

# HOW MRS. BROWN SUFFERED

During Change of Life—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her a Well Woman.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. E. Brown, 809 N. Walnut St., Iola, Kan.



Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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

## HOT RETORT.

The Pompous Man—Why, sir, I'm a self-made man.  
The Lean Chap—When are you going to call the strike off and complete the job.  
Not Altogether a Case of Love.  
Here is a story to illustrate the point that one never can judge by appearances.  
"A young boy with golden curls, a regular cherub in appearance, was on the front porch playing with a little dog and putting him through a lot of tricks. The minister passed by and was struck by the appearance of the little chap and the celerity with which the dog obeyed all his commands.  
"Ah, little boy," he said, "you must love your dog. Are you good to him?"  
"Sure!" answered the cherub.  
"And I suppose he loves you, too, and that's why he minds you so well?"  
"Well, if he didn't mind me, I'd knock his blooming block off," was the unexpected retort of the child."

Unpleeked Grapes Go to the Poor.  
A curious old law, which dates from 1778, has been used to sentence the owner of a vineyard at Capestang, near Bessiers, France, to a fine and costs for picking her own grapes. She was picking the grapes which had been left on the vines in her vineyard after the fall gathering, when the policeman told her that she was committing an offense against the law, as all grapes left on the vines after the harvest were the property of the poor. The court at Bessiers confirmed the policeman's opinion, and the woman was convicted.  
Misunderstood.  
"I hear that in the club Miss Oldgirl was considered a bone of contention."  
"Law, no, Mame; they don't think she's that thin."

CONSTITIPATION  
Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

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# The Imprudence of Prue

## A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman

### By Sophie Fisher

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**SYNOPSIS.**  
In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Drake, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman named Prue, who takes nothing from her except a kiss.  
The two girls live with their grandmother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.  
Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.  
She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.  
She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beauchamp.  
Aaron informs her, however, that Beauchamp is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.  
Prue at once secretes herself in a closet and to her astonishment sees Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.  
Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.  
Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow are buried in the coffin with her husband.  
She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.  
Accompanied by Peggy she visits Newgate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony.  
Afterward Prue asks to be alone with him for a few minutes and allows him to kiss her again and feels pity for his approaching execution.  
Lord Beaucombe also visits Robin and Robin tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is not the legitimate heir to the title and threatens if he is not released to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.  
On Monday Peggy is suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now beginning to be a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged. She is astonished at seeing him enter the house and is told that he has been reprieved and set at liberty.  
For his freedom Robin, whose real name is DeCliffe, agrees to make over to Lord Beaucombe a paper conveying his claim to the title and estate to him.  
He has no sooner done this than Lord Beaucombe treacherously tries to capture him. Robin cleverly disguises himself as a self-made man and escapes.  
CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

She checked herself quickly, though not quite unobserved. Beaucombe, of course, did not suspect anything so preposterous as that Prue could be interested in the highwayman, beyond the fact that he had made her the heroine of a successful escapade, but her change of countenance, slight as it was, and her gesture, though instantly diverted to a readjustment of the rose at her breast, did not escape his keen eye.  
"You recognize the superscription?" he suggested insinuatingly. "You saw the packet in his hands, perhaps? If so—"  
"If so," she interrupted quickly, "you have little chance of recovering it, since 'tis said he was drowned last night."  
"If I could only believe that true," he exclaimed fiercely. "But no; he escaped; there can be no doubt of that; in fact, I have reason to know—"  
"To know that he is safe," she cried in a thrilling accent of unmistakable joy. "Oh, heaven!—then suddenly she remembered that this man was his enemy and desired his death. She stopped short and then went on hurriedly, conscious that she had betrayed herself. "Is it possible that this miscreant is still alive and at liberty?"  
He looked at her dubiously, but although a growing suspicion that she was the highwayman's accomplice did not yet enlighten him with any ray of the truth.  
"I am as sure of it, as I am that he pursued you at the ball, under cover of my domino—and for his punishment, I love with you," he said boldly.  
"Fell in love with me," cried Prue disdainfully. "Again, sir? How dare you suggest such presumption!"  
"You think not?" he asked, not lacking presumption, replied Beaucombe, "and as to his having fallen in love with you, did he not prove his infatuation by surrendering his priceless booty for the sake of seeing you once more?"  
"You think not?" cried Prue. "What do you suppose he will do next?"  
"Probably he will repeat the tactics that he has already pursued with such enviable success," said the earl, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "and send one of his followers to your ladyship to beseech another interview; or perhaps he will come to you himself."  
"Heaven forbid," cried Prue. "I trust he will not attempt anything so audacious."  
"On the contrary, my dear lady," replied Beaucombe blandly, "if you will be guided by me, I think we can turn this fellow's impudence to our mutual advantage. I most sincerely trust that he will come or send to you, because now he has been routed out of his house by the river side, we no longer know where he is hiding. He is not like to return there, but gentlemen of his profession have many haunts, and having induced your ladyship to visit one of them, he will, no doubt, try another."  
"You seem to forget that there is only one queen's necklace," she cried incautiously. Then, conscious of her indiscretion, she added with too eager precipitation, "Besides, Robin Freemantle had nothing to do with my visit to that house; I was guided there—"  
"By a messenger sent by him, as I understand," interrupted Beaucombe.  
"No secret that your ladyship was induced by means of a letter—"  
"Secret! I should think not!" she cried petulantly, tossing the letter up on the table beside him. "All the town seems talking about it, and all the world may read it, for aught I care! I defy the most ingenious scandal-monger to make anything out of it."

