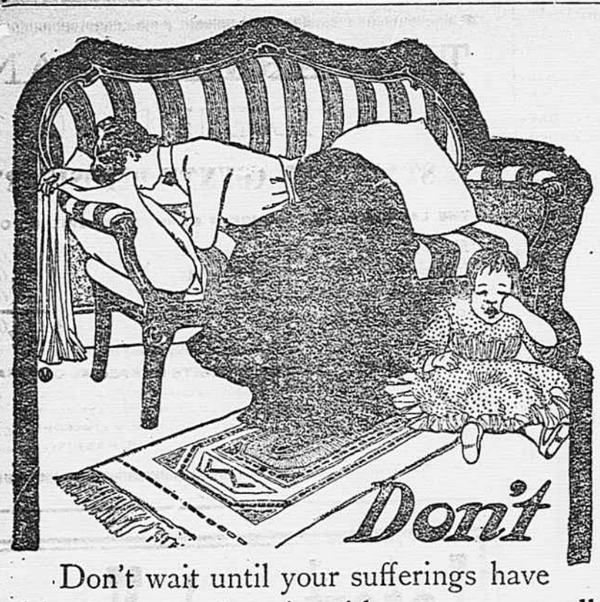

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone.

Help and happiness surely awaits you if you accept Mrs. Pinkham's advice. Disease makes women nervous, irritable, and easily annoyed by children and household duties; such women need the counsel and help of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex; that woman is Mrs. Pinkham, who with her famous medicine, **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** have restored more sick and discouraged women to health and happiness than any other one person. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. Write today, do not wait.

Will not the volumes of letters from women who have been made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince others of the virtues of this great medicine?

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. If you have some derangement of the feminine organism try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will surely help you.

Mrs. Emilie Seering, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—If women who are always blue and depressed and nervous would take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** they would find it the medicine they need to bring them to a more cheerful frame of mind. I was terribly worried and downcast, and was thin and bloodless. My back ached all the time, no matter how hard I tried to forget it or change my position to ease it, and the pain at the base of my brain was so bad that I sometimes thought that I would grow crazy; I had the blues so much and was always so depressed I could not seem to shake them off; half of the time I did not seem to have the courage to do my work; everything seemed to go wrong with me, and I was always worrying and fearing the worst. I began to take **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** After the first few doses a load seemed lifted from my shoulders, I felt better in every way. The blues left me and my head stopped aching; before long my back was better too, and I looked younger and stronger. I took six bottles in all, and it is with thankfulness that I acknowledge that my present good health is due to the use of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**"

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

If there is anything in your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. 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.

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

We take our choice corned beef, cook it and se it—all done by experts—better than is possib home. When just right we put it in cans to i it right until you want it.

Keep it in the house for emergencies—for suppers, for sandwiches—for any time w you want something good and want it quick. Simply turn a key and the can is open. appetizing lunch is ready in an instant.

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WITH NERVES UNSTRUNG AND HEAD THAT ACHE

WISE WOMEN BROMO-SELTZER TAKE

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"Yes, but he has such a weak heart."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

SETTLING THE CLAIM.

By George E. Walsh.

THE bleak stretches of browning grass gave a tinge of sadness to the landscape, and the hum of innumerable insects which had prolonged the summer months well into the fall were growing fainter and less rhythmic with the advancing season. The crops had been garnered and the approach of frost brought no terror to the farmers, but in some indescribable way it affected the nerves of the lonely woman standing before her rude shack gazing toward the setting sun. Somehow the autumn had always brought a shade of sadness into her life. Even back in the old New England days—before this horrible nightmare had transformed her life—she had experienced the same feeling of depression.

"I guess it's because I hate to see things dying," she explained to herself to stifle back a rising rebellion of sorrow. "The summer was short enough back home, but out here it's all too short."

There was a dreary, homesick expression in the eyes, and through the straggling hair the bronzed forehead showed little marks of premature wrinkling. Dorothy Wellington in her girlhood days had been termed "comely," a word which just fell short of calling her good looking or handsome. But with time and experience her features had grown harsher and yet without blotting out a certain sweet expression of resignation. Eternal longing for the impossible, however, eats out the heart and ambition of the strongest, and Dorothy was daily finding her burden more unendurable.

"It isn't natural," she confessed to herself many times. "I'd rather give up all and go back without a cent. I could work and make a living. Not in Dunbary, but somewhere else—anywhere except here."

