BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better, and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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

ONE ON THE DOCTOR.

St. Peter's Query Decided Reflection on Medical Attendant.

Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook told a story on his profession.

"A man by the name of Evans died," he said, "and went to heaven, of course. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"'Well, I'm here.'

"St. Peter looked at him and asked his name. 'John Evans,' was the reply.

"St. Peter looked through his book, and shook his head.

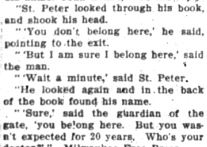
"'You don't belong here,' he said, pointing to the exit.

"'But I am sure I belong here,' said the man.

"'Wait a minute,' said St. Peter. "He looked again and in the back of the book found his name.

"'Sure,' said the guardian of the gate, 'you belong here. But you wasn't expected for 20 years. Who's your doctor?'"—Milwaukee Free Press.

MORE USED TO SELLING PINS.



Absent-Minded Clerk (who has been transferred from notion department)—So, you'll take this piano. Shall I send it, or will you take it with you?

Not the Chair.

He was a collector for an installment house, new at the business, and sensitive about performing an unpleasant duty. He was particularly embarrassed because the lady upon whom he had called to perform this unpleasant duty was so exceedingly polite. Still, the van was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments, and he remembered his duty.

"Good morning," said the lady. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," he agreed.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said.

"Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I've come to take the piano!"—Exchange.

Had Been Attended To.

An Italian went up to the civil service commissioners' rooms in the federal building the other day to be examined for a laborer's position. He answered most of the questions correctly. Finally they asked him if he had ever been naturalized. He seemed a bit puzzled, but at last his face lighted up.

"Ah, I know whata you mean. Scratcha de arm. Yes, lasta week."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dinner Time.

He—You know we can live on bread and cheese and kisses.

She—Yes, and when shall we be married?

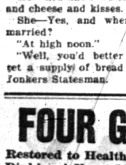
"At high noon."

"Well, you'd better get busy and get a supply of bread and cheese."—Yonkers Statesman.

FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.



Miss Lillian Roses, 530 East 84th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."

Katherine Craig, 2326 Lafayette St., Denver, Col., writes: "Thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am well, after suffering for months from nervous prostration."

Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."

Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 N. East St., Kewanee, Ill., says: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

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.

A MAN, A WOMAN AND A BABY

BY C. F. MARTIN

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

He was very small, very plump, and very pretty; he was possessed of a somewhat philosophical turn of mind. He spent most of his time lying in a soft bed in a bright, sunny nursery, and he was regularly given his dinner in a nicely warmed bottle.

The person who was most familiar to his wondering eyes was a dainty, white-clad, white-capped girl, who was always cheerful and happy. It made the baby happy to look at her; he expressed his pleasure by crowing in a language which he and the nurse seemed perfectly to understand.

He was dimly aware that outside the narrow limits of his nursery there existed a big, noisy, confusing world. He had received vague impressions concerning it during the brief hours which he usually passed outside on sunny afternoons. On these occasions, however, the fresh air always put him to sleep so promptly that he had had but little opportunity to examine the strange things surrounding him.

Remotely connected with his inner life there appeared to be other personalities than that of his nurse, although he had never been able to satisfactorily analyze their relationship.

On rare occasions a man had made brief visits to the nursery. He generally looked gravely at the baby for a short time, asked a few calm questions of the white-capped nurse, and went out.

The baby always felt much in awe of the man; he never crowed when the man was present.

More frequently the baby had a visitor who in some respects resembled his nurse, except that she was much more beautiful and more dazzlingly attired. She often bent long over the bed, and looked earnestly at the baby. Her face, despite its beauty, never seemed happy like that of the nurse, and she never talked in the language which the baby and the nurse understood.

The baby's face always grew solemn with wonder and expectation when the woman stood over him. Somewhere in his being he felt a prompting to crow to her; he somehow felt that it might bring a smile to her sad eyes—but he had never quite dared.

One day as the nurse was preparing his dinner the woman entered. She

Woman Knelt by the Little White Bed.

was very pale, and her beautiful eyes were shadowy.

"You may go out for an hour, Lizzie," she said, "I will give the baby his bottle to-day."

The nurse's eyes opened wide with astonishment, but she made no comment as she complied.

After the nurse had gone the woman knelt by the little white bed, and gratified the baby beyond measure by bursting into tears. For a time she sobbed uncontrollably, while the baby forgot his bottle in his wonder.

