

NERVOUS DEBILITY

cured by the use of
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Tones the system, makes the weak strong.
Cures Others will cure you.

DANGER SIGNALS SET MEN THINKING.

Head-ache, Loss of Appetite, Wakefulness, Nervousness, Back-ache, Drawing-down-aching Pains in the Small of the Back, Weakness, Erection, Dropsical Swellings, Shortness of Breath, Frequent Desire to Urinate, Constipation, Hot Dry Skin, are DANGER SIGNALS and indicate

KIDNEY DISEASE.

BE WARNED IN TIME . . . IT IS NOT TOO LATE
OREGON KIDNEY TEA
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Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named. They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

- | LIST OF NUMBERS. | CURABLE. | PRICES. |
|--|----------|---------|
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| 2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic. | 25 | |
| 3—Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness. | 25 | |
| 4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults. | 25 | |
| 5—Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic. | 25 | |
| 6—Cholera Morbus, Vomiting. | 25 | |
| 7—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. | 25 | |
| 8—Nervousness, Toothache, Farsache. | 25 | |
| 9—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo. | 25 | |
| 10—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation. | 25 | |
| 11—Suppression, or Painful Periods. | 25 | |
| 12—Witches, Zoo Profundus, Periods. | 25 | |
| 13—Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness. | 25 | |
| 14—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions. | 25 | |
| 15—Eczema, or Rheumatic Glands. | 25 | |
| 16—Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague. | 25 | |
| 17—Piles, Blind or Bleeding. | 25 | |
| 18—Ophthalmia, Sore or Weak Eyes. | 25 | |
| 19—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head. | 25 | |
| 20—Whooping Cough. | 25 | |
| 21—Asthma, Oppressed Breathing. | 25 | |
| 22—Ear Discharges, Impaired Hearing. | 25 | |
| 23—Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swelling. | 25 | |
| 24—General Debility, Physical Weakness. | 25 | |
| 25—Dropsy, and Scanty Secretions. | 25 | |
| 26—Sea-Sickness, Sickness from Riding. | 25 | |
| 27—Kidney Diseases. | 25 | |
| 28—Sore Mouth, or Canker. | 25 | |
| 29—Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed. | 25 | |
| 30—Painful Periods. | 25 | |
| 31—Diphtheria, Ulcerated Sore Throat. | 25 | |
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AN ORACLE.

We had chickens a-plenty, and turkeys a-few, And one old gray guinea—of all things to clack A guinea's the clackiest ever you knew; She just keeps on saying, "Come back!" and "Come back!"

When I was a youngster and also a fool— They're, generally speaking, all one, more's the pity— I thought I'd quit farming and going to school And go make my fortune while in the city.

Mother cried a good deal, and my father looked glum, Though he gave me a sort of one-sided consent. But he said, "Recollect, we are always to hum; You can fetch yourself back when you're money's all spent."

That doesn't take long when your pocketbook's thin. The board was so high, it was most of it eaten; Boys seemed at a discount, I had to give in. That old man was right, and the young one was beaten.

To myself, 'twas another concern, as you'll guess, To go back to the farm and take up at the school; Though I knew it was true of me, nevertheless I shouldn't enjoy being called a young fool.

But somehow or other I heard, or it seemed, Above all the noise that old guinea hen's clack, I couldn't get clear of it, every where I screamed "That guinea's eternal 'Come back!' and 'Come back!'"

I footed it home, for my money was spent; The grass was a picture, the sky was another. And I sang to myself every step that I went, "I'm going to mother! I'm going to mother!"

An the very first thing that I heard at the gate Was that silly old guinea hen's clackety-clack. And I hallooed, "Shut up! You are speaking too late! Why can't you see, stupid, that I have come back?" Margaret Vandergrift in Youth's Companion.

THE GOLDROOM.

The night mail from Paris panted into Calais Pier station only five minutes late. The usual scrambling exodus of passengers eager to get a snack at the buffet before the steamer was due to start began almost before the train had stopped.

My employment is that of traveling clerk to an express company, whose business it is to convey between Paris and London valuables entrusted to it by clients.

