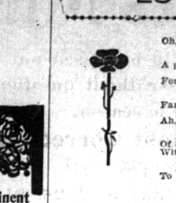
LOVE'S GLAMOUR

Oh, love is like the wondrous dawn
Of summer days,
When thro' morn's haze
A purple beauty comes, is gone.

For e'en when short 'tis, Oh, so sweet,
And while it lasts
A glamor casts
Far stretched and fair before our feet.

Ah, love, why need that glamor fade?
Do we not know
Enough of woe,
Of sorrow and of hope dismayed,
Without the crowning loss of thee?
For lone life's ways
And drear its days
To hearts where love has ceased to be.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—MRS. R. A. ANDERSON, 525 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove, beyond a question, that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition.

Missouri Militia in Camp.

St. Joseph, Mo., special: The state encampment of the national guard of Missouri opened at Lake Contrary Sunday. Three thousand men, under command of Brigadier General Clark, are in attendance.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

Notre Dame, Ind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of St. Mary's Academy, which appears in another column of this paper. We do not need to expatiate upon the scholastic advantages of St. Mary's for the catalogue of the school shows the scope of work included in its curriculum, which is of the highest standard, and is carried out faithfully in the class rooms. We simply emphasize the spirit of earnest devotion which makes every teacher at St. Mary's loyally strive to develop such young girl attendant there into the truest, noblest, and most intelligent womanhood. Every advantage of equipment in the class rooms, laboratories and study rooms, every care in the matter of food and clothing, and exceptional excellence of classic conditions—all these features are found at St. Mary's, in the perfection of development only to be obtained by the consecration of devoted lives to educational Christian work, in a spot favored by the Lord.

Conceit is not an ingredient of consecration.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He chooses night who refuses light.

THIS OFFER FOR ONE MONTH ONLY

A TREAT FOR YOUR FAMILY.

OUR DIAMOMD SPRING BED

Will sustain a weight of 5,000 lbs.

Perhaps you toss about restlessly all night on a hard unyielding spring bed, or lie bent double in a soft one of poor wire! When you get up from the former your bones ache as if you had been beaten; the latter sags until your back is nearly broken.

Would you like to know what a night of perfect rest is? Is any member of your family sick and unable to sleep on an old fashioned spring bed? If so our Diamond Spring Bed will exactly and completely fill your want.

Invented and made for ease and comfort, the lightest persons find in it real enjoyment, yet the tension of the fabric is such that no weight can make it sag. It has a National Coppered link chain support beneath a tinned, well woven fabric. The frame is of solid steel of such fine quality that it is lighter than a wooden frame.

We guarantee the Diamond Spring Bed neither to sag nor break for 20 years.

For one month only, as an advertisement, we will deliver this Spring Bed at your station for $5.00, the price your local furniture dealer would have to pay. We want him to know about our Diamond Spring. The Diamond Spring Bed is our own invention. The idea is only one year old, yet wherever introduced, people will have none but the Diamond Spring Bed. For instance, from Washington, D. C., where more than 10,000 Diamond Spring Beds are in use, orders for more are still coming in by the hundreds.

ORDER ONE NOW

Send in **$5.00 by check, money order, or cash in registered letter and we will ship you one Diamond Spring Bed immediately, freight prepaid.**

State size of bed, and whether bedstead is of iron or wood.

Address all letters

AMERICAN WIRE & STEEL BED CO.,
324 W. 25th St., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

If affiicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

AGENTS WANTED to sell dry powder fire extinguishers. Sells easy. Pays big. Sample free. Address **FIRE KILLER**, 68 Murray St., N. Y.

CHAMPION TRUSS EASY TO WEAR. Cut Your Measure and Order. BOOKLET FREE. Philadelphia Truss Co., 610 Locust St., Phila., Pa.

ASTHMA! TAYLOR'S ASTHMA REMEDY will cure any case of Asthma, if used exclusive of all others. Prepaid, One Box, by mail, 25 cents; 3 for $1.00. J. TAYLOR & CO., Green Cove Springs, Fla.

