

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ailments to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

"PLAY WITH THE CHILDREN"

Fabled Fountain of Youth Could Not Be More Potent Than Association With Little Ones.

"Play with the children!" was the recurrent advice of a wise and successful man. "This will keep your heart young, your viewpoint fresh, your wit sparkling. The child heart is at once the purest and the happiest in nature; the child tongue is a transfiguring power."

Something of this indubitable power attaches to good stories of those naive and innocent "little ones" scripturally declared specially blessed and potent. The child mind transforms, the child touch lifts to glad laughter incidents and accidents not otherwise worth noting. Witness this little tale of the careful mother to whom came a tiny son all agog over the acquisition of new and forbidden knowledge.

"Mother!" cried the child, baby eyes shining, baby cheek glowing. "do you know what 'I'll be' means?" "No, dear," said the mother, solemnly, seizing the opportunity to implant a lesson. "I'm sure I do not."

"Well, I do," was the ecstatic answer, the suggested lesson being utterly ignored. "It means just the same as 'I'll be gold-darned!'"

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money—

Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

By a patient loving endurance of annoyance are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—E. M. Goulburn.

One often wonders why the woman members of a burlesque show require dressing rooms.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Limited Battle Creek, Mich.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

I am content; I do not care
How wags the world, how the hours fly;
And there's joy enough in my humble lot,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

I have no wealth to be counted o'er,
No land, no gold; all have passed me by;
And I care not for fortune's favor or frown,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

The pomp of others, their foolish pride,
Can force from me no envious sigh;
I laugh at their petty ambitions and aims,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

In rustling leaf, in nodding flower,
In lyric bird and in gleam of sky
I find all the wealth and the glory of earth,
For a dreamer of dreams am I.

—Anna J. Roberts, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Breaking the Air-Pipe.

ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Phil Carswell, chunky and curly-headed, was heaving anthracite from his "bring deck" through the double doors of the camel-back "1040." In the right half of the cab forward of the firebox sat Engineer Dan Thorn, hand on throttle, eyes on the rails ahead.

Dan had the biggest shoulders of any B. and D. engineer. And strong! Phil knew.

One dark night eight years before, a freckle-faced boy, who thought himself a practical joker, had stretched two wires across a sidewalk, ankle high and twenty feet apart. Then he had hidden. Dan, hurrying home, tired and cross after a hot day, had fallen over the first wire. He came up, muttering wrathfully. Freckle-faced boy had not after such big game. He ran, forgetting the second wire, and fell over it himself. Before he could rise Dan had him. That was why Phil had never set any more wires for Dan or anybody else.

Well, well, what will not time do! Here he was, lodge brother to Dan, and firing on his very engine. Oddly, of all Dan had not recognized him. Perhaps it was not so very odd, either, for Dan had given the licking, not received it. But Phil bore no malice. Some time, possibly after he got his own engine, he would ask if Dan remembered the boy whose jacket he had dusted. But that would keep. Meanwhile Phil shoveled coal and admired the big shoulders.

Behind old "1040" rumbled the long convention special, packed with Sir Knights bound to their annual assembly. Every man aboard, including the entire picked crew, belonged to the order. It was the train that day. Phil had just taken his third degree. He felt proud to "fire" this trip.

The special slowed down. Phil saw a red signal at Worumbo flag station. "Wonder what Pike's got up his sleeve for us now?" he grumbled under his breath. He did not like stopping on the up grade with ten heavy cars.

He saw Dan reach down and snatch a yellow telegram from the agent. Then they put on speed again.

Phil shoveled over a minute. Then he went along the running board to see what Dan had. Orders were that engineers must acquaint their firemen with any message.

Dan sat silent, reading the track. He passed Phil the blank. It spelled out:

"Run slow. Wreck near station. Fisher."

Phil walked back without a word. A hundred dusty miles of the hot June day had wearied him. He was glad the terminal lay just ahead, and that no more coal would be needed on the easy down grade.

He was about to start for his own seat on the left of the cab when above the roar of the wheels rose a sudden shout:

"Hey, Phil!"

Out he leaned to see what Dan wanted.

Bn-ang! rang an explosion, like the report of a shotgun. So quickly that the sound seemed almost continuous, followed the crash of rending metal. A glittering steel bar, rising from below, shattered the cast iron running board and tore through the cab. The air hummed with ragged fragments. Involuntarily the fireman started back to avoid the deadly shower hurtling down the side of the engine.

