MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Pe-ru-na, the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1137 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

"I suffered with a run-down constitution for several months, and feared that I would have to give up my work.

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Peruna. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn-out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."—Ella Off.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

Reward Encourages Honesty!

A Dublin porter picked up a purse containing £200 at a street corner, and on finding the owner was presented with a shilling.

Every person thinking of visiting the Uintah Indian reservation in eastern Utah, to be opened for settlement August 28th, should have a Homeseekers' Guide and sectional map. It tells everything. Sent postpaid for 50c. Address W. H. Emmons, 709 17th St., Denver, Colorado.

Don't fail to ride your hobby when you want to tire your audience.

What a pity there must always be a morning after!

Do You Know

That death may lurk in your walls?

In the rotting paste under wall paper; in the decaying glue or other animal matter in hot water kalsomines (bearing fanciful names)? Use nothing but

Alabastine
THE SANITARY WALL COATING

Destroys disease germs and vermin.

A Rock Cement in white and delicate tints. Does not rub or scale. You can brush it on—mix with cold water. Exquisitely beautiful effects produced. Other finishes, mixed with either hot or cold water, do not have the cementing property of Alabastine. They are stuck on with glue, or other animal matter which rots, feeding disease germs, rubbing, scaling, and spoiling walls, clothing, etc. But Alabastine only in five pound packages, properly labeled. Tint card, pretty wall and ceiling design, "Hints on Decorating" and our artists' services in making color plans, free.

ALABASTINE CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich., or 105 Water St., N. Y.

$25.00 Cream Separator

FOR $25.00 we sell the extensively BONDED CREAM SEPARATOR, capacity, 500 pounds per hour; 350 pounds of quality per hour for $29.00; 150 pounds capacity per hour for $20.00. Guaranteed to skim 1½ gallons of milk per minute. All other separators that sell for $100.00 and up to $175.00 are sold at from $75.00 to $125.00.

OUR OFFER. We will ship you a Separator on our 30 days' free trial plan, with the binding understanding and agreement if you do not find by comparison, test and use that it will skim closer, skim colder milk, skim easier, run lighter and skim one-half more milk than any other Cream Separator made, you can return the Separator to us at our expense and we will refund your money, which will prove you may have separator for freight charges and nothing else. Write this ad. out at once and mail it to us, and we will send you our LATEST SPECIAL CREAM SEPARATOR CATALOGUE. You will be dazzled and our free trial proposition and you will agree with us that BONDED CREAM SEPARATOR OFFER EVER HEARD OF. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Ten to One

Don't lie awake nights, NERVOUS and feverish. Ten to one your sleeplessness is caused by a torpid liver. A few days' treatment with Celery King, the tonic-laxative, will make your nights restful and strengthening.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC
FOR WOMEN

Combined with life peculiar to their sex, used as a douche is marvelously successful. Thoroughly cleanses, kills disease germs, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local soreness.

Paxtine in powder form to be dissolved in pure water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics.

CURES WOMAN'S SPECIAL USES

For sale at druggists, 50 cents a box.

Trial Size and Book of Instructions Free.

THE R. PAXTON COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.
CONSUMPTION

The CONVICT'S CHANCE or FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Aida," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Attempt to Assassinate Golden.

When the party camped for the night, Lang separated from Golden and made himself useful helping the women folks prepare supper.

Pondering on the events of the night before, and on the conversation that he had had with Golden, Lang came to the conclusion, which was the just one, that Golden had a reason for quizzing him, beyond the mere fact of desiring to enlighten him about the Convict City.

Golden had been recalled to the city; this might mean much or little. It might mean that the old man's labors had been appreciated and that he was to be finally rewarded; or it might mean that something was transpiring among the people which made his presence necessary; or it might be that he was to be punished for some miscarriage of their plans. The fear of the latter made Golden ill at ease.

