

### A HIDDEN DANGER

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headache, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

**A Utah Case**  
Mrs. James Crooks, First St., N. W., American Fork, Utah, says: "For over ten years I was afflicted with kidney complaint. Often the pain in my back was so severe that I almost fell to the floor. The kidney secretions were unnatural. There was lameness across my loins. Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and they cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

### EASY MONEY.

First Lawyer—I wish I had been living in King Solomon's time.  
Second Lawyer—Why?  
First Lawyer—He had 700 wives. Think of the divorce business he could have thrown in my way.

**Tea's Conquest of Rome.**  
Of all the conquerors that have come to Rome no one has gained such a complete victory as tea has won in the Italian capital. Twenty years ago the British and American tourists who came to Rome were catered to in the matter of tea in a rather shamefaced manner in the strangers' quarter near the Piazza di Spagna, and "English Tea Rooms" was the legend to be seen in a few windows hard by Cook & Sons' offices.

Nowadays the palm lounges of the Grand and the Excelsior hotels at tea time are two of the sights of Rome, for all Roman society drinks tea abroad in the afternoons, and there are as many uniforms at 5 o'clock in the big hotels as there are at sundown on band days on the Pincian hill. All the big pastry cooks' shops in the Corso and the other principal streets now have "Afternoon Tea" in gold letters on their plate glass windows.

### Willie's Stravogy.

"Uncle George, I wish you wouldn't give Willie any more nickels."  
"Why, that's all right, Jane. The little fellow ran right up the front stairs to put the coin in his savings bank."  
"And he ran right down the back stairs to the nearest candy shop."

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

### Reversed.

Willis—Then he was really an honest congressman?  
Gillis—He was frankness itself. When he retired he said he felt as if the country had served him long enough.—Puck.

**CAREFUL DOCTOR**  
Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:  
"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation."  
"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him."  
"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more."  
"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonsful. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered."  
"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.  
"There's a reason."  
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.

### THE HEART OF A WOMAN

BY BARONESS ORCZY.

Author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Petticoat Rule," Etc.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
The story opens in Brussels. Louisa Harris, a charming English girl of family, friends and wealth, while absentmindedly along the Boulevard in Waterloo in a November rain, runs into a tragedy.

A man is found murdered in a taxicab; his companion who had left the cab some time before and told the chauffeur to drive to a certain address, had disappeared and is unknown.

The scene shifts to London. Luke de Mountford, Louisa's affianced, the nephew and heir of the eccentric and wealthy Lord Radcliffe is in trouble. An alleged direct heir, the unknown son of another brother, has notified Lord Radcliffe of his claims. The old man, passionately fond of Luke, claims that he has examined the papers and that the claimant is an impostor.

Suddenly the alleged Philip de Mountford appears in London. After a short interview with Lord Radcliffe his claims are recognized and he is installed as heir. Without explanation Luke is practically disowned. Philip seems to exert unlimited influence over Lord Radcliffe which puzzles his friends and defies investigation. Lord Radcliffe will explain to no one.

A year has passed since the tragedy in Brussels. Suddenly it is repeated in every detail in London. The victim is Philip de Mountford. Every circumstance and every apparent motive points to the displaced nephew, Luke de Mountford. In vain, Louisa, in her blind faith, tried to prove Luke innocent. Every investigation brightens the chains of evidence. At the coroner's inquest the startling development that the murdered man is not Philip de Mountford but a commoner, is announced by his father and mother, who identified the body as their son, only complicates the situation. It is not in the least upset the appalling proofs of Luke's guilt, a warrant is issued for his arrest but because of his station in life the police secretly warn him to leave the country before the warrant is served. This he prepares to do. Louisa sees him and asks him pointedly for the truth. He confesses his guilt.