Too late! A terrible pain smote his right temple; a burst of forked red flame died into utter blackness, and he dropped unconscious on the sloping coil in the tender.

Phil woke, as one might wake from ether with the surgeons still at work on his head. Great blinding throbs of pain went over him, as he lay numbly, eyes shut, trying to puzzle it out.

Why was he lying there with that specially hard lump of coal under his neck? Something must have struck his head. His knee, too—how it twinged? He tried to rise, but fell back, sick and dizzy, everything awfully round him.

What was that thumping and clanging, as if somebody were battering a pile of old junk with a crowbar? What made the engine jump so?

An accident? Yes, that sharp report meant that a crank-pin had sheered off. Now Phil understood it. The parallel rod, thrown loose, was pounding the ties and smashing up through the cab with every revolution of the drivers.

But Dan! Was he living or dead? Thrashed by that awful steel bar, how had he any chance! And there was the camel-back driverless, racing wild down-hill at sixty miles an hour, with three hundred unsuspecting passengers behind, and ahead a network of yard-tracks and a crowded station.

It was enough to make a man's hair rise. Phil's did. Eyes still shut, he shouted:

"Dan! Dan!"

"No reply; only the hammering of steel. Again he called; again no answer.

With an immense effort Phil sat up. What was the matter with him? He saw double. Two fire-boxes and four doors waved dizzily before him. He pressed his fingers on his temple to ease the stabbing pain, and took away two right hands covered

with blood. The shock of the iron fragment had affected his optic nerve. Fortunately, his brain was clear. He rose unsteadily. He must find out what had happened to Dan. But this seeing in duplicate bothered him. He reached toward what he thought was the real hand-rail, and came near pitching off head first. The next time he got it, dragged himself painfully forward, and looked along the flank of the engine.

The worst had happened. The bottom of the cab had been torn away. Its top hung on the boiler, a twisted, battered wreck, and hung under it lay a blue-cold body, with one leg swinging loosely near the whirling steel mill. Even as he looked, the knee bent slightly, and a groan reached his ears. Dan was still alive, but fearfully hurt. Phil saw that the forward end of the running-board had been smashed to finders, and realized that it was one of the fragments that had struck his head.

But he had no time to think of himself. The first thing to do was to stop the train. That came ahead even of succor to the engineer. Indeed, it was the quickest way to aid Dan. The fireman could not help him so long as the parallel rod was flying loose. Every time that rod came down, it gouged the road-bed and ties; every time it came up, it hit the cab. It would be a miracle if Dan got out alive.

A culvert whirled beneath. Derby Brook! Only two and a half miles to the station. That meant a little over two minutes.

The throttle, reversing lever and air-brakes were on Dan's side of the cab, so it was not of any use to think of them. Perhaps Dan had shut off the steam anyway before he was disabled. But the momentum of the heavy train rushing along the steady down grade would be sufficient to carry it to destruction, even if the whirling connecting rod did not lift and throw the locomotive from the track. Something must be done. Phil decided to break the connection of the air-pipe, swinging under his feet between engine and tender. To do it he must get down on the step.

A spur-track flashed by—Morrison's Siding. A half-mile gone.

Phil reached carefully for the rail, and swung down on the left step, until he could peer underneath the tender. The dusky space above the rushing ties seemed full of pipes, their connections well in toward the centre. Holding on with his left hand, he stretched his right over the hose toward them. His reach fell short by several inches.

Round a curve they whirled, and Phil almost went off backward. Their speed was terrific, not a mile under sixty-five an hour. Scattered houses flitted by. They were entering the outskirts of the city.

The fireman realized that to break the connection he must climb practically under the tender, at that high speed a difficult and dangerous task even for an uninjured man. How could he do it with his dizzy head and double vision?

He thought of the three hundred men behind, ignorant of their peril. Twining his legs round the iron step, he started to push himself under the car.

A yell of alarm was whirled away behind him; he caught a sidewise glimpse of splintered wood and twisted framework. That was the wreck! Lucky they had been able to get the track clear before the train went by.

He pushed out one hand tentatively toward what looked to be the framework of the forward trucks, but touched nothing. Down he dived. With a strong effort, he drew himself back from the road-bed spinning away so fast under his face, and tried again.

