teen years old, stood outside the spitefully. To his astonishment the main entrance of the Fairport High catch jarred loose, and down fell the School. A tail, rather severe-looking map, an utter wreck, upon the floor. young man emerged, blinked at them a moment through his glasses, then his second to sweep up the pieces. nodded courteously as he passed.

the girl; but the boy, his young face he began to take a revengeful pleashardening, did not acknowledge the ure in the feeling that Wilson had teacher's salutation.

"Beast!" he muttered, when the

"Why, Will, what's the matter?" team. Kitty; that's all." The voice was bitter.

"He hasn't!" "He has, though." "What for?"

the team had a big game."

Saturday against Wareham?"

Traloar shook his head. "If he'd that's all."

he's given to field trips, and how the special examination now! classes have enjoyed them. Last year But I don't understand now-

don't care a cent about his confound- studies. ed old rocks."

"Eut if you can't pitch," began Kitty.

"Latham must do it." voice was tragic.

guess, and so will the team. Only"- lie out of it. Treloar's eyes grew dark again-"I mean to get even with old Wilson gleaming spectacles. somehow!'

There was plenty of discussion and cided to give you that special examplenty of disapproval in the high ination you wanted in geology." school over Mr. Wilson's action. Treloar was not only by far the best pitcher in the baseball squad; he was so enthusiastically to popularize had me so. Under the circumstances, I not endeared the boy to Wilson. So have reversed my decision. When ing." much was true. On the other hand, do you want to try it?" in conditioning Treloar, Wilson had been absolutely just; in fact, he was to learn, however, the wisdom of smashed your map."

On the Friday following Treloar's talk with Kitty Burton, Mr. Wilson exhibited to the class in geology what he called "a contour map." It was a clay modeling, in relief, of an interesting section of the neighborhood of Fairport to the south. It showed ravines, mounds, slopes, watercourses and watersheds, and by cross-

"This," he explained, "was made you thought it was an accident." by one of my students last year. It is each member of the class, as a part and stared at Treloar. of the final examination, to prepare a similar map." There was a groan at being kept on the rack, repeated, from the class. Wilson, with a slight smile, continued: "It is not expected of studying it."

the high school building. He wished | contour map. to see Mr. Wilson. The Wareham physics room, but it was empty; hard. passed on to the room reserved for

geology, and found that empty also. Wilson!" His voice echoed back to and I can't take that examination." him from the specimen-lined walls. but there was no other arswer. Somehow he felt additionally aggrieved by Wilson's absence. He he nodded, with a little frown. opened the door into the hall beyond and looked out. Nobody there, From he could see the great vacant lot, a block away, where the team was practicing, and hear the shouts of the players. His anger against Wilson mounted as he watched and listened. A special examination was so small a thing to refuse! He knew he could

pass it if he had a chance. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a table in the corner, upon which lay the contour map which Mr. Wilson had exhibited that day. The table was of a kind not unusual-a square central portion, and two square wings, or leaves, of equal size, which could be folded down out of the way. Partly on one of these leaves lay the clay map. If, by accident or design, the catch of that leaf should jar loose, the msp would slip and smash to pieces on the floor, "and serve cld Wilson right if it did," thought Treloar. He

looked at the man sullenly. In a moment of childish unreason-

Allo, and a girl, each about seven- ing annoyance he kicked the table

Treloar's first impulse was to run; He had had no intention of breaking "Good evening, Mr. Wilson!" said the map; but now that it was broken, got what he deserved. The breaking of the map would be thought an accident. If any investigation followed, he could not possibly be connected "He's thrown me off the baseball with the affair. So, leaving the map in ruin, he slipped cautiously out of the farther door into the vacant hall, and thence downstairs without having seen a soul.