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

Octavia's Arrest

Octavia admitted that there were many paths in life, but in the same breath she declared that the only one for her was the bridle path in Central park.

Bobbie, her chosen partner in this path had never asked her to travel it with him, but it seemed to be an understood agreement inasmuch as he showed a decided aversion to going with any one else.

Bobbie was her horse, and Octavia sat him well. Bobbie's rider was not pretty, but in the saddle she was a vision of graceful strength, and she possessed a fascination beyond that of many a ballroom beauty.

Octavia rode alone. Not only did she scorn the idea of a groom herself, but she felt intuitively that Bobbie would consider him a personal insult. Bobbie gloried in the knowledge that his mistress was intrusted solely to his care.

Sometimes Octavia would imagine they were in the open country and that instead of the unimpeded path before them, there were fences and gulleys and all sorts of rough places to clear. And Bobbie seemed to understand that when she caressed his well-arched neck and said, "Now, Bobbie," he was to leap a make-believe fence.

One morning—Octavia and Bobbie loved the morning—they encountered more than the usual number of rough spots in their make-believe field. There were few persons in the path, and Bobbie's small, proud head was held more erectly than ever.

"Now, Bobbie, over," said Octavia, smiling at the sheer foolishness of it all.

Up in the air they went and came down as gracefully as a bird soaring from sky to earth. Before Octavia could pull in her reins Bobbie was scattering the sand in all directions and running at a breakneck pace down the path.

Octavia and her mount might object to grooms to their heart's content, but they could not, with reason, censure the blue-coated man trotting close behind them at this moment. If they violated the speed law they must take the consequences.

All aglow from the excitement, Octavia pulled Bobbie up. Her golden-brown hair was flying about her face and she laughed as she turned to the big policeman.

But as she looked up into his face the color faded, she pulled her reins taut and sat like a statue in the saddle. Bobbie, not understanding this mode of procedure, did some acrobatic maneuvers and dashed madly along the path again.

The policeman's word, "You are riding too fast," were spoken to a dust-filled atmosphere. He sat still on his mount for a moment, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Octavia!"

Slowly he turned his horse in the opposite direction and cantered slowly off. "And to think that I almost arrested her. Octavia in New York and—and I like this.

He rode on, hoping yet fearing, that she would overtake him. Would she speak to him? But why should she? What interpretation would she put upon his position? A policeman!

Norman Rogers had been sent to college a rich man's son. Prior to that, and, indeed, during his first few vacations at home, he had seen much of Octavia Bellamy. They became engaged only to quarrel over a trivial matter and to grow farther and farther apart.

Norman was studying for the bar.

Up in the air they went.

In the last year but one of his college course his father died, not, as everyone expected, a rich man, but absolutely insolvent.

Norman disliked the idea of spending the summer, his last vacation, in an office, but he determined to make enough money to finish his law course. There was no one dependent upon him, so he might do as he liked. And what he liked most of all in the world was horseback riding.

An idea flashed through his mind! In New York no one would know him. It was far from his home town. Yes, he would do it. He would be a mounted policeman for the summer.

And Octavia? She patted Bobbie's head again and again, using soft, caressing tones to quiet him, but her thoughts were not with the black steed beneath her.

It was incomprehensible. He had given no explanation, but then he had no opportunity. She even wished he had arrested her, for then she might have talked to him. Anything was better than her present state of mind. Norman Rogers, a policeman! She could not understand it.

She threw her head up with a determination to find out, and touched Bobbie lightly with the whip.

He should talk to her, even if she

"Arrest me, please."

had to be arrested. He would have to do his duty, and she would break all speed laws right under his very nose! If he did not stop her some other policeman would, and Octavia felt that he would not subject her to that humiliation. No, not even after all the things they had said to each other long ago.

