WOMAN'S BACKACHE

The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. Will Young, of 6 Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says:

"I was trouble I for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

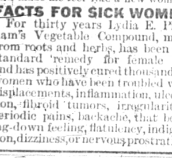
Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

TOO MUCH.



Eddie—I don't mind so much dat I quit smokin' 'cause you ast me ter, but ter be refused after I'd gone an' washed me handsome face fer a week straight—well, honest, I didn't think of yer.

ECZEMA FOR 55 YEARS.

Suffered Torments from Birth—In Frightful Condition—Got No Help Until Cuticura Cured Him.

"I had an itching, tormenting eczema ever since I came into the world, and I am now a man 55 years old. I tried all kinds of medicines I heard of, but found no relief. I was truly in a frightful condition. At last I broke out all over with red and white boils, which kept growing until they were as big as walnuts, causing great pain and misery! but I kept from scratching as well as I could. I was so run down that I could hardly do my work. I used Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Resolvent, and Pills for about eight months, and I can truthfully say I am cured. Hale Bordwell, Tipton, Ia., Aug. 17, 1907."

"I cheerfully endorse the above testimonial. It is the truth. I know Mr. Bordwell and know the condition he was in. Nelson R. Burnett, Tipton, Ia."

Ivy's Strength.

An ivy plant which established itself in a crevice of the tower of St. John the Baptist church at Yaraborough, England, undermined the foundation and lifted stones out of place until it will cost $3,000 to make repairs.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

There is nothing ill said that is not ill taken.—German.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE
75 "Guarantee"

NORTH BUTTE EXTENSION

Will be shipping ore in May. The stock is now selling around $2.62½ a share. It will sell at $10.00 or $12.00 before the end of the year. Send for full information and quotations.

E. M. BUCHANAN & CO.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
42 Broadway New York City

If interested in poultry, write for our new booklet
20 Years with Poultry
Illustrated. Brimful of facts and up-to-date ideas for the successful poultry raiser. Free.
GEO. H. LEE Co., Omaha, Nebr.

A Prayer

As forth I fare Sin-conquering,
When I have found it,
Let me not lack for stone and sling
Till I have downed it.
Nor let mine ears with plaudits ring
Till I have found it.
Teach me to go straight through a thing
And not around it;
Close to my life's bugle bring
And let me sound it,
And lay my life down for my King
When Love has crowned it.
—Clarence Urmy, in Lippincott's.

THE ZOO MAN

By ELIZABETH MICHELS

(Copyright.)

"Yes, I remember—" said the man, reflectively.

He stood between the children—a boy and a girl—leaning on a fence in the park. In age he looked about 40, of distinguished appearance—soldier-like; and he gave one the impression of being one of those who is in complete sympathy with the young.

Even before I heard his soft, earnest voice I was convinced of this; for the boy constantly regarded him attentively out of great, grave eyes, and the girl had an unconscious habit of slipping her tiny hand into his.

"Yes, I remember," he repeated. "The flex is one of those things that wears a clothes-basket and rings; and the noise that it makes is the cause of earthquakes—an effect that it constantly imitates."

He made the whimsical statement with a sincerity of tone that would have been convincing to the least imaginative of juvenile minds. Here, he was evidently appealing to ideally sympathetic ones. The boy gave a nod of comprehension.

"Like at San Francisco. They flexes must have sung very loud, though."

"Bassoon playing had something to do with it," said the man, admirably concealing every vestige of cynicism. "There was a row, I believe."

He paused. I felt sure he was a born story-teller and was with difficulty controlling a propensity to wander into fantastic by-paths.

"What became of the clothes-basket?" inquired the girl.

"It was returned, I believe, to the Japanese laundry and used as school-rooms for the children," he answered.

"Or swallowed up when the earth opened," suggested the boy.

"Yes. It's very sad to see the poor creatures without anything on," admitted the man.

"Never mind; they'll soon be measured for new ones," sympathized the girl as she took his hand.

They moved on, stopping at an enclosure a little way off.

