

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 501 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Liked the Church, But—Sweet Girl—Do you enjoy taking me to church? Lover—Not so much as riding with you in a street car.

"Goodness! Why?" "The sexton never yells, 'Sit closer, please.'"—New York Weekly.

OVERWORK AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

Mr. James McDaniel, Oakley, Ky., writes: "I overworked and strained myself, which brought on Kidney and Bladder Disease. My symptoms were Backache and burning in the stem of the Bladder, which was sore and had a constant hurting all the time—broken sleep, tired feeling, nervousness, puffed and swollen eyes, shortness of breath and Rheumatic pains. I suffered ten months. I was treated by a physician, but found no relief until I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now feel that I am permanently cured by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also Music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.—Adv.

The Explanation. Tomdix—So Weeks is married, eh? He is so thin that I wonder he ever mustered up sufficient courage to propose.

Hojax—Oh, he didn't have to a young widow married him.

Sprains, Bruises Stiff Muscles

Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 108, Linton, N. Y., writes: "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my left hip by falling out of a third story window six months ago. I went on crutches for four months, then I started to use some of your Liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is helping me wonderfully. I threw my crutches away. Only used two bottles of your Liniment and now I am walking quite well with one ease. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

All Dealers, 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a TRIAL BOTTLE

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc. Dept. B. Philadelphia, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain



SEVEN-TON REPTILE IS WELL PRESERVED

Giant Dinosaur's Skeleton Recently Unearthed Thought to Be 7,000,000 Years Old.

Between 7,000,000 and 10,000,000 years ago, in what is known as the Jurassic age, there lived a group of giant reptiles called Dinosauria, one family of which, the Stegosauridae, or plated lizards, is perhaps the most fantastic and curious in all natural history. The most perfect and complete fossilized skeleton of the genus Stegosaurus, a smaller branch of this remarkable family group, is on exhibition in the new building of the United States National museum, at Washington, just as it was found and dug out of the sandstone rock. Near at hand is a natural size and very life-like restoration in paper-mache, so weird and monstrous in appearance as to give one the horrors.

Back in the very early days of the word this armor-plated lizard-like monster dwelt in the western part of the United States in what is now the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. It did not exist at that time the mountains did not exist. Historical surveys in the marsh and swamp lands of that region, feeding on the tropical grasses and plants, the fossil remains of which are found buried with his skeleton. The specimen mentioned above comes from the lower side of the Grand Canyon, near Canyon City, Colo., where it was found by M. P. Felch in 1855. Brief articles concerning it were written from time to time, but it was not assembled and mounted until two years ago, and never completely described until recently. With the exception of the removal of some of the sandstone which surrounds this valuable specimen, it has been left in the position in which it was discovered so that the relation of the various bones and skin armor may be seen and studied by scientists. In order that the plates may be seen, the two mirrors have been placed beneath it in such a manner as to reflect the exact structure and location of the various bones.

The undisturbed position of the bones, and the surrounding sandstone in which this monster died in the water, or on the bank of a stream, and from some natural cause, it is possible that the carcass floated down the stream as the arrangement of the different bones and spine plates indicates a gradual washing and tipping over, rather than the rushing motion of a heavy force. The skeleton is quite complete and lies partly on its side and back, with nearly all the bones in their relative positions, rendering it of infinite value to scientists for study and as a reference type.

