

Helen of Troy

By ROYAL N. GREEN

In this weather freckles ripen rapidly.
The hospitals should be "warned in time whether we are to have a noiseless Fourth or not.

The Delaware peach growers now admit with tears in their eyes that their peach crop is not destroyed at all.
The value of a fish as a substitute for beefsteak is likely to take some of the romance out of this summer's fishing poetry.

The annual war is to begin on mosquitoes. But the little pests seem to have the best end of it, and hat is the stinging end.
An Indiana novelist's father has taken to literature. Indiana may add to its achievements by showing that heredity works both ways.

The czarvitch at the age of six ran away from home the other day, with an idea of going to sea. Some kids don't know when they are well off.
A grand opera trust is threatened and the ultimate consumer is wondering whether he will have to get an accordion and do his own vocalizing.

Wonder if that fellow who stole the \$10,000 picture in California a few days ago, did it to satisfy the cravings of a hungry soul or an empty stomach.
After being shaken by 30 earthquakes in a day, there is no doubting the reports that real estate is showing considerable activity in Costa Rica.

Notwithstanding the fact that young lady ticket sellers have been installed in the box office of one of the Chicago theaters the demand for passes will be as brisk as ever.
Longfellow's blacksmith of "the spreading chestnut tree" has just died again, though he has been buried a number of times. He is surviving a rival, in this way, of the last survivor of the "Charge of the Six Hundred."

In buying an automobile it is better to select one of a kind that can be obtained without mortgaging anything as a preliminary, being careful, at the same time, to see that you have enough money in bank to pay for a year's repairing.
A Belgian aeroplane carrying two men has remained in the air two hours and twenty minutes, the longest flight by forty-five minutes. The hazards of aeronautics have no effect on the nerve and enthusiasm of the daring sky pilots.

A man in Connecticut committed suicide with a million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds in his valise. How a man with all this money in hand could be tired of life is a mystery which is too dense for the average citizen to penetrate.
A surgical operation was performed on the head of a California boy recently for the purpose of curing him of evil tendencies. It is reported to have been a failure. There may still be a chance, though. Perhaps an operation with a serrateable slipper would have the desired effect.

A club composed of married women of Trenton, N. J., after a careful investigation has decided that wedded bliss cannot be insured without children. It is to be taken for granted that the members of the club are not ladies who insist on living at fashionable family hotels and keeping pet poodles.
A statue of an Egyptian goddess, one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and which cost \$1,500, although the art value was very much greater, was stolen by an impudic visitor and pawned for 50 cents. When goddesses go at that rate who will deny that this is an irreverent age?

The tide of immigration is continuing and increasing. The authorities at Washington estimate that the arrivals during the present year will be not less than 1,000,000, which will come close to the record. The figures were 1,327,421 in 1905, 1,196,725 in 1906 and 1,385,349 in 1907. The rush this year shows that the effect of the "panic" of 1907 has pretty well worn off.

Now the worm has turned. The girl continually accused of most of the evils of the nation by her extravagance and love of dress has a champion in a young college woman, who declares that the real blame lies on the young man who is a snob; that it is the best-dressed, not the best, girl who gets the attentions of the average young man. "Find the woman" is coming to be the cry of accused masculinity. She is already standing out in clear view, ready to declare that she never did it.

The size of the hatpin may be reduced, but the size of the hat will continue to develop.
It has remained for Wellesley college to show the example of a student marrying before graduation and returning as a bride to finish her studies. Apparently the case against matrimony at this institution of the higher feminine learning is not so hopeless as was implied by the recent statistics showing only eight students of the graduating class with marriage intentions.

The fresh eggs going into storage plants at present meet yearlings coming out.
The much-abused corset has been known to save its wearers' lives by turning aside bullets and daggers. Now the equally abused "rat" is appearing in the news headlines as also saving feminine life. In fact, these frivolities of fashion appear to play the same part in feminine life-saving as the famous love-letter packages and mothers' pocket Bibles do with the masculine contingent.