It was a strained and unnatural position for a young girl to find herself in, and nothing but a strong, stern sense of duty could hold her to the bargain another day. It was not home on the bleak Oklahoma plain. The very quarter section on which they lived was in dispute. The shack which they had built for temporary quarters might not be their own. Across the "dead line" there was another shack—a second blot on the landscape. To one or the other the quarter section belonged, but to which none could say. The slow-moving courts would in time decide, but for the present there was only an armed truce, and neither side dared venture on the property of the other.

Jared Wellington had left Dunbary in the East to cast his lot with the early settlers of Oklahoma, and when the rush began he had been the first to settle on a desirable quarter section. But while he had been busy staking out the section another had filed a claim to the same piece of land. There was a dispute which threatened to end in murder, but Dorothy had been the means of quieting the two combatants. They agreed to let the courts settle the claim, and meanwhile the two owners built on opposite sides of the "dead line," which they drew exactly through the centre of the quarter section.

That was three months ago, and in the meantime Jared Wellington and Henry Egerton had nursed their wrath in silence while they planted and gathered their first season's crops. Each bitterly envied the other the crops which by right should belong to him. With alert eyes and gun loaded for active service, each watched the other, determined to exact the full pound [illegible] cement. [illegible] d either [illegible] would [illegible] enemy [illegible] foot on [illegible] s under [illegible] three [illegible] hat the [illegible] ttle the [illegible] he law [illegible] tingly. [illegible] le face [illegible] was ap- [illegible] ried of [illegible] d line" [illegible] stance, [illegible] hy and [illegible] e. [illegible] rd and [illegible] England [illegible] d been [illegible] nature [illegible] him to [illegible] ighbor. [illegible] l to be [illegible] mother, [illegible] home. [illegible] lds all [illegible] ome at [illegible] supper, [illegible] y near [illegible] moon [illegible] orizon, [illegible] orderly [illegible] retreat, [illegible] lonely [illegible] f pity-ing him.

He was young and not hard-looking, as she remembered him on that eventful day when she had interposed to save both from a possible tragedy. But after all it had been a fleeting glimpse of the flushed face and eyes burning with anger and determination. Those were exciting days when man forgot his thin veneer of civilization and displayed his savage origin. The wild rush across the promised line, the fights and struggles to gain possession of the best quarter sections, the fear and lamentations of those who had failed, and the awful intensity of the calm which had prevailed days and weeks before the final word was given to throw open the land to the eager public—all these pictures were burned on Dorothy's brain so that they seemed like some horrible nightmare. How different it all had been from the quiet New England village where she had been reared.

"Why could she not have lived there forever? What right had her father to tear her from her home, root and branch, and plunge into this wild, lawless cauldron of unrest and bitter strivings?"

Dorothy brushed back a rebellious tear and turned away from the front door of the shack. She had never given expression to such parental rebellion before, and she half shuddered at it. By way of apology, she added in an undertone:

"Poor father! He suffers, too. He has been disappointed and it is making him old. Why did that man want to come here?"

She looked bitterly across the "dead line." Henry Egerton had just emerged from his shack and stood, with hands shading his eyes, watching her. Nearby she could see his gun leaning against the side of the shack.

"He must be bad, or he would offer to compromise," Dorothy continued. "He is young and able and father is old and feeble. He might move on, and——"

She suddenly dropped her voice to an indistinct murmur, for an apparition appeared in the doorway of the shack which made her excited. She shaded her eyes and looked more keenly. It was a small, toddling child, scarcely two summers old, holding uncertainly to the side of the doorway, and cooing at the big ball of fire slowly disappearing below the horizon. The man raised his hands and the child ran to him and jumped into his arms.

"He is married, then, and has a family," Dorothy breathed. "Maybe I have misjudged him. Has the child a mother, or——"

Again her sentence died out in an indistinct murmur, but the sun had set and twilight was rapidly spreading over the landscape. Dorothy saw another form, bent of figure and white of hair, walking across the field, and after waving a hand of welcome to him she turned to her work inside.

There was seldom any mention of their neighbor's affairs between father and daughter, and to-night Dorothy merely told of the presence of the baby on the opposite side of the "dead line" and then subsided. Jared Wellington raised his shaggy eyebrows and grunted:

"Then he's married? He'll bring his wife next, I suppose. Maybe he has heard that the courts——"

A horrible suspicion entered the minds of both. Had the courts decided respecting their claims, and had Henry Egerton heard that he was the sole and legal possessor of the quarter section? Otherwise why had he brought his family out to his lonely home when he had lived without them for three months?