In this peculiar reptile of such gigantic proportions must have presented a forbidding appearance; it measured about 11 feet in height at the hips, and was covered with a very rough and horny scale-like skin, studded here and there with bony buttons or knobs of armor. Along its back were arranged great sharp edged plates set alternately and projecting upward like the teeth of a huge saw. This odd armor plate extended from the small wedge-shaped reptilian head to the hind end of the body, which was tapering lizard-like tail, which was tipped with four long, sharp spines. Its legs were not unlike those of a lizard or other reptile, except that the fore legs were rather short and much weaker than the hind ones, an indication that the great animal could sit up like a kangaroo, and perhaps descended from a bipedal ancestor. From a study of its teeth it has been determined that this prehistoric beast was a plant eater, as is suggested by its habitat. Further investigation of its head, which is so small as to be quite out of proportion to its massive body, reveals the fact that it had scarcely any brain. Although the body of the stegosaurus is supposed to have weighed more than that of an elephant, the brain of the latter is 50 times as heavy, which fact offers an excuse for the immense amount of defensive armor with which it was equipped, making it practically impregnable as far as its enemies were concerned, provided it had any. It comes alone weigh nearly a ton, and it has been estimated that in life the stegosaurus weighed between seven and 10 tons.

A very complete scientific treatise on this interesting group of extinct giant reptiles by Mr. Charles W. Gilmore, assistant curator of fossil reptiles, has just been published by the United States national museum in the form of a bulletin, the edition of which has been distributed to libraries and to scientific and educational institutions.

Autos For the Masses.

From the Indianapolis News. One of the constant and rapid developments of industry in this country is the automobile, and the remarkable phase of it is its rapidly widening use among people of moderate means. New York, with its great population, is the home of men of moderate means, and the last records show 168,669 autos in use there. Kansas has no city noted as the home of great wealth. It is a commonwealth of farmers. It has about 1,750,000 population and 50,107 licensed motor cars. This is 60 per cent greater, in proportion to population, than New York. Massachusetts is a state of great wealth and a large leisure class. Its population in 1910 was 3,366,416. It has 72,246 motor cars. Iowa, with a tremendous population, had in 1910 a population of 2,224,667. These people had then 106,255 licensed automobiles proportionately twice as many as Massachusetts, with its great wealthy compact territory, fine roads and many cities. Ohio has more by 40 per cent than Pennsylvania, and so the comparison goes throughout. Thus, it is plain that the motor car is increasing in use among people of moderate means, especially in the farming districts.

This means that the motor car is no longer the "toy of wealth," the plaything of the rich, the amusement of the well-to-do, the enjoyment of an idle hobby. It is more and more taking the place of the horse and wagon and horse and buggy. It is being put to the service of the work-a-day life, the people that have to work to live find that they must have an automobile for their business uses. It is a means of transportation for themselves and many other things they must have. Of course, this means that a great factor is the low priced motor car, for the wonderful increase could not come unless there were a low price. First came the interurban road, dividing the work of the steam road. Now is coming, every day, the automobile, dividing and supplementing the work of both roads. When we add to this the spread of the telephone we begin to get a brief glimpse of the material progress of America.

By Percival Gibbon in Collier's.

A Protective Revival.

From the Youngstown Telegram. Rankin—Dearborn bought a suit of armor at a sale of antiques. Phyle—I didn't know he was a collector. "He isn't. He bought the thing for protection." "For protection?" "Exactly. A lot of amateurs play golf on a course he is obliged to pass on his way to work and he is afraid of being hit by the flying balls."

MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc. Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

Up to the time Eric, the boy, was 5, his sister, the new Mary, 2, they lived with their parents in a thriving Georgia town, the home place of the father and his father before him. Old Mr. Blagden resented his daughter's marriage to the handsome, willow Midthorne. The young man once had been a visitor in Corinth, coming from Harvard with college honors the summer, and his carryings-on had quite thoroughly scandalized the staid, puritanical element in the town, although affording great delight and encouragement to the youth of the place. It is said that the spirit of emulation which thrived in Corinth after he went his joyous way, following that first and only visit, was such that it had been as vigorously directed in another cause might have produced nothing but saints among the young men of the town. But in a different direction altogether. For a time it was feared that there would be no stopping the lads. They went a dreadful pace and seemed proud of it. Old Mr. Blagden looked hold up Horace in good time. He commanded him to have nothing in his mind but to get on his feet, claiming him to be an imp of mischief. The young men had been friends. Horace made the fatal mistake of snubbing the Georgian on the street one day, whereupon Midthorne, after demanding an explanation and getting it, proceeded to thrash his future brother-in-law. It is needless to say that Horace despised him from that day forth. If Mary Blagden was not easily managed by her father, Midthorne found the task by no means difficult. She was in love with him—as were all the lower class in Corinth—and his belaboring of Horace increased rather than checked her interest.

