

BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.
"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my backache frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches."

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tight as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me." **MISS KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & W. Ave., New York City.**—\$5000 for the best of letters proving genuine cure of backache.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

Best in the World.
No other medicine has such a record of cures of colds, coughs, croup, whooping-cough, sore throat, pneumonia, and even consumption, or has such a host of friends as **DODD'S**. It is a cure for all the ailments of the chest and lungs.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL BURNS, SCALDS, ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

20% A Month on Everything You Buy
That's the amount you can save by trading with us regularly. Send the bill or statement for our 100-day price guarantee. It contains quotations for everything you wish to buy. Write TODAY.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., Chicago.

Nursing Mothers
You will find it to be a stomachic, easy on the bowels and gentle on the stomach. It is a perfect food for infants and a perfect laxative for nursing mothers.

Dr. Caldwell's (Laxative) Syrup Pepsin
Secure your supply and promote the health and growth of your child. Doctors recommend Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for all children and nursing mothers.

50c and \$1.00 Bottles All Druggists
FREE SAMPLE and Book, "The Story of a Young Man's Life," for the asking.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

7% INVESTMENT
The Preferred Stock of **W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.** Capital Stock, \$2,000,000.

Shares, \$100 each. Sold at Par.
Only First Paid Stock offered for sale.

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
Why invest your money at 7% when you can get it at 10%? The W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. is a company that has been successful for over 20 years. It is a company that has a record of growth and expansion. It is a company that has a future. It is a company that is worth investing in.

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A CONFESSION

He kissed her on the balcony—
It was a dreadful sin;
The roses tried their shame to hide,
Folding their blushes in.

He kissed her on the balcony—
The very moonbeams quivered;
The stars turned red, Oreo Red,
And Venus, angry, blushed.

He kissed her on the balcony—
I thought to see her faint,
The modest maid who looked so staid,
That I had dreamed a saint!

He kissed her on the balcony—
Ah, can I tell—
The digital truth of woman's ruth—
—her kiss—his—back!

—Atlanta Journal.

The Roxville Scandal.

BY FLORENCE J. BOYCE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Boston Post Co.)

Mrs. Tibbs, the postmistress, fastidiously stamped the letters and gazed at them up in a package on the table. The door opened, and a young lady came into the office.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tibbs. Is there any mail in box 47?"

"Yes, here's a postal card for you, Miss Gears. I guess your head didn't write to you. Let me see it. I shouldn't think you'd have a postal card."

Miss Gears took the card, glanced at it, and blushed, but said nothing. She had lived in Roxville only a few months, and did not, like kindly to the village's familiar way of prying into her affairs.

Mrs. Tibbs nodded knowingly as the door closed.

"I declare for it! I wish Mary Berry could 'a' seen her flush up. Tell me the ain't no secret there. If I had a right to divulge, I could tell you a thing or two."

A thin, wrinkled little woman came into the outer office, and Mrs. Tibbs dashed out to meet her.

"Right about now, Miss Martin. Brought your mail, didn't you? Well, I'm glad. I get dreadful uneasy here in the office all day. Ain't no use in secrecy after the creamery team got away morning."

"I see Miss Gears just made you a call."

"Yes, she did. I guess she wanted to see what he wrote. Tuesday's her day for a letter."

"No tell," Mrs. Tibbs said.

"Oh, yes; Tuesday and Friday she sits here from two. Sometimes it's a postal card, too."

"I'd like to know. Can't he write anything very private on a postal?"

Mrs. Tibbs tossed her head disdainfully.

"I ain't privileged to talk much about the U. S. mail, but I can't help myself. I tell you, they're all right up before my face an' eyes."

I tell you, Mariette Martin, there's some things I could tell about that pink an' white faces an' girls that wouldn't sound very well, she bein' single."

"That's thought it right along. I told George, she's a queer family. Miss Gears claims she's a widow, but no one hasn't never seen her husband's gravestone, as I've heard of."

Mrs. Tibbs looked out of the window.

"There's Miss Berry an' Miss Johnson comin'. You needn't say anything of what I said about the postal card. I don't want to make it out any worse'n 'tis, for it's black enough, goodness knows."

"I declare, how be ye both? Walk right in an' have some chairs. We haven't had a real family visit since I don't know when."

"I suppose the Gears's come regular for the mail now? I guess you're the only one that gets a white speaking distance of 'em. So, folks! Way, I went over—"

"Oh, did you?"

"Well, I went over to call yesterday, but couldn't knock loud enough to raise anybody."

There was silence a few minutes, during which Mrs. Tibbs' knitting needles clicked ominously. Finally, she said:

"Well, I say it's scandalous. Two women comin' into our midst, an' actin' so unbecomingly they shet the door on all of us, an' they a gettin' mail—"

"Anything new, Miss Tibbs?"

"Well, as I was tellin' Miss Martin, there's a very suspicious postal card been passin' through my hands, an' though I don't have no privilege to say anything about the U. S. mail, postal cards are public property, an' I couldn't help but see what was in that give me a hint into how things stood."

