

# THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALYXIA SPERLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## THE DANGER OF COEDUCATION.

By William Lee Howard, M. D.

We have reached that point in human knowledge, or, in other words, we are getting back to common sense, where even the inexperienced must acknowledge that a change is needed in our educational method of mixing the adolescents of both sexes in the high schools. We are now fully awake to the great mental and psychologic variations at this age due to the differentiation of the sexes. The past hypocritical denials of the great psychologic and physiologic changes and moods which are constantly surging in the adolescents have done much harm. This injury to growing boys and girls in trying to educate them together is well known to physicians and psychologists. Many doctors have tried to carefully explain these important matters to parents and teachers, but so wrongly impressed have been these parents and teachers of the past that many physicians have given up in disgust, and some of them have lost patients by attempting to tell the truth.

This fog which has enveloped parents and teachers must be blown away and the true educational course of our daughters and sons clearly shown. Ideas are changing; truths are forcing themselves to the surface, and in the younger generation of parents and teachers I find eagerness to have the doctors tell of the false method this country has followed in mixing the adolescents in classes at the public high schools. Older and wiser countries know better.—The Housekeeper.

## THE MIGRATION INTO CANADA.

By Agnes C. Laut.

If half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet this is virtually what happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years.

In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone North as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing; very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than \$1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from \$3,000 to \$10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the \$10,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking

house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the \$200,000 and \$300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies.

Average the American newcomer's capital at \$2,000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion-dollar average is too small by half.—The Century.

## WEATHER TRUST LATEST CHARGE.

By Emerson Hough.

Our weather bureau is a trust. One by one, it has absorbed the State services and the hydrographic office reports, until to-day it is one of the most beautifully bureaucratic bureaus known in this land of the free. It is a trust; but, contrary to the practice of our most benevolent trusts, it does not hand us out a better article for less money. It hands us out the same article for more money. If we could prove even this much, we should have a story worth the writing; and we can prove not only this, but very much more.

By way of indictment of our Delphic oracle at Washington, we may make the following specific and definite charges:

1. That it is unduly expensive.
2. That it does not progress.
3. That it is excessively explanatory and excessively self-defensive.
4. That its service is general and not specific, whereas specific service is the only sort which can possibly be of value to the average individual man.
5. That it is evasive and intentionally ambiguous.
6. That it offers no well-founded hope of improvement in local forecasting.

As to the expense of this service, we paid last year more than \$1,600,000 for it; more than any other nation in the world has ever thought of expending. Yet our bureau does not serve a greater population nor a wider range of interests and industries than are served in other civilized countries. Our institution is like other things American: It is bigger and costs more than anything of its kind in the world; also, like other things American, it is cursed with politics.

Most things American, however, are progressive. The serious and humiliating truth is that our weather bureau does not progress. Twenty years of costly experiment by the weather bureau have failed to develop one decided improvement in weather prediction. Yet in thirty-eight years the cost of the service has risen from \$15,000 to \$1,662,260 a year.—Everybody's Magazine.

## AFTER THE SINGER IS DEAD.

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them.  
Fair is the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them.  
Still they are caroled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings,  
And the maid remembers.  
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

## It Was to Be

Rosette laughed softly. "It's of no use, Aunt Louise. I'm going on the next boat. Jim has withheld the flag and it will be here in ten minutes."

"Do be careful about missing the train," cautioned Mrs. Oxley. "I shall worry if you are out late; remember your failings."

The young woman pouted. "I never can go anywhere without a peck of advice, just as though I was an infant. You haven't said what you wanted, Aunt Louise."

"What's the use," retorted Mrs. Pierce; "it's no more nor less than a can of that potted chicken at Lovell's. What do you say to that, young lady?" "Hm-hm!" murmured Rosette faintly. "I'll think about it, auntie. Good-bye."

As the boat splashed around the point Rosette looked dismally at the little red station planted upon the bare, sandy knoll like a danger signal. "It will be perfectly horrid in the city—hot and stupid—but Aunt Louise must be taught a lesson. I won't have her making any matches for me. Cassius Lanford, indeed! Well, I'll just make the best of it. I can run up to Clara's after I finish my errands. My, but there's a lot of them!" Rosette scanned the pages of her memorandum critically. "Might as well see Mme. Du Shane about that suit while I'm here. I'll jot that down, too."

