

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabatius, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabatius, Me.

Another Woman Helped. Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R. F. D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lawlessness.
"People are getting so they do as they please," said Mr. Sirrus Barker, gloomily.
"But see how we are progressing!"
"Yes. Look at these aeroplanes. We aren't satisfied with snapping our fingers at the revised statutes and police regulations. We haven't even any respect for the law of gravitation!"—Washington Star.

WORTH KNOWING.

Simple Remedy That Anyone Can Prepare at Home.
Most people are more or less subject to coughs and colds. A simple remedy that will break up a cold quickly and cure any cough that is curable is made by mixing two ounces of Glycerine, a half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whisky. You can get these in any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle. The mixture is highly recommended by the Leach Chemical Co. of Cincinnati, who prepare the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure for dispensing.

A Warning.
Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, the well-known editor and author, is an anti-suffragette. At the Colony Club in New York, arguing the question of woman suffrage, Miss Gilder said with a smile:

"But the suffragettes must stop abusing us. They must stop likening us to the Southern slaves who didn't want freedom. Or we—"

She paused.
"It is like a remark I heard at bridge," she said. "A good player, a general, growled and complained dreadfully about his partner's blunders. The partner took all that meekly, continuing to do his poor best. But suddenly the general roared:

"You played a spade! Of all the idiotic, imbecile—"

"Hold on. Don't go too far, general," said the other, warningly. "I can play ten times worse than this if I like, you know."

No Time for Little Boys.
An Edinburgh gentleman died the other day, and a small boy, open eyed and silent, watched while the coffin was placed in the hearse.

"Have you said your prayers, Willie?" said his mother, after tucking him into bed that night.

"No, mamma," said Willie.
"Well, say them now."

"I'm not going to say any prayers to-night," replied Willie, with the air of one who had fully made up his mind.

"But you must."
"No, not to-night," Willie persisted.
"Why not?" asked the mother in astonishment.

"It's no use," said Willie. "They will be so busy in heaven to-night unpacking Mr. Jones that they will have no time to listen to the prayers of little boys."—Edinburgh Dispatch.

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

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

CHAPTER X.
Great was the dismay throughout the country side when it became known that Maurice Aylmer had been murdered. There was hardly a person of consequence in the county who could not claim at least a bowing acquaintance with him. Moreover, Maurice was one of those men who are always popular, and much sympathy was manifested for his untimely death. Also the mysterious way in which he had come to his end, the absence of any known motive, and the knowledge that the deceased had no enemies—all these things combined to raise public curiosity to the highest pitch.

Crowds of people came from all parts of the county to view the scene of the crime, and, if possible, to gain a glimpse of Jen and David, who as relatives of the deceased were notorious for the time being; but thanks to the presence of the police and the vigilance of Jaggard, the morbid crowd of sightseers were unable to gratify their curiosity. The two men remained in seclusion, and saw no one save Dr. Etwald. A sympathetic message arrived from Mrs. Dallas, which, considering the way she had behaved towards Maurice, the Major regarded as a gratuitous insult.

"Can't she let the poor man rest in his grave?" said Jen, wrathfully. "It is all through her opposition to the match that this has come about!"
"Oh, you can't say that, Uncle Jen," remonstrated David.

"Yes, I can, sir. If Maurice had not been prevented from seeing Isabella, there would have been no necessity for him to call on Etwald; and if he had not done that, he would not have been on the high-road in the night to meet with his death. Mrs. Dallas and her infernal negroes are at the bottom of this whole accursed business."

Of course this was mere raving on the part of Jen, but the poor man was beside himself with grief at the loss of Maurice, and hardly knew what he was saying. Being in this frame of mind, he was by no means pleased when shortly after the delivery of Mrs. Dallas's message Dido made her appearance with a request for a personal interview.

"I shan't see that black witch," cried the poor Major. "David—Etwald, send her away."
"I wouldn't if I were you, Major!" said Etwald, judiciously; "she might be the bearer of valuable information, likely to lead to the detection of Aylmer's assassin."

David left the room and remained absent for some time. On his return he stated that Dido had come with a message from Isabella, and that she refused to deliver it to anyone save the Major. Seeing that the negroess was thus insistent, and wondering what Miss Dallas might want with him at so painful a time, Jen yielded, and Dido was admitted into the library. She looked taller, more massive, and more sullen than ever, and though she trembled at the sight of Dr. Etwald—who, by the way, kept his dark eyes studiously fixed on her—she was fairly composed when she addressed the Major.

