UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT.

Caused by Sores on Neck—Merciless Itching for Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the soreness, inflammation and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the torment subsided, to my great joy. The sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spalding, 104 W. 104th St., New York City."

Where the Trouble Was.

A motorist recently meeting a pony cart in which were a very ancient couple considerately stopped and asked the old gentleman who held the reins of he could be of any assistance in inducing the steed to pass the car. "Thank you," said he, "if you will kindly lead my wife past the car I think the mare and I will manage all right."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Devonshire Superstitious.

Superstitions still rife in Devonshire are that it is unlucky to put the right boot on first; that the first foot to cross a threshold in the new year must be that of a man; that ill luck follows the spilling of salt on the tablecloth and the crossing of table-knives. These are only a few of many similar minor beliefs.

Every housekeeper should know that if they will buy Defiance Cold Water Starch for laundry use they will save not only time, because it never sticks to the iron, but because each package contains 16 oz.—one full pound—while all other Cold Water Starches are put up in ¾-pound packages, and the price is the same, 10 cents. Then again because Defiance Starch is free from all injurious chemicals. If your grocer tries to sell you a 12-oz. package it is because he has a stock on hand which he wishes to dispose of before he puts in Defiance. He knows that Defiance Starch has printed on every package in large letters and figures "16 ozs." Demand Defiance and save much time and money and the annoyance of the iron sticking. Defiance never sticks.

Educating Chinese Girl.

Chinese girls as a rule are not sent to school; the mother superintends their training in housework. As soon as the girls are old enough they are taugh to cook, sew, make and mend clothes and indeed do all domestic work. But the enlightened Chinese sends his daughter to school when near a mission or some other school.

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

Have a Purpose In Life.

A man has only himself to blame if his life appears to him at any time void of interest. Keep ever in mind that you are here for a grand purpose. Care must not drive it out, pleasure must not dissipate it. There is some good for each to do—that good is the main thing of existence.—Exchange.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Knew the Symptoms.

A doctor prescribed rest and change for a small girl, saying that her system was quite upset. After he had gone the little girl said: "I knew I was upset, mamma, because my foot's asleep; and things must be pretty bad when you go to sleep at the wrong end."

He needs to wear wading boots who takes short cuts to success.

Better is it to drive the gloom from one heart than to dower it with gold.

A Heavy Load to Carry.

Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system. The blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown. It is not head work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption. Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs.

A little book of extracts, from prominent medical authorities extolling every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will be mailed *free* to any address on request by postal card or letter. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Many years of active practice convinced Dr. Pierce of the value of many native roots as medicinal agents and he went to great expense, both in time and in money, to perfect his own peculiar processes for rendering them both efficient and safe for tonic, alterative and rebuilding agents.

The enormous popularity of "Golden Medical Discovery" is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the *names of the ingredients* on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy. It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it *in a class all by itself*, bearing as it does upon every bottle wrapper The Badge of Honesty, in the full list of its ingredients.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures, weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver and biliousness, ulceration of stomach and bowles and all catarrhal affections no matter what parts or organs may be affected with it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equaled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

DEFIANCE STARCH for starching finest linens.

MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

Author of "Double Joker," "An American Nabob," "Dr. Jack," etc.

(Copyright 1905, by Street & Smith.)

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Bah! Col. Bob, your reasoning powers are sadly remiss. I can tell you exactly what brought the Mexican hidalgo to la belle France, and at the same time explain why I have come to this questionable but charmingly gay ball."

"Then prove me wrong, Dora, and I give you my word I'll admit my error," he says, eagerly, for he will be only too glad to discover some ameliorating circumstance to excuse her presence.

"Bend your head closer. You know that my mistress, Miss Pauline, is the owner of the great El Dorado Mine—that is, she owns about half of the stock and controls the output, which is enormous, exceeding anything in all Mexico. The opposing syndicate or combine is headed by Senor Lopez, who seeks by crafty means to accomplish his purpose."

"Yes, yes, I begin to comprehend," mutters Col. Bob Harlan, nodding his head.

"You see, there is one man who owns ten shares in the mine, one Richard Danvers, an unknown party, for none of them have ever seen him. My mistress holds his document, sent to her father some years ago, by which she votes his stock; this gives her a fair majority. If the combine can find this man and bribe him to join with them, they will have a controlling interest."

