# HUNDREDS HEAR HER TESTIMONY

Mrs. Harris Grew So Despondent She Gave Up Entirely, She Declares.

## GAINED 35 POUNDS

"I Believe I've Told Fully Four Hundred People In Person About My Recovery on Tanlac," She Says.

"I am not only a strong healthy woman instead of a nervous wreck like I was before taking Tanlac, but I have actually gained thirty-five pounds in weight besides," said Mrs. Emma Harris, whose husband is in the transfer business and who resides at 2811 Reiger street, Dallas, Texas.

"My health had been gradually failing for several months," she continued. "I just had to force down every mouthful I ate and I felt off until I weighed hardly more than a hundred pounds. I was tormented by boils and eruptions all over my body and suffered agonies from rheumatism that made my bones ache like they would break in two. My nerves were in such a state it was simply impossible for me to get any sleep and I felt so downhearted and hopeless that I just gave up entirely and took to my bed.

"One day a friend told me about Tanlac and advised me to try it. I sent for a bottle and by the time I had used up half of it my appetite returned and I was soon up and about and able to take up my housework again. I eat anything I want now, my food gives me strength, my blood has cleared up, my rheumatism is gone and I suffer no pains, I sleep like a child and feel fresh and fine when I wake up. I believe I've told fully four hundred people in person, about my recovery on Tanlac."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Adv.

### No Other Place Woud Do.

A dentist, who had been made nervous by frequent burglaries in his vicinity, was somewhat startled recently by having a man come regularly at the same hour every evening and sit on his doorstep. He finally suggested that, if it would be all the same to him, he would be pleased to have him divide his attention and sit on some neighbor's doorstep for a while.

"But it wouldn't be the same," shouted the visitor, "nor anything like it. You are a dentist, and I have an aching tooth that I haven't the courage to have pulled out. I come here every afternoon trying to make up my mind to have it out, and as soon as I come in sight of your house it stops aching, but when I sit on your doorstep, and the confounded thing knows it can be pulled out if it gives me trouble, I have some rest."

### How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

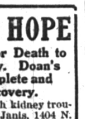
Even a spinster may have the matrimonial fever, but it doesn't always terminate to her liking.

More than 8,000 British soldiers have been supplied with artificial limbs.

# GAVE UP HOPE

## Often Wished For Death to End Her Misery. Doan's Effected a Complete and Lasting Recovery.

"I was helpless with kidney trouble," says Mrs. Ellen Janis, 1404 N. Third St., St. Charles, Mo., "and began to think my case was beyond the reach of medicine. The pain in my back laid me up in bed and it seemed as if my back would be crushed. I couldn't sleep and was so nervous I was almost frantic. Dizzy spells came before my eyes and the pains in my head were terrible. My sight was affected and there were large, puffy spots beneath my eyes.



"How I suffered when passing the kidney secretions! I screamed in agony and I often wished I might die and be out of misery. I had night sweats and mornings on getting up I was so weak and numb I could hardly stand up. I grew so pale and emaciated I looked like death. *Doan's Kidney Pills* cured me completely and I have been in well and healthy since as any woman of my age."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A neglected cold in a child's head often leads to chronic catarrh, with catarrhal deafness—stunting children's mental growth, making them appear stupid.

Try Kondon's for the baby's cold

(at no charge to you)

$5,000.00 have used this 28-year-old remedy, for stopping catarrh, snuffles, head colds, sneezing, nose-bleed, sick headache in far too many cases, or buy today at druggist's. A full treatment, enough for most cases than 15 cents, or we pay money back. Try trial one. Now write for—

SANDEN MFG. CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY


# The Real Man

## By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons)

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued.)
—13—

On the day following the bindgrine concrete failure at the dam, Smith gave still more color to the charges of his detractors in the business field. Those whose affairs brought them in contact with him found a man suddenly grown years older and harder, bondy and harshly dictatorial, not to say quarrelsome; a man who seemed to have started, in the short space of a single night, with all of the humanizing affabilities which he had shown to such a marked degree in the reorganizing and refinancing of the irrigation project.

