The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

STOPPED TO SALUTE HOGS.

One Man at Least Grateful to the Source of His Wealth.

"The Interpreter" in the American Magazine says of a respectful father he once knew:

"Isn't it time we took off our hats and thanked this pleasant land for the good things it has done for us by going on patiently covering up our blunders, rectifying our mistakes, and responding cheerfully to our every intelligent effort?

"I knew a man out west who had the right idea about it. His father had made a great fortune in the pork packing business. The latter was not puffed up by his millions. Long after he had grown accustomed to the money and might reasonably be expected to look down on butchers, if in walking in the country with his children they saw a drove of hogs on the road, he would make his little boys stand at attention and take off their hats. 'I want them to respect the sources of wealth,' he said."

Too Strong.

"The traveler in Ireland will do well," recently remarked an attache to our embassy at London, "when he engages a jaunting car to make sure of the step to which in mounting, he must trust his weight. The carman does not help him to mount.

"'I am afraid that step is loose,' an American once said to the driver he had engaged.

"The man took hold of the step and shook it. 'Ah! sure,' said he, 'it's too sthrong, it is. What are ye afraid of?'

"As he was talking, the thing came off in his hand.

"This mishap did not, however, embarrass the Irishman, for, with the sunniest of smiles, he turned to his fare saying:

"'Shure, now, I've saved yer honor from a broken leg!'"—Harper's Weekly.

Wheels.

He was a great inventor.

"The thing I am working at now, he began, stroking his thin beard with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the alarm clock trust out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to arise at five you take five tablets; if you want to get up at six take six tablets; and so on."

"But how will it affect the alarm clock trust?"

"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired—"

But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded.—Harper's Weekly.

The Objects of Her Feelings.

"Patrick," gushed the amorous Widow Geary, "O'ye long-nanted t'ief confess t' ye th' state iv me feelin's toward ye, an' now Oi must tell ye thot Oi love ivvry hair iv y'r head!"

"Thin, if ye do," replied the adamantine Patrick, who has just come from the barber's, "Oi'll tell ye, Mrs. O'Leary, thot were ye in Cadey's barber shop around th' corner, ye'd foind Casey sweepin' th' objects iv y'r feelin's into his dustpan at th' prisint moment!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Only Long Sleeves Now.

Mistress—Here is a nice dress for you, Martha.

Maid—Thank ye, ma'am; but I can't take it, really.

Mistress—You foolish girl, of course you can take it. I insist.

Maid—No, really, I can't, ma'am. It's got them old-fashioned short sleeves.

FIT THE GROCER

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. A Cleveland grocer has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and must say that I was almost wrecked in my nerves.

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties.

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum there must be some merit in it and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared and today I am all right. I would advise everyone afflicted in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles, to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Haunted Stairway

By Temple Bailey

(Copyright.)

The stairway rose between walls of cold masonry for 20 stories. It was never used. Indeed it might be questioned if the men and women who shot up and down in the elevators knew of any other mode of ascent or descent.

It was very still on the stairway and rather dim and dark, and gradually it acquired a bad name.

At last a murder was committed on the tenth landing. The murderer was not apprehended and this fact added to the terrors of the stairway. Before a month had passed it was called haunted, and men whom no one would have counted superstitious moved their offices to other buildings.

Finally the matter began to attract the attention of the owners. Many of the offices were empty and the rentals were falling off.

"It's got to stop," said Brixton & Brixton; and they put in more electric lights and hired watchmen to patrol the stairway.

But, after a week's trial, the watchman threw up his job. Three other watchmen came and went, and at last Moran, the janitor, was detailed to succeed them. Moran's resignation came in the succinct statement: "Nixie for me."

Brixton, senior, struck his clenched hand impatiently on his desk.

"Such foolishness, Moran," he said.

"That may be, sor," Moran agreed; "but ye'll have to git another man."

Later Brixton, senior, sent for him and put him on the elevator service. It was puzzling at first hard to keep elevator boys, and Moran was trustworthy, if he was superstitious.

Again a succession of watchmen came, and went.

Brixton & Brixton consulted a detective agency. "It's shining our business," they said. "Find out who is playing us such a trick."

