

TEN YEARS OF BACKACHE.

Thousands of Women Suffer in the Same Way.

Mrs. Thomas Dunn, 153 Vine St., Columbus, Ohio, says: "For more than ten years I was in misery with backache. The simplest household completely exhausted me. I had no strength or ambition and suffered headache and dizzy spells. After these years of pain I was despairing of ever being cured when Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and their use brought quick relief and a permanent cure. I am very grateful."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Choice.

A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories.

"My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied.

"I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."

EYESIGHT WAS IN DANGER

From Terrible Eczema—Baby's Head a Mass of Itching Rash and Sores—Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"Our little girl was two months old when she got a rash on her face and within five days her face and head were all one sore. We used different remedies but it got worse instead of better and we thought she would turn blind and that her ears would fall off. She suffered terribly, and would scratch until the blood came. This went on until she was five months old, then I had her under our family doctor's care, but she continued to grow worse. He said it was eczema. When she was seven months old I started to use the Cuticura Remedies and in two months our baby was a different girl. You could not see a sign of a sore and she was as fat as a newborn baby. She has not had a sign of the eczema since. Mrs. H. F. Budke, LeSueur, Minn., Apr. 15 and May 2, '07."

The Hottentot Tot.

If a Hottentot tot, a Hottentot tot, To tot the tot could totter, Ought the Hottentot tot, To be taught to say "taught" Or "taught," or what ought to be taught her?

Or—
To tot and tot a Hottentot tot, Should the totter get hot if the Hottentot tot, Hoot and tot at the Hottentot tot? —Charles S. Putnam, In The Sunday Magazine.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists. 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Papa's Pet.

"Fifteen-two and a pair makes four," said Subbubs, who was playing cribbage with Poppley. "What have you in your crib?"

"Ah!" replied Poppley, absent-mindedly, "just the sweetest little totsums-totsums girl in the world."



Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Read the letter Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was passing through the Change of Life, and suffered from nervousness, headaches, and other annoying symptoms. My doctor told me that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was good for me, and since taking it I feel so much better, and I can again do my own work. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me during this trying period."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that burning-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

FAITH IN ECLIPSE

Elijah, the Prophet, Flees from the Wrath of Queen Jezebel.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

Scripture Authority.—1 Kings, Chapter 19.

SERMONETTE.

Elijah is not the only servant of God who has gone from glorious victory on the mountain top down into the valley of discouragement and doubt. Here we find exemplified that which is more than apt to be characteristic of every Christian—the extremes of experience. The exaltation of the mountain top with its victories through faith, and the discouragement of the valley with its ignominious flight.

There is great contrast between the heroic figure of the prophet fearlessly facing the 850 prophets of Baal, and the fear-stricken prophet fleeing from the angry threat of a wicked woman. And yet the only difference was that in the one case faith linked him with God, and in the other doubt shut out the vision of God and made him forget his power.

Faith as it finds place in the life makes all the difference in the world as to the manner of expression of that life. Faith is needed in the times of great service and testing when the eyes of the people are upon us, and it is needed in the quiet moments when we have not the stimulus of active service to buoy us up.

The really weak moments of the servant of God nearly always come in the time of reaction, after the successful service has been rendered and nerves and heart and brain no longer feel the high tension.

It is in such moments of weakness that evil comes to put us to flight and makes us forget that the God who sustained on the mountain top of service is able to guard and keep during the seasons of rest and retirement.

What encouragement there is in this story of Elijah for the Christian who fails. How patiently and lovingly God dealt with him, and how loving and patient God is with his failing children. "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

"The flesh is weak," as God knows. We fail as did Elijah even while our hearts desire better things. But in such moments God does not cast us off. Nay, rather, he sends ministering angels to succor us and to lead us to the mountain of his presence where with the still small voice he may speak to our souls and restore us to his fellowship and service.

THE STORY.

IT IS marvelous how quickly nature recovers from the dry, scorching period of the drought when the refreshing rain comes. We have all seen grass and leaf and flower brown and withered and dry and have judged that it was past reviving, when behold the rain has kissed its withered surface, washing away the choking dust, and the refreshing water has trickled down to the rootlets and given them drink so that they could pour new life and beauty into the plant above, and we see the face of nature transformed and beaming forth with new life and beauty.

