

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."—Mrs. AUGUSTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided.
New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

In Venezuela there is a great demand for perfume, even among the men, while face powder is a necessity for the women on account of the climate.

\$21,000 estab. harness business for sale or trade for clear land. N. W. Harness & Saddlery Co., 214 Pearl, Sioux City, Ia.

Unfortunate New Yorkers.
In New York we have become so hardened to eating the strange products of the cold storage vaults that the fresh foods of our childhood would probably seem unpalatable. To the diner accustomed to the pale, tasteless chicken of our hotels and restaurants, a real full-blooded broiler, slain within the current year, would taste "strong" and obviously as servative. Similarly, a really fresh egg, neither iced nor partially hatched, might seem to our sophisticated palates to possess too many of the attributes of the ingenue.—New York Evening Sun.

TRAINED NURSE SPEAKS.

Has Found Doan's Kidney Pills Invaluable.

Mrs. Emeline Green, nurse, Osage, Iowa, says: "I have nursed many cases of terrible kidney disorders and have found Doan's Kidney Pills the best remedy for such troubles. In confinement when it is so necessary to have the kidneys in good condition, Doan's Kidney Pills are in a class alone. They are splendid for backache, dizziness, bloating, retention and other kidney and bladder troubles."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

After twenty years of experimenting an Edinburgh firm has brought out an essence of tea, which is said to preserve the qualities of the prepared leaf.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

The Vulnerable Point.
Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intentions in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right."

"Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the day after a "beach picnic." "We both got tired to death, you and I, but you say you've had just a little bit of indigestion, while I have this fearful blind headache."

"Well, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt, cheerily. "Of course when people are tired out, it goes straight to the weakest part of them; mine is my stomach, and everybody knows yours is your head, poor dear!"

Dr. Etwald approached, with what was meant for a smile on his usually somber face, and took off his hat to Miss Dallas. But he did not speak as he made his salutation, so the girl was forced, by reason of the first observation, to make the first observation.

"Good morning, doctor," she said, as he replaced his hat. "I suppose you have come to see my mother."

"Partly, Miss Dallas; and partly to see you; also this gentleman."

"To see me?" said Maurice, looking at his rival. "Then why did you not go to Ashantee?"

"I never give myself unnecessary trouble, and, of course, I knew that I should find you here."

"By what right do you say that?" demanded Maurice, sharply.

"By the right of our conversation last night, Mr. Aylmer. You have forestalled me, I see. No matter," added Etwald, with a sneer. "To-day to you; to-morrow to me."

All this was quite unintelligible to Isabella, who looked from one to the other of her companions, in bewilder-

The Wand of Sleep

OR

The Devil-Stick

By the Author of
"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

ment, not guessing, for the moment, that she was the bone of contention between them. She saw the suppressed mockery on Etwald's face, and noted also that Maurice, roused by the quiet insistence of the doctor, had much difficulty in keeping his temper. She proposed that they should go up to the house.

"What was the matter with my nurse, doctor?" she asked. "What have you been doing to her?"

"She was agitated, my dear young lady, and I have calmed that agitation."

"After having previously caused it," said Maurice, in a significant tone.

"What possible reason have you to make such an accusation?"

"I think it is my fault," said Isabella, hastily. "I remarked that Dido was always agitated when you came to this house."

"I can explain that in a measure, Miss Dallas. If you remember, I cured Dido of a bad nervous headache by hypnotic suggestion. Her mind, therefore, became habituated in responding to mind; and doubtless she feels a kind of impression which tells her that I am near."

"In other words," said Maurice, pointedly, "you have obtained an influence over her."

"It is not improbable," rejoined Etwald, in measured tones. "I am one of those people, Mr. Aylmer, who can, by strength of will and power of character, obtain power over anyone I wish."

As he spoke, Etwald cast a sudden glance at Isabella. The girl was looking towards the house, out of which her mother had just emerged, and did not see the menace in his regard; but Maurice noted the gaze, and felt enraged at all it implied.

In plain words, Etwald intimated, in a veiled manner, that Isabella was a nervous subject, over whom he could obtain influence, if he so chose, by means of hypnotism.

"You have been in the West Indies, doctor," asked Maurice, bluntly.

"I have been all over the world, Mr. Aylmer," parried Etwald, dexterously. "Do you know anything of Voodoo-worship?"

"I know something of most things," assented the doctor. "But I confess I take but little interest in African barbarities."

"Oh! what about Dido and her meeting you?"

