

**TIM DONNAN'S LUCK**  
By D. H. TALMADGE  
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There are people who scoff at the theory of luck, but Tim Donnan is not one of them.

Tim was a brakeman on the P. and T. railway six months ago, and a freight brakeman at that, with a pretty slim prospect ahead of him. He despaired whenever he thought of a certain girl who was so practical that she refused to marry him until his salary was adequate for an establishment. The fact that she called it an "establishment" showed plainly that her emotions were under control of her intellect. A sentimental, impulsive creature who loved a man as this girl loved Tim would have called it a little home.

Tim isn't a brakeman on the P. and T. now. He is a conductor on the F. and L. and he and the girl have their "establishment" and are deliciously happy.

Luck did it, Tim says, and he proves it by telling the story.

"Mebby you know and mebbly you don't," he begins in a subtle brogue. "that the windows of heaven were opened over a small spot in the northern part of Missouri one night last June. Mebbly, again, you know and mebbly you don't that the P. and T. road runs parallel with the F. and L. for about six miles after leavin' St. James. They cross the Blue River each on its own nice little bridge within two miles of each other, the P. and T. bridge bein' up stream from the bridge of the F. and L.

"'Twas lucky for me they fixed it so. I was sittin' on the back platform of the caboose the night when the cloud busted. My work was finished for the minute, and I was restin' and nursin' a bad fit of melancholy. My hopes were blacker than the night just then, and the night was blacker than the inside of a brunette cat. I saw nothin' to look forward to, and that's a worse state to be in than Arkansaw. I was sayin' to myself that I believed I'd commit suicide and end the agony when all of a quick sudden the train stopped.

"Mebby you never experienced the sensation of bein' on a freight train



**BRUSHED ME OFF WITH ITS BRANCHES.** When it stops suddenly. 'Tis like a ton of coal droppin' into a man's throat.

"For a minute I forgot my troubles. I grabbed my lantern and went up ahead to see what was wrong. 'Twas easy to see. By the gleamin' of the headlight on the engine I saw a roarin', howlin' flood of water. Blue river was full and runnin' over—way over. The track on the bridge was all but covered. 'Shall we try it or not?' says the engineer to the conductor. 'Wait till we look at the bridge,' says the conductor. 'Come, Donnan, we'll go and see if 'tis safe.' And we went.

"'Twas a fool thing to do what I did then, but I was in a desperate mood, and the rushin' of the flood affected my brain, 'I'm thinkin'.' I told the conductor I'd go across and take a peep at the anchorage on the other side. And I started, the conductor offering no objections visible to the naked eye, and got half way across mebbly when—biff!—a tree that made ordinary sawlogs look like matches struck the bridge and brushed me off with its branches as easy as a whisk-broom disposes of a crumb.

"Arr-rab, the swim that followed! 'I don't know the words that describe it. But luck was with me. I got my hands on to a regular Pullman of a railroad tie, and I clung to it as the Ivy clings to the molderin' wall. 'Twas nothin' resemblin' suicide the way I stuck to that tie. And every once or twice in a while a chicken coop or a woodshed or a cord of wood bumped into me, knockin' out prayers like sparks from an anvil.

"'Tis my humble opinion that the current was runnin' at a rate of 410 miles to the hour. Mebbly 'twas more, and mebbly 'twas less. I didn't stop to measure it. Anyway, 'twas but a short time till I brought up against the F. and L. bridge with such force that six of my teeth took refuge in my stomach and a constellation of stars danced before my eyes, furnishin' sufficient light to enable me to crawl on to the bridge.

"The bridge was about ready to break loose. I crawled off of it rapidly. I'd had all the trip by water that

I wanted. I crawled off at the first end I come to, and that was luck again.

"There was a station a ways up the track, and after I'd found my land legs again I hustled along till I got to it.

"The night operator was surprised to see me. 'Bein' a young chap, he reached nervously for his gun.

"'Put it away,' says I to him, 'put it away, Willy, and get a wringer.'

"'Heavens!' says he. 'Is it rainin' again? You're soppin' wet.'

"'Am I?' says I. 'Sure 'tis the true nose for news you've got. You should be in newspaper work. But tell me,' says I, 'how soon the train's due.' I knew a train was about due, else he'd been snoozin'.

"'The flier goin' south,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'will be along in three minutes.'

"'Does she stop at this station?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Then,' says I, 'you'd better get out your red lamp, for the bridge is all but gone.' And he did it.