"Yes, yes, I've known all this for some time. To tell you the truth, Dora, I was secretly hired by this Senor Lopez to find Richard Danvers, but now that I understand the game, and see that it is Miss Pauline I fight against, I give it up. No one, not even my chum, has any idea who the man I seek is, nor why I am striving to get on his track. Go on, Dora, my dear girl."

"You promise to be on our side, Col. Bob?" pursues this cautious creature.

"To a dead certainty—how could I bear to feel that I was your enemy? No, from this day, this hour, this minute, Senor Lopez can go to the deuce and find the mysterious Richard himself. I wash my hands of the whole affair, and stand ready to serve Miss Pauline with heart and soul."

("UTTERING A ROAR, COLONEL BOB POUNCES UPON THE . . . BRITON")

"Oh, you dear, good man—truest and best of friends. If it wasn't that so many are watching us, I'd be tempted—"

"Try it anyhow, Dora, dear!' he exclaims.

She shakes her curly head.

"Some other time will do, Bob. Listen now, for I'm going to make a confidant of you. Miss Pauline learned that Senor Lopez had taken a valuable paper from her desk one day when he called—it was in fact the legal authority by means of which she voted those ten shares, the keystone of the whole arch. Instead of calling up the great prefect of police, she sought counsel from me. I conceived a plan to recover the paper, accepted an invitation from the senor's nephew to come to the Jardin Bullier to-night, and promised to dance with his uncle, who has taken some notice of me and even dared to chuck me under the chin. See?" demurely.

"The villain!—he shall account to me for it," declares the Sheriff of Secora county, with a growl.

"I came—I saw—I conquered. When the senor danced with me I led him quite a chase, and brought the blood to his face. He nearly dropped from exhaustion. The chance was mine, and I improved it, for Miss Pauline's sake."

"Do you mean that you have secured the lost paper?"

"It is safe," touching her bosom.

"By Jove! if there weren't so many people around I'd be tempted to give you a hug, for you're a daisy."

"It will keep, Col. Bob," she laughs.

CHAPTER II.

"It's Dynamite Bombs at Fifteen Paces!"

The Sheriff of Secora county gives his fair and bewitching companion a greedy look, and heaves a tremendous sigh.

"I suppose so, but you can rest assured I don't intend to let my hug grow old in waiting, Miss Madcap. Now that you have accomplished your purpose, I suppose you will let me see you home!"

She looks distressed.

"I'm so sorry, Col. Bob, but I've promised—"

"Young Carlos, the student nephew of the senor?"

"No—Prof. John Fitzsimmons."

He gives a scornful laugh.

"That apology of a man—the deuce!"

"He's very entertaining—I like him."

"And he is raving over you."

"Then I'm afraid you gentlemen will have to fight a duel; I know you are fond of me, Bob."

"I used to be before I discovered that you were a flirt, Dora; now, I shall—"

"What! not jealous of that dear little bug-hunter, who has specimens of hideous worms and beetles in every pocket, and is continually raving over some new discovery he has made more wonderful than all the rest. Shame on you, colonel! you know that I could only be won by a whole man, big and brave as—as you Western men are, and not a dried-up anatomy, who loves crawling things more than he ever can a woman."

"Dora, forgive me. Have your fun, but don't go too far. I draw the line at certain limits. Let me accompany you to the hotel also."

"Very good—after this one dance—"

"With me?"

"If you care to," archly.

When the waltz is over Col. Bob looks in vain for his comrade, and not finding him, concludes that Dick has returned alone, after discovering him in the society of the charming Dora. This suits him just as well.

The professor makes his appearance, bowing and smiling—he glowers upon Bob whenever he can avoid Dora's eye, and once shakes his fist at the undaunted sheriff, which action causes that cool worthy to smile, for he feels toward this little man as a good-natured Newfoundland dog might toward a little spaniel or terrier that snaps at his heels—contempt and pity. The professor scowls worse than ever when he ses that Col. Bob intends to intrude his society upon them; he drops several hints about two being company, and three a crowd, but the good-natured sheriff laughs and tells him he is at liberty to herd by himself if he looks at it that way—that, as for himself, he is only too glad of good company.

They have a queer time of it on the way to the hotel, and only by rare tact does Dora prevent the gentlemen from coming to blows; the fiery little specimen-hunter seems to believe he has a grievance, and would like to bring matters to a climax, but Col. Bob does not meet him half-way, and Dora smoothes the ruffled feathers of her quondam admirer in a way women have.