Jared Wellington felt the heavy oppression of disappointment, and his white head drooped lower and lower as the evening advanced. Dorothy tried to cheer him, but in vain. Finally she decided to present the matter clearly to her aged parent and show him that all would not be lost even if the courts decided against them.

"What of it, father?" she said, cheerfully. "We can go back East and live. I can work and support you. I will enjoy life more than out here. I can't stand this much longer. I must have companions and neighbors."

"No, no, Dorothy, it can never be," he murmured. I shall never live to see the East again. If it is true that—that—he owns it"—pointing dramatically toward his enemy's shack—"it will kill me. I cannot survive it."

The tears blinded the blue eyes of the woman, and she turned away to hide them. "It may not be, father," she murmured in a thick voice.

But whether true or not, Jared Wellington took to his bed, and on the morrow he was unable to raise his head from the pillow. Dorothy nursed him with all the skill she possessed, but he needed more than she could give. Slumbering fitfully, the patient would awaken occasionally, and murmur indistinct sentences. The fever of age and anxiety had unsettled his mind, and he raved like a child of ten.

Dorothy turned away in dese[illegible] Impending death in the dreary s[illegible] made even her stout heart quail. It was ten miles to the nearest physician, but it was necessary to go. Would the feeble patient awaken, and [illegible] himself deserted, commit some wild act?

She held the door half open, debating whether to go or stay, when suddenly a slight pressure from without made her turn hastily. There, almost at her feet, was a bundle of red clothing, surmounted by a shock of light brown hair. The pair of innocent eyes looking up at her suddenly gleamed with a new-born happiness.

"Muzzer! Muzzer! I'se found you at last. Where's you been so long? Baby's been cryin' an' cryin' fur you. Hug baby, an' tell him you'll nebber, nebber leave him again."

A pair of warm arms were raised beseechingly upward. Dorothy picked the litle child up in her arms and hugged and kissed it. The longing in her heart for some one to love and speak to was almost foo much, and she broke into a violent sobbing. The child cuddled close to her and said softly:

"Don't cry, muzzer, fur I won't leave you ag'in. I'se goin' to stay forebber an' ebber with you."

The hands, chubby and warm, stroked the hair of the weeping woman. Dorothy raised her eyes to look at the little face pressed to hers, and then she started. A dozen feet away stood Henry Egerton, an expression of confusion and uncertainty on his face.

He raised his hat and said:

"Pardon me, I've come for Virginia. She ran away, and I could not catch her until she crossed—crossed over here."

Dorothy still held the child in her arms, and Virginia suddenly exclaimed:

"I'se found muzzer! I'se found muzzer, Uncl' Hen'y. Here she is."

The face of the man worked strangely. A softening of the firm outlines made him look tender and sympathetic.

"Poor Virginia lost her mother a week ago," he murmured, "and she has come to live with me. I could not bear to tell her the truth. But I suppose I was wrong. Come, Virginia, come with Uncle Henry."

"Not unless muzzer comes, too," pleaded the child.

The embarrassment of the man increased. Dorothy, understanding the position of the two, suddenly raised her eyes from the shock of brown hair and said quickly:

"Leave the child with me a short time. She is happy, and I—I—need some one."

There was a break in her voice, but she continued with more self-control: "But I must go away for a doctor. Father is very sick and he needs help and medicine."

Henry Egerton had been thinking of the picture the two made framed in the doorway, and he started at the mention of her father. Then, apparently without thinking, he said: "I'll go for the doctor if you'll keep Virginia until I return. I'll be back soon."

He strode away rapidly without glancing again at the picture, which somehow had strangely affected him, and within ten minutes he was riding fiercely toward Oklahoma City. During the ten miles he hardly saw an object on the landscape, and when he returned in company with the physician he was quiet and taciturn.

Virginia and Dorothy were not in the doorway to greet him on his return, but unmindful of the feud between the two families he strode into the small shack behind the physician. Then, while that individual examined his patient he waited patiently at the foot of the rude bed, furtively watching two faces which seemed inseparably associated together.

Jared Wellington was a long time in bed and the fever wasted him to a skeleton. Nature had robbed him of the power and strength to protect his shack from the approach of the enemy. But before his complete recovery the "dead line" had been obliterated. The little footsteps of Virginia had worn a smooth path across it from shack to shack, and often Henry Egerton followed after his tiny niece "to go and see muzzer." Somehow there was as much attraction for him as for the innocent child, who had found in its bereavement another who had quickly healed the wound.