She never got on well with her brother. He bullied her after a polite fashion, all his own, and as she couldn't retaliate so politely, he had all the better of her. Midthorne, to his credit, took a different line, and fell in love with the girl. But he had to thrash Horace, just the same. You can well imagine his gratification when he found, almost at once, that he went up considerably in the girl's estimation after that disgraceful encounter. She regarded him as a champion, and he stood up for him against Horace, not only in public, but in the bosom of her own family. She "ended up" by marrying the family big-bear—for that is what Midthorne grew to be—and promptly abandoned Corinth, for that matter, and she had got it out of his head that she married Phil in order to annoy the family.

Be that as it may, they made a sorry failure of it, those Midthornes. Phil was not heavily endowed with this world's goods, nor was he likely to acquire anything. He was a good fellow, but his wife and her family were of the opinion that the world owed a living to all good fellows. Together they lived rather a thriftless life in the Georgia town, neither of them caring much whence sustenance came. Just as they were getting on their feet, however, a certain Mr. Blagden got it out of his head that she married Phil in order to annoy the family.

That was when they were 6 and 2. They had no ideals. They had nothing black to remember, for they only knew that their father and mother had gone away for a long time. They knew nothing of Cain and Magdalen. Chetwynd was to know before they were many years older.

CHAPTER II.

PART OF THE TRUTH COMES OUT

Eric was 12 years old when his aunt, in a fit of annoyance, brought on by his throwing a stone at the fleeing tormentor, Chetwynd, told him that his father was a murderer, and that he was likely to become one himself unless he mended his ways. It was the first he knew of that tragic episode in the life of his blithe father. The blow was so crushing that he was a long time in coming to the full realization of its force. He slunk off, dazed, bewildered, frightened. Chetwynd's taunting of him pursued him as he made his way blindly through the yard to the street below.

That was but the beginning. They had held it back as long as it was in their natures to do so. The great wonder lies in the fact that they refrained at all. Little Mary was not slow to observe the sudden change in her brother. A curious depression, an unaccountable sullenness in his manner puzzled her. Young as she was, she knew that there was something in his mind which he would not reveal to her.

She was but 12. He possessed not the power of initiative in so grave, so stupendous a problem as the one which confronted him. He could not bring himself to ask the terrible questions. There was no one to whom he could go. It came over him suddenly that he had a copy of a book that was good and noble and decent in the world. In his small, groping mind, he wondered if all the children with whom he placed knew of the great secret, if all of them knew that his father had killed a man. With furtive eye and a nervous hand he turned over the pages for signs betraying the slightest sense of aversion toward him. He waited in a great, hungry suspense for his aunt to repeat her tirade. He waited for fresh taunts from Chetwynd—he even invited them, with a sullenness surprising in one so young.

But they were frightened, they were wakened. Mrs. Blagden, in her haste, had spoken without consulting the master. Horace had told her often that when the proper time came, in his opinion, he would tell the children the story of their misguided parents. She realized that she had thrown a stone at Chetwynd. And more than that, the boys who came up to play always asked for Eric, not Chetwynd. She could not understand it in them. She secretly resented the preference. Chetwynd, her unfortunate step, she went to her pastor for advice. She had not slept well. She was afraid that Eric might go to his uncle for the truth. The Rev. Dr. Presbrey, of the First Congregational church, of Corinth, was a good man, an immaculate Christian, who had not even glanced beyond the confines of the narrow path. He had lived in Corinth for 50 years, since the day of his birth, and once had done something notable in the

general council at Boston, which, however, had not been of sufficient moment to abstract him from Corinth. He listened to Mrs. Blagden's confession, then called in his wife for a three-sided consultation in which the clerical pair agreed to everything advanced by their best-paying parishioner; and later on, proposed that she give him up the next Thursday evening to consider the case.

