afternoon sun was shining diffon. gaily, brightening with its gold 'the grim, time-darkcheerful rays dld not penetrate within a certain room on the sec- bands in his, and looked up with an ond floor of a house that looked even expression that was wistful and filled what light there was came through beyond her years. the window as if reluctantly, and dimly showed a figure bent over a desk

engrossed in work. If one could have peeped in at that room at the same hour any day of the year one could have seen the same still figure at the same occupation; one day that I did not live here but except during the vacations, when somewhere quite different, in the coun-Richard Bassington left work and the try, perhaps, and that I had a little Temple for a time and sought some girl, like you, to talk to-and love and place where the air was fresher and

now he was a famous K. C. he should not shining. And then, maybe, when leave the chambers he had first come I can almost fancy this to be true I to when a struggling junior, and find wake and find it was only a dream." a more imposing suite of rooms. But he clung to the old ones with an affection that was more the outcome of long grumbled at a good deal.

the courts was anticipating a hasty voted to more work.

But somehow he could not this afternoon easily rivet his attention, as long habit had given him the power to do, papers, as if drawn upon them by attention to its important self. invisible fingers, a girl's fair face, and done with long ago had come to bered, and he rang loudly at the bell. haunt and disturb the present.

remembered. He supposed it was that to his mind to-day. He placed his pen down and half closed his eyes. Like meats. dimly-remembered music, her voice seemed to float to him across the gulf of years. . . . Why did the aching memory of it come back to him now?

She had long ago passed out of his life, and even though some of the brightness of it had stolen away with her, she left him his work. "I have that," he murmured, half aloud; "It must suffice, now and al

ways."- Yet in that moment the wealth and fame he had won seemed but as Dead Sea fruit, turning to ashes in He thought of certain thousands that

lay snugly invested. Of what use were they to buy back the past or give all alone," said the child, during a would ever care for?

With a self-indulgence that was unusual to him he was still contemplating this dream-sweet face, with the laughing eyes and merry lips, when rather impe one knock at the front door, and breaking his reverse he hastened to answer it.

Standing outside was a vision in white. No figment of the brain this, but a vision of flesh and blood-a child a little girl with grave, inquiring glance and pretty face flushed with excite-

"I told you I should come and sec you, Mr. Bassington," she said to the astonished barrister, "and I made nurse bwing me this afternoon. I have sent her back to the hotel, and told her to come back for me in an hour's time. I said I was going to have tea

with you." She had crossed the threshold, and following the bewildered lawyer she stopped short in the middle of the

room, and looked at him with candid blue eves. "I'm afraid," she said, pronouncing her words with delicate precision.

"that you are not vewy pleased to see me, Mr. Bassington. I believe," she added, with dreadful solemnity, "that you've forgot all about asking me!" But this terrible indictment Richard

Bassington hastened to deny. He remembered meeting the child a week ago at a friend's house where a juvenle party was in progress. He did not know her name, but he had been at tracted by her quaintness. After the manner of children she asked bim a number of questions, where he lived, and whether she might come o see him, with a grave seriousness that was natural to her, and he had replied in the same strain that upon any afternoon he would be prepared to receive

"Why should you not think I am pleased at your visit?" he asked, a little awkwardly. He was unused to children and not at ease with them. "Why I go to my fwlends they always kiss me," was her indirect answer.

"Oh, I see," he replied, with a laugh "Well, that is an omission soon remedied," and catching the child up in baby lips. That seemed effectually to unassisted. break the ice between them, and in a few moments the little girl was explaining how she had obtained permission from her aunt-a lady careless of children and whose brains were wooly in the afternoon - to come out

with her nurse to see Mr. Bassington. Standing alone as he did in the world. with no tie, no one to love or care for him in return, with nothing to live for but incessant work, in which he found his only dreary pleasure, Richard Bassington was almost surprised to find that he was still human, and that this |-that one day he would go out into the oldest city of the United States, has dear child with her pretty ways seemed big world and win a great fortune.

already to be claiming admittance to with which he would go to certain With quick, accustomed hands he took from the cupboard two odd cups and saucers, a milk-jug, sugar, and

plates, and bread and butter. He had learned how to make his own tea in days when to o to outside tea-shops was a luxury beyond his means, and the habit had clung to him. There was a gas-range in the room

and having placed upon it a kettle that had originally been polished brass, be busied himself, much to the child's amusement, in preparing the tea.