Had he looked back, however, just "I'm below grade, he says. It's as he was closing the door behind simple meanness. I hate geology, him, he would have known that he and he knows it-that's all. I've had not escaped unobserved. As he been late three or four times, and withdrew from the room into the hall, every time he has called on me before another person entered it from be-I got there, and marked me zero when | yond, coming through the physics I didn't answer. Then, of course, room-one who had heard the crash I've missed two field trips-his own of the falling map, and who in the fault for setting them on days when single glimpse that was possible recognized Will Treloar as he escaped. "And you can't pitch a week from But Treloar did not look back, and therefore did not know.

Had he known, he could hardly give me 2 special examination I could have felt more uncomfortable. He I-I didn't know." pass it. But he won't. Says I've was seventeen-nearly grown up; had as much chance as anybody, and and after his flash of anger was over, my being an athlete, as he calls it, he knew that he had taken the reis no reason for giving me special venge of a bad child. He had done a favors. He's simply dirt-mean, Kitty, mean, petty thing, and run away to I did last year? Of course you didn't, escape the consequences. If more to *Kitty, troubled, protested: "You depress him were needed, he had it in know how hard he has worked to the realization that now his last make geology interesting the last chance was gone-he certainly could two years, Will, and how much time not again appeal to Mr. Wilson for a

He sat about the house that evenwe had a splendid time. I liked ing and tried to study. The next I came over to see you-working on geology better than anything else. morning he went over to see Kitty that map! Spent the whole day on it Burton. Mrs. Burton informed him "I tell you," repeated Will, with that Kitty was not at home; she had Kitty!" pessimistic sincerity, "he hates me gone off somewhere to do some spebecause I don't like it; because I cial work in connection with her

On Monday morning, at the recess, one of the monitors touched him on the shoulder.

"Treloar, Mr. Wilson wants to see "Then we shall lose." Kitty's you in his office." Treloar jumped. What did this mean? Of course the "Shouldn't wonder." Something janitor must on Saturday have disof the girl's sympathy, however, covered the wreck of the map and inreached the boy's angry heart. formed Wilson. Treloar squared his "Never mind, Kitty; I'll bear up, I shoulders; at all events, he would not

Wilson sat at his desk behind his "Sit down," he said. "I have de-

Will could not believe his ears. What, sir?"

"I have decided to give you that also one of the most popular boys in special examination." Mr. Wilson contour map. school. He had never before failed took off his spectacles, and his face in his work, and the belief was gen- appeared younger and more friendly. eral that he should be given another "I may have been a bit hard on you; chance. But Mr. Wilson, not long out I don't know. I have been talking it of college, and not yet the oppor- over with the principal. He says you tunist which most teachers sooner or have a good record, and he would later are driven to become, stead- rather like to give you another fastly refused to give Treloar a spe- chance. And I may tell you also that and things from last year, and I had cial examination. He taught physics one of the best students I have ever been so proud that you kept it, that also, but geology was his hobby, and had, who knows you, thinks I am "Treloar's obvious and outspiken dis- mistaken in my estimate of your another one. That's all." like of the work he toiled so hard and ability, and took the trouble to tell

Treloar swallowed hard.

"Mr. Wilson," he said, "I guess Incapable of injustice. He had still you don't know that it was I who

It was the instructor's turn to be

startled. "You what?"

"Smashed your map-the contour map you showed us Friday. I came flushed. in here that afternoon to see you. You were gone, but the map was on the table. I was feeling mad, and I "Yes, yes. Treloar tells me," he kicked the table, and it fell off and said, slowly, "that he was also here smashed. I didn't really mean to do on Friday afternoon. Never mind, sectioning indicated the underlying it, but I cut away then and didn't Miss Burton. I shall ask no more say anything to anybody. I suppose questions. And I want to tell you

"What on earth," said Mr. Wilson, very good; good enough to be pre- in amazement, "are you talking served as a model. I shall expect about?" He put on his glasses again to have you for a friend."

The boy, embarrassed and annoyed "The map, sir—I smashed it."