I was more than usually anxious that night, because it was marked by the inauguration of a new system. Hitherto the valuables had been placed by one of us in the goldroom rented by our company on the steamers. The room had been carefully locked, and the property had been left to take care of itself until it got to Dover, where it was met by another official of the company, who was provided with a duplicate key.

The captains of the boats were also in possession of keys in case it should be necessary for the safety of the ship to enter the goldroom.

These precautions, however, had proved insufficient. Although the locks on the goldroom door were safety ones of the most approved kind, impressions in wax had been obtained, false keys had been manufactured, and robberies had been frequent—perpetrated, without doubt, during the passage across the channel by a gang of expert thieves.

In consequence, an official was to accompany in future every consignment and keep watch and ward at the goldroom door.

That night the consignment was of small bulk, but of extraordinary value. It consisted of two tin boxes, one of which contained notes on the Bank of France, sent to the Bank of England in payment for a purchase of 500,000 sovereigns, the other box contained negotiable bonds, with coupons attached, of the new Turkish loan—the property of the largest financial house in the world.

The bonds were worth £250,000, so that my total charge amounted to \$3,750,000.

Two of the company's porters had accompanied me from Paris to assist in shipping the boxes. As I stood on the platform watching my men haul the boxes from the treasury van I was tapped on the shoulder by one of the French detectives whose duty it is to keep an eye on the boats.

"You cross tonight under the new arrangement, Mr. Dutton, I think," he whispered.

"That is so," I replied. "Have you taken stock of my fellow passengers?"

"Yes," he said; "and I have not spotted any suspicious characters so far. Ah! stand aside there, mon ami; make way for madame," and the detective pulled me gently back a step to allow a solemn procession to pass along the platform to the gangway of the steamer.

A couple of railway porters were carrying a sick woman, by whose side walked a tall maid. Two other porters followed, wheeling a truck of unmistakable feminine luggage.

The detective stepped quickly to the side of the truck and read the address painted in large white letters on one of the packages.

"Mme. La Comtesse de Brune," he said as he rejoined me. "It is not a title with which I am familiar. Mon cher, it might be as well if you kept yourself acquainted with that lady's whereabouts on the boat."

"What! Have you cause for suspicion?" I asked.

"Not in the least. I did not recognize either the grande dame or her maid. Only when one comes across a title unknown to us of the French police it makes one cautious—that is all my friend. Bon voyage."

The detective moved away, and I followed my men on board the boat, each carrying one of the boxes. On the gangway I met the captain, to whom I was well known—jolly old Captain Temple.

"Hullo, my boy!" he said. "So you're going with us. That's good; you'll relieve me from a lot of responsibility. I got my new key for your precious new lock from the agent today, but I've hit on a better dodge than all the locks in the world. Just come along with me."

Captain Temple led the way below. I followed with my men. The goldroom was situated on the main deck in a little recess aft of the saloon.

It was about 10 feet square and was

approached by a narrow passage 5 yards long running out of the saloon, in which, as we passed through, I noticed the invalid lady and her attendant being ushered into a stateroom by the stewardess.

The stateroom was the nearest to the goldroom passage—a fact which further impressed upon me the hint given by the detective.

The captain opened the door of the goldroom with his key, and my men deposited the boxes on the floor. Captain Temple waited till I had dismissed them and then stooped down in another corner of the room and pulled at a small tag of wire that protruded through a hole.

When he had got enough wire to make a fair sized loop, he carried over one of the boxes, put the loop of wire around it and turned to me with a smile.

"There, Dutton," he said. "Now, if any one touches that box I shall know it up on the bridge as soon as you will in the saloon there—sooner, if you don't happen to spot them going in."

I complimented the skipper on his ingenuity, though I made the mental reservation that on occasions when I happened to be on duty his electric bell would never be used. I did not mean to take my eye off that passage during the voyage.

The captain put the other box on the top of the one to which the wire was attached, and after a last look round we locked the door, this time with my key, to make sure that the new lock answered satisfactorily to both of them.

It was a fine night, and the saloon was nearly empty, most of the passengers preferring the fresh air on deck. One respectable old gentleman, evidently a clergyman, was immersed in a book at the table that ran down the center of the saloon, but with these exceptions all the occupants of the place were ladies, and not many of them.

