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Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, Or Tongue (whole), Veal Loin, Deviled Ham, Brisket, Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef.
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Mary Proctor, who writes of "Five Hundred Little Worlds" in the August St. Nicholas, is a daughter of the great Proctor, the astronomer, and is living at present in New York City. She is a small woman, exceedingly quiet, almost shy in manner, but has proved a successful lecturer and writer in the field where her father won distinction.

You never hear any one complain about "Defiance Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Write injuries on ice, but kindness in stone.
If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

It often happens that the richer a man becomes the less he is worth.

The Plight of the British Fiddler.
The annual complaint of English musicians comes from London. It is that an English musician has no chance to get work in competition with foreigners. There are 300 orchestral bands in London during the season, and practically all of them are made up of aliens. The one chance an Englishman has of steady employment is to disguise himself and pretend to be a German or a Belgian. One band of sixteen wears foreign uniforms, trims beards in foreign style and speaks only in foreign monosyllables, but every one is an Englishman, forced to the subterfuge by the necessity of making a living.

Why Russell Sage Moves.
Russell Sage is going to move from the modest little house in Fifth avenue, New York, where he has lived for forty-two years. He can no longer "stand for" his neighbors. First some one put a candy store next door to him. Then another store was established on the other side. At the rear of the candy store is an immense fan designed to cool the ice cream parlor. This fan is right next to three of the windows of his dining room. The noise it makes is deafening. On the Forty-second street side there is a smoking parlor, and as Mrs. Sage detests the smell of tobacco she is compelled to keep her windows closed. So they are going to move to the now deserted mansion of the late Charles Broadway Roush. On one side lives Henry Clews, on the other D. Ogden Mills.

CHANGE
Quit Coffee and Get Well.
A woman's coffee experience is interesting. "For two weeks at a time I have taken no food but skim milk, for solid food would ferment and cause such a pressure of gas and such distress that I could hardly breathe at times, also excruciating pain and heart palpitation and all the time I was so nervous and restless."
"From childhood up I had been a coffee and tea drinker and for the past 20 years I have been trying different physicians but could get only temporary relief. Then I read an article telling how some one had been cured by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, and it seemed so pleasant just to read about good health I decided to try Postum in place of coffee."
"I made the change from coffee to Postum and such a change there is in me that I don't feel like the same person. We all found Postum delicious and like it better than coffee. My health now is wonderfully good."
"As soon as I made the shift from coffee to Postum I got better and now all of my troubles are gone. I am fleshy, my food assimilates, the pressure in the chest and palpitation are all gone, my bowels are regular, have no more stomach trouble and my headaches are gone. Remember I did not use medicines at all—just left off coffee and drank Postum steadily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500 cocks contest for 735 money prizes.

TALE OF BUTTERBY'S KID

Old man Butterby hated Bob, And Bob, he equally hated him, And as each was onto his shooting job, It seemed that some one's show was slim.

For from Butterby's ranch to Bob's home place Was a mile or so, and that was all; So the boys all said, as they viewed the case: "I reckon the Coroner'll git a call."

Well, Bob and Butterby met one day— 'Twas a thing, of course, they were bound to do— And each of them put a tree in his way,

And then, you bet, the bullets flew. Bob's arm stuck out, and he got a half

Right where its passage was bound to hurt, And old man Butterby had a call From a bullet that injured the side of his shirt.

But they stuck to their trees as if they were glued, And they hurled some names that that are not in the books.

"Come out!" said Bob, and his tone was rude, "You darsent," said Butterby; "dern your looks!"

And the air was full of bullets and flings, And adjectives dire of a red-hot brand, And they knew that Death on his misty wings

Was waiting about to take a hand. "Come out," cried Bob, "you cowardly cur!"

Her eyes met Bob's, and she laughed again As she toddled straight to the tree where he stood.

"I've lost my dolly," she said, "but, zen, I des 'at oo'll find it; I 'pose 'at oo could."

Bob kissed the babe, and he left the tree, "Shoot if you please," he cried, "dern you!"

There's a job right here that is callin' me." Said Butterby then: "I'm damned if I do!"

