



The Ills of Women Act upon the Nerves like a Firebrand.

The relation of woman's nerves and generative organs is very close; consequently nine tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Herein we prove conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will quickly relieve all this trouble.

Details of a Severe Case Cured in Eau Claire, Wis.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been ailing from female trouble for the past five years. About a month ago I was taken with nervous prostration, accompanied at certain times by nervous menstruation with fearful headaches. I read one of your books, and finding many testimonials of the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, experienced by lady sufferers, I commenced its use and am happy to state that after using a few bottles I feel like a new woman, aches and pains all gone.

"I am recommending your medicine to many of my friends, and I assure you that you have my hearty thanks for your valuable preparation which has done so much good. I trust all suffering women will use your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. MINNIE TIERZ, 620 First Ave., Eau Claire, Wis. (May 28, 1901).

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it soothes, strengthens, heals and tones up the delicate female organism. It is a positive cure for all kinds of female complaints; that bearing down feeling, backache, displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and is invaluable during the change of life, all of which may help to cause nervous prostration.

Read what Mrs. Day says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I will write you a few lines to let you know of the benefit I have received from taking your remedies. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, backache, sick headache, painful menstruation, pain in the stomach after eating, and constipation. I often thought I would lose my mind. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon feeling like a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly. It does all that is recommended to do, and more.

"I hope that every one who suffers as I did will give Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies a trial."—MRS. MARIE DAY, Eleanor, Pa. (March 25, 1901).

Free Medical Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women to write to her for advice. You need not be afraid to tell her the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women and is absolutely confidential. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with such troubles enables her to tell you just what is best for you, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.

Another Case of Nervous Prostration Cured.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Allow me to express to you the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I started to take it I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I could not sleep nights, and I suffered dreadfully from indigestion and headache. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's wonderful medicine, and began its use, which immediately restored my health.

"I can heartily recommend it to all suffering women."—MRS. BERTHA E. DEBKINS, 25 1/2 Lapidge St., San Francisco, Cal. (May 21, 1901).

\$5000 FORFEIT! If we cannot furnish, produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

WINCHESTER

'NEW RIVAL' BLACK POWDER SHELLS.

It's the thoroughly modern and scientific system of loading and the use of only the best materials which make Winchester Factory Loaded "New Rival" Shells give better pattern, penetration and more uniform results generally than any other shells. The special paper and the Winchester patent corrugated head make "New Rival" shells give their strength to withstand reloading. BE SURE TO GET WINCHESTER MAKE OF SHELLS.

Cotton Gins and Presses

MADE BY

CONTINENTAL GIN CO.

Birmingham, Ala.

ENGINES and BOILERS

Send for new catalogue just issued.

WORMS

"I write to let you know how I appreciate your Cascarella. I commenced taking them last November and took two boxes and was cured of my worm infestation. I am now in perfect health and feel like a new man. I have never had a worm since."—Wm. F. Brown, 184 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cascarella

Best for the Bowels

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, etc. No DYE. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Annual Sale, TEN MILLION BOXES

LAXATIVE

The Nicest, Cleanest, Most Desirable LAXATIVE for family use.

"Once tried always used when needed."

50c and \$1. at Druggists. The Largest Co., New York

Dropsy

CURED

Removes all swelling in 30 to 60 days; effects a permanent cure in 90 to 120 days. Treatment given free. Nothing can befall you. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SALEM IRON WORKS, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

AFCO Female Pills make WEAK WOMEN strong and delayed periods are promptly relieved. Each package guaranteed by mail for 25-cent stamps. Send for book of valuable information for both sexes. AFCO Female Pills, P. O. Box 578, Jacksonville, Fla.

FREE STUART'S GIN and BUCHU

To all who suffer or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, 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 advertisement. Address STUART'S DRUG MFG CO., 25 Wall St., Atlanta, GA.

Do You Want Your Money TO EARN 7% INTEREST

Write me for particulars of a safe, secure investment paying seven per cent on amounts of one hundred dollars or more. W. H. LORR, York, Penna.

FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL.

A Glimpse of the Sultan as He Rides in State.

If you wish for a glimpse, and that but a momentary one, of the Sultan of Turkey, then drive to White Klask for the day on Friday and he goes to the Selamluk, as his fathers did before him. He is enveloped in a cloud of ministers and military guards, who are anxious only as they press around, to protect him from the faintest whisper or suspicion of any storm outside his palace walls. Today the sun is distinctly warm, and wakes up all the color sleeping in a red fez, blue tunic or feathered cloak of a Turkish woman. The clock on the gate strikes half-past 7—the Mohammedan's day begins at sunset—and the pick of their cavalry, infantry and artillery take up positions to right and left of the road. A rattle and rush of heavy wheels, and up the hill come 15 or 20 carts filled with sand, which quickly carpets the dirty road. To see this done with such lightning speed makes one wonder whether the Sultan knows how filthy dirty are the streets of his capital. This is the more unlikely as he only gets his palace twice a year, and on both occasions this dust-throwing performance takes place along the route of Stamboul where stands the mosque of San Sofia.

All eyes are now turned toward the palace, for the ladies of the harem are approaching in close carriages drawn by gray horses. They enter the gates of the enclosure in front of the mosque; the horses are taken out and remain there under the charge of a coal black eunuch, taking no further part in the ceremony. Seated in one of the carriages is a fair-haired girl about five years old—the Sultan's only daughter. Just a brief moment she and then the bugle sounds, and a tremendous roar goes on from the thousands of troops and people, for his Highness has left the palace. On top of the minaret of the mosque a priest leans over and shouts down a prayer, which is answered again by a roar.

We Franks are accommodated in a portion of the palace just opposite the gate, which commands an excellent view of the whole proceedings, as well as the Sultan's yacht, the *Izzeddin*, which lies at anchor in the Bosphorus as far below. In solemn state and grandeur the royal procession passes. The Sultan is dressed in plain military frock coat, with fez. His four sons, to all appearance of the same age, mounted on Arab ponies, salute as he passes the gates, the band at the same time striking up the Sultan's march, which has a smart tap air about it. Officers and men alike salute, and the service in the mosque commences.—Golden Penny.

His Blackstonian Circumlocution.

"I received, this afternoon," said the bright-eyed, common-sense girl, the while a slight blush of maidenly coyness tinted her pink-hued cheeks, "a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Pokedong, the rising young attorney and—"

"Huh! that petrifid dub!" jealously ejaculated the young dry goods dealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive adoration.

"He says," proceeded the maiden, gently ignoring the interruption, and reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comprehensively analyzed my feelings towards you, and the result is substantially as follows: I respect, admire, adore and love you, and hereby give, grant and convey to you my heart and all my interest, right and title in and to the same, together with all my possessions and emoluments, either now, inherited or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated or expected, with full and complete power to use, expend, utilize, give away, bestow or otherwise make use of the same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood, standing, walk, attend, action, to the contrary notwithstanding; and I—"

"I—I—!" fairly shouted the listener, springing to his feet, and extending his arms. "Miss Brisk—Maud—I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will!" promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of that pedantic procrustator with one expressive slangism, 'Nit!' I am yours, Clarence."—June Smart Set.

Ancient Stone Plough Found.

A very ancient stone plough, supposed to have belonged to the mound builders, was unearthed recently near Princeton, Ill. It was found by a farmer digging a well several feet below the surface and just above a vein of coal. The plough was of reddish stone, was triangular in shape, measuring thirteen inches each way.

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.

People in every walk of life have had back-aches—kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cures sick kidneys and back ache quickly disappears. Read this testimony and learn how it can be done.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from C. S. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

SUBJECT HE LIKED BEST.

"You talk well on the subject in which you are most interested," said the impertinent girl.

"And what is that?" said the man, smelling a compliment.

"Yourself," said the impertinent girl, demurely.—New York Press.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

Wigg—Say what you will of EJones, he is generous to a fault.

