

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.

Will Break Up a Cold in Twenty-Four Hours and Cure Any Cough That Is Curable.

The following mixture is often prescribed and is highly recommended for coughs, colds and other throat and bronchial trouble. Mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, and eight ounces of pure Whisky. These can be bought in any good drug store and easily mixed together in a large bottle. The genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure is prepared only in the laboratories of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, and put up for dispensing in half-ounce vials.

COULDN'T DO IT.



"That'll do! Dry up this minute!" "I can't, pa. Willie just soaked me."

LEG A MASS OF HUMOR

"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scab like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is.

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

POOR CHOLLY.



Cholly—Is your sister in, my boy? Willie—Just give me your card, and I'll go and see if you're de guy she told me to tell dat she was out.

ROCKY BOY INDIAN LANDS OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT.

Secretary Ballinger has issued instructions to throw open 1,400,000 acres of land in Eastern Montana to white settlers. This land was withdrawn about two years ago for the purpose of allotting to the Rocky Boy Indians. The tract contains the very choicest lands in Valley County and wherever farming has been carried on, it has produced yields of from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 70 bushels of oats and large crops of hay, alfalfa and vegetables.

There are over 8,000 160-acre homesteads in this tract, which is considerable more than the combined total in the Flathead, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Reservations, which were opened to settlement last summer.

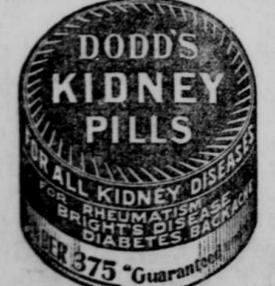
It is easier for men to get on financially than it is for women to get off a car forward.

ONLY ONE "BROWN QUININE." That is SARGENT'S BROWN QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. SARGENT. Used the World over to cure a cold in one day.

A large inheritance transforms a skinny girl into a slender one.

Levis' Single Binder cigar. Original in Tin Foil Smoker Package. Take no substitute.

The more expensive a thing is the easier it is to get along without it.



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Cough. Unparalleled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. Price, 25 cents. 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Sample sent on request.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS COPYRIGHT 1907 BY SCOTT-FERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Annandale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her uncle Henry, who owned by a bank failure, had constantly threatened her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be Reginald Gillespie, a man of the name of Helen. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan fought an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who said he was Hartridge, a canoe-maker. Miss Fat announced her intention of fighting Henry Holbrook and not seeking another hiding place. Donovan met Helen in garden at night. Duplicity of Helen was confessed by the young lady. At night, disguised as a nun, Helen stole from the house. She met Reginald Gillespie, who told her his love. Gillespie was confronted by Donovan. At the town postoffice Helen, unseen except by Donovan, slipped a draft for her father into the hands of the Italian sailor. A young lady resembling Miss Helen Holbrook was observed alone in a canoe, when Helen was thought to have been at home. Gillespie admitted Helen \$20,000 for her father, who had then left to spend it. Miss Helen and Donovan met in the night. She told him Gillespie was nothing to her. He confessed his love for her. Donovan found Gillespie gagged and bound in a cabin, inhabited by the villainous Italian and Holbrook. He released him. Both Gillespie and Donovan admitted love for Helen. Calling herself Rosalind a "voice" appealed to Donovan for help. She said she had to go to the canoe-maker's home and see that no injury befall him. He went to Red Gate.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

They crossed the deck and entered the boat-maker's shop, and I crept down where I could peer in at an open port-hole. The men remained at the farther end of the house—it was, I should say, about 100 feet long—which, without formal division, was fitted as a sitting room, with a piano in one corner, and a long settle against the wall. In the center was a table littered with books and periodicals; and a woman's sewing basket, interwoven with bright ribbons, gave a domestic touch to the place. On the inner wall hung a pair of folios and masks. Pictures from illustrated journals—striking heads or outdoor scenes—were pinned here and there.

The new-comer stared about, twirling a Tweed cap nervously in his hands, while Holbrook carefully extinguished the lantern and put it aside. His visitor was about 50, taller than he, and swarthy, with a grayish mustache, and hair white at the temples. His eyes were large and dark, but even with the length of the room between us I marked their restlessness; and now that he spoke it was in a succession of quick rushes of words that were difficult to follow.

Holbrook pushed a chair toward the stranger and they faced each other for a moment, then with a shrug of his shoulders the old man sat down. Holbrook was in white flannels, with a blue scarf knotted in his shirt collar. He dropped into a big wicker chair, crossed his legs and folded his arms. "Well," he said in a wholly agreeable tone, "you wanted to see me, and here I am."

