BREAKS THE RECORD

A TWENTIETH CENTURY FLYER IN THE MEDICAL FIELD.

Rheumatism Rapidly and Radically Cured. Quick Work of a Famous Remedy.

Convenience, comfort, safety, speed are demanded by the traveling public in our rapid century and the keenest intellects constantly at work on these problems are making wonderful progress in the construction of the steamship and the locomotive. Like results are sought in medicines and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are astonishing the world by the triumphs they are winning in the rapid cure of obstinate maladies, such as rheumatism. With speed they combine convenience, perfect safety and cheapness.

Here is fresh proof of their concentrated virtues: Mrs. Margaret Gantz, of No. 1527 Bodeman street, Burlington, Iowa, is an industrious German woman, who about two and a half years ago found herself in danger of losing her power to work altogether. She says: "I got rheumatism which made my knees and elbows very stiff and painful. I had difficulty in raising my arms and I could hardly lift my feet over my doorstep. I ought to have gone to bed, but I could n't afford to do that, so I forced myself to work in spite of the pain and stiffness. After suffering for about six months, I was told about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by a friend, who said she had been cured by them. On her advice, I bought one box and in two weeks after I began to use them I was well and I have had no need to use them now for nearly two years. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a good medicine and if I ever have rheumatism again I will get a box right away. I have told many friends what they did for me and I am glad to have everybody know."

This is valuable news to all who suffer from rheumatism. These pills have also cured stubborn cases of locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart and all forms of weakness in male or female.

They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., on receipt of the price, fifty cents per box; six boxes for two dollars and a half. Look for the full name on every box.

Broad-Minded Scotch Sectarian.

A Scotch gamekeeper, a great light in one of the kirks, was asked the difference between the Free and the United Free churches. "Give me the actual difference in a simple form," the inquirer requested after a long lecture from the gamekeeper. "Well, sir," said John, "if you want it plainly it is this: We'll all be saved and they'll all be damned."

GUARANTEED MINING INVESTMENTS.

We are the largest mine operators in the west and cordially invite you to write for prospectus and full particulars about OUR NINE ASSOCIATED COMPANIES, which have joined in forming our INVESTORS' GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION, with $5,000,000 capital, TO GUARANTEE ALL OF OUR INVESTORS AGAINST LOSS. Write for free information and be convinced.

ARBUCKLE-GOODE COMMISSION COMPANY,
325 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Why "Matrons of Honor."

"Matrons of honor" seem like an innovation, but, as a matter of fact a "matron" in Anglo-Saxon times, led the bride, who was followed by her bridesmaids and preceded by her musicians. The bride's coming in on her father's arm—a custom of later days—did away with the matron's services; but the old custom establishes a precedent for having a married woman in the party.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Little Use in Worrying.

Learn to take things as they are marked on the calendar of your life. Remember it is not tomorrow that you will live, but it is today that you are living. The affairs of yesterday are as dead as Julius Caesar, the affairs of tomorrow are mysteries which only tomorrow will unfold. Next week will be very much like this one, so let us not anticipate too much.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs. while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

Every star above shines by itself; and each individual heart of ours goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires, and quivering with its own pain—Thackeray.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar. Made by hand of ripe, thoroughly cured tobacco, which insures a rich, satisfying smoke. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

When we read of a man "achieving" success we think how much smarter is the man who buys a black ground farm than he who buys a sandy one because it is cheap.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

He that does good to another does good also to himself, not only in the consequences, but in the very act; for the consciousness of well doing is, in itself, ample reward.—Seneca.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;" but the danger is not in the learning, but in the littleness. Get more! Get more! So only can you be safe.—Phillips Brooks.

An actress may not be an angel herself, but she doesn't object to have one hovering around at times.

The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Liefthe Lucky.

Copyright, 1903, by A. C. McCLURG & CO.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He did not release them immediately but tightened his grasp as his eyes, grown suddenly keen, searched her face. His voice dropped low. "Randalin, it is very unlikely that Elfgiva's scratches have brought you to this. Do you stand in need of reminding that any man who has angered you has angered me? That my sword lies under your hand?"