After inviting the minister and his wife to dine with her on the coming Thursday, Mrs. Blagden felt somewhat easier in her mind. She felt, somehow, that God would step into the breach. To the best of her recollection he had never failed her—that is to say, he had not failed her since she came to Corinth. Sometimes she looked back upon her dancing days in New York, and wondered if they were real. They must have been, for she had succeeded in getting Horace's consent to let Chetwynd attend dancing school. It was for the sole purpose, I believe, of making him grateful.

The old seaman who kept the upper road gate to the grounds belonging to the home on the point was Eric's particular friend and crony. The ancient was rather chary about letting children inside the grounds unless accompanied by parents or nurses. He had, however, to like the manly, straightforward little Midthorne boy and his pretty, baby-faced sister. They were always welcome. Other children hooted at him when he refused them admission. Eric had said to him once, on being turned away:

"I'm sorry, major. Perhaps if I come again some other day you'll let me in to watch the squirrels. Good day, sir." There were three things in this very tactful speech that operated in Eric's favor. First, the politeness of it; secondly, the wishfulness to be a third grandeur of it. Jabez Carr had been a captain's mate, it is true, but he had never been by way of acquiring such a magnificent title as "major." It occurred to him at once that the boy was not of Corinth. No Corinth lad would address him as a major. He remembered that the southern boys had majors. It was not for a small boy to know that the sea does not produce majors.

So Jabez said, relenting a bit: "You come from the south, don't you, sonny?" "I thought so," said Jabez. "I am Mr. Blagden's nephew, and this is my sister, Mary." Mary courtseyed to the old seaman.

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"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have headache, biliousness, coated tongue, indigestion, sour stomach or constipation. Adv.

Terrifying Styles.

"The Gorgons were mythological sisters, who had snakes for tresses instead of hair." "Gee," muttered the high school girl, "it must have been tough to have to go out and gather a bunch of snakes whenever you needed a few extra puffs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A POTATO KING

"If I were a farmer boy, or a boy with out capital, and wanted an early competency, I'd start right out growing Potatoes," said Henry Schroeder, the Potato king of the Red River Valley, whose story in the John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s Catalogue reads stranger than a romance. That advice of Mr. Schroeder's, the self-made Potato king, comes from a warm heart, a level head, a potato king!



Price Schroeder's Famous Ohio, bushel, \$1.75; ten bushels, \$15.00. Here's another advice of the Red River Potato king. He says: "Plant a plenty when potatoes are plenty," or cheap, like they were last Fall—that's sound doctrine. Follow his advice this year and come July and August and all Fall look out for 70c and 90c and \$1.00 Potatoes!

CORN.

Who placed Wisconsin on the Corn map, way at the top? Salzer's creations in field Corns, Barley, Oats and Clovers. Potatoes helped do it. We make a great specialty of seed corn, listing over forty splendid varieties, among them the earliest, heaviest eared, biggest yielders known.

For 10c in Postage

We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, "The Green Wonder," Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, "The Prize Winner," Billion Dollar Grass; Teosinte, the Silo Filler, etc., etc.

Or Send 12c

And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Send to John A. Salzer

Seed Co., Box 706, La Crosse, Wis., twenty cents and receive both above collections and their big catalog.

Keeping the Peace.

"I presume that you and your wife have occasional differences of opinion?" "Oh, yes, but—er—I don't tell her."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Just Like Him.

"My husband is just like our father," sighed Mrs. Blanks. "All day he smokes and at night he goes out."

Attention, Mothers!

Write Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1304 Kesner Bldg., Chicago, Ill., for 28 page beautifully colored "Mother Goose Jingle Book." Sent free to all readers of this paper.—Adv.

Not Even Skin Deep.

Hokus—Yes, she's pretty; but she doesn't wear well. Pokus—Rubs off, eh?—Judge.