This time he touched solid iron. From the ties flashing beneath, the dust rushed up into his face in a hot whirlwind. It blinded his eyes, it choked his mouth with grit. Coal-dust sifted on him from above. For a second he steadied himself, his hand on the hot iron, his body quivering jelly-like from the jar of the thundering wheels. Suddenly the air cleared. The road-bed grew blacker. A strong smell of sun-warmed kerosene rose to his nostrils. Already they were in the railroad yard, rock-ballasted and sprinkled with oil. The station was less than half a mile ahead.

Phil clutched at a swinging connection, and again his fingers came together without anything between them. It was maddening.

It was such a little thing to do, such a simple thing; only the pulling

apart of a pipe-joint would bring those rumbling cars and that wild engine, running amuck, like a crazy living thing, to a dead stop. It was a thing he could do with one hand, almost with one finger, if he got hold right.

He made a second clutch at the bulging joint, and missed again. He could not afford another mistake. The next time his fingers hooked round a joint, and he pulled up to break it; but it would not give way.

The fireman had a vision of what would happen in a few seconds more. He saw the engine sweep through the barrier and flimsy fence, and hurl itself like a battering-ram against the granite walls of the waiting-room. He saw the cars piling against it and toppling over on each side. He heard shrieks, groans, the hiss and roar of steam.

He gave a strong, sudden jerk, and the pipe snapped apart.

Phil had not time or strength to get out. The best he could do was to hang there, praying that the brakes might hold. If the engine struck anything he would be mashed to pulp or ground under the wheels.

Far back to the very end of the train he heard a shrieking, a grinding, as the brakes caught at the spinning wheels, hung to them, dragged at them. Would they hold in time? He had done all he could.

A shadow fell over him. The hot blast from beneath suddenly stopped, and the camel-back roared under the roof of the long train-shed. The glare of a band mingled with the rumble of the wheels. Beyond the pipes he saw a commandery drawn up on parade; he caught fitting glimpses of white gloves, swords and gold-laced uniforms. The music ceased; cries, alarmed, warning, filled the air. He stiffened himself for the final tremendous shock.

The train stopped with a last squeal of brakes.

He tumbled off and glanced forward. An innumerable throng with countless hands outstretched was rushing toward him, but before it closed round him he saw two "1040s" with their noses almost touching the double barrier at the end of the rails.

Careful hands disentangled Dan from his battered cab, and an ambulance hurried him to the hospital. One leg and several ribs were broken, and he was fearfully mauled, but his strong constitution pulled him through all right.

Phil did not get to work again for six weeks. It took him that time to recover his normal eyesight. When he did go back, he had an engine of his own. The first time he saw Dan after that he mentioned the freckle-faced boy and the wire, and found that Dan remembered.—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

An electric lighting plant in Nebraska is manufacturing ice as a by-product. The exhaust steam of the plant, which would otherwise go to waste, is utilized in the ammonia absorption process of ice manufacture, and also for distilling water from which the ice is made. This venture, we are informed, has proved a very profitable one for the lighting company, and might be copied to advantage by other plants similarly situated.

A new system of treating eggs so as to prevent them from growing stale when in cold storage, has been discovered in Rochester, N. Y. This consists in subjecting the eggs to an electrical current. The theory is that eggs when placed in storage are alive and are gradually frozen to death, whereas if the life is destroyed by an electrical current before they are placed in storage they do not taste stale, even when kept on ice for a long period of time.

A monograph bearing the title "Quality of Surface Waters in the United States" has been issued by the United States Geological Survey. The volume, which is the work of R. B. Dole, contains the results of over 500 mineral analyses of water from the principal rivers of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Daily samples of water from nearly 200 stations were collected for a year, united in lots of ten consecutive samples from the same stream and station, and the composition subjected to analysis. The analyses, giving, as they do, the average composition from day to day, and information regarding change of water level wherever available, form the most complete collection of data regarding the quality of American rivers that has ever been published. They are on this account particularly valuable to managers of industrial and water works.—Scientific American.

From the Seat of the Scornful. Jack and Joey at the menagerie watched the lion eat sugar from the trainer's hand with equal interest but differing inference. "Oh!" gasped Joey, round-eyed. "Pooh!" said Jack. "I could do that."

"What! You?"

"Of course! Quite as well as that old lion."—Youth's Companion.