No sooner does she leave them at the hotel than the British lion has his mane up. The time may not be exactly propitious, as a number of persons are around the entrance of the Grand Continental, but a hot-headed lover cares not for trifles.

The professor dances before the colonel and shakes a diminutive fist under his nose.

"Do you know what I've a mind to do, you jack-rabbit from the Llano Estacado, you big hulk of a Western mushroom? I've a good notion to whip you right here and now, just as my forefathers did yours once upon a time, when we chased you out of the confederation and made you shift for yourself. Yes, and I'll do it, too, if you so much as shut one eye. I'm boiling over with indignation—beware how you further irritate me!"

Col. Bob of course immediately closes one of his optics, and the irate naturalist accepts the invitation, sending out a small fist and striking the Western sheriff. No man, big or little, does this without impunity, and, uttering a roar, Col. Bob pounces upon the excitable Briton, shaking him vigorously, and when done tossing the wretched piece of anatomy to one side among the lookers-on, as though in contempt.

"I don't allow liberties of that kind, my little man; better fool with a buzz-saw than with Bob Harlan; you may lose a few fingers in one case, but here you run the risk of your life. Hark ye, professor; when you want satisfaction for this business, you know where to find me—Bob Harlan's latch-string is always out," with which the unruffled Sheriff of Secora county saunters into the Grand Continental.

Not finding Dick, the colonel betakes himself to the neighboring street, where they have located at least temporarily. Looking up, he sees a light in their suite of rooms—Dick is there, perhaps wondering what has become of him.

A few minutes later Bob Harlan opens the door of the room and enters. His comrade is seated in a chair at a window, smoking.

"So you deserted me?' says the Sheriff.

"I left you in better company," returns Dick, with a solemn look that might become an owl.

"Some peculiar features about the presence of Dora in that place—tell you another time."

"None better than the present."

"It's late."

"Posh! there's no more sleep in my eyes than in a cat's. Crack away, old man."

"To begin with it seems that when I was employed by Senor Lopez to find a certain man, I was running amuck with the plans of Miss Pauline Westerley—you know she controls the great El Dorado mine by a small majority of votes, and only succeeds in doing this because she uses the ten shares of a party who placed them at the disposal of her father. Give me a weed; that's a trump—now a light, if you please."

"This obliging party, whose shares give the control of the mine to Miss Pauline, his name is——!

"One Richard Danvers."

"H'm! I begin to see. The senor needs him badly to complete his combine, doesn't he?"

Then Col. Bob rapidly sketches his little adventure with the professor, Dora's confession, and the story of how she regained the paper which the crafty Mexican hildage had so coolly abstracted from her private desk at the hotel; to all of which Dick listens attentively, and when the yarn is finished, he exclaims:

"Bravo for Dora! Don't you forget it, my boy, that bright-eyed girl is a jewel, and if I were you I wouldn't be scared off by twenty professors."

"I expect a challenge in the morning," remarks Bob with a grin; and upon being questioned further he tells of the little rumpus the naturalist kicked up near the entrance of the Grand Continental, and how he was obliged to bring into use some of his western tactics in order to subdue the fellow; which is very amusing to his companion, who leans back and laughs with great gusto.

"I know I shall see you two at daggers' points yet, or, to be plainer, facing each other at fifteen paces. There's one point in his favor."

"What's that?" demands the other.

"He's so small he has more chance of escaping the lead than you have."

"Perhaps—with another man—but I drive nails at that distance, and can take off one of his ears if it pleases me. Do you think this dandy lady-killer would look half so distracting if I shortened the length of his nose a trifle?"

"Joking aside, Bob, I wouldn't be surprised if you heard from the fellow. He has grit, and that tumble you gave him was enough to arouse his vindictiveness!"

"You'll stand by me, Dick, even if I make it bowie-knives to the finish?"

"Certainly, only I don't want you to unnecessarily hurt the little chap; I rather fancy his looks, you know. Now, listen while I tell you what happened to me."

The Sheriff of Secora county turns abruptly around, and looks his companion in the face.

"I thought you had been having an experience, Dick, my boy. Confession is good for the soul, they say; so out with it."

(To be continued.)

PAID $6,000 FOR HIS BRIDE.

