THE COUPON BELOW IS GOOD FOR $1.00 IF SENT AT ONCE.

It Is Wrong for You to Neglect Your Duty to Yourself—Constipation, Bowel and Stomach Troubles Grow More Dangerous Daily.

There is now a remedy called Mull's Grape Tonic that cures these troubles absolutely.

A full sized bottle is furnished you free to prove it—see coupon below.

Have you noticed the large number of cases of Typhoid Fever lately. Typhoid Fever, Malarial Fever, Appendicitis, Impure Blood, Pimples, Skin Diseases, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Piles, Female Troubles, etc., are the result of Constipation.

Don't allow it to run on without proper treatment. Mull's Grape Tonic cures Constipation, Bowel and Stomach trouble in a new way, different from any other, and it is perfect.

Alcohol, opium and morphine preparations are injurious and dangerous. They destroy the digestive organs, and literally tear the system to pieces.

Mull's Grape Tonic strengthens and builds them up. It cleanses the system of impurities, incites the digestive system to natural action, and cures the disease in a short time. To prove it to you, we will give you a bottle free if you have never used it.

Good for ailing children and nursing mothers.

A free bottle to all who have never used it because we know it will cure you.

COUPON.

$1.00 GOOD FOR ONE DOLLAR 1.00

Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name and 10c. to pay postage and we will supply you a sample free, if you have never used Mull's Grape Tonic, and will also send you a certificate good for $1.00 toward the purchase of more Tonic from your druggist.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 148 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

25 cent, 50 cent and $1.00 bottles at all druggists. The $1.00 bottle contains about six times as much as the 25 cent bottle and about three times as much as the 50 cent bottle. There is a great saving in buying the $1.00 size.

The genuine has a date and num ber stamped on the label—take no other from your druggist.

One-half the world doesn't care how the other half dies.

There isn't much love in a sensible love letter.

DON'T FORGET

A large 2-oz. package Red Cross Ball Blue, only 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

The less a man knows the smarter he thinks he is.

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

$5.00

To be Given for Reliable Information

We have set aside

$1,000.00

to be spent for information and will give five dollars for a POSTAL CARD giving the first reliable news of a chance to sell a horizontal steam engine of our styles, within our range of sizes. We do not want inquiries at this time for vertical, traction or gas engines.

ATLAS

ENGINES AND BOILERS

Builders of the most complete line of engines and boilers made by any one manufacturing concern in the world.

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS

Selling agencies in all cities **INDIANAPOLIS**

Corliss, Four Valve, Automatic, High-Speed, Compound and Traveling Engines. Water Tube, Tubular and Vertical Boilers

After Engines in service 3,000,000 H. P.
Atlas Boilers in service 4,000,000 H. P.

Come!—be the guest of San Antonio

this winter. Leave the chilly north behind you, and find health and pleasure under the stainless splendor of her turquoise sky.

To all newcomers, San Antonio offers a thousand delightful surprises. For the sight-seer, the old Mission Churches are still here, the Cathedral of San Fernando, and gray and ghostly in the dazzling sunlight the historic Alamo. For the invalid a perfect combination of sunny winter weather, pure, dry air, beautiful scenery and modern accommodations.

The Climate's the thing in San Antonio

The invigorating air; dry and warm; the altitude; the perfect natural drainage, all combine to make the temperature as nearly perfect as can be. It is possible to spend most of each day, from November to March, out-doors. The parks and plazas, the margins of the creeks and rivers, the groves of palm and magnolia, lose nothing of their lustrous green during the winter months.

San Antonio is, of all America, the oddest blending of modern utility and beauty, with the romance and heroism of the medieval.

Come to San Antonio! The exceptionally low rates during the Fall and Winter months—the excellent train service and accommodations via the M. K. & T. Ry. make it a journey of but small cost and not of tiresome length. I want you to read "The Story of San Antonio." I'll send it on request. Once read, I'm sure you'll be more than half convinced that you should be the guest of San Antonio this Winter. Address

W. S. ST. GEORGE
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Box 911a ST. LOUIS, MO

W. N. U.—DETROIT.—No. 52—1905.

THE WHOLE LOT

If we don't heed prevention, we will need a cure. The Old-Monk-Cure

St. Jacobs Oil

is ready always for all forms of muscular aches or pains, from

LUMBAGO to **STIFF NECK**

RHEUMATISM to **SPRAIN**

IT CURES ALIKE THE WHOLE LOT.