It lacked an hour of luncheon time when Rosette sank exhausted on the nearest seat in madame's cool parlors. "How will I ever get through this afternoon!" she inwardly groaned. "I've a great mind to take the next train back, but then I'd be sure to see that creature! And if I should stop at any of the resorts the folks would find it out. No, I'll stay until the 5:10 if I—melt."

Rosette looked out of the window listlessly. Across the way two huge gray lions sunned themselves on either side of a wide-pillared portico. "There," Rosette started with renewed energy. "I'll go over to the gallery right after lunch and look at those etchings Miss Carew was speaking of yesterday."

A tall, finely-built young fellow was

bending interestedly over a collection. "He must be an artist," thought Rosette, covertly eyeing the strong, intellectual face. "No, he's too much of an athlete," she decided after further observation. "What a splendid physique—and such eyes! My, one would know he was the right sort just to look at him."

Suddenly the stranger looked at his watch and hurried away. Rosette's interest began to wane; she wandered through the rooms absent-mindedly. When a clock struck 5 she started in astonishment; the afternoon had actually slipped away without her realizing it.

A dull, rayless sky hung gloomily above the waters of the lake as a single passenger alighted at the little red station. The car lights feebly revealed the well-worn trail which zigzagged down the road and across a plot of turf, to where, in a narrow inlet, a small steamer was darkly outlined against a hedge of willows. Two lanterns at the sides glared like the fierce eyes of a watchful Cerberus.

Rosette peered beneath the awning. "Capt. Duggauld!"

"Ay, ay," responded a bluff, deep-voiced voice from the depths of the shadows, and the owner of the Water Sprite appeared—a thick-set personage



ROSETTE'S INTEREST BEGAN TO WANE.

with grizzled hair and beard and the rolling gait of a sailor.

"Will you take me across, captain?" Rosette put the question anxiously.

"Couldn't think of it, ma'am—jest one passenger. I'm lookin' for a ticklish night, but ye can't tell. Ef it was ol' Huron, now, I'd know just what to depend on; ef the signs wuz fer foul, w'y foul it 'ud be, but this 'ere's the most spiteful, capreeshus teacup-ful!"

"But I must get over some way!" Rosette started as though she had serious intentions of wading the distance.

"Ef it ain't that Oxley girl! W'y, I didn't know ye! An' your ma's worryin' most likely. Well, now, seein' it's you mebbe I might make it. There's a bowl of bread 'n' milk waitin' for me at the tavern, but I reckon it'll be there when I get back. All

aboard, lively, now!" And Capt. Duggauld with more gallantry than grace briskly whirled his passenger into the boat. Rosette tossed her hat on the seat and curled down in a little heap at the boat edge, her dimpled chin resting upon the palm of one small hand.

A grinding shock sent Rosette from her seat to the bottom of the boat with a heavy jar. There were muttered exclamations from Capt. Duggauld as, suddenly arrested in his course, the boat with one brief fluttering like a disabled bird gave a sidewise lurch and settled helplessly upon some obstruction underneath—the evident cause of the catastrophe.

"Quick upon the seat!" shouted the captain.

"Ef that ain't grit!" Capt. Duggauld was lost in admiration at Rosette's composure. "W'y most gels would a' fainted plumb dead or gone into hysterics. Land! I wish I could get her out o' this fix some way. It don't matter so much about this ol' critter," and the captain carefully scrutinized the horizon.

"Halloo! Halloo!" called a strong voice when within speaking distance. "What's the trouble?"

"Git her 'round 'other side," bawled the captain. "We're stuck on this confounded ol' stump."

Nearly drenched, Rosette was assisted into the rescuing boat and in a maze found herself facing her athlete of the afternoon.

"I had just reached the hotel when I heard your signal," he explained, his eyes fixed admiringly on Rosette. "W'y, if it ain't Mr. Lanford!" exclaimed the old man with enthusiasm. "We'd probably bin playing with the fishes 'bout this time ef ye hadn't steered us jest as ye did. Look there!" A flapping awning and a smokestack was all that was left of the once vigorous Water Sprite.

Rosette pushed back the muslin draperies of her window and bolstered her curly head upon a round, white arm. Through a breach in the darkness above a stream of light trailed across the lake and turned to silver the tossing whitecaps in its path. For one instant its rays fell upon a launch which shot across the shining track and then was lost in the darkness beyond.