"My lil missy want you, sar," said Dido, going straight to the point. "She weep! She ill! She make terrible bobbery, dat poo' girl. Massa come an' see my lil missy dis day!"
"I can't at present! The police are in the house; there is a lot to be attended to. Tell your mistress, Dido, that I'll see her to-morrow."

"She wants you to-day!" insisted Dido, obstinately.
"I have given you the message," said Jen, sharply. "Tell her I'll see her to-morrow. And now, Dido, I want to know what you have to do with this crime?"

"I massa! Ole Dido she do nuffin. Massa Maurice he die Voodoo! Oh, yes!"
"By that devil-stick poison?"
"Me don't know what debble-stick is! I no touch him!"

It was clearly impossible to learn anything from so obstinate a creature, so Jen repeated that he would call upon Isabella on the morrow, and dismissed the negroess. As she left the room Dr. Etwald followed her, and on his return mentioned casually that he had been giving Dido some instructions as to what was to be done with Isabella.

"The girl is nervously excited," he explained; "and now that she has sustained this shock of Mr. Aylmer's death there is no knowing what complications may ensue."
"You are a prophet of evil, Etwald! First, my poor Maurice, now Miss Dallas!"

"As to that," replied Etwald, with deliberation, "I foretell that Miss Dallas may get ill from perfectly natural signs. She was in love with Aylmer; she is of a highly excitable and nervous character, so it is easy to know that unless great care is exercised, her brain may be affected."
"But with regard to Maurice?"
"Quite a different thing. I read in his hand that he would be subject to a state of Life in Death."

"Which, as we guessed, meant paralysis or catlepsy," said David. "But, as you see, poor Maurice is dead. Your prophecy was false."
"It would seem so. Mr. Aylmer is dead, as you say; so the term Life in Death cannot be applied to his present state of non-existence. But you will admit that I foretold that evil would happen to him if he decided to marry Miss Dallas. It has turned out as I thought."

Jen's sense of the reasonable. Independent of the crowning horror of the missing corpse. At this juncture the much-needed aid came from without. David Sarby rushed into the room.

He was half-clothed, pale as the white dress of Isabella Dallas, and evidently, from the wild look in his eyes and quivering of his nether lip, badly scared. Stopping short a few paces from the door, he held up the lamp which he carried, to survey the astonishing scene before him. The sight of Jen tongue-tied and immovable, of Isabella weeping on her knees by the bedside, of the bed itself vacant of its dead occupant—all these things were calculated to shock even stronger nerves than those of David Sarby. Nevertheless, after a pause of sheer astonishment, he managed to stammer out a question.

"Did—did she cry out?" he asked, nodding towards the girl. "I heard a shriek."
His presence and question unlocked the Major's tongue.

"Yes," he replied, in a hesitating manner, as of one unused to speech. "She came to the library window ten minutes ago, having escaped from the custody of her mother and Dido. Quite hysterical, as you see, and bent upon seeing our poor dead lad. To pacify her I brought her here, but, as you see—"

"The body is gone!" cried David, hurrying towards the bed.
"Gone! gone!" moaned Isabella, rising. "Oh, my dear dead lover!"
"Jaggard!"

"There!" said Jen, pointing to the inanimate form of his old servant.
"We must alarm the house," cried Sarby, in a horrified tone, and thereupon walked swiftly towards the door. Before he could reach it the Major, having recovered his presence of mind, seized him by the arm.

"No, no!" said Jen, hastily. "Do not bring anyone here as yet. We must think of this poor girl, David. Take her home at once. When you are both out of the house I shall give the alarm. You understand; no one must know that Miss Dallas has been in my house at this hour."

"I quite agree with you," said David, simply, and turning to Isabella, he took her gently by the hand. "Come, Miss Dallas, this is no place for you."
"Maurice," muttered Isabella, looking piteously at him.

"Maurice is not here. Come, Miss Dallas; let me take you back to your mother."
"My mother is so cruel," said Isabella, in a low tone, "and I feel so ill," she continued, raising her hand to her loose hair. "Yes, yes; I must go home. But Maurice—my dear Maurice."

"I shall tell you all about it to-morrow," answered Jen, soothingly, and led her out of the room. "At the present moment you must go home with Mr. Sarby. David, there is a loose cloak of mine in the hall. Wrap it round her and come in the library. It is best that she should leave in the way she came."