Her face seemed to have become glass before him, through which he looked into the innermost chambers of her mind. Terror-stricken, she snatched he hands away to cover it. "No, no!" she cried wildly. "I am angry with no one. I have found fault with no one. Draw no sword for me—only let me go!"

Again he turned from her and stood looking out at the clouds; but when at last he spoke, his voice was the gentlest she had ever heard it. "You are wise in this, as in other things, Frode's daughter," he said, "and you shall certainly have your way. Soldiers I can trust shall go with you, in case there be danger from Norman's people and for women—"

She spoke up eagerly, "There is an old nun at Saint Mildred's, King, who loves me. I think she would come to me until others could be found."

"Go then," he granted. "Thorkel shall see to it that men and horses are ready when you are." He held out his hand, but when she took it in both of hers and would have saluted it reverently, he would not let her but instead raised her finger to his lips. An odd note was in his voice. "Heavy is it for my tongue to say farewell to you, Frode's daughter," he said, "for your friendship has surpassed most other things in pleasantness to me."

Frank liking mingled with gratitude and reverence as she looked up at him. "I have got great kindness and favor from you, King Canute; I pray that you will be very happy with your Queen."

Perhaps her gaze was not quite clear as she crossed the room, for she did not see that the door-curtains were moving until she was close upon them, when they were thrust apart to admit the form of Rothgar Lodbroksson. Stifling a gasp, she shrank behind a tall chair.

He did not see her, however, for his eyes were fastened upon the King, who had turned back to the window. He had cast aside the splendor of the royal guards, wearing over his steel shirt a kirtle of blue that made his florid face seem redder and gave to his fiery hair a hotter glow. Two sentinels carrying shining pikes had followed him in, uncertainly, and new one plucked at his arm. But the Jotun shook him off to stride forward, clanking his heels with intentional noisiness upon the stone floor.

"On your head it shall be to break the blood-oath."

At the clatter the King looked around, and the tone in which he spoke his friend's name had in it more of passion than all the lover's phrases he had ever paid Elfgiva's ears. At the same time, he made a sharp sign to the two sentinels. "Get back to your posts," he said.

In a moment the doors beyond the curtain had closed behind them, and the two men were alone save for the girl hiding forgotten in the shadow of the chair.

Rothgar laughed jarringly. "Whatever has been told about you, you have not yet been accounted a coward. But I do not see how you know I shall not kill you. I have dreamed of it not a few times."

Something like a veil seemed to fall over the King's face; from behind it he spoke slowly as he moved away to the dais upon which his throne-chair stood, and mounted the steps. "The same dream has come to me, but never has it occurred to me to seek you out to tell you of it."

"No such purpose had I," the Jotun said with a touch of surliness. Pulling a bag from under his belt, he shook out of it upon the floor a mane of matted yellow hair. "If you want to know my errand, it is to bring you this. Yesterday it came to my ears that one of my men was suspected of having tried to give you poison through your wife's British thrall. I got them before me and questioned them, and the Scar-Cheek boasted of having done it. This is his hair. If you remember anything about the fellow, you understand that he was not alive when I took it from him."

The King looked immovably at the yellow mass. "You have behaved in a chieftain-like way and I thank you for it," he said. "But I would have liked it better if you had come to me about the judgment that raised this wall between us—"

Rothgar's throat gave out a savage sound. "Tempt me not! I am no sluggish wolf. I tell you, now as heretofore, that it was your treachery which unsheathed a sword between us."