"With the flier came more luck for me. The general manager's car was on and the general manager himself, artistically arrayed in a suit of pink palamas, was up and rubberin' around almost before I'd told the conductor about the bridge. 'Tis the way of general managers. They're mostly built so.

"He looked me over with his sharp eyes, all the time spittin' out questions as a rapid fire gun spits lead, and I answered him as intelligently as was possible without my teeth. He seemed impressed. 'You'd better go and get dry. I'll look you up and remember you,' says he. 'Thank you, sir,' says I.

"'Twas about a week after that I got an invitation to the general offices of the F. and L. at St. Jim. The doctor said I might go if I'd be careful. Another touch of pneumonia, he said, might prove disastrous. So I went, and they didn't do a thing after I got there but put me through an examination and give me one of the best runs of their system, though why they did it I'll be blessed if I can understand.

"'Luck? Well, say!'

**A Matter of Gloves.**

"Did you never notice how much better men's gloves look than women's?" said the man. "Go into any public conveyance and look at the gloves of the passengers and you will be impressed by the superior condition of those worn by men. Two-thirds of the women you meet cover their hands with snedds and dogskins that are shockingly soiled and worn. It is not only women of generally shabby appearance who are guilty of wornout finger tips and ragged seams; many who are otherwise well groomed and who could afford to put on a fresh pair of gloves every day are equally culpable. Men would be ashamed to go on the street wearing such disreputable things, but women flaunt them unblushingly."

"That sweeping condemnation is unfair," protested the woman. "The condition is easily explained. Women wear their gloves much more than men, and besides it is awfully destructive to finger tips to dig around in purses for change and samples and to handle candy, to turn over books and to examine dry goods."

"Now you have jumped the subject," said the man. "I am not talking about cause. I am talking about effect. The majority of men certainly do wear better gloves than the majority of women. You cannot deny that."

"That is true," the woman admitted. "I cannot deny it; they can better afford it also."—Philadelphia Times.

**Pride Had a Fall.**

"Yes, it is a pretty good cigar," said Brown, as he held it up and looked at it critically. "Jones bought it, but if he thinks he bought my silence with it he is mistaken, as the story is too good to keep. Jones, as you know, considers himself a great ladies' man, although he is old enough to know better. I was walking with him this afternoon, and he could talk of nothing but his 'latest.' Suddenly he exclaimed:

"'By Jove! There she is now, across the street. Isn't she a peach?'

"'Off came his hat with a flourish, exposing his bald pate, and an idiotic grin spread over his features.

"'Much to my surprise, for she did not look like a girl who would indulge in a street flirtation, she waved her hand, hesitated a moment and then started to cross the street where we were.

"'They can't resist me,' said the beaming Jones. 'Excuse me, old man; see you later; ta, ta!'

"'Hat in hand and grinning like a monkey, Jones approached the young lady, who suddenly stopped, looked startled for a moment and then gasped:

"'Goodness! I mistook you for my grandfather!'"—Detroit Free Press.

**The Cue Could Wait.**

An American traveler in China, making his way out of the province of Shensi over the mountains, after five days of rough riding overtook his servant, who had been sent on ahead with the baggage. He reports the conversation which followed:

As a soldier half lifted me from the saddle Wang, the servant, handed me my razors. "For five days," he said, "the beard of my master is growing. I think maybe he like to cut it off."

I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, but I added, "You are in a great deal worse shape than I am. You needn't trouble about me. Have your cue braided, and then lie down on your pooka and take a nap."

He smiled with the faraway, rather sad smile of his race. "It would not be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting. The cue is Chinese. It can wait patiently. But the beard is European. It cannot wait. It must go quickly."

**THE WATCHMAN'S STORY**

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

I had been the night watchman at Parker's bank for three years when my adventure happened. A burglar alarm connected with doors and windows and a special wire ran from the bank to the police station. I was required to send in a signal over this wire every thirty minutes. The code of signals ran thus: One push on the button, "All is well;" two pushes, "I am ill;" three pushes, "Help is wanted at once."

One winter's night, between calls, I fell asleep and was awakened by a hand clutching my throat. I started up to find three men hovering over me and realized that burglars had come at last. The first thing one of them did was to send in the "All is well" call, and I was then tied fast to my chair, and the trio began work on the doors of the vault. It was done for in about ten minutes.

