PIERCED BY AN ARROW

W. H. CROMIN.

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Lieut. Ewing had a secret service to perform near his station. The job would require two weeks of his time; but inasmuch as the town was something of a watering place and, as he knew, fairly filled with guests, he had no fear of dying from ennui. Girls were sure to be there and with the gentler sex Ewing generally held his own and sometimes a part belonging to someone else.

He was a dashing fellow. He had the true military bearing, the soldiers' walk, the athlete's carriage, eyes as blue as the emerald sky, a face that denied he was of plebeian birth, and a forehead that denoted intelligence. He needed no one to tell him that he was good looking. At Attica, his point of destination, he registered as Glovan Colbert. There wasn't much of a purpose in concealing his identity. Still his home village was not so very far away and at certain times in his life he had said things to young women of his community that lead them to believe he was very much in love with them and really wanted to marry when such a thing was not true at all. Perhaps some of his escapades were still fresh in the minds of those about him. News travels fast and bad reports linger painfully long. Perhaps some of his flirtations were known to the guests of this resort. Therefore to be on the safe side, he would conceal his identity for the time being.

He had not been in the village more than two days before he saw a dream of a woman. She possessed all the graces which belong to her sex. Certainly she was beautiful of face and figure. She dressed differently from the other women; her laugh had mirth to it, her eyes had the light of a June morning. Try as he might, Ewing could not get an introduction to her. She seemed to have few acquaintances. Her walks were made alone, and when she rowed on the little lake that fronted the hotel there was no one else in the boat with her. Her greatest delight seemed to be in the practice with bow and arrow and in this she was quite an expert.

Five days after Ewing's arrival one of her arrows pierced his coat, as he lay hidden behind a foliage of honeysuckles. Instantly he was on his feet and she, seeing what had happened, seemed for the moment quite dismayed.

But the accident gave the soldier the chance he had been looking, longing for. She hastened an apology and he in turn made little of the incident. Indeed, the arrow had done no further harm than to make a hole in his coat. Ewing would have been willing for it to have penetrated his skin—aye, to have taken off a piece of flesh. From that morning their courses took shape rapidly enough. He lost no time in placing his devotions at her feet. He sang for her in a glorious tenor; he played the guitar for her at the window in the evenings when the other boarders wished him sick or dead, or something of that sort; he sent her costly flowers, and he forgot his business entirely, which is sometimes the way of men in love.

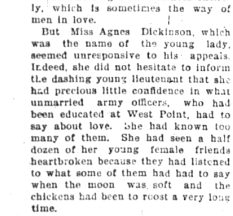
But Miss Agnes Dickinson, which was the name of the young lady, seemed unresponsive to his appeals. Indeed, she did not hesitate to inform the dashing young lieutenant that she had precious little confidence in what unmarried army officers, who had been educated at West Point, had to say about love. She had known too many of them. She had seen a half dozen of her young female friends heartbroken because they had listened to what some of them had had to say when the moon was soft and the chickens had been to roost a very long time.

One day she went into more specific details. She asked him if he had ever known Lieut. Ewing. Did he know Ewing? The question fairly took his breath away. Was it possible that she really knew who he was—that he was sailing under a false name. But he did not permit his mental perturbation to betray him.

"Why, certainly," he replied. "I know him quite well."

"They say he is handsome; that he is bright, and that he made a gallant officer in Cuba," was her reply.

To acknowledge possessing these gifts and that afterwards he should



He registered as Jiovan Colbert.

tell her he was Ewing would be an act of vainglriousness that might operate against him.

"Well, I don't know so much about his brightness. Neither would I swear that he is handsome; and for his deportment in Cuba I think he did no more than the other members of his regiment. Still, he is not a bad fellow." Having delivered himself of this speech he felt easier. But he was treading on dangerous ground and he knew it. He wished the conversation might change.

"Ah, but what a flirt he is," was Miss Dickinson's rejoinder. "I think him little better than a cad. Two years ago he paid the most devoted attention to Mollie Sherman. The neighbors, her friends, all those who knew them both were sure they were engaged, and that their marriage was but a little ways off. I have never seen the beast, but that is what I hear. I am told that Mollie has simply wept over his perfidy until her reason is well nigh dethroned. I wish—"

"Perfidy!" the man exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about. I happen to know something about that case. I know of a certainty that they were never engaged; that he never asked her to marry him. I know moreover—"

"Ah, you seem to be one of his friends truly enough."