Lord Beaucombe took it up, and slowly unfolding it, read it carefully, and then looked up with a smile of triumph at himself for having chided Prue's heart. From his breast he drew a letter addressed to "The Right Honorable Lord Beaucombe, At Rodney House, Saint James' Park, London," and placing the two papers side by side, he read them with vindictive satisfaction.  
"There can be no further doubt," he said. "See for yourself, Viscountess, the writing is identical."  
She looked, and had some difficulty in maintaining her indifference. Furious at herself for having given Beaucombe an opportunity to confirm his suspicions, she had just enough self-command left to see that it was a case of qui s'excuse s'accuse, and that any attempt at explanation would only plunge her into an inextricable tangle of falsehood. So she merely remarked, in as casual a tone as she could assume, "La me! how curious!" and stretched out her hand for her own document.  
Beauchamp withheld it. "Pray permit me to retain this, Lady Prudence," he entreated. "It is an important piece of evidence."  
"More important to me than to your lordship!" she retorted sharply. "Be good enough to return it to me," but as he still hesitated, she snatched it from his grasp, exclaiming with an angry laugh, "Evidently the liking for other people's 'private papers' runs in the blood of the De Cliffes."  
With a scowling look, Lord Beaucombe half rose, but Prue had already recovered from her spurt of passion, and with the prettiest deprecating gesture and the most alluring smile she could call up at a moment's notice, she stemmed the tide of his wrath.  
"Oh! forgive me, Lord Beaucombe," she said sweetly. "I am not used to be so cross-questioned and my temper, as you know well, is none of the most patient. Do not let us quarrel over such a trifling matter as the resemblance between two scraps of writing."  
"This no fancied resemblance, Lady Prudence," said Beaucombe doggedly. "Then if it is a real one, would it not be better for us to see how we can turn it to our mutual advantage, than to wrangle over it?" she suggested.  
Beauchamp's brow cleared at her conciliatory tone, and his half-awakened suspicions melted under the influence of a sweet and beaming smile.  
"There is nothing easier than to turn it to our advantage and his desertion, dear Viscountess, if you will be guided by me," he said eagerly. "If Captain Freemantle should make another attempt to see you—as I feel convinced he will—surely woman's wit can manage to bring your face to face, or at least to let me know where he is to be found. I am convinced that I could show him excellent reasons for giving up those papers, which would prove dangerously compromising to him—if discovered in his possession. You could secure yourself from further molestation and promote the ends of justice in this way, and place me under a lifelong obligation."  
"And how about Captain Freemantle's suggested Prue?" he asked, his obligation to me also being lifelong?"  
"Why—no doubt," he replied, with a sinister smile.  
"Well, Lord Beaucombe," said Prue, with a charming smile, "I will give your message to his knight of the road—when I see him—and I doubt not he will wait upon your lordship to receive the benefits you are so anxious to bestow upon him. Oh! you need not thank me," he had no intention of doing so. "I am always glad to oblige an old friend. And pray do not hurry away; I hear the voice of my gossip, Barbara Sweeting, and presently the rest of London will flock round me to repeat what every one is saying about Beaucombe's dark face flushed with an embarrassment that he vainly attempted to conceal under the elaborate politeness of his greeting, but Prue, all innocent smiles, and thoroughly enjoying a situation which put her in the key to her mysterious adventures.  
"How are you, dearest Bab?" she cried. "I am simply perishing for a long, long talk with you. Oh! I have so much to tell you—"  
"Not so much as you think, perhaps, wicked one," retorted Barbara, still so proachfully, "but I own I am dying for the key to your mysterious adventures."  
"Have you, too, come to cross question me about last night?" cried Prue petulantly. "Before I was out of my bed the house was besieged. Ah! here is Peggy, who can tell you more about my visitors than I can, for half of them came while I was yet asleep."  
"You may hear about Prue, but yourself. To think that with such a frolic to the fore, my Prue should have left me without a hint of what was happening! How can I ever forgive it?"  
"Lady Brooks should be pardoned all things for the sake of her heroism," said Beaucombe, with cold irony. "Yet it seems a pity that she should have braved alone the dangers so many of her friends would willingly have shared."  
"You too?" cried Barbara, raising hand and eyes appealingly to the offended heavens. "Can neither matrimony nor paternity cure the Prue fever?—nor even phlebotomy at the hands of so skillful a surgeon as Sir Geoffrey Beauchamp? Pray, if one may venture to inquire, what may be your interest in the recovery of the queen's necklace, since surely it can not be either friendship or love?"  
The look he gave her certainly suggested neither of these emotions, but his voice was under better control.  
"My interest, dear Lady Barbara, is so far selfish that as the robbery was perpetrated under cover of my domino, I should certainly have wished to take

