

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal is an appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system, coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weaknesses, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares, and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother has to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and ills—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work, and to be obliged to advise with those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the woman's organs. It is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air as possible, with moderate light exercise, is also advised. The "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound.

If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

No cough is too trifling or too serious to be treated by the right method, and the right method is the use of the best cough cure, which is

Kemp's Balsam

This famous preparation cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip and consumption in its first stages. Irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes immediately removed by the use of Kemp's Balsam.

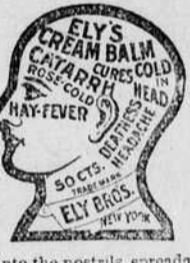
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Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages. Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York



His Mind Misplaced. "Why are you spanking Tommy?" asked pa. "Oh, he needs a lesson," said ma, "and I'm impressing it on his mind." "Well, you've a blamed queer idea as to who's mind is situated, that's all," was pa's parting shot.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

Twain's Answer. A friend wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Then he sent a third note, enclosing a sheet of paper and a two-cent stamp. By return mail, he received a postal card, on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

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BODY MASS OF SORES.

Could Not Sleep, Spent Hundreds of Dollars on Doctors, but Grew Worse—Cured by Cuticura for \$5.

"Cuticura saved the life of my mother, Mrs. Wm. F. Davis, of Stony Creek Conn. Hers was the worst eczema I ever saw. She was hardly able to eat or sleep. Her head and body was a mass of sores, and she despaired of recovery. Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars on doctors, growing worse all the time, living in misery for years, with hair whitened from suffering and body terribly disfigured, she was completely cured by two cakes of Cuticura Soap, five boxes of Cuticura, and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent.—Geo. C. Davis, 161 W. 30th Street, New York."

Too Rapid. From the Philadelphia Press. "Well," said the orchestra leader, "you certainly do play the cornet to beat the band." "Ah!" delightfully cried the new man, after his first concert rehearsal. "Yes," continued the leader, "you can't keep time at all."

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THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde.

XLVIII.
ARMS AND THE MAN.

In that book he wrote—the book in which he never so much as names the name of Ireton—my Lord Cornwallis's commissary general, Charles Stedman, damns Colonel Tarleton in a most gentlemanly manner for his ill success at the Cowpens, and would charge to his account personal the failure of Cornwallis's plan to crush in detail the patriot army of the south.

Now little as I love, or have cause to love, Sir Banastre Tarleton—they tell me he has been knighted and now wears a major general's sword-knot—'tis but the part of outspoken honesty and enmity to say that we owed the victory at the Cowpens to no remissness on the part of the young legion commander who, if he were indeed the most brutal, was also the most active and enterprising of Lord Cornwallis's field officers.

No, it was no remissness or lack of bravery on the part of the enemy. 'Twas only that the tide had turned. King's Mountain had been fought and won, and there were to be no more Campden for us.

In the affair at the cow pastures, which followed hard upon Richard's and my return from our flying visit to Winoosburg, the very elements fought for us and against the British. As for instance, Tarleton, with his famous legion of horse and infantry, sought to make his numbers exceed ours, began his march on the 11th and was rained on and mired for four long days before he had crossed the Broad and had come within scouting distance of us.

Left to himself, Dan Morgan would have forded the Picolet; but in the council of war our colonel and John Howard of the Marylanders were for drawing Tarleton still deeper into the wilderness and farther from the British main, which was by this time on Turkey creek. So we broke camp hastily and fell back into the hill country, and on the night of the 16th took post on the northern slope of a low ridge between two running streams.

As our backbone our force had some 800 men of the Maryland line and two companies of Virginians. These formed our main, and were posted on the rising ground with John Howard for their commander. A hundred and fifty paces in their front, partly screened in the open and partly in chestnut wooding of the ground, were Pickens's Carolinians and the Georgians; militiamen, it is true, but skilled riflemen, and every man of them burning hot to be avenged on Tarleton's pillagers.