"Well, I have a right to be—I ought to be, and I am. Listen: I happen to know that all this talk about his failure to escort her everywhere, to be constantly at her side since his return from Cuba is because she had, in a measure, tired of him, and he in

Her walks were made alone.

a measure had tired of her. Where did you get all this wild information about his playing dog in the manger act. Somebody's been playing with you. She never told you anything of the sort."

"No, but some of her friends have been more communicative. By the way I am expecting her here to-morrow."

Now, that was something that set Ewing's mind thinking rapidly enough. Sure enough he had never been engaged to Miss Sherman, but it was tacitly understood that he wanted to be and could be if he were to say the right thing. And she coming where he was and finding that he was misrepresenting his name. Whew! There was a dilemma.

If he was going to say anything to Miss Dickinson, with whom he was now really in love, now was the time; and so he told her of the entire affair; of how in a spirit of fun he had registered under an assumed name; of his love for her from the moment he first saw her, and of his earnest desire to make her his wife.

"Well, I pitched the cat I tote with my arrow. See there," as she pointed to the place, "one can scarcely perceive that it ever needed a darning. Maybe I can heal the broken heart you have been talking about. At all events I am willing to try. I have known by that intuition peculiarly the gift of woman that you were in love with me from the first time we met, and it was a good arrow that has given light and love to both our hearts, wasn't it, dear?"

And the next day, hand in hand, they went to the train to welcome Miss Sherman.

WHITE HOUSE HOODOO DEFEATED

Recovery of Little Teddy Shows That Roosevelts Are Immune.

The Roosevelt family has been declared to be immune from the baleful workings of the "hoodoo man" by the school of gentry who preside over the domestic duties at the White House. That this exception must be made has just been ascertained "fo' sho'" by the recovery of young Theodore Roosevelt from his recent illness at Groton.

A short time prior to that event the fastenings holding in place the portrait of Gen. Grant, which adorns the walls of one of the lower-floor rooms, gave way and the large canvas and its frame fell to the floor. The crash brought several attendants to the scene, and while the work of repairing the damage was being done one of the old retainers made the prediction, in awe-struck tones, that some member of the family would die, at the same time calling to mind the falling of the portrait of President Garfield, which was followed by the death of President McKinley and which sad occurrance had likewise been predicted at the time.

When Master Roosevelt became ill many a woolly head was shaken and "I told you so" was the daily refrain, when Mrs. Roosevelt and then the president left for the bedside of their son. When he was brought home and was on the way to convalescence the first doubts of the solemn warning were expressed and his recovery has removed the ban from the family. There is still a belief, however, says the Washington Post, that some one connected with the White House will yet be a victim of the omen.

Won Her Point.

A minister in Ann Arbor was putting his little girl to bed one night not long ago. He had heard her prayers and was leaving the room when she called out: "Papa, give me a drink of water."

"I will, my dear," said he, "when you ask for it properly."

The child thought a moment and then said very soberly, "Papa, give me a drink of water for Christ's sake."

New York Has Blind Fireman.

Saxe Martin, though totally blind since the age of 4, has been an active and useful member of the fire department of Port Chester, N. Y., for seventeen years, "running with the machine" to all fires.

Keep your secret from your friends and your enemies will never get next to it.

TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF HORSES

Devices of the Artist to Make the Subject Look Pleasant.

"Now an auto," said the roadside photographer, "is easy, for it stands still. But it's different with a horse.

"To get a good picture of a horse you've got to fix his attention and interest him as you would a child. The dullest and laziest of horses may not stand still, or he may slouch into some unhandsome attitude, so that he won't look very pretty when you do get him.

"The spirited, lively horse finds it hard to stand still at all. He's bobbing his head or moving somehow all the time, so that he's hard to get; and then the finest horse looks better in some attitudes than he does in others. It is a common thing for the photographer who takes pictures of the turnouts of people out driving, to have somebody interest the horse to get him at once quiet and into a good attitude while he takes the picture.

"The picture taker having his camera conveniently located, the man who is to have his outfit taken drives into position and halts. The photographer, all ready for taking the picture and waiting now only for the horse to stand still and to look well, calls in his assistant, who, standing in front of the horse and ten or twenty feet away, attracts the animal's attention, says the New York Sun.

"Sometimes he has a little rattle for this purpose; sometimes he holds up a bunch of grass. It might be that he would wave a handkerchief gently at the same time calling to the horse. Then you see things happen.