She insisted upon helping him, and, removing her fleecy cloak, she began to make herself useful in a manner that betrayed early developed housewifely instincts. It brought bim a strange pleasure

figure as it moved about with dancing at him from his papers. She was a "Do you always have tea alone?" still she asked, setting the cups, and ig- seen.

eyes and a gay song on its lips.

UTSIDE in the Temple the ! noring their cracked and assorted con-

"Always." "And aren't you very lonely?" She ened houses. But the forgot her occupation and, coming across to him, put her soft, childish

> "Sometimes, little lady," he said, with a short sigh. "But you know we didl, middle-aged fogeys have our day dreams like other folks."

"What are day-dweams?"

"Well, for instance, I might imagine work for, and that she was merry, just as you are, and made the world It had been urged upon him that seem bright, even when the sun was mother a summary of what had gone "Is that a day-dweam?" she asked.

"I has them," she went on, reflectively, "but-but they are different all about association than of any actual beauty fairles and gweat, big, enchanted or convenience they possessed, for castles, and forests where there are when he reached the end which was they were shabby and mean, and up twees of real silver and gold, and a two flights of stairs which clients good fairy, and a bad fairy who wants to turn a little girl into a nasty tond. Mr. Bassington had had a busy day. Would you weally like to have a little and returning a few minutes ago from girl like me?" she broke off, abruptly. A gentleness came over the man's tea, and after that a long evening de- somewhat stern face, touching it into years that separated past from present kindliness and softness.

"Yes, little lady," he said. "And now the kettle is becoming angry with us. She laughed at the fancy, as he, on the work before him. There stared | turned to the hissing kettle, which was up at him from those dry, rustling indignantly rattling its lid to call their

Turning to the cupboard again, he with gray, laughing eyes, and a tangle saw that it contained nothing to tempt Mr. Bassington for your pleasant hour of wild, sweet hair; in a word, a face a child's dainty appetite. Children from the past he had hoped was dead liked sweet, jammy things, he remem-After a lengthy interval the indivi-He glanced up at the calendar above | dual who followed the mysterious ochis desk. It was her birthday, he cupation of a laundress made her appearance, with husky apologies, and which had brought her so persistently was dispatched to the nearest tea-shop asked. for a goodly assortment of sweet-

> He then gave his attention to the child once more, poured out the tea, sugared it to suic her taste, milked it according to his own judgment, and looked after her wants in general. In a very short while the laundress returned with the cakes which might have tempted an anchorite.

> It was quite a merry tea-table, and somehow the barrister felt years younger. The may of age which had fallen prematur ...pon him, as it does on most whe we no love to sweeten their da; and keep them youthful, slipped suddenly away. "It must be vewy nice to live here

him once more the chance to win the pause in her healthy attack upon the only woman he had ever cared or cakes. "No lessons, no horwid gov "But I have my lessons, child," he

said, whimsically. "We all have our lessons; those are mine," and he pointed to a pile of papers. "Are they difficult ones?"

"Sometimes," he said, thinking of a icklish case he ought at that moment to have enmeshed his intellect in. She seemed to ponder over this, and

presently she slipped off her chair and climbed on to the barrister's knee. She looked into his eyes. They were som bre enough usually, but just now they were lighted by a smile.

"Do .your lessons ever make you cwy like mine do me?" "Not exactly that, my pretty one

Men don't cry; they mustn't, you know; all their crying is done inwardly. Do you understand?" She nodded a solemn head.

"That's like what mummy does. She sits in her chair sometimes so quiet, and looks just like little girls do when they want to cwy and can't. I 'spect it's 'cos daddy's gone to heaven, and isn't likely to come back, nurse says. Have you ever been to heaven? And is it for away?"

"No; I have never been, dear; and it is so far away that when one goes there one never, never comes back

"I s'pose it's vewy booful, like fairyland," she remarked thoughtfully. This reflection seemed to give birth

to a new idea. "Tell me a fairy tale," she pleaded "I am so fond of fairy tales."

The barrister looked at the flushed, tender face and cudgelled his brains. The law's grave study does not much lend itself to the cultivation of the fancy, and he lacked the gift of fiction. Then there came to him a way out of the difficulty. He would relate to her something of his own life in the guise of a fairy tale. With a preliminary cough he com-

menced.