"You are well hidden," said the other, still gazing about. "I imagine I am, from the fact that it has taken you seven years to find me."

"I haven't been looking for you seven years," replied the stranger, hastily; and his eyes again roamed the room.

The men seemed reluctant to approach the business that lay between them, and Holbrook was an air of indifference, as though the impending interview did not concern him particularly. The eyes of the older man fell upon the ribboned work-basket. He nodded toward it, his eyes lighting unpleasantly.

"There seems to be a woman," he remarked with a sneer of implication. "Yes," replied Holbrook, calmly, "there is; that belongs to my daughter."

"Where is she?" demanded the other, glancing anxiously about. "In bed, I fancy. You need have no fear of her."

Silence fell upon them again. Their affairs were difficult, and Holbrook, waiting patiently for the other to broach his errand, drew out his tobacco pouch and pipe and began to smoke.

"Patricia is here and Helen is with her," said the visitor. "Yes, we are all here, it seems," remarked Holbrook, dryly. "It's a nice family gathering."

"I suppose you haven't seen them?" demanded the visitor. "Yes and no. I have no wish to meet them; but I've had several narrow escapes. They have cut me off from my walks; but I shall leave here shortly."

"Yes, you are going, you are going," began the visitor, eagerly. "I am going, but not until after you have gone," said Holbrook. "By some strange fate we are all here, and it is best for certain things to be settled before we separate again. I have tried to keep out of your way; I have sunk my identity; I have relinquished the things of life that men hold dear—honor, friends, ambition, and now you and I have got to have a settlement."

"You seem rather sure of yourself," sneered the older, turning uneasily in his chair. "I am altogether sure of myself. I have been a fool, but I see the error of my ways and I propose to settle matters with you now and here. You have got to drop your game of annoying Patricia; you've got to stop using your own daughter as a spy—"



Pointed Full at His Brother's Back.

the boat-maker of the Tippecanoe, was not Henry Holbrook, but Henry's brother, Arthur! and I sought at once to recollect what I knew of him. An instant before I had half turned to go, ashamed of eavesdropping upon matters that did not concern me; but the voice that had sent me held to the window. It was some such meeting as this that Helen must have feared when she sent me to the house-boat, and everything else must await the issue of this meeting.

"You had better sit down, Henry," said Arthur Holbrook, quietly. "And I suggest that you make less noise. This is a lonely place, but there are human beings within a hundred miles."

Henry Holbrook paced the floor a moment and then flung himself into a chair again, but he bent forward angrily, nervously beating his hands together. Arthur went on speaking, his voice shaking with passion.

"I want to say to you that you are a common damned blackguard, Henry Holbrook! You are a blackguard and a gambler. And you have made murderous attempts on the life of your sister; you drove her from Stamford; you tried to smash her boat out here in the lake. I saw the whole transaction that afternoon, and understood it all—how you hung off there in the Stiletto and sent that beast to do your dirty work."

"I didn't follow her here; I didn't follow her here!" raged the other. "No; but you watched and waited until you traced me here. You were not satisfied with what I had done for you. You wanted to kill me before I could tell Pat the truth; and if it hadn't been for that man Donovan your assassin would have stabbed me at my door." Arthur Holbrook rose and flung down his pipe so that the coals leaped from it. "But it's all over now—this long exile of mine, this pursuit of Pat, this hideous use of your daughter to pluck your chestnuts from the fire. By God, you've got to quit—you've got to go!"

"But I want my money—I want my money!" roared Henry, as though insisting upon a right; but Arthur ignored him, and went on.

"You were the one who was strong; and great things were expected of you, to add to the traditions of family honor; but our name is only mentioned with a sneer where men remember it at all. You were spoiled and pampered; you have never from your early boyhood had a thought that was not for yourself alone. You were always envious and jealous of anybody that came near you, and not least of me; and when I saved you, when I gave you your chance to become a man at last, to regain the respect you had flung away so shamefully, you did not realize it, you could not realize it; you took it as a matter of course, as though I had handed you a cigar. I ask you now, here in this place, where I am known and respected—I ask you here, where I have toiled with my hands, whether you forget why I am here?"

"I must have my money; Patricia must make the division," replied Henry, doggedly. "Certainly! Certainly! I devoutly hope she will give it to you; you need fear no interference from me. The sooner you get it and fling it away the better. Patricia has been animated by the best motives in withholding it; she regarded it as a sacred trust to administer for your own good; but now I want you to have your money."

