MADE A NEW FASHION.

Good Joke Played in Old Days on Would-Be Fashionable.

Old Camden, in his "Remains," tells a good story of a trick played by a knight upon a would-be fashionable shoemaker. Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich in the time of King Henry VIII., of the proud humor which our people have to be of the gentlemen's cut. This knight bought as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the tailor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker, coming to this tailor's and seeing the knight's gown cloth lying there, bid the tailor buy cloth of the same price and pattern and make it of the same fashion as the knight's. Not long after the knight, coming in to the tailor to be measured for his gown, and perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked whose it was. "John Drakes', the shoemaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of." "Then make mine as full of cuts as the shears will make it!" John Drakes had no time to go for his gown till Christmas day, when he meant to wear it. Perceiving the same to be full of cuts, he began to swear at the tailor. "I have done naught but what you bid me," quoth the tailor, "for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours." "By my latchet!" quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again!"—London T. P.'s Weekly.

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINES.

Seventy-Five Per Cent of Doctors' Prescriptions Call for It.

Now that the National Pure Food and Drugs law is in effect all "patent" medicines in liquid form bear on the label a statement of the percentage of alcohol contained in them. The average amount of alcohol is said to be about ten per cent, some have more and some less, but that is about the average. Alcohol is everywhere recognized as a chemical necessity for the preservation of organic substance from deterioration, and from freezing and it is also required to dissolve substances not soluble in water.

But for the use of a small quantity of alcohol in most ready-to-use medicines those preparations which most families keep constantly on hand would likely be decayed or frozen when their use became necessary.

Alcohol is an indispensable requisite in the fluid extracts and tinctures which are exclusively used in filling prescriptions written by physicians, and these tinctures and extracts contain from 20 to 90 per cent of alcohol. More than 75 per cent of all the liquid medicines prescribed by physicians contain alcohol in large proportions.

Charles A. Rapelye, a leading pharmacist of Hartford, Conn., some time ago examined 25 prescriptions representing a fair average of those written by physicians to be compounded, and none being for specialties. The average amount of alcohol in the whole number was 35 per cent; but of the 25 prescriptions five contained no alcohol, so that the average percentage of the remaining 20 which did contain alcohol was nearly 45 per cent; or more than four times the probable average alcoholic strength of "patent" medicines.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether it is or is not desirable as a stimulant in case of sickness, but there is no difference of opinion as to the necessity for its use as a solvent and preservative in most cases. The attention of the medical world has recently been called to a manifesto issued by prominent London physicians who, while deploring the evils from the use of alcoholic beverages, are convinced "of the correctness of the opinion so long and generally held, that in disease alcohol is a rapid and trustworthy restorative" and that in many cases it may be truly described as life-preserving, owing to its power to sustain cardiac and nervous energy, while protecting the nitrogenous tissues. This manifesto which was published in The Lancet, was issued and signed by T. J. McCall Anderson, M. D., Regius Professor of Medicine, University of Glasgow; Alfred B. Barrs, William H. Bennett, K. C. V. C., F. R. C. S.; James Crichton-Browne; W. E. Dixon, Dyce Duckworth, M. D., LLD.; Thomas R. Fraser, M. D., F. R. S.; T. R. Glyn, W. R. Gowiers, M. C., F. R. S.; W. D. Halliburton, M. D. LLD., D. F. R. C. P., F. R. S., Professor of Physiology, King's College London; Jonathan Hutchingson; Edmung Owen, LLD., F. R. C. S.; P. H. Pye-Smith, Fred T. Robert, M. D., B. Sc., F. R. C. S.; Edgecombe Venning, F. R. C. S.

The Dyce Duckworth who signed this manifesto was for many years president of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

THE BEST HE COULD GET.

Amateur Gardener Could Not Understand Why Seeds Did Not Sprout.

The woes of the amateur gardener are very amusing to others, but decidedly real to the man who has spoiled a suit of clothes, blistered his hands and lost his temper in his efforts to make things grow.

