

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Miss BERTHA A. PELOQUIN, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LARGEST BULBS NOT ALWAYS BEST

In buying bulbs it is not always wise to pick out the largest. In imported bulbs the number of flowers each spike will bear is generally determined by the cultivation the bulbs have received in the nurseries.

In selecting bulbs, always pick out those that are firm to the touch, because the larger ones are often lacking in germinating powers. The illustration shows three bulbs, the largest of which was produced in a damp climate, while the smallest was grown in a high altitude and where the air is dry.

Pot bulbs in good soil, then put them away until they have made a good start in root-growth. This requires at least two months and there is no use being disappointed if they do not come out sooner because bulbs cannot be forced before the early spring.

Mulch the bulb beds heavily over winter, and do not be in too great a hurry to take it off in the spring. The mulch should be removed a little at a time so that the plants may become gradually accustomed to the sun and cold.

If the wolf camps on your doormat train him to chew up bill collectors.

Electricity produced by waterfalls furnishes light to 72 Swedish cities and towns.

Muncie is to have a school to train hotel workers.

LIGHT BOOZE. Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a hot cup of coffee about that time. I could keep awake better.

"After three of four years of coffee drinking, I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

I began taking Postum, and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the coffee drug, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer-headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

Copyright, 1913, by Burton E. Stevenson.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

Goldberger looked him over carefully as he stepped into the room; but there could be no two opinions about Parks. He had been with Vantine for eight or ten years, and the earmarks of the competent and faithful servant were apparent all over him.

"Do you know this man?" Goldberger asked, with a gesture toward the body.

"No, sir," said Parks. "I never saw him till about an hour ago, when Rogers called me downstairs and said there was a man to see Mr. Vantine."

"Who is Rogers?"

"He's the footman, sir. He answered the door when the man rang."

"Well, and then what happened?"

"I took his card up to Mr. Vantine, sir."

"Did Mr. Vantine know him?"

"No, sir, he wanted to know what he wanted."

"What did he want?"

"I don't know, sir; he couldn't speak English hardly at all—he was French. I think."

Goldberger looked down at the body again and nodded.

"Go ahead," he said.

"And he was so excited," Parks added, "that he couldn't remember what little English he did know."

"What made you think he was excited?"

"The way he stuttered, and the way his eyes glistened. That's what makes me think he just came in here to kill himself quiet like—I shouldn't be surprised if you found that he'd escaped from somewhere. I had a notion to put him out without bothering Mr. Vantine—I wish now I had—but I took his card up, and Mr. Vantine said for him to wait, so I came downstairs again, and showed the man in here, and said Mr. Vantine would see him presently, and then Rogers and me went back to our lunch and we sat there waiting all the bell rang, and I came in and found Mr. Vantine here."

"Do you mean to say that you and Rogers went away and left this stranger here by himself?"

"The servants' dining room is right at the end of the hall, sir. We left the door open so that we could see right along the hall, clear to the front door. If he'd come out into the hall, we'd have seen him."

"And he didn't come out into the hall while you were there?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, no, sir; the front door has a snap-lock. It can't be opened from the outside without a key."

"So you are perfectly sure that no one either entered or left the house by the front door while you and Rogers were sitting there?"

"Nor by the back door either, sir; to get out the back way, you have to pass through the room where we were."

"Where were the other servants?"

"Cook was in the kitchen, sir. This is the housemaid's afternoon out."

The coroner paused. Goldberger and Simmonds had both listened to this interrogation, but neither had been idle. They had walked softly about the room, had looked through a door opening into another room beyond, had examined the fastenings of the windows, and had ended by looking minutely over the carpet.

"What is the room yonder used for?" asked Goldberger, pointing to the connecting door.

"It's a sort of store room just now, sir," said Parks. Mr. Vantine is just back from Europe, and we've been unpacking in there some of the things he bought while abroad."

"I guess that's all," said Goldberger, after a moment. "Send in Mr. Vantine, please."

Parks went out, and Vantine came in a moment later. He corroborated exactly the story told by Parks and myself, but he added one detail.

"He's the man's card," he said, and held out a square of pasteboard. Goldberger took the card, glanced at it, and passed it on to Simmonds.

"That don't tell us much," said the latter, and gave the card to Goldberger. I looked over his shoulder and saw that it contained a single engraved line:

M. Theophile d'Aurelle.

"Except that he's French, as Parks suggested," said Goldberger. "That's evident, too, from the cut of his hair." "Yes, and from the cut of his hair," added Goldberger. "You say you didn't know him, Mr. Vantine?"