"If I can have my share, if you will persuade her to give it, I will pay you all I owe you—"

"Henry began, eagerly. "What you owe me—what you owe me!" said Arthur, bent toward his brother and laughed—a laugh that was not good to hear. "You would give me money—money—you would pay me money for priceless things!"

He broke off suddenly, dropping his arms at his sides helplessly.

"There is no use in trying to talk to you; we use a different vocabulary, Henry."

"But that trouble with Gillespie—if Patricia knew—"

"Yes; if she knew the truth! And you never understood, you are incapable of understanding, that it meant something to me to lose my sister out of my life. When Helen died"—and his voice fell and he paused for a moment, as a priest falters sometimes, gripped by some phrase in the office that touches hidden depths in his own experience, "then when Helen died there was still Patricia, the noblest sister men ever had; but you robbed me of her—you robbed me of her!"

He was deeply moved and, as he controlled himself, he walked to the little table and fingered the ribbons of the work-basket.

"I haven't those notes, if that's what you're after—I never had them," he said. "Gillespie kept tight hold of them."

"Yes; the vindictive old devil!" "Men who have been swindled are usually vindictive," replied Arthur, grimly. "Gillespie is dead. I suppose the executor of his estate has those papers; and the executor is his son."

"The fool. I've never been able to get anything out of him."

"If he's a fool it ought to be all the easier to get your pretty playthings away from him. Old Gillespie really acted pretty decently about the whole business. Your daughter may be able to get them away from the boy; he's infatuated with her; he wants to marry her, it seems."

"My daughter is not in this matter," said Henry, coldly, and then anger mastered him again. "I don't believe he has them; you have them, and that's why I have followed you here. I'm going to Patricia to throw myself on her mercy, and that ghost must not rise up against me. I want them; I have come to get those notes."

I was aroused by a shadow-like touch on my arm, and I knew without seeing who it was that stood beside me. A faint hint of as violets stole upon the air; her breath touched my cheek as she bent close to the little window, and she sighed deeply in relief at beholding a scene of peace. Arthur Holbrook still stood with bowed head by the table, his back to his brother, and I felt suddenly the grip of his hand clutch my wrist. She with her fresher eyes upon the scene saw, before I grasped it, what now occurred. Henry Holbrook had drawn a revolver from his pocket and pointed it full at his brother's back. We two at the window saw the weapon flash menacingly; but suddenly Arthur Holbrook flung round as his brother cried:

"I think you are lying to me, and I want those notes—I want those notes, I want them now! You must have them, and I can't go to Patricia until I know they're safe."

He advanced several steps and his manner grew confident as he saw that he held the situation in his own grasp. I would have rushed in upon them but the girl held me back.

"Wait! Wait!" she whispered. Arthur thrust his hands into the side pockets of his flannel jacket and nodded his head once or twice.

"Why don't you shoot, Henry?" "I want those notes," said Henry Holbrook. "You lied to me about them. They were to have been destroyed. I want them now, to-night."

"If you shoot me you will undoubtedly get them much easier," said Arthur; and he leaped away toward the wall, half turning his back, while the point of the pistol followed him. "But the fact is, I never had them; Gillespie kept them."

Threats took quickly, and I really had not much fear that Henry Holbrook meant to kill his brother; and Arthur's indifference to his danger was having its disconcerting effect on Henry. The pistol barrel wavered; but Henry steadied himself and his clutch tightened on the butt. I again turned toward the door, but the girl's hand held me back.



ingly; but suddenly Arthur Holbrook flung round as his brother cried:

"I think you are lying to me, and I want those notes—I want those notes, I want them now! You must have them, and I can't go to Patricia until I know they're safe."

He advanced several steps and his manner grew confident as he saw that he held the situation in his own grasp. I would have rushed in upon them but the girl held me back.

"Wait! Wait!" she whispered. Arthur thrust his hands into the side pockets of his flannel jacket and nodded his head once or twice.

"Why don't you shoot, Henry?" "I want those notes," said Henry Holbrook. "You lied to me about them. They were to have been destroyed. I want them now, to-night."

"If you shoot me you will undoubtedly get them much easier," said Arthur; and he leaped away toward the wall, half turning his back, while the point of the pistol followed him. "But the fact is, I never had them; Gillespie kept them."

Threats took quickly, and I really had not much fear that Henry Holbrook meant to kill his brother; and Arthur's indifference to his danger was having its disconcerting effect on Henry. The pistol barrel wavered; but Henry steadied himself and his clutch tightened on the butt. I again turned toward the door, but the girl's hand held me back.

"Wait," she whispered again. "That man is a coward. He will not shoot."