So it was in the land of Samaria. The drought of the three years had been ended by that wonderful down-pour of rain and where before there was nothing but dry, brown grass and curled, withered leaves the sun rose upon a scene of reviving green. Throughout the land there rested a subdued consciousness that it was the God of Israel who had wrought this change. If the tragic events on Mount Carmel had made the people tremble and fear before the majesty and power of God, the blessing of the rain had revived their faltering and wayward spirits and brought a new consciousness of God.

"Even Jezebel, who heretofore hath murdered the servants of the Lord, must know that the God of Israel is the one God and that Baal is no god at all," exclaimed the prophet Elijah as he walked forth the morning after his coming to Jezreel. How glad he felt that his long period of exile was over. How good to see the smiling face of nature as she struggled back to her verdant green.

"God hath wrought mightily. Now will the people listen to the voice of God's servant and be led from the worship of Baal to the worship of a true God. The land hath been purged with the blood of the false prophets and surely now the people will throw down the high places and altars erected to these strange gods and will return to the worship of God. I am glad that God hath permitted me to see this day."

And the prophet sat down beneath the shade of a friendly tree which stood in his pathway and gave himself

up to the contemplation of the reforms which he hoped he would be able to bring to pass in Israel. He felt he could count on the help of the people and even of King Ahab. The shout of the people as they had seen the answering fire of God's power descending and consuming the sacrifice, still sounded in his ears: "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

"Yes," echoed the prophet, "he is the God. The people and Ahab have so declared, and even Jezebel, I verily believe, will yet give up her idols and serve the living God."

Approaching footsteps interrupted his reverie, and he looked up to see a man approaching whom he recognized as a messenger from the king by his distinguished garb.

"Perchance the king hath sent for me to consider matters of reform," was the first thought of the prophet, and rising he took a step eagerly forward and then stopped as the messenger threw himself at his feet and cried:

"Evil hath been spoken against thee, and Jezebel hath sent me to say that ere to-morrow's sun hath set she will have made thee as one of the prophets whom thou didst slay at the brook Kishon."

Such a revulsion of feeling as swept over the prophet only those who have been suddenly plunged from the highest aspirations to the lowest depths of disappointment and despair can understand. The elation and hope which had been his but a moment before died within him and in its place came a sense of unutterable loneliness and weakness.

"But Ahab is not consenting to this?" he exclaimed at last.

"He raised no protest when Jezebel sent me."

"But it cannot be that he will so soon forget the experience on Mount Carmel, and his acknowledgment of the true God before all the people," protested Elijah, clinging desperately to the hope that Ahab would certainly stand between him and the threat which Jezebel had made.

"Yea, perhaps he would desire to save thee, but thou little knowest the awful fury of this woman Jezebel," said the messenger, lowering his voice and stepping near the prophet as though he feared some one might overhear his words.

Sick at heart, the prophet turned. He had no heart to ask more questions or to make further protest. Silently he retraced his steps to the place where he and his servant had spent the night, and at every step the panic of fear and discouragement grew upon him. He looked with suspicion upon everyone he met, fearing they might be the avenger sent from Jezebel to fall upon him and slay him. He made a wide detour to escape a man he saw coming in the distance, and when the man called to him and proclaimed himself a messenger from the king with important tidings for him, he bade him stand at a distance and deliver his message.

"It hath been told thee what Jezebel hath sworn she would do to thee," cried the messenger. "Now, therefore, the king hath sent saying: Flee for thy life ere the queen find some hand to do her bidding and strike thee down. Make haste! Flee!"

Poor Elijah! With one cry of anguish and despair he turned and sped toward his lodgings and paused only long enough to bid his servant follow him, and then taking the road southward towards Beersheba, he fled with desperate haste, looking ever and anon behind him to make certain that he was not being pursued. On and on he went, resting neither day nor night until he had come to Beersheba, where he left his servant and then pushed on into the wilderness and at last fell from sheer exhaustion under the shade of a juniper tree.

"It is enough," he exclaimed, in anguish of spirit. "Now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

And then unconsciousness came to relieve him of the anguish and sorrow which filled his soul.