FIRST USED WORD ELECTRICITY.

Hence That Seems to Belong to Sir Thomas Browne.

No one seems to have recalled, in connection with the commemoration of Sir Thomas Browne at Norwich, that he was the first person to use the word "electricity" as a noun. Gilbert and others who followed him had adopted the term "electrics" to denote substances which, like amber, became attractive when rubbed; but they had used no name for the unseen itself.

The first occurrence of the substantive in English (or, for that matter, in any language) occurs on page 79 of the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" (1646) in the following passage: "Glasse attracts but weakely though cleere, some slick stones and thick glasses indifferently; Arsenic not at all; Slates generally but weakely, as Sal Gemma, Alum and also Talke; more very discoverably by any friction; but if gently warmed at the fire and wiped with a dry cloth, they will better discover their Electricities."—Prof. S. P. Thompson in London Times.

The Wrong Ticket.

An official of a railway once got leave to get married and was given a pass over the road. On his way back he gave the ticket collector his marriage certificate instead of the pass. The latter studied it carefully for a few minutes, and then said: "My man, you have got a ticket for a long, weary some journey, but not on this railway."

$12,500 for a Manuscript.

At the sale of the library of the Earl of Cork in London, a French manuscript, described by experts to be one of the finest "Garden" manuscripts ever offered for auction, was bought by Messrs. Quaritch, for $12,500. The same firm purchased King Charles I.'s prayer book for $1,500.

UNSIGHTLY BALD SPOT.

Caused by Sores on Neck—Merciless Itching for Two Years Made Him Wild—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"For two years my neck was covered with sores, the humor spreading to my hair, which fell out, leaving an unsightly bald spot, and the soreness, inflammation and merciless itching made me wild. Friends advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after a few applications the torment subsided, to my great joy. The sores soon disappeared, and my hair grew again, as thick and healthy as ever. I shall always recommend Cuticura. (Signed) H. J. Spilding, 104 W. 104th St., New York City."

Takes Free House from Miners.

The Northumberland (England) coal owners propose to abolish the system of free houses for colliers, and offer an advance in wages to miners equivalent to house rent, cost of coals and taxes.

THE EARTH'S AREA.

One of the best authorities estimates the area of the earth's surface at 196,791,984 square miles, of which about 53,000,000 square miles is land, the rest water. Throughout most of this 53,000,000 square miles Pillsbury's Vitos has made its way because it's so good. It is the ideal breakfast food, and may be had at any up-to-date grocery.

Fess Up, Diogenes.

When Diogenes went around hunting for an honest man, could he have found one by holding up his lantern and looking in the glass?—Somerville Journal.

The Pe-ru-na Almanac in 8,000,000 Homes.

The Peruna Lucky Day Almanac has become a fixture in over eight million homes. It can be obtained from all druggists free. Be sure to inquire early. The 1906 Almanac is already published, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Do not put it off. Get one today.

Lightning Stroke at Wedding.

During a wedding at Grafenbaum, Australia, lightning struck the church and tore away the bridegroom's right foot.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Ad Catches the Farmer.

Thousands of farmers answered the advertisement of a man who offered to sell "a receipt for making a pound of butter from a pint of milk and a teaspoonful of *eye preservation*."

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2-oz. package 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

When a man is long on energy and short on the ability to use it he is to be pitied.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

It is almost as difficult for the average man to manage an automobile as a wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

Lots of men who practice and fail think it is up to them to preach.

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

He who guesses at things usually has another guess coming.

MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

(COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY STREET & SMITH)

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Bah! Col. Bob, your reasoning powers are sadly remiss. I can tell you exactly what brought the Mexican hidalgo to la belle France, and at the same time explain why I have come to this questionable but charmingly gay ball."

"Then prove me wrong, Dora, and I give you my word I'll admit my error," he says, eagerly, for he will be only too glad to discover some ameliorating circumstance to excuse her presence.

"Bend your head closer. You know that my mistress, Miss Pauline, is the owner of the great El Dorado Mine—that is, she owns about half of the stock and controls the output, which is enormous, exceeding anything in all Mexico. The opposing syndicate or combine is headed by Senor Lopez, who seeks by crafty means to accomplish his purpose."

"Yes, yes, I begin to comprehend," mutters Col. Bob Harlan, nodding his head.