"I have explained that to the best of my ability," responded Etwald, coldly. "And now, Mr. Etwald, as our hostess is approaching, you must excuse my replying to any further questions. If you want further insight into my character, call upon me at my home."

"That I shall certainly do," said Maurice, for he was resolved to learn all he could about this strange man, so that he could protect Isabella from his arts.

"Ah!" said the doctor, with irony. "We shall see if you will venture so far."

Before Maurice could take up the implied challenge, which threw doubts upon his moral courage, Mrs. Dallas advanced heavily to meet her visitors. Isabella had already fitted like a white butterfly into the drawing-room; and her mother received the two young men alone. Her reception was, as usual, ponderous and vague.

"So pleased to see you, Mr. Aylmer. Dr. Etwald, I am charmed. It is a delightful day, is it not? Reminds me of Barbadoes."

"I have never been in Barbadoes," said Maurice, towards whom her languid gaze was directed. "But Dr. Etwald may be able to answer your question, Mrs. Dallas."

"I know the West Indian Islands," observed Etwald, as they walked into the house, "and this day does remind me a little of the climate there; but it is scarcely hot enough."

"No," murmured Mrs. Dallas, sinking into a large chair. "You are right. I have been in the sun all the morning, and only now am I beginning to feel warm. I shall certainly go back to Barbadoes."

Mrs. Dallas had made this threat so many times that nobody paid any attention to it, and, not expecting an answer, she began to fan herself slowly. Through her half-closed eyes she looked anxiously at the subtle face of Etwald. With an instinct of a woman, she guessed that something important had brought the doctor to see her; he was not a man to waste his time on visits of ceremony.

to his purpose. "It will only give you pain."

"I must risk that," said the doctor, slowly. "Mrs. Dallas, I love your daughter, and I wish to marry her; Miss Isabella, will you be my wife?"

Here Maurice set down his cup with a crash, and strode across the room where he faced Etwald in no very pleasant frame of mind.

"I shall answer that question, Dr. Etwald!" he said, loudly. "Miss Dallas shall not and cannot carry you. She has promised to become my wife?"

"Isabella!" said Mrs. Dallas, in an aggrieved tone. "Is this true?"

"Perfectly true," assented Isabella. "I love Maurice. I wish to marry him." And slipping her arm within that of her lover, she prepared to face the storm.

"You are a disobedient girl," cried Mrs. Dallas, making no attempt to control her temper. "You shall not marry without my permission. Mr. Aylmer, I am astonished at you; I am disappointed in you. It is not the act of a gentleman to steal away the affections of my daughter, without informing me of your intentions."

"I had my reasons for not doing so, Mrs. Dallas," replied Maurice, quickly. "But I was about to tell you of our engagement when Dr. Etwald forestalled me by making his unexpected offer."

"Unexpected, Mr. Aylmer!" smiled Etwald. "After my statement last night?"

"Unexpected so far as time and place are concerned," said Maurice, firmly. "But as you have asked Miss Dallas to marry you, take your refusal from her own lips."

"I love Maurice. I intend to marry him," repeated Isabella.

"I must take my leave, and shall be content with that answer until such time as you are free; then," he added, coolly, "I shall ask you again."

"I shall never be free!" said Isabella, proudly.

"Oh, yes, you will; when Mr. Aylmer is dead!"

"Dead!" shrieked Mrs. Dallas, all her superstition roused by the word. "Come away from that man, Isabella!"

"Maurice! dead!" repeated the girl, with a pale cheek.

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Pooh! pooh! some nonsense that Dr. Etwald was talking about last night," he added, contemptuously. "He says if I marry, it will be a case of life in death, whatever that means."

Etwald rose to his feet, and stretched out a menacing hand.

"I have warned you, Aylmer," he said, sternly. "Your marriage, after our betrothal, means life in death. Take care! Ladies," he added, with a bow, "I take my departure."

Outside, Etwald found Dido waiting for him. He looked at her significantly.

"I have failed," he said. "There is nothing left but the devil-stick." (To be continued.)

SWINGING THE ARMS.

The Habit a Relic of the Time When Man Went on All Fours.

Sir Victor Horsley, lecturing before the Medical Society of London, explained our habit of swinging the arms when walking, which he stated was quite unnecessary, as a relic of the days when we walked on all fours. Then we had to use arms as well as legs. Although their use serves no purpose when walking upright, we still keep on moving all four limbs alternately or in progression. Sir Victor sets forth some new facts concerning the functions of the cerebellum, the mysterious and little understood hind part of the brain.