Then one day Henry Egerton walked to the old shack with lines drawn tighter around his mouth, and with eyes hardened to bear a new burden. The decision of the courts in their respective claims had been handed down. The ownership of the valuable quarter section was decided forever. Beyond the hearing of the convalescent man, who sat in the sun of the doorway, Egerton told the news to Dorothy. Under the blunt announcement she paled and flushed by turns. Then pity for the drawn face before her made her exclaim:

"Oh, I'm sorry for you, Mr. Egerton. I think you should own half."

"No, it was all or none. Now the courts have decided it all belongs to your father. I'm an interloper, and must leave at once. You have the right to order me off before night."

"But I won't do it, Mr. Egerton," Dorothy replied, with a bright smile. "You can stay as long as you like."

"No man could do that unless"—he hesitated—"unless you could let me work the place for you. I could stay as your hired man until your father was well again; but I won't. I would stay at your bidding—if—if—you would always be Virginia's mother."

Dorothy held forth a trembling hand. He seized it and covered it with kisses, hastily interpreting the action as a plea to stay, and Dorothy did not have the courage to break his illusion. Then from the shadow of the shack a small figure toddled forth and a baby's voice exclaimed: "Muzzer, make Uncl' Hen'y stay an' play bear with me. I wants him."

Dorothy, with a happy smile and gleaming eyes, picked the child up in her arms and replied between her caresses: "He will stay, Virginia, and he shall play bear with you all the morning."—New York Times.

A BIG FISH STORY.

What Was Found in the Stomach of a Shark.

A prominent Government official who has returned here from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place one day. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over eighteen feet long, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm, and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as of the man-eating class and a dangerous beast. The shark was caught by a shark fisherman, who makes it his business catching these marine monsters. He uses a large rope for a line and has a windlass for a reel. At the end of the line is a huge steel hook, and this is baited with a large bright tin can. The big shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the roughest time the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was cut open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back, and contained the backbone of the dead animal. A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark, testimony to the fighting abilities of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in a conflict with another shark, and the finding of the piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent; that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa, and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested, and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida, and when that institution was communicated with the owners said that they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in a minute's time is well known to travelers, and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured a stray ostrich or the head of one that had been killed, and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.—Washington Star.

Philosophy of a Cheerful Mind.

To be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If one has lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is sickness of self or those dear to one, then is it indeed a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month or through the years as they pass, and one has ever to deny self of every little longed-for luxury, and the puzzle of how to make one dollar do the work for two has to be solved, then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate.

To acquire this self-command, we need to think of many things. We need to guard against giving way to irritation about little things. If we can maintain self-control in small matters, we shall have less difficulty in maintaining it when great matters are to be met. If we meet irreparable losses we must readjust our lives to fit the new conditions. There is no great evil so bad but that it might have been worse. Let us congratulate ourselves that the worst is not yet! There is truth in the saying that "every cloud has a silver lining." Though it may for a time look so dark we can see no glint of the silver, yet we know it is there.—Milwaukee Journal.

Sulphur in Sicily.

Great progress is being made in the sulphur industry on the Island of Sicily, in the Mediterranean. There are some 450 mines in operation, and a good deal of modern machinery has been installed within the last few years.

"PE-RU-NA SAVED MY LIFE,"

Writes Mrs. W. McRoberts.

Women Made Strong and Happy Mothers.

Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs is a Frequent Cause of Barrenness.

Pe-ru-na Eradicates Catarrh From the System.

TO the woman of ancient Israel not to become a mother was regarded as the greatest of earthly calamities. To become a mother—more especially the mother of a strong, healthy boy—was the height of glory for the faithful woman of the good old Bible days. Even now, when maternity is not esteemed as of yore, the mother of healthy children is an object of admiration, and sometimes envy, by her neighbors. As compared with ancient peoples, the average American woman has a low appreciation of motherhood. There are, however, a great many exceptions to this statement.

The accompanying letters from grateful women who have been made strong, healthy and happy mothers need no added words of ours to make them convincing. Catarrh had weakened and impaired their entire systems. Peruna made them sound and well.

Mrs. L. M. Griffith, Arco, Idaho, writes: "Your medicine did me a wonderful amount of good. It cured me of barrenness. I am 30 years old and never had any children; but since beginning your medicine I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl. She is now six months old and weighs 25 pounds. My friends were all surprised. Some would not believe it until they came to see me.