"There! What'd I tell ye, Laura Johnson? Didn't I say I dreamt of Gears' house bein' on fire, an' I knew there'd be some scandal comin' to light? I never dreamt of fire that it didn't mean something. Now when Janet's coming, she's got her father's hired man, I dreamt—"

A team stopped in front of the office. The postmistress gathered up her knitting.

"There's Jim Hawkins," she said, "an' he'll stay till the stage comes."

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"There's Jim Hawkins," she said, "an' he'll stay till the stage comes."

drive until we return to the city. She is just the sweetest horse, and we are very devoted to her.

"There were no letters, you said, Mrs. Tibbs."

"If a smile twinkled in the girl's blue eyes as she went out, no one noticed it but the tall young man who assisted her into the carriage.

"Get up, baby," she said, and they drove away.

The three women looked stupidly at one another.

"I'm sure he got up, or my pie'll be burnt up," said Mrs. Martin, and Mrs. Berry followed her out, stirring feebly at the box of butter sauce.

HASTY PUDDING IS POPULAR.

Good Reason for It Being a Favorite with Lumbermen.

"One of the strangest things I have noticed about the lumbermen of the Canadian woods," said the man who spent last winter in the camp, "was their voracious appetite for hasty pudding."

"Is it natural that they should have voracious appetites, these strong men who work for hours in the bracing Canadian air?" asked the young creature to whom the man was devoted just then.

"Hasty pudding is made," asked the man. "She did not know exactly, but ventured to remark that it was probably something like 'hotting'."

"When they get back to camp from a night at the nearest saloon they wake up the cook and bring him to make them a hasty pudding."

"He puts a pot of water on the stove and when it comes to a boil he stirs in dry flour. Presently this paste is stirred and he serves to the waiting lumbermen while it is piping hot."

"And doesn't he flavor it with anything?"

"I asked one of the camp cooks how the men could eat the tasteless stuff, and he answered, 'Their mouths are full of tobacco and their stomachs full of whisky, so they couldn't taste anything but hot.'"

"You are sure of coming to spend another winter among those horrid men," she exclaimed.

"I was going back to the woods, but they wouldn't let me. At last they told her the rest of the story."

FEAT WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Burial Sermon Aroused Indignation of Friends of Deceased.

A writer in the Boston Transcript describing "Stubb Gals," a settlement of undesirable people in Southern Massachusetts, tells a tale of the death of one of the residents and the effort of a frank spoken preacher to bring about a moral reform.

After reading the portion of scripture and the making of a prayer, the biographical part of the sermon began which described the life of the deceased.

In general, and the deceased in particular, with this startling conclusion, and I have to doubt that the late Mr. Gals was ever a Christian.

"This was too much for old Paul, one of the intimates of the deceased, and he left the church in high dudgeon, and was found at the close of the service excitedly facing back and forth across the aisle and muttering to himself in all directions. Some one asked what he thought of the remarks as to his friend, 'Dr. S.' has the right to say 'no' to a man who has not a tooth in his head for over twenty years."

Along the Way.

Along the way, I'm weaving roses from the dew, I'm weaving roses from the dew, I'm weaving roses from the dew.

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JUST A TRUCK DOG.

Bornway and Dirty, but He Had His Duty Well.

He was a dirty, scrawny dog, but he maintained the dignity of his standing. He was running in the street, and he might have been white at one time, with his black spots defined sharply, but circumstances evidently had compelled an estimation that in recent years had not permitted a bath other than that provided by falling rain, and the indications were that he had not taken advantage of opportunities in that respect frequently.

He was trotting along under a truck that created fairly strong air at a brisk hour of the day. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but kept gazing on the heels of the horses in front. If he had been a coach dog he would have been under the axle of the front wheels, but, being a truck dog, he was under the rear axle, and was under the rear axle.

Whether he had been trained to trot as a protector of the tail end of the truck from the exasperating urchins of the street, or whether he was a New York Times, or had of his own volition dropped back to a rear position as a concession to the difference between a coach dog and a truck dog, the chronicler knows not. At any rate, he knew his duty, and he was doing it.

Some Young Old People.

Mrs. Castiberry writes from Philadelphia to her 12-year-old son a New York letter that she never felt so gay and lively in her life as at this very time.

She feels quite positive that she will live to be a hundred and eighty.

It is like corporate, it is so steady and clear. At 37 she is planning amusements for the year and her husband, Crook, a highly respected citizen of Brooklyn, aged 33, walks from his home in Lewis avenue to Richmond Hill, a distance of seven miles, and then on the lawn with his grandchildren.

The late Secretary Gresham's mother has just celebrated her 100th birthday, and her husband, the late Secretary Gresham, is 98.

James P. Seer, at 88, superintends the farm and country place at Polham Manor, and there is scarcely a play that he does not handle with a perfect hand. As a diversion he pushes a lawn mower.

There are others. Glory to every green and glorious old age!—as Clara A. Dana.

Wonderful Pills.

Freedom, N. Y., N. Y. A splendid remedy has recently been introduced in this neighborhood. It is called Dodd's Kidney Pills and it has cured thousands of people of their kidney troubles.

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