The night was slowly drawing to a close. Quiet reigned. The last embers of the camp-fires were dying out. The white tents of the campers, in which the men slept, could be barely discerned in the darkness. Up to a late hour Lang had remained in company with the women folks, furnishing music and singing songs, as was his custom. When he did retire it was to lie and toss in restless slumber for hours. To Lang the fact that he had been assigned different sleeping quarters on this night, away from Golden, and that Golden had been given a tent all alone, in something of an unprotected and deserted part of the vast circle, was more than accident. It only takes a little thing to make a wakeful man suspicious, and Lang was suspicious. Strange fancies took possession of him, and he slept only in short fitful naps. He came to the conclusion that designs were on the life of Golden. Louis had waited in expectancy of hearing some unusual sound, some note of warning given. At last, unable to endure the suspense any longer, our hero got up.

All was darkness and quiet. Leaving his sleeping partners, Limpy Jim and Pete, soundly sleeping, for a moment Louis stood in the doorway of his tent enveloped in its folds. Through the darkness Lang thought he discovered a moving from between him and Golden's tent. Without a sound, without a moments' warning, Louis bounded across the open space. As he turned to leave his tent he imagined that there was some one prowling around his own tent, but with the thought uppermost in his own mind, to prevent an attack on Golden, he wasted no time in attempting to learn who the prowler was, or what the purpose might be in prowling around his own tent at this unseemly hour.

As Lang hurried across the open he drew his billy and held it ready for use. Hearing a noise as if a struggle, Louis with a yell of warning boldly entered Golden's tent, and as a form bounded up from the earth, grappled with it. Our hero was placed at rather a disadvantage, not knowing with whom he was tussling—whether an assassin or Golden himself. The yell uttered by Louis awoke several of the emigrants, some person lit a torch, and lit up the scene. Before help arrived Louis had succeeded in disarming and throwing his antagonist upon the ground.

The arrival of light made explanations easy. Golden's life had been attempted. A light sleeper, the old man had been aroused by hearing somebody feeling around his person, and attempted to grapple with his assassin. Louis' timely arrival and shout had perhaps saved the life of Golden, for the would-be murderer, stung for a moment at the thought of the unexpected arrival of aid for Golden, did not strike the fatal blow; but in the melee which ensued simply blindly struck at his victim, cutting a deep gash in Golden's leg.

"You have saved my life!" said Golden, coming to the side of Louis. Lang could see the evil scowls on the faces of several of the teamsters and knew that he had no friend in the gang. They did not show their hostility openly, however, and finally placed in custody the would-be assassin, meanwhile appearing pleased that Golden was yet alive. Neither Lang nor Golden were deceived, though. Of course there was excitement. All were not aware of the attempt before, and were generally horrified at the cold-blooded nature of the attack, the women folks especially.

Golden clung to Louis like a child to his parent, until the dawn appeared. Then he was himself again. Golden was well aware now of his ultimate doom. He knew that these men must have been put up to it by some one high in authority or they would never have dared to lay their hands on him in the manner they contemplated.

When the train again moved off Golden was given a place to ride in one of the "schooners," and at the request of the wounded man, Lang was placed upon the seat as driver of the team. During the progress of the march Lang managed to draw out of line away from the hearing of any other part of the train.

"I told you last evening that I was going to make a confident of you," said Golden, opening up the conversation. "I am more resolved now than ever, since my life has been attempted. I am positive it was by the order of the present king. What his object is I cannot tell. The king, you know, is a be only personage who has more power than another in the colony. But as I said before, even he has no right to kill without giving a chance for life. This shows me that the people themselves do not wish my death; if they did, the penalty would have been exacted under cover of the law. Though I escaped last night through your watchfulness, there are many ways yet in which it may be taken. You saved my life, but I am afraid that you have incurred the ill will of the people who must be your comrades and that may place even your life in jeopardy."

"Never mind me," was Lang's answer. "I look at this differently than you do. If, as you say, the people do not desire you death—they must desire to again place you in power. If such is the case I have gained rather than lost by the transaction! See?"