There is peace to-day on Butterby's hill, There is peace in the home and the heart of Bob,

And the sounds of strife are hushed and still, And the Coroner yet is minus a job, I don't go much on cussing and such, But I hope the angel the record hid Of Butterby's oath, or, with gentle touch,

Wrote only: "Forgiven because of the kid."

—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

For his shoulder burned and his thoughts were hot— A laugh rang out where the bushes were, And into the open there strayed a tot.

A wee little tot with curly hair, And eyes with dreams in their blue depths hid

The fairest thing on the mountain there, And her laughter was sweet—it was Butterby's kid.

There is peace to-day on Butterby's hill, There is peace in the home and the heart of Bob,

And the sounds of strife are hushed and still, And the Coroner yet is minus a job, I don't go much on cussing and such, But I hope the angel the record hid Of Butterby's oath, or, with gentle touch,

Wrote only: "Forgiven because of the kid."

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DEVICE FOR WOONG SLEEP

Most of the mental devices for woong sleep have failed because they have nearly always tried to resort to "local treatment;" in other words, they have made a homeopathic attempt to stop thinking by thinking about something else—a process which might also be called "elimination by substitution." But all thinking, spontaneous or forced, draws more or less blood to the brain, prevents deep inhalations and bars the gate to the kingdom of dreams. Any device, on the other hand, which will make one take deep, long breaths spontaneously (the invariable forerunner of sleep) may be counted upon as a genuine remedy for insomnia. Even deep breathing which is forced is better than any purely mental attempt to win sleep, says Good Housekeeping. But if the deep breathing can be produced involuntarily one is sure of a passport to Nodland. After several nights of experiments to this end the present writer decided to apply the principal adopted by the masseurs, who begin their manipulation "at the point farthest from the seat of difficulty," which, in the case of

insomnia, would be the feet. Lying on the right side, with the knees together, and considerably flexed, the victim of insomnia should begin to pedal both his feet slowly up and down, with the movement entirely in the ankles. The pedaling should keep time with the natural rhythm of respiration and be continued until it is followed by deep and spontaneous breathing. Several people who have tried this remedy report that involuntary deep breathing invariably begins before they have pedaled up and down a dozen times. In obstinate cases of insomnia the patient may need to keep up the pedaling two or three minutes, or even more, with intermissions, if necessary. The treatment may also be varied by moving the feet alternately, instead of simultaneously, though the latter method has proved the more speedily efficacious in the cases known to the writer. The explanation of the result obtained is probably simple. The blood is pumped from the head, and with the removal of brain tension, a general relaxation follows, with a consequent deep respiration and its resulting sleep.

LIGHT HEARTS AND HEAVY

There have always been men like Thoreau and St. Francis who believed, says the London Spectator, that property brought with it a heavy heart, and who have refused, as did the American philosopher, to be "harnessed to his possessions." St. Francis "cast aside every weight" that he might free himself from "idle sorrow." He and his first disciples "loved nothing earthly; they were secure in all places, troubled by no fears, distracted by no cares; they lived without trouble of mind, waiting without solicitude for the coming day."
St. Francis in the fastnesses of the Italian hills singing French hymns among the highway robbers in his whimsical lightness of heart makes a strange picture. He knew French badly, but it seemed to him the language of gaiety. The founder of the Franciscans, though we are told that he possessed what was quaintly called the gift of tears when performing his devotions in his cell, was never seen abroad without a smile, neither would he tolerate any appearance of heaviness in his followers. He rebuked a brother to whom a dejected manner had become habitual, saying: "My brother, repeat thy sins in private and do not appear before the community thus downcast."
We are inclined to think that those who make their living—provided it is a fairly good one—in the sweat of their brow have lighter hearts than those who make it in the sweat of their brain. The high spirits which seem to be enjoyed by domestic servants— to judge by the sounds which come upstairs—are a case in point. Dusting, scrubbing and plate cleaning seem to weigh on the heart far less than doctoring, journalism or the study of law or theology. Too often spirits are broken by overwork or by disappointment in the wild struggle to succeed which goes on among professional people. Certainly in the literary world light hearts are generally lost early, yet the light-hearted man of letters, though he is rare, is the most attractive of all light-hearted men.