"Once upon a time," he said, and his listener's eyes grew wide with delight, "there was-let me sec-a woodman's son. The fairles had not been invited to his christening, so that there were no good gifts to help him his strong arms he kissed the sweet in life; he had to fight his own way

"His father and mother were kind to him-they had so many children and they were very poor-and his life would have been altogether very sad but for a little playmate be had, of whom he was very fond. She was a little, fair-haired girl very much like you. She was pretty and gay and he was so very fond of her that he never dared to tell her of his fond

of those day-dreams that I told you of miserly fairles and buy from them a handsome palace, to which he would bring this little girl, and live with her there forevermore.

"But one day, whilst he was still waiting for this dream to come true, still believing and hoping in it, there came the son of a very rich king, who, seeing this little girl, fell at once in States."-The Chautauquan. love with her, and took her away with him to a real palace, not one that was formed of dreams, and the woodman's

son never saw her again." They were interrupted at this point by a hasty rap at the outside door. which was divided from the sitting room by an apology for a passage. Placing the child down, Bassington went to open it, in a kind of dream, and to complete the dream, thereto see how much at home she was, to when he opened the door-was the hemp, hence our word assassin,-Lonthe beautifully-dressed little ghost of the past that had peered up little older, a little graver, but it was still the sweetest face he had ever though but seven-tenths of a square

caught sight of him. "I returned unexpectedly to town

She flushed uncomfortably when she

this afternoon," she said, "to find that my little girl had gone off to pay a call upon a mysterious gentleman." "Your little girl! I did not know!" "Nor I that it was you that she had

ome to annoy." Seeing her mother, the child came forward and rapturously greeted her, and commenced a confused account of the fairy tale the latter's advent had interrupted. "Won't you have some ten?" he said,

confusedly. He could hardly believe that the woman he had never ceased to love through all the years was here before him. "My little Isobel has wearled you

quite long enough, I am sure," she murmured. But the child had heard the invitation and pleaded in a breathless fashion for her to stay.

Mrs. Courtenay consented, and in response to her puzzled glance Richard, not without besitation, explained how he had been entertaining Isobel. He would have liked to get out of going on with the story. It was an embarrassing position but the child would

not legar of it. Whilst he was making fresh tea for the last arrival, Isobel was giving her before, and Mr. Bassington's embarrassment was added to when he saw by the sudden flush which stained the fair white face that she recognized the characters in his little story. But he was bound to finish it, though in a rather halting fashion, it is true, and very shortly, the child insisted upon hearing her mother's opinion. She

was silent for a few moments. "I think," she said at last-and she looked at the barrister with the builtmocking expression which made the seem but as one day, he remembered it so well-"I think that the woodman's son ought to have spoken and have told the girl about his dreams of the future. She-she might have waited for him-if her mother had let her.

Now, Isobel, we must really go.' she finished, rising to her feet. "Thank -and-and for his fairy tale." Somewhat reluctantly Isobel obeyed.

"Good-by," she said. A thrill passed through Richard Bas sington as he clasped it. "Are you staying long in town?" he

Mrs. Courtenay held out her hand.

"No; we return home to-morrow af ernoon.

"May I call to say farewell?" She paused for a moment, under standing what he meant by the simple question. Indeed, now was no time for further misunderstanding; there had been too much of that in the past; since she had heard the finish to the fairy tale she saw things with clearer "If you care to-yes," was her reply.

-Tit-Bits.

REINDEER MIGRATIONS. Devouting Hords Which March Over the

Country. During the course of a paper on the 'Mammals of Mount Katahdin, Maine,' read recently at Washington, D. C. Captain B. H. Dutcher, of the United States Army, gave some interesting facts relative to the remarkable migratory ways of the reindeer. The caribou, or reindeer, is an animal that belongs father north than the northernmost point of Maine, that is given to migrations at irregular intervals, and within the memory of people living in the Mount Katabdin neighborhood there have been two such migrations within the last eighty years.