part in finding of the jewel—and the thief."  
"La!" cried Barbara, smiling enigmatically. "How unfortunate that the necklace has been returned and the thief arrested without your assistance!"  
"Arrested!" her auditors exclaimed together, but in very different tones. Lord Beaucombe's vibrated with gratified hatred, Prue's trembled with dismay. The color dropped from her cheek, and but for Peggy's promptitude, her agitation would have betrayed her beyond concealment. She, however, had been hovering on the threshold trying to attract her cousin's attention, and now ran forward with great vivacity, and by a torrent of eager questions, drew attention to herself and gave Prue time to recover from her perturbation, though not before it had been observed with malicious inference by Lord Beaucombe.  
"Why, truly, I scarcely expected to bring news to the fountain-head," Barbara ran on. "Yet 'tis a fact, my poor Prue, that your romance has a very common-place finale. 'Tis no dashing exploit of a bold highwayman, after all, no hairbreadth escape from a robber's den, but merely the outcome of an intrigue between a chambermaid and a scrivener's clerk; and a fit of vulgar jealousy has pricked the bubble of your romance, my love!"  
Greatly to the astonishment of both her visitors, Prue's face, instead of falling in dismay, became irradiated with the loveliest expression of joy. Her eyes, softly luminous, shone in rapturous mist and dimples played in the damask that suddenly drove the pallor from her cheek. Such a transformation could hardly fail to astonish even those accustomed to the swift variations of this creature of caprice.  
"Tell us quickly, dear Barbara," she cried, with a little tremor of excitement in her voice. "You know 'twas my maid when the duchess brought me home, and I was so tired I slept until noon—all my visitors this morning have come to seek information—what to impart it. Do, pray, tell me what has happened."  
"I thought you would be mortified to death at the news pertaining to your romantic adventure, and you seem delighted," replied Barbara, with pique. "One of the serving wenches at Marlborough house, finding the royal sitting room for a moment unguarded, took her sweetest, and not content with gazing, they must needs carry their audacity to the point of fingering her majesty's toilet articles, and so come upon the necklace in its case, which I was so tired to presume, that they turned crazy, and hearing voices at one door, ran out of another and found themselves back in the servants' quarters with the necklace in their possession. The girl, but did not know how to get it back unobserved, and finally the lover, in a panic, fled from the house, carrying the perilous pelf with him."  
"A probable story, indeed!" cried Beaucombe scoldingly. "It might account for the disappearance of the jewel, but scarcely for its restoration."  
"Oh! that was a case of conscience, a thing quite incomprehensible of course to an 'esprit fort,' such as your lordship, retorted Barbara. "The girl suffered tortures, it appears, during which she was a dozen times on the point of confessing, but hesitated for fear of incriminating her lover. Then came the story of the return of the necklace, which, by the time it reached the still room, had grown so true, and est of marvels. After that, no one seems to know exactly what happened, but possibly, between fear of her own part in the affair and rage at the treachery of her lover, the wretched creature lost what few senses she had and actually forced her way into the presence of the duchess, where she groveled on the floor, confessing and accusing and Lord knows what besides, and was carried out raving and foaming at the mouth."  
"And so she confessed that she and her lover had stolen, or at any rate carried off the necklace," commented Prue thoughtfully.  
"Then how do you account for its restoration?" inquired by Robin Freemantle.  
Beauchamp inquired, with his stealthy eyes upon her.  
"Do you persist, even now, in connecting him with this affair?" she retorted, facing him defiantly. "For my part, I know thoroughly enough that it was a very vulgar matter and that I have been made a fool and a tool of by a pack of low wretches. Do not let any one who does not wish to offend me, ever mention my part in it again."  
"On the contrary," Barbara was beginning, when Peggy, from the window, uttered a cry of admiration.  
"Is that your new chair at the door, Barbara?" she cried. "Sure, 'tis the finest in town!"  
"Ah! I had for the moment forgotten—'twas but to display it I came here this afternoon—to show that and to scold Prue for a faithless friend."  
They all followed her to the window, and in the street below stood a most superb sedan chair, all carving and gilding, lined and curtained with crimson, and borne by four strapping footmen in liveries to match.  
"How thoroughly magnificent!" cried Lord Beaucombe. "All the world admires the taste of Lady Barbara Sweeting, but this time she has given us something to marvel at."  
(Continued Next Week.)

