

TONIC TREATMENT

Weak Stomach and Sick Headache Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, others loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. Sometimes the gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is a frequent and distressing symptom.

A weak stomach needs a digestive tonic and that there is no better tonic for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the statement of Mr. A. C. Merrill, a mining man, of Oneals, Calif., a veteran of Battalion C, Third U. S. Regular Infantry.

"I had never been well since I left the army," he says, "always having had trouble with my stomach, which was weak. I was run down and debilitated. Could keep nothing on my stomach, and at times had sick headache so bad that I did not care whether I lived or died. My stomach refused to retain even liquid food and I almost despaired of getting well as I had tried so many kinds of medicine without relief. Then I was bitten by a rattlesnake and that laid me up from work entirely for a year, six months of which I spent in bed. "One day a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to me and I began taking them. They cured me when all other medicine had failed. I have recommended the pills to a great many, for during my recovery every one asked me what was helping me so and I told them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I cannot speak too highly of them.

If you want good iron must have good blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. per box, six boxes for \$2.50 by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Suggesting Safe Course.

McFibb—That fellow Huskie called me a liar!
Newitt—Yes?
"Yes. What would you do about it?"
"Well, if I were you, I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around.—Catholic Standard.

Different Kinds.

"A man in politics should have lots of friends, shouldn't he?"
"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on whether they are friends who want to do something for you or who want you to do something for them."—Washington Star.

Care of Oilcloth.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a stiff brush or washed with strong soap. Remove all dirt by carefully sweeping with a soft hair brush. Then wash until clean with tepid water and Ivory Soap. Rinse with clear water to which has been added a teaspoonful of kerosene. Polish with a dry cloth. ELEANOR R. PARKER.

"As near as I kin make de difference out," said Uncle Eben, "it's dis way de speculations dat wins is investments, an' dem dat loses is gamblin'."—Washington Star.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 5c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Civilization consists largely in courting by mail and contracting debts. The happy savages do neither.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

The seat of conscience often seems to be in the liver.

INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Colorado, Healer of the Woman's Relief Corps, Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.



Mrs. Sarah Kellogg

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1628 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Col., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope.
"I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief; but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size.
"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unequalled endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female ills.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease has been advising sick women free of charge. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

Jimmy's Wife

By T. JENKINS HAINS
(Author of "Wind Jammer," "Crates of the Petrel," Etc.)

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

We were about 50 miles south of Cape Horn, hove-to in a high, rolling, northwest sea which made the main deck uninhabitable.

In the dog-watch the carpenter took mercy on Gantline and myself and allowed us to share his room in the forward house for an after-supper smoke. We had started forward when the man on lookout hailed. Through the gloom of the flying drift and twilight a shadow bore down upon the ship, grey-white above black. Then there suddenly loomed out the shape of a great ship tearing along under 'galant sails dead before the gale.

Then in an instant she was gone. The drift had closed upon her as she swept astern before anyone could read her name. She had vanished as quickly as she had appeared, passing on into the dismal sea behind us like a salt-streaked mystery.

We stood gazing at the whirling drift in the gloom astern for some minutes, and then we followed Chips into his room. Gantline could not recall the vessel by her shape or rig and asked the carpenter about her.

"Do I know her?" he hissed fiercely. "Would I be apt to forget her?" And he thrust out an arm, pulling up his sleeve until a long livid scar showed clear to his elbow. "It isn't



WE SAVED HIM.

likely anyone would forget the Morning Light if they ever sailed in her. Man! I'd know her in the depths of perdition, the deepest hole in devil-doom, where she'll sail in the hereafter—

"No, I didn't intend to ship in her. Jimmy Turner an' I got into her after we left the navy. When we went broke a fellow wanted hands for the Morning Light, Cap'n Sam Smith, master. We hadn't heard of any particular Sam Smith, so on we signed with shaking hands an' dry throats, willing to go anywhere or do anything for enough grog to keep alive.

Jimmy had gone in the navy, because he couldn't live ashore. He'd married and was sorry for it—made a mistake. But he'd never said anything to me about his wife or family, and I never asked. Nobody asks questions of anybody aboard men-o'-war.

When we dropped down the bay a tug came alongside and Cap'n Smith went to the rail to greet a little hatchet-faced fellow who jumped aboard. He was with a woman.

"Sammy Smith an' niece," said an old shellback standing on the forecastle head, "I thought so."