"We've got our young Napoleon of finance on the toboggan slide, at last," was the way in which Mr. Crawford Stanton phrased it for the bejeweled lady at their luncheon in the Hophra cafe. "Kinzie is about to throw him over, and all this talk about botchwork on the dam is getting his goat. They're telling it around town this morning that you can't get water him without risking a fight. Old Man Backus went up to his office in behalf of a bunch of the scared stockholders, and Smith abused him first and then threw him out bodily—hurt him pretty savagely, they say."

The large lady's accurately pencilled eyebrows went up in mild surprise.

"Bad temper?" she queried.

"Bad temper, or an acute attack of 'rattletis'; you can take your choice. I suppose he hasn't, by any chance, quarreled with Miss Richlander overnight?—or has he?"

The fat lady shook her diamonds. "I should say not. They were at luncheon together in the ladies' ordinary as I came down a few minutes ago."

Thus the partner of Crawford Stanton's joys and sorrows. But an invisible onlooker in the small dining room of above-stairs might have drawn other conclusions. Smith and the daughter of the Lawrenceville magnate had a small table to themselves, and if the talk were not precisely quarrelsome, it leaned that way at times.

"I have never seen you quite so brutal and impossible as you are today, Montague. You don't seem like the same man. Are you going to reconsider and take me out to the Baldwin ranch this afternoon?"

"And let you parade me there as your latest acquisition?—never in this world!"

"More brutality. Positively you are getting me into a frame of mind in which Tucker Jibbey will seem like a blessed relief. Whatever do you suppose has become of Tucker?"

"How should I know?"

"If he had come in last night, and you had met him—as I asked you to—in any sensibly heavenly temper as you are indulging now, I might think you had murdered him."

It was doubtless by sheer accident that Smith, reaching at the moment for the salad oil, overturned his water glass. But the small accident by no means accounted for the sudden graying of his face under the Timanyoni wind tan—for that or for the shaking hands with which he seconded the waiter's anxious efforts to repair the damage. When they were alone again, the momentary trepidation had given place to a renewed hardness that lent a biting rasp to his voice.

"Kinzie, the suspicious old banker that I've been telling you about, is determined to run me down," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "I've got it pretty straight that he is planning to send one of his clerks to the Tonas district to try and find your father, in the hope that he will tell what he knows about me."

"Does this Mr. Kinzie know where father is to be found?"

"He doesn't; that's the only hitch."

Miss Verda's smile across the little table was level-eyed.

"I could be lots of help to you, Montague, in this fight you are making, if you'd only let me," she suggested.

"I'll fight for my own hand," was the greeting rejoinder. "I can assure you right now, that Kinzie's messenger will never reach your father—alive."

"Ooh!" shuddered the beauty, with a little lift of the rounded shoulders. "How utterly and hopelessly primitive! Let me show you a much simpler alternative. I have a map of the mining district, you know. Father left it with me—in case I should want to communicate with him."

Smith looked up with a smile which was a near baring of the teeth.

"You wouldn't get in a man's way with any fine-spun theories of the ultimate right and wrong, would you? You wouldn't say that the only great man is the man who loves his fellow men, and all that?"

Again the handsome shoulders were lifted, this time in cool scorn.

"Are you quoting the little ranch person?" she inquired. Then she answered his query: "The only great men worth speaking of are the men who win. For the lack of something better to do, I'm willing to help you win, Montague. Most naturally, I am the one who would know where my father is to be found. And I have changed my mind about wanting to drive to the Baldwins'. We'll compromise on the play—if there is a play."

"There is a play, and I have the seats," he announced briefly.