From the agency came men, two at a time. It grew to be a most unpopular assignment.

"Good lord," said Giffens, who was on duty the fifth week, "I keep seeing that poor fellow on the stairs with the sun shining in on him. I wonder how he happened to be down so far; his office was on the top floor."

They were on the fatal landing. A broad, deep window overlooked the other skyscrapers in the block and showed row after row of twinkling yellow lights, and above them all, the moon, pale in contrast to the glitter and glow of the city night. Moran had made his last trip for the night. The three men stood looking out.

Suddenly a wailing cry to a mournful, lilting measure reached their ears.

"Somebody's singin'," Giffens gasped.

The three Irishmen clung together.

"It's Killarney."

"Who's singin' it?" Murphy's bravado was gone.

"My God!" Moran said, "there was a little gurryl in Brown's office—Kate O'Neill—on the sixt' floor used to sing—like that. I heard her one time—"

"Where's she now?" Giffens asked.

"She wint away last spring," Moran said.

Next day Moran found himself irresistibly drawn toward the haunted landing. It was the noon hour and Giffens and Murphy had gone to lunch. Moran didn't want any lunch. The affair of the night before had upset him, and the plaintive tones of Kate O'Neill still rang in his heart.

Six steps down from the tenth floor and around a curve was the landing, and Moran, following the curve, stopped short, staring.

With her back to him, a woman stood looking out of the window.

She turned at the sound of Moran's footsteps.

"It's me," she said. "I've come back."

"Kate O'Neill!" gasped Moran.

"Yes. I've been in the hospital. I've been sick."

Moran went up to her.

"Katie," he said, "was you here last night?"

She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"No," she said, "I was in the hospital. I lef' there this mornin'."

"My God!" said Moran.

She shivered.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

"We heard you singin'—me and two other men. You was singin' 'Killarney.'"

Her hand was over her heart, her eyes dark with horror.

"What am I going to do?" she cried, "what am I going to do? I dream that I come here, and go up and down, and up and down the stairway—and there is no rest."

She paused and went on, whitelipped: "Maybe—it isn't a dream—maybe it's true—maybe—I do come—maybe I do—"

Her voice died away in a whisper. Moran stood spellbound.

"It was likely the wind," he said. Then, suspiciously: "Why did you come?"

Wearily she condemned herself. "You know—I killed him."

"You!" Moran reeled against the window and caught at the sill.

"I used to come here and sit," she went on, presently, "I came every day and ate my lunch, because it was quiet and no one ever came up the stairway. But one day—he came—" She hesitated, "I was singin'—"

Moran bent forward, listening eagerly.

"He stooped and spoke, and he was nice and pleasant. And after that he used to come at noon, often, and I liked him, and he would bring things and we would eat lunch together—oysters and birds—I think he was rich. No one ever saw us, for no one ever comes up and down the stairway."

"I did him about my old granny, and how I had left, for when I was a child, and how I had been alone in this country since my brother died, and that no home would ever be to me like the little house in the old country with the lake behind it and the low line of hills in front, and sometimes I would sing, and he would listen and plan to take me across the water some day. An' by that time I thought a lot of him, and I'd 'a' gone anywhere with him—" Her hands were clasped tensely, her little face was working with emotion.

"He used to bring me presents and put them behind that piece of broken tiling. He dug a hole with his knife in the plaster underneath, and I'd find things there. One day I found a magazine on the window-sill with a paper-knife across it to hold it down, and between the leaves were $100 in bills, and he was watching me around the curve, and when I opened the book and found the money he came out laughin', and said it was to get my new things with. 'We're goin' to sail next week,' he said, 'just you and me,' and he laughed some more.

"But I shook my head and told him that I couldn't take money from him until after we were married. 'After we are married,' I said, 'you can give me anything.' I thought he looked queer at that, and he was leaning over me very pale, and he said: 'Kate, little Kate O'Neill, I can't marry you.' And I said, 'Why not?' and he said: 'I've got a wife. But I'll do anything for you—I'll make you happy, but I can't marry you.'

"I had the paper-knife in my hand, and the next I knew he was lying there on the floor in the sunshine—"

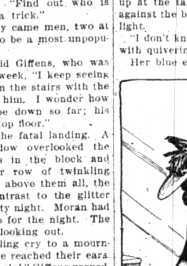
In the shuddering silence Moran whispered: "My God!"