"Never before saw him, to my knowledge," answered Vantine. "The name is wholly unknown to me."

"Well," said Goldberger, taking possession of the card again and slipping it into his pocket, "suppose we lift him out of that couch by the window and have a look through his clothes."

The man was sitting by the window, and Simmonds and Goldberger raised the body between them without difficulty and placed it on the couch. I saw Goldberger's eyes searching the carpet.

"What I should like to know," he said, after a moment, "is this: if this fellow took poison, what did he take it out of? Where's the paper, or bottle, or whatever it was?"

"Maybe it's in his hand," suggested Simmonds, and lifted the right hand, which hung trailing over the side of the couch.

Then, as he raised it into the light, a sharp cry burst from him.

"Look here," he said, and held the hand so that we all could see.

It was swollen and darkly discolored.

"See there," said Simmonds, "something bit him," and he pointed to two deep incisions on the back of the hand, just above the knuckles, from which a few drops of blood had oozed and dried.

With a little exclamation of surprise and excitement, Goldberger bent for an instant above the injured hand. Then he turned and looked at us.

"This man didn't take poison," he said, in a low voice. "He was killed!"

CHAPTER III.

THE WOUNDED HAND.

"He was killed!" repeated Goldberger, with conviction; and, at the words, we drew a little, with a shiver of repulsion. Death is awesome enough at any time; suicide adds to its horror; murder gives it the final touch.

So we all stood silent, staring as though fascinated at the hand which Simmonds held up to us; at those tiny wounds, encircled by a scabrous flesh and a sinister dash of clotted blood running away from them. Then Goldberger, taking a deep breath, voiced the thought which had sprung into my own brain.

"Why, it looks like a snake bite!" he said, his voice sharp with astonishment.

And, indeed, it did. Those two tiny incisions, scarcely half an inch apart,

might well have been made by a serpent's fangs.

The quick glance which all of us cast about the room was, of course, as involuntary as the chill which ran up our spines; yet Goldfrey and I—Godfrey, Simmonds, and I—excuse that, once upon a time, we had had an encounter with a deadly snake which none of us was likely ever to forget. We all smiled a little sheepishly as we caught each other's eyes.

"No, I don't think it was a snake," said Goldfrey, and again bent close above the hand. "Smell it, Mr. Goldberger," he added.

The coroner put his nose close to the hand and sniffed.

"Bitter almonds," he said.

"Which means prussic acid," said Goldfrey, "and not snake poison." He fell silent a moment, his eyes on the swollen hand. The rest of us stared at it, too; and I suppose all the others were laboring as I was with the effort to find some thread of theory amid this chaos. "It might, of course, have been self-inflicted," Goldfrey added, quite to himself.

Goldberger sneered a little. No doubt he found the incomprehensibility of the problem rather trying to his temper.

"A man doesn't usually commit suicide by sticking himself in the hand with a fork," he said.

"No," agreed Goldfrey blandly; "but I would point out that we don't know as yet that it is a snake bite, and I'm quite sure that, whatever it may be, it isn't usual."

Goldberger's sneer deepened.

"Did any reporter for the Record ever find a case that was usual?" he queried.

It was a shrewd thrust, and one that Goldfrey might well have winced under. For the Record theory was that nothing is new under the sun, and strange and startling, and the inevitable result was that the Record reporters endeavored to make everything strange and startling, to play up the outer details at the expense of the rest of the story, and even, I fear, to invent such details when none existed.

Goldfrey himself had been accused more than once of a too luxuriant imagination. It was, perhaps, a realization of this which had persuaded him, years before, to quit the detective force and take service with the Record. What might have been a weakness in the first position, was a mighty asset in the latter one, and he had won an immense success.

Please understand that I set this down in no spirit of criticism. I had known Goldfrey rather intimately since the time we were thrown together in solving the Holladay case, and I admired sincerely his ready wit, his quick insight, and his unshakable aplomb. He used his imagination in a way which often caused me to reflect that the police would be far more efficient if they possessed a dash of the same quality; and I had noticed that they were usually glad of his assistance, while his former connection with the force and his careful maintenance of the friendships formed at that time gave him an entire and complete command of the police force. He had never known him to do a dishonest thing—to fight for a cause he thought unjust, to print a fact given him in confidence, or to make a statement which he knew to be untrue. Moreover, a lively sense of humor made him an admirable companion, and it was this quality, perhaps, which enabled him to receive Goldberger's thrust with a good natured smile.

