



Wearily William—Excuse me, miss, but I see that you have had a tiff with your lover, and he has left you. Allow me to escort you home instead.

Saved From Being a Cripple for Life.
"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKey, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life.

"About 12 years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain.

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

An Indignant Editor.

Last Saturday evening after sewing two patches on our Sunday trousers and cleaning and pressing them we hung them out to dry. An hour later we found that they had been stolen. This will explain why we were not in our accustomed place in church on Sunday. The human being who will deliberately steal a pair of trousers from the editor of a weekly paper, and knowing that they are his only pair for church-going, deserves a worse fate than our indignation will allow us to mention. It seems to us as if civilization had been turned back half a century.—Homestead (Pa.) Banner.

Between Doctors.

"Was the operation successful, doctor?"

"Entirely. I charged \$600 and his executor signed a check for it without winking."—Kansas City Times.

Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A good life is the readiest way to procure a good name.—Whichcot.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves women from surgical operations.

Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

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 bearing-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.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dis-tress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect rem-edy for Dizziness, Nau-sea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Sides, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *W. D. Carter* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

A RISING CONGRESSMAN



John Joseph Fitzgerald, or "Fitzie," as he is known among those who enjoy his friendship, is one congressman who is making a name for himself in the present alleged "do nothing" session. John Joseph is a member of the minority and a loyal follower of John Sharp Williams, hence he is in his element in these closing days of the session, when John Sharp is making campaign material for the Democracy.

Fitzgerald was born in Trolleydodgerville March 10, 1872. After a course in Brooklyn public schools he went to Manhattan college, graduating with the degree of bachelor of arts. Then he studied law in the New York law school, and was admitted to the New York bar when 21. It wasn't long before he became interested in Brooklyn politics. He was a delegate to the national Democratic convention in Kansas City in 1900, when W. J. Bryan was nominated for the second time. He was then a representative in congress, having been elected from the Seventh New York district to the Fifty-sixth congress in 1898, when only 26 years of age. He was re-elected to the Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth congresses by big majorities.

AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN



Habibullah Khan, ameer of Afghanistan, "Beloved of God," "Lamp of the Congregation," "Light of the Faith," and "Seeker After God's Help," is waging an official war against British India. He has not declared war yet, but he has allowed 20,000 of his soldiers to invade India and attack the frontier guards. The first result of this indiscreet act will probably be the withdrawal of the subsidy of \$500,000 a year he has been drawing from the British government; the second a sound thrashing and the third may be the withdrawal of the title, "Your Majesty," conferred upon him by King Edward when the ameer visited India lately.

He was invited to India in the hope that the sight of an Asiatic nation of 300,000,000 people prospering and peaceable under British rule would reduce his bumptiousness, for he had begun to entertain the idea that his capital, Kabul, was the center of the universe. The sight of the riches of India seems only to have stirred up his cupidity and the predatory instincts of his robber ancestors.

The ameer is an autocratic ruler and has an army of 50,000 men. This by no means accounts for his full fighting force, for every man of the 4,000,000 population is a born fighter and goes about armed at all times, ready to defend his own life and take that of his neighbor if a good opportunity offers. The Kentucky mountaineers could learn much from the Afghans.

The ameer is not a bad ruler, as Orientals go. He has a total lack of respect for human life, and his punishments are sometimes what we would consider excessive. The story told by Rudyard Kipling of the nervous sentry who rushed into the ameer's presence and announced that the Russians were coming illustrates this trait. The ameer ordered him into a tree to watch for them and posted guard below to keep him there. When unable to hold out any longer he dropped upon the bayonets below.

REAL RULER OF IRELAND



Cardinal Michael Logue, archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, the man who is regarded by all, even the British government, as the "real ruler of Ireland," quite appropriately took a leading part in the centennial celebration of the archdiocese of New York. Not only is he a fellow countryman of the majority of the people of the diocese, but he is the direct ecclesiastical descendant of St. Patrick, who was the first bishop of Armagh; the Armagh cathedral, like that of New York, is named after that saint, and Armagh is Archbishop Farley's home county.

Cardinal Logue is possessed of the truest sort of patriotism, a patriotism that urged him in the first speech he ever delivered in America—for this is his first visit to this country—to urge his hearers never to forget the old sod, but not to allow their love for their native land of their fathers to render them less devoted citizens of the land of their adoption, where no man could say that he had not a chance to get on in the world.

It was Cardinal Logue to whom the British government owes the defeat of its half-way home rule measure. John E. Redmond had undertaken to have it adopted by the national convention. The opposition of Timothy Healy, William O'Brien and other politicians would have had little weight, for the people knew the antipathy that exists between the two factions, had it not been for the pronouncement of Cardinal Logue that the bill was utterly unsatisfactory and that any politician who endeavored to secure its acceptance by the convention would incur the grave suspicion that he was endeavoring to deceive his countrymen in the interests of the ministry. The archbishop of Dublin and the bishops of Kildare and Limerick joined in the cardinal's denunciation and the measure was killed.