"It was to be," murmured Rosette with conviction, as she watched a vagrant moonbeam that rested for one brief moment upon the snowy billow, and recalled Cassius Lanford's look as he bade her good-night. "Dear Aunt Louise"—the sound of steps below brought a sudden recollection—"she shall have that potted chicken to-morrow if I have to go after it myself."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Warning.

Mr. Monk—I see by the Jungle News that it's a scientific expedition, and that Teddy is only after specimens.

Mrs. Monk—Then look out for yourself, for everybody says you're the worst specimen of a husband in the neighborhood.

Some one has said: "What is more pitiful than a complaining woman who no longer complains?"

## OCEAN LINER IS WRECKED.

Slavonia Goes Ashore in Azores—410 Passengers Safely Taken Off.

The transatlantic steamer Slavonia of the Cunard line, bearing 110 saloon passengers and 300 steerage passengers, was stranded Friday off Flores island in the Azores group. The vessel is practically a wreck and it is thought that refloating will be impossible. The vessel was bound from New York to Naples and Genoa.

None of the passengers was lost in the wreck, however, owing to the quick work of rescue which was done by the liner Prinzess Irene of the North German Lloyd line and the Hamburg-American liner Batavia. These two vessels, summoned by wireless from the Slavonia, stood by and took off all of the passengers, the saloon guests being taken aboard the Prinzess Irene and the steerage passengers being taken off by the Batavia. The list of cabin passengers as given out by the Cunard line contains but few addresses, but the first class passengers are practically all Americans.

The weather conditions were not mentioned in the dispatches, but it is surmised that the sea was calm and that the stranding of the Slavonia was due to foggy weather. Flores island is the most westerly of the Azores group with dangerous and precipitous cliffs. The island is about 30 miles long and nine miles wide. It is thickly populated and has a hilly surface of which the highest point is an extinct crater. The inhabitants raise cattle and poultry and wheat for the Spanish markets.

The Slavonia was a sister ship of the Ultonia, Pannonia and Carpathia and one of the best liners in the Mediterranean trade. It was a steel twin screw of 10,600 tons gross and 510 feet long. It was valued at about \$750,000.

## PRESIDENT PENNA IS DEAD.

News of Brazilian Ruler's Demise Received in Washington.

President Penna of Brazil died at 7:30 o'clock Monday morning, according to a dispatch received at the State Department in Washington, D. C. from the American Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro.

Alfonso Penna was born in Santa Barbara, in the Brazilian State of Minas Geraes, May 30, 1847. He was graduated in 1865 from the Caracas College, where many of the prominent men of Brazil received their education. He was graduated from the law school of Sao Paulo in 1871. He affiliated himself with the Liberal party of Brazil and was elected to the provincial legislature in 1874, serving two years, and twice re-elected to fill the same office. His great talent and service in behalf of his party attracted the attention of leading politicians of his own party, and he was chosen as representative from the province of Minas to the National Assembly, where he remained until the fall of the empire in 1889. He was a member of the Assembly that passed the law freeing all slaves over 60 years of age, which was a prelude to the law of 1888 abolishing slavery. He became President of Brazil in November, 1906, and his term would have expired in 1910.

## GIRL SHOT BY THIEF SHE WED.

Marries Youth to Reform Him, Then Flees Because of His Cruelty.

"Now I've got you," shouted Andrew Deck, as he sprang from behind a door and fired three shots at his young wife in Cincinnati. One bullet passed through her chest and another penetrated her right arm. She was removed to the city hospital, where the doctors said her condition was critical. Deck is at large. Deck and his wife are each 20 years old. Deck had been a thief. Rose Shuck had known him since childhood. He was sent to the reformatory at Mansfield, Ohio, and she worked for his pardon, and two years ago secured it, and met him at the door of the reformatory and they were married. The case at the time attracted attention, as she married him to reform him. A few days ago the young wife, with her baby, fled from home on account of the husband's cruelty.

## CHINA BACKS DOWN ON BIG LOAN

American Protest at Being Barred from Participation Effective.

Acting on representations made by Henry P. Fletcher, charge d'affaires of the American legation in Peking, China has agreed not to ratify the foreign loan of \$27,500,000 from British, German and French bankers for the construction of the Hankow-Szechuen railroad. It is expected that this refusal, coupled with the representations made by the American ambassadors in London, Paris and Berlin, will result in arrangements being made in Europe for American participation in the loan.