Mr. Wilson rose. "Bnt, my dear that your performances equal this fellow," he said, "are you dreaming? one; but I shall keep it before you, I saw the map on the table myself that you may have the opportunity two hours ago, when I came in. Come here." He led the way across That afternoon, about half-past the hall into the geology room; and four, Will Treloar returned to the there, in the centre of the table, "science wing," as it was called, of whole, sound, and complete, lay the

For the second time in five minutes game, hardly a week off, was lost un- Treloar disbelieved his senses. He less he could play; and he meant to went up gingerly to the table and make a last appeal for a special exam- touched the map; then he looked at and that Treloar never was condiination, although he had no hope of Mr. Wilson, who was looking quizits being granted. He entered the zically at him. The boy's jaw set port .- Youth's Companion.

"I don't pretend to understand it sir," he said. "All I know is, I "Mr. Wilson!" he called. "O Mr. smashed it, and didn't mean to tell; The instructor, his quizzical smile vanishing, came up to the table and

"I see," he said. "This is a copy, See, it's fresher in every way. It has there would be thousands and thouthe west window of the geology room just been made. But it's clever work; sands of empty maws to-morrow in almost, if not quite, as good as the that city.-Henry Ward Beecher.

examined the map carefully. Then

original, for which it has been substituted. And it has been done rapidly, too, if it has been modeled since Friday afternoon. Well, well!". The instructor relapsed into a brown study. After a moment he pulled himself up to action.

"Don't say anything about this, Treloar. I want to make some inquiries. Just go over your story

again, will you?" The boy repeated it. "And you say nobody saw you?"

"At least I didn't see any one, sir." "Well, you may go. As to what's to be done-we'll settle that later. But remember-say nothing."

Treloar went out, dumfounded. Who had done this, and why? In of the main bullding he met Kitty

"Have you been seeing Mr. Wilson?" she asked. "Yes."

"O Will-is he going to give you the examination?" Treloar shook his head. "That's

all off, Kitty." The glow in her face faded. "Will,

what's the matter?" "I can't tell you, Kitty. But-I've been an awful fool. Wilson would have given me another chance,

and I had to go and spoil it. I've acted like a mean little kid." "Will - you don't mean - the map?"

"Wnat!" he cried. "Kitty-I do you know about it?" "I went up to see Mr. Wilson Fri-

day afternoon," she said. "I thought News, -I thought I saw you going out. And my map was on the floor, broken.

"Your map?" Will Treloar's exclamation was eloquent with amazement.

"Yes. Didn't you know it was one

though." He could only stare. "Then it was you who made the new one?"

She nodded. "You worked on it all day Saturday?" he cried, with a flash of in-

sight. "That's where you were when -half the night, too, probably.. O "Well, you see," she answered, nervously, "I'd done it before-and I

had all the data-and I knew you hadn't meant to-and you'd be sorry -and we had to have you pitch for us!" she ended her complicated speech with a little laugh. "It was you who went to Wilson and begged him to give me the spe-

cial," he added. "I know it was-ne said 'one of his best students last year. One of the monitors came up and interrupted. "Kitty," she said, "I've

been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Wilson want to see you." "I promised him I wouldn't say a word," said Treloar, remorsefully.

"You haven't," Kitty anshwered. "I said it all myselt."

She found the instructor, without his glasses, awaiting her beside the "Miss Burton," he said, abruptly,

"can you tell me anything about this?" "Yes, sir," she answered. She drew a long breath. "Friday I came in here-in the afternoon-and saw it

was broken. I still had my notes "I see. When did you do it?"

"Saturday - and Saturday even-He examined the map again; then

he turned suddenly upon her. "You found no one here Friday

when you came to see me?" "No, sir; there was no one in the

room. "And you had no idea how the ac cident might have occurred?" He looked at her sharply, and she

"The leaf of the table had faller down; the map had been lying on it."

that although some fault might be found with your judgment, I think that almost any one would be proud She flushed again, but not unhap-

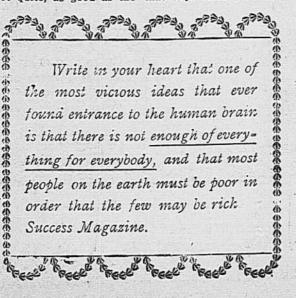
pily, at something in his tone. "Have you decided about Treloar's examination?" she said, boldly. He tapped the desk with his pencil.