"Even though he was a handsome horse anyway he looks more so than ever in that first look at the man who has attracted his attention. It may be that he's just a bit startled and he stands there perfectly erect, head up and all attention, ears thrown forward, a keen alertness in every line, a most spirited figure of a horse, and for the moment motionless; and in that happy moment you get him."

REMARKABLE BODY OF SOLDIERS

Duluth Corps Knows Drill of All Nations of the World.

The most remarkable body of soldiers in the world is Company C, Third Regiment, the National Guards of Minnesota, stationed at Duluth. Every member of this fine company is thoroughly familiar with the military drills of every nation, and could fall into the ranks and fill all the requirements of a well-drilled and disciplined soldier of any land.

When the company was stationed at Chattanooga during the Spanish-American war it gained the well-earned reputation of being the best-drilled company of all the 70,000 troops in camp. Since then the company has taken up the drills of other nations, both ancient and modern, and has become marvelously expert. All the various drills of the company are held in the uniforms of the soldiers of the country which the troops are supposed to represent, and to make these costumes historically correct the company has expended over $3,000. Lieut. C. Josten is the originator of the scheme, and he deserves great credit for the admirable manner in which he has disciplined the men.

Each military number is preceded by a bugler and a standard bearer, carrying the flag or standard of the nation represented and blowing the bugle call of the different nations as they fall in line. The costumes—they can hardly be called uniforms—of many are rich silk and satin handsomely embroidered.—The Strand.

He Did Not Go Home with Her.

The peculiar ways of the American girl are little by little winning recognition, even admiration, throughout the world. The time was when in Continental European cities she was accosted in broad daylight whenever she happened to be out alone. Now she is generally understood to be safe unless twilight. By and by, if a story is to be trusted that came in lately on a steamer from Italy, she will be shunned at midnight.

A particularly tall and fine-looking young woman who was going home at two o'clock in Florence was spoken to by a young army officer. He was perhaps under, rather than over, the rather diminutive stature of the Italian, and he wore a monocle. He asked her if he might go home with her. She stepped short and looked him over from head to foot. Then she said:

"Yes, of course—if you are afraid to go home alone."

Then she stood and faced him until he slunk off around the nearest corner.

Smells of Cities.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones insists that each city has its own peculiar odor, that a stranger can smell a city. "The great, blended odor of the entire city." They can be told by his remarks. When a stranger enters Munich there is a smell as of many breweries—a peculiar, sweetish, yet pungent odor of malt, not at all unpleasant to a beer drinker. After a day or two the smell is not remarked, but after the stranger leaves the city the smell is distinct in his memory; it exerts a spell; it urges him to drop his work, to take the next steamship. We have not been in Munich for seventeen years, but that sweet smell haunts us still. Paris has a peculiarly individual odor; so has London, so has Berlin, so has Dresden. Boston, no doubt, has its own smell, which is highly respectable, rather musty, with a suspicion of old family cockroaches.

Eggshell Farm for Children.

An eggshell farm is a part of one of the primary school departments of study in this city. Each child takes an eggshell about two-thirds whole. The child's name is written on the shell and after a lesson on soils sufficient earth is placed in the shell to hold it. Each one in a room is given the same kind of seed to plant. After the plant becomes too large for the shell the child is encouraged to take it home and plant it in a large garden. The teachers aim to teach the complete life history of the plant from seed to seed.—Buffalo Express.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN SUNNY LAND OF MEXICO

(Special Letter.)

A WALK through a pueblo in some remote district of Mexico will soon convince you that Byron was not dreaming when he said "A man may be rich in his poverty." Surely it is emphatically proven among these peons of the Southern Republic. No hut or jacal is too poor to be the pride of its proprietor, even though it be made of straw and clay held together by supple twigs.

As you pause at his door (the only opening of his abode) and look in you are greeted with a cheery welcome and invited to enter. After a few moments' conversation your attention is called to the baby who loves centavos (pennies). Of course you can't resist, and surrender your change. As you bid them goodbye they tell you to come again soon, as "aqui tiene su casa" (here you have your house) a pretty compliment used by all Mexicans for mansion and hut alike.

In this dwelling place, which rarely consists of more than one room, you can always find besides the legal occupants, the pigs, dogs and chickens. Perhaps the senora has a little candy stand just outside the door or maybe she is one of the tortilla makers for the market. They always are busy, but prefer the occupation of switching flies off their dulces (sweetmeats) to making for their children.