Fred Erickson was heart-keen to the fact that he loved the girl, but, as yet, he had said nothing to her about it. In fact he had never spoken to her. They were not acquainted with each other.
It was what is called love at first sight—that is, as far as Fred was concerned. The first time he saw her she was sitting opposite him on a belt line car going from Albany to Troy, and his susceptible heart had gone pit-a-pat. Chance thrust them together often after that, but without an opportunity to become acquainted.

Erickson, a young lawyer located in Albany, should have been giving his whole attention to the theories of a practice that was yet to come. Instead, he dreamed the long office hours through, and all his dreams were of the fair unknown.
This fascinating girl was, in points of beauty, a maid to marvel at. Her eyes were dusky wells of midnight with long, dark lashes that half hid the depths of them, and the black of these contrasted strangely with the white of her satiny skin. All in all she was, from her daintily arranged hair to the tips of her tiny shoes, the sweetest girl creation that had ever come to the ken of Fred Erickson. He longed to meet her.

Here romance stepped in.
If Helen Landen—this was her name—had ever cast a calculating eye over the tall, serious faced youth who appeared so frequently to her, she did so without due knowledge of what fates had in store.
Ringston's circus, a mighty army of tents, opened in Albany to play two days, afternoon and evening, with all the pomp and ceremony of that dignified institution. Erickson attended the evening performance. Spangled performers crowded the three rings in marvelous act after act. An army of



"O, What a Great Beast." clowns capered to queer pranks, and, as always, the circus was a pulsating success—a gaudy, glittering success.
After the concert, Erickson and a friend found themselves leisurely strolling through the menagerie tent. A mighty elephant, almost the peer of the famous Jumbo in size, interested them. Its crafty eyes were sparkling with intelligence. Its calm, calculating survey of the curious ones who gathered to do it honor, was majestic, regal. Its swaying trunk, vitally restless, raised itself above them occasionally as if delivering a benison.

A tinkling cadence of girlish laughter from behind the youth again caused the erratic heart vibrations in his breast, responsive to only one maid, and Erickson turned. His face flushed as he gazed at her. She was with an elderly person—evidently her father. Her nearness caused the youth to fear for himself. It seemed to him that he must turn and crush her in his arms.
"O, what a great beast!" The girl turned to her father. "I wonder if she is cross?"

The elderly person looked inquiringly toward a keeper who stood at some little distance.
"Not at all," answered the attendant. "Mildest mannered animal in captivity, and the largest. Bess here knows more'n some folks, she does."
The girl stepped daintily forward, a smile curving her red lips, and the pet little nose of her's wrinkled in amusement.
"I'm going to feed her," she said. The elephant graciously accepted an absurdly small bun, and seemed to wink a knowing eye at Erickson, who glared enviously.
"The tiger is out!" A hoarse voice raised the cry and in an instant the tent was mob mad. Women screamed and fainted. Children wailed and men cursed. To add to the pandemonium, the gasoline lights flickered desperately in the wind created by the panic-stricken crowd—and went out. A feline scream rose above the noise, and an animal chorus quickly responded. Elephants trumpeted. Lions roared. The camera lifted their voices in uncanny shrieks, and excitement was the order of the moment.

Erickson, stricken dumb, suddenly recovered himself and reached out blind arms for the girl. His first thoughts were of her. She must be rescued at all hazards.
Just as his satisfied hands came in contact with her, a velvety something brushed curiously across his face, and then suddenly dropped to his waist—their waists—and the two were lifted high in the air to be placed gently on the back of the elephant.
The girl gave a frightened half-scream, and her little hands convulsively clutched the arm of her companion.
"What-what-what is it?" she gasped. Erickson thrilled at her touch. "Don't be frightened," he said. "The big elephant has picked us up, and for some reason, placed us on her

back. Just at present it is the safest place in the tent. We are out of the struggling crowd, and away from the tiger. Hello! What's happening?"
The elephant was beginning to move. Slowly, cumberingly, like the heavy body that it was, the great mass of flesh began to get under way, and in a moment the two upon the beast's back found themselves under the starry sky. Save for a scurrying circus man, here and there, the stretch of green about the tents was deserted.
The girl kept tight hold of the exultant youth, although the broad back and gentle motion of the now rapidly moving Bess were not calculated to precipitate a fall.
"O, I am so frightened," gasped the damsel. Her hands convulsively gripped the youth's arm. Erickson was not frightened. He was hilariously happy.