"You are a riddle," replied Golden, "but whether honest or otherwise, I mean to do you a favor. Sometime you may tire of Paradise—that is the name of our city. I mean to tell you how and where to leave it when you are ready to do so! I helped build the town. It is a poor building place; not know where to find the weakest spot! I had an idea when I built, that some time I should like to leave the place and built accordingly, leaving an opening known only to myself. This entrance is through the cellar of a little cottage which is built upon the side of one of the three large hills that surround the town. It is in the shape of a tunnel, which was once the fountain head of the river which flows through the town. Entering the cellar and uncovering the mouth of the tunnel, one could travel to the very heart of the mountain and find an exit through what seems to be a bear's cave. The door here is protected by an artificial barrier of rocks which could be easily removed. I do not think that this secret has ever been discovered, because over and around the cave I have planted young trees, which undoubtedly hide the entrance. The cottage is supposed to be haunted. When the winds blow, sighs, moans and unearthly noises are heard. You can readily understand that I am the one who haunts that ranch! I put so much confidence in you that I tell you the secret, that you may profit by my experience. It is a terrible thought to me that I am being brought to this terrible out of the way place to be killed—or held in bondage! I am not afraid to die, but I do not wish to die and leave my wife and boy at the mercy of a cruel and unjust world! Yes, I am married—I have a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked boy and a lovely little wife. They are my joy and my pride, and so far above me that I fairly worship them. I have tried to live an upright life with them. When I found that my past might rise up and haunt them and make them blush for my sins, I left them in ignorance of my true character. I know that they do not want for temporal things, because I keep them supplied with money. I have been a millstone around my loved one's neck, but I have tried to do well by them. I am fearful now that I will be taken away from them and that they will be left without a protector!"

"I, too, am a father!" said Louis Lang. "And I can sympathize with you." There was a tinge of sadness in his voice. He longed to tell his friend, for such he considered Golden, that he had hopes of returning to civilization with money and fame; that he was here to attempt the breaking up of the vipers' nest—but he refrained.

"You have awakened in me holy thoughts," continued Louis. "I once was happy in married life; but death, that cruel reaper, took away my loved one from me. She was the only one who believed that I was not wholly bad. Her loss drove me mad! The demon drink caught me in his iron clutch and I sank from a low position to the dregs! I may return; I may reform; I may yet live in peace with my child, who as yet, is unconscious of guilt of of his father's crime!"

"Yes! You may return! You may return now, if you say the word!"

Louis stopped him with an impatient gesture. "Tempt me not," he said, "I would not feel satisfied with myself if I turned back. I will end see this adventure to its end—though it end in death and ignominy!"

"But I do not wish death to end you!" cried the old man in spirit. "Death may claim me; but I want you to live to tell my wife if died—died a repentant man; died with her pure name on my lips! I want you to live to see that she needs for nothing. I have placed in a Chicago bank sufficient funds to keep them in comfort a lifetime! They need never know how I came by it; I wish you to see that they get it! Will you promise me?"

"If I live to return to Chicago I will see that your family want for nothing, but if I were you I would never say die! There are many slips 'twixt cup and lip! The battle is not always to the strong! If, as you say, the people do not desire your death, rise up, you were king once, why not become one again?"

"It is not possible. I am meeting my just reward for a life of crime! But you need not think of my dying. For the love I bear my wife I will make your escape easy!"

"Golden, set your mind at rest! If I live neither you nor your family will suffer while I can help them. I'll tell you the truth and brave the consequences! I mean to go back, and when I do it will not be in fear of the assassin's knife! I am young—like better men before me I am ambitious! I mean to be king of Paradise before I leave, or there will be no king!" cried Lang.

"At last I understand you!" was the triumphant reply of Golden. "Or there will be no Paradise! That's what you mean to say?"

"Or there will be no Lang!" asserted Lang.

"So be it!" said Golden, who seemed to fall in with the spirit of Lang. "I saw it rise—would that I could see it fall!"

"Give me your aid," said Lang. "Revenge yourself of these people who have attempted your life. Between the two of us we can overthrow the octopus. What do you say?"

