



All Ready For Baby,

The young mother thinks, when she has completed the baby garments that are to clothe the little form. But she is not all ready for baby's coming, unless she has done something more for the baby than merely to prepare his clothes. Many a young mother who goes through hours of pain and suffering wonders why it was not possible to prepare in some way for the baby's advent, and to avoid the agony that seemed almost unendurable. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the one medicine for women which prepares them perfectly, both for the burdens and pleasures of maternity. It prevents the morning sickness from which so many women suffer. It strengthens the whole body, so that there is no nervousness nor anxiety. It promotes a healthy appetite and causes refreshing sleep. It gives the mother strength for her trial and makes the baby's advent practically painless. Healthy mothers have healthy children, and it is the general testimony of those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for motherhood, that the children were healthier and happier than those born after months of mental misery and physical anguish on the part of the prospective mother.

Sick and ailing women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without fee or charge. As chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. R. V. Pierce, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of physicians, has in the past thirty years and over treated and cured more than half a million sick and suffering women. The testimonials of these cured women are on record. A large number of them were cured when doctors had pronounced a cure impossible and after enduring years of useless suffering.

Let no sick women hesitate to take advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer, but write at once and so secure the professional counsel of a specialist in the diseases of women, entirely free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hoped for Death.

"For the sake of poor suffering women, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit your medicine has given me," writes Mrs. Callie Bowles, of Watts, Iredell Co., N. C. "I was in a most miserable condition when I wrote to you. I had uterine disease so bad I could scarcely walk and suffered such dreadful misery I hoped to be relieved by death. You wrote to me to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and I have taken eleven bottles of it, and two of your 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am entirely well and feel like a new woman. I feel thankful to God and to Dr. Pierce for the blessings I now enjoy. I have a fine big boy, two months old and never got along as well in my life. I can't praise your medicines enough."

Very Thankful.

"I will be very glad to say a few words for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. P. S. Douglas, of Mansouville, Brome Co., Quebec. "During the first four months when I looked forward to becoming a mother I suffered very much from nausea and vomiting and I felt so terrible sick I could scarcely eat or drink anything. I hated all kinds of food. At this time I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he told me to get his 'Favorite Prescription' and a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I got a bottle of each and when I had taken them a few days, I felt much better, and when I had taken hardly three parts of each bottle I felt well and could eat as well as any one, and could do my work without any trouble. (I could not do any thing before). I feel very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his medicine and I tell all who tell me they are sick to get these medicines or write to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper cover, or 31 stamps in cloth binding.

A STALLION FIGHT.

Battle Royal Between a Thoroughbred and a Wild Buckskin.

A contest between two stallions, one the leader of a wild band, the other a Kentucky thoroughbred that had run wild, is thus described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine":

"Again the buckskin stallion charged, ears back, eyes gleaming wickedly and snorting defiantly. This time the black stood his ground until the buckskin's teeth snapped savagely within a few inches of his throat. Just in time did he rear and swerve. Twice more—for the paddock raised black was slow to understand such behavior—the buckskin charged. Then the black was roused into aggressiveness.

There ensued such a battle as would have brought delight to the brute soul of a Nero. With fore feet and teeth the two stallions engaged, circling madly about on their hind legs, tearing up great clods of turf, biting and striking as opportunity offered. At last, by a quick, desperate rush, the buckskin caught the thoroughbred fairly by the throat. Here the affair would have ended had not the black stallion, rearing suddenly on his muscle ridged haunches and lifting his opponent's fore quarters clear of the ground, showered on his enemy such a rain of blows from his iron shod feet that the wild buckskin dropped to the ground, dazed and vanquished.

Standing over him, with all the fierce pride of a victorious gladiator showing in every curve of his glistening body, the black thoroughbred trumpeted out a stentorian call of defiance and command. The band that had watched the struggle from a discreet distance now came galloping in, whinnying in friendly fashion.

