,000 each, is the speaker's lobby on the house side. These are the finest rugs ever seen in the capitol, being handsomer even than anything on the senate side. The rugs are so fine that some of the new workmen showed an unwillingness to walk on them until they saw the pages and other house employes throwing cigarettes and cigar butts on them. "We'd better take down some of these pictures on the walls and hang up the rugs," declared Colonel Ike Hill, the democratic "whip" of the house.

Conie Mack, manager of the athletics of Philadelphia, was talking about the disastrous games with the New York giants. Suddenly the look of pain faded from his face, and a gentle smile appeared.

"One funny thing, though," he said, "I did see on that unlucky day."

"As the crowd was pushing and struggling to get out at the game's end, a boy bored his way to the fence, and began to climb over it."

"A policeman hastened towards him."

"Hey, there, kid," he yelled, "none of that. Go out the way you came in."

"But by this time the boy had reached the top. He said, as he vanished on the other side:

"This is the way I came in."

**Danger of Realism.**  
From an Exchange.

David Belasco was talking about stage realism.

"It may go too far," he said. "It is a dangerous thing."

He smiled.

"A stage manager," he said, "once had a subordinate with realistic ideas. The manager was producing a play containing a snowstorm, and the subordinate had charge of the snow."

"Confound you," said the manager, at the end of the snowstorm scene, "what on earth did you mean by making the snow out of brown paper?"

"Ain't the scene laid in London?" asked the other.

"Yes. But what of that?"

"Well, that's the color of London snow."

**Facts and Proof.**  
Hulet, Wyo., Dec. 4.—(Special).—An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory and it is evidence founded on facts that backs up every box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The evidence of people who know what they do. Mrs. May Taber, highly esteemed resident of Hulet, says:

"I know Dodd's Kidney Pills are a valuable medicine because I have used them. I took seven boxes and they cured me of a severe attack of Kidney Trouble. They relieved me from the first dose, and when I had finished the last box I had no pain and my Kidneys are now acting properly."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now recognized all over the world as the greatest Kidney Remedy science has ever produced. They cure Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gout, Lumbago, Diabetes, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, Bright's Disease, and all disorders arising from any form of Kidney Disease.

**Beginning to Take.**  
Slodgers (hastily arising from redhot car seat)—"Gee!"

Mrs. Slodgers—"What's the matter, dear?"

Slodgers (gingerly scratching his arm)—"My vaccination is beginning to take!"

**Women's Work in Big Hotels.**  
From Leslie's Weekly.

The employes in the linen room in a big New York hotel receive \$20 a month, with room and board, and their hours are well regulated in most of the large hotels. The parlor maid or maids come next on the salary list, with \$18, room and board and the tips often bring this sum up to \$20 or even \$50.

The maid's duties are to keep the parlor swept and dusted and herself tidy and ready to attend the women guests who desire her services.

The chamber maids, bathroom girls, paint cleaners and scrub women (of whom every hotel employs a small army) each receive \$12. The work of the two last named is distinctly different. A scrub woman would not think of cleaning paint and a paint cleaner would think that she was demeaning herself in scrubbing the floor. Through- out the house the question of social distinction is argued, the maids feeling above the bathroom girls, the parlor maids above the other maids and the linen room girls above the parlor maid, and so on. Human nature is much the same the world over.

In the parlance of hotel employes scrub women are known as "soubrettes," the chamber maids are called "show girls." The "soubrettes" begin their work at 6 o'clock in the morning and do not finish until about 5. They scrub the floors and go throughout the house with soap and hot water. At the hotel Victoria—the exception among the various hotels mentioned—the employes are permitted to enter the help's dining room at any time of the morning or afternoon between regular meals and have a cup of tea and a light lunch—a system which has much to do with the contentment reigning among the employes of this establishment. The cost is only a trifle, and although the plan has been in operation for some time those who enjoy its advantages do not abuse it.

**THE "COFFEE HEART."**

It is as Dangerous as the Tobacco or Whisky Heart.

"Coffee heart" is common to many coffee users and is liable to send the owner to his or her long home if the drug is persisted in. You can run 30 or 40 yards and find out if your heart is troubled. A lady who was once a victim of the "coffee heart" writes from Oregon:

"I have been a habitual user of coffee all my life and have suffered very much in recent years from ailments which I became satisfied were directly due to the poison in the beverage, such as torpid liver and indigestion, which in turn made my complexion blotchy and muddy."