The canoe-maker had been calmly talking, discussing the disagreeable consequences of murder in a tone of half-banter, and he now stood directly upon the foils. Then in a flash he snatched one of them, flung it up with an accustomed hand, and snapped it across his brother's knuckles. At the window we heard the slim steel hiss through the air, followed by the rattle of the revolver as it struck the ground. The canoe-maker's foot was on it instantly; he still held the foil.

"Henry," he said in the tone of one rebuking a child, "you are bad enough, but I do not intend that you shall be a murderer. And now I want you to go; I will not treat with you; I want nothing more to do with you! I repeat that I haven't got the notes."

He pointed to the door with the foil. The blood surged angrily in his face; but his voice was in complete control as he went on.

"Your visit has awakened me to a sense of neglected duty. Henry, I have allowed you to persecute our sister without raising a hand! I have no other business now but to protect her. Go back to your stupid sailor and tell him that if I catch him in any mischief on the lake or here I shall certainly kill him."

I lost any further words that passed between them, as Henry, crazily threatening, walked out upon the deck to his boat; then from the creek came the thrashing of oars that died away in a moment. When I gazed into the room again Arthur Holbrook was blowing out the lights.

"I am grateful; I am so grateful," faltered the girl's voice; "but you must not be seen here. Please go now!" I had taken her hands, feeling that I was about to lose her; but she freed them and stood away from me in the shadow.

"We are going away—we must leave here! I can never see you again," she whispered.

In the starlight she was Helen, by every test my senses could make; but by something deeper I knew that she was not the girl I had seen in the window at St. Agatha's. She was more dependent, less confident and poised; she stifled a sob and came close. Through the window I saw Arthur Holbrook climbing up to blow out the last light.

"I could have watched myself, but I was afraid that sailor might come; and it was he that fired at me in the road. He had gone to Glenarm to watch you and keep you away from here. Uncle Henry came back to-day and sent word that he wanted to see my father, and I asked you to come to help us."

"I thank you for that."

"And there was another man—a stranger, back there near the road; I could not make him out, but you will be careful—please! You must think very ill of me for bringing you into all this danger and trouble."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Loafer, But Had Real Tact

Delicate Situation That Was Handled in Masterly Manner.

"Talking about tact," said a woman who is just verging on middle age, "I never saw anyone get out of a difficult situation more deftly than did a man I met at a blacksmith shop in a New England village I was driving through last summer. I was alone in the lanes with my friend, the horse, when I noticed that he limped a bit, so when we reached the next village I stopped at the door of the blacksmith shop. A man was holding up the doorpost and to him I said:

"Will you please tell the blacksmith to come out? I want to see him."

"After the manner of the village loafer, he did not stir, but smiled sweetly at me, and lifting up his voice cried:

"Bill, come out! There's a lady wants to see you."

NEBRASKA HAPPENINGS.

State News and Notes in Condensed Form.

The associated Ad clubs of America will hold their national convention this year in Omaha, July 11 to 15 inclusive.

Thursday a freight engine attached to a south bound extra freight train on the Missouri Pacific railway, went through a bridge two miles north of Julian. All of the train crew escaped injury, save the fireman and engineer, who both received slight injuries.

Two boys of Albert Torey, near Oxford, were mixed up in an altercation regarding a pipe. The younger boy, about eighteen years of age, shot his older brother. The bullet entering the nostril. The boy who did the shooting escaped, but has since been captured. The injured boy will live.

C. Powers, fireman on engine No. 118 of the Rock Island, was instantly killed in the South Omaha yards. He went out on the back of the tender to attend the water spout and in some way the spout knocked him off upon the tracks, where the engine backed up and ran over his body. He died instantly. He lived in Council Bluffs and had relatives in the east.

The mangled body of Stephen O'Connor, twenty-two years of age, a switch tender employed by the Union Pacific, was found lying near the cut-off back of the Krug brewery in Omaha at 6 o'clock Thursday morning. So far as it is known there were no witnesses to his death. The body was found by James Finch, a railway worker, who notified the office of Willis Crosby, coroner.

Fire destroyed a \$3,000 barn, erected by William Heier west of Murdock last summer. A three-year-old child played with matches and caused the fire. By hard work of the neighbors the house and also that of August Henke, a neighbor across the road, were saved. The barn was insured for \$1,200. The contents, including twenty tons of hay and 800 bushels of oats, were a total loss, but the live stock was saved.

Fremont men who have been watching the interurban situation declare they believe the Burlington railroad company is behind the move. E. L. Whitcomb, one of the directors of the company, has been doing extensive work for the Burlington. That is taken a sane reason for the belief. That the Burlington four years ago made a survey for a railroad over precisely the route picked out by the interurban promoters is another. The Burlington it is said, is offering no opposition to the scheme, while the Union Pacific and Northwestern are fighting it.