Here the heart of a woman discerns his lie and the real truth that he is protecting someone else. Immediately she asks him, "Who?" and intuitively she knows that Luke's love for his uncle must be bound up with the solution. In the meantime the uncle has been stricken and no one permitted to see him. She demands that she be allowed to talk to him. Her request is denied but she insists, finally the physician grants permission. Lord Radcliffe recognizes no one and does not understand what is said to him. Alone with him for a moment she rehearses the story to him, although he is apparently unconscious. At the mention of Luke's name and the fact that he is accused of the murder Lord Radcliffe shows signs of indignance. When the physician returns he has demands that what he has to say be taken down and witnessed. He dictates a statement. The so-called Philip de Mountford who has been passing as the heir was an impostor. The person had at one time existed and began the correspondence more than a year before. Lord Radcliffe met him in the street, he examined the proofs which he found correct. In his indecision between his duty to the real heir and his passionate affection for Luke he invites the real heir to ride with him through the streets of Brussels. Suddenly the impostor seizes him to solve the problem then and there—hence, the murder in the taxi-cab which Louisa had witnessed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

She understood him so well, you see! "Kiss your feet, dear?" he asked. "I would lie down in the dust for your dear feet to walk over me. I only wonder why God should love me so that he gave you for this one beautiful moment to me. Lou, my dearest saint, I cannot accept your sacrifice. Dear heart! dear, dear heart! do try and believe me, when I say that I cannot accept it. As for imagining that I don't understand it and appreciate it, why as soon think that tomorrow's sun will never rise. I worship you, my saint! and I worship your love—the purest, most tender sentiment that ever glorified this ugly world. But its sacrifice I cannot accept. I cannot. I would sooner do that most cowardly of all deeds, end my life here and now, than be tempted for one single instant into the wrong course of accepting it. But the memory of it, dear, that I will take with me. Do not think of me in future as being unhappy. No man can be unhappy whose heart is fed on such a memory."

And her two hands imprisoned in his, the scent of sweet peas floating gently to his nostrils. As he buried his lips in their fragrant soft palms he was entirely happy. The world had floated away from him. He was in a land of magic with her; there the air was filled with the fragrance of sweet peas, a land of phantasies and the land of Fata Morgana, which none can enter save those who love. Time sped on, and both had forgotten the world. The fire crackled in the hearth, the clock alone recorded the passing of time. The noise of the great city—so cruel to those who suffer—came but as faint echo through the closely drawn curtains.

There was a discreet knock at the door, and as no reply came from within, it was repeated more insistently. Luke jumped to his feet, and Louisa retreated into the shadow.

"Come in!" said Luke.

The door was opened, quite softly from outside, and the well-dressed servant said:  
"Two gentlemen to see you, sir."  
"Where are they, Mary?" he asked.  
"In the hall, sir."  
"Did they give their names?"  
"No, sir."  
"Who, Miss Edie, Mary?"  
"In the drawing room, sir, with Colonel Harris."  
"Very well. Then show the two gentlemen into the dining room. I'll come in a moment."  
"Very good, sir."  
And the discreet little maid retired, closing the door after her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH SPEAKS ONLY OF FAREWELLS.

The door had scarcely closed, and already she was near him and where the "Luke," she whispered, and her voice was horse now and choked, "the police!"  
"That's about it," he said. "I thought that they meant to let me get away."  
"So, father, understood from Sir Thomas Ryder. What will you do, Luke?"  
"I can't do anything. I am afraid. I wanted to get away—"  
"And I have kept you—and now it is too late."  
A very little while ago she had hated the idea of his going. Luke—a fugitive from justice—was a picture on which it was intolerable to look. But now the womanly instinct rose up in revolt, at the very thought that he should be arrested, tried, and condemned! What mattered if he were a fugitive, if he were ostracized and despised? What mattered anything so long as he lived and she could be near him? A very little while ago, she would have done anything to keep him from going; she almost longed for his arrest and publicity of the trial. She was so sure

that truth would surely come out, that his innocence would of necessity be proved.

But now, woman-like, she only longed for his safety, and forgetting all the tradition of her past life, all the old lessons of self-restraint, forgetting everything except his immediate danger, she clung to him with all the true passion in her, which she no longer tried to keep in check.

"No, Luke," she murmured in quick, jerky tones, "it is not too late—not at all too late. You stay in her quiet and I'll ask father to go and speak to them. He'll tell them that you haven't come home yet, and that he is waiting here for you himself. Father is well known; they won't suspect him of shielding you; and in the meanwhile you can slip out easily; we'll send your luggage on. You can write and let us know where you are—it is quite easy—and not too late."  
While she spoke, she was gradually edging toward the door. Her voice had sunk to a horse whisper, for maddening terror almost deprived her of speech. With insistent strength she would not allow him to detain her, and he, whilst trying to hold her back, was afraid of hurting her. But at the last when she had almost reached the door, he contrived to forestall her, and before she could guess his purpose he had pressed a finger on the button of the electric bell.