In both instances Mount Katalidia has formed the southern terminus of the reindeer n ration, the immense herd halting o reaching that point, and, on the approach of spring, returning northward to New Brunswick, Canada and Labrador. The last migration of caribou within the memory of the Mount Katahdin residents occurred late in the fall of 1896, when a herd of thousands of carlbou that had attracted attention by their migration through Labrador, Canada and New Brunswick suddenly appeared in the forests about the famous mountain. All that winter the natives of the region feasted on juicy reindeer steak, but with the first signs of spring the herd gathered together and left the neighborhood as suddenly as they came, returning to their homes in bleak and inhospitable Labrador. Two days after the herd got under way there was not a reindeer to be seen nor found in the entire Mount Katahdin district, nor have any been seen there since. This propensity of the reindeer suddenly to gather in large herds and

make long journeys covering thousands of miles is a phenomenon that has long puzzled naturalists and has never been satisfactorily accounted for. Unlike the bison, or buffalo, which animal migrates porth in summer and south in winter, the reindeer has no stated time nor season for migrating, nor, so far as naturalists have been able to discover, is there any good reason or cause for such action on their part. Nordenskjold, during his famous voyage along the Siberian coast, from Bergen, Norway, to Bering Strait, witnessed one of the largest reindeer migrations that, according to the Yakuts, Samoyedes and Burlats, had taken place in Northern Siberia in two centuries, there being nothing in the native traditions covering that period to indicate a like migration. According to Nordenskield, the herd numbered close to half a million, and the region

reindeer moss and other plants upon which these animals feed.

over which it passed was swept bare of

If we seek the oldest civic building in the United States we shall find ourselves in the quaint old adobe palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, N. M. This long, low structure, in the second been the seat of government under the Spanish, Mexican and American regimes for nearly three hundred years. It now contains the museum of the New Mexico Historical Society, of which the Hon, L. Bradford Prince, a native New Korker and former Governor of New Mexico, is President. Governor Prince considers this "the most historic building in the United

Origin of Word Assassin. ·The native drinker in India swallows an extract of the hemp plant, which produces a species of mania in its devotees. While under its influence the drinker will kill all and sundry with whom he comes in contact. This is what is known as "running amok." The drinker is called "hashassin," that is, one who drinks "hashin" or Indian

don Express. . The St. James district of London, almile, has 471 policemen.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling cut badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out." Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with halfstarved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE JULY SMART SET.

"The Metempsychosis of the Ogdens," by Edward S. Van Zile, the novelette with which the July number of The Smart Set opens, is as humorous a piece of fiction as has recently appeared, and for summer reading it will be found delightful to while away a pleasant hour. The father of a beautiful young society girl, through the instrumentality of an apparently harmless Oriental curio which he possesses, is forced to assume, for a short time, his daughter's identity. The adventures which befall them are ludicrous in the extreme. There is a laugh in every line of the story."

The same issue is rich in the number and variety of short stories. Cyrus Townsend Brady contributes a strong tale of the plains, entitled "How 'The Kid' Went Over the Range." "Jane's Gentieman." ov Owen Oliver. is a charming bit, "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary," by Guy Wetmore Carryl, is vivid and dramatic. "The Fatter Calf," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, is a striking episode from the page of a woman's life. Other stories of equal merit are: "Fayal, the Uuforgiving," by Miriam Michelson; "Blue Blood," by G. B. Burgin; "At the Year's End," by Martha Fishel; "The Beautiful Woman's Narrative," by the Baroness von Hut ten; "Exhibit A," by Kate Jordan, and "The Blue Thorn of Kashgar," by Edward Boltwood. Alfred Henry Lewis, in his usually happy vein, writes a re-

title, "Break a Heart and Make an Ac-The verse in the July Smart Set is musical and seasonable. There is the usual abundant supply of light quips and jests. All in all, the July Smart Set is one of the best numbers ever issued.

FITS permane: ured. No fits or nervous-ness after first di. use of Dr. Kline's Great NervoRestoror. \$2. rial bottle and treatisefree Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

When a bashful young man falls in sove he generally expects the girl to act as pace-maker.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease. It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, fired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

The Himalayas have several peaks 28,000 feet, and more than 1000 which have been measured exceed 26,000 feet.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900. Even the most stingy woman can't keep

H. H. GREEN'S Sons, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertise-ment in another column of this paper. The tubes in the boilers of a large ship

rould reach ten miles if placed end to end. Any young lady who will send her address on a postal at once to REV. J. M. RHODES, Littleton, N. C., will receive literature worth

very much more to her than a penny. When a man can't pay his rent he gen-

FREE STUART'S

To all who suffer or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, Liver, Heart, Bladder or Blood Disease, a sample bottle of Stuart's Gin and Buchu, the great southern Kidney and Liver Medicine, will be sent absolutely free of cost. Mention this paper. Address STUART DRUG MYG CO., 28, Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.

PANCER CURED WITHOUT CUTTING, A New Vegetable Remedy. Cure Guaranteed in Every Case Treated. NATIONAL CANCER MEDICINE COMPANY, Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga.



are made in the largest and best equipped ammunition factory in the world.

