

A REMARKABLE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

Munyon's Stomach Treatment Performing Miracles.

MUNYON TELLS YOU HOW TO GET WELL FREE OF CHARGE

"A few days ago I received a letter from a young man, who states he is 28 years of age, and has occupied several important positions, but owing to indigestion and inability to sleep he has been unable to concentrate his mind upon his work and has consequently been discharged on the ground of neglect of duty. He goes on to say that he is a young man of steady habits, but for years he has suffered from dyspepsia, which has so affected his nerves that he is unable to sleep, and that it is not neglect upon his part, nor lack of interest in the business, but simply physical weakness. He asks my advice in this matter.

"For the benefit of a large number of those similarly situated, I propose to answer this letter publicly, hoping that it may be the means of helping many who may be affected in this way.

"In the first place, the stomach must be made well before the nerves can be made strong. The nerves must be made strong before one can sleep well. No one is capable of doing his best who is in any way troubled with insomnia or any form of nervousness. The greatest generals have been men of iron nerve and indomitable will. They have had perfect digestion, being able to eat well, and digest all they ate.

"It is said that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because of indigestion. Grant's enormous reserve power was due to a well-stomach. Abraham Lincoln said he did not know that he had a stomach. Grover Cleveland, it is said, could work 18 hours a day, eat a hearty meal at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, go to bed and sleep soundly until 9 o'clock and get up refreshed, ready for a new day's work.

"Fres. Taft is another type of healthy manhood. Who thinks for a moment that he would be the President of the United States today had he been a dyspeptic or afflicted with some nervous ailment? I claim that the failures in professional and business life are due to weak and deranged stomachs.

"No business house would care to employ a dyspeptic representative to sell goods for them on the road. One-half the men who attend business meetings today, earning from \$12 to \$15 a week, will never get beyond these figures, for the reason that they are physically weak. They lack the nerve power and commanding strength that come from a good, sound stomach.

"No one cares to hear a dyspeptic preacher. No matter how pious he may be, he is bound to reflect his illious and jaundiced condition. He will unconsciously inculcate in his hearers with his melancholy feelings.

"No one would think of entrusting an important legal case in the hands of a dyspeptic lawyer, any more than he would care to entrust his own life, or that of a dear one, in the hands of a physician who is nervous, irritable or dyspeptic. Men must have good digestion, strong nerves and vital manhood in order to render a clean, clear-cut decision either in medicine, law or business.

"I believe that more than half of the divorces can be traced to ill health. I want every dyspeptic to try my stomach treatment, for it corrects all forms of indigestion and nervousness. It makes old stomachs almost as good as new. Its marvelous power for digesting food and getting the best out of it makes for good rich red blood. This, in turn, strengthens the nervous fluids up the general system, and will surely prolong life and make it a pleasure to live and do the things allotted to us.

"Professor Munyon makes no charge for consultation or medical advice; not a penny to pay. Address Prof. J. M. Munyon, Munyon's Laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

TOO MUCH FOR SMALL BRAIN

Big Word Meant an Effort, but This Little Girl Made Brave Attempt.

This incident occurred just after a Jewish holiday. It was in a third grade school in Cleveland in a district of Russian and Hungarian Jews. The teacher was explaining the meaning of the word judicious. She asked the children to give her stories about the word.

After several had given illustrations about the judicious use of money, the teacher said: "Now, give me a story about something judicious, without money in it." A little girl finally volunteered. She said: "On our holiday we had roast goose and a whole lot of other Jew dishes."

Such is Fate. "Why do you rock that boat?" asked the wise man. "Because, in case of accident," replied the fool, "I'm always saved."

There is a certain amount of lye in soap, but that is no reason why it should be injected into the advertisements.

A reasonable amount of egotism is good for a man. It keeps him from brooding over his neighbor's success.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels. Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

REMEMBER PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS

MR. WYSP AND HIS WIFE

By Helena Smith Dayton

HER OLD FRIEND, GHERKIN.

Whenever Isabel Wysp came upon Gerald Gherkin's name in a newspaper she would blush a little and hand the paragraph over to her husband with a tantalizing little smile that Henry interpreted as: "Just think, I might have been Mrs. Gherkin."