She heard the distant tinkle of the bell, and this made her pause. "What is it, Luke?" she asked. "Why did you ring?"  
"For your father, dear," he replied simply.  
"Then you will do what I want you to," she rejoined eagerly, "you will go away?"  
He gave no immediate answer, for already the maid's footsteps were heard along the passage. The next moment she was knocking at the door. Luke went up to it, gently forcing the door back into the shadow behind him.

"Mary," he said, with his hand on the latch of the door, holding it slightly ajar, "just ask Colonel Harris to come here, will you?"  
"Yes, sir."  
The girl was heard turning away, and walking back briskly along the passage. Then Luke faced Louisa once again.

He went up to her and without a word took her in his arms. It was a supreme farewell and she knew it. She felt it in the quiver of agony which went right through him as he pressed her so close—so close that her breath nearly left her body and her heart seemed to stand still. She felt it in the sweet, sad pathos of the burning kisses with which he covered her face, her eyes, her hair, her mouth. It was the final passionate embrace, the irrevocable linking of soul and heart and mind, the parting of earthly bodies, the union of immortal souls. It was the end of all things earthly, the beginning of things eternal.

She understood and her resistance vanished. All that had been dark to her became suddenly transfigured and illumined. With the merging of earthly passion into that love which is God's breath, she—the pure and selfless woman, God's most perfect work on earth—became as God, and knew what was good and what had been evil.

The supreme farewell and she knew it. "farewell" was not uttered between them. His final kiss was upon her eyes, and she closed them after that, the better to imprint on her memory the vision of his face lit up with the divine fire of an unconquerable passion.

The entrance of Colonel Harris brought them both back to present reality. He, poor man, looked severely troubled, and distinctly older than he usually did.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter, "the police are here, and I thought that perhaps you and Louisa would be so kind as to take Edie along with you. Jim is going to sleep in barracks tonight, and Edie ought not to stay here alone."  
"Yes, well," said Edie, and the colonel curtly, "she'll be all right with us. Are you ready, Lou?"  
"Yes, dear," she replied.  
And she passed out of the door without another word, or another look.

The supreme farewell had been spoken. Further words had been said—would have almost desecrated his undying memory.

The two men remained alone, and Colonel Harris without any hesitation held out his hand to Luke de Mountford.

"The police are here, sir," said Luke, without taking the hand that was offered him.

"I know they are," muttered the other, "but no reason why you should refuse an old friend's—even another kiss—would have almost desecrated his undying memory."

Then as Luke—hesitating no longer—placed his burning hand in that of his friend, Colonel Harris said quietly, almost entreatingly:  
"It's only a temporary trouble, eh, my boy? You can easily refute this abominable charge, and prove your innocence."  
"I think not, sir," replied Luke. "I cannot refute the charge and my innocence will be difficult to prove."  
"But you're mad, man!" retorted the older man hotly. "You're mad! and are breaking a woman's heart!"  
"Heaven forgive me for that, sir. It is the greatest crime."  
Colonel Harris smothered a powerful oath. Luke's attitude puzzled him more and more. And his reply had received such a succession of shocks today that it would have been small wonder if it had begun to totter at last.

He turned away without another word. But at the door he paused once more in obvious hesitation.

"There's nothing else I can do for you," he asked.  
"Nothing, sir. Thank you."  
"You—you were not thinking—of—"  
"Of what, sir?" asked Luke.  
Then as he saw the other man's eyes wandering to the drawer of the desk, he said simply:  
"Of suicide, you mean, sir?"  
Colonel Harris nodded.  
"Oh, no," rejoined Luke. And he added after a slight pause: "Not at present."  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"I mean that I shouldn't exactly hang for the murder of the Clapham bricklayer. I shouldn't let it come to that. I am sorry I did not manage to get away tonight. I thought they meant to let me."  
"I think they did mean to. Some blunder I suppose on the part of the subordinates."  
"I suppose so."  
"Well, Luke," said Colonel Harris with a deep sigh, "I have known you ever since you were a child, but, G—d, man! I confess that I don't understand you."  
"That's very kindly put, sir," rejoined Luke with the semblance of a smile.  
"You have every right to call me a confounded blackguard."  
"I shall only do that after your trial, my boy," said the other. "When I

