

Yet He Meant Well.
 William Henry Harrison had just won the battle of Tippecanoe. "I felt that it was up to me," he explained, "to give the future novelists of Indiana a sort of historical background." For, with the simple-mindedness of great men, it did not occur to him that Indiana's coming authors would choose to locate the scenes of their best-selling stories in Palestine, Mexico, Graustark, France and other foreign countries.

Professional Etiquette.
 The Undertaker (who meets the doctor on the steps of a hotel)—After you, sir.—Black and White.

Still, He Didn't Kick.
 "You cooked a pudding for your husband in one of these hay stoves, did you? How did he like it?"
 "Well, he said it wasn't so bad, but he thought the pudding seemed to spoil the taste of the hay."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.
 Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
 Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Square.
 "Graynes, did you ever get even with the crowd that engineered that wheat deal when you got so badly left?"
 "O, yes; I caught up with them at the next corner."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
 PIAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Postmen Collect Debts.
 A debt-collecting agency which is run as a part of the regular public postal system is the newest "improvement" of the postoffice of Austria.
 Despite the novelty of the enterprise, the plan has worked admirably, so that thousands of dollars are collected annually by the postmen throughout the Austrian empire.

"President Haakon."
 The uncrowned king of the republican monarchy, Norway, is the title which an ex-judge of Chicago gives to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous author-politician, whom he has just visited. Bjornson is described as being as hale and hearty at 70 as most men at 40, and as saying that King Haakon is merely a president elected for life—which latter is not news.—Springfield Republican.

He merely sends the bill to the postoffice in the capital, whence it is at once transmitted to the postoffice at Budapest. There the postman presents it to the Vienna postoffice, whence it is delivered to the tradesman by postman.
 In the event of payment being refused, which, of course, sometimes happens, the creditor is promptly apprised of the fact, and valuable time is thus frequently saved.

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Truant boys are inferior in weight, height and chest girth to boys in general.

CRIED EASILY.
Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things.
 No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it.
 The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea—they both contain the drug—caffeine. Ask your doctor.
 An Iowa woman tells the old story thus:
 "I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness and dizziness. In the morning, upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid, regularly.
 "Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor.
 "After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and soon the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger.
 "A friend of mine did not like Postum, but when I told her to make it like I said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always buy Postum well and it will surprise you.
 Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pigs. "There's a reason."

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE
 "A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
 "How was he wounded?" I asked. "Tell me what the Colonel did to him, and be short."
 "Yes, sir. The Colonel told us Mr. Carr was to be kept at the ranch over night; wasn't to leave it alive, sir, he said. Well, up to yesterday it was all right and pleasant. Mr. Carr wasn't very well, and the doses the Colonel gave him didn't seem to make him any better—quite the contrary. But yesterday afternoon he got rampagous—would go, anyhow, ill or well! So he got up and dressed. We'd taken all his weapons from him, sir, and when he came down dressed, and asked for his horse, we told him he couldn't go. Well, he just said, 'Get out of the light, I tell you,' and began walking toward the hall door. I don't mind saying we were rather put about, sir. We didn't care to shoot him as he stood, and it's my belief we'd have let him pass; but just as he was going out, in comes the Colonel. 'Hallo, what's this, Johnny?' says he. 'You've got some scheme on,' said Carr. 'I believe you've been drugging me. Out of the way, McGregor, or I'll brain you.' 'Where are you going?' says the Colonel. 'To Whittingham, to the President's,' said he. 'Not to-day,' says the Colonel. 'Come, be reasonable, Johnny. You'll be all right to-morrow.' 'Colonel McGregor,' says he, 'I'm unarmed, and you've got a revolver. You can shoot me if you like, but unless you do, I'm going out. You've been playing some dodge on me, and you shall pay for it.' With that he rushed straight at the Colonel. The Colonel, he stepped on one side and let him pass. Then he went after him to the door, waited till he was about fifteen yards off, then up with his revolver, as cool as you like, and shot him clean as a sixpence in the right leg. Down came Mr. Carr; he lay there a minute or two, and then he fainted. 'Pick him up, dress his wound, and put him to bed,' says the Colonel. Well, sir, it was only a flesh wound, so we soon got him comfortable, and there he lay all night."