"What's the matter?" we asked. "Matter! Don't you know that fellow? That's Morrell, the worst thing in man's image that ever trod a deck plank. Come it on us as Sammy Smith! Man, if ye can get ashore, swim fer it afore it's too late. I'm too old." But Morrell didn't ship men to have them do the pier-head jump. We were in for a western ocean cruise in one of the packet ships who'll leave her memory a black and bloody track in the minds of sailor men.

Before we'd crossed the stream, Morrell had begun on us. But—well, never mind. It would make the tales of old-time horror seem like play to tell one-half of what took place in a week. Save ye, Gantline, I could sit here and tell you things till morning—and each one would make you shiver. We had five men "missing" before the voyage was half over. Jimmy and I came in for some of it but even that tiger-shark afit knew when he had reached the limit—and we were men-o'-war's men.

"One night there was a row aft and there were cries of a woman. Jimmy heard them and started out on deck with his sheath knife, but we held him, and four of us got the marks of the knife to remember how we saved him.

"After that Jimmy was quiet and ugly. He never spoke to anyone. There were no more 'men' in the crew, only square-heads and Dutchmen, and they never go aft.

"I wouldn't consent to go alone when Jimmy gave me a look that told his game. Soon I noticed he wouldn't turn in at night and then I knew it was coming. I stole aft to see the end. "I found him standing close under the break of the poop, talking in a whisper to some one. Then I caught the glint of a skirt and recognized the voice of the woman.

"It's no use, Jim, let me live it out," she said. "It won't last long."

Her voice was like that of the dying. "Then Jimmy answered her slowly and quietly. His words came deep and low like the smothered roar of the surf on the shore. Man, it was like the great sea rolling over an outlying reef, bursting, gathering again and then rushing with that mighty power to the end. When he stopped she was choking, gasping for breath. Man, it seemed like her heart would break. I couldn't help listening, hearing her pay for what she'd done. But Jimmy never blamed her, no, not he.

"Jimmy stood there waiting for his answer. "Go—go! Go and forget." She was choking, but it came plain and distinct. There was a long silence, and I looked hard into the gloom. She had gone Jimmy was standing there swaying in the night like an unstayed mast and I led him forrads, his head hanging down and sagging like he was asleep.

"The next day it came on heavy from the northwest. Jimmy was sent aloft to put an extra gasket around the bunt of the crew's jack where it had been blown out by the gale. Something went wrong with the foot-ropes. Looked like a clear case of cutting, for it was all right when we furled the sail a few hours before.

"Jimmy fell with the dull wallop that generally means death, and he landed right across the cabin skylight. It was a long fall and he was still. Morrell was watching his ship and saw the fall. He started for Jimmy. Just then the woman below rushed on deck and flung herself upon the poor fellow. I reached his head and started to raise him. The woman was sobbing and calling for him to speak just once more to her; and, man, it was terrible to hear her what she said.

"Morrell stood looking on, and then burst into a laugh. "So that's him, is it? Ho! ho! ho! So that's the fellow?" And he went to the dying man.

"She was upon him before he knew it, striking him a blow that sent him reeling. Then he went mad and had his pistol out firing and cursing like a maniac. It was all over in a minute."

Here Chips stopped awhile and cut some fresh plug for his pipe. "Before the morning watch I had talked Helligoland over, and he talked to a Dutchman named Langter. Anderson finally joined, but Jacques was afraid to go without his watch behind him. There were just four of us started aft out of that crew of 20 men.

"Helligoland took the starboard side and I took the port, both getting into the mizzen channels when the watch was called. The rest were to rush when they heard firing. "The second mate bawled for his watch to clew up the mizzen lower topsail, as it was now snoring away worse than ever and the short seas were coming aboard us. This was our signal.

"We crawled along the deck strike outside the rail, holding on like death with our finger tips. Morrell was nearest to me. When we were near enough to get behind our men, Helligoland gave a cry and jumped over. I followed. The next second I had broken my knife short off in the blackest-hearted captain that ever cursed a ship's deck. He jumped back and ran forward, I after him, trying to close before he could get out his pistol. He dodged about the mizzen and fired as he swung. The shot hit me there on the arm and split it to the elbow. Then something flung out of the darkness to leeward and there was a dull smash. That was all. Helligoland stood leaning upon his hands while I picked up the pistol.