Still farther to the front, disposed in a right and left wings of outflankers, were Yeates and his fellow borderer and some sixty of the Georgians set to feel the enemy's approach, and in the reserve, posted well to the rear of the Marylanders and Virginians, was our own colonel's troop guarding the horses of the dismounted Georgians.

'Twas when we were all set in order to await the sun's rising and the enemy's approach that Dan Morgan rode the lines and harangued us. He was better at giving and taking shrewd blows than at speaking, but we all knew his mettle well by now, and I think there was never a man of us to laugh at his unwonted grandiloquence and solemn periods. In the harangue the two battle lines had their orders; to be steady, to aim low, and above all, to hold their fire till the enemy was within near killing distance.

"'Tis a brave old Daniel," said Dick, whilst the general was saving the air for the benefit of the South Carolinians. "'Twill not be his fault if we fall. But you are older at this business than any of us, Jack; what think you of our chances?"

I laughed, and the laugh was meant to be grim. I knew the temper of the British regulars, and how, when well led, they could play the hammer to any body's anvil.

"Any raw recruit can prophesy before the fact," said I. "We have Tarleton, his legion, the Seventh, a good third of the Seventy-first, and two pieces of artillery in our front. If they do not give a good account of themselves, 'twill be because Tarleton has mared them leg-stiff to overtake us."

Dick fell silent for a moment, and when he spoke again some of Dan Morgan's solemnity seemed to have got into his blood.

"I have a sort of coward impriking that 'shin't' come out of this with whole skin, Jack; and there's a thing on my mind that mayhap you can take up. You have had Madge to yourself a dozen times since that day last autumn when I asked her for the hundredth time to put me out of misery. As I have said, she would not hear me through, but she gave me a look as if I had struck her with a whip. Can you tell me why?"

The morning breeze heralding the sunrise was whispering to the leafless branches overhead, and there was nothing in all Dame Nature's peaceful setting of the scene to hint at the impending war-clash. Yet the war-potent was abroad in all the peaceful morning, and my mood marched with the lad's when I gave him his answer. "I shan't come out of this damn'd if it is your due to know it from no other lips than mine. Mayhap, a little later, when restitution can go hand in hand with repentance and confession—"

"No, no," he cut in quickly. "Tell me now, Jack; your 'little later' may be all too late—for me. Does she love you—has she loved you?"

"Nay, dear lad; she despises me well and truly, and has never missed the chance of saying so. Wait but a little longer and I pledge you on the honor of a gentleman you shall have her for your very own. Will that content you?"

At my assurance his mood changed and in a twinkling he became the dauntless soldier who fights not to die, but to win and live.

"With that word to keep me I shall not be killed today, I promise you, Jack; and that is what this damn'd business was showing me the burying trench." And then he added softly: "God bless her!"

I could say amen to that most heartily; did it and would have gone on to add benison of my own, but at the moment there were sounds of galloping horses on our front, and presently three red-coated officers, one of them the redoubtable Colonel Tarleton himself, rode out to reconnoitre us most coolly.

I doubt if he would have been so rash had he known that Yeates and his borders were concealed in easy pistol shot; but the simultaneous cracking of a dozen rifles warned and sent the trio scuttling back to cover.

Dick swore piteously, with the snapshots skirmishers for a target. "The funners!" he raged. "'Twas for the first time of a life-time, and they all missed like a lot of boys at their first deer stalking!"

"They will have another chance, and

that speedily," I ventured; and, truly, the chance did not tarry.

From our view point on the rising ground we could see the enemy forming under cover of the wood; and as we looked, the two pieces of cannon were thrust to the front to below out the signal for the assault.

'Twas a sight to stir the blood when the enemy broke cover into the open wooding of the field to the tune of the roaring cannon, the volleys of small arms and the deafening huzzas of the men. The sun was just peering over the summit of Thicketty mountain, his level rays fell first upon the charging line sweeping in like a tidal wave of red death to crumple our skirmishers before it.