"Merci!" she flung back. "Small favors thankfully received, and large ones in proportion; though it's hardly a favor, this time, because I have paid for it in advance, Mr. Kinzie's young man came to see me this morning."

"What did you do?"

"I gave him a tracing of my map, and he was so grateful it made me want to tell him that it was all wrong; that he wouldn't find father in a month if he followed the directions."

"But you didn't!"

"No; I can play the game, when it seems worth while."

Smith was frowning thoughtfully when he led her to the elevator alcove.

"My way would have been the surer," he muttered, half to himself.

"Barbarian!" she laughed; and then: "To think that you were once a 'debutantes' darling!" Oh, yes; I know it was Carter Westcott who said it first, but it was true enough to name you instantly for all Lawrenceville."

CHAPTER XVII.

### The Megalomaniac.

Sixty-odd hours before the expiration of the time limit, Bartley Williams, lean and somber-eyed from the strain he had been under for many days and nights, saw the president's gray roadster plowing its way through the mesa sand on the approach to the construction camp, and was glad.

The time limit, trying all the morning to squeeze out time to get into town," he told Baldwin, when the roadster came to a stand in front of the shack commissary. "Where is Smith?"

The colonel threw up his hand in a gesture expressive of complete detachment.

"Don't ask me. John has gone plumb loco in these last two or three days. It's as much as your life's worth to ask him where he has been or where he is going or what he means to do next."

"He hasn't stopped fighting?" said the engineer, half aghast at the bare possibility.

"Oh, no; he is at it harder than ever—going it just a shading too strong, is what I'd tell him, if he'd let me get near enough to shout at him. Last night, after the theater, he went around to the Herald office, and the way they're talking it on the street, he was aiming to shoot up the whole newspaper joint if Mark Allen, the editor, wouldn't take back a bunch of the lies he's been publishing about the High Line. It wound up in a scrap of some sort. I don't know who got the worst of it, but John isn't crippled up any, to speak of, this morning—only in his temper."

Williams shook his head. "I guess we'll have to stand for the grouch, if he'll only keep busy. He has the hot end of it. We couldn't very well get along without him, right now, colonel. With all due respect to you and the members of the board, he is the fighting backbone of the whole outfit."

"He is that," was Baldwin's ready admission. "He is just what we've been calling him from the first, Bartley—a three-ply, dyed-in-the-wool worker in his specialty. He is fighting for his life a man in the last ditch, and I believe he thinks he is in the last ditch."

"It will be only two days more," said the engineer, saying it as one who has been counting the days in keen anxiety. And then: "Stillings told me yesterday that we're not going to get an extension of the time limit from the state authorities."

"No; that little fire went out, blink. Just as Smith said it would. Stanton's backers have the political pull—in the state as well as in Washington. They're going to hold us to the letter of the law."

"Let 'em do it. We'll win out yet—if we don't run up against one or both of the only two things I'm afraid of now: high water, or the railroad calldown."

"The railroad grab? Have you heard anything more about that?"

"That is what I was trying to get to town for; to talk the railroad business over with you and Stillings and Smith. They've had a gang here this morning—a bunch of engineers, with a stranger, who gave his name as Hallowell, in charge. They claimed to be verifying the old survey, and Hallowell notified me formally that our dam stood squarely in their right of way for a bridge crossing of the river."

"They didn't serve any papers on you, did they?" inquired the colonel anxiously.

"No; the notice was verbal. But Hallowell wound up with a threat. He said, 'You've had due warning, legally and otherwise, Mr. Williams. This is our right of way, bought and paid for, as we can prove when the matter gets into the courts. You mustn't be surprised if we take whatever steps may be necessary to recover what belongs to us.'"

"Force?" queried the Missourian, with a glint of the border fighter's fire in his eyes."

"Maybe. But we're ready for that. Did you know that Smith loaded half a dozen cases of new rifles on a motortruck yesterday, and had them sent out here?"

"No!"