From behind them came hoarse shouts, and the elephant hearing, quickened his pace. Had Erickson been a solitary rider, he would have slid to the ground, but now he was pleasantly impressed with a sense of guardianship.
"Keep up your nerve," came from the young attorney. "The elephant is running away with us, but he is not dangerous. We are safe enough. The keepers and circus men are trying to catch us."
Suddenly the beast plunged off the moon-lit road and into a lane, slowing up and stopping as it came to a tall tree. The sensitive trunk cautiously rose to investigate the lower branches, and then, with a despairing squeal, a long-tailed spider-monkey was brought from a sheltering clump of leaves, and passed carefully back and into the very hands of Erickson.

The lawyer laughed.
"O, how sweet," ventured the girl. Her fear suddenly gone. "And how do you suppose the elephant knew he was in this tree?"
"I'm sure I don't know. It seems to have been his sole errand for she is now going back."
Sure enough, the great beast was now retracing her footsteps.
In a few minutes she had come to the park that had been following her. With the sang froid of a calculating human, the animal reached a careful trunk around and placed her passenger, one at a time, on the ground. Then the same impressive organ relieved Erickson of his chattering charge, and without waiting for her escort the elephant ambled on, turning a quizzical eye to her late riders as she did so.

It developed that the tiger was still a captive. The panic had been started by some mischief maker, but the rushing, scrambling crowd had alarmed the animals, and the monkey cage had been overturned by the crazy cry of the masses. The little simian rescued by the big pachyderm had been an especial pet of the trainer having Bess in charge. How she knew the monkey was hidden in the tree, no one knew.
"Well," said the girl, flushing as she turned to Erickson. "I am sure that I shall never care to see another circus."

"I shall always have a friendly feeling for them," answered the youth meaningly, and the flush on the girl's cheeks deepened to an alarming red.
"Inasmuch as it will be useless to attempt to find your escort, I must insist upon seeing you safely to your home."
"You don't have to—insist," answered Helen Landen, softly.

The Stony British Glare.
Lord Crewe made a very interesting little speech the other day at the annual meeting of the Atlantic union, a society which works for the improvement of Anglo-American cordiality and of the relations between Englishmen and men of other nations generally. He said that one grave cause of international misunderstanding was "notorious stiffness of demeanor," and he referred to that delightful drawing by Du Maurier in Punch in which the table d'hôte of a foreign hotel in the slack season was depicted as populated only by two Englishmen, sitting at opposite ends of the table, glaring speechlessly at each other. All that he said was true enough. We are undemonstrative. We are not men and brothers the whole world round as we should be, and as we shall be when Robert Burns' millennium comes at last. If we may be allowed to say so, we can hardly picture Lord Crewe himself responding with a leap into the air and a joyful wince to the "How do, sonny?" of an Ontario mine manager. He would probably smile charmingly, bow most courteously and extend a friendly hand; but the colonist would take all that for coolness and the Atlantic union would have to explain.—London Evening Standard.

Practise Hard to Eradicate.
It has been stated frequently during the last year or two that the practise of artificially deforming women's feet is dying out in China. This strange method of beautification, differing only in degree from the practise, not unknown among white women, of wearing leather shoes several sizes too small for the feet, has been for many years practically universal among the real Chinese women. The ruling race of the country has, it is said, never practised it. Despite the work of the anti-foot binding society, says a European traveler now in China, fully 95 per cent. of the Chinese women still present mutilated feet. Imperial edicts have been launched against the practise, and may eventually drive it out of use, but as yet little improvement is apparent.