David did as he was told, and snatched up his old ulster after wrapping up Isabella. In the library they found the Major reopening the shutters of the window, which he had closed on the girl's entry. When he flung them wide, a gust of wind blew inward, sprinkling him with moisture. "Rain," said Jen, drawing back. "All the better; there will be no spies about, and you can take Miss Dallas home without being observed."

Taking the girl by the hand, David led her towards the window. She was in a half-dazed condition, the result of the strong excitement which had impelled her to make this midnight visit, and her nerves being thus dulled, she surrendered herself passively to the guidance of David. Only at the window did she pause, and look steadfastly at the Major.

"You must find out what has become of my dear Maurice's body," she said, quietly.
"I promise you," replied Jen, with a look of stern determination in his face. (To be continued.)

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.

Not a Sure Thing.

"If your mother bought four bunches of grapes, the shopkeeper's price being ninepence a bunch, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of the class. "Ma's great at bargains!"—Tit-Bits.

Following Instructions.

Wealthy Guest—Have you a small room I may rent?
Hotel Clerk (sizing him up)—Why don't you take the three rooms up on the second floor, instead?
Wealthy Guest—Can't do that. My doctor told me to avoid suites.—St. Louis Star.

Sympathy.

Minister—I am astonished to see you. I heard you had been killed.
Parishioner—It was my brother who was killed.
Minister—What a pity! What an awful pity!

Demeanor Analyzed.

"Your chauffeur seems very respectful," said the guest.
"That air of deferential solicitude," replied Mr. Chuggins, "is not respect. It is sympathy."—Washington Star.

Naturally.

Medical Professor—What is the result, young gentlemen, when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can? Student—Why—er—he gets cold feet.—Cleveland Leader.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial 25 Cents Bottle of Dr. May's Epileptoids Cure.
It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory, Under Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1908. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free 25 Cents Bottle and give AGE and complete address.
DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Oldest Inns in England.

The Fighting Cocks Inn, on the river Ver, St. Albans, said to be "over 1,100 years old," claims to be the oldest inhabited house in the kingdom, but the Saracen's Head, Newark, memorable in the story of Jeanie Deans, can actually, it seems, show title deeds dating back to 1341. The oldest tavern bill extant is that of Richard de Insula, bishop of Durham, at the Angel Inn, Blyth, Notts, anno 1274. The item "In Coquina, 27s, 5½d," is somewhat excessive, taking the relative value of money into consideration.—London Athenaeum.

Beautiful Wall Coverings for Homes.

In line with the progress of all other things in these modern days is the beautiful, perfect and sanitary wall coverings for our homes.—Alabastine is the name of a rich soft and velvety preparation for the decoration of walls and ceilings. It adheres to the walls of its own adhesive qualities. It is inexpensive, clean, artistic and so easily put on that any one can follow the printed directions on every package. Any shade or tint is easily produced. Alabastine is proof against insects or disease germs so prevalent in wall paper. It does not rub off and flake like kalsomine. A complete color plan for the walls of the home and stencils to help make the home beautiful, together with a book about home decorations and samples of color effects will all be sent free by the Alabastine Company, 432 Grandville avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. The liberal offers of this company to home decorators in our advertising columns elsewhere in this paper deserve careful perusal.

Disasters.

Doctor—Have you been taking an occasional cold plunge, as I advised?
Dyspeptic Capitalist—Yes, I've been investing heavily in ice stocks—and I got nipped.—Chicago Tribune.

PUBLISHED EVERY WINTER

Famous Cough and Cold Prescription Has Cured Hundreds Here.

"Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle well each time. This is said to be the quickest cold and cough remedy known. It frequently cures the worst colds in twenty-four hours. But be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Don't use the weaker pine preparations. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house."

In the Rough.

A man mixed some strychnine with wheat, and fed it to the English sparrows. Said the cat: "What makes The birds taste so queer?" And there wasn't a dry eye in the igloo.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

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

Ancient Instance.

"Things are getting too hot for me!" gasped the phoenix, with its expiring breath. "Here's where I retire!"
Thus the historic bird set an example that mankind has been proverbially reluctant to follow.
It quit under fire.

Alot and Alow.

The traveler was taking his first view of Chicago.
"There are so many irregularities in your sky line," he said.
"Well, you'll hear the same thing about our tunnel lines," observed the native, with some hesitation.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE

SYRUP OF FIGS

AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY. 50¢ A BOTTLE

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

\$1200 Year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, position obtained for successful students; cost within reach; full satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, Dept. 10, London, Canada.
Write on E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Illustrations references. Best results.