"Rothgar my brother—" the veil was rent from the King's face and he had stepped from the dais and seized the other by the shoulders as though he would wrestle bodily with him—"by the Holy Ring, I swear that I have never betrayed you! If you grudge not the land to the Englishman, you have no cause to grudge him anything under Ymer's skull. Can you not understand—"

But Rothgar's hand had fallen upon the other's breast and pushed him backward so that he was forced to catch at the chair-arm to save himself from falling. "You undertake too steep a climb when you try to make me believe in your love while before my eyes you give to the man I hate my lands and the woman you had promised me and my place above your men—" His rage choked him so that he was obliged to break off and stand drawing his sword from his sheath and slamming it back with a sharp sound. His voice came back in a hoarse roar. "When I reckon up the debt against you, I know that the only thing to wipe it out would be your life. Not taking poison nor underhandedly, but torn out of your deceitful body as we stand face to face. If I could do that it might be that my anger would be quenched." Again he drew his blade out—and this time he did not shove it back. His huge body seemed to draw itself together, crouching, as he leaned forward. "Why do you stand there looking as if you were Odin? Do you think to blunt my weapon with your eyes? Why do you tempt me?"

The King had not moved away from the chair against which he had staggered, and the prints of his nails were on its arm. He was as though he had hardened to stone. "To show you that I am stronger than you, though I face you with bare hands," he said. "To show you that you dare not kill me."

"Dare not!" Rothgar's laughter was a hideous thing as he cleared at a bound the space between them. His sword was full-drawn now. "Shout for your guards! It may be that they will get here in time."

But the King neither gave back nor raised his voice. "I will not," he said, "nor will I lift hand against you. On your head it shall be to break the blood-oath."

Now they were breast to breast. In her mind, the girl in the shadow flung open the doors and shrieked to the sentinels and roused the palace; in her body, she stood spellbound, voiceless, breathless.

Still Rothgar did not strike. It was the King who spoke this time also. "Among the sayings of men in Norway," he said coldly, "there is one they tell of a traitor who carried a sword of death against his King, but lacked the boldness to use it before the King's face. So he begged his lord to wrap a cloak around his head that he might get the courage to ask a boon. When that had been done, he stabbed. Do you want me to cover my eyes?"

With a hoarse cry, Rothgar flung his sword back to his sheath, recoiling—there was even a kind of fear in his manner: "A fool would I be, to see your ghost free to follow me with that look on its face! Keep your life—and instead I will torture every Angle I can get under my grip, for it is they who have turned a great hero into a nithing—may they despise you as you have despised your people for their sakes!" Invoking the curse with a sweep of his handless arm, he strode from the room.

Randalin did not see when he passed her, for her eyes were on the King as he stood looking after his foster-brother.

"Ah, God, what a terrible world hast Thou made!" she murmured, as she put up her hands to ease the swelling agony in her throat. "No longer will I try to live in it. I will go to the Sisters and remain with them always."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Time's Morning.

The hot glare of a July sun was on the stones of the Watling street and July winds were driving hosts of battling dust-clouds along the highway, but in the herb garden of Saint Mildred's cool shadows lay over the dew-beaded grass and all was restfulness and peace. The voice of the girl who was following Sister Wynfreda from mint clump to parsley bed, from fennel to rue, was not much louder than the droning of the bees in the lavender.

"If it be true as you say—" she was speaking with the passionate bitterness of wounded youth—"if it be true that in his place anyone would have believed what he believed, then is this a very hateful world and I want no further part in it."

Awhile, the nun's eyes widened and paled as eyes that see a vision, but at last she bowed her head to trace a cross upon her breast. "Not so; it is God's wisdom," she said, "else would the world be so beautiful that we would never hunger after heaven."

Mechanically, Randalin's hands followed hers through the holy sign; then she clasped them before her to wring them in impatient pain. "That is so long to go hungry, Sister! I shall be past my appetite." Dropping down beside the other, her slim young fingers began to imitate the gnarled old ones as they weeded and straightened. "I wonder at it, Sister Wynfreda, that you do not urge me to creep in with you. A year ago, you wanted it when I wanted it not; but now when I am willing, you hold me off."

"Is it clear before your mind that you are willing, my daughter?" the nun asked gently. As she drew herself to her feet with the aid of a bush, the cramping of her feeble stiffened muscles contracted her face in momentary pain, but her eyes were serene as the altar lamps. "It lies upon you to remember, little sister, that those who would serve God around the altar must not go thither only because the world has mistreated them and they would cast it off to avenge the smart. She who puts on the yoke of Christ must needs do so because it is the thing she would desire of all, were all precious things spread out for her choosing. Can you look into my eyes and say that it would be so with you?"