Black Eagle had won his first fight. He had won the leadership. By right of might he was now chief of this free company of plains rangers. It was for him to lead whither he chose, to pick the place and hour of grazing, the time

for watering and his to guard his companions from all dangers.

As for the buckskin stallion, there remained for him the choice of humbly following the new leader or of limping off alone to try to raise a new band. Being a worthy descendant of the chargers which the men of Cortes rode so fearlessly into the wilds of the new world, he chose the latter course and, having regained his senses, galloped stiffly toward the north, his bruised head lowered in defeat.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure except death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles. Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. Van Metre of Shepherdstown, W. Va., says: "I had a severe case of Bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for Croup, Whooping Cough, Grip, Pneumonia and Consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by The Kaufmann Drug Company, Druggist. Trial bottles free. Reg. sizes 50c \$1.00.

Length of Life is Increasing.

The average length of human life is constantly and steadily increasing, having, according to a professor of hygiene, doubled within the past three centuries. In the sixteenth century it was between eighteen and twenty years, while today it is forty. The principal agencies in this prolongation of life, the scientist believes, are more attention to the air we breathe and more care as to the water we drink. This opinion is sustained by the statistics of large cities, which show that, owing to improved sanitation, the introduction of sewers and of public water supplies, their rates of mortality within the past forty years have been reduced to about one-half. Do you want to prolong your life and increase your powers? Then breathe deeply and drink plenty of pure water between, not at, meals—not iced water or boiled water, but distilled water.—Success.

The Tall Hat In France.

The tall hat, variously called "chimney pot," "stovepipe," "cylinder" and what not, became fashionable in Paris in 1790, soon after the death of Franklin, in whose honor it was known as "chapeau Franklin." In spite of numberless changes of style, it has maintained its ground ever since, unexpected as such a result would have seemed at its first introduction. For a time this style of hat was considered revolutionary in Germany and Russia. Any one wearing a "cylinder" was liable to punishment, but the evil reputation soon passed away, and the tall, stiff hat, the ugliest head covering that was ever worn and the most ridiculed, outlives all other styles.

A Startling Test.

To save a life, Dr. T. G. Merritt of No Mehoopany, Pa., made a startling test resulting in a wonderful cure. He writes, "a patient was attacked with violent hemorrhages, caused by ulceration of the stomach. I had often found Electric Bitters excellent for acute stomach and liver so I prescribed them. The patient gained from the first, and has not had an attack in 14 months." Electric Bitters are positively guaranteed for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and kidney troubles. Try them. Only 50c. The Kaufmann Drug Company.

Getting Acquainted.

"We hesitated about renting this place," said the woman who had just moved in. "until we learned that the families on both sides of us owned their houses. It is so unpleasant to live where the people next door are always changing and you never know what kind of neighbors you are going to have."

"Yes," responded the woman on the other side of the fence. "That's one reason why we're trying to sell our house."—Chicago Tribune.

The Picture.

Ethel—What do you think of this landscape, aunty?

Aunt Hannah—Well—er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grapevine is pretty good.

Ethel—Grapevine? Why, dear, that is the artist's signature.—Philadelphia Record.

The Spade and the Rake.

Cora—I think mother is altogether too outspoken in her criticism of my husband's actions.

Mildred—Yes; it's not always wise to call a spade a spade.

Cora—No, nor a rake a rake.—Brooklyn Life.

The Very Good Man.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"It usually tells him apparently what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Philadelphia Press.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.



Jim Dumps had scarcely slept a wink, All night he'd toss about and think. But that's all past—he'll ne'er endure Insomnia. He's found a cure! 'Tis "Force." At night, when lights are dim, It soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal makes one chummy with good sleep.

Wouldn't Believe at First. "I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to stay awake night after night. Now I eat a big bowlful of 'Force' just before going to bed, and sleep and I have become good friends again."—L. L. EVANS.

CLEANING TIME.