A young man, recently married, early in the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, home-grown vegetables." Every evening he would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But, alas! When many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbors' gardens, his own remained as bare as the Sahara.

"It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. I planted peas and corn and tomatoes."

"Perhaps the seed were defective," the friend suggested.

"I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best—paid 15 cents a can for them."

His Wife: You needn't make any excuses, John. It's all right; you're just in time to walk the baby for an hour.

MRS. CHASE'S CURE

By Mary L. Cummins

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Are you in, Mrs. Chase? I thought I'd just run over and sit awhile."

A bright, motherly face showed itself inside the door, followed by an ample figure. Eleanor Chase rose from her rocking-chair, the worried, almost fretful look, which of late had become her habitual expression and marred an otherwise pretty face, dispelled for the moment by a smile of welcome.

"Come right in, Mrs. Lincoln," she said cordially. "I am glad you came over."

The elderly woman seated herself. "Excuse my fancy-work," she smiled, drawing a well-worn stocking from a bag of ample dimensions. "I could not have come unless I had brought it."

Her hostess sighed.

Mrs. Lincoln was holding her head on one side contemplating a hole, with a look of comical despair.

Eleanor Chase glanced at her.

"You take everything so cheerful," she said somewhat wistfully. "Little things don't seem to wear upon you and make you nervous, as they do me. I think you must have been intended for motherhood. I sometimes doubt whether I am."

"My dear—" Mrs. Lincoln laid down her stocking and looked fixedly at her companion—"every woman was intended for motherhood; make no mistake about that. People may advance all the new-fangled theories they like about 'higher vocations.' There is no higher vocation than that for which the Lord himself formed us."

The two women sewed for some time in silence. They had been near neighbors for ten years, ever since Mrs. Chase as a pretty bride had come to live in Pineville, and had reached that stage of pleasant intimacy where speech is not always necessary.

"I had a letter from my sister, Mrs. Van Dusen, this morning," Mrs. Chase remarked after awhile—she was fond of quoting her sister Mrs. Van Dusen, who had married a wealthy banker, many years her senior, and was now a widow, moving in the most exclusive circles of a conservative New England city—"she wants me to go and spend a week with her, but of course that is out of the question."

"Why?" Mrs. Lincoln asked.

"Oh, I couldn't take the children, and what would they do without their 'Mummy Dee,' as Eveline calls me?"

Eveline was four, and the baby of the family.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Chase—" the neighbor laid down her work and spoke emphatically—"a vacation is just exactly what you need. You are tired, and nervous, and all awry to-day. A week with your sister will be an entire change and you will look at things with widely different eyes when you return. Mr. Chase can get his meals down town, and I will take Eveline right over to my house, so that little scamp will have enough to eat and keep an eye on them out of school hours. I can run over here at bed-time, too, and see that they are all right."

"Oh, I couldn't think of allowing you to do all that!" Mrs Chase had dropped her sewing also. A faint pink flush came into her cheeks and her eyes shone.

"Don't you worry," the neighbor said, comfortably, "a child or two more or less never yet fazed me."

Twenty-four hours later Eveline's "Mummy Dee" stood arrayed in a smart traveling suit, hastily purchased for the occasion, her prettiest clothes packed and already on their way to the railway station.

Once on the train her mind reached out toward the alluring prospect ahead. A week, a whole week of freedom from petty household cares, with no concern about meals except to sit down to an exquisitely appointed table and the privilege of mingling with her sister's cultured friends.

Mrs. Van Dusen met her at the depot. She was a tall, distinguished looking woman, whose whole appearance spoke of good taste and the power to indulge it. Eleanor leaned back against the luxurious cushions of the carriage, a sense of pleasurable excitement growing upon her, as they were driving home.

The round table was exquisite with its rare china, cut glass and damask. There was no small, irresponsible hand here to reach out with aimless grasp and upset the cream. Mrs. Van Dusen had no children. A soft-booted maid waited upon them, anticipating every want.