"You like the goats?" she urged. "They're so silky and tame."

"Yes," he agreed. "But they get fractious sometimes."

"Fractious—mean broken, doesn't it?" asked the boy.

"Not when you talk about goats," replied the man with decision. "They always come off scot free. The one I'm thinking of did."

"Tell us about him!" cooed the girl.

"Once," began the man, "a nanny-goat wanted a ride, so she sat on a broomstick astride, but it started so quick that she fell off the stick right on a policeman—who died!"

"What did they do with him?" wondered the boy.

"They buried him—on the hire system," confided the man.

"I know, in bits. Serve him right!" asserted the girl.

"Why?" asked the boy with surprise.

"For gettin' in the way," was her ready answer.

"I don't suppose he did that on purpose," debated the boy.

"That doesn't matter," said she. "He spoilt everything!"

"Spoilt it! How?" The man put just the right touch of wonder into the question. It showed what he could do in the way of stimulating the childish mind. I envied him the gift.

"Why," explained the girl, "if the policeman hadn't got in the way, think how the goat would have bounced!"

"True," mused the man. "I never thought of that."

I was not near enough to catch the fanciful things that passed between the trio for some time after this; but in the pauses I managed to get within hearing distance again. The boy was speaking.

"When he sits up like that he looks like a hanson cab."

"That reminds me," rejoined the man. "A very large male kangaroo had a pouch-ache. Was licensed for two; and, once, for a fare, he'd a tortoise and hare. This really once happened—it's true!"

The boy pondered the circumstance for awhile.

"I thought it was only the mothers who had pouches," he hazarded.

"The one I'm speaking of had all the latest improvements," ventured the man.

"I know," nodded the girl. "He was a taxameter!"

"Of course, the tortoise won," declared the boy.

"No," confessed the man. "The race had to be declared off because the kangaroo skidded."

"It must have been a very expensive ride," commented the girl.

"I think it was only a trial run," said the man.

In the Elephant house he must have made up something more than usually grotesque, because the discussion that ensued between the children was particularly lively. But there, as well as in the Lion house, on account of the people and the noise, I could catch little of their talk. When, again, I had the opportunity of listening it was in the comparative solitude of the Zebra yards. They were manifesting extreme interest in the Quaggas.

"They were soldiers once," the man was saying.

"Of course; look at their stripes," quoth the boy.

The girl began spelling out the descriptive words that is affixed to the fences. "From South Africa!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps they fought in the war!"

"Yes, in the transport department," rejoined the man. "It happened near the Vaal."

"Bobby so coy," was urged.

"I guess Bobby wasn't afraid," managed the man. "I was always the first on the field, but when finding bogey before me a van, which he drove a big distance for all."

"Ah, a turning movement! Good man," remarked the boy.

"So he got the D. C. M.," augmented the man.

The boy began thinking. "Yes," said he, presently. "The Distinguished Conduct Medal. Of course!"

"Not District Court Marshal," corrected the man.

"Poor things!" murmured the girl. "And now penned in large!"

"Oh, no," objected the man. "This is the Lower House, you know. He was elected to it by Het Volk, and—"

The Quagga raised his unmusical voice.

"He's speaking now. Hush!" admonished the man.

"Politics!" whispered the boy.

"Yes—suffragettes!" adventured the girl.

Then she said something about "Hoofing," and they went off at a brisk pace. As I strolled off their wake I felt grateful for the glimpse I had had of the devotion which childhood can inspire in the heart of a grown man, of the magic sensibility that enables the adult mind to see things with the eyes of youth.

The afternoon was drawing in, and the people were streaming through the gateway when I reached it. As I mingled with them on my way out there was a touch upon my arm and, turning, I looked down into the uplifted eyes of the girl. Such pleading eyes, each with a tear trembling on the long lashes. By her side was the boy looking deeply concerned.

"Please, please, help us to find father!" she implored. "We've lost him!"

