HOSPITALS CROWDED

MAJORITY OF PATIENTS WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Saves Many From this Sad and Costly Experience.

It is a sad but certain fact that every year brings an increase in the number of operations performed upon women in our hospitals. More than three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls who are awaiting or recovering from operations made necessary by neglect.

Every one of these patients had plenty of warning in that bearing down feeling, pain at the left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, pelvic catarrh, dizziness, flatulency, displacements or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the trouble may make headway until the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation, and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at best. Even in many cases the results are fatal.

Miss Luella Adams, of Seattle, Wash., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"About two years ago I was a great sufferer from a severe female trouble, pains and headaches. The doctor prescribed for me and finally had me tied. I had a tumor and must undergo an operation if I wanted to get well. I felt that this was my death warrant, but I spent hundreds of dollars for medical help, but the tumor kept growing. Fortunately I corresponded with an aunt in the New England States, and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was said to cure tumors. I did so and immediately began to improve in health, and I was entirely cured, the tumor disappearing entirely, without an operation. I wish every suffering woman would try this great preparation."

Just as surely as Miss Adams was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from female troubles, inflammation, kidney troubles, nervous excitability or nervous prostration.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write for her free advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

English in the Lead.

Owing to the rapid growth of the United States, the English language is now spoken by more persons than use any other civilized tongue. To-day 130,000,000 people speak English, 100,000,000 speak Russian (for not all the people of the empire talk the national tongue), 75,000,000 use German, 70,000,000 employ Spanish, including the inhabitants of the Latin-American countries, and 40,000,000 speak French.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, Break up Colds and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists' 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Customers Shave Themselves.

London barber shops now provide accommodations for and welcome the many men who prefer to shave themselves, among other things, keeping their shaving utensils in order. They also teach the inexperienced who want to learn how to shave themselves properly.

Luckily some men cannot waste their all on wild cats, as they have to spend considerable for headache powders.

THE BEST COUGH CURE

In buying a cough medicine, remember the best cough cure,

Kemp's Balsam

costs no more than any other kind. Remember, too, the kind that cures is the only kind worth anything. Every year thousands are saved from a consumptive's grave by taking Kemp's Balsam in time. Is it worth while to experiment with anything else? Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

When you buy WET WEATHER CLOTHING you want complete protection and long service. These and many other good points are combined in TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED CLOTHING. You can't afford to buy any other

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LTD.

Your Opportunity

Southwest

along the

Santa Fe

knocks at the door

'Tis said Opportunity knocks only once. When it comes—as it does today—and says, "go Southwest and get a farm of your own," don't shut the door. Open it!

The open door leads to my office. Information free for the asking. Geo. Colgrove, Asst. A. T. & S. F. Ry., Chicago.

MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

AUTHOR OF "DOUGLAS JOHN," "AN AFFAIR OF HONOR," "DO-MAT-TE-LEC," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Dick loses his breath, he is so amazed to see the New York girl here. What has brought her? He sees that she is wrapped in a heavy cloak and has doubtless worn a veil over her face.

"Why have you come here, Miss Westerley?" he asks, somewhat shocked to see her.

"To save you," she replies in some confusion.

"What? You know I was in danger—you have been warned of this fire?"

She nods her head eagerly.

"Yes, she came to the hotel almost frantic with apprehension, and begged me to warn you. The boarding house was unknown to her."

"You mean Juanita Lopez," he cries.

"Yes, the beautiful Mexican girl. She overheard the plotters, and learned enough to know what they meant to do in order to seek revenge, but could not find out the location. As a last resort she came to me, and I hurried as fast as I could, but I greatly feared I came too late. How did you escape, Mr. Dewer?"

"I was not in the house at all—but poor Bob, I fear the worst for him."

While speaking, Dick calls to mind the words of the man who was with Senor Barcelona at the time they attempted him on the street, and they seem doubly significant now in the new light of things.

"Think, monsieur, it will be for nothing—she have taken all the risk for nothing!"

He undoubtedly meant the incendiary fire; the passing in review of Barcelona and his lieutenants has an easy explanation now.

"Listen! what are they shouting?" exclaims Miss Pauline in some excitement.

Dick is already thrilled by the thought that this magnificent creature, the woman he has already learned to love, has taken this dangerous midnight trip to save his life.