She whipped Bobbie up until she was close behind him on the path. "Go, Bobbie," she said, and they tore past him at a lively pace, but no policeman followed. Norman was always stubborn.

Octavia tried strategy. She rode close to him and dropped her crop. He must, at least, be polite. While he dismounted to pick it up she said: "Arrest me, please," and looked so appealingly into his eyes that he mounted, took hold of Bobbie's bridle with one hand, and with the other, guided his own, well-trained animal.

"Norman," she said, holding loosely to the reins. An electric thrill seemed to pierce her with the very thought that his hand, too, held the bridle. "Tell me about it. Why—I know your father is dead—" She hesitated.

"You didn't know his son was a policeman," he finished for her. "And you are not to care. We—we are strangers now, Octavia."

But Octavia noted the slight mark of interrogation in the words.

"I've always cared, Norman, ever since those silly days at home. We are not strangers."

And then, perhaps because they were not strangers, the policeman and his law-breaking young person rode leisurely along the bridle path and explained many things.

And, somehow, they forgot the fine and the arrest, and Bobbie and everything else but themselves.

"Bobbie, dear," said Octavia, as she petted him fondly when she mounted that day, "you're a good boy. You—you like to run fast and be arrested, don't you? And—and maybe, after a long, long while, Bobbie, dear, you and I will get tired riding all by ourselves every day, and we will have another home and rider with us. Eh, Bobbie?"—Boston Globe.

The Prisoner's Thanks.

Fr. Black, the English clergyman whose letters to the newspapers caused the Bishop of London to denounce the marriage of W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Rutherford, visits the London prisons weekly, and tries to reform the prisoners.

In this good work he is often successful. Sometimes, though, he has odd experiences. A religious paper told recently how, on one occasion, he devoted a fortnight to the reformation of a housebreaker and how the housebreaker said to him gratefully at the end of that time:

"Thank you, sir, thank you for what you have done for me." There was a time when I knew nothing of God or of the devil, but somehow you have made me love them both."—Detroit News-Tribune.

American Emigrants.

The State from which there is the least emigration is Lousiana. Vermont furnishes the largest proportion of migratory Americans.

Belgians Teach Peruvians.

Nearly all the teachers in the School of Agriculture at Lima, Peru, are Belgians.

Millions in Fish.

Newfoundland exports over $7,000,000 a year of fish—nearly all cod.

JOKE WAS NOT APPRECIATED.

Gift of $11,000,000 in Checks Makes a Columbian Student Angry.

With flushed face and flashing eye, Marcellus Hartley Dodge, favorite grandson of Marcellus Hartley, the dead millionaire, yesterday was the recipient of checks representing $11,000,000 from his classmates at the class day exercises in Columbia university. That the reference to the legacy he will receive from the estate of his grandfather was not pleasing to the young man was made manifest. He did not arise to accept the checks, but compelled Roi Cooper Magrue, the presentation orator, to carry them over to where he was sitting and place them in his hand. Neither did he utter a word of acknowledgement of a gift which recalled so unexpectedly the death of his grandfather.

It was a joke designed by the graduating class. Not until its effect was shown by their popular fellow student did it dawn upon the students that a breach of good taste had, been committed. In making the presentation Mr. Magrue said:

"Although Mr. Dodge is a very hard worker, we are afraid his path in life will not be as smooth as we should wish. Therefore, to assist him at the outset of his struggle with the world, we have taken up a collection and raised $11,000,000, which is represented by these three checks. I take pleasure in presenting them to you, sir, as evidence of the interest of the class in your welfare."

Mr. Dodge was evidently offended and the other exercises were hurried along.—New York Press.

WAS A FLOUNDERING FIRESHIP.

Derelict Sailed for Thousands of Miles in Safety.