"I ran upstairs with the knife in my hand and the book and the $100. I don't see why somebody didn't find them. They're in my desk. I put them there and went on working, and when I got back to my boarding place that night I fainted, and they sent me to the hospital—and—and that's all—"

She sank down on a step and looked up at the tall young man silhouetted against the background of blazing sunlight.

"I don't know what to do," she said, with quivering lips.

Her blue eyes held in them the ap-



"I've Got a Wife."

peal of helpless womanhood, and of helpless Irish womanhood at that.

Moran could not stand it.

"Katie," he said, "you dreamed it."

"Oh, no," she whispered.

"You did," Moran said; "you've been sick, and you've thought about it, and it's your delerryum that makes you think you did it—"

"But I'm not delirious now—" she said.

"Well, you was," Moran insisted. Then he lied smoothly. "'Twas a man did it. He was bandy-legged and cross-eyed and he had a grudge—"

Her startled eyes questioned him.

"But—" she began.

"He's confessed," Moran stated obstinately, "a week ago."

With her hands in his she was sobbing: "It can't be true!"

"'Tis true."

"Oh, I don't know what to do—"

Moran held her hands tightly for a moment, looking down at her with a shadow in his eyes.

"You'd best go," Moran said, hoarsely. "Go up and take the elevator on the next floor."

When the two detectives reached the landing they found Moran leaning negligently against the window, looking out.

"Murphy thinks we ought to look up that O'Neill girl," Giffens said.

"Ah, gwan," Moran said, as he set his shoulders squarely. "Ye couldn't hunt a little gurryl wid eyes like blue lakes. Ye're two things before ye're hard-hearted insthrumints of the law—"

"An' what's that?" asked Giffens.

"Ye're men—"

"An'?"

"Ye're Oirish," finished Moran, succinctly.

For Rifle Target Matches.

The navy department is making special efforts to improve small arms marksmanship in the navy. As an effective way of doing this the department is stimulating interest in target practice at the Naval academy on the theory that if the midshipmen are induced to take a lively interest in small arms shooting the effect of that interest will be felt later throughout the service. For this reason the navy department has announced this year the most extended schedule of rifle target matches that the midshipmen have yet had. Prizes will also be offered for winners in revolver matches to be held at the Naval academy.

Presented with Founder's Bust.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian association in Queen's hall, London, Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, in behalf of the donors of the headquarters building in New York, accepted a bust by Frampton of the late Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian association. Mr. Reid said that the gift could nowhere be appreciated more warmly and sympathetically.

HAS HIS TOMB READY FOR HIM.

Phineas G. Wright, Eccentric Bachelor, Calmly Waits for End.

Now that he has the whiskers on his monument brushed straight, his tomb well stocked with whisky and cigars and a proper inscription graven on the granite, Phineas Gardner Wright, Putnam's richest and oldest bachelor, says he can contemplate the end with calmness and satisfaction.

Mr. Wright is 79 years old and worth something over $200,000, according to a Waterbury (Conn.) dispatch to the New York World. This sum, he says, he has accumulated by strict attention to details, not trying to know too much and consistently suspecting all women. Following out the program which has made him successful, Mr. Wright has superintended the erection of his own monument, and he has inscribed thereon: "Going, but know not where." Under this the more definite information: "Never beat by man, but by woman."

The Wright monument is the show place of the Putnam cemetery. It is a solid granite block bearing on its top a bust of the man who is to lie under it. The bust is a faithful likeness, even to the stone whiskers now trimmed in goatee fashion. The sculptor who did the work was an irresponsible person with effeminate ideas. He parted Mr. Wright's whiskers at the middle in his original work. This made Mr. Wright angry, and he paid another sculptor $600 to brush out the stone whiskers straight. This work brought the price up to $3,600, but Mr. Wright didn't care.

In the tomb near by Mr. Wright has placed ample supplies of whisky and cigars.

"I don't want the boys who are burying me to feel too bad," he explained. "I want them to have a little something to keep them cheerful. Nobody can say I'm stingy." He has also engaged the Putnam Silver Cornet band to play at his funeral.