Her words arouse him; he remembers that he has no business now to be thinking of himself when human lives are in peril. Perhaps by might he instrumental in saving some one, though his chances leaving Miss Pauline alone in the crowd. Now he catches the cries. All heads are bent back, and every eye seems to be watching something that is going on above—something that commands the admiration of these Parisians, who have a quick eye for bravery.

"The brave American!" is what they exclaim, and Dick is also thrilled when his eyes take in the situation above.

Through the fire and smoke he sees a man on the flat roof of the burning house. Some one is perhaps sitting on his legs, for at least half his body hangs over the coping, and in this way he can reach the window of the upper hall, where a number of wretched people have clustered, as though there can be safety in thus coming together. In this man Dick recognizes Colonel Bob. The present Sheriff of Secora county was once a Cincinnati fireman attached to the famous Gifts, and thus it happens he knows many of the tricks of the trade.

Though not a large man, he has the power of a Samson in this daring and hazardous act. A pair of arms are outstretched to the daring rescuer, he clutches them above the elbows, and lifts the woman up until some one else on the roof can catch hold; when she disappears over the coping and the crowd below gives a satisfied cheer.

One has been saved, but there are others left. Already has Colonel Bob taken hold of a second, and with a tremendous pull raises her as he did the other, while the admiring crowd, with the deep veneration for bravery that distinguishes Frenchmen the world over, cheer madly.

Though he sees the flames rushing nearer, the man from New Mexico will not give up his task. When they reach the roof they are passed over to the adjoining house, and in this way finally arrive at the ground.

"Good for Bob!" says Dick, lost in admiration for his comrade, to whom so many owe their lives, and Miss Pauline echoes his words, for she can appreciate bravery, no matter by whom shown.

"I only wish Dora were here to see him," the girl from New York says, and Dick smiles because he knows it does not need such a spectacle to make Dora adore his friend. "There goes the last one, seven in all! Nobly done, old fellow! Now save yourself!" cries Dick, hoping the other may hear, but this is rendered impossible, for the crowd sets up a deafening clamor that rises above the roar of the flames, and makes the welkin ring, a cheer to let the hero on the roof know they appreciate his actions and can admire bravery no matter by whom shown—Frenchman, American, Turk, or Arab.

"Look! he seems loth to go. There is some one at the window below! Oh my life, I believe it is a young girl! Heaven help her, she is lost!" and in her excitement Miss Pauline clings closer to the man at her side.

"Not quite yet, Colonel Bob sees her. It is that sight which holds him. What would he do?"

"He has something in his hands."

"Yes, yes, a coiled rope; there, he drops it over. It hangs in front of the window, he motions to her to put her foot in the loop."

"And she is too dazed with fear even to see the rope. Poor thing, death will claim her," says Pauline, every nerve strained under the tension.

"No, yet, not yet! See that my friend of mine! How proud I am to call him my comrade! He is already over the edge of the roof. Strong hands hold the rope above to pull them up, but the flames are terribly close, and I'm afraid Bob has gone beyond his depth this time. There, he is down at the window. Good heavens! he plunges inside to get a blanket with which to envelop the girl. There, he has done it! Will they be saved or lost?"

Bob, holding the terrified girl with one arm, fastens his foot in the loop, grasps the rope, and then gives a war whoop that is heard like the report of a rifle above the clangor of flames and engines.

"Hoist away!"

Those above have been taking glimpses at him—they now set to work to draw the double burden up. Danger menaces Bob on all sides. The rope is slender, and, subjected to the double strain, may break. Again, one tongue of flame is likely to cut it in two. They are far from being safe yet.

Now they are at the coping—hands are seen to stretch out; they take the girl from the clasp of the nearly exhausted American.

Somehow his clutch upon the rope is lost, and he falls over backward.

Dick gives a shout; a mighty shudder convulses the crowd below. Then comes a cheer. The loop has caught about Bob's ankle; he dangles head downward, forty feet and more above the ground, and in this condition is drawn up over the edge of the roof.

Again the crowd shouts and laughs. There do not seem to be any more wretched human beings in danger of death. Let the fire have its own and devour wood and furniture—it has been cheated of its prey through the cool daring of a man who knows not the meaning of the word fear.

Dick turns to his companion, his face, lately so pale, now flushed, and his eyes sparkling.