"He did—and told me to say nothing about it. It seems that he ordered them from Reno ago from an arms agency in Denver. That fellow foresees everything, colonel."

Dexter Baldwin had climbed into his car and was making ready to turn it for the run back to town.

"If I were you, Bartley, I believe I'd open up those gun boxes and pass the word among as many of the men as you think you can trust with rifles in their hands. I'll tell Smith—and Bob Stillings."

Colonel Baldwin saw the company's attorney, as soon as he reached Brewster. But Smith was not in his office, and no one seemed to know where he had gone. The colonel shrewdly suspected that Miss Richlander was making another draft upon the secretary's time, and he said as much to Starbuck later in the day, when the mine owner sauntered into the High Line headquarters and proceeded to roll the inevitable cigarette.

"We've mighty near got a madman to deal with in there, colonel," he by a whole row of apple trees. Miss Hich-dollars is over at the hotel. I saw her at luncheon with the Stantons less than an hour ago."

"You haven't seen Smith, have you?"

"No; but I know where he is. He's out in the country, somewhere, taking the air in Dick Maxwell's runabout. I wanted to borrow the wagon myself, and Dick told me he had already lent it to Smith."

"We're needing him," said the colonel shortly, and then he told Starbuck of the newest development in the paper-railroad scheme of obstruction.

From that the talk drifted to a discussion of Kinzie's latest attitude. By this time there had been an alarming number of stock sales by small holders, all of them handled by the Brewster City National, and it was plainly evident that Kinzie had finally gone over to the enemy and was buying—as cheaply as possible—for some unnamed customer.

"If they keep it up, they can wear us out by littles, and we'll break our necks finishing the dam and saving the franchise only to turn it over to them in the round-up," said the colonel dejectedly. "I've talked until I'm hoarse, but you can't talk marrow into an empty bone, Billy. I used to think we had a fairly good bunch of men in with us, but in these last few days I've been changing my mind at a fox-trot."

The remainder of the day, up to the time when the offices were closing and the colonel was making ready to go home, passed without incident. In Smith's continued absence Starbuck had offered to go to the dam to stand by Bartley Williams against a possible surprise by the right-of-way claimants; and Stillings, who had been petitioning for an injunction, came up to report progress just as Baldwin was locking his desk.

"The judge has taken it under advisement, but that is as far as he would go today," said the lawyer. "It's simply a bold steal, of course. I'm sworn to uphold the law, and I can't counsel armed resistance. Just the same, I hope Williams has his nerve with him."

"He has; and I haven't lost mine yet," snapped a voice at the door; and Smith came in, dust-covered and swarthy with the grime of the wind-swept grasslands. Out of the pocket of his driving coat he drew a thick packet of papers and shipped it upon the drawdown—curtain of Baldwin's desk. "There you are, colonel," he went on gratingly. "Now you can tell Mr. David Kinzie to go straight to blazes with his stock-pinching, and the more money he puts into it, the more somebody's going to lose!"

"John!—what have you done?" demanded Baldwin.

"I've shown 'em what it means to go up against a winner!" was the half-triumphant, half-savage exultation. "I

"I'm Going to Hunt Up Mr. Crawford Stanton."

have put a crimp in that fence-climbing banker of yours that will last him for one while! I've secured thirty-day options, at par, on enough High Line stock to swing a clear majority if Kinzie should buy up every other share there is outstanding. It has taken me all day, and I've driven a thousand miles, but the thing is done."

"But, John! If anything should happen, and we'd have to make good on those options. . . . It would break the last man of us!"

"We're not going to let things happen!" was the gritting rejoinder. "I've told you both a dozen times that I'm in this thing to win! You take care of those options, Stillings; they're worth a million dollars to somebody. Lock 'em up somewhere and then forget where they are. Now I'm going to hunt up Mr. Crawford Stanton—before I eat or sleep!"