Sympathy Appreciated by the Sick.
Sympathy and tact will often prove a greater benefit to the sick than the most skillful treatment given in a cold, indifferent way.

The Wise Man is in his Fool.
A fool's head is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—Quarles.



THE CLEMENT BAYARD II
LONDON.—Even the death of the king cannot long stop the business of the parliamentary aerial defense committee. It will resume consideration of the plan to purchase the great dirigible balloon, Clement Bayard II., that has been built in France. This monster airship is to attempt a trip across the channel, landing at Wormwood Scrubbs, and will be submitted to tests by the parliamentary committee, which has an option on it.

WAGER ON BEETLES

Chinese Gather in New York on Sunday to Enjoy Sport.
Two Small Insects Are Dropped in Porcelain Bowl and Bets Are Made on All Sorts of Chances—Fight to Death.

New York.—How Gung at your Chinese laundry may seem the meekest person in the world, but on Sunday morning at about four o'clock he is a changed How Gung.
How Gung is dressed in his best and he is smoking his fortieth cigarette in a low, dirty room blue with the smoke of many hundred other cigarettes that have been smoked. All How Gung's fellows are there with him, and they're all gathered around a little table.

Two two-inch beetles are fighting for their individual lives in a porcelain bowl placed in the center of the table. One of the beetles has a white dot on his wing case. The other has a spot of blue. The Chinese have wagered their money on white or on blue, as fancy or appearance of the contestants may have decided.
The proprietor previous to the commencement of the fight exhibits his two bits of live stock to the frequenters. One of them tries out the mandibles of the favorite, letting him pinch his finger with them, to judge his probable fighting strength. The dialogue is high pitched, nasal and noisy, and it looks as though a fight were going to start at any moment. But they're only making their bets as things are being made ready for the big fight in the porcelain bowl.

The proprietor drops the two beetles into the bowl. Lights are brought close around on the table and the gang crowd and jostle each other to get a good view of what is going on. The two beetles make a preliminary blundering circle around each other, clumsily clashing their mandibles.
Suddenly white dashes in at blue. The Chinese stand like statues. White has rushed at blue with wide open mandibles. Blue's mandibles are open too. They interlock and soon are pulling against each other. The six legs of each contestant slip a little on the smooth, white porcelain. The effort is to turn an opponent over on his back, for he would then be helpless, and the contestants are striving in a sort of wrestling match.
The clamor starts again. Side bets are placed on all sort of possibilities. Will the fight last an hour? A bet is posted and covered. Will white win or lose? Will white win or lose? Suddenly the whole bunched crowd quivers with excitement. Blue has suddenly broken away from white, and there is a little chip off the inner edge of his mandible where white's mandible has sawed it. Blue is active now. He isn't clumsy any more. He backs up the sloping side of the bowl, all his little legs going like lightning.
Soon white has lost his strongest leg on the left side, and blue has lost a right foot. The beetles grind their mandibles and scrape and tinkle on

the porcelain arena. White tries to get at an angle with blue to make up the loss. The Chinese look on in tense excitement, commenting loudly from moment to moment, and posting up all kinds of side bets, for there is an interchange of money going on now.
White isn't downed by any means, even if he is wounded. He can live for days in a perfect vacuum if need be, and the loss of air doesn't appear to hurt him. He rushes at blue, fresh and chipper, for all that can be seen. The fight is on once more.
We're not really interested in the fight so much as we are interested in How Gung. How Gung is living his life now. You can see it in his tense attitude and his eyes—not in his face, which is immobile. The hour drags to an end, white and blue battling. Suddenly there is a change. Poor white is exhausted. He strives to climb the bowl with his three legs, for he has lost two on one side by now and one on the other. He slips and slides on the smooth chinaware. Blue clammers painfully after him, still full of fight, for white has been no mean opponent all this time and has damaged blue. They fall down to the center of the bowl again and again. At last blue gets a perfect grip on white's throat. Snip, snip, snip, go his mandibles at the thorax of white, and white's head is half separated from his body.
A wave of Cantonese surges up. Everybody talks at once and bets are paid up.