"What do you think of that, Miss Pauline? Wasn't it worth looking at? Did you ever see such a brave fellow in all your life? Heaven bless Bob Harlan!"

"I am proud to call him my friend," she replies.

"And you came here at dead of night to warn me of this danger?" he continues, holding her gaze with the magnetism of his own.

"What else could I do? I knew where you were to be found, though it would have been too late had all depended on me."

"Nevertheless, it is the motive we remember in a case like this. Bob would have been just as much a hero had he failed to rescue a single one of those unfortunates, and lost his own life in the attempt."

"Yes—I realize that; but he is the praise. I am there to rest with the daughter of Lopez. She overcame many obstacles in doing what she did."

"Heaven bless her for her noble purpose," he says, in earnest tones, as though he means it.

"There comes the colonel—hear how the people cheer him. A king never had such an ovation. They wave their hats, they shout themselves hoarse. I would not be surprised to see them take him upon their shoulders yet in triumph."

"Bob will never allow that, he is too modest by half. He sees us now—he comes this way. By my soul, is it Bob—he has undergone a change since I saw him last, shorn in part of his locks, and with his clothing half torn or burned, but alive, thank Heaven for that."

The sheriff of Secora county reaches them—both hold out a hand, and Bob blushes under the ardent glance of admiration which Pauline of New York bestows on him—blushes like a school boy when the belle of the village deigns to give him a smile of encouragement.

"Dora shall know of this, we will be sure to tell her," says Miss Pauline.

Some heroes would have begged her not to breathe a word of it to any one, but Bob is quite human he knows full well that he has more than done his duty in risking his life for the sake of others, and it will be a pleasure to have Dora know, so he remains quiet

"IT IS PAULINE"

"Let us go to the hotel, we can do no good here, and the crowd is dense. I suppose we'll have to get a new outfit in the morning, Bob," says Dick.

"Why?" demands the other.

"Because all our effects are helping to keep yonder fire burning—my pictures, note-books, and a good many mementoes I valued."

"The dime they are—begging your pardon, Miss Pauline. That may have been stolen, but not burned, that's dead certain."

"How do you know, Bob?"

"Because I lowered them from the window with a rope and saw our neighbor across the way carry both trunks into his house. Remain here a few minutes, and I'll see if they're safe," with which he bounds away while Dick and the New York girl watch the progress of the flames.

They do not last much, but both of them are doing a considerable amount of thinking. Dick, on his part, is secretly admiring the nerve of Miss Pauline in hurrying alone to warn him of danger just as much as he has admired her good looks, while she at the same time gives side glances at her companion and is quite pleased to believe he cares for her more than with a mere friendly feeling.

At last Bob heaves in sight again—the crowd recognizes him, and wherever he goes enthusiastic cries arise. "Brave, Monsieur l'Americaine."

They are together again, and head at once for the Grand Continental, which, adjoining the garden of the Tuileries, is not far away.

"Trunks are all right, gentleman says he will keep them safe if not burned out while there is no one but myself in the morning," remarks Bob, at which his companion is pleased.

They reach the hotel and Dick, exclaiming how they came to be bothered and trundled at this strange hour of the night, secures a room for both.

"Step in and reassure Dora; the poor girl may not credit my story otherwise," says Miss Westerley, and Bob, for one, is only too willing.

As they enter, Dora (as soon flyleaf forgotten) is sitting, wild and apprehensive, with her front locks in curl papers and a gown covering her remarkably pretty figure.

"Oh, Miss Pauline, I've been watching, and the sky was so red. Don't tell me you were not there, that both of them were burned in their beds! I shall faint, I know it. Speak quickly—who is this? Not my Bob, oh, no, don't tell me this is the man I admired—this fright with the black face and half his hair burned off! I shall shriek if you come near me. Go away now, there's a good fellow. You scared me, but I know you can't be my dear Bob."

(To be Continued.)

Lesson in Patience.

There are two women in the waiting room of the railway station. One of them is tall and thin and of the appearance which is sometimes described as nervous, yet she sits with folded hands, placidly gazing at nothing.

The other woman is plump and pretty. By every evidence of feature and build she should be joyous and contented, yet she is fidgeting around; she cannot sit in one place more than two minutes; she gets up and walks to the door, and then to the window; she keeps looking about incessantly and from time to time she sighs anxiously.

"May I ask," inquires the tall, thin woman, "if there is any worry on your mind?"