"The day dawned upon a storm-torn ocean, all grey-white, and a hove-to ship staggering off to the southward with her lower topsails streaming in ribbons from her jackstays. As the blow wore down toward evening we could hear the piteous cries of a dying woman calling for her husband—"

Chips waited for a few minutes and puffed hard at his pipe. Then he went on in a low voice I could hardly hear: "We buried Jimmy and his wife the next day. Old Jacobs sewed them up together and weighted them. All hands uncovered as they went to leeward. I didn't know any service, and there wasn't any such thing as a Bible aboard. "Good-by, Jimmy," I said—and let him go."

There was a long silence. Gantline stood up and then sat down again. He seemed to want to ask a question, but would not. Chips watched him.

"Yes," he went on, "we got five years apiece for that. Five long years behind the bars, where the memory of the blue water and the hope I would get out again kept me from going mad. Is it likely I'd forget the Morning Light?"

Lost One Day in 34 Years. That she missed only one day of school work in the 34 years she was engaged as a teacher here was a record of which Mrs. Adelaide Moon, who died in Muskegon, Mich., a few days ago, was proud. Mrs. Moon was the dean of the teachers in the Muskegon public schools and principal of the Hackley school. Death came after an illness of less than two weeks. She was 52 years of age. She was one of the most prominent educators in western Michigan.

Looks Ominous. Broncho Bill—I don't think that new arrival is going to live long. Earless Eddie—Sick? Broncho Bill—Hardly that! But I see him lend Grizzly Pete a dollar and he looks jes' fool enough ter ask him for it ag'in.

Easy Enough. "Geel! Some of these roustabouts are strong. See how easily that fellow raises that barrel of buckwheat flour." "That's no trouble. That's self-raised buckwheat."—Cleveland Leader.

"HE RAN FOR LAWYER."

But There Was a Doubt as to Whether He Had Ever Caught the Office.

A man from Pennsylvania went to Vineland on a business errand. The town was strange to him, and he was unacquainted with the man (a lawyer) he had gone to see. The directions he received were so indefinite that he found himself on the edge of the town without having come to the house he sought. Then he met an old negro and asked the way of him and learned that the house lay about a quarter of a mile farther down the road.

"The man I want to see is a lawyer," he said to the old man. "Is this Mr. Dash down the road a lawyer?" "He ain't no lawyer that I ever heard tell of," answered the negro. "You're sure?"

The old negro scratched his head in deep thought. Then a gleam of remembrance lighted his eyes. "Now I think of it, boss," he said, "pears like I do recollect he ran for lawyer one time."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have secured a patent in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Marconi Anticipated.

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying. "Why, sir," cried the Egyptologist, "we find remains of wires in Egypt, which prove they understood electricity!" "Pshaw!" answered the Assyriologist, "we don't find any wires in Assyria, and that shows that they understood wireless telegraphy!"—Stray Stories.

Bad Effect of Athletics.

"This man," explained the hospital doctor, "is the victim of athletics." "Ah, overtrained, I suppose." "No, he never trained a bit. The fellow who hit him had, though."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Physical Impossibility.

The House Cat—You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish. The Pug Dog (making an effort to turn his head, but giving up)—That's more than I can do, anyhow.—Chicago Tribune.



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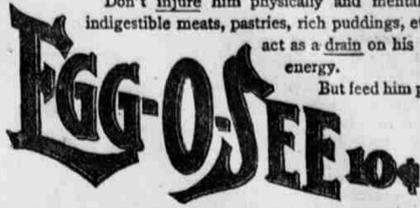
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all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh caused by feminine ills, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach. But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness. Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine ills ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists. Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.



Make your boy's food tasty—Mother—for it has to do some big things. It has to make flesh, blood, bone and muscle and supply boundless energy. Remember, the boy of today is the man of tomorrow. Don't injure him physically and mentally with indigestible meats, pastries, rich puddings, etc., that act as a drain on his nervous energy. But feed him plenty of



EGG-O-SEE keeps the blood cool and is the ideal summer food. Give him some tomorrow—there won't be no leavin'." Prepared under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness. Every grocer in the country sells EGG-O-SEE—the whole wheat cereal. If your grocer has not received his supply, mail us 10 cents and his name (15 cents west of the Rocky Mountains) and we will send you a package of EGG-O-SEE and a copy of the book, "Back to Nature."

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