"How did he get away to-day?"
 "We were all out, sir—went over to Mr. Carr's place to borrow his horses. Well, when we'd got the horses, we rode round outside the town, and came into the road between here and the Colonel's. Ten horses we'd got, and we went there to give the ten men who were patrolling the road the fresh horses. We heard from them that no one had come along. When we got home, he'd been gone two hours!"
 "How did he manage it?"
 "A woman, sir," said my warrior, with supreme disgust. "Gave her ten dollars to undo the front door, and then he was off! He doesn't go to the stables to get a horse, so he was forced to limp away on his game leg. A plucky one he is, too," he concluded.
 "Poor old Johnny," said I. "You didn't go after him?"
 "No time, sir. Couldn't tire the horses. Besides, when he'd once got home, he's got a dozen men there, and they'd have kept us all night. Well, sir, I must be off. Any answer for the Colonel? He'll be outside the Golden House by eleven, sir, and Mr. Carr won't get in if he comes after that."
 "Tell him to rely on me," I answered.
 But for all that I didn't mean to shoot Johnny on sight.

So, much perturbed in spirit, I set off to the barracks, wondering when Johnny would get to Whittingham, and whether he would fall into the Colonel's hands outside the Golden House. It struck me as unpleasantly probable that he might come and spoil the harmony of my evening; if he came there first, the conspiracy would probably lose my aid at an early moment. What would happen to me I didn't know. But, as I took off my coat in the lobby, I bent down as if to tie a shoestring, and had one more look at my revolver.

CHAPTER XIV.
 I shall never forget that supper as long as I live. Considered merely as a social gathering it would be memorable enough, for I never before or since sat at meat with ten such queer customers as my hosts of that evening. The officers of the Aurentaland army were a very mixed lot—two or three Spanish Americans, three or four Brazilians, and the balance Americans of the type of their countrymen are least proud of. If there was an honest man among them he sedulously concealed his title to distinction. All this might have passed from my memory, or blended in a subdued harmony with my general impression of Aurentaland; but the peculiar position in which I stood gave to my mind an unusual activity of perception. Among this band of careless revellers I sat vigilant, restless and impatient; feigning to take a leading part in their hilarity, I was sober, collected, and alert to my very finger tips. I anxiously watched their bearing and expression. I led them on to speak of the President, rejoicing when I elicited open murmurs and covert threats at his base ingratitude to the men who support his power rested. They had not been paid for six months, and were ripe for any mischief. I was more than once tempted to forestall the Colonel and begin the revolution on my own account; only my inability to produce before their eyes any arguments of the sort they would listen to restrained me.
 Eleven o'clock had come and gone. The Senior Captain had proposed the President's health. It was received in sullen silence: I was the only man who honored it by rising from his seat.
 The Major had proposed the army, and they had responded to their noble selves. A young man of weak expression and quavering legs had proposed, "The commerce of Aurentaland," coupled with the name of Mr. John Martin, in laudatory but incoherent terms, and I was on my legs replying. Oh, that speech of mine! For discursiveness, for repetition, for sheer inanity, I suppose it has never been equaled. I droned steadily away: as I went on the audience paid less and less attention. It was past twelve. The