They are very economical dressmakers. The mother buys five yards of calico, makes herself a dress and with what is left clothes her five or six children. Her senor buys himself a sombrero and with what remains out of the little sum he has collected he purchases a suit of clothes. If he got the hat at a bargain he buys a ready made, but if not he brings home a few meters of white cotton and his wife does his tailoring.

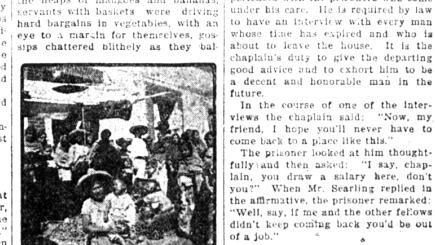
Monday is the universal market day of Mexico. They will walk all Sunday night to the nearest large town or city carrying their wares on their backs. Some of their loads would stagger a horse. A man will carry twenty-five two-gallon jugs, and a

CROCKERY VENDERS.

dozen chickens on his back in a huge net. The finer crockery is packed in straw in a kind of crate. A woman will carry one of these weighing seventy-five pounds, and a baby besides.

The youngest child is carried in a sort of sling made of a rebosa until it is about fourteen months old. Then he scraps for his own living with his numerous brothers and sisters.

One scene in a market place I have particularly in mind. Pretty Indian girls were selecting silver earrings, wrinkled hags crouched by great jars of tamales with a pile of cabbage leaves to use as wrapping paper, swarthy mozos were buying sombreros which they put on over the old ones, brown babies rolled in the sun among the heaps of mangoes and bananas, servants with baskets were driving hard bargains in vegetables, with an eye to a match for themselves, gossips chattered blithely as they bal-



Market Place in Toluca.

anced their brimming pitchers on the fountain rim, one whose walk was spread with rush sleeping mats, a beautiful Indian girl with a skin like brown satin made a pretty color study behind a great heap of yellow pumpkin blossoms.

Yet the picturesque and the pathetic are hopelessly confused in Mexico. A hoard of gaunt, famished curs ran about among the booths, their noses to the ground, searching hungrily for any scrap of refuse. They seemed to belong to no one and they never cast so much as a beseeching glance at persons who were eating; they evidently had no experience in being fed by human hands. A low-browed, heavy-set man, with a great black leather lash, did nothing but steal upon the poor brutes and send the whip curling about their bruised, emaciated bodies. He bore himself with the consciousness of duty well performed and no one else of high or low degree paid the slightest heed. I regret to say that it is all too common in Mexico to see animals treated brutally. A society for the prevention of cruelty simply would not know where to begin, there are so many abuses to reform.

Every town has a market place built by the state. All are under cover and well kept. Stalls are rented by the day by the peons bringing in their stuff for sale. The Indians usually have beautiful baskets and laces and all are sold at ridiculously low prices. The moment a stranger appears in the market place he is instantly besieged to buy a cabbage, bunch of onions, piece of pottery, oranges, baskets, combs, lace, writing paper, in fact, every conceivable article that he doesn't want or need. If he is un-

Special Delivery.

mindful of their offers there is one chance left. He is surrounded by a group of little ones whose pathetic sweet veiled "Un centavo nino," and tiny outstretched brown hands win the day.

Some of these little ones are extremely pretty, especially between the ages of ten and thirteen, with finely developed chests and very straight bodies.

The Mexican peon is a very happy being, contented with his lot and has little ambition to better himself. Unless urged by the authorities, he does not care to educate his children. There are many excellent public schools all over Mexico, and splendid opportunities for learning, thanks to the strenuous efforts of their beloved President Diaz.

F. E. A. WRIGHT.

As Viewed by the Departing Prisoner.

The Rev. Samuel S. Seering, chaplain of the House of Correction, South Boston, frequently has amusing experiences with the prisoners who come under his care. He is required by law to have an interview with every man whose time has expired and who is about to leave the house. It is the chaplain's duty to give the departing good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future.

In the course of one of the interviews the chaplain said: "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked: "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When Mr. Searing replied in the affirmative, the prisoner remarked: "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Due to Nervousness.

"The constant blinking of the eyes is due to nervousness, and unless it is nipped in the bud it will develop into a positive affliction," says an eye specialist. "Naturally, blinking is necessary to clear and moisten the eye. By natural blinking I mean about ten to the minute. The nervous blinkers, on the other hand, will often get a hundred twitches of the eyelid in a minute, which enlarges the tiny muscles and sets up an irritation that eventually affects the sight. Many children seem to acquire the habit unconsciously, and parents do not exercise sufficient care in trying to break them of it."