Then they began work on the inner doors. They used what is called a blacksmith's drill. All of them seemed familiar with its working, and they had brought along no less than six different drills for the machine. Work was begun just under the lock, the men spelling each other at intervals of ten minutes. When the 2 o'clock signal was sent in, they had made a very slight impression on the hard metal, but at 2:30 the signs were more encouraging.

At 3 o'clock the trio were delighted with the progress of the work. At 3:30 they ceased drilling, blew a lot of powder into the hole and inserted a fuse, and pretty soon there was an explosion which tore a great piece out of the door, but did not burst it open.

They did not use the drill again on the door, but on a closer examination decided to blow it open. At 4:30 all was ready. While the leader placed the fuse the other two picked up my chair to carry me into the president's room. All were to remain there until the explosion was over. Just what happened to bring about the premature explosion could never be learned, but the probabilities are that in his haste the man cut the fuse too short. He was still kneeling at the door and the three of us had our backs to it and were about eight feet away when the mine was sprung. The jar of the explosion was felt two blocks away.

I cannot remember that I heard the explosion. I simply remember being lifted up and hurled forward. The next thing I knew I was sitting up with a hand over each ear, and the room was in a midnight darkness. I felt so stupid and dazed that it was many minutes before I could place myself. The gag was out of my mouth, and the ropes with which I had been bound to the chair were hanging loosely on my arms and legs. When I began to feel around to see where I was, I discovered that I was close to the wire gate by which all employees entered the bank inclosure. The door of the vault was almost on a line with this gate, but sixty feet away. Between the gate and the vault were the compartments of bookkeeper, paying teller, receiving teller and discount clerk, each railed off with wood or wire.

You can judge of the strength of that blast when I tell you that everything in that sixty feet was leveled, the small safe blown over and the counters twisted like a rail fence. As soon as I realized the situation I groped for a match and lighted a gas jet, though the room was so full of powder smoke that it was some time before I could see a foot from my nose. When the smoke lifted so that I could get about, I lighted more gas and then looked for the burglars.

One of them lay in a heap against the front door, a second under the counter near where I had picked myself up, and the third I could not find, though I knew he must be under the vault door, which had been blown off and lay on the floor. The man at the front door was stone dead. The doctors said that his body must have swept down all the railings and partitions as he was hurled forward. The man under the counter began to show signs of life as I overhauled him, and, thinking he might prove troublesome, I tied his hand and foot. You will wonder that I was not severely hurt, but that was the chance of accident. The chair was completely wrecked, but I got off with three or four painful bruises.

The man under the counter had his nose broken, two ribs fractured and received a bad scalp wound, but he had no sooner recovered consciousness than he began to struggle and curse. When I told him that both his partners were dead, he was awed to silence for awhile. Then he began cursing again, and I stepped over to the police wire and sent in the signal "Help wanted at once."

It had never been sent in before, nor have the words gone over that wire since. In five minutes there were four bluecoats knocking at the door, and when I let them in my prisoner greeted them with jeers and curses and swore he would get even with me if it took 100 years.

The leader, as I told you, was kneeling at the door when the explosion occurred. We found him under it, crushed and burned and bearing little semblance to a human being. The one who escaped with his life was sent up for twelve years, and thus the trio were wiped out.

I have an old scrapbook in which are pasted various newspaper articles in my praise, but it's not much consolation to read them. The bank officials knew I must have been asleep on duty, and instead of patting me on the back and raising my wages they waited about a month and then gave me the grand bounce.

M. QUAD.

**COLOR IGNORANCE.**

It is a Matter Wholly Apart From Color Blindness.

Color blindness was the topic under discussion. "They tell me I'm color blind," said the lawyer, "but I don't believe it. Often, I admit, I make mistakes in colors. I say that pink is red, I say that green is blue. But it is only the names of the colors I am off in. I am not, I insist, color blind." The oculist who was in the party nodded approval.

"Exactly," he said. "These diagnosticians of yours mistake your case. They take color ignorance for color blindness. Here they are as wrong as though they should say music ignorance was music blindness—as though, I mean, because you could not tell that a certain struck note was 'E flat,' you were dead to all musical gradations. Some years ago, when the examination in colors of railroad men was inaugurated, a howl went up over the amazing amount of color blindness in America, and many a good man lost his job unjustly. These men had been off in the names of colors, not in the colors themselves. They could in a day or two have been taught what they lacked. Many of them, it is likely, were not color blind. I say this because recently I heard of an examination of 800 railroad men that was conducted in the proper way on an English line. About seventy of these men were a little off regarding color nomenclature, but not a single one of them was color blind."—Philadelphia Record.