That is a matter wholly for Treloar to decide. I have offered to give him the examination. But-I may say-I don't believe he will accept the offer."

Nor did he; nor did he, therefore, pitch against Wareham. That was a disappointment to Kitty Burton; but she may have drawn some consolation from the facts that Will Treloar and Mr. Wilson became very good friends, tioned again in his studies in Fair-

Savagery in Civilization.

It is no time to say that man cannot, in civilized society, be guilty of cannibalism. I tell you there are more cannibals in New York than in the isles of the Pacific; and if to-day you were suddenly to take away the support that comes from eating men.



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE MERMAMMY'S LULLABY. Swish, swish, my little fish; Rest each silvery wee fin Now the daylight's growing dim.

Swish, swish, my darling fish; Do not quiver, do not fear, Your mermammy's floating near.

Swish, swish, dear little fish; Hungry hawk or cruel hook Cannot find our cosey nook.

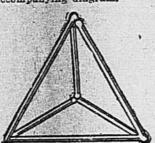
Shut your tiny round bead-eve, Let your shining scales soft-lie; Swish, swish, sweet little fish. Swish, my pretty speckled fish; Now the stars are coming out. Swish, swish, my darling trout. -Mary E. Merrill, in Christian Register.

CAN'T TAKE OFF FEET.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair in order to reach something he wanted.. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," expromised not to say a word. What claimed his mother:. "I just have to, mamma," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."-Chicago

> MATCH PUZZLE. How to Make Four Triangles Out of Six Sticks.

If the man who is always going around asking people to solve puzzles ever tells you that you can't of six matches, you may be prepared for him by making a little study of the accompanying diagram.



Three of the six matches are laid on the table in the form of a triangle, and the other three are placed on end, meeting at a common point above. Thus you have the four triangles required.

A MASQUERADE.

I thought you would like to hear about a masquerade which I attended. It was held in the City Hall. There were a great many pretty dresses and some extremely funny ones. There were clowns of all descriptions, people disguised as Red Riding Hood, Spaniards and poppies. The popples, which I took great interest in, had dark green dresses, with long strips of green crepe paper, and large red hats with green stems on top of the crowns, which were also green. Afterward all the poppies had their pictures taken by flashlight. -Eileen Tate, in the New York

TALE OF A SQUIRREL. DOILA window sill watching Hulda dampenback yard, "look at the funny pussy

"Pussy cat, my darling," sniffed Hulda; "sure, that's no cat; it's a rat, I'm thinking, or mayoe a weasel," and, as the small gray animal stopped scurrying along the fence, and, sitting up straight, curling its finfly tail over its back like a plume, home together." she and Dolly cried in one breath, "It's a squirrel, it's a squirrel!"

chipped in his five cents, and pretty "A squirrel in a city back yard!" cried mother dropping her egg beat- placed in a wagon and sent home. er and coming to the window; "it must have escaped from some boy or other."

"O. mother." cried Dolly, "may I catch him, and may I keep him?" Please say yes, mother!" "Yes," laughed mother, "if you

catch him! But I fear he won't be caught, and also, does not seem inclined to be kept; but," she added, "suppose you get some nuts - the chestnuts and hickories we found in the woods yesterday-out on the window sill and see whether he'll come for them."

So Dolly opened the laundry window and set the nuts on the sill; and they all went back into the kitchen where mother went on with her mounted on the top of the boiler. cooking, and Hulda washed the lunch dishes, while Dolly kept as still as a mouse watching the squirrel. As soon as the little creature

ments, his thickly whiskered little of heat and cold. nose wrinkling and quivering, his beady black eyes searching for possiered it, and rushed back for a new delight-until the nuts were all bur- fluence lasted. ied, where he painstakingly went went over his cache, scrapping, patting and smoothing the ground until is the "Unilens" telescope lately prono one would have guessed it had duced by London opticians. It is

Hulda as she rolled the rope round hand and elbow, lingering at each pole to unfasten the line. She was hurrying along (for the short November afternoon was growing chilly), and had evidently quite forgotten his squirrelship, when, just as she neared his post, and had planted one substantial foot upon his buried treasure. he uttered a chattering protest and hurled himself upon her, a flying bunch of gray fur, waving tail and burning indignation. Hulda in her turn uttered a piercing scream, dropped wash line and clothes pin bag, ran into the house, and dropped breathless-but otherwise unhurtinto the nearest chair, while the scarred and offended squirrel swarmed over the fence and ne'er was heard of more.-Kate Hudson, in Christian Register.