"Yes, there is," responds the plump, pretty woman. "I am waiting for my husband."

"But that should not worry you. How long have you been waiting?"

"Six—let me see—what time is it? It's forty minutes now."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear woman! I've been waiting for my husband for forty years, but you see I am not fourth as nervous as you."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Joshua Sears' Brown Bread.

In the early fifties, Capt. Gideon Hallett, one of Cape Cod's seafaring men, was the proprietor of an eating house located at the head of Long wharf, about where the custom house now stands. In its primitive way it afforded shelter and subsistence for the hungry wayfarer and merchants of those days, where they could partake of a limited bill of fare, including baked beans and brown bread, minced fish and doughnuts and coffee.

Joshua Sears, one of Boston's old-time merchants, was one of Capt. Hallett's patrons, and frequently called for an order of baked beans, which was accompanied with a liberal slice of brown bread. While partaking of the beans it was Mr. Sears' custom to call for additional helpings of brown bread, and one day Capt. Hallett remarked: "Mr. Sears, if you will pay for brown bread I'll give you the beans."

Woman's Heart.

Arizona Bonanza—What's the matter with you?

Visit son—I am desperately in love with Clara Vere de Vere, and I am afraid to risk my fate by proposing. I fear she does not care for me.

"I suppose she often speaks enthusiastically of her girl friends when talking to you?"

"Some of them."

"Are the ones she praises living in or near the city."

"No—o, come to think. Some of them live out west, and the rest are on a five-year's tour of Europe."

"Did she ever refer to any girl you meet, or can meet, as being 'sweet,' or 'pretty,' or 'lovely,' or anything of that sort?"

"No."

"She loves you."—New York Weekly.

Pertinent.

In a murder case tried before a certain Judge, counsel for the defendant urged:

"It is better than ninety and nine guilty persons escape than that one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury the Judge admitted the soundness of the proposition, but added:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that the ninety and nine have already escaped."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

The public may be sure of getting Dodd's Kidney Pills when they call for them. Sold only in Boxes.

Stump and Tree Pullers

Self-anchoring and Stump-Extracting. Powerful, Handy, Low Priced. Full-size catalog stamp in U.S. or Canada. Ask for catalog No. 21 describing different sizes for all kinds of clearings. For illustrated catalog address

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THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND PLENTY—OWN A FARM AND BE INDEPENDENT.

We Have a Tract of the Finest Land in Southern Alabama to Be Sold in 40 to 160 Acre Tracts—Cash or Easy Payments—Located in Washington County — Most Healthful Spot in the South.

No cold weather, no coal to buy, less clothing, and, in fact, living is one-half the cost as in the north. A man with very little capital can own a forty-acre tract and become independent in a few short years by raising vegetables and fruits for the northern and eastern markets. We have the best shipping facilities, both by water and rail, making our lands the best garden spot in the country. This section offers more advantages for the wage-earner or the man with a small capital than any spot on this green earth. This land will yield larger profits than you can realize out of northern land worth $150 per acre. The land is a rich sandy loam, with a clay subsoil, and grows peaches, pears, grapes, figs, and all kinds of small fruits and vegetables in great abundance. Also corn, oats, sweet and Irish potatoes and cotton. This location is famous for its delightful climate and curative powers. Plenty of creeks and pure spring drinking water. We are erecting a hotel, church, schoolhouse and store building in our new town.

PIGDALE, ALABAMA.

The Company's excursion will leave Chicago on April 3. Very low rate for the round trip, furnishing a delightful excursion to the south. No expense to the purchaser.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

Write for full particulars and illustrated booklet. Address TOMBIGBEE VALLEY LAND CO., Dept. D, Suite 829-833, 100 La Salle St., Chicago Ill. Branch Office: Suite 616 City Bank & Trust Co. Bldg., Mobile, Ala.

Modesty and Greatness.

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and tells neither father nor mother of it.—Lavater.

NO REST NIGHT OR DAY.

With Irritating Skin Humor—Hair Began to Fall Out—Wonderful Result from Cuticura Remedies.