have heard you confess with your own lips that you killed that d—d scoundrel in a moment of intense provocation."  
"I had better not keep the police waiting any longer, sir, had I?"  
"No! no! that's all right. I'll take my poor Lou away at once, and we'll see after Edie and Jim—we'll look after them—and Frank, too, when he comes home."  
"Thank you, sir."  
"So long my boy."  
And Colonel Harris—puzzled, worried and miserable—finally went out of the room. On the threshold he turned, moved by the simple and primitive instinct of wishing to take a last look at a friend.

He saw Luke standing there in the full light of the electric lamp, calm, quite serene, correct to the last in attitude and bearing. The face was just a mask—marble-like and impassive—jealously guarding the secrets of the soul within. Just a good looking, well bred young Englishman in fact, who looked in his elegant attire ready to start off for some social function.

Not a single trace either on his person or in his neat, orderly surroundings of the appalling tragedy which would have broken the spirit of any human creature, less well schooled in self-restraint.

Convention was triumphant to the end.

The man of the world—the English gentleman who averred that emotion which was here ready to face abject humiliation and hopeless disgrace as impassively as he would have received the welcome of an hostess at a dinner party.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHICH TELLS OF PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

It did not take poor little Edie very long to get her things on and to make ready to go away with Colonel Harris and with Louisa. Something of the truth had to be told to her, and we must do her the justice to state that when she understood the full strength of the calamity which had befallen her, she—like some of her brother's calm dignity showed itself in her own demeanor.

She pulled herself together with remarkable vigor, and before Mary, the maid, she contrived to behave just as if nothing of great importance had occurred.

"I am going to dine out tonight," she said quite calmly, "and I mayn't be home until sometime tomorrow. So don't sit up for me."  
"No, miss," replied Mary demurely, who accepted her own counsel, like the dried, good class servant that she was.

And told Cook that Mr. de Mountford wouldn't be in either, nor Mr. Jim. I'll see her tomorrow and let her know when we all come back."

Louisa gave ungrudging admiration, and whispered praise to the young girl. She was proud of Edie's behavior, and grateful to her too. This atmosphere of reserve did her good. She could not have endured a scene of weeping and keep her own nerves in check all the while.

It was close upon 8 o'clock when at last they reached the Langham hotel. Colonel Harris ordered the dinner to be served in the private sitting room. Of course, none of them could eat anything. Their inward thoughts were following Luke de Mountford along that weary Calvary which he had set himself to mount.

Soon after dinner, Edie elected to go to bed. The poor child had a vague desire to be alone and also a vague, unhappy feeling that she was in the way. She was quite woman enough now to understand how much more acutely Louisa Harris must be suffering than she was herself, and since she—the sister—longed for solitude, how much keener must be that longing in the heart of the woman who loved and had lost Luke.

So she went quietly off to bed. Louisa kissed her with real affection. Edie seemed like something of Luke, like a tender bequest made by a dying man.

After that she herself said "good night" to her father. Colonel Harris was obviously in such acute distress that Louisa felt that, above all things, he must have the companionship of those of his own sex. The atmosphere of woman's sorrow was essentially bad for him. He was not a young man, and the last two days had tried him very severely. Louisa hoped that if she pretended to go to bed early, he would perhaps be induced to go to his club for an hour.

If he only sat there for an hour, reading the papers and nodding to his many friends, it would take him out of himself.

"I am very tired, dear," she said, after she had seen Edie safely tucked up amongst the blankets. "I think I'll follow Edie's good example. It's no use sitting here, staring into the fire. Is it, dear?"  
"Not a bit of use, Lou. And I suppose you would like to be alone."  
"I shan't go to bed, dear, unless you go to the club."  
"Very well, Lou. It seems the right thing to do, doesn't it? You go to bed and I'll go to the club for an hour. As you say, it's no use sitting staring into the fire."  
(Continued Next Week.)

THE ART OF RESTING.

From the Nautilus.

An number of troubles will cease to exist if we cease paying attention to them.