The police force of London arrested last year more than 108,000 persons.

On an Old English Jug is Inscribed:

Life is an inn. Think,
Man, this truth upon.
Some only breakfast
And are quickly gone.
Others to dinner stay
And are full fed.
The oldest man but sups
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt who
Lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest
Has the least to pay.

Household Affairs

TIDINGS FOR A GIRL.

Tidings of great joy for the girl who lives in a furnished room or a boarding house and has to pay gilded prices for her laundry are the announcements of crepe underwear on sale in the shops. Nightgowns and chemises are made of this delicate, shimmering white cotton crepe, and with their trimmings of lace they are exceedingly pretty. But the best thing about them is that they needn't be ironed. The woman who is traveling, for instance, can wash one of these garments out in the bowl in her hotel room, suspend it on a "hanger" from the gas jet to dry—being careful to pull it gently into shape—and in a few hours there it is, nicely laundered and ready to wear.—Newark Call.

RAINY DAY SKIRT.

This is a very good suggestion for keeping overskirt out of the wet on a rainy day. It will be found a great convenience. Buy a piece of broad black elastic, a yard. Form it into a circle large enough to fit the hips. A hook and eye on both ends will be perhaps better than sewing the elastic into a circle. On a wet day put this circle of elastic about the hips over the outside skirt, then pull up the skirts evenly till around the elastic and above it. This will lift the skirt from the ground. A coat may then be slipped on, when the elastic will never show. The skirt will stay up, which will be found a great relief from holding it. You will also do away with crushing the skirt by holding it in your hand.—Newark Call.

TO CLEAN VELS.

Referring to the fashionable white vels, perhaps some of you may like to have a few hints as to how they may be cleaned at home, for the process is by no means difficult. Put a good-sized piece of soap in a basin of boiling water and make a thick lather. Have the lace rolled around a bottle or glass plaque, and put this into the suds. Let it soak for half an hour at least; if very much soiled, the lace may be left in a great deal longer. Then put it into a fresh hot lather, and afterwards rinse it thoroughly in cold water. When the veil is spotless spread it out to dry on a clean cloth, pulling it gently into shape. When dry, stiffen it by dipping into a little gum water (half an ounce of gum arabic to a quart of water), then press it while still damp, having pulled it out nicely each way to keep it in the right shape.—Paris Fashions.

TASTE IN HALL DECORATING.

In choosing the color for a hall, says Lucy Abbot Throp, in the current Woman's Home Companion, the amount of light it must be taken into account as well as the size. If it is bright and sunny, darker and richer effects may be used even if it is fairly small, but it must be remembered that dark colors absorb artificial light as well as natural light. Choose a light, warm, general tone and have all the rooms opening from the hall form a harmonious color scheme.

When the woodwork is white, a gray landscape paper above the wainscoting and a plain gray blue stair carpet and rug of Oriental design in blues and browns will make a most charming hall. A mirror in a dull gold frame, with a small mahogany table and two mahogany chairs of Colonial design, will probably be all the furniture it is possible to use. At the rear of the hall have a screen to conceal the hat-tree or the umbrella rack behind it. If the hall is so small that a table and chairs are out of the question, it is a good plan to have a chest instead. This can be made useful in many ways, and will serve as a table for the maid's card tray and as a seat for the waiting messenger boy.



Tomato Toast—Take fresh or canned tomatoes. Steam them and season with sugar, salt, cayenne pepper and cream. Thicken slightly with a little flour stirred to a paste with a small portion of the cream. Toast slices of bread, spread with butter, spread on the tomato while hot and serve at once.

Eranbury Tarts—One egg, one cup sugar. Beat slowly. Add one rolled cracker, one cup raisins, one cup currants (chopped fine), one teaspoon cream, one-half teaspoon extract of lemon, butter size of thimble. Beat until soft. Spread between flaky paste crust and bake. When baked cut into squares while hot.

Ginger Apples—About five pounds of tart apples; pare, core and cut the apples into squares; five pounds light brown sugar, two lemons sliced thin, six ounces of preserved ginger root cut in slices; first put the sugar in a kettle with one cupful cold water and let melt; then skim after boiling up until clear; then put in the apples, one-half teaspoon salt, lemons, ginger and boil until the apples look clear and rich; then put into glass jars, the same as any fruit; serve with meats.