"We've got our livings to make, you know," he said, "and I make it as honestly as we can. What do you think, Simmonds?"

"I think," said Simmonds, who, if he possessed an imagination, never permitted it to be suspected, "that those cuts on the hand are merely an accident. They might have been caused in half a dozen ways. Maybe he hit his hand on something when he fell; maybe he jabbed it on a buckle; maybe he had a bolt on his hand and lanced it with his knife."

"What killed him, then?" Goldfrey demanded.

"Poison—and it's in his stomach. We'll find it there."

"How about the odor?" Goldfrey persisted.

"It spilled some of the poison on his hand as he lifted it to his mouth. Maybe he had those cuts on his hand and the poison inflamed them. Or maybe he's got some kind of blood disease."

Goldberger nodded his approval, and Goldfrey smiled as he looked at him.

"What are your explanations, isn't it?" he queried.

"It's a blamed sight easier to find a natural and simple explanation," retorted Goldberger hotly, "than it is to find an unnatural and far-fetched one—like how one man could kill another by scratching him on the hand. I suppose you think this fellow was murdered? That's what you said a minute ago."

"Perhaps I was a trifle hasty," Goldfrey admitted, and I suspected that, whatever his thoughts, he had made up his mind to keep them to himself. "I'm not going to theorize until I've got something to start with. The facts seem to point to suicide; but if he swallowed prussic acid, where's the bottle? He didn't swallow that, too, did he?"

"Maybe we'll find it in his clothes," suggested Simmonds.

Thus reminded, Goldberger fell to work looking through the dead man's pockets. The clothes were of a cheap material and not very new, so that, in life, he must have presented an appearance somewhat shabby. There was a purse in the inside coat pocket containing two bills, one for \$10 and one for \$5, and there were \$2 or \$3 in silver and five-centime pieces in a small coin purse which he carried in his trousers pocket. The larger purse had four or five calling cards in one of its compartments, each bearing a different name, none of them his. On the back of one of them, Vantine's address was written in pencil.

There were no letters, no papers, no written documents of any kind in the pockets, the remainder of whose contents consisted of such odds and ends as any man might carry about with him—a cheap watch, a pen knife, a half-empty packet of French tobacco, a sheaf of cigar paper, four or five keys on a ring, a silk handkerchief, and perhaps some other articles which I have forgotten—but not a thing to assist in establishing his identity.

"We'll have to cable over to Paris," remarked Simmonds. "He's French, all right—that silk handkerchief proves it."

"Yes—and his best girl proves it, too," put in Goldfrey.

"His best girl?"

For answer Goldfrey held up the watch, which he had been examining.

He had opened the case, and inside it was a photograph—the photograph of a woman with bold, dark eyes and full lips and oval face—a face so typically French that it was not to be mistaken.

"A lady's maid, I should say," added Goldfrey, looking at it again. "Rather good-looking at one time, but past her first youth, and so compelled perhaps to bestow her affections on a man a little beneath her—no doubt compelled also to contribute to his support in order to retain him. A woman with many pasts and no future."

"Oh, come," broke in Goldberger impatiently, "keep your second-hand epigrams for the Record. What we want are facts."

Goldfrey flushed a little at the words and laid down the watch.

"There is one fact which you have apparently overlooked," he said quietly, "but it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that this fellow didn't drift in here by accident. He came here of intention, and the intention wasn't to kill himself, either."

"How do you know that?" demanded Goldberger, incredulously.

Goldfrey picked up the purse, opened it, and took out one of the cards.

"By this," he said, and held it up. "You have already seen what is written on the back of it—Mr. Vantine's name and the number of this house. That proves, doesn't it, that this fellow came to New York expressly to see Mr. Vantine?"

"Perhaps you think Mr. Vantine killed him," suggested Goldberger, sarcastically.

"No," said Goldfrey; "he didn't have time. You understand, Mr. Vantine," he added, smiling at that gentleman, who was listening to all this with perplexed countenance, "we are simply talking now about possibilities. You couldn't possibly have killed this fellow because Lester has testified that he was with you constantly from the moment this man entered the house until his body was found, with the exception of the few seconds which elapsed between the time you entered this room and the time he joined you here, summoned by your cry. So you are out of the running."

"Thanks," said Vantine, drily.

"I suppose, then, you think it was Parks," said Goldberger.

"I may quite possibly have been Parks," agreed Goldfrey, gravely.

"Nonsense!" broke in Vantine, impatiently. "Parks is as straight as a string—he's been with me for eight years."