NEWSBOY'S BEREAVEMENT.

It wasn't much of a dog, just a plain, everyday sort of a dog, that lay yelping with pain in Maiden Lane yesterday afternoon, where it had crawled after it had been hit by a passing automobile.

A crowd of newsboys had gathered around it when a little crippled fellow came hobbling up, and, parting make four triangles of equal size out his way through the crowd, went to the side of the dog, and, stooping, he patted it on the head, saying: "Poor old Jack. Youse is done for now, I

The poor brute knew the little fellow, and in the midst of great agony he wagged his tail as a token of dog esteem.

"Youre best old dog," said the crippled newsboy, as he grabbed a bunch of papers from a little boy's hand, and, rolling them up, lifted up the dog's head and laid them under it so he would have a pillow.

"Hey, there, kid!" yelled one of the onlookers. "You got me papers. Dem's all I got, too, and no more money." "Cheese youse fuss," said another

and bigger boy. "Can't youse see

de pore dog's done for and dyin'?" The little crippled boy stooped nearer to the dying dog, whose yelping by this time could not be heard above a low whine. He took the animal in his arms, and as he seemed to kiss his head there was a trembling of the dog's body, another half whimpered whine, and his life went

For half a minute the little crippled newsboy held the dog's head in his arms. Then he dropped it and began to cry. One of the big boys stepped to his side, and, taking his hand, raised him up.

and began wiping the boy's eyes. 'Dat's all right. We's will get you another dog some place."

"I knows you will," stammered the crippled boy. "But youse will milk with flour to make a short paste, never be able to get 'nother dog like ing the clothes. "O, Hulda," cried Jack. He was always my friend and she, suddenly, looking out into the mother's too. Fellers," he went on, "I don't want him carried away and burned. I wants to take him home and give him a decent funeral."

"Come on, youse kids, shell out a nickel apiece," said the big boy. "We ain't going to see the kid's dog buried by just any old t'ing. Let's get a wagon and send him and 'Crip' And they did. Ever: newsy

soon "Crip" and his dead dog were All the boys say they will attend the funeral, but so far little "Crip," the newsboy, has not named the hour. -Memphis Commercial Appeal.



The Maine Central Railroad is trying out new electric headlights. The current is supplied from a small steam turbine-driven generator

Sir Isaac Newton experimented with the thermometer but his scale was not accepted. He also proposed caught sight of the nuts he ran down to use "linseed" oil instead of alcothe fence and scampered to the win- hol, melting snow and the heat of dow, where he crouched a few mo- the human body to be the extremes

Some observations of Mr. C. J. ble danger; then he pounced on two Stuart at Montreal suggests that or three nuts, stowed them away in wireless telegraphy may be affected his side pockets, and dashed off with by the aurora borealis. Mr. Stuart them to the grass plot. Here he ran describes three occasions, when the from clothes pole to clothes pole, evi- aurora was present, or in the brilliant dently taking them for some peculiar weather associated with aurora, kind of city tree, finally selecting one when his apparatus received desof the four for his own particular patches over abnormal ranges of one, at the foot of which he hur- from 700 to 1000 miles, the ordinary riedly scratched a hole in which he range being only 250 miles. Singudeposited his booty, carefully cov- larly, the apparatus apparently affected by the aurora could receive will need repeating before all ink supply. He kept this up-to Dolly's but not transmit signals while the in-