"I am with you body and soul!"

Did Golden mean what he said? Would the faithful servant of an unholy cause turn upon his treacherous friends and deliver them to the hangman? Was Louis Lang true to himself and Denver in thus giving away his mission. The tide of battle oftentimes hangs upon a slender thread!

Would Golden prove true?

(To be continued.)

Bounded across the open space.

MULE RACES WITH A TRAIN.

Takes a Daily "Workout" of Half a Mile Alongside the Track.

"I'd like to know who owns that mule just east of Bates City," said George Jacques yesterday, the engineer who pulls the Alton's "hummer," the Chicago limited train, into Kansas City. "Talk about running—why, he'd make The Picket or McChesney want to hide. I'll bet he can do a mile in 1:37."

The limited train does not stop at Bates City, and before it passes into the city limits it is doing easily fifty miles an hour. Passing a pasture by the side of the track Jacques has a race with the mule every trip.

"I can see him watching for me," the engineer said, "and the minute I blow the whistle he's off. He fudges a little—we don't get away well, and by the time I get to the post the mule is several hundred yards away, his head and tail both extended, and running like a racer. He can do a half mile to make his mark. Of course the big engine simply runs away from him, but I'll tell you that mule is determined to win a race yet. He looks for it every morning. When the train has passed him he stops and watches until we are out of sight. He takes his run nearly every morning. I'd miss that mule if he was taken away."

Why He Wanted a Tenner.

Application was made at half a dozen stores before the man could get one ten-dollar bill for his roll of ones.

"I don't see," said the man's companion, "why you went to all that trouble. You are going to pay the money right over to your tailor. Why didn't you give him the one-dollar bills?"

"Because it would make a bad impression," was the reply. "I am broke, but I don't want him to know it. Whenever you get in that fix pay your debts in the largest bills that you can get hold of. It enhances your value in the estimation of tradesmen and paves the way for further credit. A fellow will think a heap more of you if you pay with one five dollar bill than with five ones. A handful of chicken feed indicates that you have had to hustle around pretty lively to get the money and that there isn't much left where that came from. A man who really has money can afford to pay in pennies if he feels like it, but he who has little can keep up his credit only by using large bills."

Tom's Cause for Thankfulness.

Supt. Donald of the Wakefield town farm tells of a jovial old Irishman whose convivial habits have frequently brought him within the jurisdiction of the police court and finally made him a town charge. The old man is commonly known as "Tom."

Last Thanksgiving day Tom came downstairs smiling and singing to himself, and met the superintendent.

"You seem happy this morning, Tom," said Mr. Donald.

"Sure, sur," said Tom, in his rich brogue, "good reason have I to be thankful this Thanksgiving day. One year ago I was in the house of correction, and this year, glory be, I'm in the poorhouse."

Not Personal.

"I hope you are not leaving me for any personal reasons, Norah?"

"Personal, ma'am? Oh, no; ma'am. I'm only leavin' you because me steady young man—he's a policeman, ma'am—has been transformed from this district to the suburbs, ma'am. It's too far to go courtin'. Oh, it ain't personal, ma'am."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

New Flying Machine Like Bird.

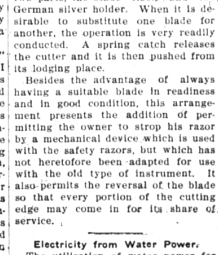
To fly if not to "see like a bird" is the mountains and elsewhere is the ambition of two Englishmen who have perfected a flying machine built upon the principles of a bird's wing and body. The wings are at present arranged to flap 100 times a minute, which is of course considerably less than proportionately corresponding to the increased horse-power.

The machine has been suspended from a tree bough and the wings flapper under power. The results are most promising. At each down stroke the whole machine, apart from the carriage, weighing 232 pounds, is lifted bodily into the air and forwards. It rises about two feet each stroke. It looks just like a gigantic bird trying to fly under similar conditions. At the preliminary trial, already made, it would appear that the wings are capable of evoking a resistance of about 100 pounds each, and the machine is raised about two feet each stroke. There are grounds for believing that a feathered wing made of a number of units can exert a greater resistance than a simple wing; such as that of the insect or bat type, or the various simple mechanical wings which have been hitherto used in wing flapping machines.