"Easy, John; hold up a minute!" the colonel broke in soothingly; and Stillings, more practical, closed the office door silently and put his back against it. "This is a pretty sudden country, but there is some sort of a limit, you know," the big Missourian went on. "What's your idea in going to Stanton?"

"I mean to give him twelve hours in which to pack his trunk and get out of Brewster and the Timanyoni. If he hasn't disappeared by tomorrow morning—"

Stillings was signaling in dumb show to Baldwin. He had quietly opened the door and was crooking his finger and making signs over his shoulder toward the corridor. Baldwin saw what was wanted, and immediately shot his desk cover open and turned on the lights.

"That last lot of steel and cement vouchers was made out yesterday, John," he said, slipping the rubber band from a file of papers in the desk. "If you'll take time to sit down here and run 'em over, and put your name on 'em, I'll hold Martin long enough to let him get the checks in tonight's mail. I'll be back after a little."

Smith dragged up the president's big swivel chair and planted himself in it, and an instant later he was lost to everything save the columns of figures on the vouchers. Stillings had let himself out, and when the colonel followed him, the lawyer cautiously closed the door of the private office, and edged Baldwin into the corridor.

"He's mighty near got a madman to deal with in there, colonel," he whispered, when the two were out of earshot. "I was watching his eyes when he said that about Stanton, and they fairly blazed. He's going to kill somebody, if we don't look out."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

"He's acting like a loceed thoroughbred that's gone outlaw," he said. "Do you reckon he's sure-enough crazy, Bob?"

"Only in the murder nerve. This deal with the options shows that he's all to the good on the business side. That was the smoothest trick that's been turned in any stage of this dogfighting fight with the big fellows. It simply knocks Kinzie's rat-gnawing game dead. If there were only somebody who could calm Smith down a little and bring him to reason—somebody near enough to him to dig down under his shell and get at the real man that used to be there when he first took hold with us—"

"A woman?" queried Baldwin, frowning disapproval in anticipation of what Stillings might be going to suggest.

"A woman for choice—of course. I was thinking of this young woman over at the Hophra House; anybody can see with half an eye that she has a pretty good grip on him. Suppose we go across the street and give her an invitation to come and do a little missionary work on Smith. She looks level-headed and sensible enough to take it the way it's meant."

Stillings was a lawyer and had no scruples, but the colonel had them in just proportion to his Southern birth and breeding.

"I don't like to drag a woman into it, any way or shape, Bob," he protested; and he would have gone on to say that he had good reason to believe that Miss Richlander's influence over Smith might not be at all of the ameliorating sort, but Stillings cut him short.

"There need be no 'dragging.' The young woman doubtless knows the business situation; she evidently knows Smith a whole lot better than we do. It's a chance, and we'd bet er try it. He's good for half an hour of so with those vouchers."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MUSIC NEED OF FIGHTING MEN

### Blare of Band Instruments Brings Cheer to Troops and Is Just as Necessary as Ammunition.

"The blare of the trombone, the shrill note of the piccolo and the drums blending with other band instruments in a military organization give cheer to the men with the guns and is just as necessary as ammunition," says Charles H. Parsons of New York. "During the Spanish-American war the tunes happily accepted were those of the vaudeville stage, when 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' was said to have led troops to the capture of San Juan hill. The old Civil war melodies having the swing of march cadence were first of all, 'Dixie,' probably used, at least hummingly, by the soldiers of the North, as those who followed 'the Stars and Bars.' And it is worth while to recall that 'Dixie' was the most popular of all the melodies strummed in camp and sung in action of all the old-time songs during the war of 1898.

"Canned music will give to the boys at the front much of their entertainment everywhere to come," added Mr. Parsons. "The phonographic records will cheer many groups. And they will have programs provided by the stars of the operatic world and other entertainers who may not give to them their cheer first hand."