"Lord!" says Richard; "if Yeates and the Indian come alive out of that—"

But the outflankers closed upon our first line in order, firing as they came; and in less time than it takes to write it down the unswerving wave of red was upon the Carolinians. We looked to see the militia fire and run, home-guard fashion; but these men of Pickens were made of more soldierly stuff. They took the fire of the assaulting line like veterans, giving ground only when it came to the bayonet push.

"That fetches it to us," said Richard, most coolly, drawing his claymore when the Carolinians began to come home like splinters ahead of the wave of red. Then he had a steady word for the men of his company, and a hearty shout and a curse for some of the Georgians who had cut around the flanks of our main to come at their backs in the rear.

'Twas a sight to see that our time was come only a half prophecy. The Marylanders, with the Virginians on their flank, stood firm, giving the onrushing wave a shock that went near to breaking it. But the British were better bayonetted than we, and we must needs give ground sullenly, fighting their way backward as a stubborn assault fights its way inch by inch forward.

"Here comes their reserves," said Dick, pointing with his blade to a second red line forming in the fork of the wood. "Lord! shall we never get into it?"

'Twas just here that an order sent by Colonel Howard to his first company, directing it to charge by the flank, came near costing us a rout. The order was misunderstood, 'twas received at the precise moment of the upcoming of the British reserves—and the Marylanders fell back. In the turning of a leaf our entire fighting front gave way, and what of the Georgians there were left in the mellow made a frantic dash for the woods.

At this crisis John Howard saved the day for us by shrewdly executing the most difficult maneuver that is ever essayed by a field officer in the heat of battle. Suffering his men to drift backward until the enemy, sure now of success, were rushing on in disorder to give the volunteers a chance to have the quick command: "About face! Fire! Charge!"

I saw the volley delivered in the faces of the redcoats at pike's length range; saw the Virginians on the flanks bend to encircle the enemy; saw the rout transfer itself at the roar of the British dragoon's shot; saw the British. Then I heard Dick's shouted command: "Charge them, lads! they're sabering the Georgians!"

A section of Tarleton's horse had hewed its way past our flank and was at work on the militiamen scrambling for their mounts. At it went, with brand and bayonet, and his sword ahead of the best rider in the troop, pistols banging and sword blades whistling, and that other curious sound you will hear only when the cavalry engages—the heavy dunch of the horses coming to a stop, as if living missiles hurled from catapults.

'Twas soon over, and the enemy, horse and foot, was flying in hopeless confusion through the open wood. Our troop led the pursuit; and this brings me to an incident in which they old chronicler—figuring in the histories as an unnamed sergeant—had his share. It was in the hot part of the chase, and Colonel Tarleton—a true Briton in this, that he would be first in the charge and last in the retreat—was galloping with two of his aides in rear of the dragoons. Since many of us knew the English commander by sight, he was a great clapping-of-hands to overtake and cut him off. In this race three horses outdistanced all the others; the great bay ridden by Colonel Washington, a snappy little gray bestridden by the colonel's boy bugler, and my own mount.

When the crisis came, our colonel had the wind of the boy and me and was calling on Colonel Tarleton to surrender at discretion. For answer the three British officers wheeled and fell upon me. Never was a man so ready to die. In a whiff Tarleton was foiling at him in front whilst the two aides were rising in their stirrups on either hand to cut him down.

'Twas the little bugler boy who saved his colonel's life, and not the unnamed "sergeant" as the histories have it. Having neither a sword nor the strength to wield one, the boy reined sharp to the left and pistolled his man as neatly as you please. Seeing his fellow sabreur drop his weapon and clap his hand to the pistol wound, my man hesitated just long enough to let me in with the clumsiest of upcuts to spoil the muscles of his sword arm. This transferred the duel to the two principles, who were now at it, hammer and tongs. Both were good swordsmen, but of the twin our colonel was far the cooler. So when Tarleton made to end it with a savage thrust in tierce, Washington parried deftly and his point found his antagonist's sword hand.