well of my eloquence was running drier and drier, and yet no sound outside! I wondered how long they would stand it, and how long I could stand it. At 12:15 I began my peroration. Hardly had I done so, when one of the young men started in a gentle voice a ditty. One by one they took it up, till the rising tide of voices drowned my fervent periods. Perfect I stopped. They were all on their feet now. Did they mean to break up? In despair at the idea I lifted up my voice, loud and distinct, in a verse of the composition, and seizing my neighbor's hand began to move slowly round the table. The move was successful. Each man followed suit, and the whole party, kicking back their chairs, revolved with lurching steps.
 The room was thick with smoke. Mechanically I led the chorus, straining every nerve to hear a sound from outside. I was growing dizzy with the movement, and, overwrought with the strain on my nerves, I knew a few minutes more would be the limit of endurance, when at last I heard a loud shout and tumult of voices.
 "What's that?" exclaimed the Major, in thick tones, pausing as he spoke.
 I dropped his hand, and seizing my revolver, said:
 "Some row in barracks, Major. Let 'em alone."
 "I must go," he said. "Character—Aurentaland—army—at attack."
 "Set a thief to catch a thief, eh, Major?" said I.
 "What do you mean, sir?" he stammered. "Let me go."
 "If you move, I shoot, Major," said I, bringing out my weapon. I never saw greater astonishment on human countenance. He cried:
 "Hi, stop him—he's mad—he's going to shoot!"
 A shout of laughter rose from the crew around us, for they felt exquisite appreciation of my supposed joke.
 "Right you are, Martin," cried one.
 "Keep him quiet. We won't go home till morning!"
 The Major turned to the window. It was a moonlight night, and as I looked with him I saw the courtyard full of soldiers. Who was in command? The answer to that meant much to me. The sight somewhat sobered the Major.
 "A mutiny!" he cried. "The soldiers have risen!"
 "Go to bed," said the junior ensign.
 "Look out of window!" he cried.
 They all staggered to the window. As the soldiers saw them, they raised a shout. I could not distinguish whether it was a greeting or a threat. They took it as the latter, and turned to the door.
 "Stop!" I cried; "I shoot the first man who opens the door!"
 In wonder they turned on me. I stood facing them, revolver in hand. They waited huddled together for an instant, then made a rush at me; I fired, but missed. I had a vision of a poised gobbet; a second later, the missile caught me in the chest, and hurled me back against the wall. As I fell I dropped my weapon, and they were upon me. I thought it was all over; but as they surged round, in the madness of anger, I looking through their ranks, saw the door open and a crowd of men rush in. Who was at their head? It was the Colonel, and his voice rose high above the tumult:
 "Order, gentlemen, order." Then to his men he added:
 "Each mark your man, and two of you bring Mr. Martin here."
 I was saved. To explain how, I must explain what had been happening at the Golden House, and how the night attack had fared.

CHAPTER XV.
 It is a sad necessity that compels us to pry into the weaknesses of our fellow-creatures, and see to turn them to our own profit. I am not philosopher enough to say whether this course of conduct derives any justification from its universality, but in the region of practice I have never hesitated to place myself on a moral level with those with whom I had to deal. I felt, therefore, very little scruple in making use of the one weak spot discoverable in the defence of our redoubtable opponent, his excellency, the President of Aurentaland.
 The President had no cause to suspect a trap; therefore, like a sensible man, he chose to spend the evening with the Signorina rather than with his gallant officers. It appears that at a few minutes past eleven o'clock, when the President was peacefully listening to the conversation of his fair guest (whom he had galvanized into an affected liveliness by alarming remarks on her apparent preoccupation), there fell upon his ear the sound of a loud knocking at the door. Dinner had been served, and the President could not command a view of the knocker without going out on to the veranda, which ran all round the house, and walking round to the front. When the knock was heard, the Signorina started up.
 "Don't disturb yourself, pray," said his excellency politely. "I gave special instructions that I was visible to no one this evening. But I was wondering whether it could be Johnny Carr. I want to speak to him for a moment, and I'll just go round outside and see if it is."
 As he spoke a tap was heard at the door.
 "Yes?" said the President.
 "Mr. Carr is at the door and particularly wants to see your excellency. An urgent matter, he says."
 "Tell him I'll come round and speak to him from the veranda," replied the President.
 He turned to the window, and threw it open to step out. Let me tell what followed in the Signorina's words.
 "Just then we heard a sound of a number of horses galloping up. The President stopped, and said:
 "'Hallo, what's up?'
 "Then there was a shout and a volley of shots, and I heard the Colonel's voice cry:
 "'Down with your arms; down, I say, or you're dead men!'"