**Oriental Squatters.**

Most artists depicting the east show men sitting crosslegged, tailor fashion. Easterners don't sit like that. Usually they stick their calves beneath them, sit on their heels and with the soles of the feet pointed upward, a painful posture for an occidental. The Hindoo usually rests on his haunches, with his knees pyramid style and his chin on their level. Try that attitude ten minutes and see how you like it.

Traveling eastward, as soon as you touch Turkey you reach a district where sitting on the floor is the custom. You may then journey on for thousands of miles, also north and south, and the millions in that region are all floor squatters. When you arrive in China, however, then you are among other millions who sit on chairs. Go over to Japan, and then you get among squatters again. The question is, Why should the Chinese, among all the nations of the east, use chairs?

**How Romans Took Their Food.**

The Romans reclined at their banquets on couches, all supporting themselves on one elbow and eating with their fingers from dishes placed in the center of the table. Each was supplied with a napkin, and knives were used, though it does not appear that every one was supplied with one. Nothing, it would seem, could be more fatiguing than to partake of a repast in such an awkward posture or less conducive to neatness, it being almost impossible to keep the hands clean even with water supplied by the slaves or to prevent the food and wine from falling on the clothing and the draperies of the couch. This manner of eating disappeared during the dark ages so far as the couch was concerned, but the peculiarity of taking the food with fingers from a common dish continued afterward for more than 1,000 years.

**The Mind During Sleep.**

"During sleep," says an authority on mental subjects, "the workings of the mind are under no control, and yet it seems to have a wonderful faculty of building up and arranging scenes and incidents. I remember once having a vivid dream of going into a house the furniture and inmates of which belonged to the middle ages. So clear was the dream that I had no difficulty in recalling it, and then as I went over each detail of dress, armor, jewelry, ornaments and other objects seen in my vision I realized that everything I had beheld was historically accurate—that is to say, that probably in a fraction of a second my mind had conjured up a scene to construct which, with the same faithfulness to detail, while awake would have taken me several hours."

**Marvelous Memories.**

Among men noted for wonderful memories were Milton, who was said to be able to repeat Homer; Professor Lawson, who boasted that he could repeat the whole of the Bible, except a few verses; Lord Macaulay, who made the same boast about "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost;" Dr. Lerdner, a friend of Sir Walter Scott, who could repeat an act of parliament on hearing it read but once, and a London reporter, who took no notes, but could write out an unexpected debate verbatim. Henry Clay could not memorize a single stanza of a poem, but never forgot a name, a face or an argument.

**A Training Table.**

"Friend of mine today," said Mr. Kilder, "was talking of coming here to board."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Starvem, "you were pleased to recommend our table and?"

"Sure! Told him it was just the thing for him. He's a pugilist and wants to increase his reach."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**No Small Matter.**

Mrs. Casey-Shure, an' when we moved it tuk 'ree furn'ture wagons. Mrs. Clancy—Hub! It tuk 'ree deputy sheriffs to move us.—Kansas City Independent.

**She's Right.**

She—I'm right because I'm right. He—How do you know? She—I'm right because I'm right. I don't need to know.—Pittsburg Gazette.

**MALARIA**

**Germ Infected Air.**

Malaria is not confined exclusively to the swamps and marshy regions of the country, but wherever there is bad air this insidious foe to health is found. Poisonous vapors and gases from sewers, and the musty air of damp cellars are laden with the germs of this miserable disease, which are breathed into the lungs and taken up by the blood and transmitted to every part of the body. Then you begin to feel out of sorts without ever suspecting the cause. No energy or appetite, dull headaches, sleepy and tired and completely fagged out from the slightest exertion, are some of the deplorable effects of this enfeebling malady. As the disease progresses and the blood becomes more deeply poisoned, boils and abscesses and dark or yellow spots appear upon the skin. When the poison is left to ferment and the microbes and germs to multiply in the blood, Liver and Kidney troubles and other serious complications often arise. As Malaria begins and develops in the blood, the treatment to be effective must begin there too. S. S. S. destroys the germs and poisons and purifies the polluted blood, and under its tonic effect the debilitated constitution rapidly recuperates and the system is soon clear of all signs of this depressing disease.