"Then my heart became affected. It would beat most rapidly just after I drank my coffee, and go below normal as the coffee effect wore off. Sometimes my pulse would go as high as 137 beats to the minute. My family were greatly alarmed at my condition and at last mother persuaded me to begin the use of Postum Food Coffee."

"I gave up the old coffee entirely and absolutely, and made Postum my sole table beverage. This was 6 months ago, and all my ills, the indigestion, inactive liver and rickety heart action, have passed away, and my complexion has become clear and natural. The improvement set in very soon after I made the change, just as soon as the coffee poison had time to work out of my system."

"My husband has also been greatly benefited by the use of Postum, and we find that a simple breakfast with Postum, is as satisfying and more strengthening than the old heavier meal we used to have with the other kind of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

## Are You Tired, Nervous and Sleepless?

Nervousness and sleeplessness are usually due to the fact that the nerves are not fed on properly nourishing blood; they are starved nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and thereby the nerves are properly nourished and all the organs of the body are run as smoothly as machinery which runs in oil. In this way you feel clean, strong and strenuous—you are toned up and invigorated, and you are good for a whole lot of physical or mental work. Best of all, the strength and increase in vitality and health are lasting.

The trouble with most tonics and medicines which have a large, booming sale for a short time, is that they are largely composed of alcohol holding the drugs in solution, as in alcohol shrinks up the red blood corpuscles, and in the long run greatly injures the system. One may feel exhilarated and better for the time being, yet in the end weakened and with vitality decreased. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains no alcohol. Every bottle of it bears upon its wrapper *The Badge of Honesty*, in a full list of all its several ingredients. For the druggist to offer you something he claims is "just as good" is to insult your intelligence.

Every ingredient entering into the world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery" has the unanimous approval and endorsement of all the several schools of practice. No other medicine sold through druggists for like purposes has any such endorsement.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only produces all the good effects to be obtained from the use of Golden Seal Root, in all stomach, liver, and bile troubles, as in dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, ulceration of stomach and bowels and kindred ailments, but the Golden Seal root used in its compounding is greatly enhanced in its curative action by other ingredients such as Stone Root, Black Cherrybark, Bloodroot, Mandrake root, and chemically pure triple-refined glycerine.

"The Common Sense Medical Adviser," is sent free in paper covers on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps (the cost of mailing only). For 31 stamps the cloth-bound volume will be sent. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and headache.

**THE BEST COUGH CURE**

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure,

## Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind. Remember, too, the kind that is the only kind worth anything.

Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by taking Kemp's Balsam in time. Is it worth while to experiment with anything else.

Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

## Stuffed Potatoes.

From the Boston Post.

Wash and wipe large, fair potatoes and bake soft, cut a round piece from the top of each and carefully preserve it; scrape out the inside with a spoon without breaking the skin and set aside the empty cases with the covers, wash the potato, which you have taken out, smoothly, working into it butter, a raw egg, a little cream, pepper and salt; when soft heat in a saucepan, set over the fire in boiling water, stir until smoking hot, fill the skins with the mixture, put on the covers, steam for three minutes, serve in a heated napkin.

Ruby Westwood, of Foxton, England, is 11 years old and weighs 172 pounds.

An engine going a mile a minute gives twenty puffs a second.

## 25 Bushels of Wheat to the Acre

means a productive capacity in dollars of Over \$16 Per Acre

This on land, which has cost the farmer nothing but the price of tilling it, tells its own story. The Canadian Government gives

## Absolutely Free to Every Settler 160 Acres of Such Land

Lands adjoining can be purchased at from \$6 to \$10 per acre from railroad and other corporations. Already 175,000 Acres of the United States have made their homes in Canada. For pamphlet "Twentieth Century Canada" and all information apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. J. Moran, 215 Broadway, St. Paul, Minn., J. M. MacLachlan, Box 156, Weymouth, South Dakota, or to the Canadian Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

## DAXTINE

FOR WOMEN

troubled with ill-purified blood, used as a douche is marvelously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness.

Paxtine is in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, less germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for all cases.

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIALS

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box. Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. THE R. FAY COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

## WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

Useful, Reliable, Attractive, Lasting Up to Date and Authoritative. No other gift will so often be a reminder of the giver. 2380 pages, 6000 illustrations. Recently enlarged with 25,000 new words, a new Gazer, and new Biographical Dictionary, edited by W. G. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., U.S. Commissioner of Education, Grand Prize, World's Fair St. Louis, Get the Best.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Largest of our abridgments. Beautiful and richly illustrated. 1116 pages and 1100 illustrations.

Write for "Dictionary" and "Free." G. & C. MERRILL, Boston, Mass.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water