When she grew calmer she poured out her heart to the baby. He seemed to understand, and she had no other confidant. She told him many things of neglect, misunderstandings, and heartbreaks. Finally she ceased talking, and sat motionless, her dark eyes gazing absently out of the window.

The door opened softly, and the woman started to her feet; when she saw the man a quick flush sprang to her cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he said, instinctively lowering his eyes, "I did not mean to intrude—I did not know you were in."

"I—I have been giving the baby his bottle," she stammered, conscious of her tear-stained face. "Don't let me drive you away," she continued, as he half-turned toward the door. "Did you come to see the baby? I didn't know you—"

"Ever came to see him?" he supplemented, as she hesitated. "Yes, I come in now and then to see how he is getting along; Lizzie is rather young to have the care of a baby."

"Don't you think he is a little pale to-day?" she asked.

The man studied the baby, gravely for a moment. "It seems to me he does look a bit under the weather," he said, judicially. "I wonder if he gets enough to eat."

The baby, emboldened by the contents of his bottle and somewhat reassured by the attention he was receiving, gave a little gurgle, followed by the best crow he was capable of producing. Then he smiled cordially at the two grave faces above him, confident that they would understand that he was ready to accept overtures for his favor.

The woman's eyes lighted up; she looked at the man. He met her gaze for a moment, and glanced away.

"Queer how thoroughly his eyes are like yours," he said, with an effort at common-placeness.

"And his mouth and nose are replicas of yours," She stooped impulsively and kissed the baby's tiny mouth. Looking up, she caught the man's eye, and something she saw there brought the rosy flush back to her cheek.

"It's been a long time," he said, slowly, "since—"

"Yes, a long time," she murmured, as if phrases did not have to be completed to be understood.

"Ever since—" he began, and stopped again.

"Since that night in the conservatory," she mused, "when you saw Cousin Tom—"

"What do you mean?" he interrupted, quickly. "Do you mean it wasn't Dick Challoner that kissed you?"

"He has never done such a thing in his life!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, Mary," he cried, with a rush of understanding, "why didn't you tell me it was Tom?"

"Because you never asked me," she replied, "you chose to put your own construction on things, and to treat me coldly, and to act horrid with—"

But her speech was never finished, and the baby squealed with delight at seeing such demonstrations from this enigmatical man.

When the nurse came in a few moments later she found that the man and the woman had learned the language of the baby so well that all three were holding an animated conversation, and the subject of it all seemed to be the baby.

"Lizzie," said the woman, whose eyes were shining, "hereafter I will give the baby his bottle every day at this hour."

MAKING GODS FOR INDIA.

Foreign Countries Cutting Into Profitable Native Industry.

Few of us realize that into the vast triangle of Hindustan is packed one-fifth of the entire human race—more than 200,000,000 Hindus, 60,000,000 Mohammedans, 10,000,000 aborigines and well over 35,000,000 of other miscellaneous peoples, making up a population of over 300,000,000, speaking scores of different tongues and divided into hundreds of separate states.

The most important industry of India is agriculture, for the people are a race of farmers, and nearly two-thirds of the masses cultivate the soil, eking out a living so scanty that the slightest failure of the monsoon brings acute distress, if not positive famine.

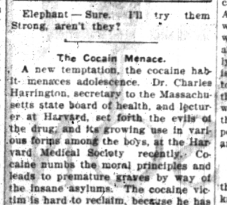
It is perhaps for this reason that India is the most god-ridden region on earth. Her deities are numbered in millions, for, quite apart from the greater gods, every little hamlet between the tremendous Himalayas and Cape Comorin has its own set of deities, dreadful and beneficent.

From this it will be seen that god-making in India must necessarily be an immense business, and just now there is much feeling among the native artificers over this holy and profitable industry being cut into by foreign merchants and traders. Only the other day an enormous five-tiered Juggernaut car of gayly painted wood and steel was made in Calcutta, and of late years Birmingham and Philadelphia have both secured big slices of the traffic in gods.

Every village, especially in South India, is supposed to be surrounded by evil spirits, always on the watch to inflict disease and misfortune on the people. At the same time every little hamlet has also its guardian spirits.

TESTING HIS WARES.

Monk—Hey, Ellie, suspenders. Iron clad—won't break. I wear a pair my self. Try 'em.



