Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped surgeon's knife, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it **inflammation of the ovaries**, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."—Miss Alice Bailey, 50 North Boulevard Atlanta, Ga.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

The symptoms of inflammation and disease of the ovaries are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. The region of pain sometimes shows some swelling.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

30 Years Standby.

Mr. U. H. Hazen, North Hero, Vt., writes: "Down's Elixir has been our standby for coughs, colds, &c., for more than 30 years. We are rarely without it in the house as it always does its work promptly."

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Props., Burlington, Vt.

ARE YOU SATISFIED?

Are you entirely satisfied with the goods you buy and with the prices that you pay?

Over 2,000,000 people are trading with us and getting their goods at *wholesale prices.*

Our 1,000-page catalogue will be sent on receipt of 15 cents. It tells the story.

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO

The house that tells the truth.

WESTERN CANADA

is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

"The Granary of the World." "The Land of Sunshine." "The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock."

Area under crop in 1902 . . .	2,967,330 acres.
Yield 1902	117,348,744 bushels.

IN CANADA FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Abundance of Water; Fuel Plentiful; Cheap Building Material; Good Grass for pasture and hay; a fertile soil; a sufficient rainfall and a climate giving an assured and adequate season of growth. HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE. Close to Churches, Schools, etc. Railways tap all settled districts. Send for Atlas and other literature to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. Grieve, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich.; A. Lanzier, Marquette, Mich.; or H. M. Williams, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio, Canadian Government Agents, who will supply you with certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.

CURES SICK HEADACHE.

MISS BERTHA H. INGHAM, a typical belle of Philadelphia, writes from her home at 1730 N. 13th St.: "Mother, Sister and I have been using your Cascarets and we find they are just the thing for Sick Headache, Biliousness and Constipation. We have tried many other so-called remedies, but your Cascarets are the only ones that have given us permanent relief. We shall always recommend Cascarets to our friends as the best medicine we know of." Sold by druggists. Write for free sample and medical opinion. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

CURES INDIGESTION.

J. L. WARREN, Chapelle Commander Arms Building, Knights of Pythias, Lima, Ohio, says: "I suffered from Indigestion and Sick Headache for years and now find that Cascarets are the only medicine that will give me relief. Several people in this city are using Cascarets and they are delighted with them. I shall always recommend your remedy to my friends as the best medicine for Indigestion and Sick Headache." J. L. WARREN.

Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,
And lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind—
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take but do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

THE CASE OF THE CUB.

By H. S. CANFIELD.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Among the other women in the woodland hotel, far in that massive forest which parallels the southern shore of Lake Superior, Constance Penrhyn stood alone by reason of her beauty and her wealth. She was 28 years old, of large graceful figure, dark gray eyes, black eyebrows, raven hair and a complexion of pure white and red. Her splendid face wore a sweetly serious look and she seemed a self-contained woman of mind and heart. In her ten seasons of society she had seen no man whom she could love. She had been wooed ardently, but had remained free. It had been her fate to arouse the desire of possession in many men. Wherever she went there were lovers sighing in her train. They could not say that she treated them unfairly, or that one was more esteemed than another. One and all they were courteously received and, when their times came, as courteously though firmly dismissed. She often told herself that she could not understand love; that she had no inherent incapacity to love and that she would die an old maid. She believed this.

It must be understood that she had no irremovable prejudice against matrimony or insensate desire to preserve her freedom at any cost. She was convinced that woman is incomplete without marriage and she would have assumed gladly the duties of wifehood if she could have found a man to win her heart. This man had never come, and now, although she did not look to be older than 22, she viewed the near approach of the thirties with disquietude and the prospect of a loveless, childless age had no charms for her.

These were the men at this hotel who loved her and wanted her:

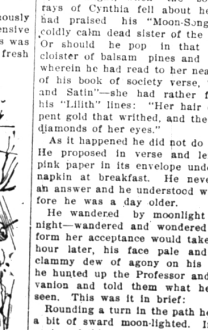
Erasmus Moody, professor of political economy in a state university; a slight, nervous man with eyeglasses and a tendency to dyspepsia, who rejoiced in a flow of language and had a belief that wisdom must appeal to a woman of Miss Penrhyn's intellectual brow. She discussed coinage with him, consumption, production and kindred topics and seemed to enjoy him mightily. He was afraid of the water and as she spent much of her time on, or in, the lake he was handicapped.