Hunting Elusive Cow Frog
Boys of Genesee Valley, New York, Set Out Their Jacklights, for the Season is On.
Genesee, N. Y.—At last the music of the frogs has begun and the boys are now getting out their jacklights and preparing for business. Thousands of frogs live in the big Genesee valley swamp, six or seven miles up the valley, but the favorite hunting ground is not that locality, but the swamp above Conesus lake, about an equal distance from here.
The reason for this preference is that they are easier to capture there; that the Conesus lake swamp is not so difficult of access; also, that it is the favorite haunt of the big cow frog, so called because of his voice, which some liken to the bellowing of a cow, while others insist that it resembles sawmill in action. The Groveland swamp, on the other hand, contains mostly the common variety, known to naturalists as the grass frog.
In hunting frogs at Conesus one must take a boat up the inlet and swing along the reeds, and by holding up a jacklight so dazzle the big batrachians that they can be picked up with the hand. This does not mean that one can take his time about it, however. When he proceeds to gather Mr. Cow Frog in he must have his oarsman pull the boat up close, so that he is within reaching distance of the prey, and while he holds the light with one hand, make a fell swoop with the other. If he does not get his slippery friend at the first grab, he may

HORSE GETS DRUNK ON WINE

Chicago.—A horse belonging to William Britten, an expressman, was standing in front of the North Side Turner hall, on Clark street, the other afternoon. A cask of wine, which was being unloaded from a truck, fell and broke open. The fragrant liquid ran into the gutter and the horse, sniffing it, bent down and drank. The more the horse drank the better it liked it apparently. Anyway it drank a couple of bucketsful of the wine.
In something like three minutes the horse began to act strangely. It reared its head and pranced like a charger. There was a fine light of exaltation in its eye. Then it stepped unsteadily into the middle of the street and began to neigh.
A big crowd gathered, but no one dared approach the horse and traffic on the street came to a standstill.
Some one turned in a riot call and the police came. The horse gazed at the police and winked maudlinly. The broken wine cask and winked at the crowd.
Then one of the officers secured a lump of sugar. He gave it to the horse and started down the street. The horse, still very unsteady on its pins, trotted after the policeman in the hope of getting more sugar. That broke the blockade.
Britten later said that when he went into the horse's stall to see how it was getting along, it was growling deeply and the groans sounded to him like "Never again."

IMBIBES BETTER PART OF CASK OF WINE

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GOOD AND WARM.
First Office Boy—I hear your boss made it hot for you yesterday.
Second Office Boy—Yes; he fired me.
BABY'S SCALP CRUSTED
"Our little daughter, when three months old, began to break out on the head and we had the best doctors to treat her, but they did not do her any good. They said she had eczema. Her scalp was a solid scale all over. The burning and itching was so severe that she could not rest, day or night. We had about given up all hopes when we read of the Cuticura Remedies. We at once got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and followed directions carefully. After the first dose of the Cuticura Resolvent, we used the Cuticura Soap freely and applied the Cuticura Ointment. Then she began to improve rapidly and in two weeks the scale came off her head and new hair began to grow. In a very short time she was well. She is now sixteen years of age and a picture of health. We used the Cuticura Remedies about five weeks, regularly, and then we could not tell she had been affected by the disease. We used no other treatments before we found out what the Cuticura Remedies would do for her. J. Fish and Ella M. Fish, Mt. Vernon, Ky., Oct. 12, 1908."
Not Exactly What She Meant.
She—We're bin very busy at the mothers' meetin' gettin' ready for the sale of work.
He—Oh! I open it will be a success.
She—Yes, I think so; yer see the vicar is goin' to take most of our clothes off of us.—Tatler.
SUCCESS FOR SEVENTY YEARS
This is the record of Perry Davis' Kidney Pills. A reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all kidney complaints. Get the genuine. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.
Many a man fails to make good because he spends most of his time trying to prove that luck is against him.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes and relieves inflammation in the bowels, cures wind colic, and a host of other ailments. 25c a bottle.
A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.—Ruskin.
liability under the law is concerned. The police are to be provided with little silver plated or steel scales about two inches long and marked in inches, halves, quarters and eighths, so that the exact length of the protruding end may be determined when an arrest is made.
The mayor feels that there may be difficulty in enforcing the ordinance, as prominent society people may violate it, and he does not want the officers to make any mistakes. Where an officer believes that the ordinance is being violated he will be required to take the exact measurement of the protruding end so that the fact may be established in court without doubt.
Grows Blue Rose.
Morristown, N. J.—A blue rose, something for which the horticulturists have long striven in vain, has been achieved at last by a Morristown amateur. The plant is a seedling of an ordinary crimson rambler. The flowers on opening have a purplish pink shade which later develops into a brilliant steel hue.