In my immediate vicinity only one lady was sitting, and I paid very little attention to her, all my thoughts being concentrated on the goldroom door, with just half a wink now and then toward the invalid lady's cabin.

But it soon came to my notice that the lady near me was in trouble of some kind. From my position I could see her without turning round, and I noticed that she kept her head in her hands and appeared to be shaken with suppressed sobbing.

At length she raised her face and looked at me. Her eyes were red with weeping and there were tears on her cheeks. She was quite young and very pretty—far too pretty to be traveling alone, I thought.

There was a pleading expression in her eyes as she looked at me which half suggested that she required some service at my hands, though I quite made up my mind not to grant it, whatever it might be, if it should take me from my post for one single instant. Beauty in distress was a decoy net altogether unknown in the annals of crime, and, at the risk of impoliteness, I would avoid all chance of becoming a victim.

Hesitating and struggling with emotion, the girl opened her lips and essayed to speak. The words seemed to come with difficulty and were almost inaudible.

"May I ask you to give me your attention for a moment?" she stammered. "Believe me, it is on a matter of great importance."

"I am on duty here," I answered, "and I cannot come over to you. You had better come a little nearer."

"It is about your duty I wish to speak," was her astounding reply as she moved over and took a seat by my side. "Are you in charge of the goldroom, are you not?"

"Yes," I said shortly, not knowing what to expect.

She paused for a moment and then went on, speaking hurriedly in a whisper. "I wish to save my brother from the perpetration of a great crime," she said. "He is the dupe of a wicked man—of Red Jem, the notorious boat thief, and his gang. There is a plot on foot to steal the valuables from the goldroom tonight. A thousand times better for my brother to suffer punishment at the hands of the law for a first unsuccessful attempt than to become a hardened criminal. Oh, sir, stop him in time and be as merciful as your duty will permit."

The young lady need have no apprehension lest I should fail to stop the robbery, I said to myself. Then I asked aloud, "Where is your brother, then?"

"In the goldroom at this moment," was the reply, which took my breath away.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have not moved from this spot since the goldroom door was locked."

"My brother slipped into the passage just after we started, while you were looking at that cabin door. He was concealed under the saloon table. And you do not know Red Jem, sir. He has master keys that will fit any lock."

I was puzzled sorely. I felt as sure as man could feel that no one could have passed into the passage without my seeing him. And, again, if there was some one in the goldroom tampering with the boxes, how was it that the captain's boasted electric bell had not warned him up on the bridge?

However, my duty was obvious. I must unlock the door and see for myself if anything was wrong. I drew the key from my pocket and approached the door, followed by the weeping girl, who now began to show signs of repenting her confidence in me.

"He is only a lad, sir, only a lad. Spare him if you can, and remember that I, his sister, prevented the robbery."

I put the key in the lock, and the heavy door swung back, opening inward. There was no light in the place beyond what reached it from the saloon, and in the dim corner I could see the boxes just as we had left them. But there was no robber.

I took a step forward to look behind the door, in case perchance he was lurking there, and then in a moment I knew that I was done.

Lithe arms stole around my neck and pressed a filthy plaster of some substance over my mouth; several pairs of strong

Costumes at a State Funeral.

There is one thing that should be changed before another funeral is held in the senate if it is desired to make the ceremonies dignified and impressive. This is the costuming of those senators and congressmen who are chosen to act as honorary pallbearers and escort the body to the home of the dead senator.

This was well illustrated by the funeral of Senator Kenna. On the front row sat the president and his cabinet, all dressed in black, with black neckties and black gloves. In the next row sat the members of the supreme court in their awkward and glistening gowns of black silk, while behind the judges were the foreign ministers, all in black.

Just across the aisle in the seats of honor and prominence sat the senators and congressmen who had been selected to act as pallbearers and to represent congress on the funeral train. Senator Faulner, at the head of the line, was resplendent with necktie of brilliant red spots, while next to him the light blue trousers and colored tie of Senator Blackburn were very conspicuous. Congressman Bingham of Pennsylvania, by common acceptance the best dressed man in the house, had on a large white silk necktie, while Congressman Outhwaite of Ohio wore neckwear of glistening blue. Congressman Wilson of West Virginia wore light trousers and a many colored tie, and other pallbearers were guilty of the same violation of the canon of good taste.