A naval officer recently returned from China tells an extraordinary story about a derelict which has been floating around the Eastern sea. The Fannie Kerr is a four-masted bark of 2,426 tons, built of steel. She left Newcastle in April, 1902, with a cargo of coal for San Francisco. She rounded the Horn in safety, but her cargo caught fire in the South Pacific, and after trying for more than a month to extinguish the flames the ship became so hot that the captain and crew abandoned her on the 6th of June and took to their boats. They landed at Kauai, an island of the Hawaiian group, made their way to Honolulu, where the captain made his report and the crew was discharged. On the 10th of March last the captain of the steamship Heathdene, bound from Yokohama to Formosa, sighted a vessel adrift, from which smoke seemed to arise. Steaming toward her he discovered that she was the long missing Fannie Kerr, which had been gradually drifting westward several thousand miles for nearly nine months, with her cargo still on fire.

The Bachelor Born.

"There was never yet a bachelor of forty whose heart has not been at some woman's feet to take or leave, as she would," says a well-known writer, and this, generally speaking, is absolutely true. However, there is one type of man, a very rare one fortunately, who from a mixture of cold love of self and miserliness rigidly eschews matrimony.

Of such a one the story is told that, being on one occasion somewhat impressed by the bright eyes and red lips of a certain damsel, he gave some thought to the married state and pondered over the advisability of entering it. Racked with doubt, he ordered a meat pie to be prepared, and on its appearance divided it in half. There was ample! Then the reflection crossed his mind that in course of time a subdivision might be necessary. The portions were divided by a tremulous hand into two. He looked, hesitated and scraped them all on to his own plate. The damsel had to find another lover.

Utilized Her Ill Luck.

"Oh, dear," she cried, "my flowers are all falling to pieces."

There were tears in the girl's eyes and in her voice as she stood over her glass rose bowl and saw the pink petals of the roses lying all around.

"And I did so want them for the table to-night when he came for tea," she bemoaned. "It'll be a poor enough looking table at best, with nothing pretty on it but grandma's dear old silver tea service—what's left of it at least."

With a sorry face she began gathering up the strewn rose petals. Suddenly a smile flashed through her tears.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "I know what I'll do. I'll take these petals and before his place at table I'll form the word 'Welcome' with them."

And the effect was so novel and dainty that after all the girl was glad her roses had taken it into their heads to fall to pieces.

The Pitcher.

The pitcher takes a telling pose,
And holds the ball on high,
Then turns to win his finger tips,
His new in-curve to try.
Then swiftly swings his strong right arm—
The vicious deed is done—
The umpire dodges skillfully
And hoarsely shouts: "Six-all one!"

The pitcher takes his pose again,
Both feet firm on the ground,
Again he holds the ball on high,
And slowly turns round.
Then once more he uncoils himself,
The batsman to undo,
The ball smacks in the catcher's glove,
The umpire shouts: "Six-all two!"

The pitcher fiercely grinds his heel
In desperation grim.
Once more he holds the ball on high,
All eyes are fixed on him.
Once more he swiftly lets it drive—
Then fiercely slags his knee—
Because the umpire coldly cries,
In foghorn tones: "Six-all three!"
The pitcher's face is firm and set,
A wild gleam in his eye
Shows his determination, as
He holds the ball on high.
He hurls it in—the bat swings round
And meets it with a thud!
The ball soars o'er the left-field fence!
The pitcher's name is mud!

Somerville Journal.

Bricks of Glass.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glassmakers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes, claiming for them such advantages as variety of shape, free transmission of light, strength, cheapness and general adaptability.

MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

What Becomes of Those That Die Natural Deaths in the Woods?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodman, "but none deeper than that of wild animals that die natural deaths.

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies?

"I never heard of any one's coming across a wild bear or deer or wildcat or fox that had died from natural causes. I found the carcass of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in one of the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast.

"Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a half-grown lamb. I came upon the headless body of the lamb a mile or so out on the trail, and a half mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the body of the bear.

"Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination of the dead bear and found the lamb's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain.

"I have many times found other dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same. What becomes of the dead wild animals that die natural deaths.