### Costly Living.

Most of the high cost of living comes from buying things we don't need. If it wasn't for that we would all live off the fat of the land, and the rich and well-to-do would have enough left to help other people and boost the uplift of the city. If all the money that society throws away on idle pleasures and needless things were redistributed equitably among the people, everybody would be living on lamb chops, lima beans and pound cake; and the reflex action of such a situation would compensate the well-off for the loss of their joyless pleasures. But the old ideal of the university seems still to influence the people—"never to vex at the little ridiculous misuse." It wouldn't cost a cent to have it otherwise, as long as our money goes into pleasures and trifles. But take each individual life and cut off the foolish and needless things, and such a one would occupy the proud eminence of a champion of nobler things.—Ohio State Journal.

### Venison.

Venison, as a plain roast, is not a very interesting dish; it is one of those foods that depend greatly upon the "dishings," and the dishings aren't seriously run up the cost. When you have paid for a pot of red currant jelly to go with it you haven't saved much. In the days when venison was an aristocratic food it was served with all manner of sauces, either piquant or sweet, into the composition of which wine entered, and the venison pastry of romance and the baronial hall was re-enforced with spices, unlimited eggs and boned pheasants and partridges. People who have been trying it recently for the first time are notewell, enthusiastic about it.—London Chronicle.

### Range Finders Delicate Instruments.

The remarkable performance of long-range naval guns is based on optical instruments of beautiful delicacy and precision. Naval range finders are sometimes built more than 30 feet long. Periscopes as used both on land and sea are based on the use of high-grade glass, though the need for great perfection in the instruments is not so pressing.

It is evident that in developing the processes for making our own optical glass of the highest quality we have taken an important step toward independent military efficiency.

### To Mark Light Switches.

So that electric light pull switches can be found in dark rooms there has been invented a glass pendant filled with a substance absorbing light in the daytime and becoming luminous at night.

# THREATENED COAL STRIKE AVERTED

### OPERATORS AND MINERS REACH FULL AGREEMENT ON WAGE INCREASES.

## PASS COST ON TO CONSUMER

### Operators Agree to Pay Higher Wages Provided Government Allows Them to Raise Coal Price.

Washington—Coal operators and miners of the central competitive field have reached a full agreement on wage increases.

Coal mine wage scales throughout the country are based on the central field scale, so if this agreement is ratified, wages will be raised accordingly in other districts.

Pick and machine miners, who demanded 15 cents a ton increase, will get 10 cents, and unskilled labor, which sought a wage raise of $1.90 a day, will get $1.50. Yardage and dead work laborers will get a 20 per cent increase.

The increases were granted by the operators contingently on their absorption in higher coal prices, which they expect the fuel administration to give them on presentation of their cost figures.

Operators of the central field are asking the fuel administration for increases of about 50 cents a ton in the prices fixed for coal at the mines in a recent order by President Wilson.

## FIRST MEATLESS DAY A SUCCESS

### Many Hotels and Restaurants in Cities Observe Meatless Tuesday.

Lansing—Michigan's first meatless day was successful, according to reports obtainable Tuesday night by Food Administrator George A. Prescott.

Nearly all the larger hotels throughout the state any many of the restaurants in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Bay City, Saginaw and other cities in the lower peninsula observed the suggestions of Mr. Prescott.

Many of the day several of them telegraphed to him that the entire day had been a success and that the public, as one restaurant keeper in Detroit put it, "took to meatless days like a duck to water."

Mr. Prescott has hope of the same general success although he is frank to admit that a substitute for wheat bread or for anything else containing wheat is going to be a harder proposition for the hotelkeepers and restaurant owners to find.

Use of corn breads and the so-called "war breads" which have been much in the daily prints and magazines for months, however, was tried out Wednesday in many hotels.

In order to make the suggestions of the food administration, representing as he does the United States government, bear a state flavor, Governor Sleeper issued a proclamation asking all good citizens of Michigan to follow the suggestions of the national government as made public through Mr. Prescott.