"Of course it's nonsense," assented Goldberger. "It's nonsense to say that he was killed by anybody. He killed himself. We'll learn the cause when we identify him—jealousy maybe, or maybe just hard luck—he doesn't look affluent."

"I'll cable to Paris," said Simmonds. "If he belongs there, we'll soon find out who he is."

"You'd better call an ambulance and have him taken to the morgue," went on Goldberger. "Somebody may identify him there. There'll be a crowd tomorrow, for, of course, the papers will be full of this affair."

"The Record, at least, will have a very full account," Goldfrey assured him.

"And I'll call the inquest for the day after," Goldberger continued. "I'll send my physician down to make a post-mortem right away. If there's any poison in this fellow's stomach, we'll find it."

Goldfrey did not speak; but I knew what was in his mind. He was thinking that, if such poison existed, the vessel which had contained it had not yet been found. The same thought, no doubt, occurred to Simmonds, for after ordering the policeman in the hall to call the ambulance, he returned and began a careful search of the room, using his electric torch to illumine every shadowed corner. Goldfrey devoted himself to a similar search; but both were without result. Then Goldfrey made a minute inspection of the injured hand, while Goldberger looked on with ill-concealed impatience, and finally he moved toward the door.

"I think I'll be going," he said. "But I'm interested in what your physician will find, Mr. Coroner."

"He'll find poison, all right," asserted Goldberger, with decision.

"Perhaps he will," admitted Goldfrey. "Strange things happen in this world. Will you be at home tonight, Lester?"

"Yes, I expect to be," I answered.

"You're still at the Marathon?"

"Yes," I said; "suite 14."

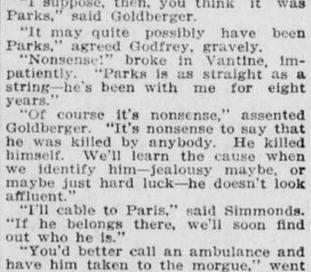
"Perhaps I'll drop around to see you," he said, and a moment later we heard the door closed behind him as Parks let him out.

"Goldfrey's a good man," said Goldberger, "but he's too romantic. He looks for a mystery in every crime, whereas most crimes are merely plain, downright brutalities. Take this case. Here's a man kills himself, and Goldfrey wants us to believe that death resulted from a scratch on the hand. Why, there's no poison on earth would kill a man as quick as that—for he must have dropped dead before he could get out of the room to summon help. If it was prussic acid, he swallowed it. Remember, he wasn't in this room more than 15 or 20 minutes, and he was quite dead when Mr. Vantine found him. Men don't die as easily as all that—not from a scratch on the hand. They don't die easily at all. It's astonishing how much it takes to kill a man—how the spirit, or whatever you choose to call it, clings to life."

(Continued next week.)

Albert H. Morrill, of Cincinnati, a candidate for the republican nomination for lieutenant governor of Ohio, has been a sailor, a parlor car conductor, a circus employe, a baseball player and a newspaper reporter.

SPANISH STATESMAN FOR FRANCE IN WAR



Count Romanones

MISS TAYLOR MEETS ANTON ZABRINSKI

From "Anton Zabrinki—the Study of a Prisoner," by Winifred Louise Taylor, in Scribner's.

I was visiting at the penitentiary, and during a conversation with a young English convict, a sempstress of Mary Anderson, the actress, this young man said to me: "I wish you knew my cellmate." I replied that I already knew too many men in that prison. "But if you would only see little Anton I know you would be convinced," he asserted. As to that possibility I was skeptical, but I was impressed by the earnestness of the young man as he sketched the outline of Anton's story and urged me to see him. I remember that he made a point of this: "The boy is so happy thinking that he will get a pardon some time, but he will die here if somebody doesn't help him soon." To gratify the Englishman I consented to see the happy boy who was in danger of dying.

An attractive or interesting face is rare among the inmates of our prisons. Notwithstanding his cellmate's enthusiasm, I was thrilled with surprise, and something deeper than surprise, when I saw Anton Zabrinki. The beauty of that young Polish prisoner shone like a star above the dingy grading convict suit. It was the face of a Raphael, with the broad brow and the large, luminous, far-apart eyes of darkest blue, suggesting in their depths all the beautiful repressed possibilities—eyes radiant with hope and with childlike innocence and trust. My heart was instantly vibrant with sympathy, and we were friends with the first handclasp. The artistic temperament was as evident in the slender, highly developed hands as in his face. At a glance I saw that his fate was sealed, but his spirit of hope was irresistible, and carried me on in its own current for the hour. Anton was like a happy child, frankly and joyfully opening his heart to a friend whom he seemed always to have known. The bright hour was unclouded by any dark forebodings in regard to illness or an obdurate governor; we talked of pardon and freedom and home and happiness. I did not speak to him of repentance or preparation for death. I felt that when the summons came to that guileless spirit it could only be a summons to a fuller life.