Mr. Wright's "going, but know not where," has stirred up a lot of trouble, particularly among theologians, some of whom have written him abusive letters. He is still hale and hearty.

Men's Hats.

"See that man?" the lately returned traveler remarked to a friend, indicating an individual a little ahead of them in the elevated car. "Well, I never saw him before, but I'll lay a good sized bet that he's an Englishman, and, moreover, a Londoner."

"How do you tell?" the friend asked.

"By the way he wears his hat," was the reply. "Notice how it is jammed down on the head. Englishmen, especially Londoners, put on their hats for keeps. No chance is taken of being separated from the bowler—that's what the derby is called over there. And it's the same way with a top hat, or a straw, or a cap, for that matter.

"The American wears his hat lightly in comparison, and so do the people of southern and central Europe. The French, for example, have a penchant for hats that seem a bit too small for them; at any rate, their headgear doesn't appear to be very firmly fixed. It may be my fancy, but an Italian always impresses me as a bit uncomfortable in a hat. At all events, he likes to avoid wearing it whenever possible. But your Englishman wears his hat thoroughly and seriously. It's tilted back a little, as a rule, and the nearer it is to his ears the safer he feels."

Just then the man ahead drew a paper from his pocket, spread it open, and began to read it. It was the London Times.

"There, what did I tell you!" was the returned traveler's comment.

Overworked.

Miss Geraldine Farrar honored with her presence a Lenten luncheon of debutantes in New York.

Miss Farrar told the debutantes that there was happiness in work. She urged work upon them all of them. Work, she said, would preserve them from degeneration into such a type as Mrs. Rose of Melrose.

"Mrs. Rose's type is too familiar," she said. "To show you the sort she is:

"Mr. Rose came home from business. Mrs. Rose lay on a couch. He sat down by her side and said:

"'What did the doctor say, dear?'

"He asked me to put out my tongue,' murmured Mrs. Rose.

"'Yes?'

"'And he looked at it and said: "Overworked!"'"

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.

Forgiveness.

"The state!" sneered the convicted anarchist. "What do I care for the state?"

"The state," replied the court, "is not inclined to repay your harshness in kind. It will care for you for a year."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS
THE GREATEST LAXATIVE KNOWN
SAMPLES FREE. MARVIN MFG. CO. 1547 B'WAY, N.Y.

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.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Brent Good
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Worries of Childhood.

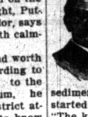
It must be a terrible thing to be a child nowadays. Overwhelmed with warnings and restrictions, they must not play with earth or sand, because these might contain the bacilli of phthisis, typhoid or tetanus; they must not play with other children, for fear of contagious diseases; their food is weighed; they are even forbidden to allow anyone to kiss them. This microbophobia is absurd.—Vienna Familienblatter.

Will Loan Money to Farmers.

The Transvaal government, through the medium of a land bank that is being opened, is about to lend approximately $12,000,000 to the farmers of the country to enable them to purchase modern agricultural machinery and implements.

FOUND THE CAUSE.

After Six Years of Misery and Wrong Treatment.



John A. Andes, of Robertson Avenue, Pen Argyl, Pa., suffered for six years with stinging pain in the back, violent headaches and dizzy spells, and was assured by a specialist that his kidneys were all right, though the secretions showed a reddish, brick-dust sediment. Not satisfied, Mr. Enders started using Doan's Kidney Pills. "The kidneys began to act more regularly," he says, "and in a short time I passed a few grayel stones. I felt better right away and since then have had no kidney trouble."

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

INTERMITTENTLY.

Tourist—What are you jumping up like that for, my good man?

Howling Dervish—Yeow! Dog of an unbeliever, I'm elevating my mind.

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary —Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, following a question of the Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

De Organ's Busted.

In a little church in Maryland, not far from Washington, the motive power for the organ comes from the strong arm of an industrious Irishman.

During a recent service there the choir got into trouble and, to cap the climax, during the confusion that ensued, the organ suddenly stopped.

The situation was not greatly relieved when there came floating out into the auditorium a hoarse whisper:

"Sing, all youse! Sing like the divil! De organ's busted.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

If an Advertisement Convinces You, Stay Convinced

When you read in this newspaper the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or any one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinced you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

INSIST ON GETTING WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

And the Moon Man Laughed.