"The President took out his revolver, went back to the window, passed through it, and without a word disappeared. I could not hear even the sound of his feet on the veranda.
 "I heard one more shot—then a rush of men to the door, and the Colonel burst in, with sword and revolver in his hands, and followed by ten or a dozen men.
 "I ran to him, terrified, and cried:
 "'Oh, is anyone hurt?'
 "He took no notice, but asked hastily:
 "'Where is he?'
 "I pointed to the veranda, and gasped:
 "'He went out there.' Then I turned to one of the men and said again:
 "'Is anyone hurt?'
 "'Only Mr. Carr,' he replied. 'The rest of 'em were a precious sight too careful of themselves.'
 "'And is he killed?'
 "'Don't think he's dead, miss,' he said. 'But he's hurt badly.'
 "As I turned again, I saw the President standing quite calmly in the window. When the Colonel saw him, he raised his revolver and said:
 "'Do you yield, General Whittingham? We are twelve to one.'
 "As he spoke, every man covered the President with his aim. The latter stood facing the twelve revolvers, his own weapon hanging loosely in his left hand. Then, smiling, he said a little bitterly:
 "'Heroes are not in my line, McGregor. I suppose this is a popular rising—that is to say, you have bribed the men and murdered my best friend. Well, we mustn't use hard names,' he went on in a gentler tone. 'I give in,' and, throwing down his weapon, he asked, 'Have you quite killed Carr?'"

"I don't know," said the Colonel, implying plainly that he did not care, either.
 "I suppose it was you that shot him?"
 "The Colonel nodded.
 "The President yawned and looked at his watch.
 "As I have no part in to-night's performance," said he, "I presume I am at liberty to go to bed?"
 "My men must stay here, and you must leave the door open."
 "I have no objection," said the President.
 "Two of you stay in this room. Two of you keep watch in the veranda, one at this window, the other at the bedroom window. I shall put three more sentries outside. General Whittingham is not to leave this room. If you hear or see anything going on in there, go in and put him under restraint. Otherwise treat him with respect."
 "I thank you for your civility," said the President, 'also for the compliment implied in these precautions. Is it over this matter of the debt that your patriotism has drawn you into revolt?'"

"I see no use in discussing public affairs at this moment," the Colonel replied. "And my presence is required elsewhere. I regret that I cannot relieve you of the presence of these men, but I do not feel I should be justified in accepting your parole."
 "The President did not seem to be angered at this insult.
 "I have not offered it," he said simply. "It is better you should take your own measures. Need I detain you, Colonel?"
 "The Colonel did not answer him, but turned to me and said:
 "Signorina Nugent, we wait only for you, and time is precious."
 "Looking up, I saw a smile on the President's face. As I rose reluctantly, he also got up from the chair into which he had flung himself, and stopped me with a gesture. I was terribly afraid that he was going to say something hard to me, but his voice only expressed a sort of amused pity.
 "The money was it, Signorina?" he said. "Young people and beautiful people should not be mercenary. Poor child, you had better have stood by me."
 "I answered him nothing, but went out with the Colonel, leaving him seated again in the chair, surveying with some apparent amusement the two threatening sentries who stood at the door. The Colonel hurried me out of the house, saying:
 "We must ride to the barracks. If the news gets there before us, they may cut up rough. You go home. Your work is done."
 "So they mounted and rode away, leaving me in the road. There were no signs of any struggle, except the door hanging loose on its hinges, and a drop or two of blood on the steps where they had shot poor Johnny Carr. I went straight home, and what happened in the next few hours at the Golden House I don't know, and, knowing how I left the President, I cannot explain. I went home, and cried till I thought my heart would break."

(To be continued.)

Thrifty.
 "Tim," asked the passenger on the rear platform of the antiquated flat-wheeled cable car, "what's in this covered stone jar I see out here nearly every time I take a trip on your car?"
 "That's my wife's churning," answered the conductor. "One round trip on this old rattletrap brings the butter every time. Saves her lots of trouble."
 —Chicago Tribune.