Wagg—Yes, if the fault happens to be his own.—Philadelphia Record.

THE FOOL'S WAY.

The Barber—The fools are not all dead yet.

The Broker—No, but there are a lot who dye every day, aren't there?—Yonkers Statesman.

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A CHANGE OF REMEDY.

BAXTER THOMPSON.

THE announcement that Miss Jane Prior, of London, was going to lecture on first aid for the wounded and sick nursing in general threw the village of Foxdale into an unusual state of excitement. That these lectures were to be for ladies only added a mystery to the interest manifested in the minds of these favored individuals. Notices calling attention to these facts were posted in favorable spots about the village, and the congregation was apprised of the same from the pulpit of the parish church.

If Miss Prior excluded the male community from her attentions, she herself was not disregarded, but formed the subject of much criticism among the selected members of the Foxdale population. The rightly directed round the Pig and Whistle centered respecting the subject being varied and obscure. Foxdale had never had its peace disturbed by anything more intellectual than an occasional traveling circus, so that the prospect of Miss Prior's advent awoke the quiet village from its usual apathy.

The lecture proving a great success so far as the attendance was concerned, Miss Prior announced that, providing a sufficient number came forward, the institution she represented in London would be pleased to conduct classes in the same subject during the ensuing months. This finding favor, Foxdale teemed with embryo nurses, thirsting for opportunities to test their newly-acquired knowledge and to put it to practical use. Broken hearts, aching every-occurrences, their turned their attentions to sound ones; many hours that might have been spent much more congenially at the Pig and Whistle being passed by long-suffering husbands in submitting various parts of their anatomy to be bandaged and put in splints, to give their better halves the necessary practice.

Old Sam Willet was the first to become a genuine patient, and he limped home early one afternoon with a sprained ankle. Mrs. Willet was the constant devotee in the new cause, and received her husband figuratively with open arms and welcomed him with fervor, stimulated by the advent of the first case of necessity for the trial of her skill.

With the wounded ankle carefully bandaged Mr. Willet was assisted into the front garden, where, reclining in a comfortable chair, his injured foot resting on a hassock, he served the double purpose of advertising his wife's skill and creating jealousy among the other amateur nurses in the village.

He was inclined to grumble at his enforced confinement at first; but the kind and increasing attentions of his wife caused him to feel more contented with his lot, and to look upon his accident as a fortunate occurrence. It being the period of the year during which the evenings were long and balmy, Mr. Willet sat in the garden, and held receptions of numerous friends coming to inquire after his health and to cheer his languish.

"It must be trying for you to have to sit so quiet all day, Sam," said Joe Rogers, who living next door to Mr. Willet, had had his feelings somewhat severely tried at the sight of that peevish enjoying an early morning pipe and a daily paper.

"You get used to it," answered Sam. "I did feel it at first, but the rest's nice, after the 'ard work I've done; but it pulls you down a bit."

"You lookin' well," remarked another, in a cheery voice. "Gettin' quite fat, you are."

"Look at the nursing I've 'ad," responded Sam. "Why, I couldn't 'ave had been better looked after if I'd been in a hospital."

Mrs. Willet smiled proudly, and glanced with an expression of triumph at the faces of several of her rivals who were present.

"I'll get you your tonic," she said, solemnly. "You mustn't talk too much, or we shall 'ave you goin' back again, and you're gettin' on nicely now."

"I 'as this three times a day," said Willet, beamingly, as his wife returned. "It 'as to keep strength up; it's wonderful 'ow it sustains one. Puts you all in a glow," he added, as he took a draught and put the tumbler down empty.

"When shall you be about again, Sam?" inquired Joe, whose face during the above incident had been a study.

"I don't know," replied that worthy, gingerly moving his injured foot on the cushion. "I want to 'urry these things, there's nothin' like gettin' properly cured while you're about it. Sprains 'as awkward things."