TO SEARCH FOR TREASURE

If the sea were drained, says the Family Herald, what treasures we could find upon the old ocean floor—galleons laden with gold beyond the dreams of avarice! Lesser waters than the sea, however, hold treasure which can be found. Almost simultaneously come reports of two scientific quests for wealth hidden under the face of the waters. The Tiber of old Rome is to be searched, and a lake in the Republic of Colombia is to be drained for the gold and jewels, rotive offerings, that were thrown into it by the natives long ago.
For a century there have been plans to turn the Tiber aside temporarily to search its dirty bottom. Now the authorities have given Prof. Nisplandi permission to make a systematic hunt. The ancients used to throw treasures to Father Tiber as offerings to the gods, and the current of the river has swept away the arms and armor of thousands of warriors who fought on the banks. Much of this wealth has no doubt been de-

stroyed by ages of rust and rot, but there must be a great deal not yet found by occasional seekers.
The quest for gold and jewels at the bottom of the Lake of Guatavita in Colombia is at once more romantic and surer to be profitable. The lake lies ten thousand feet above the sea, and was held sacred by the tribes of natives that lived near it when the Spaniards came. Every year the savages, headed by their king, visited the lake. The king, covered with gold dust, plunged into the waters, and his subjects threw after him gold and silver and emeralds. When Quesada and his Spaniards made their way up the Andes to the lake, the natives threw their treasures to the god of the lake for safe-keeping. Enough riches have been found in the lake to warrant several attempts to cut a depression in the side of it. All such attempts have lowered the water only a few feet. Now an English company is to drain the lake by means of a tunnel, and rake the bottom.



Health Of Women

Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.
When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, back-ache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

Case of this Prominent Chicago Woman Should Give Everyone Confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure, indeed, to add my testimonial to the great number who are today praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Three years ago I broke down from excessive physical and mental strain. I was unable to secure proper rest, also lost my appetite, and I became so nervous and irritable too that my friends trembled, and I was unable to attend to my work. Our physician prescribed for me, but as I did not seem to improve, I was advised to go away. I could neither spare the time nor money, and was very much worried when, fortunately, one of my club friends called. She told me how she had been cured of ovarian troubles, and how like my symptoms were to hers, seven bottles of your medicine cured her, and she insisted that I take some.
"I did so, and am glad that I followed her advice. Within six weeks I was a different woman, strong and robust in health, and have been so ever since.
"A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have also been greatly benefited."—MISS ELIZABETH DALEY, President of the St. Ruth's Club, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and miserable feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and "Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is better than all the doctors for cures?" Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these cures of thousands of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—stick to the medicine that you know is the Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

August St. Nicholas.
Among the prize offers in the August St. Nicholas departments are two especially intended to train young readers' powers of observation and discrimination. The editor of Nature and Science asks the girls and boys to send him letters and photographs or drawings of what they find on the beach in August. The Books and Reading Department invites brief articles from its readers on "Some Recent Books for Young People." The object of this contest, aside from the training of the contestants, is to learn what books published in the last two or three years have been enjoyed by young readers. The girls and boys are requested not to name books that every one knows, but those that should be better known.

Some folks are so trifling that when they put on a garment wrong side outward they leave it that way and try to strike a bargain with Fortune.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands.—Franklin.

A Plea for Good Manners.
In delivering the Founders' day address at the commencement exercises in a school at Lawrenceville, N. J., Bishop Potter of New York had this to say among other things: "We are getting to be in such a hurry in America that the ordinary civilities are disappearing out of our education and our life. When you have dismissed good manners out of society you have dismissed that beneficent and kindly instinct toward your fellow man of which good manners ought always to be the expression."

There are two things that modest men should never undertake—to borrow money or study law.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and colic, 25c a bottle.

What a man lacks in the back-head he makes up in jaw power.

Defiance Starch is put up 16 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for the same money.

Love is the best lens with which to view another.

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If you want to know all about North Dakota and where to buy good land cheap, write for our descriptive folder and map.
WHITNEY & WHEELLOCK, 23 Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

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To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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