Thus the art of resting leads gradually from the outer world to the inner until we see that it is essentially a question of spiritual faith. If you have acquired a faith that generates repose, this repose will express itself throughout the organism. You will then cease to worry, you will stop all coercion and self-coercion, patiently adapting yourself to the wisdom of the situation. This will bring about a willingness to let "the increasing purpose" that runs throughout the ages attain its end in its own way. With peace at the center, you will find that you have more reserve power, hence you will need to rest less frequently. Accordingly, you will live more in the present, checking the old tendency to cross bridges which you have not yet reached.

Meanwhile, it is indeed necessary to know how to rest along the way, and one should learn not only to take long breaths between, but to intersperse throughout the busiest days a few moments of refreshment in the realm of the ideal. Whenever you can find a helpful thought, always remember that there is virtue in merely keeping still—not holding still forcibly, but becoming progressively still within, first in body then in thought. The sense of quiet power will grow, if one fosters this habit so that in any time one can turn more directly to the calm place within—a calm spot within the hurricane. It may sometimes be.

Her Opportunity.

From the Fliegende Blätter.

Young Eberhard—When a glorious day! I could dare anything, face anything, on a day like this!  
"Wife—Come on down to the milliners."  
Montreal is considering a \$100,000,000 underground electric line.

### COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER

Marriage Arrangement Seemed Something of a Bargain, but it Turned Out Happily.

George A. Birmingham, the widely known writer, says there is no country in the world where marriage, at least in the peasant class, is more a matter of bargaining and yet shows a higher average of stability and content than Ireland. Sometimes the man has never seen the woman before they are brought together, the precise number of pounds, shillings, or pence to be handed over having been fixed at that time settled.

This is illustrated in personal recollections just published by an Irish woman. She was visiting with an aunt at a cottage in the neighborhood, and admired a fine mahogany chest of drawers.

"That was for that I was married," said the mistress of the cottage. A young farmer had also seen and admired. A bargain was struck. There was no money, but the bride was to have a couple of sheep, a yearling bullock and the chest. The prudent young man measured it, and then young man measured it, and then turned and asked:  
"An' which o' thim little girls is it?"  
She was the oldest unmarried "bixt the door," as the phrase was. "An' so I went," she said, "and was happy ever afterwards."—Tit-Bits.

### HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Forced to Work.

An Edwards county farmer was short a harvest hand. He went to Kinsley, a mile away, in his auto. He found a man there, dumped him into his auto and took him out to the farm.

Next morning, when the drunkard had come out of it, he asked how far it was to town. The farmer told him fifteen miles and promised to take him in the following Saturday if he would help harvest that week. The man worked all week without knowing that he was only a mile from town.—Kansas City Journal.

### WILLIE'S STRAVOGY.

Uncle George, I wish you wouldn't give Willie any more nickels.  
Why, that's all right, Jane. The little fellow ran right up the front stairs to put the coin in his savings bank.  
And he ran right down the back stairs to the nearest candy shop.

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

Every man has a secret hope that refuses to come out.

### 900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE:  
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Rhubarb Sals -  
Aster Seed -  
Opium -  
Milk-Sugar -  
Wine -  
Wine -

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of  
Dr. H. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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For Fourteen Years. Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elgin, Ill.—"After fourteen years of suffering everything from female complaints, I am at last restored to health. I employed the best doctors and even went to the hospital for treatment and was told there was no help for me. But while taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use until I was made well."  
—Mrs. HENRY LEISEBERG, 743 Adams St. Kearneysville, Va.—"I feel it my duty to write and say what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female weakness and at times felt so miserable I could hardly endure being on my feet. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following your special directions, my trouble is gone. Words fail to express my thankfulness. I recommend your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. G. B. WHITTINGTON.

The above are only two of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which show clearly what great things Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does for those who suffer from woman's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (containing full directions) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

### The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—acts surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bileousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature  
Carter

DEALERS: GET OUR PRICES ON Selected Hard Brick—Hollow Brick—Hollow Blocks—Sewer Pipe—Drain Tile—Flue Linings—Well Curbing—Wall Coping—Impervious Face Brick—Red Pressed Brick—Fire Proofing—Silo Block Clay Products Co., Sioux City, Ia. MANUFACTURERS Four Factories

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For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

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