**POLLY "KIDS" HELLO GIRL; CALLS HER DEAR**  
New York—Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Bailey of New Orleans, who recently arrived in the Waldorf-Astoria, long have had a fancy to own a talking parrot.  
Mr. Bailey bought a bird yesterday. It talked well. Mrs. Bailey today left "Barbara," as the bird was christened, in her room in the Waldorf.  
The telephone attracted the bird's attention. She flung herself around and knocked off the receiver and fumbled around the mouthpiece.  
"Miss Sallie Smith"—It has to be this name, because H. L. Stewart, assistant manager of the Waldorf, positively refused to tell the real name of the girl—saw the signal flash and answered the call.  
"Hello!" she thought she heard.  
"Number, please?" said "Miss Smith."  
"Oh, you little dear!" Mrs. Smith heard, it vexed Miss Smith decidedly. "Number?" said the girl.  
"Pretty little dear, such a pretty little dear you are." This was an extremely clever bird, and apparently, from Mr. Stewart's description of the telephone girl, gifted with a sort of long-distance X-ray sight.  
The girl put the telephone up, and when Mr. Stewart and two other assistant managers went to the room to find out who was the affectionate person they found "Barbara" looking at the telephone receiver, saying:  
"Well, well, don't you know Polly's hungry?"  
From Harper's Bazar.

In the matter of furs one can almost say that everything is used. Of course fashions has this year, as usual, her favorites, but there is really no fur in the good suit that is not seen as a matter of good suits and gowns. And more than ever before is fur used as trimmings, in small bands and in the form of collars on coats and waists.

# TAKE PERUNA FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

If you used Peruna at the beginning of every cold you would then appreciate the value of this great remedy. Do not wait until the cold has fastened itself upon you. Take it at the first symptom. This is the way to ward off the cold so that it does you no harm.  
Peruna used in the beginning of a cold prevents a cough entirely.  
Yes, I mean what I say. It prevents a cough. A cough is an effort to expel catarrhal discharges in the bronchial tubes. There would be no catarrhal discharges in the bronchial tubes if Peruna was taken at the beginning of a cold, therefore there would be no cough. Don't you catch the point?  
After the cough begins Peruna will stop it just as quickly as it ought to be stopped. To stop a cough before all of the expectoration has been removed is