Interchangeable Razor Blade.

The number of devices which have been recently introduced for the convenience of the man who wants to shave himself is almost without end, and it would seem many things of this character must certainly put some of the barber establishments out of business, but the latter seem to go on increasing just the same. It often happens that a man is perfectly able to shave himself in a very satisfactory manner, but his difficulty may be in keeping the razor in proper condition, and if he is compelled to run to the barber's or cutler's shop with the instrument every few weeks there is no advantage in the possession of the skill necessary to amputate the whiskers from his face.

The interchangeable razor blade has been devised to meet this emergency. In appearance it looks like pretty much any other razor, but the blade end of the combination consists of



SHOWING BLADE PARTLY OUT

two parts, the blade itself and the German silver holder. When it is desirable to substitute one blade for another, the operation is very readily conducted. A spring catch releases the cutter and it is then pushed from its lodging place.

Besides the advantage of always having a suitable blade in readiness and in good condition, this arrangement presents the addition of permitting the owner to strop his razor by a mechanical device which is used with the safety razors, but which has not heretofore been adapted for use with the old type of instrument. It also permits the reversal of the blade so that every portion of the cutting edge may come in for its share of service.

Electricity from Water Power.

The utilization of water power for the creation of electric energy has increased to an extraordinary degree in recent years, although it is to be noted that the power so far used is only an infinitesimal fraction of the aggregate water power of the world. The amount of water power utilized has been estimated to be 1,500,000 horse power in round numbers. The United States uses the largest amount, mainly on account of the employment of the power of Niagara Falls, which also secures second place to Canada, in round numbers in the United States about 350,000 horse power; in Canada, 250,000; in Italy, about 200,000; in France, 160,000; in Switzerland, 135,000; in Germany, 81,000; in Sweden, 71,000, and in other countries lesser amounts. As these statistics are undoubtedly incomplete, the aggregate water power utilized for electric energy in the world is probably 2,000,000 horse power, which is about twice the steam power used in England and Ireland combined.

Delay in Simplon Tunnel.

Despite the fact that the Simplon tunnel under the Alps was cut through months ago, it is likely that it will not be ready for through traffic before next year, instead of this summer, as had been expected. The difficulties of completing the undertaking are found to be much greater than had been anticipated. In finishing off the northern section the work is progressing at the rate of only about five feet a day. The two chief obstacles are the great heat in the second gallery and the unending rush of water into the tunnel at the rate of 3,000 or more cubic feet each second.

Islands That Come and Go.

Will Japan's new island that appeared recently from the depths of the sea endure? Scientists have been asking this question. Graham island popped up in much the same way in the Mediterranean sea in 1831 and was at once decorated with an English flag. But the action of the waves demolished the island in a short time. On the other hand, the island of Bogoslof, in the Bering sea, appeared with equal suddenness in 1795, and, together with a second island formed in 1883, has stood the test of time to the present day.

JEFFERSON AND THE COW.

Actor's Audience Amused by His Slip of the Tongue.

Joseph Jefferson, two or three years ago, gave an address before the Woman's Club of Brockton, Mass. Wearing a dress suit, he stood before an audience of well dressed women, who had invited their husbands for this important occasion. The address was full of pithy remarks, and at its close Jefferson said: "Now, ask questions, and then I'll get an idea of the things you'd like me to talk about." Question followed questions, and in course of time he was asked, "Do you believe in realism?"

"Now, that," replied Jefferson, "is very much like a question I'm often asked after a performance. Suppose I was playing in a drama in which a cow had any part. I don't mind telling you that I am afraid of cows, and if I was taking part in such a play I should very much rather have the cow simply mentioned than to have him walk on to the stage."