AMMUNITION

of U. M. C. make is now accepted by shooters as "the worlds standard" for it shoots well 'n any gun. Your dealer sells it.

The Union Metallie Cartridge Co. Bridgeport, - - Conn.



SOMONOMONOMONOMONOMONOMONO APUDINE CURES Indigestion, Effects felt immediately. ROMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMOMO

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by drugglata.

QIL ON THE WATER.

Report on the Use of Liquid Fuel Under

The result of experiments in burning oil as fuel made by the Bureau of Steam Engineering, U. S. N., appears in n recent report of the Chief of that Department. The conclusions reached are as follows:

1. Oil can be burned in a very uniform manner.

2. The evaporative efficiency of nearly every kind of oil, per pound of combustible, is probably the same. While the crude oil may be rich in hydrocarbons, it also contains sulphur; so that after refining, the oil has probably the same calorific value as the crude product.

3. A marine steam generator can be forced to even as high a degree with oil as with coal.

4. Up to the present time no ill effects have been shown upon the boller. 5. The firemen are disposed to favor oil, and therefore no impediments will be met in this respect.

6. The air requisite for combustion should be heated, if possible, before entering the furnace. Such heating undoubtedly assists the gasification of the oll product. 7. The oil should be heated, so that

it can be atomized more readily. 8. When using steam, higher pressures are undoubtedly more advantageous than lower pressures, for atomizing the oil. 9. Under heavy forced draft, partic-

ularly when using steam, it has not yet

been found possible to prevent smoke issuing from the stack, although all connected with the tests made special efforts to secure complete combustion. 10. The consumption of liquid fuel probably cannot be forced to as great an extent with steam as the atomizing agent, as it can when compressed air is used for this purpose. This is probably due to the fact that the air used for atomizing purposes, after entering the furnace, supplies oxygen, while in the case of steam the rarified vapor displaces air that is needed to complete

the combustion. 11. The efficiency of oil fuel plants will be greatly dependent upon the general character of the installation of auxiliaries and fittings; and therefore the work should be entrusted only to those who have given careful study to the matter and who have had extended experience in burning the crude oil. The form of the burner will play a very small part in increasing the use of crude petroleum; for where the burners are simple in design and are constructed in accordance with scientific principles, they will differ but little in efficiency. Consumers should see to it, carefully, that they do not purchase appliances that are untried, and have been designed by persons who markably distinctive article under the have had but limited experience in operating oil devices.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Doubt is brother evil to despair. Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.

The best cure for a man's concelt is a woman's laughter. A man who always acts has time

afterward to find reasons. Fearlessness burns its bridges behind: fear, the bridges before.

No man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it. Man regards human native as a packmule on which to pile his sins. Some things that are received

gifts are really intended as invest-When you conquer your enemy by FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. force his better part remains unconquered.

> prudence attached to his balloon of enthusiasm. The foundation of self-respect is

Every wise man has a parachute of

work. Work is the parent of enterprise; idleness is the parent of vice.

The Color of Ghosts. Gray, rather than black or white, appears to be the prevailing color worn by the latter-day ghosts. Two houses, one in England and the other in Ireland, are persistently haunted by what are called "gray ladies." The Irish spook of this category recently stood in front of a bust of Shakespeare, hidden by her form. A pair of shoes, thrown at her opaque substance, penetrated it completely and crashed against the marble bust. A third gray ghost haunting the nuclent dormitory of an English college is, on the other hand, transparent. The panels of windows can be seen through its form. A fourth gray ghost appears as a shadow, singularly distinct and showing all the lines and features of a human being. Still another speak, that of Colonel Av-Meinander, seen in St. Petersburg, is o gray shadow. In fact, there are too many gray ghost for enumeration. The 'sheeted dead" appear to be in a small minority nowadays. Even black ghosts seem to outnumber them. The black shade of an ancient clergyman often seen in daylight upon an English country road sometimes wears a white film of vapor enveloping his sable raiment. The phantom of another clergyman, seen in church, is described as "a black, clear mist with the outline of a man." That of "a little old woman in brown" has long haunted the front yard of a certain cottage, while that of "an old lady in green" bothers a minister of

Eight automobile enthusiasts have formed a volunteer corps to be used by the Government in time of war for carrying dispatches and bringing into communication distant points not reached by the railroads. Of late, to get themselves in training, they have organized several balloon pursuits. In these novel chases an aeronant starts skyward in a balloon, carrying some dummy dispatches, while at the same time the automobiles start in pursuit of the huge gas bag on terrai firma. If a good breeze is blowing the aeronaut gives the automobiles a lively chase, while if he is aided with clouds in or above which to hide himself he keeps the modern "knight of the road" guessing as to his whereabouts. The one who reaches him first after his descent is declared the winner of the chase, which is said to be much more exciting than "hare and hounds" or a fox hunt.-Aeronautical World.

the gospel.-Washington Star.