Then, too, the government should procure a new lot of mourning sashes. Half of them are disfigured with marks of age and present an appearance more striking than appropriate.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

Schoolgirls Carried Away.

The trip of Vice President Stevenson to Washington was enlivened by what came near being a wholesale abduction of schoolgirls from Connorsville, Pa. When the train stopped at that point, a dozen schoolgirls, ranging from 12 to 16 years old, climbed aboard the train, and the prettiest one asked for Mr. Stevenson. She was primed with a speech, but the vice president elect had gone to the rear of the train to address the crowd. While they waited the girls entertained Mrs. Stevenson and the rest of the party and were very happy when the train began to move. The party were assured the train was only moving to switch and would be run back.

But the moving was all straight ahead, and to the great glee of the squad of schoolgirls and the surprise of the Stevensons the train got up speed and went flying away. When it was concluded that the train intended to make its next stop on schedule time, the signal was given to stop, but before it could be brought to a standstill it was three miles out of town. The children were set down and started on their pilgrimage back to school about the most elated band in the state.—Chicago Herald.

The Party of Patriotism.

The speech delivered at Detroit by Senator Anthony Higgins of Delaware is a manly and eloquent presentation of the greatest question of the day. It is Democratic doctrine that this Republican senator enunciates when he sets forth the principles of national growth, but it is more than that; it is Republican doctrine; it is American doctrine.

Read in connection with such equally manly and patriotic declarations as the recent remarks of Senator Morgan, a Democrat and a southerner, it seems as if the next division of political parties in this country were almost sure to be on lines like these: On the one side the party of vigorous, aggressive, progressive Americanism; on the other the party of obstruction, of foreign sympathies and alien ideas.

A campaign of education in this respect is now going on. The distinction is becoming more and more sharply indicated between those who are ashamed or unwilling to be Americans and those who are not unwilling or ashamed.—New York Sun.

Raising Steerage Rates.

All the steamship lines carrying passengers to and from continental Europe have sent circulars to their agents notifying them that there will be an increase in steerage rates of from 20 to 35 per cent, and that agents and subagents will be held responsible for selling tickets to immigrants of the prohibited class. No immigrants will be taken from Russia. The circular contains the laws governing immigration, so that agents and subagents may know when they are not doing right. The lines have raised the steerage rates, it is said, so that they may reap a reasonable profit, even if the 20-day quarantine regulation is enforced this spring.

Practices as He Preaches.

Edward Everett Hale not only preaches "lend a hand," but what is more, he practices it. A while ago a contributor to a magazine of which he was formerly editor wrote to him, supposing that he still occupied that position. He not only sent her note to its proper desk, but took time and pains to forward her a few courteous lines, fully explaining the small matter in hand and treating her with a consideration seldom shown by busy men, to say nothing of literary lions, who guard their autographs with a grasp of steel.—New York Times.

No Snow in Switzerland.

There has been a phenomenal absence of snow in the Swiss Alps this winter, and the matter is said to be becoming serious for both visitors and natives. Transport is hampered by sledges being useless, and the Julier pass is traversed on wheels, a midwinter circumstance previously unknown. The mountain slopes around St. Moritz are bare of snow, and it has been impossible to construct the toboggan slides usually such a great attraction there. Skating has, however, been especially good.

A Heavyweight Jury.

Five of a jury which recently assembled in a Houston county, Ga., justice court weighed over 200 pounds each, and not one of them weighed less than 150 pounds.

The Dresses in "Becket."

Some of the dresses worn in "Becket" are very handsome. Mr. Terriss, as the King, looks throughout gorgeous and has a variety of costumes. In the first act his robe (or shirt, to give its proper name) is of rose colored silk applied in gold or white cloth and decorated with jewels. The edge of the garment has a deep border embroidered in gold and adorned with rubies and opals. The wide hanging sleeves open over tight undersleeves of bright blue cloth, which also appear under the edge of the robe. Over this is worn a delicious cloak of heliotrope cloth bordered with gold lace and lined with a delicate shade of eau de nil silk.