Mrs. Willet interposed at this point and insisted on the invalid returning indoors, so the party broke up, Joe Rogers and others adjourning to the Pig and Whistle to discuss the advantages of a wife who understands and takes a practical interest in the gentle art of nursing. Two days later Joe Rogers fell a victim, his right knee giving away, and he remained, wandering evidently a painful and dangerous undertaking. Mrs. Rogers, full of the new responsibility now resting upon her, sought an interview with Mrs. Willet, and the two went off together to hold a consultation over the injured and apparently suffering Joe. Similar treatment being meted out to the new invalid, the two conversed amicably over the hedge that divided the gardens, comparing symptoms, and receiving in state numerous interested friends during the evening.

Misfortunes never come singly, and had the invalids suffered from scarlet fever infection could not have spread more quickly. William Jones was the next to fall a victim; and he broke his arm in an attempt to quiet a restive horse that seemed to take a sudden antipathy to harness and work in general. The first of these accidents, which rendered his attention to work, which was of a manual nature, absolutely impossible. From these it spread yet farther, the pain attendant on the several accidents rendering a free use of stimulants a necessity for the maintenance of the sufferers' bodily health.

In spite of such careful attention the patients progressed very slowly, and after the first burst of enthusiasm was over the several nurses grew somewhat disheartened with the result of their treatment. A visit from their instructor, who condescended to personally examine their patients, only added to this dissatisfaction, and they met together to consult as to the advisability of a change of remedy. Mr. Willet was not feeling so well when his wife returned after this discussion; there was a look in her eye that warned him to be careful if he desired to keep things pleasant.

"Why 'as you going to 'ee your

continued, leaning over the end of the bed and looking at Sam. "Foot still bad?"

"No worse than you knee, I suppose," Mr. Willet growled in response. "Ow can I get up? The wife won't let me."

"No more will mine, but I've done it. She's gone out shopping. I'm sick of nursing."

"Ow can I get up without making an ass of myself?" returned Sam, bitterly. "I don't want the wife to know as I've been playin' the fool."

Joe gasped and looked at Sam with an ignorance of the situation.

"Well, bless me," he said. "You don't mean to tell me you think she doesn't know it. Wot do you take her for? I thought you'd have guessed."

"An' I doubt as to Mr. Willet's condition would have been at once dispelled had those who questioned it been present after this remark. Throwing the bedclothes violently off the bed, and regardless of sprains and bandages, he sprang to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Only that we've been made fools of," answered Joe, with a laugh. "Put 'im up to bed and on that roof and last night. Regular put-up job to make us mad."

Mr. Willet was a reserved man as a rule, but his language was of a forcible nature as these facts dawned upon him in all their fullness.

"Help me to take off these infernal bandages," he said, when he had finished his criticism of the whole proceeding. "Ow did you find out?"

"Guessed it partly," said Joe, as he assisted Sam out of an entanglement he was getting hopelessly involved in. "Bill Morgan told me the rest. 'E always did give secrets away when 'e'd a drink or two. I don't think they'll be as keen on first aid, though, after this."

There was consolation in this thought, and having no fear of disillusioning his wife as to the deceitfulness of his character, Mr. Willet dressed with celerity and sallied out on his errand. His movements in no way affected by his recent accident. Recovery had been rapid in other quarters, and the late, crippled joined forces in restoring the fallen spirits one more in the congenial surroundings of the Pig and Whistle. The glimmer surrounding the duties and pleasure of nursing was destroyed somewhat after this in Foxdale; and if afterwards it was necessary for any of the ladies to be employed, the person concerned was careful not to present for her patient in public.—Tit-Bits.

AN AID TO MEMORY.

Slopay—And, doctor, if you will, I wish you would give me something to help my memory. I forget so easily.

Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a bill every month.—Baltimore American.

CYSTER SHELL "CULM HEAR."

Great Banks Yield Ready Sale For Several Purposes.

The average citizen may not know that oysters are planted, cultivated and harvested like any other crop, a person who engages in this industry being known as an oyster planter. Thousands of acres of oysters are under cultivation in Hampton Roads, which, during the harvesting season, is often literally alive with the reaping machines of the oysterman.