Elephant—Sure. I'll try them. Strong, aren't they?

The Cocain Menace.

A new temptation, the cocaine habit, menaces adolescence. Dr. Charles Harrington, secretary to the Massachusetts state board of health, and lecturer at Harvard, set forth the evils of the drug, and its growing use in various forms among the boys, at the Harvard Medical Society recently. Cocaine numbs the moral principles and leads to premature graves by way of the insane asylums. The cocaine victim is hard to reclaim, because he has no desire to be reclaimed. Dr. Harrington has himself obtained preventive legislation, which has just gone into effect, against cocaine in the form of a supplement to the drugs act, forbidding its sale in any form except on a doctor's order. He deserves the gratitude of parents and of the public generally.

LUNATICS ALLOWED AT LARGE.

They Are a Menace to the Public, But Under No Restraint.

There are many lunatics at large right now who should either be in asylums or under restraint at home receiving the attention of physicians says the New York Telegram. Many persons have been killed by maniacs, and relatives of the killers knew they were insane and swore to it on the witness stand at the subsequent trials. No insane person is harmless. One frequently hears it said of an eccentric person: "He's crazy, all right, but he's a harmless man." Every lunatic is a menace. It is better for him and for all his relatives that he be locked up. You never can tell what a madman will do, and if he takes human life he cannot be punished for it.

There are few persons who go up and down the face of the earth who are not acquainted with one or more lunatics. I know two crazy men who go about their business the same as other men do. One of them is single and is an egomaniac. He thinks of no one and nothing but himself. It is virtually impossible for him to talk about any subject except his business affairs and his wonderful doings. All of his acquaintances treat him indulgently and laugh at his boasts. He is quick-tempered and quarrelsome and some day he'll do some one a mischief. Then all his friends will swear that he is crazy and that they have known it for a long time and never thought he was dangerous. Insanity is in the man's family. Two of his relatives are in asylums.

The other lunatic with whom I am acquainted believes that every man's hand is against him. If you pass him on the street and fail to greet him with effusiveness you are certain to receive two or three menacing letters. If he invites you to go somewhere with him and you decline with all the politeness imaginable he will threaten to kill you.

Lengthy Lineage.

In "Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill," recently edited by Lady Dorothy's son, Mr. Ralph Nevill, there is an amusing story of an old peer whose considerable family pride was agreeably tempered with humor.

One day he was surprised to be told by his sister that she had conceived a great affection for a well-known although somewhat eccentric man of science, who, although generally esteemed, was of very humble Semitic origin.

Not quite determined as to what course of action he should take, he sent for the prospective bridegroom with the intention of talking matters over. After some conversation, he said:

"And now, sir, I should like to know something about your family."

"I think," replied the other, "that it will be sufficient to say that I am of the descent of the illustrious blood of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

"Oh," said the peer, "of course our family has nothing to compare with that. If my sister likes you, you had better take her."—Youth's Companion.

He Grasped the Idea.

"Tommy," said his teacher, "the words 'circumstantial evidence' occur in the lesson. Do you know what circumstantial evidence is?" Tommy replied that he did not.

"Well, I will explain it to you by an illustration. You know we have a rule against eating apples in school. Suppose some morning I should see you in your seat with a book held up in front of your face. I say nothing, but presently I go round to where you are sitting. You are busily studying your lesson, but, I find that your face is smeared, while under the edge of your slate I see the core of a freshly eaten apple.

"I should know, just as well as if I had caught you at it, that you have been eating an apple, although, of course, I did not see you do it. That is a case in which circumstantial evidence convicts you. Do you think you know what it is now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy. "It's eating apples in school."—Youth's Companion.

The Sexton's Precaution.

A good story is told of a wedding arranged at a church near Sheffield. The vicar was notoriously forgetful, and when the bride and bridegroom arrived with their friends he was not there. The sexton went in search of him, but when he returned at the vicar the wedding party had disappeared. The bride and bridegroom, however, had "words" while waiting for the vicar, and had gone home. Whatever differences there were were patched up, and a few days later they again presented themselves at the church for the wedding. Again the sexton had to fetch the vicar. "Suppose they are gone again when we get there?" said the vicar to the sexton.

"I have taken care of that," chuckled the sexton; "I've locked them in!"—Illustrated Bits.

The Menace of Selfishness.