At this point the audience laughed, and Jefferson, pausing a moment to realize the joke, added: "I beg your pardon, and the cow's, too. I should have said 'her,' of course."

Voice from Arkansas.

Cleveland, Ark., July, 31st.—(Special)—Nearly every newspaper tells of some wonderful cure of some form of Kidney Disease by the Great American Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this part of Arkansas is not without its share of evidence that no case is too deeply rooted for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.

Mr. A. E. Carlile, well known and highly respected here, tells of his cure after nearly a quarter of a century's suffering. Mr. Carlile says:

"I want to let the public know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I think they are the best remedy for sick kidneys ever made. I had suffered so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend them to all sufferers."

There is no uncertain sound about Mr. Carlile's statement. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills rescued him from a life of suffering and he wants the public to know it. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

EXCLUSIVENESS AS A FAULT.

Man's Weakness in Separation from Rest of His Kind.

A man is but a cluster on the great human grapevine. He begins to dry up the moment he is cut off from his fellows. Ther is something in the solidarity of the human race which cannot be accounted for in the sum total of all the individuals. Separation from the mass brings a mighty loss of power in the individual, just as there is a loss of cohesion and adhesion involved in the separation of the molecules and atoms of the diamond. The value of the gem is in the close contact, the compactness, and the concentration of the particles which compose it. The moment they are separated its value is gone. So a strong, effective man gets a large part of his strength from the vital connection with his fellows.—Success Magazine.

The Russian Conscience.

In Carl Joubert's "Russia as It Really Is" the author gives the following anecdote: "A Jewish peddler of Grodno dealt in pirrogs (meat pies), and two hungry muzhiks traveling in the third-class railroad car with him were so overpowered by the appetizing odor of his wares that, not having money to buy them, they slew the jew without further ado and threw the body out of the window. They were apprehended and to the astonishment of the pristav (police sergeant), the whole supply of pies was found intact. 'Why did you not eat the pirrogs and throw the basket away?' asked the pristav. 'You forget,' said one of the muzhiks, 'that to-day is Friday and it is not allowed to eat meat.'"

Annual Cargo of Turtles.

It is possibly known to few people in the Keystone State that Erie is a port of entry each year for a cargo of turtles. This statement is given upon the authority of the Erie Times, which chronicles the fact that the schooner Bertha Wallace, Captain Winne, had arrived from Port Clinton with a cargo of the reptiles, whose total weight was 2,700 pounds.

Pioneer Circulating Library.

The earliest known circulating library was established in Dumfermline, Scotland, in 1711. Allan Ramsay started one in Edinburgh in 1725.

EVER TREAT YOU SO?

Coffee Acts the Jonah and Will Come Up.

A clergyman who pursues his noble calling in a country parish in Iowa, tells of his coffee experience:

"My wife and I used coffee regularly for breakfast, frequently for dinner and occasionally for supper—always the very best quality—package coffee we could find a place on our table.

"In the spring of 1896 my wife was taken with violent vomiting which we had great difficulty in stopping.

"It seemed to come from coffee drinking but we could not decide.

"In the following July, however, she was attacked a second time by the vomiting. I was away from home filling an appointment, at the time, and on my return I found her very low; she had literally vomited herself almost to death, and it took some days to quiet the trouble and restore her stomach.

"I had also experienced the same trouble, but not so violently, and had relieved it, each time, by a resort to medicine.

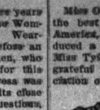
"But my wife's second attack satisfied me that the one of coffee was at the bottom of our troubles, and so we stopped it forthwith and took on Postum Food Coffee. The old symptoms of disease disappeared and during the 9 years that we have been using Postum instead of coffee we have never had a recurrence of the vomiting. We never weary of Postum, to which we know we owe our good health." This is a simple statement of facts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S STAR.

Odette Tyler, Famous Actress, Values Doan's Kidney Pills.

Miss Odette Tyler is not only one of the best known dramatic stars in America, but has written and produced a successful play of her own. Miss Tyler has written the following gratefully for publication for her appreciation of Doan's Kidney Pills:



Odette Tyler

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—My experience with your valuable remedy has been equally gratifying to both myself and friends.