Miss Kassouf Put Herself Up at Auction to Provide for Mother.

Six thousand dollars in cash to the girl's mama was the price paid for a wife in Dubois, Penn.

Maud Kassouf was the belle of all the Syrian colonies in western Pennsylvania, and there were scores of suitors for her hand. But the girl said she would not marry unless provision was made for her mother.

Charles Hazey, also a Syrian, senior member of a big confectionery house in Altoona, came to ask for Miss Kassouf's hand. The mother told him there were several others in the field, and it was finally decided to bring together the more eligible of the suitors and have an auction.

A wealthy young Syrian in the town appeared and began to bid against Hazey. The bidding was spirited, and finally as a clincher the local Syrian bid $5,000. Hazel at once raised him $1,000, and the girl was "knocked down" to him at $6,000.

The cash was paid to Maud's mama, the Rev. F. McGiveny was called in to perform the marriage ceremony, and the couple are now "at home" in Altoona.—New York World.

Luxury and Crime.

A recent English robbery case which reads almost like one of the Sherlock Holmes stories related to the detection of a thief through his fondness for flowers.

The only clew left by the robbers of a house near Northampton was a fragment of a flower, whose petals were scattered over the floor. No flowers of the same sort were grown in the garden of the house robbed or by the neighbors, but an investigation of the floral shops in the nearby town showed that a flower of that sort had been purchased the evening before by a man who was recognized from the description given to be a well known burglar.

At the trial it was shown that, although the night had been warm, the thief, who was of delicate health, had worn a light overcoat, which crushed the petals of the flower beneath, and these had fallen to the carpet when he had opened his coat to stow away the jewels which constituted the greater part of the spoils.

Although the clew was a slight one it was correct and the luxury loving crook will have no need of flowers to decorate his broad arrow suit for some time to come.

Got Record Premium for Gold.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as "the man who sold his gold at $2.75." During the civil way Thompson accumulated $3,100 in gold, which he carried to Indianapolis and sold at a premium of $2.75, netting him $7,525, within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ship Mexican Silver to Orient.

On board the Pacific Mail liner China, which sailed from San Francisco recently for the Orient, are fifty tons of Mexican silver dollars, worth $750,000 gold.

His Winning Ways.

"That man has the most winning personality I ever met."

"Who is he?"

"The best poker player in the city."

When you see a man foaming at the mouth, his head in a noose and a razor at his throat, don't be alarmed, for perhaps he is only getting shaved.

The Peruna Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peruna Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1906 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one today.

The Wrong Ticket.

An official of a railway once got leave to get married and was given a pass over the road. On his way back he gave the ticket collector his marriage certificate instead of the pass. The latter studied it carefully for a few minutes, and then said: "My man, you have got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this railway."

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.

It Made a Difference.

Robbie's father had a man drop in to see him. After they had chatted a few minutes, the guest was offered the only cigar on the table, so Robbie was sent upstairs for a fresh box. As the boy reached the top stair his father was startled to hear: "Which find, papa? Do you want those you smoke yourself, or the kind you give away?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

All Up-to-Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

Firemen Play On Piano.

The Barton Opera-house Fresno, Cal., has a piano. It was to have assisted in a performance. But a tuner accidentally oiled it, just before the hour of the performance, with gasoline instead of kerosene, and then inspected the interior with a lighted match. So the only players on the piano that night were the firemen.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Smallpox in Text-Books.

A St. Louis health officer declares that he has "no hesitancy in stating that the majority of text-book accounts of smallpox are wofully lacking in everything practical, laying stress usually upon those symptoms which are most seldom seen," and his experiences extends over more than 1,032 cases.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

$12,500 for a Manuscript.

At the sale of the library of the Earl of Cork in London, a French manuscript, described by experts to be one of the finest "Garden" manuscripts ever offered for auction, was bought by Messrs. Quaritch, for $12,500. The same firm purchased King Charles I.'s prayer book for $1,500.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.
"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

To Thine Own Self Be True.

Keep the inner man or woman strong and brave and true, and poverty shall have no power to deprive one of self-respect. Nor will there be need to cringe and tremble or stammer in bewilderment before the dazzling elegance of more fortunate (?) fellow-beings.—Exchange.

Defiance Starch should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

About Quinine.