Whisky in Heart of Tree

Wood Choppers in Iowa Park Make Unique Discovery—How Did Liquor Get There?

Council Bluffs, Ia.—President Graham of the park board found that there were too many trees in Bayliss park, a breathing spot in the center of the city, so he concluded to cut out a number of the maples that were planted more than fifty years ago, when Council Bluffs was first given a place upon the map of Iowa.
One particular tree, in the course of a new path that was proposed, was marked for the sacrifice. The choppers felled this tree, finding it solid from circumference to center. Sawing the trunk into four foot lengths, eight feet from the butt, the saw just missed a long-necked black bottle. The choppers carefully hewed away the wood and brought forth tightly corked, a bottle of one-pint capacity, filled with liquor. It was

sampled by experts, who pronounced it whisky of a superior quality.
How the bottle of whisky got into the center of the huge maple tree is a mystery. Counting the rings of wood from the place where the bottle was lodged, each one of which represents a year's growth, it must have been there 50 years. The bottle and contents have been placed in the public library as a curio.

WILL MEASURE ALL HATPINS

How Police of Indianapolis Will Endeavor to Enforce City Ordinance—Carry Rules.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The difficulty of enforcing the hatpin ordinance, which fixes a fine for wearing a pin that protrudes a half-inch beyond the brim of the hat, has been solved by Mayor Shank and Police Superintendent Hyland, in so far as determining

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MRS. EMMA LUSE, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.
Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.



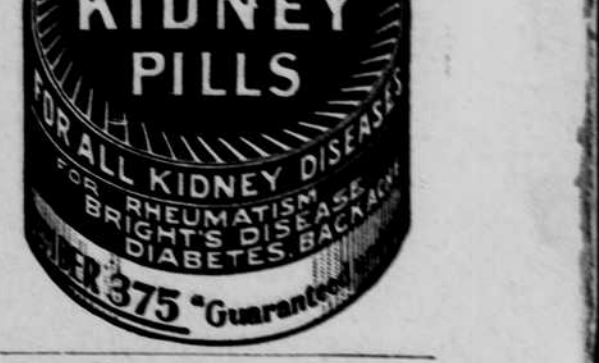
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Many a man fails to make good because he spends most of his time trying to prove that luck is against him.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, soothes and relieves inflammation in the bowels, cures wind colic, and a host of other ailments. 25c a bottle.
A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy.—Ruskin.

Not Exactly What She Meant.
She—We're bin very busy at the mothers' meetin' gettin' ready for the sale of work.
He—Oh! I open it will be a success.
She—Yes, I think so; yer see the vicar is goin' to take most of our clothes off of us.—Tatler.
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Sticky Sweating Palms

after taking salts or cathartic waters—did you ever notice that weary all gone feeling—the palms of your hands sweat—and rotten taste in your mouth—Cathartics only more by sweating your bowels—Do a lot of hurt—Try a CASCARET and see how much easier the job is done—how much better you feel.
CASCARET is not a laxative, it is a treatment of all ailments. It does not hurt the bowels. It is the most reliable medicine in the world. Millions of boxes a month.