(Signed) ODETTE TYLER.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents per box.

Chase the Lesser Evil.

The late William Terriss, seeing a novel ear covering which was recommended for the cold weather, bought it and gave it to his coachman, who could thus protect himself while waiting for Mr. Terriss at night. The coachman was profuse in his gratitude; but a night or two later Mr. Terriss noticed that he was not wearing his muffler. "Why have you given it up so soon?" he asked. "Well, sir," was the man's reply, "it was werry comfortable, but you see, sir, I found out t'other night that when I 'ad my ears covered a friend 'ad asked me to 'ave a drink, and I'd never 'eard 'im."—London Daily News.

Australian Women as Soldiers.

When the Australian Women's Liberal Union held its annual conference recently, this resolution was passed: "That all female citizens between the ages of 15 and 18 should receive instruction in the use of firearms for the purpose of defending themselves and their country in case of need."

NO MORE HEADACHE

GENERAL WEAKNESS AND FEVER DISAPPEAR TOO.

How a Woman Was Freed from Troubles That Had Made Life Wretched for Many Years.

The immediate causes of headaches vary, but most of them come from poor or poisoned blood. In anemia the blood is scanty of its red corpuscles, the women are imperfectly nourished and pale is the way in which they express their weakness. In colds the blood absorbs poison from the mucous surfaces, and the poison irritates the nerves and produces pain. In rheumatism, malaria and the grip, the poison in the blood produces like discomfort. In indigestion the gases from the impure matter kept in the system affect the blood in the same way.

The ordinary headache cures at best give only temporary relief. They deaden the pain but do not drive the poison out of the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the contrary thoroughly renew the blood and the pain disappears permanently. Women in particular have found these pills an unfailing relief in headaches caused by anemia.

Miss Stella Blocker recently said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a great deal of good. I had headache nearly all the time. After I had taken three boxes of these pills I became entirely well."

"How long had you suffered?" she was asked.

"For several years. I can't tell the exact date when my illness began for it came on by slow degrees. I had been going down hill for many years."

"Did you have any other ailments?"

"I was very weak and sometimes I had fever. My liver and kidneys were affected as well as my head."

"Did you come to take the remedy that cured you?"

"I saw in a southern newspaper a statement of some person who was cured of a like trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My physician hadn't done me any good, so I bought a box of these pills. After I had taken one box I felt much better that I kept on until I became entirely well."

Miss Blocker's home is at Leander, Louisiana. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists. Besides headache they cure neuralgia, sciatica, nervous prostration, partial paralysis and rheumatism.

Nitric Acid Restores Life.

The shock of being sprinkled with a solution of nitric acid in mistake for holy water restored to normal health Mme. Valthaire of Aabe, France, who was lying, as was supposed, on her deathbed.

Over one million acres of land in the Uintah Indian Reservation in Utah, to be thrown open for settlement August 28th. Registration begins August 15th at Grand Junction, Colorado, continuing till August 12. From Denver, Colorado Springs or Pueblo, Colorado, take the Rio Grande short-est route to Grand Junction or reservation. Write for Map and Homeseekers' Guide, A., Denver, for booklet, giving information regarding land, rates, etc.

Out of every evil comes good. The apple tree swiped has furnished employment to thousands of tailors and dressmakers.

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All about the industries, population, climate, etc. of any locality, U. S. or Canada. Write for "Circular D" Fidelity Reports Co., 1327 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A woman has no trouble in applying to herself the situation of an oppressed heroine of fiction.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

It is very easy for a man to tell what he would do if placed in the position of some other man.

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.

There are times when a man doesn't want things to come his way—bills, for example.

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

Talk is said to be cheap, but any married man will tell you it comes high.

"Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured my wife of a terrible disease."—H. Brewer, Liberty, Ind., on request, 1 dose, 25 cents.

When a man seeks notoriety he usually finds more than he has use for in his business.