Henry had never met Gherkin, for Isabel's acquaintance with him had happened "ages ago—before I met you, Henry. So, of course, it was absurd for Henry to have any little feelings of jealousy against the man and it was always to refer to him as "your old friend, Pickle."

"Whom do you think is in town—and called me up on the 'phone?" asked Isabel, mysteriously, one evening at dinner.

"I never was a good guesser," said Henry. Isabel tried to look unconcerned. "Why—I never was so surprised in my life—and at first I didn't recognize the voice—so anxious to meet you, Henry—"

"Who's 'He'?" interrupted Henry. "Gerald Gherkin. You remember hearing me speak of him—Isabel's voice trailed off.

"Pickles, why?" Henry laughed. "Why didn't you invite him up to dinner?" "I—I did," admitted Isabel. "Tomorrow night. You'll like him, Henry. Perhaps I ought not to have done it—"

"You know it might be just a little embarrassing. On the other hand, not to invite him would have seemed so inhospitable. He's an old friend from home—even if once he was foolish enough to—to—I felt so sorry for him at the time and I am afraid he thought I was heartless—"

"You did just right to invite him," said Henry heartily. "I can afford to be generous to the poor chap. I got you, you know!"

"It's splendid of you, Henry, to be so nice about it," Isabel murmured, gratefully. "And please don't imagine I have ever had the least little tinge of regret about turning him down even if he is handsome and—er fascinating and because he has made a lot of money and become rather famous."

"Pickle's, why?" Isabel murmured, gratefully. "And please don't imagine I have ever had the least little tinge of regret about turning him down even if he is handsome and—er fascinating and because he has made a lot of money and become rather famous."

"Yes, I think he's a lot better looking than he was when that lanky picture you've got of him was taken," said Henry, who was very agreeably disappointed in him.

"I—I suppose I would be very agreeably disappointed if I saw that Henderson picture I've heard you speak of," said Isabel, with a sudden little giggle. "It's 15 years since you saw her, isn't it, Henry?"

And then they both laughed, apparently for no reason at all. The next afternoon Henry came home unexpectedly and found Isabel sitting in a Morris chair with which had been especially recommended. "Going to have one like it myself pretty quick, so I'm sort of sitting up and taking notice of such things. Yep! I've decided to take the fatal step myself. He pried open his watch at the back and passed it to Isabel.

Isabel murmured some polite congratulations and then looked at the picture of the youngish woman in the case. "She is very pretty," she said with an effort.

"She's sensible," corrected Mr. Gherkin. "Nice level headed girl and a bang up housekeeper. No nonsense about her. Want you to meet her?" Mr. Gherkin rambled along about the practical prize he had won, until dinner was announced.

When Henry Wysp urged some more chicken upon his guest, there was nothing forced about his cordiality. At the same time, he was calling each other "Wysp" and "Gherkin" and comparing business experiences. Isabel sat politely bored and as remote as Cape Town, having given up trying to find any trace of the Gerald Gherkin—the slim, poetry-quoting young man—of her first young lady days.

Of course, it was very comforting to her conscience to know that poor Gerald had not allowed her to spoil his life, but—she had often sincerely hoped that he would sometimes meet some nice girl, etc., but—it was just awkward, in a way, for him to act just like any old friend from home, but—she was glad Henry liked him so much; oh, it was infinitely better than if he had just sat and glowered at him.

The Golf Ground by the Town. The clover blooms are fading. From the golf grounds by the town; The greens they are shading. Into something of a brown. The summer winds are shifting. From the regions of the south, And the honey bees are drawing. Down the corners of his mouth. He knows the frost is coming. When the honey days are past; That the murmur of his humming. Soon will vanish on the blast; And he works a little harder. Round the blossoms, getting brown; And he stays a little later. On the golf ground by the town.

I am sorry for to see it— The wind is shifting west— Sorry that the snow is coming; But the bee it needs a rest; For the toil of making honey. Ain't the easiest, you know; Like the work of making money It is dreadful hard and slow.