"My husband says he never saw such a change in any one as there was in me after I had taken three or four bottles of Peruna. I am stronger than I have been since I was quite young. God bless you and your medicine forever. I cannot tell you all. My letter is too long already; but I will say Peruna cured me. I never saw or heard of anything half so good. I can never thank you enough for your kindness. In cases of la grippe it works like a charm. It cured my baby when other medicines failed. She was real bad with la grippe."—Mrs. L. M. Griffith.

Mrs. E. E. Thomas, Alpha, Mo., writes: "I have used your Peruna and Manalin. I had been doctoring for several years, but kept getting worse. One day a neighbor woman brought me your book, the 'Ills of Life,' and wanted me to take your medicine. I told her that I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I had tried so much medicine. My neighbors thought I was nearly dead with consumption.

"Finally I concluded that I would make a last trial. So my husband got me a bottle of Peruna and Manalin. I commenced taking them according to directions. That was two years ago. A year ago last November I gave birth to a 10-pound baby boy, who is well and hearty; and I am doing my own housework. I can never give Peruna too great praise. I think it is the best medicine I ever heard of."—Mrs. E. E. Thomas.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

A YOUNG MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mrs. W. McRoberts, writes to Dr. Hartman from Delano, Miss., the following:

Delano, Miss.

Doctor S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

Dear Sir:—"I feel perfectly well of catarrh. I did as you directed me to and took Peruna and Manalin. The third of March I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl and we are both well and happy. I am very thankful to you, and Peruna saved my life. I recommend it to everyone and can't praise it enough.

"I send you my own and my baby's picture. She is so sweet and good,—she is a Peruna baby. I have such good health now. I do all my housework and take care of my baby, and feel so good.

"There are three or four of my neighbors using Peruna now, since it did me so much good. They were just run down, and they think it is fine. It is so good to give strength."—Mrs. W. McRoberts.

"Nothing is worse than plain American cooking," says Mr. Edgar Saltus, in his article, "The Importance of Being an Epicure," which is published in Ainslee's for May. A perusual of this article will convince the reader that even plain French cooking will hardly suit Mr. Saltus' finical palate. In the article may be found many valuable suggestions for the hostess and the chef. At least, they have that air, from the exquisite literary expression in which they are conveyed. Maybe, after all, an ordinary chef of talent, with no regard for literary expression, would have very little interest in Mr. Saltus' preferred dishes. But then, as Mr. Saltus might say, he does not write for chefs.

REPARTEE:

Miss Reeskay (patronizingly) — Rather embarrassing for you, I should think always to be blushing when you shouldn't.

Miss Daymure—And equally embarrassing for you, I should think, never to be blushing when you should!—Smart Set.

TABLE BOARD.

"I notice an eminent chemst says," remarked Mrs. Starvem, "that the time will surely come when we may expect to get palatable food out of wood."

"That may be," replied Mr. Hallrume, "but we never expect to get it out of board."—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Pedigree.

"Marcus," said Rastus Bivins to his son who had just returned from college with a great bushy head of hair. "Marcus, what in the name of commonsense did you learn at school, anyway? You can't saw the wood; you won't plough; you won't go to work; you won't do nothing but sit around here and read. I'm getting tired of it! I'm getting tired of it! If you don't do something, young man, and that pretty soon, I'm going to enter you at the state fair in the hog show. That hair of yourn might help you some there."

"Don't worry about that, father," said Marcus affectionately. "Don't worry about that; I wouldn't take any prize, because, you see, I have no pedigree."—Silas Xavier Floyd, in Lippincott's for May.

Justus Miles Forman, who wrote "Journey's End," contributes a very clever story to Ainslee's for May under the title, "A Bit of Grease Paint." Another very clever piece of sentimental writing in the same issue is, "A Rose Garden," by Kate Masterson. Dorothy Dix finishes her series of articles on "The Man in Love, with some apt remarks [illegible] the management of a w[illegible]. Miss Dix has doubtless made a great many enemies on account of the frank statements in these articles of hers about the all-conquering male, but she has always made good reading, too, and for that much can be forgiven.

THE IDEAL MAN.

She—Gertrude says she will never marry until she finds her ideal.

He—What is her ideal?

She—Oh, any man who will ask her.—Kansas City Journal.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The lives of some people seem to indicate a regret that there are only ten commandments to break.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

When fortune knocks at the door some people don't answer for fear it might be a collector.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

The fellow who thinks he can flatter all women flatters himself.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The man who makes a fool of himself only saves someone else the trouble.

DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION and all stomach ills positively cured by TABER'S PEPSIN COMPOUND. 10c. size mailed free to any address. Write Dr. Taber Mfg. Co., Peoria, Ill.

There isn't a world of difference between borrowing money and borrowing trouble.

DOAN'S CHANGE DOUBT TO GLAD SURPRISE

EVERETT, MASS.—I received the sample of Doan's Pills and they stopped all my trouble of pain in the back, from which I have suffered for two years. I am a sole-leather cutter, and being on my feet and lifting heavy dies all day, appreciate the help Doan's Pills have given me. I feel like a new man.—GEO. A. BURGESS, 163 Belmont Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Received sample, and am on my first bottle from the druggist—they helped me wonderfully. I had a feeling of wanting to urinate all the time, and trouble in passing, burning and itching. That is all gone now, and I feel thankful.—E. K. STEVENSON, 5351 Easton Ave.

ASPEN, COLO., April 10, 1903.—Doan's Kidney Pills accomplished the desired result in my case—relief came the second day after I commenced taking them. I was troubled with retention and dribbling of the urine. Now it is natural and free as ever in my life.—D. L. STAFFORD.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains, limb swellings and dropsy signs vanish.

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, dizziness, headache, nervousness.

SEAL OF PUBLIC APPROVAL — FREE! CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS SEAL TO FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y., AND OBTAIN A TRIAL BOX, FREE. Doan's Kidney Pills. PRICE 50 CENTS. A SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. NAME ..... P. O. ..... STATE ..... If store space will not accommodate address review on separate slip. SUPREME FOR KIDNEY ILLS

Consult our Physician by mail; medical advice free.

BURLINGTON JUNCTION, MO.—I received sample of Doan's Pills and they are all that is claimed, they relieved a pain in my back, and did all that was represented.—C. C. RAY, R. F. D. No. 1.

TAYLORSVILLE, MISS.—No man can tell the good of Doan's Kidney Pills until he tries them for a weak back. I tried everything and got no relief until I used Doan's Pills.—J. N. LEWIS.

WEST BRANCH, MICH., April 11th.—Many thanks for the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. We had tried many remedies with little benefit but found Doan's act promptly, and hit the case, which was an unusual desire to urinate—had to get up five and six times of a night. I think Diabetes was well under way, the feet and ankles swelled. There was an intense pain in the back, the heat of which would feel like putting one's hand up to a lamp chimney. I have used the free trial and two full boxes of Doan's Pills with the satisfaction of feeling that I am cured. They are the remedy par excellence.—B. F. BALLARD.

WET WEATHER COMFORT

There is no satisfaction keener than being dry and comfortable when out in the hardest storm.

YOU ARE SURE OF THIS IF YOU WEAR

If he will not supply you send for our free catalogue of garments and hats.

CAPUDINE Sour Stomach — AND — Indigestion

10, 25 and 50c. at Drugstores.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c 25c. 50c. All Druggists

Genuine stamped C C C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

A "White Star" Buggy FREE

On July 4th we will give, FREE, one of our "WHITE STAR" Top Buggies to the person composing the greatest number of English words from letters contained in the sentence:

"WATCH THE WHITE STAR BUGGY."

Anyone who will devote an hour each day to this pleasant study can win the buggy.

No conditions to comply with except make up the list of words.

If this offer is not understood, any buggy dealer in your town who has the agency for the "WHITE STAR" Buggy will give you a copy of the rules.

When you have made out your list of words give them to our agent in your town, who will send them to us.

On July 4th we will notify every contestant who the winner is and number of words that won the "WHITE STAR" Buggy.

If you write us, enclose postage for reply.

ATLANTA BUGGY CO., Atlanta, Georgia.

Dropsy CURED Gives Quick Relief.

Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box B Atlanta, Ga.

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Be good to your land and your crop will be good. Plenty of

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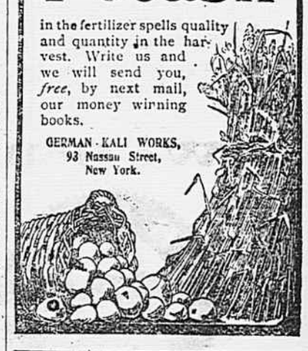

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J. H. Hattox, of Ecru, Miss., writes as follows: "I will say that I have never seen a Well Drilling Machine that would equal the "Ohio" Machine for this part of the country. It is the fastest machine in earth or rock that I ever seen, and I am well pleased with it. I have had no trouble with it since I started it."

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