Says President Hadley: "I firmly believe that the selfish pursuit of happiness menaces alike the efficiency of our individual citizens, the stability of our institutions and the power of resistance of our country to dangers and calamities, and that the fate of the American people—nay, the fate of the whole civilized world—is bound up with the possibility of maintaining amid all these difficulties an essential Christian philosophy of life." That is the calm and convincing conclusion to which he led the sober thought of the graduating class, a message which will not soon be forgotten, but one that is likely to suggest its impelling power at a moment when it is temporarily laid aside for selfish reasons.

Sounded Insulting.

"Why," asked the inquisitive one of the newly-arrived celebrity, "did you knock down the gentleman who had come to announce your election to the American Association for the Advancement of Science?"

"Because," answered the burly celebrity, "when he came grinning up to me and announced, 'Sir, you are A. A. A. S.' I didn't understand and thought that he was stuttering."—Kansas City Times.

AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.

MR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have.

"A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and dampness had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery.

"My good honest old doctor advised me to take Peruna, which I did and in a short time my health began to improve very rapidly, the bronchial trouble gradually disappeared, and in three months my health was fully restored.

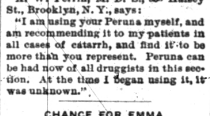
"Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."

Pe-ru-na for His Patients.

A. W. Perrin, M. D. S., 989 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

CHANCE FOR EMMA.



Tommy (to his sister)—Emma, if you give me a bit of your cake, I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight!

The Vital Point.

Judge Gillette was one of the most dignified of old-fashioned jurists. One day he was holding court at a county seat in a rather out-of-the-main-road county, when a violent hubbub in the hallway interrupted proceedings in the courtroom. After quieting the disturbance, the sheriff returned to report to the judge. "It was two men fighting," explained the official. "Danny Flannigan and Jake Jenkins, tough characters about town. I have put them under arrest." And he waited, expecting that the magistrate would order both offenders to be brought in to his presence and committed for contempt.

What was the sheriff's astonishment, therefore, when the judge beckoned him to the desk, and bending down, said in a confidential whisper:

"Which licked?"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

For and Against.

A Philadelphia lawyer, retained as counsel for the defense in a murder trial, tells of the difficulties in getting together a jury.

"Counsel were endeavoring," says this lawyer, "to elicit from the various prospective jurors their views concerning the death penalty.

"The man to whom the question was put, 'Are you against the infliction of the death penalty?' replied, 'No, sir.'

"'What is your business?' he was asked. 'I am a butcher,' he replied.

"When the same question was put to the next man he answered that he was against the death penalty.

"'What is your business?'

"'Life insurance,' said he."

The Candy Girl.

He was one of those sentimental chaps who imagine the only way to capture a girl's heart is to send her volumes of poetry. Selecting a book of seasonable verse he sent it to his lady fair with the following scribbled on the fly-leaf:

"Dearest, as I seek your heart,
A book of verse I do impart."

And the pretty but sensible girl, who did not care a rap if Shakespeare had been a pirate instead of a poet, returned the verses with the following lines:

"To the woods with this sludge,
If my heart you'd really budge,
Send me up a pound of fudge."

DROPPED COFFEE

Doctor Gains 20 Pounds on Postum.

A physician of Wash., D. C., says of his coffee experience:

"For years I suffered with periodical headaches which grew more frequent until they became almost constant. So severe were they that sometimes I was almost frantic. I was sallow, constipated, irritable, sleepless; my memory was poor, I trembled and my thoughts were often confused.

"My wife, in her wisdom, believed coffee was responsible for these ills and urged me to drop it. I tried many times to do so, but was its slave.

"Finally Wife bought a package of Postum, and persuaded me to try it, but she made it same as ordinary coffee and I was disgusted with the taste. (I make this emphatic because I fear many others have had the same experience.) She was distressed at her failure and we carefully read the directions, made it right, boiled it full 15 minutes after boiling commenced, and with good cream and sugar, I liked it—it invigorated and seemed to nourish me.

"This was about a year ago. Now I have no headaches, am not sallow, sleeplessness and irritability are gone, my brain clear and my head steady. I have gained 20 lbs. and feel I am a new man.

"I do not hesitate to give Postum due credit. Of course dropping coffee was the main thing, but I had dropped it before, using chocolate, cocoa and other things to no purpose.