Afterwards they retired to the own particular sanctum of the hostess, but once ensconced there Eleanor did not find that the ball of conversation rolled as easily as she had expected. The sisters' paths in life had run in such different directions, they had developed along such widely different lines in the last few years, that the only common ground upon which it seemed possible for them to meet was the time when they were girls together. This subject they dwelt upon, living old scenes over and over again, and Eleanor retired feeling that she had had a delightful evening. There was no hint by which she could have discovered that Mrs. Van Dusen found it somewhat of a strain.

The latter was waiting when she ran down to breakfast next morning.

"I have been consulting my engagement book," she began, "and I find that this is a pretty full day, though—" with a deprecating movement of the hands—"I rarely have a day that is not."

Eleanor nodded brightly.

"Our class on economics meets at 11," her sister went on. "Then I have an appointment at my dressmaker's, and we lunch with Mrs. Cosgrove, a particular friend of mine. The regular meeting of our literary club comes in at 3, and at 8:30 there is a little tea in the Renaissance suite of the woman's club—you have not seen our new club house, by the way—and, oh, yes, I have invited a few friends to dinner to-night, to meet you, my dear."

All this sounded very attractive. It was what she had been hungering for, Eleanor told herself. But when at night she dragged her tired feet up to her room, the day, looking back upon it, seemed one unending whirl of strange places and shifting scenes, of rushing from place to place, never staying in any one long enough to enjoy it.

Utterly weary, she flung herself into a deep chair and then—perhaps because she was so physically worn out—a terrible feeling seemed to grip her heart. She felt as though she must cry. A mad impulse to bundle her things together and start for home seized her. It was Eleanor Chase's first experience of homesickness. Sickness! Yes, that was the word. She was ill with sudden longing for her children. A vision of Mrs. Lincoln putting Eveline to bed rose before her, bringing with it a swift pang of jealousy. Never before had any hand but her own undressed her baby.

The next day proved to be a repetition of what, she had already been through, ending with a reception, from which she returned near midnight, too weary for any emotion, but the longing for sleep. Unfortunately, Morpheus was not to be wooed so lightly and sleep refused to come until long after the first ray of morning sunlight flickered into the darkened room. Then the sleep was a restless, unrefreshing one that left her face drawn and weary.

By morning her mind was made up, but breakfast was almost over before she found courage to speak. It would

"I Couldn't Stand the Hard Work!" She Said with a Tremulous Laugh.

have been far easier to have addressed the the woman's club or the Progressive Thought league at home than to face her sister, but she finally closed her square cut jaw firmly and began:

"Lilian," she said hesitatingly, "I hope you will not misunderstand—you have been very kind to me—but—I'm afraid I must go home to-day."

Mrs. Van Dusen's finely arched eyebrows raised themselves interrogatively.

"You are not enjoying your visit?" she said, with polite regret.

"Indeed, it is not that! But—I don't know whether I can make you understand—it was a mistake, my coming without the children. They are so much a part of me now while they are young. It—it is like trying to be happy with the very heart out of my body somewhere else! Oh, can't you understand how you would feel if you had a baby—three of them who wanted you every minute of the day, and in whom you lived and moved and had your being? And then there is Alan—why, we have never been separated before since we were married, and things don't seem the same without him. But it is the children that I simply must see."

"Whatever brought you home so soon?" Mrs. Lincoln cried.

Eleanor threw back her head and dashed the tears from her eyes. In that moment the scales dropped from her eyes and she looked ten years younger as she faced the other woman.

"I couldn't stand the hard work!" she said, with a tremulous laugh. "I simply could not endure it any longer, so here I am."

Mrs. Lincoln smiled happily, and marveled at what had been wrought in so short a time. The vacation cure had certainly worked like a charm in every way.

Penalty of Vanity.

Two tadpoles lived in a meadow pool. One tadpole was exceedingly vain and kicked around until he developed a pair of pale green legs and arose to the dignity of a frog. The other tadpole was sluggish. "Hurry up!" said the new frog. "Why, you are the slowest thing in all the meadows. Without legs you will never be noticed." "And that is just why I am not ruling them," replied the slow tadpole. "It doesn't always pay to be noticed." And now the slow tadpole still swims among the rushes while his vain brother has long since been served up on crisp toast.