Too Late.
 The millionaire's motherless son had just filed his application for a job as husband to the fair maid.
 "You'll have to excuse me, Percy," she said, "but I can never be anything more than a mother to you."
 "A mother!" echoed the surprised Percy.
 "That's what I said," rejoined the f. m. "Your father spoke first."

His View.
 Uncle Josh—it seems the minister has had rheumatism for the last three years, but he hasn't said anything about it.
 Aunt Hetty—Why, I could have told him just what to do for it.
 Uncle Josh—Mebbe that's one of the reasons why he kept it quiet.—Watson's Magazine.

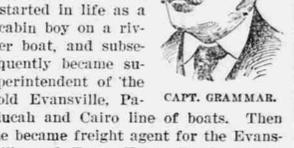
Rural Logic.
 Uncle Hiram—Brother Eben's son has stained glass winders in his new house.
 Aunt Samantha—Yew don't tell! That comes from marryin' one uv them good-for-nothin' city gals. I reckon she's too pesky lazy to wash th' stains off.



WILLIAM H. MOODY

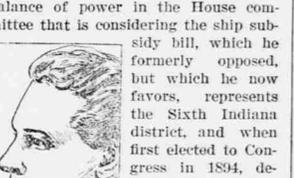
William Henry Moody, who has assumed his duties as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has had the honor of having filled two cabinet positions before ascending the Supreme bench. He was Secretary of the Navy from May, 1902, until July, 1904, when he became Attorney General, a position he has just relinquished. Before entering the cabinet Mr. Moody had served nearly four terms in the House of Representatives as Congressman from the Sixth Massachusetts District. Prior to his election to Congress he had served as district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts. Mr. Moody was born in Newbury, Mass., in 1853. He received his education in Phillips Academy, Andover, and in Harvard University, and practiced law successfully before he entered the field of politics.

Captain George J. Grammer, who has been elected vice president of the consolidated system of railways and given charge of the freight traffic, is one of the noted railway men of the country. He was born in 1844 at Zanesville, Ohio, started in life as a cabin boy on a river boat, and subsequently became superintendent of the old Evansville, Pa., and Cairo line of boats. Then he became freight agent for the Evansville and Terre Haute Road, and in 1890 became general traffic manager of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. Subsequently he became president of three Indiana roads, and then was chosen traffic manager of the Lake Shore, holding that position until last year, when he became vice president of the Vanderbilt system, with charge of traffic west of Buffalo. The last promotion makes Captain Grammer traffic manager of the entire Vanderbilt system.



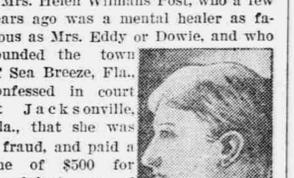
CAPT. GRAMMAR

James E. Watson, who holds the balance of power in the House committee that is considering the ship subsidy bill, which he formerly opposed, but which he now favors, represents the Sixth Indiana district, and when first elected to Congress in 1894, defeated the veteran, William S. Holman. Mr. Watson was born in Winchester, Ind., in 1864, and received his education in De Pauw University. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar. He has been grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, and also president of the Indiana State Epworth League. He has lived in Rushville, Ind., since 1893.



J. E. WATSON

Mrs. Helen Wilhams Post, who a few years ago was a mental healer as famous as Mrs. Eddy or Dowdle, and who founded the town of Sea Breeze, Fla., confessed in court at Jacksonville, Fla., that she was a fraud, and paid a fine of \$500 for fraudulent use of the mails. In an affidavit filed in court she said she is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and cannot cure herself. Her pleas to be relieved of the thirty days' imprisonment was granted.



MRS. POST

Julius Kahn, member of Congress from the Fourth California district, is one of the most picturesque figures in the lower house. He is a native of Baden, but has been a resident of San Francisco since childhood. He chose the stage as a profession and has appeared with most of the great American actors. Subsequently he tired of histrionics and turned his attention to the law, at which he has been very successful. He is now serving his second term in Congress.