Cardinal Logue was created a cardinal in 1893 when he succeeded the late primate, whose condutor he had been. He is a stern disciplinarian, as some of his clergy know, and will tolerate no shirking of duty.

SON TO RIVAL KING EDWARD



Mrs. Bradley Martin is in the limelight once more, not as giving a ball that cost more than any other ball ever given in America, or as managing mamma marrying her daughter to a foreign earl, but as the mother of the director-general of New York society, the man who has extended its bounds to include 2,000 of the elite instead of the original 400—Frederick Townsend Martin, better known among his intimates as "Bachelor" Martin, he being a single man.

The passing of Ward McAllister and the panic left New York society demoralized, and it was Bachelor Martin who pulled it through the past season. Now he is going to England to plan entertainments for his sister, the countess of Craven, to devise novelties, to give a flipp to the jaded appetites of English society. It is no light undertaking to go into exclusive English society in the role of professional entertainer, so much different are their tastes from ours, but this young man goes without any quibbles whatever, for he has supreme confidence in himself. He has tact, originality and determination, and a total lack of self-consciousness, and does not fear to rival that prince of the art of entertaining—King Edward himself.

Mr. Martin has been the Ward McAllister for the three great functions of the year—the theatricals in which Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Frances Pruyn and Kyrle Bellew played the characters, the function which Mr. Martin terms the "Gold Tea," the reception to the Duchess d'Uzes, and the tea at which Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Billie Burke and Bishop Potter figured prominently.

Mr. Martin doesn't go in for a town house, for he believes that in the future, because of the growth of the society, the hotels must serve in a large measure the purposes of private homes.

WHAT FOUR LEPERS DID

An Incident of the Siege of Samaria in Days of Elisha.

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 188, by the Author, W. D. Edson.)

Scripture Authority—2 Kings 6:24-7:120.

SERMONETTE.

Self-help leads to God-help. The limit of human endeavor marks the borderland of God's power.

We must do before we can discover what God has done. Many a soul is famishing in ignorance of the plenty which God has provided just outside the closed gate of the will.

Realization of a desperate condition is the first step in the direction of deliverance.

The one cast out by men may become the messenger of God.

The depth of human need is often God's recruiting ground.

The discovered good thing may become a curse unless it is shared with others suffering a like need.

God can make the food of the enemy feed his famished children.

God can turn the famine into a feast every time.

Samaria turned the lepers out to die, and the lepers returned with a message of life. Evil was returned with good.

God's blessings are best enjoyed when passed along.

Bearers of good tidings always find doubting hearts to question the truth of their reports.

The doubting heart is always ready with its plausible theory as to why it should not believe.

The doubting heart misses many a blessing at God's hands.

It was a simple test which the servants of the king suggested to prove whether the message of the lepers was true. It was just "let us send and see."

This is the appeal of the Psalmist when he cries to the doubting heart: "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good." Jesus' invitation to the first inquiring disciples was: "Come and see."

When Nathaniel doubted that the Messiah had come out of Nazareth, Philip responded with the simple test: "Come and see."

The woman who met Jesus at the well cried to her fellow townsmen of Sychar: "Come and see," and this is the simplest, the quickest and the surest way of proving that Jesus has delivered the soul besieged by sin and has spread a feast for those who hear the glad tidings and "Come and see."

THE STORY.

IT WAS during the siege of Samaria by the mighty Ben-Hadad, king of Syria. For long, long months the city had been shut within its strong walls and the famine was pressing sore upon the people. The scant supply of provisions grew less and less and finally those who had not gold and silver to buy at exorbitant prices were unable longer to obtain food, so that many died.

Awful was the suffering of the people, and dark and terrible were the deeds which the people crazed by hunger were led to commit. It was no uncommon thing to hear of the eating of human flesh, the stronger prevailing over the weak and taking life that the life of the other might be sustained. Such was the condition in the city of Syria, where the king of Israel dwelt.

And without the walls of the city were four lepers suffering from the scarcity of food, but missing the awful sights and sounds which those within the walls had to endure. Now it had been that during the early months of the siege the friends of these leprous outcasts remembered them and cast food down to them from the walls. These food supplies which they had carefully stored and used as sparingly as possible were finally exhausted, and then they realized as never before that they were face to face with death. They knew they could not look for further help from their brethren in the city of Samaria, and they understood equally well that the enemy encamped all around the city would not listen to their cry for bread.

Thus in their misery they sat waiting for death, and while waiting they talked over their helpless condition. "Surely we have fallen upon evil days," exclaimed one, dolefully. "Yea, as though our condition was not miserable enough there must be added this that we perish with hunger," responded a second, drawing his ragged mantle about his emaciated form. And then he added with an air of utter hopelessness: "But why should we desire to live? Is not our leprosy but a living death, even now?" "Starvation is but a quicker road to the grave," grimly assented a third.

"True, and we are well on our way to the valley of dry bones," spoke up the fourth, and by way of emphasis he extended his arm which was mere skin and bones, the white spots of leprosy making it the more ghastly.