WESTERN IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

Anyone Who Wants to Learn Anything is Welcome to the University.

In the American Magazine, Ray Stannard Baker writes, in part, as follows about the great new movement toward democratic education in the west: "Comparing our civilization with the life of the bee one might say that the chief interest of the old education was in the development of the individual bee, while the new education is also profoundly concerned with the life of the hive. It does not consider the student as a thing apart, or the university as an institution withdrawn from the currents of life—out as intimately related. As Dean Davenport of the university of Illinois says: 'It is not our object to educate men to set the better of some other men, or even, consciously, to educate leaders, but rather to make citizens who will serve the state. If we can inspire our students with the feeling that they are a part of the movement toward a better civilization, leadership will take care of itself.'"

"The western universities are succeeding because they are opening vast and hitherto untapped sources of human energy. Their doors are open wide. Any man or woman who wants to know anything upon any subject is welcome. He may come to spend two weeks, as in the farmers' short course, or eight years, as in the medical courses. Nor is this all, for the university does not even wait for the people to come to Champaign, but it goes out in special trains, or by special lectures or instructors, and carries its influence to every little town in the state. It is there not to stand aloof, but to serve."

"It has always been the dread of the old leaders that somehow education would be cheapened, that there was something about scholarship which must not meet the rude breath of the world. I asked Dean Davenport at Illinois, President Van Hise, at Wisconsin and President Vincent at Minnesota what effect the growth of the department of the university was having on the old scholastic courses, and they all answered that instead of being crowded to the wall these courses were stronger than ever. While the number of students taking the classical courses, still they have had a healthy increase. And in all these institutions the work of the classical courses has been revived and strengthened by contact with the vivid life of the university. The association between students of classical courses and the agricultural, engineering and business has been valuable to both."

Cowards All.

From the New York World.

The most abject surrender of latter-day republicanism of which there is any record is recorded in the minority report of the House committee on war affairs. It opposes local self-government in the Philippines, not because the people of the islands are not prepared for it, not because it has not been promised, and not because it is in conflict with American ideas, but solely for the reason that even the dispossessed of the hour in this time may involve us in difficulties with the warring nations.

These are the counsels of timidity and worse. They savor of cowardice. To insist that we cannot establish self-government in our own dominions without exposing ourselves to the dangers of war is the part of Japan or Germany; we cannot extend American ideas under our own flag except as we invite hostility elsewhere; we cannot keep faith with our own people because there happens to be war in the world, and it is never safe for the greatest power on earth to do right if lesser powers are expected to be in conflict, jealous, revengeful and greedy.

What would the republican party of Lincoln and Seward and Sumner have said to this shameful proposition if it is the most shocking avowal ever made in the name of an American political party. Our theory that men are fit to govern themselves may be right or it may be wrong, but who in the United States ever before suggested its suppression through fear of kaisers or mikados?

DR. S. M. WELLS, Specialist

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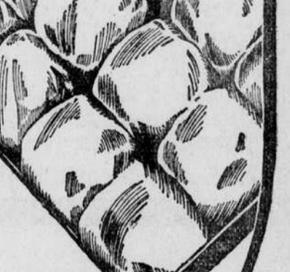
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You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.

Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



Calumet Baking Powder

NOT MADE BY THE TRUST

CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Iowa Directory

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Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List. ZIMMERMAN BROTHERS, 608 Pierce St., Sioux City, Ia.

Accordion and Knife Pleating

Send for price list. SIOUX CITY SKIRT CO. Sioux City, Iowa 420 Pierce St.

Where, indeed! Sir James Caird's generous gift of £24,000 to the Shackleton Antarctic expedition recalls a story told by Sir Ernest Shackleton when he was over here.

When the news of Peary's discovery of the North Pole was first announced a friend of his rushed into the house exclaiming:

"Peary has discovered the North Pole!"

"Oh, indeed!" he said, "where did he find it?"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Never judge a man by his relatives—he didn't select them.

Women as a rule are more generous than wise in financial matters.

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The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drugists. 50c. large box, or by mail, The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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