"You see, there is one man who owns ten shares in the mine, one Richard Danvers, an unknown party, for none of them have ever seen him. My mistress holds his document, sent to her father some years ago, by which she votes his stock; this gives her a fair majority. If the combine can find this man and bribe him to join with them, they will have a controlling interest."

"Yes, yes, I've known all this for some time. To tell you the truth, Dora, I was secretly hired by this Senor Lopez to find Richard Danvers, but now that I understand the game, and see that it is Miss Pauline I fight against, I give it up. No one, not even my chum, has any idea who the man I seek is, nor why I am striving to get on his track. Go on, Dora, my dear girl."

"You promise to be on our side, Col. Bob?" pursues this cautious creature.

"To a dead certainty—how could I bear to feel that I was your enemy? No, from this day, this hour, this minute, Senor Lopez can go to the deuce and find the mysterious Richard himself. I wash my hands of the whole affair, and stand ready to serve Miss Pauline with heart and soul."

UTTERING A BOAST, COLONEL BOB POUNCES UPON THE . . . BOTTOM

"Oh, you dear, good man—truest and best of friends. If it wasn't that so many are watching us, I'd be tempted—"

"Try it anyhow, Dora, dear!" he exclaims.

She shakes her curly head.

"Some other time will do, Bob. Listen now, for I'm going to make a confidant of you. Miss Pauline learned that Senor Lopez had taken a valuable paper from her desk one day when he called—it was in fact the legal authority by means of which she voted those ten shares, the keystone of the whole arch. Instead of calling up the great prefect of police, she sought counsel from me. I conceived a plan to recover the paper, accepted an invitation from the senora's nephew to come to the Jardin Ruller to-night, and promised to dance with his uncle, who has taken some notice of me, and even dared to chuck me under the chin. See?" defiantly.

"The villain!—he shall account to me for it," declares the Sheriff of Secora county, with a growl.

"I came—I saw—I conquered. When the senor danced with me I led him quite a chase, and brought the blood to his face. He nearly dropped from exhaustion. The chance was mine, and I improved it, for Miss Pauline's sake."

"Do you mean that you have secured the lost paper?"

"It is safe," touching her bosom.

"By Jove! if there weren't so many people around I'd be tempted to give you a hug, for you're a daisy."

"It will keep, Col. Bob," she laughs.

CHAPTER II.

"It's Dynamite Bombs at Fifteen Paces!"

The Sheriff of Secora county gives his fair and bewitching companion a greedy look, and heaves a tremendous sigh.

"I suppose so, but you can rest assured I don't intend to let my hug grow old in waiting," Miss Madcap. Now that you have accomplished your purpose, I suppose you will let me see you home?"

She looks distressed.

"I'm so sorry, Col. Bob, but I've promised—"

"Young Carlos, the student nephew of the senor?"

"No—Prof. John Fitzsimmons."

He gives a scornful laugh.

"That apology of a man—the deuce!"

"He's very entertaining—I like him."

"And he is raving over you."

"Then I'm afraid you gentlemen will have to fight a duel; I know you are fond of me, Bob."

"I used to be before I discovered that you were a flirt, Dora; now, I shall—"

"What! not jealous of that dear little bug-hunter, who has specimens of hideous worms and beetles in every pocket, and is continually raving over some new discovery he has made more wonderful than all the rest. Shame on you, colonel! you know that I could only be won by a whole man, big and brave as—as you Western men are, and not a dried-up anatomy, who loves crawling things more than he ever can a woman."

"Dora, forgive me. Have your fun, but don't go too far. I draw the line at certain limits. Let me accompany you to the hotel also."

"Very good—after this one dance—"

"With me?"

"If you care to," archly.

When the waltz is over Col. Bob looks in vain for his comrade, and not finding him, concludes that Dick has returned alone, after discovering him in the society of the charming Dora. This suits him just as well.

The professor makes his appearance, bowing and smiling—he glowers upon Bob whenever he can avoid Dora's eye, and once shakes his fist at the undaunted sheriff, which action causes that cool worthy to smile, for he feels toward this little man as a good-natured Newfoundland dog might toward a little spaniel or terrier that snaps at his heels—contempt and pity. The professor scowls worse than ever, when he sees that Col. Bob intends to intrude his society upon them; he drops several hints about two being company, and three a crowd, but the good-natured sheriff laughs and tells him he is at liberty to herd by himself if he looks at it that way—that, as for himself, he is only too glad of good company.