And while the prophet slept with the angels to guard him, what of the woman Jezebel back in Jezreel? In the frenzy of her mad passion she sought hither and thither for one who would carry out her threat against the prophet's life, not knowing that he had fled. All the prophets of Baal were dead and the awe and fear which came at Mount Carmel still rested upon the people, so that there was no one who dared undertake the desperate commission. In vain she searched everywhere for one who would obey her commands and then in the wild frenzy of her wicked heart she declared she would do the deed alone if there was one who would bring the prophet before her. But to her queries as to the whereabouts of the prophet there came the answer that he had gone and no one knew whither.

Worthy of Ananias.

Henry Hellenwig, a farmer of Clinton, N. J., recently gave his daughter a zither. She played the instrument about the house continuously, mastering "Old Black Joe" and "Home, Sweet Home." One afternoon Hellenwig, stretched on a lounge, looked up to the mantle where an old clock had lain tickless and backless for years. A big mouse sat within, drumming out chords with his fore-feet upon the loose coil of wire on which the hammer used to strike the hours. Three smaller mice appeared, and, each strutting on a separate wire of the coil, played "Home, Sweet Home" and "Old Black Joe." Hellenwig was lured back into slumber from which he did not again awake until his family returned home, after dark.

Ambitious Aims of Interstate Club



VIEW FROM "LOVERS LEAP" NEAR THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED CLUB HOUSE



LOCATION OF INTER-STATE CLUB, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

With the idea of bringing together in a friendly and intimate way and in the spirit of goodfellowship men from all parts of the country the Interstate club has been formed, and the some 3,000 members already belonging to the organization have acquired 21,000 acres of land near Chattanooga, Tenn., and formed a club, the like of which does not exist anywhere. Their fish and game preserve on Walden's Ridge, in the Tennessee mountains, will be among the largest in the country. It will be accessible by way of Chattanooga over many railway lines and by motor boat from the great lakes and the Mississippi. The club may become one of the largest in existence. The club house is to contain hundreds of rooms. From its dome, glimpses will be obtained of nine states.

The main idea of the organization, however, lies deeper than all this. Its objects are suggested by the title—the Interstate club. The founders are seeking to merge America into a social unit. They see in the club a speedy way to end sectional feeling, if it still exists, between the north and south, or different parts of the country. It is proposed to make an ideal home, park and game preserve, where the tired city man and politicians, financiers, and men of achievement, irrespective of section or differences of opinion, may meet, hunt, and rest. "A home for the American people," is the way the idea was described by Col. Peyton G. Bowman, a lawyer of Birmingham, Ala., one of the founders of the club.

The way the country will be unified by the new organization is suggested by the membership list. Former Senator J. S. C. Blackburn is the president. Among the honorary members are President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Vice-President Fairbanks, William J. Bryan, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter, Dr. Felix Adler, and the governors of a number of states.

Among the vice-presidents are Secretary of State Root, Secretary of War Taft, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, Perry Belmont, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, Melville E. Stone, president of the Associated Press; Gov. M. R. Patterson of Tennessee, Senator A. J. McLaurin of Mississippi, ex-Senator Charles A. Towne of Minnesota, Congressman Nicholas Longworth, ex-Congressman Joseph Sibley of Pennsylvania, William P. Nixon, formerly editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean; Senator J. B. Frazier of Chattanooga, Senator Robert L. Taylor of Nashville, Tenn., and Robert J. Lowe of Birmingham, chairman of the Alabama state Democratic committee.

The sentiment back of the club also took a very definite form when the invitations were issued for the first dinner of the organization. It will be given in Chattanooga on June 25 next. Among those who have already accepted invitations are Admiral Dewey, Speaker Cannon, ex-Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska, United States Senators J. A. Dolliver of Iowa, Joseph F. Johnston of Alabama, Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota, Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania and W. B. Scott of West Virginia; Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court, Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley and Congressman Richmond P. Hobson.

The letters received from men of note show how they feel toward the plan.

"It appeals to me as a sportsman," wrote President Roosevelt, "it appeals to me still more because of its purpose to bring in constantly and increasingly closer relations all our people, from every part of this great union."