Why He Hesitated.

It was the first swim of the season and the boys were having a merry time. One little lad stood dejectedly on the bank. "Why don't you go in?" asked the interested stranger. "Afraid I'll get a spanking when I get home," confided the lad. "But the other lads are risking a spanking." "Yes, but my dad's a baseball player and has spikes in his slipper."—Chicago News.

Despair and Despondency



No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangements of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured completely upset the nerves if long continued. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing to urge upon you as "just as good." It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures. Ask Your Neighbors. They probably know of some of its many cures. If you want a book that tells all about women's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WHERE HE SAW RESEMBLANCE

Apt Remark of Small Boy Embarrassed Toper and Filled Car With Merriment.

Jimmie, who is a very small boy living in the East end, accompanied his mother downtown several days ago. Nearly everything he saw was quite new to him, so he was not sparing in his comments and opinions and questions.

Seated opposite Jimmie and his mother on the car homebound was an individual who, judging by the "blossom" on his nose, had partaken freely of joy water. None of Jimmie's neighbors possessed an appendage that could compare with the one across the aisle.

In silence Jimmie took in the situation and the "blossom." His thoughts must have grown so curious that they could not be withheld any longer and he finally blurted out in a loud voice: "Mamma, is that Santa Claus?"

Embarrassed, Jimmie's mother tried to silence her son; but it was no use. In an audible whisper the connection between the man and Santa Claus was disclosed much to the discomfiture of the man.

"Why, mamma, didn't it say in that story about Santa Claus that Santa had a nose like a cherry," he asked, and the car was in an uproar.—Pittsburgh Times-Gazette.

There Should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was. "I tanks you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggage man sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice: "There should here be some steps."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Quantity Not Quality.

Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst. Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said "wunst"? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said twist.

Complete Cure.

Can chills be completely cured? Yes! No prescription ever effected more than a temporary suppression of the chills. I was told to try your Lagues' Tonic; one bottle made a complete cure." Sold by Druggists—50c. and \$1.00 bottles. Prepared by Robinson-Pettet Co. (Inc.), Louisville.

Taking Father's Job.

"Why should you beg? You are both young and strong." "That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Always use it to keep in new shoes. Sold by all Druggists. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Generosity.

"I never deny my wife a wish." "Indeed?" "No, I let her wish. It doesn't cost anything."—Life.

For HEADACHE—WICKS' CAPUDINE

Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capudine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c, 25c, and 50c cents at drug stores.

A woman's idea of an intelligent man is one who can tell whether or not her hat is on straight.

Poverty may be a blessing, but every man is willing to turn his share of the blessing over to the other fellow.

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

Tips you get are almost as worthless as those you give.

AN INSURANCE EXCEPTION.



"Now," said the chronic quoter, "a man is known by the company he keeps."

"Say, I'm an insurance policy holder! Please don't class me with the company I keep."

The only way to learn to do great things is to do small things well, patiently, loyally.—David Starr Jordan.

FREE Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine. Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath clean, whi germ-free teeth—antiseptically cleans mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odor—much preciated by dainty women. A qu remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.



A little Paxtine powder solved in a glass of hot water makes a delicious antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleaning, germicidal and bleaching power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 5c large box at druggists or by THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, M.

AN ITCHING SKIN

Is about the most troublesome thing there is. You know it you've ever had any kind of skin trouble. But they all give away disappear, every last one—evn pimply, scaly, itching, crust kind of disease of the skin—wrt you treat them to a box of

HUNT'S GU

well rubbed in. Nothing like I make the skin healthy and smooth and free from stinging, itching or pain. Price is 50 cents a box, and one box is guaranteed to cure any one case or you GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

Ask Your Druggist for Hunt's Cure A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

Suicide

Slow death and awful suffering follows neglect of bowels. Constipation kills more people than consumption. It needs a cure and there is one medicine in all the world that cures it—CASCARETS.

Cascarets—10c. box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

GET A SAW MILL

from Lombard Iron Works, Augusta, Ga. Make money sawing neighbor's timber when gin engine is idle after the crops are laid by.

XANTHINE FOR THE HAIR

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color; REMOVES DANDRUFF AND SCURF. Invigorates and prevents the hair from falling off. For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia. Price: 25c per Bottle; Sample Bottle, 5c. Send for Circular.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 32-1910.