Where she knelt before her, the girl suddenly threw her arms around the woman and hid her face in the faded robes. The frail hand stroked the dark hair affectionately.

"Think not that I would upbraid you with it, child as dear as my own heart. When the Power that took you from me led you back again, and I read what God's fingers had written on your face that before was like a lineless parchment, I could not find it in my mind to wish you otherwise. I felt only shame for the weakness of my faith, and joy past all telling."

Under the soothing hand, Randalin's sobs slowly ceased; when at last she raised her wet eyes there was no longer rebellion in them but only youth's measureless despair. "Sister, now as always, I want to do what you would have me—but I am so full of grief! Must I go back to Avalcomb and begin all over again? It seems to me that my life stretches before me no more alluringly than yonder dusty road, that runs straight on, on, over vast spaces but always empty."

(To be continued.)

Canoeing in Venice.

William D. Foulke, formerly civil service commissioner, has been spending the summer in Venice, where he has been engaged in literary work says the Washington Star. Mr. Foulke surprise the Venetians by launching an American canvas canoe and paddling his way about among the gondolas. The natives everywhere watched the queer proceeding, and the gondola men became alarmed lest their occupation might be taken away by the introduction of such an innovation, that seemed to make the services of a second man entirely unnecessary. Mr. Foulke is an expert devotee of the canoe. He has paddled about in American waters until he feels as much at home wielding the paddle as if he were walking along the street. He paddled among the gondolas, and handled his canoe with far more ease than it is possible to handle the more cumbersome craft that are found in the waterways of Venice. He became convinced that it would not take much time to introduce the canoe in Venetian canals as a permanent institution if some manufacturer were to go to the trouble and expense of once establishing their use and gradually get a number of people accustomed to handling them.

CARE OF A RAZOR.

Its Occasional Real Need Is the Rest Cure—Steel Gets Tired.

"The average man who shaves himself doesn't know how to take care of his razor, despite all the advice that has been given to him in the public prints from time to time," says G. A. Helglass, expert barber.

"He will get a good razor and use it day after day, then wonder why at the end of a short time it loses its edge, even though he strops it most carefully. A razor needs brief intervals of rest or it will grow dull, no matter what efforts are made to keep it sharp. If you have a good razor and it appears to be losing its edge, just try a rest for it, instead of having it sharpened up again. The chances are that when you put it into use again, at the expiration of three or four days, it will prove as sharp as if it had been carefully honed.

Take a Course of Corn Food.

There is more than a grain of truth in the statement recently made that in our scramble for new breakfast foods we have failed to appreciate the nourishing, health-giving properties of corn and of corn meal. And the context of the statement mentioned deals in facts when it says that the mush and milk of a few years back produced children of a ruddier hue than those we are accustomed to see in these times. Corn meal is possessed of just those properties that make it a highly suitable winter food. Besides this, it seems an accompaniment the most natural for pork chops, sausages and such things that we Americans favor for cold weather breakfasts. Let us take, then a course in corn products.

Weeding the Grass Widow.

The latest fad in this day of divorces is for the grass widow to go into mourning. It is not that she is mourning for the man whom she has perhaps well lost, but that she is mourning for her shattered ideals.

It is not necessary to adopt crepe in order to express grass sorrow. Half mourning is quite good enough; for after all, the fair divorcee is only half sorry. A gown, say, of black chiffon silk, touched up with a sad note of violet or a peaceful strain of white; a bonnet with just a suggestion of pensive drapery, and a black and white dotted parasol, serve nicely to express one's emotions after this sort of catastrophe.

In the words of Lady Duff, who started the fad for emotional gowns, such a costume would express "solemn, sweet sadness, lit by dim rays of hope."

Verses on His Dog.