Speaker Cannon expressed a similar sentiment, adding: "Such a policy, if carried out, must assuredly result in untold good to the entire nation, therefore I not only accept the courtesy extended to me, but will aid in every way I can the upbuilding and maintaining of so patriotic an institution."

Letters of similar import were received from Admiral Dewey, Bishop Potter, Gov. Andrew L. Harris of Ohio, and many others.

The plans for the club have been under way for more than two years. The first charter was obtained in Alabama. The club afterward became a Tennessee corporation.

A journey of six miles from Chattanooga will bring the members to their club house. In addition to a 60-foot boulevard and automobile course, it

is proposed to connect the club house with Chattanooga by a trolley line costing \$150,000.

A feature of the reservation will be an 80-foot automobile track winding through the forest. This highway will be connected directly with the road built by the United States government from Chattanooga to the National park, including Chickamauga battlefield. Reaching there the members of the club will find more than 50 miles of park roads maintained by the government.

The plans for the club house, now in course of preparation, provide for a structure having at least 1,500 rooms. In architecture the building will be on colonial lines, with a portico of Corinthian columns and a great dome as the feature of the central building. The dome will be at least eight stories in height.

The wings containing the sleeping apartments will radiate from the central building like the spokes of a wheel. They will be four stories in height, each with a roof garden on top. The plans also include designs for an auditorium spacious enough to make the Interstate club available for the largest national religious or industrial convention.

The ground slopes in every direction from the site of the club house on Signal Point. Five hundred acres of it have been set aside for a cultivated park. Interspersed with lawns, groves and gardens, there will be polo grounds, golf links, tennis courts, and the stables and garage of the club. The club house and improvements on the reservation will cost fully \$2,000,000.

WANTED TO BE SURE.

Miss Elizabeth Believed in Giving Matter a Thorough Test.

Miss Elizabeth was a very peculiar woman. She had a great deal of sense, but that she was different from other women in this respect, but she had so much of it that it surprised many young men.

One day young Robinson went to call on her. Young Robinson was also very sensible. He and Miss Elizabeth were well matched. They could talk together on any number of subjects, and they knew just where and when to stop, just what to say and what not to say.

There had been a story about a person known as Jack the Kisser, who bothered many young women and girls in the streets by catching them and kissing them. Miss Elizabeth said that she did not think that a girl could be kissed by any man unless she wanted him to kiss her. Robinson said that a man could kiss any woman by force. Miss Elizabeth said that that was all nonsense.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Robinson. "You are certain that a man cannot kiss a woman unless she is a party to the kissing. I am certain that a man can. We, you and I, will try it."

Miss Elizabeth said that she didn't see any harm in that, so Robinson began to try to kiss her. After several minutes' struggle, she seeing that it was useless to combat him further, gave in, and let him kiss her all he wanted to. When it was all over, Miss Elizabeth had an inspiration.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Miss Elizabeth. "My foot slipped that time. We'll try it over again."—London Tri-Bits.

New Field for Artists.

Prizes have been conferred by the Royal Academy for the Graphic Arts of Leipzig for artistic visiting cards. A correspondent in that city writes to a Berlin paper: "This opens a new field for artists, and its development will be followed with interest. Visiting cards, except for style of type and size, are always the same. In every country certain peculiarities may be observed, but a card is a card. Now, under the protection of Crown Princess Cecile and Princess Johann George of Sachsen, there may be a change. The artistic visiting card may become the companion of the book plate, and the exhibition which will result from the Leipzig offer may furnish as much interesting material as an exhibit display. An illustrated visiting card? It will in some instances make the note of introduction unnecessary."

Medical Societies in New York. There are 45 medical societies in New York city.

A PERFECT TERROR.



"He's a great reformer, isn't he?"
"Oh, he's worse than a reformer. His ideas would upset the whole social and business world. He said if he had his way he'd put in gaol everybody who ought to be there."

There is nothing to be gained by being a knocker.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the

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Will ship you a sample assortment, 50c value in all for 50 cents or 15 ounces in all for 35 cents. Fancy high-grade, carefully prepared in the original packages, handled only once, and not exposed to dirt, dust, and unclean hands as in stores.
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