The Philippine Jungle. The sportsman who chances to try als luck in the Philippines can find plenty of good shooting at wild pigeon.

and wild doves; and there are loriots, woodcock and many specimens of magple. A trip through a Philippine jungle, even in times of peace, is one never to be forgotten. There is always something new and interesting passing before the eyes, and while one is always seeing some kind of animal life, he is never just certain whether the next tep forward will not bring to view an mmense anaconda, a ferocious boar, a great antler, or some other of the great animal tribe of the islands. ...

Free Medical Advice to Women.



Every young girl who suffers monthly,

Every woman who is approaching maternity, Every woman who feels that life is a burden,

Every woman who has tried all other means to regain health with a dicess, Every woman who is going through that critical time - the change of life is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., in regard to her trouble, and the most expert advice telling exactly how to obtain a CURE will be sent abso-

lutely free of cost. The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject

is experience - experience creates knowledge. No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for twenty years, day after day, and day after day. Twenty years of constant success - think of the knowledge thus

gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free. Mrs. Hayes, of Doston, wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter shows the result. There are actually

thousands of such letters in Mrs. Pinkham's possession. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I have been under doctors' treatment for female troubles for some time, but without any relief. They now tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, I cannot wear my clothes with any comfort. Womb is dreadfully swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor, given in your little book, accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 263

Dudley St. (Boston), Roxbury, Mass. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - I wrote to you describing my symptoms, and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully for several months, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, together with your advice, carefully followed, entirely expelled the tumor, and strengthened the whole system. I can walk miles now. "Your Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all

women who are afflicted with tumors, or any female trouble, to write you for advice, and give it a faithful trial." - Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St. Mrs. Hayes will gladly answer any and all letters that may be addressed to her asking about her illness, and how Mrs. Pinkham helped her.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Piakham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Vulcanized Timber.

A considerable amount of interest, says Scientific American, has been aroused by the announcement, as the result of a prolonged series of experiments, of a method of so treating timber as to secure even from soft wood a largely increased toughness and hardness. The process is described as one of vulcanizing, comparable in some respects with Bessemer's process of converting iron into steel, and is the invention of Mr. Pc ell, a Liverpool merchant. The treatment to which the timber is subjected is, roughly speaking, that of saturation at boiling point with a solution of sugar, the water being afterwards evaporated at a high temperature. The result is to leave the pores and interstices of the wood filled in with solid matter, and the timber vulcanized, preserved and seasoned. The nature of moderately soft wood, it is claimed, is in this way changed to a tough and hard substance, without brittleness, and also without any tendency to split or crack. It is also rendered remarkably impervious to water. Hard wood similarly treated derives similar benefits. Moreover, it is claimed that the process may be completed and timber

JUST SAVED HIMSELF. Mrs. Strongmind-We have been told that you said the women of

turned out ready for use in a few days.

America couldn't cook. Celebrity (momentarily confused)-Why-ah-madam, certainly. It is the case in all countries. Cooking is beneath women. It is a man's job.

Features of Ainslee's for July. The Ribboned Way, novel, by S

Carleton: A Recruit in Diplomacy, short story, by Justus Miles Forman; A Leaf from His Salad Days, short story, by Baroness Von Hutten; The Ideal Man, essay, by Kate Masterson; The Passing of Lon Twitchell, short story, by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss: 'Twixt Cup and Lip, short story, by Guy Wetmore Carryl; How Julia Was Saved, short story, by George Horton; Dr. Polnitzki, short story, by Arlo Bates; The Perils and Pitfalls, short story, by Joseph C. Lincoln; Under the Surface, short story, by Annie C. Muir-

Other contributors are: Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Stringer, Mrs. Reginald De Koven Robert Loveman, Lucia Chamberlain, Frank S. Arnett, Florence Holmes Beach, W. Bert Foster, Edmund Vance

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