She saw at once that I was ready to obey her, and, putting her hand in mine, led me away while she poured out her fears for her father's safety. Of personal anxiety there was not a trace. The reason followed quickly. A blow on the head from a Boer rifle while he was defending a wounded comrade had destroyed his reason. Once withdrawn from their protection he was irresponsible—helpless as a child.

All day I had been laboring under a delusion. The man was their charge, not mine. It was they who had been endeavoring to stimulate his fanciful imagination, and so provide him with entertainment; and I had been deceived by his unconscious humor.

When we found him wandering about aimlessly, as we did within five minutes, the girl's relief was intense.

"My darling!" she sobbed, trying to get her small arms round him. "My poor dear!"

He showed no feeling at the reunion, made no remark; merely fell into step between his small protectors and left the gardens with one of them on either side guarding him tenderly.

Wild Duck in Collision with Auto.

Thursday night a party of automobilists in a big touring car met with a peculiar accident while on the way from Feignsville to Trexlertown, says the Philadelphia Record. It was slow going on account of the heavy road, and when they saw a big duck come flying straight up the road toward them they thought it would have sense enough to turn and dodge. But the dazzling headlights, which attracted it in the first place, blinded it and it dashed head on into the glass shield in front of the machine, smashing it to bits and painfully cutting the chauffeur. The duck was instantly killed.

Beautifying Valparaiso.

The government of Chile has paid to date $2,518,410 United States gold for properly appropriated for public use in the reconstruction of the city of Valparaiso. This is done to widen some of the streets, straighten others, and to modernize that portion of the city that was so nearly a total wreck.

The greater the office the better should be the man.

FITZ SHOWS KNOCK-OUT PUNCH.

Ruby Robert Gives Demonstration Much to His Sorrow.

Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons is always ready and willing to illustrate before sporting men just how he knocked Jim Corbett out at Carson City with his memorable solar plexus punch. Not so many years ago his former manager, Percy Williams, now a well-known theatrical magnate, asked Fitz to show a number of friends just how Corbett was annihilated. Robert was in fine form then, as he was training for a fight at the time.

He promptly complied with the request by calling upon Reggy Williams, a brother of his manager, to stand up and be a victim. Reggy, however, had been there before and knew the power of the Cornishman's blows, so he was not overeager to take part in the exhibition. So he said to Robert:

"Wait a minute, Bob, until I go and get a stiff bracer, for I need courage."

"All right," replied Fitzsimmons, with a grin, "but hurry." Reggy stepped over to the bar, took a nip, and then picking up a thick board he slipped it under his vest. Then he came back with the remark:

"Go ahead, Bob, but not too hard."

Fitz jumped about, feinting and sparring off like a real fighter. Then Robert shot out his terrible left and hit the mark with a crash. It sounded like a blow on a board fence with a sledge hammer, and, though Williams was knocked down, he jumped up quickly and laughed, but his sides shook. Fitz was dancing around on one foot, with his left hand under his arm and a look of intense pain on his face.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Percy Williams, who was next to the stick.

"What's the matter?" roared the angry Cornishman. "Why, me blooming hand is smashed! That fiming brother of yours is a sheet of iron under his vest!"

Fitz was a mark then for a lot of guying, but the joke was a serious one, for his left hand was in poultices for six weeks.

Animals Without Moral Sense.

Prof. Schuster asserts that animals lack moral feeling entirely, none of their acts being immoral or moral, in the broad sense, and that they have no trace of a sense of shame or of honor. Their courage, he declares, is "a mere impulse of nature," and of moral courage they know nothing. He continues: "And animals have no pride, in the sense of man's conception of that quality. They are not proud of their kind, of their kindred, of their individuality. They neither have an individuality nor are individual. Animals are not proud because they have no consciousness of the scope of the value of their kind, of their enterprise or of any other form of their capability; they are neither supercilious, proud, nor the contrary, that is, grieved, wounded or depressed in regard to a possible pride."

Not Altogether Intuitive.