A little apparatus of great utility ever been disturbed. He then stopped simply a convex lens mounted in a work and, after thoroughly "washing metal ring having a projecting screw his face" and flirting his tail, pro- at one side, the lens being two and ceeded to amuse himself. From pole one-half inches in diameter and havto pole he gamboled, climbing first ing a focal length of six feet. The one, then the other, and enjoying instrument serves as a very good field the view therefrom until Dolly grew glass. In use it can be held in the tired of watching him and turned to hand at arm's length or screwed to her dolls instead, wheeling Sophon- the end of a stick, and at maximum isbe-Ann up and down the back yard efficiency-about six feet from the walk and seeing Hulda take down eye-it magnifies four diameters. It the wash line, in which proceeding is especially recommended for ob-Master Squirrel also seemed much in- serving birds and plants. It is not terested. He mounted his own clothes intended as an astronomical telpole-the one above his little cache escope, but shows eight stars in the to the round ball on top, where Pleiades where the unaided eye usuhe sat straight on end, following ally sees six.

ousehold 8

Alsatian Cheese.

Take two small Neufchatel cheeses and one small onion chopped fine, two tablespoons of sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste. Stir all together to a creamy paste, then stir the onion into it. Spread thin crackers of any sort and serve for luncheon. If preferred, a little appetizing sauce can be added .- New York World.

Oysters in Grape Fruit.

Cut grape fruit so as to form a handle basket. Scrape out the pulp and clip-edges into points with scissors. Place eight small oysters in each basket and cover them with a sauce made of equal portions of lemon juice, grated horseradish, Jmato catsup and speck mus ard. Place on shaved ice on plate and serve.-New York World.

Fricassee of Chicken.

Clean the chickens and cut in neat jieces. Heat a mixture of lard and butter in the frying pan and fry the pieces of chicken, dredged with flour, to a rich brown. Now place the thicken in the cooker saucepan, adding one quart tomatoes, one pint boiling water, one small onion minced and a little bunch parsley. Cook fifjeen minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper, then put into the cooker and cook from six to eight hours according to the age of the chicken. Serve with rice. If prefrred rice may be added and cooked with the stew. The latter should be very moist. If rice is not used the gravy may be thickened with browned flour and the fricassee served on baking powder biscuit split or on toast,-New Haven Register.

Irish Stew.

Cut about two pounds of mutton from the neck or ribs into neat pieces and put them into an iron saucepan with about half a cup hot water. As this boils away brown the meat in its own fat, together with four small onions sliced. Season with salt and pepper, then add three pints boiling water, put in the regular cooker saucepan, bring to a boil and put in the cooker. Let remain there about four hours, two hours before serving remove, bring to the boiling point, add a half cupful of celery, turnip and carrot cut in even slices. Cook ten minutes, add two cupfuls potatoes sliced, then return to the cooker for an hour and a half or two hours. Take up and thicken with flour to the desired consistency and ribbons of green or parsley minced fine, cook a moment, season to taste and serve -New Haven Register.

Scotch Short Bread. A real Scotch recipe for its making

is this: Put two pounds of butter in a basin, warm and beat to a cream "Dat's all right, 'Crip,'" he began, as he took a dirty handkerchief pound and a quarter of fine granulated or sifted crushed loaf sugar, stirring well to obtain a white appearance. Add a little grated yellow rind of lemon and a small quantity of taking pains not to have it too stiff. Divide into pieces, roll out about a quarter of an inch in thickness, forming them square or oval as desired. They should be about the size of a breakfast plate. Pinch the edges all around with the fingers, dock the surface with a biscuit docker, sprinkle a few caraway comfits on top and bake in a moderate oven. Some cooks dredge them with sugar before baking; in about twenty minutes dredge again, then bake ten minutes longer .- New York Telegram.



hasten the boiling process. If the pastry is slow in browning a little sugar on the oven shelf will

expedite matters. Sugared tea does not stain; therefore people who like unsweetened tea will do well to put one lump of sugar

Put your onions into water and peel them while under it, and you will not "weep" as you do when peeling the usual way.

in the teapot.