A Consideration.

"A woman should not be valued alone for her beauty," said the sentimentalist. "Certainly not," answered the French count; "sometimes she is to be valued by the amount of alimony she can pay."

Humanity as Prophecy.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.—Emerson.

DROPPED OUT OF EXISTENCE.

Why a Resident of Australia Was Reported as a Suicide.

"Three times I have been a 'suicide' and each time I have lived to tell the tale," declared John T. Bidleman, a produce merchant of Melbourne, Australia, at the Arlington, according to the Washington Post. Mr. Bidleman is about 50 years of age and has a face that reveals much individuality.

"No, I did not take poison nor drown myself nor do any of those things that people ordinarily do when they take their own lives," he went on. "I simply dropped out of existence each time, forgetting the old surroundings and living again in new ones. I have come to believe that the best remedy for despondency is a new environment, to be gained at whatever the cost.

"I was born at Bangor, Me. My father was a carpenter and I grew up into the life of the town about as the ordinary boy would. When I was about 17 years old I developed an insatiable desire to travel, had wanderlust, as the Germans call it. I wanted to go somewhere, but how I did not know. Everything seemed commonplace and dreary to me and for two years I became more and more depressed until my folks despaired of my health. One night, more than 30 years ago, I accidentally discovered my father's pistol and thought it was the solution of the difficulty.

"I thought that no existence at all would be better than the one I was living. My mother was dead, my father and I were fighting it out alone. But it occurred to me that it was the environment that did not suit me and that I might better find a new life somewhere else. So I worked my way to New York and earned my way to Liverpool on a sailing packet. From there I went to London. I tried to for get the old life, and lived in the new. I entered a mercantile establishment worked my way up slowly until I earned a fair salary. I married there and was quite contented. But after seven years my wife died, and soon I became despondent again. I knew London well. Things did not interest me. I felt that I must go somewhere The loss of my wife at one time made me think of actual suicide again, but not for long, and, taking my savings I sailed away to Australia, where I drifted into the produce business and have lived there ever since. But 15 years is a long time for me to remain in one place. For a year past I have had the suicide mania, and now I am going to find some city in the United States to live in the rest of my days."

GRAFT IN TRANSFERS.

The Office Boy Knows How to Utilize Them.

"Why do you suppose they print all this stuff on them?" asked the society woman wearily, as she gazed at her transfer ticket. "Of course nobody ever reads one of them."

"Oh, don't they?" exclaimed the business woman. "If you want to know the meaning of every letter on a transfer ticket just ask some boy. Our office boy can unravel the mysteries of a transfer ticket in a way to make a college professor pale with envy. He never lets one get away from him, either. He begins to collect them each morning on his way to the office, begging them from passengers, picking them up on the street—sometimes I half fear he takes them away from the rightful holders—and he can tell you exactly where you can go on each ticket the exact minute at which its usefulness will expire and everything else you may wish to know.

"By keeping his collection complete he saves for himself a nickel the office manager allows him for carfare, and he tells me that he can, by ingenious splicing of transfers, get himself far out into the country for his Saturday afternoons off without spending a cent."

Old-Fashioned Oratory.

"We don't have no sich forensic oratory as we used to have," said the old settler. "Lawyers now-a-days don't orate; they only just talk.

"Take old Bill K. Simmons, of Tar Clair. If Bill was defendin' a lowly chicken thief he'd speak with the tongue of angels. I'll never forget the peroration of his impassioned philippic in the Clay Bull case about the poisoned cat. It run like this here:

"The little, thin old man rose, reared back in a defiant attitude, and shouted in the cracked treble of age:

"'Rests! upon the couch of Republican liberty as I do, covered with the blanket of constitutional panoply as I am, and protected by the aegis of American equality as I feel myself to be, I despise the buzzin' of the professional inseck who has just sot down, and defy his attempt to penetrate with puny sting the interstices of me impervious coverth'.'"