The French newspapers related the other day that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle arrived at Paris on the Marseilles and Lyons. The cabman who brought him from the station to the hotel addressed him by his name. Sir Arthur was surprised and asked how he knew. The cabman replied that he had read in the paper that the famous Conan Doyle would come to Marseilles and Lyons, and he had observed at once that the stranger's hair was cut by a Marseilles barber, and that on the heel of his left shoe was dirt from Lyons. The novelist was highly gratified to see that his "Sherlock Holmes" method proved so successful. The great detective mind then asked whether there was still another symptom which had led to his recognition. "Yes," said the cabman, finally, "your full name is painted on your trunk!"

Praises English Jurisprudence.

Elbridge L. Adams of Rochester, N. Y., a lawyer, who has made a study of British jurisprudence, surprised his colleagues at the annual meeting of the New York State Bar association when he made a comparison between the American and English methods of legal procedure. He asserted that 22 judges of the supreme court of England, with a population of 32,000,000, disposed of as much business each year as 98 judges of the supreme court in New York state, with a population of 8,000,000. "In addition to this," said Mr. Adams, "these English judges do just as much work as the federal judges in New York state. The object of the English rules is to provide the best, the quickest and the simplest methods."

America's "Stack Up" Girls.

The American girl who marries into a "noble" old world family and becomes a "duchess" or "countess" feels just a little bit superior, doubtless, to her American sisters who are still without a title of distinction. Of course, she isn't superior, but women do not reason that way. They would not transfer their fortunes to Europeans who have titles and often nothing else if they did not think they were securing a bargain in social eminence, as well as a worthy and congenial mate. They draw many blanks in the lottery of international marriage, but the tragic failures of many of these alliances does not deter other ambitious heiresses from taking chances in the lottery.—Baltimore Sun.

Pet Dog Buried with Honors.

Lassie, a big-hearted collie dog that was descended from an animal prized by Queen Victoria, was interred with nearly all the honors usually accorded a human being in Baltimore the other day. Lassie was a fine, large, intelligent animal, and the pride and joy of the household. Owing to the affection in which Lassie was held, the dog's body was given to the undertaker, which had been upholstered and had satin trimmings. The box was hermetically sealed. Lassie was a direct descendant of Sailor, the pet collie of Queen Victoria. Sailor was the subject of a poem written by Tennyson.

IMMIGRATION FROM SOUTH EXPECTED

U. S. FARMERS ARE RECOGNIZING SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED BY WESTERN CANADA.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 9, 1908.—Present indications are that the Canadian Northwest will draw an exceptionally heavy movement of new settlers from the United States this year. It should surpass the banner record for 1907. This is not only based on the fact that the Americans have come to realize generally that the Canadian Northwest offers splendid opportunities, but also because the railroads have awakened to the fact and are offering rates to the Canadian Northwest which are exceptionally favorable.

The lines which lead to St. Paul from the east and south are offering homeseekers' rates to the Canadian Northwest this year which are on a parity with those in existence to the southwest for a couple of seasons.

These rates can be obtained from any agent of the Canadian government, who will be pleased to give all information possible regarding those districts which offer the greatest inducements to settlers. The weather throughout Western Canada has been remarkably good this year. A telegram from the winter wheat belt of Southern Alberta dated at Cardston, Alberta, January 29th, says:

"This winter up to January 25 was nothing short of a marvel, in fact, it was the finest anyone can remember for twenty-five years though there have been others nearly as good. The days were fine, sunny and warm with light frosts at night. Overcoats and gloves, etc., were discarded by most people in the daytime. There was so little frost in the ground that post holes could be dug without any trouble after the first inch was broken through. Winter wheat remained fresh and green although there has been no snow since the September storm. If there is an early spring, winter wheat should gain a great start."

Amongst the reports of the yield of last year the following extracts are taken:

H. Howe, of Magrath, Alta., writing on November, 1907, says: "I have 70 acres in crop, 50 acres of wheat and seven acres of oats. My average yield of oats was 35 bushels to the acre, and of wheat 45 bushels. The value to me was $35 per acre."