So goodby, sweet clover blossom, An' goodby, old honey bee; You have made the best of summer Sort of musical to me. I shall think of you with kindness 'When the snow is comin' down On the dead and faded green Of the golf ground by the town. —Contributed.

Syrian Peasants Not Illiterate. Louise Seymour Houghton, in the Survey. A caution may be in order here. American travelers in the Levant usually go thither by way of Egypt and Palestine, and before they reach Syria their notion of the peasantry of the nearer east has been formed by what they have seen of the fellahin of the former countries. So far as Syria is concerned, nothing can be more erroneous. The Syrian peasant is a fellah neither in name nor in fact. Usually he owns his land, and though the victim of excessive and arbitrary taxation, he is subject to none of the ills which the Palestinian fellahin owe to absentee landlords, nor to the conditions which from time immemorial have weighed upon the Egyptian fellahin. Furthermore, the latter are almost invariably illiterate, which is not the case in Syria. The comity of missions gives Syria to the American Presbyterians, Palestine to the English and German established churches. The

and acted like an old silly—but Isabel was a woman and she hated seeing her little romance turned into a farce. Mr. Gherkin had left her life a Hamlet and had returned a Falstaff.

"You haven't changed a bit!" declared Gherkin, meeting her eyes suddenly. "There was a twinkle in his own. "I suppose you wouldn't have known me, though, if we'd met unexpectedly. As the song says: 'My architectural plan is far more Gothic, but I used to be in the Chippendale class.'"

But Isabel knew that the change that had so disappointed her in Gerald was not a matter of avoidpousis. Somehow, thanks to Henry, the evening passed off a success as far as their guest was concerned. When he came to take his leave he was beaming. Henry was called to the phone and for a moment Isabel and Gherkin were left alone for the first time. It might have been a little balm to Isabel's vanity if Gherkin had looked just a bit self-conscious, if into his eyes had crept something beside that everlasting twinkle, if he had just said "Isabel" in a wistful 10-year-ago voice. Instead:

"I like this wall covering—what do you call it? Just what I want to have on our walls!" "Japanese grass cloth," informed Isabel. "It comes in charming, soft colors."

"I'll make a note of that. Always make a note of everything." He was writing "Japanese grass cloth" in a memorandum when Henry returned. When the door closed behind Gherkin, Henry said: "He's a mighty fine fellow."

"Grace (as clock strikes 12)—Graceful! Twelve o'clock. How the hours have flown.

Tom—Yes; and your father has helped 'em some, too. I've heard him tinkering with the clock in the library for the last ten minutes.

Degenerated. Kid McCoy, the hero of 126 battles, is to open a sanitarium at Stamford. He said the other day to a New York reporter:

"I hope in my sanitarium to restore lots of grumpy middle-aged people to perfect health, and if I give them back perfect health I'll give them back youth and gayety and romance. If middle age is stupid, if middle age is prosaic, it is only because the health of middle age is poor.

"The woman," he continued, "who sends her grumpy mate to my establishment will no longer have to make the bitter complaint of Mrs. Blank. "My husband, 15 years ago," said Mrs. Blank, "used to kiss me every time we passed through a tunnel. But now—"

"She gave a bitter laugh. "Now," she said, "he takes a long pull at his traveling flask."

Exits From Every Room. A school building in which every room has a direct connection with the ground, without first entering the main hall, has been built just beside the site of the famous Collinwood (O.) school in which 175 children perished by fire in 1908. It represents many unique features of construction and is said to be as fireproof and panic-proof as it is possible for a school to be.—Popular Mechanics.

Keeping Busy. We are told that at New Yorks coming municipal budget exhibit bells will be rung and lights flashed to show a birth every four minutes, a death every seven minutes and a marriage every eleven minutes.

Just what sort of demonstration is made every time a cafe bottle pops, or a bellboy is tipped, we are not told.

Nipped in the Bud. "Until now I have never had to ask for a small loan." "And until now I have never been obliged to refuse you."