"Postum not only seemed to act as an invigorant, but as an article of nourishment, giving me the needed phosphates and albumens. This is no imaginary tale. It can be substantiated by my wife and her sister, who both changed to Postum and are hearty women of about 50.

"I write this for the information and encouragement of others, and with a feeling of gratitude to the inventor of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

SAVED FROM MATERNAL WRATH.

Boys' Fervent Prayer Was Answered in the Nick of Time.

A suburbanite is fond of telling this story of his five-year-old son Bobby. Being of an inquiring turn of mind the youngster one day managed to turn on both faucets in the bathtub to see what would happen. It chanced that the stopper was in place, and the tub rapidly filled up, to the great delight of Bobby. Finally, however, the tub became so full that it threatened to overflow on to the floor, and Bobby, having a proper respect for the maternal slipper, became frightened and tried vainly to turn off the water. Being unable to, for some reason, he gazed tearfully at the ever-rising flood, and then, mindful both of his religious training and the occasional visits of the plumber, he plunged down on his knees, and his elder sister, who happened to be passing at the moment, heard him exclaim, fervently:

"O, Lord, please stop this water running! And, O, Lord, if you can't do it, please send somebody that can!"

His prayer was answered, for his sister rose to the occasion and turned off the water and temporarily saved Bobby from the much-feared slipper.

ITCHING HUMOR ON BOY

His Hands Were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over Body —Cured in 4 Days By Cuticura.

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything about the sores would spread. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him and took the Cuticura Ointment and anointed him with it. I did this every evening and in four nights he was entirely cured. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

WAS ONLY RED BLOOD.

And Three-Year-Old Had Been Told That it Was Blue.

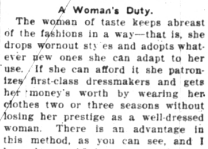
Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandmac who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SWEET THINGS.



Maude—How do I look in the water, dear?

Mabelle—Best ever—when your figure is totally immersed.

A Woman's Duty.

The women of taste keeps abreast of the fashions in a way—that is, she drops wornout styles and adopts whatever new ones she can adapt to her use. If she can afford it she patronizes first-class dressmakers and gets her money's worth by wearing her clothes two or three seasons without losing her prestige as a well-dressed woman. There is an advantage in this method, as you can see, and I have been told by women who use it that there is economy as well.

It is no economy to save at the expense of good looks. It is a woman's duty to look her best, a duty she owes to her family. If she can secure it by a small expenditure, so much the better, but to save by accepting shabbiness when a comfortable save in dire stress of circumstances. Poverty is an excuse for shabbiness and nothing else is accepted by the world, save in the rare cases of shabby millionaires.—Chicago Journal.

A Favored Fowl.

"I has been told," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat de parrot is one of de longest-lived birds dat is."

"De statement," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "is strictly ornithological."

"I wonder why?"

"I specks dat one reason why de parrot lives so long is dat he ain' good o eat."—Washington Star.

Sleighing All the Year.

Because of the lichens which grow abundantly on the stone-paved streets in Madeira, making them slippery, it is possible to use sleighs the year around.

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

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits, daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per Bottle

An Effective Hint.

"She won't ask directly for wine, but when she is where it is, she always pretends to be taken with great suffering."

"I see; an all around case of sham pain."

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

Don't forget that a thing isn't done because you intend to do it.

Feet Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Ease. Over 30,000 testimonials. Refuse imitations. Send for free trial package. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Blunt language is often used in making sharp retorts.

MARVIN'S CASCARA CHOCOLATE TABLETS
THE GREAT CONSTIPATION CURE
SAMPLES FREE. MARVIN'S MFG. CO. DETROIT, MICH.
50 at druggists

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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Brentwood

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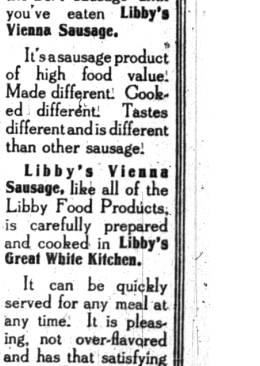

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Vienna Sausage

You've never tasted the best sausage until you've eaten Libby's Vienna Sausage.

It's a sausage product of high food value. Made different. Cooked different. Tastes different and is different than other sausage.

Libby's Vienna Sausage, like all of the Libby Food Products, is carefully prepared and cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

It can be quickly served for any meal at any time. It is pleasing, not over-flavored and has that satisfying taste. Try it.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

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