In one of the hunting scenes Mr. Terriss wears a short dress of silver gray silk embroidered with silver and a gray cloth mantle cut up in points round the bottom to show the pink lining. Another delicious cloak worn by the King is of royal blue broche draped round the top and fastening on each shoulder with jeweled clasps. It is lined with a distracting and altogether indescribable color, something between salmon and crushed strawberry. Miss Terry wears in the bower scene a straight full dress of hyacinth colored silk gauze trimmed with pink passementerie over a petticoat of pink silk. In the second act she wears a plain princess dress of yellow brocade covered with gold applique and slightly open at the neck.—St. James Gazette.

Ex-President Harrison's Salary.

Ex-President Harrison received his last month's pay in the shape of a draft for \$4,166.67, issued on a warrant to the treasurer, signed, as usual, by the secretary of the treasury and sent over to the White House by messenger. March 3 he received another draft for \$416.65, issued by the treasury department in the same way, representing his pay for service as president of the United States for the first three days of March and closing his account with the government.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was president up to noon the 4th of March, General Harrison received no pay whatever for his services on that day for the reason that the federal accounting officers do not recognize divisions of a day in the settlement of accounts of salaries. Each incumbent of the office of president is paid the salary of that office beginning with the day of his inauguration, so that he gains in the beginning of his term what he loses in the end.

This arrangement was followed at the previous change of administration, and at its predecessor, and is so fair and reasonable that it is not likely to be changed. According to the treasury computation, the presidential salary of \$50,000 a year is at the rate of \$138,888 a day.

Powder For a Dead President.

"The amount of powder burned in giving honor to the memory of the late president in salutes on the day of his funeral forms an interesting matter of conjecture," said a citizen the other day. "The firing of 13 guns at sunrise, 44 at sunset and 1 at half hour intervals between sunrise and sunset, gives 81 shots from each military post and flagship or naval station within reach of orders from the two departments of war and navy."

"Now, go to work and guess the charge (in pounds) employed, taking caliber of gun used on warship or at military post and see how it climbs up into the thousands. The smallest gun on some of the flagships burns 50 pounds of powder, and the guns used at land stations in firing salutes range down the scale to as low as two pounds. Taking it altogether and considering the matter at a glance, it is safe to say that more powder was consumed in the solemn honoring of the dead ex-president than was burned by cannon and muskets at the great battle of Gettysburg."—Washington Post.

Belgium's First Breach of Promise.

For the first time in the history of Belgium the principle of a monetary compensation for breach of promise of marriage has just been established. The judges of the court of appeal were grudging in their admission of the principle, but there is no doubt as to the meaning of their judgment. The test case was that of a young woman who, through her father, brought a breach of promise action against a young Dutchman residing in Brussels. The father obtained a verdict for 5,900 francs damages, plus 8,000 francs for what was called "moral prejudice." In their judgment the judges said that either of the two parties to an engagement might back out of it, although not at the last moment. In the case they had considered the wedding day had actually been fixed.—London News.

Renting Diamonds in Chicago.

A jeweler told me the other day that he rented out thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds for the charity ball; that he not only did it this year, but that he did so every year, and for all other great occasions; that many rich ladies preferred to rent diamonds for certain times rather than to own them and have the responsibility of them all the time; that others could not afford to buy them, and by renting them could make a fine appearance with not many being the wiser; that his prices for renting varied according to the value of the earrings, bracelets, necklace, tiara, pendant, or whatever the article might be.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Poor Excuse.

The icemen now complain that the ice is too thick, and that the expense of securing it is unusually heavy. As an excuse for higher prices next summer that will prove too thin.—Boston Traveller

It is Stated that since the second plenary council of Baltimore the archdiocese of New York has contributed over \$500,000 to Peter's pence.

A Pet Dog, it is said, recently died at Elkton, Ky., from licking its mistress cheek. Sp. painted and the poor dog died of poison.

Of Mackay, the California millionaire, it has been wittily said, "He is a man you would like to know if he were not rich."

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