They were jogging along the old road and cupid was so busy that the young man dropped the lines either side of the runabout. It was then that the wise old nag turned lazily around.

"What are you looking at?" queried the owl by the roadside.

"I am reading between the lines," laughed the old nag as she gave a horse laugh and showed her long yellow teeth.

Keeps Tab on the Trolleys.

An instrument has been devised for making complete tests of street cars while in operation. It consists of a table over which a roll of paper is fed slowly, above which are arms carrying small recording instruments. Each of these instruments is connected with a clockwork mechanism which causes it to register on the moving paper below every five seconds. Each instrument registers a special value—such as the amperes and volts used on each car motor, or the speed of the car on its location on the line, etc., so that for every trip of the car over the road this device furnishes a graphical record far more accurate than could be made by any number of observers.—Unidentified.

HELP WANTED SIGNS ON MANY FARMS.

Existing Conditions Can Be Easily Remedied—Where the Fault Lies.

It is unfortunately true that on almost every farm where the owner is too busy with other matters to devote much time and attention to them, there are chickens, horses, cows, hogs and sheep constantly showing signs that they need help.

Very frequently it happens that when we overlook an apparently common ailment there soon develops a serious trouble which oftentimes results in the death of the chicken or animal. Instances of this kind are of altogether too frequent occurrence and they sometimes result in the spread of the disease to other fowls and animals before it can be checked.

Whoever keeps poultry or live stock ought to be thoroughly informed as to the diseases and weaknesses of chickens, horses, cows, sheep and hogs so as to be able to determine at a glance the nature of any trouble that may develop. It isn't necessary to be a scientist or an expert scholar to get this knowledge.

Happily it is now possible to obtain free of charge the very best books on these various subjects. We refer to Pratts New Poultry Book, Pratts New Sheep Book, Pratts New Horse Book, Pratts New Hog Book and Pratts New Cattle Book. Any one of these books will be sent free of charge to interested parties by sending a postal to the Pratt Food Co., Department R, Philadelphia, Pa.

Everybody knows the Pratt Food Co., and that their preparations are used throughout the world by farmers, dairymen, stock raisers and poultrymen.

Pratts Animal Regulator is the favorite with all owners of horses, cows, sheep and hogs, because it improves the animals' digestion, regulates their bowels and tones up their systems, and gives them new life and spirits. Thousands of users say it is the greatest preventive of animal disease known.

Likewise, Pratts Poultry Regulator is the first and last choice of all poultrymen who want strong, healthy, profitable fowls, the kind that lay eggs regularly. We advise our readers to send for these new books mentioned above, without delay.

In the Free Vaccination Ward.

A Lithuanian woman was getting her fifth baby vaccinated the other day.

"I am glad," said the young surgeon, "that you recognize the importance of vaccination."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I often wonder," she added pensively, "what it's done for, though. It is to show you're a free citizen, the same as naturalization papers, ain't it?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Rally Cries.

"So you couldn't hear much of what the speaker said?"

"No. His delivery was all right, but between the yells of 'louder!' and 'order' he didn't have much chance."—Kansas City Times.

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.

French Sculptor Complimented.

M. Rodin, the celebrated sculptor, has been asked to paint some frescoes for the new art gallery at the Luxembourg palace.

Garfield Tea is of particular benefit to those subject to rheumatism and gout! It purifies the blood, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Drink before retiring.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think. Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.—Delavy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

A lazy man will not work himself so long as he can work others.

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

Special Offer

We are well known chemists. For $1.00 we mail, postpaid, 50 regular size and 25 sample boxes guaranteed wart and corn cure. Send no sample at below for trial—next day sell a box for 15 cents—profit 200 per cent. Agents earn $50 per day. You cannot help fail. With each order, we suggest 112 other ways of earning money.
ADAMS & JONES, Dept. R, Cincinnati, O.

WIDOWS under NEW LAW obtain PENSIONS by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 21, 1908.

HOUSE WORK

Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they 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 faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

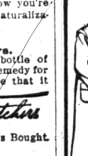
"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

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. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT on stormy days by wearing a



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