Herbert Graham, 35 years old; lawyer in excellent practice; good looking, but not so good-looking as he thought himself; rather a cocksure man and a bold wooer. He valued the other lightly and had felt certain of success since she had told him that to put a jury in tears or sway the multitude from the hustings seemed to her the greatest and most desirable achievement possible to man.

George Trevanion, physician, a clean and modest fellow enough, somewhat bashful, who never had a thought of gaining the prize and effaced himself greatly, worshiping from afar and gloomily.

Claude Mayne DeLay, poet and writer for the magazines, in long hair, Vandyke beard and bob-tailed coat with a velvet collar, who spoiled much good paper inditing verses and made "Constance" rhyme with "chance," "glance," "lance" and "pants." A yellow visage had Claude Mayne DeLay, and calf-eyes which rolled in ecstasy on slight provocation, a strong aversion to bodily exercise, but a penchant for moonlight strolls and quiet nooks wherein there was light enough for reading his manuscript to sufferers.

John Hammond, unanimously dubbed the Cub and mortally offensive to three of the older rivals. This was a big, loosely built youth of 23, fresh



Leaped to her feet.

from college, with the football hair of the past season cut close, a tan on his clear cheeks, a merry, healthy laugh and an adoration in his blue eyes which he did not try to hide. These eyes had in them the light of juvenescence, a light that proves fatal to many women old enough to know better.

It was during the last week of Miss Penrhyn's stay that the professor proposed in form. He had invited her into the small, stuffy parlor in which no one ever sat and there he went down upon his thin knees. She did not ask him to rise, or offer to assist him. He went gallantly through a lengthy statement of affection and when he ran out of words at last she smiled and said:

"I shall never marry, Professor. I admire your gifts and think you are a good man, but can go no further. No; the subject matter is quite hopeless, believe me. Please consider the subject closed."

There was no getting around that. The Professor in an unusual burst of confidence told Graham about it. The lawyer chuckled and said: "You ought to have come to me first, old man; I could have told you better."

He was next. It happened down by the edge of the lake, where a great hemlock had fallen and made a convenient seat. He went through glibly enough, then, not waiting for an acquiescence of which he had no doubt,

Was talking earnestly,

slipped an arm about her waist. She wrenched herself free, leaped to her feet and turned on him a face of hot indignation. Not trusting herself to speak, she walked toward the house. He ran after her and asked shamefacedly: "Am I not to have an answer?" She glanced at him icily and replied: "You are not worth an answer!" Graham did not tell the Professor about this, but paid his bill and went back to the city that evening.

It is not believed that George Trevanion would have asked her to marry him if his misery had not forced him to speak. He told her that he was not good enough for her; that it was not meant for such as he to win and wear so bright a jewel; that he would not have spoken at all but that he wanted her to know that he loved her very dearly and would always love her, no matter whether she became another's wife or not.

"I am only a plain man," said poor George, "and I have never expected that you could care for me, but such as I am, I love you with my whole heart and soul."

She was tender and compassionate with him. She gave him her hand and told him that she esteemed him truly and any woman ought to be proud to be his wife. "You will find some one better suited to you and who will care for you," she added. "I know that you will; I shall pray that you will." There were tears in her gray eyes.

Claude Mayne DeLay debated long within himself. He had little doubt of the result, but wanted to do the thing properly and in keeping with his character as a poet and rising man of letters. Should he woo her finally by moonlight, when the softening rays of Cynthia fell about her—she had praised his "Moon-Song," "O, coldly calm dead sister of the night." Or should he pop in that shady cloister of balsam pines and maple wherein he had read to her nearly all of his book of society verse, "Satan and Satin"—she had rather fancied his "Lilith" lines: "Her hair of serpent gold that writhed, and the swart diamonds of her eyes."

As it happened he did not do either. He proposed in verse and left the pink paper in its envelope under her napkin at breakfast. He never got an answer and he understood why before he was a day older.

He wandered by moonlight that night—wandered and wondered what form her acceptance would take. An hour later, his face pale and the clammy dew of agony on his brow, he hunted up the Professor and Trevanion and told them what he had seen. This was it in brief:

Rounding a turn in the path he saw a bit of sward moon-lighted. In the center of this sward stood Miss Penrhyn and the Cub, who loomed big and boyish. The Cub was talking earnestly; the lady's face was half averted, but her whole delicious figure seemed to droop and melt toward him in spite of herself. He took her hand. She tried weakly to withdraw it, but he was stronger than she. The Cub went from bad to worse. He drew her toward him; next instant she was in his arms, apparently content, her black hair showing against his flannel blazer.

"I came away then," said the Poet huskily.

"Astonishing!" said the Professor. "Women are mere creatures of impulse."

"He's a good boy," said Trevanion. "She is older than he, but they will be happy."

It was so with her. Men and women may try to explain it, or let it alone. After ten seasons Constance Penrhyn loved the Cub as fondly and much more strongly than a chit of sixteen could have done it. What is more she married him, and regards him still as quite peerless among men.

MADE RICH BY STORM.

Bolt of Lightning Uncovers Vein of Iron Ore for Which Two Miners Had Vainly Sought for Months.

It will not be an easy task for one to convince Larry O'Donnell and Frank Ingersoll, two prospectors of Sunset canyon, that nature did not get up the electrical storm which visited that locality this week especially for their benefit, writes the Los Angeles correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Be it known that thunderstorms are extremely rare in California. Indeed there are plenty of persons here whose hair shows gray who have never heard the voice of thunder. In the mountain sections of the state thunderstorms do at rare intervals occur, but it has been a number of years since Sunset canyon echoed to the reverberations of the thunder's voice until the recent storm.

For a number of years prospectors have suspected that a considerable vein of iron ore lay concealed somewhere in the mountains in the vicinity of the canyon, and much prospecting has been done in the endeavor to locate it. Float bearing traces of iron is plentifully scattered over a large section of country, and the two prospectors above mentioned followed the lead to Sunset canyon, and there in what seemed to be a promising spot, they began sinking a shaft, hoping to cross cut the mineral lode. Patiently and persistently the men worked all through the summer and they had a hole some thirty feet deep with two lateral tunnels running several feet into the mountain to show for their summer's labor. Unfortunately this was all they did have to show for it, for no trace of the mineral they sought had been found, and their means had played out.

On the day of the storm they concluded to abandon the search, and they had taken the tools from the hole and were packing their camp outfit when the storm came up. The fall of the rain was accompanied by a brilliant electrical display and loud claps of thunder. Suddenly there came a most terrific clap of thunder, accompanying a blinding flash of lightning, and it seemed to the watching men as though the mountain was being torn asunder. A moment later, another equally severe crash followed and a third clap came a little later. The lightning bolts seemed to be directed at the shaft they had so recently abandoned, and when the storm had cleared and they investigated they saw that the wall of the shaft had been seamed and shattered by the electrical bolts. They descended to ascertain the results of the bolts and found the wall of the shaft opposite to the lateral tunnels had been scaled off and had fallen to the bottom of the shaft, but, what was of more interest and importance to the prospectors, the vein of ore which they had so persistently sought had been laid bare.

FENIAN FLAG A RELIC.

Buffalo Possesses Banner That Was Carried by the Irish Troops During the Invasion of Canada.

A faded green silk flag, with one corner torn into ribbons, has been placed in the collection of the Buffalo Historical society. It is a relic of the Fenian invaders who crossed into Canada from Buffalo on the night of May 21, 1866, and who had to come back a few days later, after having thrown Canada into a spasm of terror. This flag went through what is known as the battle of Ridgeway, which village is now more familiar to Buffalonians as the town back of Crystal Beach.

The flag was formerly presented to the Historical society by James McElroy, in whose family it had been for a long time, and by D. E. Mahoney. The exercises were held in the society's lecture room. About 200 persons were present. President Andrew Langdon, in response to a few remarks made by Mr. Mahoney, said he was reminded of an incident that came under his observation while in the office of the president of a large New York bank. "It was during a political campaign, and one of the other officers coming into the room hung up the portrait of one of the candidates," he said. "The president immediately said, 'Take that down. We have no politics here.' It's the same way with us. We accept relics whether we approve of them or not, and we accept this flag for its historical interest."

The flag, which was carried by the Buffalonians who took part in the invasion, is nine feet long and six feet wide. In the upper left-hand corner a golden sunburst was once painted on the background of green silk, but its outlines were destroyed by a Canadian ball that tore through the flag at the battle of Ridgeway. That portion of the flag is merely a collection of tatters now. Running in a line slanting upward and that begins beneath the sunburst are the following words in golden letters: "Buffalo, Seventh Regiment, Irish Army of Liberation." Beneath this is the following inscription placed on the flag after the Fenians had returned from Canada: "Ridgeway and Fort Erie, June 2, 1866." Occupying the center of the right-hand half of the flag is the following, also in golden letters: "Presented by the Fenian Sisterhood of Buffalo, May 6, 1866." Part of this lettering is torn, the result of a bullet.

The flag was carried to Fort Erie, Ontario, with the 900 Fenians who took part in the invasion. After having driven the Canadian militia near Ridgeway to retreat, and then having to retreat themselves before a body of Canadian regulars, the Fenians hurried back to Fort Erie. While trying to cross the river the Fenians were arrested by American forces. Later they were released. The United States government authorities returned the torn flag to the local Fenian organization.—Buffalo Express.

Money is king—and at the same time a very interesting subject.

THE WORLD IS IMPROVING.

How Commercial Bonds Have Knit Closely in the Strongest Ties the Great Nations of the Earth.

At the end of the year, says the World's Work, we may congratulate ourselves that it will leave the world in much better plight than it found it. When it began there was war in South Africa and there were troublesome hostilities in the Philippines. Now peace is broken, if broken at all, only by the unrest in Venezuela and Colombia and in Hayti, that follows their revolutions, and in Africa, where the "Mad Mullah" has attacked the British. And not only is the world at peace, but the great nations are more securely linked together, perhaps, than they ever were before. New forces for peace are at work, especially two of the strongest possible world influences; an organized and closely knit commerce, which none can afford to disturb for fear of a lasting loss of trade, and in particular, the overwhelming commercial power of the United States, which would gain a still surer lead by the suspension of industrial activity in any important country. The little periodical adjustments of power and of privilege that the nations used to make by special treaties were crude and weak guaranties of peace in comparison with the compelling power of modern commerce and all that it implies. The most recent wars were really only frontier wars.

Men without historical knowledge easily believe that their own era is a new era in the world. But men with historical knowledge now see international conditions that are radically different and radically better for peace than any of the battered centuries behind us knew. The unfettering of the domestic energy of men by free institutions to free opportunity on the most fruitful continent, and the industrial rise of the Republic, fortifying its political power, have put all nations in a new relation to one another and in a new relation to civilization. This revolutionary fact has become plainer this year than it ever was before. Its far reaching significance we do not yet see; but it looks like a great force that will work for the steadying of governments and for the sane direction of endeavor for centuries to come. For it is the natural result of a great law of human development and not an advantage won by the strength of armies or by the skill of diplomatists or by any other power that may change with a change of rulers and of generations. The industrial man becomes stronger, the political man weaker; and economic force is beginning to rule the world as military force once ruled it.

The wise man makes men first weep and then laugh. The fool makes men first laugh, and then weep.

SPHYNX IN NO DANGER.

Egyptologist Does Not Fear Destruction of Colossal Image.

Just at present there is considerable interest in the great Sphynx, arising from the reports that the colossal image is in danger of rapid decay. It is claimed that the increase of irrigation along the Nile has so increased the moisture in the air that it is acting disastrously upon the sandstone out of which the great head is carved.

"The fear," says one Egyptologist, "is, I think, more a popular fancy than it is real. There is really very little danger beyond that incident to the lapse of years. Much of the worst damage, represented in the present condition of the massive features of the Sphynx is due wholly to the fanatical fury of the Mahometans."

For a long time the great Sphynx was a problem the archaeologists could not solve. In recent years, however, much light has been thrown upon it, and it is now believed that it is the image of the Egyptian god of the morning, the attributes to the great sun god, Ra, being personified in a number of lesser gods, this great figure representing one.

The date of the carving is still in doubt, but it is known that it was built before the Great Pyramid, which was constructed about 3,000 B. C., for a stela found by Mariette near the Great Pyramid records a visit to the Sphinx made by Cheops, who constructed the pyramid.

A massive model of the Sphinx has been made by Mme. Longworth. She devoted two years to the work, and it is said to be microscopically correct. This model, which attracted much attention when shown in Paris, is also winning commendation in London.

Patti's First Manager Dead.

Leopold Paris, who first introduced Adelina Patti to the lyric stage, died in Philadelphia on Saturday last. He was a native of Rome, but had been an exile from his native land many years on account of his participation in the Italian revolts of 1849. He was 85 years old at the time of his death, and had resided in Palladelphia twenty years.

By the time a man gets old enough to talk well he has learned the value of not talking at all.

A man's heart is blamed for a lot of things that his head is responsible for.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

ARE NEVER WITHOUT PERUNA IN THE HOUSE FOR CATARRHAL DISEASES.

MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

UNDER date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

"My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years.

"Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing.

"She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead only for these wonderful remedies.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me.

"Your remedies do all that you claim for them, and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies."

John O. Atkinson.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. In my rounds as a traveling man I am a walking advertisement for Peruna and have induced many people during the past year to use Peruna with the most satisfactory results. I am still cured of catarrh."

John O. Atkinson,
Box 272, Independence, Mo.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safe-guard. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised that meets these cases exactly.

Such cases cannot be treated locally; nothing but an effective systemic remedy could cure them. This is exactly what Peruna is.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

New Sleeping Car Line Between Detroit and Columbus.

An elegant Pullman is now running between Detroit and Columbus, Ohio, daily. Leave Detroit 10 p. m., Michigan Central railway, arrive Columbus 6:50 a. m. Hocking Valley railway. This service is sure to become popular as there is a large travel between these two cities. Ask any ticket agent for reservation.

Beautiful Indian Territory.

The last large tract of fine uncultivated land to be thrown open for settlement.

A copy of an attractive book about present day conditions in this wonderful country will be sent on request. —James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

There are people who would do more growing in grace if they would try growling less.

In Winter Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder. Your feet feel uncomfortable, nervous and often cold and damp if you have sweating, sore feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample sent free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

How soon taste is lost for the bread of life when the devil's finger touches the tongue.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The lesser things of life are the ones we can least afford to lose.

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

He who loves his work never worries over his reward.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Rommins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Any man who lives up to his epitaph is a dead one.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Every hair has two oil glands at its base.

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL CURES ALL RHEUMATIC PAIN SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMATION FROM ANY CAUSE WHATEVER 50¢ AT ALL DRUGGISTS

FINE SERVICE TO MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL

ILLINOIS CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CENTRAL ROUTE RAILROAD

NEW LINE FROM CHICAGO

Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 1—1903.

Constipation Will Undermine Your Health.

Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation.

When the sewer of a city becomes stopped up, the refuse backs into the streets where it decays and rots, spreading disease-creating germs throughout the entire city. An epidemic of sickness follows. It is the same way when the bowels fail to work. The undigested food backs into the system and there it rots and decays. From this festering mass the blood says up all the disease germs, and at every heart beat carries them to every tissue, just as the water works of a city forces impure water into every house. The only way to cure a condition like this is to cure the constipation. Pills and the ordinary cathartics will do no good.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC

is a crushed fruit tonic-laxative which permanently cures the affliction. The tonic properties contained in the grape go into every afflicted tissue and creates strength and health. It will quickly restore lost flesh and make rich, red blood. As a laxative its action is immediate and positive, gentle and natural. *Mull's Grape Tonic* is guaranteed or money back.

Send 10c. to Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill., for large sample bottle. All druggists sell regular sized bottles for 50 cts.

Take off your hat to an OLD FRIEND.

Sixty years of faithful service spent in successfully fighting the ailments of MAN and BEAST justly entitles

Mexican Mustang Liniment

to A GRAND DIAMOND JUBILEE.

It was the STANDARD LINIMENT two generations ago. It is the STANDARD LINIMENT of the present generation.

It grows on one as an Old Friend ought to grow.