"Deaf Mutes" Talk.

It is a misnomer to refer to any one as "deaf and dumb." Except in rare instances a child is mute, not on account of any malformation of the vocal organs, but because it is deaf and has never heard a spoken language. The loss of the sense of hearing should therefore not necessarily mean deprivation of the power of speech also.

It is only within recent years, says the Scientific American, that we have come to realize this fact, and in up-to-date institutions the old-fashioned finger alphabet is now unknown. Every child is taught to speak in the natural way by means of the vocal organs.

To Calculate Longevity.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true to-day as they ever were.

"You won't live long, Bacon pointed out, if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears.

"Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together, and a long neck."

WHERE DOCTORS FAILED.

An Interesting Case from Salem, the Capital of Oregon.

F. A. Sutton, R. F. D. No. 4, Salem, Oregon, says: "Acute attacks of kidney disease and rheumatism laid me up off and on for ten years. Awful pains started from the kidneys and coursed down through my limbs. I sought the best medical treatment but in vain, and when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was walking with two canes and suffering continual pains, headaches and sleepless nights. I improved quickly and after taking three boxes felt better than I had for 15 years. The effects have been lasting."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHY SHE WAS THANKFUL.

Little One Had a Reason to Approve Father's Choice.

Of the sisters of a well-known New York family one is married. She has one little girl greatly petted by all the aunts and subject to much advice from all of them. Of this last the little lady sometimes wearies, which weariness on a certain occasion made itself shown in the following reply from her small ladyship:

Said one aunt: "If you were my child I should have you do thus and thus." Said another aunt: "Were you my child I would do so and so." The remaining aunt made a similar remark.

The little lady thought it high time to express her own feelings. "But I have," she said, "always been so thankful that papa married the sister he did!"

ALMOST A SOLID SORE.

Skin Disease from Birth—Fortune Spent on Her Without Benefit—Cured Her with Cuticura.

"I have a cousin in Rockingham Co. who once had a skin disease from her birth until she was six years of age. Her father had spent a fortune on her to get her cured and none of the treatments did her any good. Old Dr.——suggested that he try the Cuticura Remedies which he did. When he commenced to use it the child was almost a solid scab. He had used it about two months and the child was well. I could hardly believe she was the same child. Her skin was as soft as a baby's without a scar on it. I have not seen her in seventeen years, but I have heard from her and the last time I heard she was well. Mrs. W. P. Ingle, Burlington, N. C., June 16, 1905."

"Soap Bubble Hanging from a Reed."

Our life is but a soap bubble hanging from a reed; it is formed, expands to its full size, clothes itself with the loveliest colors of the prism, and even escapes at moments from the law of gravitation; but soon the black speck appears in it and the globe of emerald and gold vanishes into space, leaving behind it nothing but a simple drop of turbid water. All the poets have made this comparison, it is so striking and so true. To appear, to shine, to disappear; to be born, to suffer and to die; is it not the whole sum of life, for a butterfly, for a nation, for a star?—Henry Frederic Amiel.

The Terrible Mafia.

Neither the Naples Camorra, the Paris Apaches, nor the Black Hand of America is the most powerful and terrible secret society in the whole world, in spite of the harrowing details of their ghastly work. The palm must go to the Mafia, which flourishes in Italy, and has done so for more than 200 years. This society, which works so swiftly and silently, yet so surely, was founded in Sicily for protection against the injustice of foreign rulers.—London "P. T. C."

Careful Public Guardian.

One of the pillars of the city ordinances is a traffic policeman stationed at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street. He loses no opportunity of making war on persons who drop banana peels in the street. He pounces upon an offender and orders him to pick up the slippery menace to life and limb and to carry it to a receptacle for waste on the sidewalks.—New York Herald.

Chance Not to Be Missed.

One day the office boy went to the editor of the Soaring Eagle and said: "There is a tramp at the door, and he says he has had nothing to eat for six days."

"Fetch him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it we can run the paper for another week!"

One Point of View.