## EATS GUNCOTTON TO DIE.

Doctors Fear to Operate on Girl Lest She Explode.

Helen Wells, a 20-year-old Omaha girl, attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of gun cotton. All day Sunday she rested on a heavy mattress with a double set of springs and tied in such manner that she could not move a muscle and was dosed with chemicals in an effort to dissolve the explosive. The girl had a quarrel with her sweetheart and was severely beaten. She was taken to the police station and in the surgeon's room grabbed a bottle and swallowed the contents, which proved to be gun cotton.

# TAFT ASKS 2 PER CENT. TAX ON CORPORATIONS

President, in Special Message, Recommends Levy Upon the Net Earnings.

## WOULD INVITE AID OF STATES.

Congress Advised to Seek Constitutional Amendment Allowing Assessment on Incomes.

Recommending legislation looking to the placing of a 2 per cent tax on the net income of corporations and also the adoption of an amendment to the constitution providing for the imposition of an income tax without an apportionment among the several states, President Taft Wednesday sent to Congress a message embodying his views on the subject. This action followed a protracted special meeting of the cabinet.

In his message the president speaks of the apparent inability of Congress to agree to an inheritance tax, and as regards an income tax, he refers to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Pollock vs. the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, in which the court held the tax to be unconstitutional unless apportioned according to population. "It is," says the president, "undoubtedly a power which the government ought to have. It might be indispensable to the nation's life in great crises."

The amendment, therefore, he declares, is the only proper course. Such an amendment to the constitution, he contended, was preferable to the one proposed of reviving a law judicially declared to be unconstitutional. The amendment which he proposes should be made to the tariff bill provides for the imposition upon all corporations and joint stock companies for profit, except national banks (otherwise taxed), savings banks and building and loan associations, of an excise tax of 2 per cent on the net income of the corporations. This, it is estimated by him, will bring an annual revenue of \$25,000,000. "This is a tax on privilege and not on property," he says, "and is within the federal power without apportionment according to population."

The president points out that another merit to the tax on corporations is the federal supervision, which will give to the government, the stockholders and the public knowledge of the real business transactions and the gains and profits of every corporation in the country. The adoption of the amendment, he says, will make a long step "toward that supervisory control of corporations which may prevent a further abuse of power."

## TWO IOWA MEN MURDERED.

Mike Maloney Confesses Crime at Kadoka, S. D.

Mike Maloney, who was arrested Friday evening at Cottonwood, S. D., by Marshal Wiltfang of Kadoka, has confessed having murdered W. D. Toney and J. Goodwin of Sioux City, whose bodies were found in a well on the McNally ranch Friday morning. Maloney said he killed one man with an ax and the other with a club, and the conditions of the skulls of the murdered men bear out this statement. Robbery was the motive for the crime. The prisoner will be taken to Fort Pierre and placed in the county jail.

Maloney registered at the hotel at Sioux City, May 23, as Mike McCann of Kansas City. He was in the employ of Toney and Goodwin, who were running a breaking outfit. The bodies of two men, J. Goodwin of Rock Valley, Iowa, and W. D. Toney of Sioux City, were found Saturday in a well on the McNally ranch, two miles north of Kadoka. Toney and Goodwin were running a breaking outfit on the McNally ranch. They were known to have had about \$900 in cash when they arrived, May 19. Ten days later Maloney came to town and said he had bought his employers out and taken them to Phillip the night before. He disposed of several of the horses and later left town with the rest of the breaking outfit. When the bodies were found Saturday the city marshal started in pursuit of Maloney and arrested him at Cottonwood.

## SON OF SIAMESE TWIN KILLED.

Jesse Bunker, Deaf-Mute, Is Slain by Lightning in His Barn.

Jesse Bunker, a deaf mute, youngest son of Chang, one of the famous Siamese twins, was killed by lightning in his tobacco barn in Surry County, N. C. He and his son and a workman took shelter in a barn during a rainstorm. Bunker's hat and shoes were torn to pieces, but the body was not bruised or mutilated. The son and workman were knocked senseless, remaining in this condition for an hour or more. Bunker was 45 years old and prosperous. He was intelligent and entertaining and enjoyed conversing with his friends through the medium of pencil and paper. The famous twins married Virginia women. The sons of the Siamese have all been well-to-do and prosperous men. The peculiar inheritance of deafness was an affliction that added an additional strangeness to the family.