A deep and long silence followed

this round of comment from the four forlorn outcasts. From their place without the walls the cries and groans and curses from within could be faintly heard, and occasionally a figure could be seen passing along the top of the ramparts of the city far above them. Far out across the valley could be seen the tents of the Syrians glistening white in the last rays of the afternoon sun. Long months they had been there, until the sight had become monotonous and uninteresting, and to-day, as on other days, these four lepers let their eyes wander out in that direction, because they had nothing better to do.

Smoke could be seen curling up lazily from the multitude of camp fires, bringing a suggestion of food and the evening meal. A wistful look came into the face of one of the lepers, as he meditatively said:

"There is no lack of food with the Syrians."

"Thou art foolish in the thought," came the sharp rebuke from the man sitting next him, "for dead men need no food."

"Well, we can die but once. Better to perish in the effort to get food than to idly sit still until we perish," was the retort.

"Yes, and soon we shall be so weak we shall be unable to move, even though we want to," spoke up another, encouragingly, and he struggled to his feet. "Why should we sit here until we die? Come, let us go out to the host of the Syrians. If they save us alive we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall be dead."

Saying which, he started off with uncertain steps toward the distant camp. By this time the evening shadows were beginning to fall and by the time they had reached the outskirts of the Syrian camp darkness had come. A strange silence brooded in the air, but so intent were the lepers in creeping in unnoticed that they did not become conscious of the ominous silence until they had stumbled over some garments lying upon the ground and fell headlong into the very midst of one of the tents. In fear and trembling they lay quiet where they had fallen, expecting to be killed any minute for their abrupt entrance, but as the moments went by and nothing happened, they became conscious of the stillness which filled all the camp. Not a sound could be heard save the noise of their rapid breathing, and at last they grew bold to rise and investigate the tent into which they had so unexpectedly stumbled. Food and garments were scattered about in the utmost confusion, as they could tell even in the darkness.

"And this tent is empty, too," shouted one of the other lepers, who had tottered farther on.

Then followed a hurried investigation, the lepers as they went from tent to tent gathering up articles of value, and at last exhausted with their efforts they sat down to eat more leisurely, for in their astonishment they at first had only eaten a few mouthfuls as they went.

"We do not well," suddenly exclaimed one of the lepers, "for this is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace. If we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us; come now therefore, let us return and carry the good tidings to the city."

That had been a wonderful day in Samaria. Wonderful, for the hungry had been fed as though from the very hand of God. All day long the people had streamed forth to the camp of the Syrians, and spoiled the tents there so that everybody had an abundance and to spare. Then with the coming of the evening came the bugle call for the closing of the gates of the city. The few last stragglers have come in and the gate keeper has begun the task of shutting the ponderous iron doors, when he notes a little group of men standing at some distance outside the gate and looking wistfully within. He beckons them to come, and there comes the answering cry:

"Unclean! Unclean!"

"What!" cried some one from within the gate, "are the lepers who brought deliverance to the city to be shut out?"

Again the cry sounds forth: "Unclean! Unclean!"

It was at that moment that a figure was seen to press through the gate, and as the people noted his long hair and coarse robe they whispered: "It is the prophet."

With rapid strides the prophet proceeded straight to the group of four lepers, not heeding the cry of "Unclean! Unclean!"

And that night when the gates of Samaria closed they shut within, not without, the four lepers who had so nobly served the city in its sore need.

Saloon Town Reformed.

"We've got a town on our road the boys call 'Hell.' If you want a real hard thing to try out the Y. M. C. A. on, put it there." This was the remark made ten years ago by a railroad president to an international Y. M. C. A. secretary, who had urged that this organization could better the conditions of living and the service on the road. "That suits us," said the secretary. The company put up \$4,500 for an equipment, and the citizens \$2,500. At the end of a month saloon men protested that the new organization was ruining their business. One of them, who had the biggest paying corner saloon in town, said his monthly receipts had fallen off from over \$3,000 to \$700, and he or the association had to quit. Now a handsome Episcopal church occupies his corner. A brakeman who came back to the town after an absence of two years, hunted for his former associates in their accustomed seats in the saloon and found them in the Y. M. C. A. building.



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Illinois, U. S. A., writes:

"I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help.

"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did.

"My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough.

"Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved.

"I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.



"Something hard to beat."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Waited for a Man.

First Cyclist—What's in the baud-box, Bill, and where's the girl?

Second Cyclist—That contains my puncture-mending device. I get them mended quickly and well without lifting a finger.

First Cyclist—Tell us!

Second Cyclist—That box contains a lady's skirt and picture hat; when I puncture I've only to don them and wait!

First Cyclist—By Jove, that's clever!

Conquer by Cheerfulness.

It is our duty to preserve cheerfulness. Life has its sunshine and pleasures, its cheerful heights which anyone may climb, if he have but the courage and faith.—Kendrick.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

EPILEPSY ITS

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness or Epilepsy, or have Children that do so, we

Now Discovery and Treatment will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for

FREE TRIAL EPILEPTICIDE CURE

Consistent with Food and Drug Act of Congress June 30th 1906. Complete Directions, also testimonials of CURED, etc., FREE by mail. Express Prepaid. Give AGE and full address.

W. B. MAY, M. D., 548 Pearl Street, New York.