If curtains are allowed to dry before being starched, they will remain clean quite a month longer. Cornmeal and salt sprinkled on the carpet before sweeping brightens the

colors and lays the dust. Cold pies may be warmed by wringing a cloth out of cold water and spreading on pie before placing in oven. It will not blister.

When burning refuse in the stove, add a handful of salt. It will prevent the unpleasant odor. Butter the kettle in which cereals are to be cooked to prevent them

from sticking to the pan. Ink stains may be removed by rubbing with soap and covered with water to which half a cup of kerosene has been added and boiled. This

When dusting put a tablespoonful of kerosene on the cloth. It will absorb the dust, give the woodwork and furniture a beautiful gloss, and at the same time remove all dirt. A few drops of kerosene on a cloth

stains disappear.

other use.

used for wiping windows will remove all dust and dirt. When anything is spilled on the

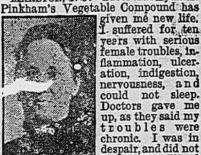
range, sprinkle a little salt on it. This will cause it to quit smoking and make it come off easily when cleaning the store. When washing windows, put about

a half cup of common coal oil in as much water and see how much easier After frying doughnuts, fry a few slices of potato in the lard and this

will make it clear so as to be fit for

SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound MARLTON, N.J.-I feel that Lydia E.



given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep.

chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering.

GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to her-self to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice

about your case write a confiden-tial letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful. The hearts of the people are the only legitimate foundation of empire.

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Mention this Paper. RICHMOND, VA. LADY AGENTS WANTED. WANTED-Lady agents in all parts of the United States to advertise and sell "Black Crow Stockens" to wearers. Good com-

mission. Address, BLACK CROW STOCKEN Co., Newton, N. C. PREE SHEET MUSIC. A NYONE sending us names of five persons that play on the Piano, we will send them Post Paid Free, copy of latest Song or Two-Step, SOUTHERN MUSIC CO., Post Office Box 30, Richmond, Va.

A collar button was found in an Oklahoma man's appendix, showing the futility of searching under the bureau instead of calling a surgeon.

-St. Louis Post-Dispatch. FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment. John A. Enders, of Robertson Ave-

nue, Pen Argyl, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though thesecretions showed

a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills. 'The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few gravel stones. I felt better right away, and since then have had no kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The fellow who trusts to luck in getting there usually has to walk So. 16, '09. home.

A Severe Case of Eczema. Garland, N. C.

A Severe Case of Eczema.

Mr. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Last winter my mother had eczema all over her. Could not rest day or night for the stinging, burning, itching. She tried various kinds of salves and ointments but they did her no good at all. She happened to see Tetterine advertised. We ordered one box and tried it on her arm. It did her so much good we showed it to our doctor. He immediately ordered one-half dozen. She used it as directed twice a day. It did her so much good we ordered one dozen more. After using it several weeks she was completely cured. I can certainly recommend Tetterine as it is a sure cure for eczema. I really believe it saved my mother's life.

Miss Minnie Cromartie.

Tetterine cures Eczema. Tetter, Ring Worm, Ground Itch, Itching Piles, Infant's Sore Head, Pimples, Bolls, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff. Cankered Scalp, Banions, Corns, Chilbiains and every form of Skin Disease. Tetter! Go: Tetterine Soap 25c. Your druggist, by mail from the manufacturer, The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.

Man chief wisdom consits in knowing his follies. For COLDS and GRIP.

Hick's CAPUDINE is the best remedy-relieves the aching and foverishness-cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 16c., 25c. and 50c., at drug stores. Be not busy in detecting other

Here's Relief. If we must be afflicted with weak, sore and inflamed eyes, it is consoling to know there is such a ready relief within our reach as Doctor Mitchell's Bye Salve. One bottle usually effects complete cure. Have you ever tried

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Where beauty is only skin deep, one is foolish to look deeper. GET A BOTTLE TODAY.



men's faults. this wonderful remedy? All stores. Price 25 cents.