Beautiful Post Cards Free. Send 2 stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Birthday, Flower and Motif Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 731 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas

Wasted Opportunity. Stella—What do you consider a waste of opportunity? Bella—A freight train going through a tunnel.

Inflammatory Rheumatism may make you a cripple for life. Don't wait for inflammation to set in. When the first slight pains appear, drive the poison out with Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

When we get down we wonder how it happened, but when we win we accept it as perfectly natural!

There are cures for the dope and rum addictions, but the self-kidder never gets it out of his system!

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

When a man has a clear conscience he doesn't care if people do see through him.

PUTTING IT UP TO CENTRAL

All Caller Wanted Was Mrs. Smith's Number, and Surely That Was Easy to Get.

"Halloo, there, central! Is this central? It is? I thought it was, but I couldn't quite be sure. The other day I supposed I was talking to central, and here it was only my grocer. I do think there are some queer mixups in this telephone service. What I want now is to find out the telephone number of Mrs. John Smith—S-m-i-t-h, Smith. I find that there are more than 100 persons of that name in the book, and I don't know which one is the husband of the lady I want. She is a large lady with a florid face and prematurely white hair, and I think her husband is a traveling man, and a brother-in-law of hers, named Jones, lives somewhere on M street—a stoutish, elderly gentleman with side whiskers. Kindly let me have Mrs. Smith's number at once. I had it on a slip of paper that I can't find. Seems to me it was two-four-sixteen ring three, or none-two-sixty-four ring two. You know how confusing telephone numbers are. Let me have Mrs. Smith's number right away, please."

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Red Cross Christmas Seals.

A statement denying the recent reports about the abandonment of the Red Cross Christmas seal sale has been issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The statement declares that not only will the sale be held this year, as in the past three years, but that it will be conducted on broader lines than ever before. The only order issued by the postoffice department which bears on the sale of Red Cross seals was sent out on July 1, and prohibits the use of the mails to letters and packages bearing non-postage stamps on the face, and also to any mail bearing seals which resemble postage stamps, if used either on the face or back. The Red Cross seal to be used this year has been submitted to the postoffice department and approved, and thus may be used, but only on the back of letters and packages. The design to be used this year depicts a pretty winter scene enclosed in a heavy red circle. The corners are white, thus giving the effect when affixed to a letter or a package of a round seal.

Lesson in Good Manners. When the "Boy Scouts" movement was at its height, three of the youngsters journeyed from Baltimore to Washington to be introduced to the president. When Mr. Taft shook hands with them, one of the little fellows stuck out his left hand.

"Why do you give me your left hand?" asked the president. "That's the way you Boy Scouts shake hands," said the boy, with pride.

"Well," commented Mr. Taft dryly, "the sooner you Boy Scouts learn better the nicer you Boy Scouts will be." —The Twice-a-Month Popular Magazine.

Lawn Economics. "I note," says the sage, "that you allow a sprinkler to spray water upon your lawn almost continuously."

"Yes," said the native. "We do that to make the grass grow." "But the other day I saw a man pushing a clacker contrivance over the lawn and—"

"Oh, yes; that was a lawn mover." "And what is its purpose?" "Why, it cuts the grass." "Then why do you put water on it to make it grow if you simply cut it down as fast as it comes up?"—Judge.

A Preference. "Marriage is a lottery," said the ready-made philosopher. "No, it isn't," replied Mr. Growcher. "In a lottery you can lose once and forget about it, instead of having to put up alimony."

TRAPPING TIME IS SOON HERE SO GET POSTED WE FURNISH FREE CORRECT QUOTATIONS ON RAW FURS. A POSTAL CARD TODAY BRINGS A LIST. NO COMMISSION CHARGED AS WE ARE DIRECT BUYERS. THE HOUSE THAT RARELY LOSES A SHIPPER. LOTZ BROS. 113 1/2 ELM ST. ST. LOUIS. SIOUX CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 40-1911.

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ALCOHOL-3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
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\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES
WOMEN wear W.L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L. Douglas Men's shoes.
THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS
The workmanship which has made W.L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price.
CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass. ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2, \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Atterton
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In Use For Over Thirty Years
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