"No, sir," said the struggling young poet, "editors do not give a fellow any encouragement. One day last week I waited two hours to see the editor of a ten-cent magazine. I told him I had written some verses on my dog.

"He asked me what part of the dog I had used, and then said if I didn't live too far away he would run up and look at it.

"I explained that I had the verses with me, and handed them to him, with the remark that I had just dashed them off.

"He quickly glanced over them, and handed them back, telling me I didn't dash 'em off far enough.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cause of Her Tears.

Carrie Elizabeth is a two-year-old philosopher. She has a keen sense of humor, and is as quick as lightning. Not long ago, at the dining-table, she asked for cake. Her mother broke a large piece, giving the small daughter a small portion. This offended the little woman, and immediately there came a downpour of tears.

"Oh," said her father, in an effort to soothe her wounded feelings, "wouldn't cry about a little thing like that."

Quickly the sobs ceased. "But why should mamma have made me cry about a little thing like that?" she asked.—New York Tribune.

MAKING OF PATENT LEATHER.

Much Care Needed to Turn Cut Attractive Article.

Japanned leather, generally called patent leather, was first made in America. A smooth glazed finish is first given to calfskin in France. The leather is curried expressly for this purpose, and particular care is taken to keep it as free as possible from grease. The skins are then tacked on frames and coated with a composition of linseed oil and umber in the proportion of eighteen gallons of oil to five of umber, boiled until nearly solid and then mixed with spirits of turpentine to the proper consistency. Lampblack is also added when the composition is applied in order to give color and body. From three to four coats of this are necessary to form a substance to receive the varnish. They are laid on with a knife or scraper. To render the goods soft and pliant each coat must be very light and thoroughly dried after each application. A thin coat is afterward applied of the same composition of proper consistency, to be put on with a brush and with sufficient lampblack boiled in it to make a perfect black. When thoroughly dry it is cut down with a scraper having turned edges, when it is ready to varnish.

The principal varnish used is made of linseed oil and Russian blue, boiled to the thickness of printers' ink. It is reduced with spirits of turpentine to a suitable consistency to work with a brush and then applied in two or three separate coats, which are scraped and pumiced until the leather is perfectly filled and smooth. The finishing coat is put on with special care in a room kept closed and with the floor wet to prevent dust. The frames are then run into an oven heated to about one hundred and seventy-five degrees.

PHRASE OF GALLIC NEATNESS.

Compliment That Could Not Fail to Turn Away Anger.

George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, is hard at work in France, in the town of Moret, upon his decorations for the state capitol at Harrisburg.

An American visited Mr. Barnard's studio in September, and, while he was watching the sculptor modeling, a strange looking figure reeled past the window—a long-haired man in a velvet coat, with a bottle of wine in each hand. This figure paused in the quiet street, took a sip from each of the bottles and went on again.

"What a queer spectacle," said the visitor.

"That is the town drunkard," said Mr. Barnard. "He is a person of talent, too. He writes verses, paints a little and has composed four popular songs. He is such a witty chap that it is dangerous, in conversation, to cross blades with him.

"Sometimes he says the pleasantest, brightest things. One evening, for instance, he was staggering homeward, after an afternoon at the cafe, when the town marshal met him.

"'See, here, Casimir,' the marshal said, 'why don't you stop drinking—if not for your own sake, then for the sake of your two boys? Your example to those little fellows is pernicious. It will ruin their career.'

"Cassimir smiled bowed and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"'My dear marshal,' he stuttered 'de—de—despite what you say, I intend to make of my boys what you will never be able to make of yours.

"'What is that?' said the marshal.

"'Better men,' said Cassimir, 'than their father.'"

Woman's Happiest Age.

When a girl is eighteen she thinks the best time of a woman's life must certainly be from eighteen to twenty-two. When she has passed her twenty-second year, she is decidedly of opinion that from then until the age of twenty-eight really marks the limits of the best time, and when thirty comes on the scene she is ready to give way to all those who believe a woman to be then at the zenith of her life. It is generally maintained that after twenty-five the average woman begins to attain her physical and mental perfection, and that for some eight or ten years after this she still retains her charms undiminished. After this time, of course, it depends entirely upon the woman whether she chooses to advertise her years, or by her charming personality and clever dressing conceal all ravages of time. —Exchange.