"Primarily the cerebellum must be regarded," said the lecturer, "as a sensory organ which has an important part in the correct performance of many of our automatic actions. Walking, standing and running are good examples of such actions, which cannot be accurately carried out without a normal, well balanced cerebellum. New-born animals cannot stand. They sprawl, and before they can stand, walk or run they must acquire this power. For conveniences in life this ability to stand must be secured without the animal having consciously to think what he is doing. The fully developed cerebellum supplies this power unconsciously."

In proof of this Sir Victor pointed out that the cerebellum of a full-grown cat showed fully developed cells and fibers, whereas in new-born kittens the brain in the cerebellar portion is not yet organized into active nerve tissues.—New York Times.

Turks and Animals.
In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness, and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muddy paws and sniffing muzzles.

Pooled His Doctor.
The late Rev. H. R. Hawels, who was equally notable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered from a dangerous hip disease when a boy of nine. The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was asked if a change of scene would benefit the afflicted youth, answered, "Take him anywhere—it does not matter."

Hawels lived to laugh at his doctor, and half a century later, after a life of exceptional industry, he was in vigorous health.

AN OBSCURE BENEFACTOR.

William Henry Dallinger Fitted to Rank With Great Scientists.

Many men receive extended obituary notice who deserve it far less than did a modest and unpretentious Methodist minister who died in England a few days ago. The name of William Henry Dallinger has not been greatly trumpeted about, but it was borne by a man who is entitled to be ranked among those scientists of the past generation who contributed materially and much toward the ascertainment of truth, and especially of that truth which is of greatest fascination and importance—the origin and nature of life, the New York Tribune says.

Dallinger became especially interested in this subject about forty years ago, when the old controversy over spontaneous generation was revived, with Bastian and Tyndall as opposing protagonists.

While he stood in the background his researches and observations were of inestimable advantage to Tyndall, and, indeed, to all scientists, both in the direct result of his laboratory work and also in the great impetus which he gave to the improvement of microscopic lenses. His painstaking investigations, which extended through many years, confirmed in the most convincing manner the conclusions of Pasteur and Tyndall that spontaneous generation was a myth and that all life must come from pre-existing life.

It was Pasteur's demonstration of that fact which inspired and enabled Lister to establish antiseptic surgery. From the reaffirmation of it by Tyndall and equally by Dallinger, has proceeded our whole system of antibacterial sanitation and therapeutics. And every triumph of mosquito netting over yellow fever and malaria, of the water boiler and filter over cholera and typhoid, and of the rat trap over bubonic plague proclaims the vast benefits to the human race which have accrued from the painstaking labors of these searchers after truth.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High est references. Best results

London is twelve miles broad one way and seventeen the other. Every year sees about twenty miles of new streets added to it.

Knee to Ankle a Mass of Humor.
"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is."

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if not worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial. After taking the Cuticura Remedies for a little while I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

Looks Down on Others.
Fuddy—Yes, that's Curtright over there. He's won several aviation prizes, and consequently holds his head pretty high.

Duddy—Considers himself one of the aerostocracy, eh?—Boston Transcript.

A Little Cold.
He caught a little cold— That was all. (Puck.)

Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You can buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Conditional.
The witness had sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"That is," he stipulated, "if that hood-nosed lawyer over there will let me do it."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 2c.

Objective Reform.
The defendant had been found guilty of habitually getting drunk and beating his wife.

"You'll not be guilty of indulging in the 'lick her' habit during the next two years, anyhow, you sorry specimen of manhood," said the judge. "Officer, remove the prisoner."

HAVE YOU A COUGH OR COLD?
If so, take at once Allen's Lung Balm, and watch results. Simple, safe, effective. All dealers. Post-Office prices—25c, 50c, and \$1.00 bottles.

His Own Method.
"Did you say you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons who do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"That's what I said," answered the Socialist orator, "and it got great applause."

"Yes. But don't you say it again. Remember, you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a restaurant."—Washington Star.

Prayer.
If you believe in prayer, don't pray to be delivered from your enemies; pray that you may never hear what your friends say about you behind your back.—Acheson Globe.

We have noticed that when we go hunting, people around the lake say: "It's too bad you were not here yesterday; ducks were thick yesterday."

He's a poor lawyer who mistakes the will for the deed.

And when a cigar is called a "weed" the reason is obvious.



A Mother's Love

wisely directed, will cause her to give to her little ones only the most wholesome and beneficial remedies and only when actually needed, and the well-informed mother uses only the pleasant and gentle laxative remedy—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—when a laxative is required, as it is wholly free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

75 "Guaranteed"