to do great injury. After the expectoration has been properly removed the cough will stop itself. That is the only proper way to stop a cough.  
Occasionally a cough depends upon an irritable condition of the larynx or bronchial tubes, in which there is little or no expectoration.  
The problem of stopping such a cough is a slightly different one. Even in those cases Peruna ought to be taken, but sometimes it is necessary that local treatment be added.  
But in any case Peruna is needed. You do not have to stop to write me. Get Peruna at once and commence taking it. You can get rid of that cough sooner I believe than in any other way.  
Should you wish to consult me at any time while you are taking Peruna you are at perfect liberty to write me. Your letters will be held strictly confidential and you will receive prompt answer.  
I want to stop that cough of yours. I want to stop it before it really begins. I want to stop it before it has a chance to injure your lungs, an injury that you may not recover from during your whole life. Yes, I do. You do your part. I will do mine. No. 54.

Its Natural Place.  
"Where is this site you're talking about for your suburban cottage?"  
"As yet, it is all in my eye."  
FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS  
Your druggist will refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.  
Only Kind They Go To.  
"She wrote her name on a new laid egg."  
"That's a good way to catch someone with money."  
Distinction.  
Cora was fond of all-inclusive prayers, and one night she offered the following discriminating petition: "Lord, please bless mother and father and all of us, and give us everything good; and please bless our friends, and give them what is good for them!"—Harper's Magazine.

**6 Silver Spoons Free For 100 GALVANIC Soap Wrappers**  
THESE SPOONS must not be confused with the USUAL premium silverware. The spoons shown HERE are the same as you would buy at your jeweler. They are GENUINE Rogers ware, the beautiful and exclusive LaVigne or Grape pattern, finished in the fashionable French Gray. Each spoon is guaranteed extra heavy A 1 silver plate on a WHITE metal base. With ordinary wear they will last a life time.  
Here is the Offer  
One spoon given for 20 Galvanic Soap wrappers (front panel only) and one 2c stamp or SIX SPOONS for 100 Galvanic wrappers and five 2c stamps. Coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder count the same as wrappers.  
Why You Should Buy Galvanic by the Box  
1st. It is cheaper than buying a few cakes at a time.  
2nd. When the wrappers are removed the soap dries out and goes almost twice as far as when fresh.  
3rd. You get six Rogers Silver Teaspoons.  
Mail wrappers to the premium department B. J. Johnson Soap Co. Milwaukee, Wis.

The sin that is spared because it pays is the one that kills.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.  
There is nothing a man will do with so little encouragement as fishing.  
Only One "BROMO QUININE"  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Cures Grip in Two Days. 50c.  
The right way to brighten the world is to do a good deal of your shining at home.  
Natural Result.  
"That girl rings true."  
"Of course. She is a fine belle."  
Charge for the advice you hand out if you want people to take it.

No Nostalgia.  
H. Atterbury Smith, who, with his open stairway plan promises to revolutionize the tenement house, said in New York:  
"The open stairway tenement, with its abundance of sunshine and fresh air, will make a tenement apartment actually a home. The tenement dweller of the future needn't feel like Capt. Salt.  
"I've sailed the seas for 57 years," Capt. Salt, a seasoned old "shellback," boasted.  
"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" a lady asked.  
"Homesick? Me homesick?" said Capt. Salt. "No-sir-ee! I ain't home enough for that."  
The devil considers it safe to sleep in the church where the preaching keeps nobody awake.

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"Don't you ever get homesick, captain?" a lady asked.  
"Homesick? Me homesick?" said Capt. Salt. "No-sir-ee! I ain't home enough for that."  
The devil considers it safe to sleep in the church where the preaching keeps nobody awake.

**Why Women Have Nerves**  
The "blues"—anxiety—sleeplessness—and warnings of pain and distress are sent by the nerves like flying messengers throughout body and limbs. Such feelings may or may not be accompanied by backache or headache or bearing down. The local disorders and inflammation, if there is any, should be treated with Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets. Then the nervous system and the entire womanly make-up feels the tonic effect of  
**DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION**  
when taken systematically and for any period of time. It is not a "cure-all," but has given uniform satisfaction for over forty years, being designed for the single purpose of curing woman's peculiar ailments.  
Sold in liquid form or tablets by druggists—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a box of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets. Ad. Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.  
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