"Double the acreage of alfalfa in Custer county during the year 1910," is the slogan of the commercial club of Broken Bow, and at the first meeting of the executive committee a special "alfalfa" committee consisting of Messrs. Caldwell, Bruce, Eastham, Mullins and Bowman, was appointed to boost this idea and keep it before the people for the coming year. Other committees were appointed on photography, sewers, city hall, literature, membership, free express delivery, federal building, railroads north and south and good roads. The committee on literature is authorized to publish descriptive pamphlets of Broken Bow and Custer county for general distribution.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock Thursday morning four or five men forced an entrance into the front door of the Bank of Memphis, and blew the door off of the safe and escaped with about \$2,600 in cash, part of which was gold, silver coin and currency. Charles Deck, residing east of the bank, heard the explosions, five in number, nitro-glycerine being used, but was unable to give warning to anyone else, as two of the robbers covered him with revolvers. Before beginning the job the men broke into the two elevators and took several grain doors and also secured barrels from the stores and used them for barricades. Tools from the Burlington section tool house were also taken to effect an entrance into the bank. The bank safe was totally wrecked and the fixtures were badly damaged by the confusion.

The electric light proposition has at last been solved, and it is safe to say that in a few months Broken Bow will have a thoroughly up to date plant in good working order, a franchise having been granted to Edgar P. Steen and Charles C. Gibson, both of Cripple Creek, Col. The franchise stipulates that they commence construction under ninety days and the plant be ready to furnish current on the 1st of September next. A certified check of \$500 was given to the city to insure work within the ninety days and a bond of \$15,000 was filed to indemnify against damage during construction. The rate schedule is reasonable and seems to meet with general approbation. The consumer pays per kilowatt hour for his total consumption. A minimum charge of \$1.25 per month will be made against all consumers connected and a discount of 10 per cent will be allowed on all meter bills in excess of the minimum if paid on or before the 10th of the month that in which service was rendered.

The Omaha water company has a gang of men at work putting in wire matting about two miles above the Florence pumping station, on the Missouri river. About 1,000 yards of matting will be placed this year. This is a continuation of work which the company does every year. In an endeavor to protect the river bank in the vicinity of Pigeon Creek. There is always some danger, considered remote, however, that the river will cut over a section of ground in a bend at that point, shoot south through a new channel and leave the pumping station some distance behind. All consumers Three hundred dollars in premiums are offered for exhibits at the second annual farmers' institute of Wheeler county, which is to be held at Bartlett, February 28 and March 1. An exhibit is expected that will astonish some who have always placed Wheeler county in the "grazing" belt exclusively.

Rev. D. C. Patten, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal church at Ashland, and who also held services at Yaboo, has resigned. Owing to ill health he will remove to Colorado to seek a higher altitude on advice of his physicians.

HE MEANT EVENING GOWNS
Well-Meant Compliment to American Woman Somewhat Marred by Unfortunate Error.

Mons. Pruger, who from his triumph at the Savoy hotel in London has come to New York to conduct a very fashionable restaurant, was complimented by a reporter on his perfect English.

"Well," said Mons. Pruger, smiling, "my English is, perhaps, better than that of the Marquis X., who supposed here after the opera the other evening."

"Our fine supper rooms looked very gay and fine, diamonds flashed, pale fabrics shimmered, and everywhere, turn where it would, the eyes rested on dimpled, snowy shoulders shining like satin above décolleté bodices of Paris gowns."

"These décolleté bodices impressed the Marquis X. He waved his hand and said:

"I have know'd parfaitement that the American young ladies was beautiful, but ah—I cannot say how far more beautiful they seem in their night dresses."—N. Y. Press.

Iron.
Pure iron is only a laboratory preparation. Cast iron, the most generally useful variety, contains about five per cent. of impurities, and the curious thing is that it owes its special value to the presence of these. Pure iron can be shaved with a pocket knife; impure iron can be made almost as hard as steel.

CLEAR-HEADED
Head Bookkeeper Must Be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that it aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

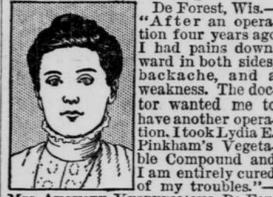
"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no other remedy.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Another Operation Avoided.
New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYRON, 1111 Kerierec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the cure of female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



KOW-KURE

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cures. Barrenness, retained after-birth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Money" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers.

DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO. Lyndenville, Vt.