'Twas this Tarleton dropped his blade—it hangs now over the chimney-piece in Mr. Washington's town house in Charleston—gave the signal for flight, and the three Britons, each with a wound to nurse, wheeled and galloped on. But in the act Tarleton snatched a pistol from his holster and fired at our colonel, wounding him in the knee, so we did not come off scathless.

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tauba before Cornwallis should intervene and cut us off.

Accordingly, Jennifer and I were detailed to carry the news of the victory to Greene's camp at Cheraw Hill; and when we rode away on the warm trail of the flying British, we left Dan Morgan's men hard at it, burning the heavy impediments of the capture, and otherwise making ready for the swift-foot of forced marches to the north.

'Twould be a thankless task to take you with us stage by stage on our cross-country gallop to advertise General Greene of the victory at the cow pastures. Suffice it to say that we made shift to turn the head of the vanishing British main now in motion and hastening with all speed to cut Dan Morgan off; that we were by turns well soaked by rain and stream, deep mired in bogs, chased times without number by the enemy's outflankers, and that we were freely for food and horse provender before we saw camp on the Pedee. All this you may figure for yourselves, the main point being that we came at length to the goal, weary, nirklesplashed and belted to the last buckle to pinch down the hunger pains, but sound of skin, wind and limb.

Having our news, which set the camp in a pretty furor of rejoicing, I promise you, General Greene lost not an hour in making his dispositions. William Huger and Colonel Otho Williams took command at Cheraw, the general sent Edward Stevens with the Virginians by way of Charlotte to Morgan's aid, and himself took horse, with a handful of dragoons, in which Dick and I were volunteers, to ride post-stage to a meeting with Morgan at the upper fords.

Again I may pass lightly over an interval of three days spent hardily in the saddle, coming at once to that rain-drenched 31st of January, cold, raw and dismal, when we drew rein at Sheriff's ford and found Dan Morgan and his volunteer army at the Catawba with his prisoners, and my Lord Cornwallis quite as safely flood-checked on the western bank of the stream.

Having done our errand, Dick and I reported at once to our colonel. 'Twas of a piece with William Washington's goodness of heart to offer us leave to rest.

"You've had weary work of it, I don't doubt, gentlemen," he would say. "Your time is your own until General Greene sets us in order for what he has in mind to do."

"Will this business take you within the lines?"

"That is as it may be, sir. I do not know the bounds of the outpostting."

"The colonel wrote us passes to come and go at will past the sentries, and I drew Dick away."

"What is it, Jack?" he asked, when we were by ourselves.

"A trifling of my promise to you, Richard. Get your horse and we will ride together."

"But whither?" he queried.

"To Appleby Hundred—and Mistress Margery."

XLVIII. HOW WE KEEP TRYST AT APPLEBY HUNDRED.

'Twas late in the afternoon of the last day of January when we set out together, Jennifer and I, from the camp of conference at Sheriff's ford.

The military situation, lately so critical for us, had reached and passed one of its many sublimaxes. Morgan's little army, with its prisoners still safe in hand, was on its way northward to Cheraw Hill, in Virginia, and only the officers remained behind to confer with General Greene.

For the others, Huger and Williams were hurrying up from Cheraw to meet the general at Salisbury; and General Davidson, with a regiment of North Carolinian volunteers, was set to keep the fords of the Catawba.

As for the British commander's intentions, we had conflicting reports. Two days earlier Lord Cornwallis had burned his heavy baggage at Ramsour's mill, and we had heard that the pursuit was only delayed. But whether, when he should break his camp at Forney's plantation, he would go northward after Morgan and the prisoners, or cross the river at some near-hand ford to chase our main, none of our scouts could tell us.