A Witty Declination.

A New York club determined to give a planked shad dinner "in honor of the heroes of the war with Spain." Among those invited was a volunteer officer who distinguished himself during the brief spell of fighting in Cuba. His reply to the club secretary included this sentence: "I am obliged to decline your kind invitation, as I am neither a hero, a shero nor a shadroe."

God never forgets the man who can forget himself.

God's essentials may be hidden in our incidentals.

RIVER THAT IS ALWAYS PEACEFUL

Androscoggin Never Floods Country, Because of Dams.

"In all the reports of storm and flood, disaster and death, there is one great river—the outlet of Lake Umbagog, which debouches from the lake about forty miles and a trifle east of north of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, like the Nile from Albert Nyanza, a river of sufficient depth and breadth to float the steamers that ply in summer on the lake—that is seldom heard from," said a former New Hampshire man recently.

"The Androscoggin in all the trouble and tumult continues to flow on unvexed to the sea, carrying blessings without number to the land and people, the cattle on a thousand hills, birds of the air and creeping things.

"The region of this river is not exempt from conditions prevailing elsewhere. The Connecticut river, on the other side of the state and at the lakes but twenty miles away, is doing its share in the way of dams carried out, farms and towns inundated and ice gorges, fetching death and destruction in their course.

"Why, every one will ask, is the Androscoggin peaceful when all others are disturbed; harmless when others are bent on devastation? The answer is easy. A plain man, now deceased, Cos by name, and with a great head for business, who owned saw mills on the river, had the wisdom to spend thousands in order to save millions, holding the flood from water back when it would do only harm and having it for use during the long summer, when it would do good only. He dammed the Androscoggin at its principal sources. These dams form three great lakes in the wilderness covering the divide between the waters flowing through New England and those flowing back into the St. Lawrence, which holds back the flood until the storm is past.

"Thus one wise man did at his own expense for the people of two states," concluded the New Hampshire man, according to the Washington Star, "what great so-called commonwealths have not had the wisdom or enterprise to do."

SOUND PRAISE3 OF PINGPONG

Champion Player Says the Game Is Better Than Lawn Tennis.

The worst thing about pingpong is its name. This is the opinion of Kreigh Collins, the champion pingpong player of Chicago. He has played lawn tennis—in fact, was the champion of the West for two years—and he has played pingpong, and having compared the relative merits of the two games he asserts that the parlor brand is the more scientific.

"Pingpong requires more accuracy than lawn tennis," says Mr. Collins. "The reasons for this are that the balls and racquets used are lighter and it is more difficult to direct the course of a ball than in tennis. Another reason why more accuracy is required is that the playing space is smaller and where in tennis one can use one's legs to good advantage in pingpong practically everything depends upon the cleverness shown by the player in using his arms.

"Pingpong is in reality quite a game. In fact, I consider it the best indoor sport I have ever tried. It is easily played if amusement alone is sought after, and if a player desires to become skilled and proficient in handling the racquet it also affords an excellent opportunity for practice and development. Then there is in addition to these advantages the vigorous exercise accured by playing the game with the added fascination of testing your own skill in handling a ball.

"I always was fond of tennis and still regard it as one of the best outdoor rports, but in many respects pingpong has it beaten. The two are played in practically the same way, but in pingpong one must be more guarded in one's play than in tennis, for the reasons I have already explained. The same strokes apply to both games, however."

The West Tested Roosevelt

On Mr. Roosevelt's famous campaigning trip across the country in the fall of 1900, it became apparent that some of the plainsfolk were hardly satisfied that what they had heard of the candidate for vice president was not too good to be true. So there developed a unique system for the entertainment of the distinguished guest. He was mounted on the most spirited—and not always the most thoroughly broken—horse in the neighborhood and was invited to go for a ride with a number of eminent citizens who wanted to "show him the country." Sooner or later in the course of the ride he would be decoyed to a stretch of open plain; the pace would be gradually increased until the ride became a breakneck race in which only the stoutest-hearted and steadiest-headed riders could hold their own. Time and again did this occur and no less often was disturbed by the practice than was Gov. Roosevelt.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

Port Said.

There may be viler towns than Port Said. We have never seen them. Leadville, in its most flourishing and fierest days, could not equal this city at the mouth of the Suez canal, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. If ten righteous men were needed to save this town of 35,000 people, it would go unsaved. The inquiry, "Do you want anything?" which, in Egypt covers a multitude of sins, is met with from small boys upon the main streets. Vice which in American cities hides itself in the back alleys here flaunts itself in gay gauze and brazen face upon the boulevards. It is a made town, on made earth, and its manufacture is not morally a success. The few decent people condemned by business necessity to dwell in Port Said console themselves by the assertion that all new towns go through this period of viciousness—and Port Said is not a quarter of a century old. After seeing Port Said, we do not wonder that Moses fled into the wilderness.

An idealist is like a baby crying for the moon; but it is noticed that a large, round biscuit is generally an acceptable substitute.

HENRY IV. IN NINETEENTH CENTURY

Body of English Monarch Exhumed at Canterbury.

In 1832 a discussion arose as to whether Henry IV. was really buried in Canterbury cathedral, according to tradition. The then Dean of Canterbury, the Hon. and Very Rev. Richard Bagot (afterward Bishop of Oxford), invited my husband to be present at the opening of the royal tomb. This was done in the middle of night in the presence of a few of the cathedral authorities and specially invited spectators.

The body of the king was found wrapped in lead and leather. For a few moments after this covering was removed the face of the king was revealed in a state of perfect preservation, as though still imbued with life. As the spectators looked, all crumbled away into dust, and my husband declared that it was a most weird and impressive scene, which, indeed, with the flickering torches and the solemn surroundings of the ancient cathedral, it must have been.

A portion of the king's beard, which was of reddish color, was cut off before the tomb was closed and my husband was given a piece of it by his uncle. He gave this piece to the Duke of Northumberland of that day, feeling that the hair of the monarch whom the Percys placed on the throne and then helped to overthrow would find an appropriate place among the historical relics of the family. The hair is now preserved at Alnwick.—"Links with the Past," by Mrs. Dagot.

Held on to a Chair.

Palmer, Mo., May 19th.—Mrs. Lucy Compton has for the past eight or ten years suffered a great deal of pain and sickness. She had Kidney Trouble with an awful pain in her back, which was so bad at many times that she could scarcely get about at all.

"I have been down with my back for the past eight or ten years," she says, "and sometimes so bad that I could not get around only by holding on to a chair or some other object.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have given me more relief than anything I have ever used.

"After I had used the first box I was almost entirely cured of this dreadful trouble.

"I can truthfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any woman suffering as I had suffered for so long."

Mrs. Compton's cure was certainly a remarkable one.

Postal Receipts Increase.

Washington dispatch: The gross postal receipts during April at fifty of the largest postoffices show a net increase of 11 per cent over the receipts of April, 1904.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

You have heard of men whipping their wives all your life. Ever know a man to do such a thing?

It's what people don't know about a popular man that makes him popular.

Lavinia, a name of Latin origin, means a feminine native of Latium.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

An acquitted debt is not only a brick in the structure of bankruptcy, but it is the grave of many a pleasant friendship.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Young folks in the country often make love at a rattling gate.

To Cure a Cold in One day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

We could not bear pleasure but for the preparation of pain.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE

Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

No unforgiving woman can hope for much happiness in this world of imperfect human beings.

For frost-bite, chilblains, sore and lame joints, stiffness of muscles—Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It won't disappoint you!

When some men get religion the very next bone they give to their dogs will have more meat on it.

Laid Up for Sixteen Weeks.

St. Jacobs Oil and Vogeler's Curative Compound Cured Him.

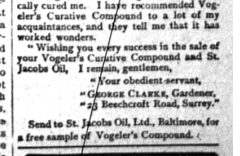
"I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for many years. I was laid up with Rheumatic Fever for nine weeks in 1894, and again for sixteen (16) weeks in 1906. I tried many medicines I saw advertised and others I was recommended; finally I was induced to take Vogeler's Curative Compound, which did me more good than all other medicines. In fact, I feel quite a different man since I have been taking the Compound. All my neighbors and friends are quite surprised to see me about and looking so well. I can only say that Vogeler's Curative Compound taken internally and by using St. Jacobs Oil outwardly acted like magic in my case. I had been taking medicines for years without obtaining benefit, but Vogeler's has practically cured me. I have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound to a lot of my acquaintances, and they tell me that it has worked wonders.

"Wishing you every success in the sale of your Vogeler's Curative Compound and St. Jacobs Oil, I remain, gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE CLARKE, Gardener,
"25 Beechcroft Road, Surrey."

Send to St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, for a free sample of Vogeler's Compound.



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