They have a queer time of it on the way to the hotel, and only by rare tact does Dora prevent the gentlemen from coming to blows; the fiery little specimen-hunter seems to believe he has a grievance, and would like to bring matters to a climax, but Col. Bob does not meet him half-way, and Dora smoothes the ruffled feathers of her quondam admirer in a way women have.

No sooner does she leave them at the hotel than the British lion has his mane up. The time may not be exactly propitious, as a number of persons are around the entrance of the Grand Continental, but a hot-headed lover cares not for trifles.

The professor dances before the colonel and shakes a diminutive fist under his nose.

"Do you know what I've a mind to do, you jack-rabbit from the Llano Estacado, you big hulk of a Western mushroom? I've a good notion to whip you right here and now, just as my forefathers did yours once upon a time, when we chased you out of the confederation and made you shift for yourself. Yes, and I'll do it, too, if you so much as shut one eye. I'm boiling over with indignation—beware how you further irritate me!"

Col. Bob of course immediately closes one of his optics, and the irate naturalist accepts the invitation, sending out a small fist and striking the Western sheriff. No man, big or little, does this without impunity, and, uttering a roar, Col. Bob pounces upon the excitable Briton, shaking him vigorously, and when done tossing the wretched piece of anatomy to one side among the loafers on, as though in contempt.

"I don't allow liberties of that kind, my little man; better fool with a buzz saw than with Bob Harlan; you may lose a few fingers in one case, but here you run the risk of your life, Mark ye, professor, when you want satisfaction for this business, you know where to find me—Bob Harlan's latch-string is always out, with which the unruffled Sheriff of Secora county saunters into the Grand Continental.

Not finding Dick, the colonel betakes himself to the neighboring street, where they have located at least temporarily. Looking up, he sees a light in their suite of rooms—Dick is there, perhaps wondering what has become of him.

A few minutes later Bob Harlan opens the door of the room and enters. His comrade is seated in a chair at a window, smoking.

"So you deserted me!" says the Sheriff.

"I left you in better company," returns Dick, with a solemn look that might become an owl.

"Some peculiar features about the presence of Dora in that place—tell you another time."

"None better than the present."

"It's late."

"Bosh! there's no more sleep in my eyes than in a cat's. Crack away, old man."

"To begin with it seems that when was employed by Senor Lopez to find a certain man, I was running amuck with the plans of Miss Pauline Westerley—you know she controls the great El Dorado mine by a small majority of votes, and only succeeds in doing this because she uses the ten shares of a party who placed them at the disposal of her father. Give me a weed; that's a trump—now a light, if you please."

"This obliging party, whose shares give the control of the mine to Miss Pauline, his name is——"

"One Richard Danvers."

"Eh? I begin to see. The senor needs him badly to complete his combine, doesn't he?"

Then Col. Bob rapidly sketches his little adventure with the professor, Dora's confession, and the story of how she regained the paper which the crafty Mexican hidalgo had so coolly abstracted from her private desk at the hotel; to all of which Dick listens attentively, and when the yarn is finished, he exclaims:

"Bravo for Dora! Don't you forget it, my boy, that right-eyed girl is a jewel, and if I were you I wouldn't be scared off by twenty professors."

"I expect a challenge in the morning," remarks Bob with a grin; and upon being questioned further he tells of the little rumpus the naturalist kicked up near the entrance of the Grand Continental, and how he was obliged to bring into use some of his western tactics in order to subdue the fellow; which is very amusing to his companion, who leans back and laughs with great gusto.

"I know I shall see you two at daggers' points yet, or, to be plainer, facing each other at fifteen paces. There's one point in his favor."

"What's that?" demands the other.

"He's so small he has more chance of escaping the lead than you have."

"Perhaps—with another man—but I drive nails at that distance, and can take off one of his ears if it pleases me. Do you think this dandy ladykiller would look half so distracting if I shortened the length of his nose a trifle?"

"Joking aside, Bob, I wouldn't be surprised if you heard from the fellow. He has grit, and that tumble you gave him was enough to arouse his pugilistiveness!"

"You'll stand by me, Dick, even if I make it bowie-knives to the finish?"

"Certainly, only I don't want you to unnecessarily hurt the little chap; I rather fancy his looks, you know. Now, listen while I tell you what happened to me."

The Sheriff of Secora county turns abruptly around, and looks his companion in the face.

"I thought you had been having an experience, Dick, my boy. Confession is good for the soul, they say; so out with it."

(To be continued.)