JULIUS KAHN

M. Coquelin, the French actor, ascribes his success to "hard work and persistent study." When he first went to the conservatoire in Paris as a boy of 20 he was told that his voice and face would together make a successful stage career impossible.

F. C. Selous, the famous English hunter, is an inveterate tea drinker and partakes of this beverage with every meal. He has nerves of steel and is thus a standing contradiction of the notice that tea is a nerve destroyer.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CANADIAN WEST.

Nearly 200,000 of an increase in Canadian Immigration in 1906. The progress of a new country cannot be better ascertained than by noting the increase of railroad mileage in its transportation system, and judged by this standard, the Canadian West leads all the countries in the world during the current year. Thirty years ago there was not one hundred miles of railroad west of the Great Lakes, and very little prospect of a transcontinental route for many years to come, but by the end of 1885 the Canadian Pacific Railway was within measurable distance of completion, and last year, twenty years later, fully 6,000 miles of railroad traversed the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In the past year the work of railroad construction has been vigorously prosecuted, and by the end of 1906, some 5,000 miles of completed railroad has been added, making a total of fully 11,000 miles in the three great grain producing provinces of Canada. Such an increase in the transportation facilities of the country is bound to make good times not only in the districts where the railroads are being built, but throughout the entire west. Allowing \$20,000 a mile for construction, the sum of \$100,000,000 will be put in circulation, and this in itself should cause good times to prevail in a land where work is plentiful, wages are high, and the cost of living is moderate.

But the building of new railroads through Western Canada means a greater benefit to the country than merely the money put in circulation by the cost of construction. Additional railway building means the opening of new agricultural districts and an additional area under crop, a largely increased output of grain to foreign markets with consequent financial returns; the erection of elevators and the growth of villages, towns and cities; and everything else that makes for the progress of national life and the opening up of additional thousands of free homesteads so extensively advertised by the Canadian government agent, whose address appears elsewhere.

It was stated on the floor of the Canadian Parliament recently by a prominent representative that ten years from now would see the bulk of the population of Canada residing west of the Great Lakes, and if the work of railway building during the present year is any criterion, the prophecy made by the Canadian statesman may be easily fulfilled inside of the time stated. During the present year no less than 180,000 persons have found homes in the Canadian West, of whom 57,796 were Americans who have seen the great possibilities of this new West, and have decided to cast in their lot with it. Certainly, our neighbor north of the 49th parallel is making a great record, and deserves the success that appears to be coming its way.

Fatal Fault.
 "She's really too young to go shopping alone."
 "Yes, she is rather impressionable."
 "Impressionable? I don't see—"
 "I mean she's liable to get excited and buy something."—Philadelphia Press.

Southern Tragedy.
 A beautiful damsel of Natchez, West, roaming through nettled patches. Now she sits in her room. With a heart full of gloom, And scratches, and scratches, and scratches.

The forests of Australia generally have a monotonous appearance. This is caused by the presence everywhere of the eucalyptus tree.

"President Haakon."
 "The uncrowned king of the republican monarchy, Norway," is the title which an ex-judge of Chicago gives to Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the famous author-politician, whom he has just visited. Bjornson is described as being as hale and hearty at 70 as most men at 40, and as saying that King Haakon is merely a president elected for life—which latter is not news.—Springfield Republican.

Important Business.
 "Mistah Snow," said the caller, twirling his hat in an embarrassed way, "is yo' vey busy this evenin'?"
 "Not particularly, Ephraim," responded the Rev. Dr. Snow. "Is there anything I can do for you?"
 "Yes, sah. I'd like to have yo' come oveh to Mis' Walksh's and pull off a little weddin' fo' me, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

ELEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Hands Cracked and Bleeding—Nail Came Off of Finger—Cuticura Remedies Brought Prompt Relief.
 "I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had often heard of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, but had no confidence in them as I had tried so many remedies, and they all had failed to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally my husband said that we would try the Cuticura Remedies, so we got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I keep Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. It is surely a blessing for me to have my hands well, and I am very proud of having tried Cuticura Remedies, and recommend them to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscob, Iowa, Oct. 18, 1906."