"About the latter part of July my whole body began to itch. I did not take much notice of it at first, but it began to get worse all the time, and then I began to get uneasy and tried all kinds of baths and other remedies that were recommended for skin humors; but I became worse all the time. My hair began to fall out and my scalp itched all the time. Especially at night, just as soon as I would get in bed and get warm, my whole body would begin to itch and my finger nails would keep it irritated, and it was not long before I could not rest night or day. A friend asked me to try the Cuticura Remedies, and I did, and the first application helped me wonderfully. For about four weeks I would take a hot bath every night and then apply the Cuticura Ointment to my whole body; and I kept getting better, and by the time I used four boxes of Cuticura I was entirely cured, and my hair stopped falling out. D. B. Williamson, Sept. 25, 1905, Dept. 28, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 27, 1905."

Maltese Lace.

All genuine Maltese lace is hand made, and the inhabitants of the islands are strongly opposed to any form of labor-saving machinery. The industries is almost exclusively confined to women and girls, and many families have special designs that are handed down from generation to generation. Two or three firms practically control the output of the islands. Most of the lace exported is made on the island of Gozo. Silk and cotton are the materials used. The demand in America for this work is becoming greater every year.

Legislators Too Verbose.

It is the rule in the Australian parliament that the speeches of every member must be reported verbatim. As a result its annual report, a huge pamphlet, the printed record for one ran to twenty-six volumes of 7,052 pages, or about 6,000,000 words. One of the leading Australian dailies describes them as dreary pages and ponderous tomes. "An increasing burden of unnecessary repetition and wearisome speech; talkativeness is veritably the curse of the ceremoniously parliamentary."

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Nothing reaches the trouble as quickly as

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HAD HEART PAINS

A Critical Case of Rheumatism Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

While Mr. W. S. Geisel, of No. 125 East Coates street, Moberly, Mo., was steadily working at his trade as a foundry at that place, he became the victim of an attack of rheumatism, and his experience is that of thousands who are compelled to work in similar surroundings. He describes his situation as follows:

"I had been at work for a long time in a foundry where I was exposed to dampness. First my feet began to hurt and to swell, then my knees and my shoulder joints began to be affected in the same way. Finally I could not walk without great difficulty and suffering and had to stop work altogether. My appetite was feeble and I grew very pale and weak. I began to have pains around my heart and it fluttered a great deal. I became greatly alarmed about my condition. My mother knew about the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they had given her back her health, when she was nearly wasting to death, and when she found that they were good for rheumatism too, she began to give them to me, about a month after I was attacked. That was in the early part of March, 1903, and by June they had driven away the pains and swelling and had restored my appetite and color. Today I feel strong enough to take up a line of outdoor work and now, in October, I regard myself as entirely well and I can about to go into a foundry again at St. Louis."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills also cure other diseases springing from impure blood or disordered nerves, such as sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis and all forms of weakness in male or female. They may be had at all druggists or directly from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Fish Story Hard to Beat.

Here is a fish story told by a British nobleman: An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck; and when I looked inside, there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been sitting on the nest."

Children Should Be Sociable.

Hospitality should be encouraged in children as far as it is within the means of the parents to do so. Let them have their little teas and anniversary parties. It will help them to develop this trait, and will give them an opportunity to put into practice amenities of social life which they are expected to observe in later life.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One Compensation.

Some man above you may have five times your salary, but in all probability you beat him hollow in three-fourths of the work.—John A. Howland.

Don't ever act like anything but an intelligent gentleman.

The best social refinement is to be rid of self.

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

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W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 AND $3.00 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

$10,000 REWARD is hereby given to anyone who can disprove this statement.

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00, $1.75 and $1.50. Dress Shoes, $2.50, $2.25, $1.75, $1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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W. N. U.—DETROIT.—No. 12—1906.

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GRIP, BAD COLD, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA.

It won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't Guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DON'T CURE. E. W. Diemer, M. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Money Saved on Northwest Trips

If you are going anywhere west of the Rockies this spring, we can save you money. Any day until April 7 we will be glad to sell you a ticket from Chicago to Portland, Seattle or Tacoma, for example, for only $33. The usual price is $51.50, and the $18.50 difference might as well stay in your pocket. It will stay there if you buy your ticket of us.

This is only one example of hundreds of similar low rates in effect during this period. Coupled with these cheap tickets we have the most complete and convenient train service ever offered. Northwest passengers, with thro' tourist sleeping cars every day to Seattle.

Tell me where you are going and when (a postal will do) and I'll tell you how best to get there and the cost.

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.