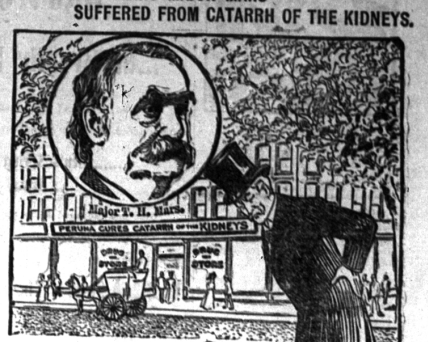
Meddle not in what you don't understand.—Portugese proverb.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet. Cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight Shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ignorance is not orthodoxy.

FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS.



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found marked relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

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.

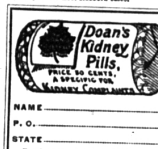
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

KIDNEY COMFORT.

Summer is a good time to treat Chronic Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary troubles with Doan's Kidney Pills; they conquer the most stubborn cases.

Aching backs are eased, **lame back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.**

They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.



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STATE . . . . . .

For free trial box, mail this coupon to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. If above space is insufficient, write address on separate slip.

Mrs. James Beck of 214 West Bleecker Street, Rome, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my kidneys for eight or nine years; had much pain in my back; at time went on I could hardly endure it; I could not stand except for a few moments at a time; I grew weak and exhausted; I could not even do light housework; I could not stoop or bend; my head ached severely; I was in pain from my head down to my heels; centering in the kidneys it was a heavy, steady, sickening ache; I could not rest nights, and got up mornings weak and tired. I thought I was about done for, when I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised. Within a week after commencing their use I began to improve, and from that time on rapidly grew better. I used five boxes in all and was cured."

FREE TO WOMEN!

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To prove the healing and cleansing power of **Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic** we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions **absolutely free.** This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in **local treatment of female ills,** curing all inflammation and catarrhal troubles, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

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The Detroit United Bank Limited commenced business September 3, 1902, in the handsome new Banking building at 204-206 Griswold Street, which was erected for it. For convenience, light, solidity, security and artistic design, this building will compare favorably it is believed with any banking structure in this country.

The Detroit United Bank Limited is strictly a savings bank. No loans are made on commercial paper, nor under its charter can it take any commercial risks whatever. Its funds are invested only in first mortgages upon centrally located improved real estate for not exceeding 50 per cent of present cash value of security in any case.

The favor with which the public regard this bank and the conservative system for which it stands is evidenced by the many hundreds of depositors it already has both from Detroit and from outside towns.

It has been open but three-quarters of a year and at this time has upwards of a quarter of a million dollars of deposits.

It has depositors in seventy-six cities and towns outside of Detroit, the aggregate of such deposits exceeding $100,000.

It is seeking to interest savings depositors whether residing in Detroit or elsewhere. You are invited to open an account, and at all times are assured of courteous treatment and every facility which a first-class modern savings bank can provide.

Send for booklet on **BANKING BY MAIL,** fully illustrating the system introduced by this bank, under which it is as easy for persons residing at a distance to carry their savings accounts with a strong metropolitan bank as for those residing in Detroit.

204-206 GRISWOLD STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Who's Afraid

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(A Laxative)

Perhaps no medicine ever put on the market has met with such phenomenal cures and the output of our laboratory has increased steadily 500 per cent every year. This speaks volumes for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which is positively guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, malaria and all troubles arising from the stomach (excepting cancer) and if you will purchase a 50 cent or $1.00 bottle from your druggist it will be a complete revelation to you. Heads off biliousness, induces sound and refreshing sleep, cures nervousness, and is praised by women in all parts of the country.

We will be glad to send you a sample bottle and a little booklet on stomach troubles if you will send us a postal.

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Promptly cures all

Headaches

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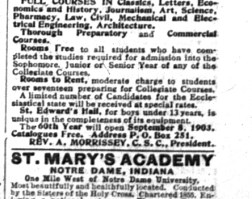

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