J. F. Haycock, of Magrath, writes in November: "I had 65 acres in winter wheat, which went 60 bushels to the acre; oats averaged 80 bushels. I also had 12 tons of hay worth $10 per ton. I got 600 bushels of potatoes from three acres of land; I got eight tons per acre from five acres of sugar beet."

J. F. Bradshaw, of Magrath, had 1,050 acres of winter wheat last year which averaged 30½ bushels to the acre. The value of his farm products per acre was: Wheat, $31.60; oats, $11.20 and barley, $25.15.

A St. Patrick Rooster.

"My friend," said the fellow customer to his poultryman in Washington market, "I didn't like that last chicken at all. Why, it had no lungs!" "Oh, that's all right; it was a St. Patrick 'rooster.'" "A St. Patrick rooster? What has that got to do with the case?" "Lord, man, don't you know that a St. Patrick rooster never crows? Therefore what does he want with lungs? Anything else wrong with him?" "Well, er—er—no. Otherwise he was a fine animal." "Good. But next time I'll throw in an extra pair of lungs."—New York Press.

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.

Doesn't Work Both Ways.

Liquor improves with age, but unfortunately the same rule doesn't apply to those who drink it.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches"

are helpful to singers, teachers and clergymen for clearing the voice. Contain nothing harmful.

It is the confiding nature of some women that makes them want to tell you their family troubles before you have known them ten minutes.

Why not the Natural laxative, Garfield Tea? It's Pure, Mild and Potent. Made of Herbs. Write for samples. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You will be surprised to find how much good there is in the world if you'll sit up and take notice.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Try to get rich quick to-day, then hunt a job to-morrow.

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

It is up to the dental student to take drawing lessons.

Macaroni Wheat.

Salzer's strain of Macaroni or Kubanka wheat is absolutely pure and is from seed obtained from the Department of Agriculture. Our strain is Dakota grown which laughs at droughts and chinches and positively mocks black rust that terrific scourge and would be ashamed of itself if it did not return from 40 to 80 bu. of the finest wheat the sun shines on per acre in good ill., Ia., Mich., Wis., Ohio, Penn., Mo., Neb., Kan., and other lands and 40 to 60 bu. per acre in arid lands. No rust, no insects, no failure.

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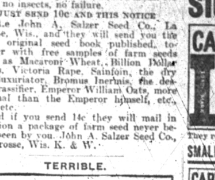
And if you send 14c they will mail in addition a package of seed never before seen by you. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. K. & W.

TERRIBLE.



Minister—I'm afraid you men will do anything for money.

Meandering Mike—Yus; some fellows will even work for it.

REDUCED COLONIST RATES.

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Daily and Personally conducted tours in tourist sleeping cars via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line. Double berth only $7.00 through from Chicago. For full particulars write S. A. Hutchison, Manager, Tourist Dept., 212 Clark St., Chicago, Ill., or address nearest ticket agent.

Three Alarming Symptoms.

Physician—Madam, I can find no traces of disease in this boy of yours. What made you think he was ill?

Mother—Well, doctor, he behaved in such an odd manner when he came home from school. He spoke kindly to his little sister, didn't kick the cat and offered to carry coal for me.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE.
From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes the cause. 25c. Money back if it fails. W. GROVE'S signature on box.

It is not easy to sting a bear with a straw.—Danish.

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THE GREAT CONSTIPATION CURE
Sold on a positive guarantee to cure. 25c. 50c. $1.00
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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.

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Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

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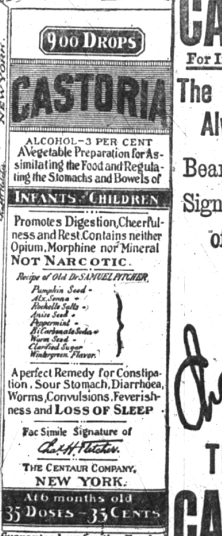
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 9, 1908.



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