It was the desire of a teacher in a negro school to impress upon the minds of the youths the benefits derived at Tuskegee and other seats of learning for the ambitious negro. One day, in closing a brilliant discourse on this subject, in which Booker T. Washington was set forth as a criterion, she said to one little boy who had evidently heard not a word of her talk:

"Now 'Rastus, give the name of the greatest negro?"

The answer was surprisingly forthcoming—"Joe Gans!"

Earned His Tip.

The porter in the barber shop had just finished polishing the funny man's shoes when the latter said:

"John, I'm in a quandary and need your advice. Will you please give me your deductions concerning molecular secrets?"

But John didn't turn a hair, whatever that means.

"Yes, sah," he replied suavely. "It's an infinitesimal affinity, sah."

Wanted an Excuse.

"What do you take when you're coming down with a cold?"

"Whisky."

"Wife object?"

"Certainly not. She doesn't want me to be sick?"

"One more question."

"Well?"

"What's the easiest way to start a cold."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Damage.

"Do you believe that water in stocks does any great harm?"

"Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "water in stocks, combined with the sunshine of publicity, is responsible for a great many faded reputations."—Washington Star.

Proving the Point.

She—A woman ought to get credit for being just as logical and ready to give a reason as a man.

He—Why?

She—Oh, because!

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It isn't difficult to size the average man up, but women are built so queerly it is impossible to get their actual measure.

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Krause's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c.

Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Be modest about your successes. They are only pledges of better attainments.

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

Most men are hopelessly bad or else they are awfully lied about.

The Royal Road.

Struggling Author—Why, De Poesy, how prosperous you look! Was your last book of poems a success?

De Poesy—Boo, can't say that it was.

"Published a popular novel, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah, then you have written a play. I have always held that play writing, while not the highest form of art, was nevertheless—"

"I have written no play."

"You haven't? Where did these fine clothes come from? How did you pay for that handsome turnout?"

"I have abandoned literature and am peddling clams."—N. Y. Weekly.

Jumpers.

"I want to look at some of your jumpers," said the workman, entering the department store.

"Frog department, sixth floor, center isle," replied the floorwalker, tapping his teeth with his pencil.—Yonkers Statesman.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES
375 "Guarantees"

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.
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Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brent Good
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

DAISY FLY KILLER
Kills quickly, cleanly and effectually. Lasts all season. Not poisonous, not dangerous. Is neat and clean. Ornamental. Convenient. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail prepaid for 25c. HAROLD SOMERS, 149 De Kalb ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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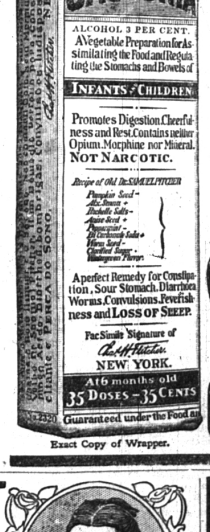

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TIRED AND SICK YET MUST WORK
"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done."
In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.
It is to these women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, comes as a blessing. When the spirits are depressed, the head and back aches, there are dragging-down pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, and reluctance to go anywhere, these are only symptoms which unless heeded, are soon followed by the worst forms of Female Complaints.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
keeps the feminine organism in a strong and healthy condition. It cures inflammation, and displacements, and organic troubles. In preparing for child-birth and to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient.
Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman, and I cannot praise your medicine too highly."

MRS. AUG. LYON
Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women
Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

PAY WHEN CURED
PILES
POSITIVELY NO MONEY ACCEPTED UNTIL CURED
WRITE us a full description of your case and we will send a PROOF FREE. IF NOT CANCER we will guarantee to cure you in 10 to 14 days. Nothing cancerous. You do not pay one cent until satisfied you are cured and yours to be the sole judge. Write to-day and we will send you a booklet explaining our new method, and containing testimonials showing what we have done for thousands of people from all parts of the country.
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READERS of this paper desiring to buy any article advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

DEFIANCE STARCH—It comes in 16 ounces to the package, other starches only 12 ounces for the same money. "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.
Be sure and try Thompson's Eye Water