## DETROIT GETS ORDNANCE PLANT

### Two Million Dollar Company Started When Big Contract Is Assured.

Detroit—Detroit manufacturers will form a $2,000,000 company to build ordnance for the government.

Preliminary arrangements for the organization of this company were made when assurance was given of a $25,000,000 contract to begin the work. Other contracts, as large if not larger, will be forthcoming when the new plant is in operation, according to statements made at the session.

Captain C. B. Goodspeed and E. Tyden, representing the ordnance department of the United States army, outlined the project to the Detroit capitalists and manufacturers present, emphasizing the fact that haste was necessary in getting the plant in operation.

The government contract specifies that the plant in Detroit must be in working order, turning out a specified output, by October 1, 1918. One large factory now nearing completion has been designated as the place to be used in this proposition and it is expected that the new company will take over this plant.

More than 3,000 men will be employed when manufacturing begins and later work may be found for 10,000.

## SUBMARINE PERIL IS REAL

### Northcliffe, Head of British Mission, Tells America to Build Ships.

New York—German's submarine menace is now being concentrated against American military supply ships. A German submarine base has probably been established off the French coast in the American transport lane. There is no real decrease in total allied submarine sinkings. America can only fulfill her gigantic army requirements in France by depending on her own shipping and making the issue with Germany personal.

This is the interpretation of the submarine situation today as expressed by Lord Northcliffe, head of the British war mission and the most constructive war critic any belligerent nation has produced.

### Spies Menace Selfridge Field.

Mt. Clemens—More restrictions are being placed daily on visitors to Selfridge aviation field. Many passes have been revoked and parties entering the field are being thoroughly searched before passing through the gates. These precautions are necessary because of the spy peril which is a real menace. It is reported that many machines bear evidence of having been tampered with. Stay wires show traces of acid and files, weakening them to a breaking point.


# NOTICE TO SICK WOMEN

## Positive Proof That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Bridgeton, N. J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedy to all women as I have used them with such good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CUMMINGS, 322 Harmony St., Penn's Grove, N. J.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

# ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 29 Cents and One Dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY


### High-Minded Architects.

A nouveau riche who was noted for his misuse of the king's English is quoted by an exchange as dilating on the cost of the kennels for his new country place in these words: "It's just throwing money into the air. We haven't an animal on the place worth $2; but the way those architects are fitting up those echinounded kennels, anyone would think that they expected them to be occupied by the Dog of Venice himself!"


## SKIN-TORTURED BABIES

### Sleep, Mothers Rest After Treatment With Cuticura—Trial Free.

Send today for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and learn how quickly they relieve itching, burning skin troubles, and point to speedy healment of baby rashes, eczema and itchings. Having cleared baby's skin keep it clear by using Cuticura exclusively.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.


### Perfectly Ridiculous.

"It's too bad that you broke your doll," commented the caller.

"This doll is not broken," corrected the child gravely.

"Oh, isn't it? I thought that was the doll that used to cry 'Mamma?' when it was queezed."

"This is the same doll. But you must remember that was several years ago. She is much older now. You don't expect a grown-up young lady to cry 'Mamma!' when she is queezed do you?"

The caller had to acknowledge that whatever she expected, it probably wouldn't take place.

### That's a Different Thing.

My small cousin was telling me of some naughty trick he had played on another boy, and after he heard my opinion of it decided to tell his mother.

"Why, Lawrence," I said, "I should think your conscience would prick you."

"What is a conscience?" he inquired.

"Well, a conscience," I answered, "is the thing that says, 'No, don't do that,' when we are going to do something naughty."

He thought he understood that all right, but finally he said, "But what is the thing that says, 'Yes, go ahead and do it?'"—Exchange.

### Dyspeptic Dangers.

"Is this war bread, my dear?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"It looks to me as if a man had only a fighting chance with it."

POSTUM has been adopted as the table beverage in many a home because of its pleasing flavor and healthful nature