English Girl Fond of Dogs.

Miss Ruby Cooke, daughter of Lady Cooke of Easthorpe, England, is believed to own one of the finest collection of dogs in the world, including Mighty Atom, which weighs just two and a half pounds. Another of her fads is photographing, at which she and her brother are experts. Also she goes in for fine embroidery, plays the guitar, mandolin and banjo (in addition to the piano, of course), and is a famous candy-maker.

Edison at Telegraph Key.

A crowd of fashionable folk gathered in the Orange club of Orange, N. J., and received the election returns over a special wire. Thomas A. Edison sat at the key and received returns, writing them out in his copper-plate hand. He took the returns a long time before relinquishing his place to the regular operator, and seemed not to have lost his old skill with the key.

When Love Goes Reaping.

When Love goes a-reapin',
In the light or the mist,
The rose for your keeping—
By his red lips kissed!

The thorns—how he chides them!
'They would wreck thy rest;
But he takes them and hides them
In his own dear breast!'

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlantic Constitution.

Mrs. Drexel Good Rifle Shot.

Influenced by the example set by Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel during her recent visit at Philadelphia, the society women of that place have developed a fad for rifle-shooting. Mrs. Drexel imported the idea from England, where it bears the stamp of royal approval. Lord Tempest, a crack shot, coached Mrs. Drexel until she has become quite expert at almost any range from 100 to 1,000 yards.

Family Forms Brass Band.

In Mount Joy, Pa., there is a brass band of nine pieces, the players being a father, four sons and four grandsons. Henry Way, the father, is leader, aged 60, and the youngest player is Edgar Way, 11 years old, who is a cornetist. The unique organization is widely known, being frequently a feature of entertainment in that section.

Cost of Moving Kruger's Body.

The cost of transporting ex-President Kruger's body by special steamship to South Africa will be $10,000. This sum has been subscribed by Dutch contributors.

Uncomplimentary Physician.

Dr. Garth, a witty physician of the court of Queen Anne, had prescribed a nauseous dose for the great warrior, the Duke of Marlborough. When the duke objected to following the directions the sharp-tongued Duchess Sarah broke in by saying: "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my lord," interposed Garth, "you had better swallow it; you will gain either way."

Seagull a Weatherwise Bird.

The seagull makes a splendid living barometer, says the Lahore Tribune. If a convoy of seagulls fly seaward early in the morning, sailors and fishermen know that the day will be fine and the wind fair; but if the birds keep inland—though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea to denote unpleasant weather—interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable.

Paid for Daughter's Opportunity.

That his 17-year-old daughter might get her chance on the stage, a well-known English stock broker guaranteed the whole of the expenses of a new production, conditionally upon his favorite being given, and trained, for the leading role. The venture cost him over £7,000, but the young lady has since earned a creditable theatrical reputation.

Firmness Needed.

A fireman on a Jersey Central locomotive climbed down on the pilot and knocked a man off the track when the engine got close to him. Tresspassing on the railroad tracks must be sternly suppressed.—Buffalo Express.

All Love Admiration.

No truthful woman will admit that she'd rather be a violet hidden in the woodland than an American Beauty in a florist's window.

New York Girls Must Smoke.

It's funny how a girl's lips can smell of tobacco smoke when she has been in a room alone with a man.—New York Press.

Modern Education.

The Birmingham (Eng.) school authorities not only teach the children to cook, but how to shop economically.

European Food for Powder.

In time of war France puts 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field; Germany, 310; Russia, 210.

Exercises with a Drum.

A Chicago girl gets her exercise by beating a drum every morning. She likes it, but her neighbors don't.

Thought for School Boys.

The boy who does not go to school does not know what Saturday is.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Happiness Thrown Away.

There's enough happiness thrown away to make the while world contented.

Change Color of Plumage.