S. S. S. is a guaranteed purely vegetable remedy, mild, pleasant and harmless. Write us if you want medical advice or any special information about your case. This will cost you nothing.

**THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**



**In a Moor's Wooling House.**

Among the Moors sometimes in the where matoro (the wooling house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled for play, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting. When the fires burned low, a girl would stand up in the dark and say: "I love So-and-so. I want him for my husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "Yea," it was well; if only dead silence, she covered her head with her robe and was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say, "I want So-and-so for my son." If not acceptable, there was generally mocking, and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooling house) to themselves.

**A Russian Banknote.**

The 100 ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center in bold relief stands a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks.

**Belated Kindness.**

Mr. Smith (in street car)—Madam, take my seat.

Mrs. Jones (who has been standing fifteen minutes)—No, thanks. I get off at the next corner.

Mr. Smith—That's all right. So do I.—Chicago Journal.

**No Use at All.**

He (who has offended her)—Won't you look up at me?

She—If I did, you'd kiss me again.

He—No; honest, I won't.

She—Then what's the use?—Life.

**A Reminder.**

Dearborn—What have you got that string tied about your finger for?

Wabash—Oh, I've been getting married, and my wife doesn't want me to forget it.—Boston Herald.

**Revolution Imminent.**

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome cause. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by Asa K. Leonard, druggist.

**His Last Hope Realized.**

From the Sentinel, Gebo., Montana: In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad water, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That little one bottle worked a complete cure, and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets** are just what you need when you have no appetite, feel dull after eating and wake up with a bad taste in your mouth. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and give you a relish for your food. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

Does your back ache? Don't delay. Get a box of **Kidney-ettes**—the most wonderful remedy for all kidney troubles—and they will make you right. Price 25 cents. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Fight Will Be Bitter.**

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. B. Beall of Beall, Miss., has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after every

thing else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her. Guaranteed by Asa K. Leonard, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

**Larking on Street Corners**

and in the cars are vagabond currents of air whose cold touch sets the fiends of neuralgia and rheumatism at their work of torment. Modern magic in the form of Perry Davis' Painkiller, conquers the ills and restores peace of mind with comfort of body. You will save yourself many a day of misery by keeping this good old remedy in the house. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

**A Costly Mistake.**

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for dyspepsia, dizziness, headache, liver or bowel troubles. They are gentle yet powerful. 25c. at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

**Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.**

Daniel Bante of Otterville, Ia., writes: "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." A. H. Kiesau.

**Merely a Reminder.**

Bear in mind that Perry Davis' Painkiller is just as good for internal as for external troubles. It will stop the agonizing cramps in the bowels which follow exposure to cold and wet when taken internally, and will cure strains, sprains and bruises when applied externally. It should be administered in warm water, slightly sweetened. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.

**While Wise Doctors**

are studying the bacillus of consumption, thoughtful laymen realize that a bad cold accompanied by coughing, sore throat and tightness across the chest is too serious a matter for delay or experiment. They also realize that Allen's Lung Balsam cures a common cold in a day or two. Obstinate cases take more time, of course.

**A Frightened Horse.**

running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable safe handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles, disappear under its soothing effect. 25c. at Asa K. Leonard's drug store.

Do you feel run down? Does your system need help? Man-Er-Vine tablets will bring back the glow of youth and vigor. Food for the brain, blood and nerves. Try them. For sale by Kiesau Drug Co.

**Constipation**

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for Whiskers. 50c. of Druggists, or R. H. Hall & Co., Newark, N. J.

**GAR-GOL**

An absolute specific and anti-septic preparation for all kinds of **SORE THROAT.** SIMPLY A GARGLE. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. A sure cure for Hoarseness, Tonsillitis, Quinsy, Inflammation, Ulcerated and Catarrhal Sore Throat. A preventive of Croup, Whooping Cough and Diphtheria. **FOR RAPID HEALING SOOTHING** Endorsed by the Most Eminent Throat Specialists in the country. Should be kept in every home. Price 25 Cents. Berg Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

**Laxative Bromo Quinine**

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

**E. H. Brown** on every box, 25c

**Many School Children are Sickly.**

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Move and regulate the Bowels, and Destroy Worms. Mrs. Emily Maroon, Meriden, Ct., says: "It is the best medicine in the world for children when feverish and complaining." Sold by all druggists or by mail, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Quinset, Lark, N. Y.