When the oysters are from one and a half to two years old they are usually large enough to be sold, and, as a rule, part of them are sold at this age and the balance in the third or fourth year, after which time the ground is allowed to rest, a year before being planted again. Great care must be exercised in the selection of bottoms for oyster planting, if the planter would be financially successful.

The largest packer in Hampton opens from 100,000 to 200,000 bushels of oysters a year. In this house, as the men open the oysters, they drop the shells on an inclined plane from which they slide into a trough and are carried along by scrapers attached to an endless chain called a "shell conveyor," which takes them without further labor to the shell pile in the yard. When a shucker has filled his gallon measure the oysters are strained into large casks kept full of fresh water, by means of which any loose shell or grit is washed out. From these casks the oysters are dipped into a second strainer, and when separated from the water are again measured and packed.

The shells are sold for from one to three cents a bushel, and are used extensively by oyster planters for the propagation of oysters. They are placed in small piles on grounds found suitable for the purpose, where the eggs or small oyster will attach itself to the shells. They are also used for making shell lime and for building the excellent shell roads found in some parts of the Virginia peninsula.—Philadelphia North American.

Size of Philadelphia.

Some idea of the great size of Philadelphia may be gathered from the figures in the department reports just printed. There are in the city 1147.71 miles of paved street, besides 412.20 miles of unpaved roads in the suburbs. All but a small percentage of these streets have modern "improved" pavements, of asphalt, granite block or brick. The paved surface would make continuous driveway thirty feet wide from here to the Mississippi.

There are beneath these streets 951 miles of sewers. They would form a continuous water course as long as the Ohio River.

The streets, with 318 city bridges, are lighted by 9426 electric arc lights and 33,400 gas and gasolene lamps. One thousand four hundred and thirteen and six tenths miles of water pipe carry water to 242,500 premises. Only 11,738 premises are not supplied with city water.

There are more than 800 miles of conduits for electric wires, representing more than 5069 miles of ducts, and there are still 38,180 miles of electric wires in the air, sustained on 61,021 poles.

There are 435 miles of street railway track, enough to reach from the Delaware to Lake Erie.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lucky Sarah Amelia.

FROM HERBIVOROUS APPLICANTS TO CARLISLE TOWN COUNCIL has selected Sarah Amelia Roberts, a domestic servant, as the recipient of the Bute marriage dowry. The fact for this dowry was left by the late Marquis of Bute in 1897 to constitute his silver wedding, and consists of £1000, the yearly proceeds of which is given to some poor girl or girls unable to get married for the want of money. The recipient, who was left an orphan in infancy, will, after her marriage, attend the Town Hall with her husband, to be reminded by the Mayor of the origin of the dowry, and in accordance with the terms of the gift, the Mayor will read to them the first eleven verses of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. John, descriptive of the marriage feast. Can you have water was miraculously turned into wine. The dowry, about £40, will then be handed to the bride.—London Chronicle.

His First Dress Suit.

"The first time I ever put on a dress suit," said ex-Gov. Scofield, "was at the reception and ball which followed in the evening of the day that I was inaugurated. I remember that we had to stand on a little platform, raised a few inches from the floor, while the crowd passed along and it shook hands with Mrs. Scofield and myself.

"I weighed just ninety-six pounds at that time, and was as thin as a match. Mrs. Scofield is a fleshy woman, and as I looked at her during a lull in the procession and then sized up my own diminutive anatomy I whispered to her:

"Martha, we must look like the living skeleton and the fat woman in the dime museum to these people."

"That settled Mrs. Scofield for the balance of the evening, and to save herself she could not get rid of the ripples of mirth that would sweep over her face and break out into peals of laughter as the ridiculousness of the situation appealed to her."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Ainslee's For July.