Ptarmigans change their brownish gray plumage to pure white in winter.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, the Great Kidney and Liver Cure. World famous. Write Dr. Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle.

Do not tell how much your father spent on your education. Your father may have the reputation of making good investments.

You can't please some people and you don't have to please others. Which class do you make the greater effort to please?

A man with all kinds of money usually acquires a wife who develops a mania for breaking up his collection. —Chicago News.

There are two sides to every dispute and if you do not keep out of it you will be compelled to listen to both sides.

Often the man who runs after the car to come down town misses the last one home.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well—but most of us are using hydrants instead of pumps.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A man never gets much hold on heaven when he grasps humanity with just two fingers.

Some men work overtime trying to dodge hard work.

Some people are so egotistical that they imagine everybody they meet is glad to see them.

Other states may boast of their captains of industry, but Kentucky has her colonels.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Living for one's land is far greater than dying for it.

Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"YOUNG WOMEN:—I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** but I only scorned good advice and felt that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstruation periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 23 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Painful Periods

are quickly and permanently overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The above letter is only one of hundreds of thousands which prove this statement to be a fact. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality,—if it is painful something is wrong. Don't take narcotics to deaden the pain, but remove the cause—perhaps it is caused by irregularity or womb displacements, or the development of a tumor. Whatever it is, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is guaranteed to cure it.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. She can surely help you, for no person in America can speak from a wider experience in treating female ills. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.

Details of Another Case.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and carelessness is the cause of most of the sufferings of women. I believe that if we properly understood the laws of health we would all be well, but if the sick women only knew the truth about **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** they would be saved much suffering and would soon be cured.

"I used it for five months for a local difficulty which had troubled me for years, and for which I had spent hundreds of dollars in the vain endeavor to rectify. My life forces were being sapped, and I was daily losing my vitality.

"**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** cured me completely, and I am now enjoying the best of health, and am most grateful, and only too pleased to endorse such a great remedy."—MISS JENNIE L. EDWARDS, 604 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.

For Rheumatism Lumbago Frost Bites use Mexican Mustang Liniment Best Remedy For Piles

Mestiza Girls.

The Mestiza girl of the Philippines is noted for her beauty and for her graceful dancing; in her dress she affects bright colors. She will wear a skirt of burning red, with a gorgeous undergarment, over which she dons a waist of silken texture, dark and ornamented with the gay and beautiful "pina," which is thrown over her shoulders.

When Your Grocer Says

he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

More women weep over onions than over love affairs.

FREE **Save ½ on Drugs**
Write for our 100-page catalogue, showing 10,000 articles at cut prices. PATENT MEDICINES, RUBBER GOODS, TRUSSES.
SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO.
Cor 16th and Dodge, Omaha, Neb.

Dishwashing will whiten the hands, but the druggist does not sell dishwater in an ornamental jar.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Every housewife gloats over finely starched linen and white goods. Conceit is justifiable after using Defiance Starch. It gives a stiff, glossy whiteness to the clothes and does not rot them. It is absolutely pure. It is the most economical because it goes farthest, does more and costs less than others. To be had of all grocers at 16 oz. for 10c.

THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.
OMAHA, NEB.

Penetration is the cardinal virtue of **St. Jacobs Oil** in the treatment of **Rheumatism**

It penetrates to the seat of torture as no other external remedy has been known to do and thousands certify to cures. Price 25c. and 50c.

HANDY BLUEING BOOK.
In sheets of PURE ANILINE BLUE. No bottles. No paddles. No waste. Gives the same amount of blueing water each wash-day. Ask your grocer for it or send 10c for a book of 25 leaves.
The Handy Blueing Book Co., 97 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. CONSOL. DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

ASK YOUR WIFE
If she thinks you ought to be good to your scalp and keep the hair nature gave you. She knows.
THEN ASK YOUR BARBER
about UNDOMA, the greatest hair saver of the age. It's guaranteed. He knows.
Send us your name for free treatment.
THE UNDOMA COMPANY, OMAHA

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION