TIRED BACKS.

Come to all who overtax the kidneys.

Don't neglect the aching back.

Many dangerous kidney troubles follow in its wake.

Mrs. C. B. Pare of Columbia avenue, Glasgow, Kentucky, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way.

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

PARIS DANTING IN NEW WAY.

To Eat Cold Food Only the Latest Plan of Reducing One's Weight.

The new Parisian cure for too much flesh is to take all food, or nearly all, cold. The early breakfast of toast and eggs is eaten cold, and the food is washed down with cold coffee or milk.

At luncheon there is nothing but cold meats and cold puddings, with bread, cheese and salads. At night the meal consists of only mayonnaise of fish, cold entrees and entremets; no hot vegetables, but perhaps, as a bonne bouche, a hot cutlet, lean, of course.

Many people in Paris who are inclined to be stout, especially among the women, are assiduously following the new cure, and most of those who tried it assert that they have obtained satisfactory results.

Laundering the Baby's Clothes.

Many mothers are ignorant of the serious injury that may result from washing the clothing of an infant with strong washing powders and impure soap. For this reason it should be laundered at home under the mother's directions and only Ivory soap used. To throw the little garments into the ordinary wash shows great carelessness.—E. R. Parker.

Historic House to Be Sold.

York house, Twickenham, England, is now in the market, and will be sold at auction soon. It was named after times ll., when duke of York, and in it were born the two princesses, Mary and Anne, who both afterward became queens of England. The house, standing in beautiful grounds on the banks of the Thames, has many historical association and, according to tradition, Lord Clarendon wrote some of his essays in the garden walks.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES cost but 10 cents per package.

The more plousha man is, the more trouble he usually has in his church.

A fine house does not make a good home.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 5c. a package.

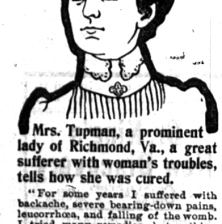
The first thing some people do when troubles fly into their lives is to clip their wings.

Less than one per cent. of the land of Norway is used for grain fields.

If you have a bad story to tell, don't tell it.—United Presbyterian.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

Men are valued by others in about the inverse ratio of their own valuation. Optimism is health.



Mrs. Tupman, a prominent lady of Richmond, Va., a great sufferer with woman's troubles, tells how she was cured.

"For some years I suffered with backache, severe bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, and falling of the womb. I tried many remedies, but nothing gave any positive relief.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in June, 1901. When I had taken the first half bottle, I felt a vast improvement, and have now taken ten bottles with the result that I feel like a new woman. When I commenced taking the Vegetable Compound I felt all worn out and was fast approaching complete nervous collapse, and weighed 98 pounds. Now I weigh 109½ pounds and am improving every day. I gladly testify to the benefits received." — Mrs. R. C. TUPMAN, 423 West 30th St., Richmond, Va. — *$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me"?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak and sick.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Further, she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

Helped Out.

She helped him out; she was most kind
And knew the poor youth could not find
Words his ideas to express,
Because of his sad bashfulness
And some deficiencies of mind.

He really thought she was inclined
To him, but vanity is blind;
Because she pitied his distress
She helped him out.

But when he showed that he designed
In matrimonial chains to bind
The maiden, who then liked him less,
And scared her with a fond caress,
Her father, coming up behind,
Just helped him out.

JIM'S SISTER

The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient—a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving.

He had been as self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warning—while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart?—who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand.

Although she was not aware of it he had changed for her; from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled parting through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. And another time he had been writing an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father frowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the hospital—she would be not only self-supporting but an aid to others. * * * There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The untiring run and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary; he called her "Auntie," and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not seepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, Auntie," and tried to raise his head from the pillow.

She took her cue from him. "Yes, you are," she cooed. "Go seepey-bye. Auntie'll tuck you in." She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down.

"Night-night," he said, contentedly. "Kiss me night-night."

She touched his forehead with her finger tips.

"Kiss me," he demanded. "Kiss me a night-night," and struggled to free his arms from the covering.

"Sh," she said, and bent down to him. The linen screen at the foot of the bed hid her from anyone who

Stood looking down at him.

might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with a childish smile pouting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth of perplexity. "Hello, old man," he said. "Where——" He closed his eyes on a frown.

She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slumber.

* * * *

He was sitting in his armchair taking a sun bath at the window that looked out on the dazzling white of melting snows. His visitors had just left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of "Nurse Blakely," with an impatience which he might have recognized as longing if his physical weakness had not disguised affection in him as an irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light-footed.

He crowed, a feeble "Ah-ha! Did you hear what the doctor said?"

"What did he say?" she arranged the pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile.

"I'm to be humored, the doctor

"Nurse," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had."

said; I'm to have my own way in everything."

"Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit."

He laughed now at the folly that had kept him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That fruit!" he said, "that was the most delicious—the most—. Do you know, Nurse Blakely, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was dying for something to eat—and I had took them." She did not reply. "A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then?" she retorted with obstinate flippancy.

She was busying herself about the room. He was watching her every movement with an eye of an invalid tenderness. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill!"

She did not answer. She smiled, having warded off the danger which his milder manner had warned her of. She seated herself in a chair and took up a book which she had put down on the table when his visitors had entered.

"What's that?" he demanded peevishly. "What are you reading?"

"One Hundred Don'ts for Nurses," she read from the cover. "Things we are not to do."

"Well, don't worry. Your sins have been all of omission. It's the things you haven't done——" She smiled serenely at the page.

"You might read it out—at least," he said.

"Let me see." She turned the pages. "I think that is probably included in the prohibitions. Don't let others know the secrets of the profession."

He clutched the arms of the chair. "You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him. He began to read: "Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting." "Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked about him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment." He read again. "Well, great Elli!" he cried, and looked up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please."

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger at an accusing "Don't kiss your patients."

She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap.

"Not even delirious patients?" he inquired.

She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say.

"Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzled over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up in my senses again. At first I thought it was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, our names are the same. Was Jim Blakely a relative of yours? He was drowned——"

She turned on him with a cry of brother."

"Good Lord," he gasped, and tried to rise. He sank back weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. "What a chump I am," he said at last. "So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den. "How proud he was of you." The thought of her position there came to aim in a shameful contrast. "What a brute I've been," he said, "and what an angel you've been here. To let you wait on me and hand and foot like that. What a brute. Jim's sister."

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand—"forgive me? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it.

She tried to free her fingers. "Take care now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said.

"Let me go," she said sobbing. "I want to wipe my eyes, you silly."

Her tone was itself a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—Utica Globe.

TIME TO BE THANKFUL.

Rejoice in the Possession of a Wholesome, Whole Body.

Do you ever stop to think how real by healthy you are and say "Thank you" to the big round world that has made you so? The physical part of one's body is the first to rise to the situation on a particularly bright, sunny day.

Very few of us realize until some check comes upon our health that we are in daily possession of the greatest, most lastingly satisfying blessing that can be given to a woman. A girl sprains her ankle and has to walk on crutches will give you the information, after she comes back from her first outing thus equipped, that she never knew how many people there were in this city who walk on crutches or had something the matter with their ankles and limped about." says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

She never noticed the maimed people before. Very few people do until they get hurt themselves, and then, when it is too late, they realize what a blessing it was to have a wholesome, whole body, full of the mere joy of living. It is a pretty good plan to discuss our benefits in this life with ourselves once in a while, and put the good things that we have in a prominent place in our mind, against the day when the unavoidable worry comes and we are disposed to think that everything has gone wrong.

A NEW ALPINE RECORD.

Most Dangerous Attempt Recently Successfully Accomplished.

Advices from Geneva convey the information that a M. Hasler of Berne, a member of the Swiss Alpine club, has just made a new Alpine record. It seems that M. Hasler, accompanied by a Chamonix guide, climbed to the summit of the Aiguille Verte, 14,015 metres high, on March 21.

The Aiguille Verte is one of the most dangerous climbs in the entire Mont Blanc range, and is rarely attempted, even in summer. It is considered as difficult as the Matterhorn, and much more dangerous, owing to its loose rolling stones.

M. Hasler made the climb after a fall of soft damp snow, for which he had been waiting several weeks, so he might reduce the danger of being rolled to his death on the stones. He stayed an hour on the summit and then returned by easy stages to his hotel at Chamonix.

Just a Woman.

What a pity! people cried
When she graduated,
That she thus should step aside—
She, so educated!
Wise there's no reason, pray,
She should ling with him?
Simply throwing herself away—
Go and marry Jim!

After all the years that went
To her course at college,
After all the money spent
In acquiring knowledge,
Wasn't it a shame they said,
Such a funny whim,
When she might climb on—instead,
She should marry Jim?

Didn't she with ease outstrip
Those against her pitted?
For some fine professorship
She was surely fitted.
Didn't Heler with rapid lore,
Ancient, modern, brim?
Had she forced the Magi's door
Just to marry Jim?

Ah, how vain each plea and case
Which they might propound for her.
As opposed to Jim's dear face.
Jim's strong arm around her!
What are learning's high degree,
Sheer or comment prim,
What the world—compared, you see,
With the love of Jim?
—Edwin L. Sabin in Century.

His Faulty Imagination.

The discussion of the fate of the Peter Marie in miniatures recalls a story. A miniature painter of more social than artistic persuasion called upon Mr. Marie and turned the conversation upon his talent, knowing that his host heartily disliked personalities.

"I can't imagine why I don't succeed, Mr. Marie," said he. "I have plenty of imagination. Don't you think so?"

"Yes. Plenty! For instance, you imagine you can paint miniatures."—New York Times.

Sea Started a Fire.

Fancy the waves of the sea setting fire to the cliffs they break on! Yet this is what did really happen at Ballybunion, on the western coast of Ireland. These rocks, which the great Atlantic rollers have for centuries been slowly breaking down, contain in their depths masses of iron pyrites and alum. At last the water penetrated to these, and a rapid oxidation took place, which produced a heat sufficient to ignite the whole cliff on fire. For weeks the rocks burnt like a regular volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose high in the air.

AGRICULTURE

Spreading the Manure.

From Farmers' Review: The usual plan is to spread the manure direct from the stall to the corn land. Since corn is a ravenous feeder, it can doubtless handle the manure first hand as well as any crop. Every dry season clearly demonstrates the importance of having the manure thoroughly incorporated in the soil. When not well rotted, a drouth prevents decomposition and the spread material acts as a foreign body to prevent free capillary action of moisture from below, and giving nothing to the crop in the form of plant food. In fact, its presence in the soil is a positive injury, reducing the quality and yield of grain and fodder. Every farmer is familiar with corn firing on the rank growth of stalks in the richest part of the field. The greatest danger from firing comes from the late spreading of manure. That scattered just before freezing is most likely to cause the greatest loss through firing. Where the land is quite rolling and well exposed to the south sun and prevailing winds, a drouth of a comparatively few days will turn blades brown where fresh manure has recently been plowed under. To prevent any danger of firing from the spreading of manure from the stables it should not be taken to the high parts of the field later than January. The rain and snow from January until crop time will so decompose the straw material that soon after it is plowed under it becomes humus and unites with the soil. As the spring approaches the manure may be hauled to the more level portions of the field. Saggy parts of the field may be made dry and productive by using the straw material as straw and stalks upon them just before breaking. It is certainly an unwise policy to continue manuring sharp, yellow points and cliffs late in the season when a short dry spell is almost sure to greatly injure the future crop. It is only when abundant rains fall to suit the growing crop that such postponed spreading of manure will fertilize the crop.

The question naturally arises, what will we do with the stable and shed accumulation of March and April. The stock cannot go to pasture until the grass is large enough to support them. For convenience they are kept in the shelter and fed in their winter quarters. The accumulation of manure goes on and if left in the sheds until fall it not only represents so much idle capital invested, but it is likely to waste and get away through the summer. To leave this manure in the lots until fall induces weed growth, is very untidy, harbors disease, and is indeed in many ways objectionable.

Instead of hauling this late manure to the corn field, why not take it to the newly sown pasture land? Here the exposed parts need not only a surface mulch to prevent evaporation, but need plant food to support the young plant. There is no risk in scattering late upon the grass field. Whether wet or dry it is sure to get in its valuable work. The strawy portions protect from the wind and sun; it is a top covering and does not cut off capillary action from below. The permanent blue grass pasture is usually hard pressed in summer. A top dressing of manure after it is too late to spread on the corn field would force the old sod to do its best efforts in affording more pasture than ever before. As farmers, we must study our work and endeavor to free ourselves as much as possible from losses due to unfavorable weather conditions.—W. B. Anderson.

The Battle With Insects.

From the standpoint of both the consumer and producer, the battle with insects is a serious one. The man in the city may not even know of the existence of the predatory insects, but he has to pay for what they have eaten in the larger price for farm products. So, unwittingly, the consumer is paying cash board for all the insects that prey upon farm crops. So all are interested in the outcome of the battle. Could all destructive insects and fungi be eliminated, the cost of all kinds of fruits and vegetables would be very much lower than they are at the present time. The producer would be a direct and the consumer an indirect gainer from this. Few stop to consider the immense losses caused by insects. Thus, in a recent report on cotton in 15 counties of Texas Prof. F. W. Mally estimates the loss from the cotton boll weevil to have been over $8,000,000. The boll worm caused a further loss of nearly $5,000,000. In 1901 the loss due to the boll warm that year was placed at 15 per cent of the crop, or over $26,000,000. This is for one crop in one state. The loss to the cotton crop of the country that year was put at $35,000,000. But when we consider the losses in all the states and among all crops it becomes a matter of hundreds of millions of dollars annually.

The efforts of the farmer tending to check insect invasions are therefore of the greatest importance. At the present time it is a scattered fight with uncertain results. As intelligence increases, however, the battle will become more orderly and the attack better directed. Ultimately the fruit grower will win and his insect foes will be well nigh annihilated. In some of the sections of Europe that were once infested by mosquitoes the draining of the land and its general occupancy for farming purposes has well nigh banished that insect. Its breeding places have been closed to it. We may expect to see the same thing occur with many of our most destructive insects. Their breeding places will be broken up and their hiding places destroyed. This will be a long step in the direction of final extirpation.

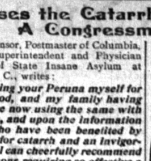
One Way to Cook Eggs.

The farmers of India when fuel is scarce, cook an egg without fire. The egg is placed in a sling and whirled around for about 5 minutes, until the heat generated by the motion has cooked it.

DOCTOR ENSOR

SUPT. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE INSTITUTION

Endorses the Catarrhal Tonic Pe-ru-na—A Congressman's Letter.



Dr. J. F. Ensor, Postmaster of Columbia, S. C., State Superintendent and Physician in charge of State Insane Asylum at Columbia, S. C., writes:

"After using your Peruna myself for a short period, and my family having used and are now using the same with good results, and upon the information of others who have been benefited by it as a cure for catarrh and an invigorating tonic, I can cheerfully recommend it to all persons requiring so effective a remedy."—Dr. J. F. Ensor

Hon. C. W. Butts, ex-Member of Congress from North Dakota, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

"That Peruna is not only a vigorous, as well as an effective tonic, but also a cure of catarrh is beyond controversy. It is already established by its use by the thousands who have been benefited by it. I cannot too highly express my appreciation of its excellence."—C. W. Butts.

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:

"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Beside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases.

"I have a large practice and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."

Only the weak need a tonic. People are never weak except from some good cause. One of the obscure causes of weakness and the one oftenest overlooked is catarrh.

Catarrh inflames the mucous membrane and causes the blood plasma to escape through the mucous membrane in the form of mucous. This discharge of mucous is the same as the loss of blood. It produces weakness.

Peruna stops the catarrh and prevents the discharge of mucous. This is why Peruna is called a tonic. Peruna does not give strength by stimulating the nervous system a little.

It gives strength by preserving the mucous membranes against leakage.

It gives strength by converting the blood fluids and preventing their draining away in mucous discharges.

Constant spitting and blowing the nose will finally produce extreme weakness from the loss of mucous.

If you do not derive 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

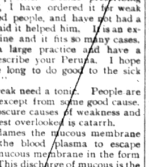
W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 and $3.50 Shoes Union Made

If you can save from $3.00 to $5.00 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas $3.50 or $3.00 Shoes.

They are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you from $4.00 to $5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. The genuine have name and price stamped on the bottom. Take no substitute. *Fast Color Eyelets used.*

W. L. Douglas $4 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.



Established 1876.

The Douglas secret process of sewing the bottom sole produces a more flexible and longer wearing welt than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 reward can disprove this statement. Made of the best leather, by skilled workmen.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any manufacturer in the world.

Every pair warranted and sold by the largest retail shoe mail order house in the world.

Over 1,000 stores. 1903 Sales: $3,000,000. 1902 Sales: $3,554,240.000

MORPHINE

and all forms of drug habit permanently cured in three days without pain. Craving allayed instantly. **THE ONLY TREATMENT EVER PUBLICLY DEMONSTRATED ON TEST CASES.**

No relapses. All money back if we fail to cure. Communications confidential. Write for Booklet or call, THREE DAY SANITARIUM, 1147 Third Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

HOW HE HORRIFIED HER.

Wife of President Hadley Unable to Echo His Wish.

One pleasant day last fall, so the story goes, President Hadley of Yale was strolling through the beautiful campus of Dartmouth college with his wife on his arm. They were admiring the beautiful buildings which dot the campus, several of them having been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to an especially noble hall, built of stone and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was a marble tablet which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank as a memorial to his Beloved Wife."

President Hadley read and looked at the noble pile for a moment. Then he heaved a sigh that was almost envious.

"Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college."

And to this day, the boys declare, President Hadley cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.—St. Louis Mirror.

A Sure Sign.

She—How annoying! I've forgotten to buy something I wanted.

He—I thought as much when you said you had some money left.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

It might be well hereafter to search our diplomats for concealed weapons before sending them upon their mission.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

A woman put her tongue to the flat iron to see if it was hot. The household has been remarkably quiet since.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers, 5 cents.

Nell—He said I was his pearl.

Belle—I guess he wanted to string you.—Philadelphia Record.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

The annual crop of blue grass seed in the United States is estimated to be from 200,000 to 300,000 bushels.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

It costs £650,000 a year to feed the horses of the British army when on a peace footing.

When the evolution of history is held back it results in a revolution.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE.

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

All druggists or by mail 25 cts. and 50 cts. Buy it to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day in order to be healthy this month. Address, O. F. Woodward, La Roy, N. Y.

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

SOZODONT

BETTER THAN GOLD

for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

SAVES YOUR TEETH

and keep passing it both. One 25c package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 50 cents. CHARLES E. HIRES, CO. Malvern, Pa.

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S FISH BRAND

Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West, and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This good name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes. You want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish, and the name Tower on the buttons.

MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND SOLD FOR A QUARTER EVERYWHERE. TRADE THE WORLD OVER.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.

GINSENG

A crop worth its weight in money. Send 10c for booklet to the Imperial Ginseng Co., Hamilton, B. C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

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