PAID $6,000 FOR HIS BRIDE.

Miss Kassouf Put Herself Up at Auction to Provide for Mother.

Six thousand dollars in cash to the girl's mama was the price paid for a wife in Dubois, Penn.

Maud Kassouf was the belle of all the Syrian colonies in western Pennsylvania, and there were scores of suitors for her hand. But the girl said she would not marry unless provision was made for her mother.

Charles Hazey, also a Syrian, senior member of a large confectionery house in Altoona, came to ask for Miss Kassouf's hand. The mother told him there were several others in the field, and it was finally decided to bring together the more eligible of the suitors and have an auction.

A wealthy young Syrian in the town appeared and began to bid against Hazey. The bidding was spirited, and finally as a clincher the local Syrian bid $5,000. Hazel at once raised him $1,000, and the girl was "knocked down" to him for $6,000.

The cash was paid to Maud's mama, the Rev. F. McGivern was called in to perform the marriage ceremony, and the couple are now "at home" in Altoona.—New York World.

Luxury and Crime.

A recent English robbery case which reads almost like one of the Sherlock Holmes stories related to the detection of a thief through his fondness for flowers.

The only clew left by the robbers of a house near Northampton was a fragment of a flower, whose petals were scattered over the floor. No flowers of the same sort were grown in the garden of the house robbed or by the neighbors, but an investigation of the floral shops in the nearby town showed that a flower of that sort had been purchased the evening before by a man who was recognized from the description given to be a well known burglar.

At the trial it was shown that, although the night had been warm, the thief, who was of delicate health, had worn a light overcoat, which crushed the petals of the flower beneath, and these had fallen to the carpet when he had opened his coat to stow away the jewels which constituted the greater part of the spoils.

Although the view was a slight one it was correct and the luxury loving crook will have no need of flowers to decorate his broad arrow suit for some time to come.

Got Record Premium for Gold.

William Thompson, who died the other day at Shelbyville, Ind., aged 77, was known as "the man who sold his gold at $2.75." During the civil war Thompson accumulated $2,100 in gold, which he carried to Indianapolis and sold at a premium of $2.75, netting him $7,525, within 10 cents of the highest price ever paid for gold.—Chicago Chronicle.

Ship Mexican Silver to Orient.

On board the Pacific Mail liner China, which sailed from San Francisco recently for the Orient, are fifty tons of Mexican silver dollars, worth $750,000 gold.

His Winning Ways.

"That man has the most winning personality I ever met."

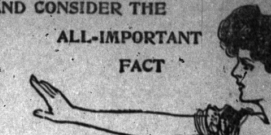
"Who is he?"

"The best poker player in the city."

When you see a man foaming at the mouth, his head in a noose and a razor at his throat, don't be alarmed, for perhaps he is only getting shaved.

STOP! WOMEN,

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with woman's diseases covers a great many years. You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the result.

First letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For eight years I have suffered something terrible every month with my periods. The pains are excruciating and I can hardly stand them. My doctor says I have ovarian and womb trouble, and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P. O., Washington, D. C.

Second letter.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very anxious to send you my testimonial, that others may know their value and what you have done for me.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without backache or again, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and E. Capitol Sts., Benning P. O., Washington, D. C.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it is free and always helpful.

TAKE A MINUTE

AND A POSTAL CARD.

WRITE THE WORD

CALIFORNIA

above your name and address, sending the card to me. By return mail I will send you free some interesting literature.

If you care to ask questions they will be answered correctly, promptly, courteously.

Burlington Route

J. FRANCIS, General Passenger Agent,
258 "Q" Building,
CHICAGO.

PRICE 25 Cts.

TO CURE THE GRIP IN ONE DAY
ANTI-GRIPINE
HAS NO EQUAL FOR HEADACHE

ANTI-GRIPINE

IS GUARANTEED TO CURE

GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE IT.

E. W. Dieners, M. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Hygienic Value of Perfumes.

Perfumes are not selected for their hygienic value, but such they have. Doctors tell us that a handerchief may be made antiseptic by the use of perfume. The action of the spirit of the scent and the essential oils can destroy the germs. Lavender is supposed to soothe the nerves. That is why the bed linen is lavender scented. Jasmine induces nerve exhaustion and depression.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Dr. Harvey Uric Acid Solvent will positively cure the worst case by reducing the poison of the uric acid. A full month's treatment for $1. Mailed. Remedy Co., Ltd., Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Mich.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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