Quinine is obtained from the dried bark of the stem and branches of plants which were known at one time exclusively in South America. The Jesuit priests who introduced Christianity into that continent learned the use of the bark in cases of fever from the natives, and for a long time the Jesuits remained as the sole European repositories of the secret.

Brother Dickey on "Poverty."

Brother Dickey has summed up his sentiments on "Poverty" in the following petition: "Lawd, dey sed dat poverty is a blessin'—but please don't sen' him my way! De winter comin' on now, en I'm short er kiver, en dey ain't no place at de table fer nobody but des po' me. So, keep poverty in his place. Lawd, en don't let him come projickin' roun' my house!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The man who takes everything for granted rarely has time to be surprised at anything.

A woman takes on a look of astonishment when told that she has hurt the feelings of a man.

It takes more than diplomacy to defeat the devil.

Tips to Flower Merchants.

"The points noted in chrysanthemums are symmetry of the flower, the shape and arrangement of the petals and the color. The large tousled ones are seldom considered seriously in selecting the most perfect flowers for prizes. Carnations are the most satisfactory and profitable flowers for the florist. They bloom all year, and if you haven't carnations and roses you might as well go out of business."

Gladstone's Nickname.

It is impossible to imagine anyone bold enough to address Mr. Gladstone by his nickname, if indeed anything so profane as a nickname ever approached that august personage. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone seems to have had a nickname, and to have been called "Merrypebbles" by some intrepid persons. But this was behind his back.—The Academy.

The Tempter and the Tempted.

From continental Europe comes the story of a burglar who left the following note pinned to the pillow in a mansion he had ransacked: "In the bible it says, 'Lead us not into temptation.' You and your show of wealth tempted me and I fell, though an honest working man. Therefore, you are the sinner, not I. Repent before it is too late."

The Reason.

"Why does one want a study in which to be alone at times with his books?" you ask. For the reason that he does not care to have people present at the making of his mental toilet any more than at the making of the physical one.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When a woman allows her husband to have his own way look out for a coming back with a request for cash.

Soulful Sigh.

A melodrama was presented at Leroy, Kas., recently, and the Reporter declares that "when the blind heroine gave the letter to the villain, supposing it was her husband, some woman, overcome by the dramatic fulness of the movement, gave a most soul-spending sigh. It was a sigh that could easily melt the heart of the Egyptian Sphinx and turn Pike's Peak into a seething mass of lava."

Insist on Getting It.
Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 12 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 12 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

Pacifying the Male Brute.

When a man is waked up by the cook going downstairs to get his breakfast and goes to sleep right away again, the only way his wife can pacify him is to tell him he never closed his eyes all night and it is wonderful the way he can go to his work without having had any rest.—New York Press.

Why It Is the Best
is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents

Courage of Woman.

"When it comes to enduring physical pain a man's courage is nothing compared to a woman's," said a prominent physician. "We think we can bear any amount of pain, but when it comes our way we all prove cowards."

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but a lot more will spring up.

STOP! WOMEN,

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with woman's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovarian and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P.O., Washington, D.C.

Second letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Streets, Benning P. O., Washington, D. C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

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

Come!—be the guest of

San Antonio

this winter. Leave the chilly north behind you, and find health and pleasure under the stainless splendor of her turquoise sky.

To all newcomers, San Antonio offers a thousand delightful surprises. For the sight-seer, the old Mission Churches are still here, the Cathedral of San Fernando, and gray and ghostly in the dazzling sunlight the historic Alamo. For the invalid a perfect combination of sunny winter weather, pure, dry air, beautiful scenery and modern accommodations.

The Climate's the thing in San Antonio

The invigorating air, dry and warm; the altitude; the perfect natural drainage, all combine to make the temperature as nearly perfect as can be. It is possible to spend most of each day, from November to March, out-doors. The parks and plazas, the margins of the creeks and rivers, the groves of palm and magnolia, lose nothing of their lustrous green during the winter months.

San Antonio is, of all America, the oddest blending of modern utility and beauty, with the romance and heroism of the medieval.

Come to San Antonio! The exceptionally low rates during the Fall and Winter months—the excellent train service and accommodations via the M., K. & T. Ry. make it a journey of but small cost and not of tiresome length. I want you to read "The Story of San Antonio." I'll send it on request. Once read, I'm sure you'll be more than half convinced that you should be the guest of San Antonio this Winter. Address

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