We were guessing at this, Richard and I, as we jogged on together down the river road, and were agreed that could my lord cross the flooded river without loss of time, his better chance would be to fall upon our main at Salisbury, or therabouts. But as to the possibility of his crossing, we fell apart.

"Lacking another drop of rain, we are safe for forty-eight hours yet," Dick would say, pointing to the brim-sour river rolling its brown flood at our right as we were on. "And with two days' start we shall have him bunwing more than his camp wagons to overtake us."

(Continued Next Week.)

Early Washington Souvenirs.

Philadelphia Record: A Philadelphia descendant from William R. Burton, a resident of Sussex county, Del., at the beginning of the last century, has lately come into possession of a souvenir marketed in the city of Washington, made in the very year of its foundation. It is marked MDCCCLXXXVIII, and is doubtless one of a large number that were sold as mementoes at the time when the capital was removed from Philadelphia. The magnificent plan of the brilliant Charles L'Enfant is reproduced in red on a field of white. Today, of course, the first system of avenues as the old map shows them is actually populous and thriving thoroughfares. But in 1800 the plan was largely fictional. Forests occupied most of what is now the modern city of Washington, and beyond the capitol there were practically no buildings of importance.

With characteristic American optimism, however, the city plan is given in full, with the same elaboration of detail that has since erected many a populous metropolis in the various "boom" districts of the United States.

Thought He Was Killed.
New York Post: A workman in a big building company's yards nearly died of fright a few days ago. The foreman heard a yell and much commotion among a lot of carpenters in the yard and rushed to the scene. He found one of the men on the ground with a 2-inch bit apparently sticking through his side, while a ghost and practically out of his mind. His fellow workmen had sent for an ambulance and were about as badly frightened as he. The foreman took out his knife and slit the man's jumper and shirt down the back. The bit came away with the shirt, tightly rolled up in it, and the man was absolutely unscratched. It appears he had been standing against an unfinished caisson in which 2-inch holes were being bored. The bit was run by a compressed air, and when it came through the planking was very hot. It was the heat from the bit which made the workman think it was in his body.

PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davidson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches, and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural; every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Vegetable Compound sooner; for I have tried so many remedies without help.

"I dreaded the approach of my menstrual period every month, as it meant so much pain and suffering for me, but after I had used the Compound two months I became regular and natural and am now perfectly well and free from pain at my monthly periods. I am very grateful for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound rests upon the well-earned gratitude of American women.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating, (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address Lynn, Mass.

PRICE, 25 Cts

TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE!

W. F. Diemer, M.D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c, 25c, 50c. All Druggists

Lawyer's Great Fee.

The romantic story of how the late Dr. Arnold Pann, one of the foremost lawyers of Vienna, laid the foundation for his wealth, is related in the newspapers of that city. About a quarter of a century ago, a local jeweler named Ott died, leaving a fortune of 7,000,000 florins. He was a bachelor, and he left no will, nor were the courts able to find out the name or whereabouts of any of his relatives. Arnold Pann devoted himself to the task of finding them. For months he followed clues in Austria and Germany, and was finally rewarded by finding not one or two relatives, but thirty. The money was handed out to him to be equally divided among the claimants, while he himself received 250,000 florins, a record fee. During the night when he had appointed the thirty heirs guardians of the sum. Some of the heirs promptly squandered their shares, and one of them came back to Dr. Pann to see if he could get another slice.

SEVEN YEARS AGO

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I over-exerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

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

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

FOR WOMEN

troubled with ills peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvellously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local sores.

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

TOILET AND WOMEN'S SPECIAL USES. For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box. Trial Box and Book of Instructions Free. THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

ROSEINE

This name stands for the best kerosene made in the world. A pure Pennsylvania product. No oil just as good. Try a gallon. It's the kerosene you've been looking for. Marshall Oil Co., sole refiners, Marshalltown, Ia., Lincoln, Neb.

SIOUTX CITY PT'G CO., 1,17-51, 1905

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. In 10 min. Sold by druggists. 25 Cts.