GIIRD yourselves with gingham aprons, oh, ye women of the land! Pin your skirts to clear your shoe tops, take the scrubbing brush in hand;

Boil up alkaline infusions, turn the whole house upside down; Slop the floors with soap and water, headless your husbands' frowns; Yank up carpets, rugs and matting, jerk the pictures from the walls; Have your pails of suds where we can stumble o'er them in the halls; Pile the stairs till they are worse than any Alpine steeples to climb; Have the regular old picnic incident to cleaning time.

Fill the bath tub with umbrellas, books and shoes and bric-a-brac; Heap upon the grand piano kitchen dishes in a stack; Set the dinner on the mantel, though there's little time to eat; See that every one who enters wipes with care his muddy feet; Keep the windows all wide open as you ply the mop and broom; Have a hot and steamy vapor permeating room; Swab and scrub and splash and spatter in your fight with winter grime; Revel in the moist discomfort incident to cleaning time.

Have the men with whitewash brushes spread the tinted calcimine; Take all necessary bedding out and air it on the line; Have the furniture revarnished till the odor makes one faint; See that all the woodwork glistens with a coat of shining paint; Don't have anything to sit on, sleep on, eat on; also frown When you hear a meek suggestion as to "some hotel downtown;" Let the masculine complainer know it's nothing short of crime Not to make one's life a burden in the glad spring cleaning time.

Quick Arrest.

J. A. Gullede of Verbena, Ala. was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c. The Kaufmann Drug Company, Druggist.

How He Declined.

Lady—Doctor, I wish you would call around to see my husband some evening when he is at home. Do not let him know that I asked you, because he declares he is not sick, but I know he has consumption or something. He's going into a decline.

Doctor—I am astonished, but I will call. What are his symptoms?

Lady—He hasn't any except weakness. He used to hold me on his lap by the hour, and now even the baby tires him.—West Union (W. Va.) Record.

A Wise Youngster.

"Are you married?" asked the five-year-old guest who was visiting his mother.

"Why, yes, Teddy. You knew I was married, for you heard the others call me Mrs. Mead, and you call me Mrs. yourself."

"Yes, of course," said the five-year-old. "But I thought maybe we called you that because you were sensitive about being called miss."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Great Truth.

"What we need in politics"—

"Yes."

"As I was saying, what we need in politics"—

"Well?"

"—is less politics."

"By thunder, you're right!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Farmer Straightened Out.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Rayder, of Pattens Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, 'give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me.'" For sale by The Kaufmann Drug Co.

Not So Very Bad.

"When a man gets married," said the old bachelor, "he must either give up his freedom or become a tyrant."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young widow. "My husband and I always lived in a cozy flat near a good boarding house, so that we didn't need to keep a girl."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Near Future.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Mr. Horsefly.

"Why, I am teaching my brood how to diet on gasoline," responded Mrs. Horsefly. "If they expect to exist they must depend on the automobile for a living."—Philadelphia Record.

His Preference.

Ethel—So good of you, pa, to offer to send me to Berlin to finish my music when I asked only to be sent to Boston.

Father—Yes, but Berlin's farther away.—Chicago News.

Couldn't Return It.

"I wish it had been a sister," replied Tommy, with a half suppressed sigh.

"Well, why don't you change it?" asked the gentleman.

"Why, we can't," said Tommy after a slight pause; "we've used it four days already."—Boston Herald.

All of a Quiver.

First Actress—I was certainly beside myself with rage.

Second Actress—You certainly were. Why, you quivered even in the places you were upholstered.—Life.

No Fault of His.

Old Lady (in grocery)—What do you sell dried apples for, young man?

New Clerk—"Cause I can't get any other job, ma'am.—San Francisco Examiner.

What Is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value. The Kaufmann Drug Co.

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W. A. RECKLING, ARTIST.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

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INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE will be in his office every Friday for the purpose of doing dental work in all its branches. March 19, 1902. 1y.

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