The novel in Ainslee's for July is "The Ribboned Way," by S. Carleton, author of "The Corduroy Road." Other familiar names among the contributors are Justus Miles Forman, author of "A Bit of Grease Paint" and "Journeys End"; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles G. D. Roberts, Guy Wetmore Carryl, author of "The Lieutenant Governor," George Horton, Joseph C. Lincoln and Robert Loveman.

S. Carleton, the author of "The Corduroy Road," has a novel in Ainslee's for July which, in these days, is a refreshing piece of writing. It has what seems to be so rare in fiction lately, namely, atmosphere; it seems almost to have written itself. It is plain, straightforward, love story, but it smells of the woods and swamps of the lumberer in the midst of which its action goes forward. If there were more novels like this published, we would be apt to complain less of the cynicism of the critics.

BUSY HOUSEWIVES.



Pe-ru-na a Prompt and Permanent Cure for Nervousness.

MRS. LULU LARMER, Stoughton, Wis. says:

"For two years I suffered with nervous trouble and stomach disorders until it seemed that there was nothing to me but a bundle of nerves.

"I was very irritable, could not sleep, rest or compose myself, and was certainly unfit to take care of a household. I took nerve tonics and pills without benefit. When I began taking Pe-ru-na I grew steadily better, my nerves grew stronger, my rest was no longer fitful, and to-day I consider myself in perfect health and strength.

"My recovery was slow but sure, and I persevered and was rewarded by perfect health."—Mrs. Lulu Larmer.

Mrs. Anna B. Fidelity, recent Superintendent of the W. C. T. U. headquarters at Galesburg, Ill., was for ten years one of the leading women there. Her husband, when living, was first President of the Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln, Neb.

In a letter written from 401 Sixty-seventh street, W. Chicago, Ill., she says:

"I would not be without Pe-ru-na for ten times its cost."—Mrs. Anna B. Fidelity.

"Health and Beauty," a book written by Dr. Hartman, on the phases of cutaneous peculiar to women, will be sent free by Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

BLOOD HUMOURS.

Skin Humours, Scalp Humours, Hair Humours,

Whether Simple Scrofulous or Hereditary

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills.

Complete External and Internal Treatment, One Dollar.

In the treatment of scrofulous, disfiguring, itching, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy and scrofulous humours of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills have been wonderfully successful. Even the most obstinate of constitutional humours, such as head blood, scrofula, berthed and contagious humours, with loss of hair, glandular swellings, alcohol patches in the throat and mouth, sore eyes, copper-colored blotches, skin eruptions, and all other humours, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies fail. A wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infants and children, mothers, milk curd, scalded head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies fail. A wonderful record of cures of torturing, disfiguring humours among infants and children. The suffering which Cuticura Remedies have alleviated among the young, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as priceless curatives for the skin and blood. Infants and children, mothers, milk curd, scalded head, eczema, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently and economically cured when all other remedies fail.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomne, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

50c a bottle. All druggists.

Avery & Company

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51-53 South Fourth St., Atlanta, Ga.

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Reliable Frick Engines. Boilers, all Sizes. Wheel Separators.

BEST IMPROVED SAW MILL ON EARTH.

Large Engines and Boilers supplied promptly. Shingle Mills, Corn Mills, Circular Saws, Saw Teeth, Patent Dogs, Steam Governors, Full Size Engines & Mill Supplies. Send for free Catalogue.

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is extensively used everywhere in the world wherever the muzzle loader has given way to the breech loader. It is made in the largest and best equipped cartridge factory in existence.

This accounts for the uniformity of its products.

Tell your dealer "U. M. C." when he asks "What kind?"

Catalogue free.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agents, 312 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

RIPANS

Doctors find

A good prescription

For mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for an ordinary case of Colic. The family bottle (price 50 cents) contains a supply for 30 days.

NERVOUS HEADACHE

CURED without any disagreeable results by a dose or two of

CAPUDINE

(Liquid.)

At All Drug Stores.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT

IS THE ONLY GOUT CURE THAT CURES IN TIME. It is the only GOUT CURE that cures in time.