

# BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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# Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MAUPIN.

### A Bunch of Valentines.

**JOHN HAY:** We've heard repeated often that you were a first-class diplomat. Perhaps you know what you're about, but all the country is in doubt. Its "Little Breeches," it will own were quite a long time since outgrown. While soft speech from your two lips rolls all Europe goes to blowing holes in that great doctrine we love so, the one proclaimed by James Monroe. Dear John, put this with other facts—we don't love Anglo-Maniacs. So wake up, John, and quickly steer those allies from this hemisphere.

**"GAS" ADDICKS:** "The Senator from Delaware" is title that you'd like to wear, but spite of all the schemes you've wrought the title yet remains unbought. The Blue Hen's chicks are onto you and realize that you won't do. Their state is very small in size, but her good name they highly prize. And so, despite the gold you spend to Washington not you they'll send. Each honest voter loud declares he'd rather see two vacant chairs until the end of time is done than see a man like you hold one.

**PHILANDER KNOX:** Philander, long the trusts have known they hold you for their very own. Your paper bullets do not kill the giant trusts, and never will. Your very smooth injunction shocks don't fool the people, Mr. Knox. If you think they don't know the case, then, Mr. Knox, you're off your base. They read and know the country's laws and understand the criminal clause is not enforced because you are the trusts' attorney at the bar. You'll play horse with the people till they throw you o'er the transom, Phil.

**WILLIAM E. MASON:** You tried to stand for human good, for equal rights and brotherhood. Alas for you, you did not see this did not suit the g. o. p. You should have known your fate too well for others from that reason fell. At all injustice you should wink and never, never, dare to think. Had you for justice been less firm you might have had a second term. But when you dared defend the Boer your party thirsted for your gore. Within your party there remains no room for men of heart and brains.

**LESLIE M. SHAW:** You started out with wealth of brag that after Wall street you'd not drag. But now you're blowing cold and hot as bad as any in the lot. You loan on whetstones, chips and things the country's gold to Wall street kings. At Denison the man who got a loan from you paid quite a lot of interest upon his note and gave a mortgage called "cut throat." But Wall street kings need but to say, "We'd like to have some gold today," and you send them a golden store and humbly ask, "Do you want more?"

**TOM JOHNSON:** Tom, we admire your vigorous style that keeps you busy all the while. The world admires the man who fights for justice and for human rights; who knows the common people's need to be released from selfish greed that grinds them down into the dust to fatten up some brutal trust, and knowing it will lead the fray no matter what the trust kings say.

The people need more men like you who know the right and dare to do. Here's to you, Tom; you'll win out yet—the gang is on the run, you bet.

**JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN:** You've merged and watered till you hold great chunks of bonds and stocks and gold. You are the king of our finance and rule the markets with a glance. You stand and make a little spiel and, lo, you have a trust in steel. You wink, and railroads all combine; you nod and all the coal is thine. You frown and pucker up your lips, and then you have a trust in ships. You've cornered ev'rything at hand and are the big man of the land. But, Pierpont, we poor folk agree in giving thanks salvation's free.

**JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER:** Dear John, your oil trust is a "cinch;" with it the people you can pinch. You raise the price and instantlee Chicago universitee prepares to give a gleeful yell and sing your praises for a spell. When of a gift you start to think we know it by the coal oil's stink. 'Twas Robin Rood who boldly stole, and then to ease his guilty soul, gave from his booty's golden store to clothe and feed the sick and poor. You're not like Robin Hood because he didn't work through purchased laws.

**The Romantic Maiden.**  
Miss Mayme Grayce Clancey, an aesthetic young miss, Who read Jaura Lean Jibbey's most wonderful books, Exclaimed to herself, "Well, I'm quite sure of this, The man whom I wed must be one of good looks; His mustache be curly, his long, waving hair As black as the wing of the raven must be; And the air of a baronet, lord or duke wear, If ever he makes an impression on me.

"His hands must be dainty, unsullied by work, His eyes must be dreamy, but full of true light Wherein the true poet's own dear soul must lurk, And like a Sir Knight for his lady must fight. A man great and noble—'tis such I will claim As king of my heart and my own lover true, And he must be owner of some pretty name— De Lancey, FitzPercey or Harrolde will do."

Miss Mayme Grayce Clancey thus dreamed her dreams sweet While poring o'er Jaura Lean Jibbey's dear books, Until 'round her optics there gathered crowsfeet And a fat doublechin rather marred her good looks. 'Twas then she awoke from her Jibbeyesque trance And with a great joy in her shrill piercing tones She gave a quick "Yes" with a fond, happy glance, When asked by the auburn-haired Anidab Jones.

**Unreliable.**  
Mr. Hardcince—"These daily newspapers are becoming too unreliable.

# I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

Else No Money is Wanted.

After 2,000 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I can cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.

I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

I have no sam'es, because any medicine that can affect Rheumatism quickly must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get six bottles pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or a letter. I will send you my book about Rheumatism, and an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, as it won't harm you anyway. If it fails, it is free, and I leave the decision with you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

You can scarcely believe a thing you see in them these days."

**Mrs. Hardcince—"Goodness gracious, John, what's in the paper tonight?"**  
Mr. Hardcince—"Here's a long story about a rich English nobleman marrying a poor American girl because he loved her."

**Another State.**  
A bore who says he's from Tex. Oft comes to our office to vex. Some day in our might We will get up and smight This bore on his solar plex.

**Brain Leaks.**  
Despair never ventures in where hope is present. It takes something more than furniture to fit up a home. The devil never discards a weapon until he has given it a thorough trial. Jealousy is always anxiously searching for something it hopes never to find.

The man who shouts "anything to win" is usually the man who has nothing to lose.

It would seem like old times to again see a girl with her head wrapped up in a "nuby."

When the separation of the sheep from the goats takes place a lot of people will be surprised to note that they were mistaken in their knowledge of natural history.

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Was originated and perfected by Dr. D. M. Bye. It is soothing and balmy and gives relief from unceasing pain. It has cured more cases than all other treatments combined. Those interested, who desire free books telling about the treatment, save time and expense by addressing the Home Office.—DR. D. M. BYE CO., P. O. Drawer 503, Indianapolis, Ind.