DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my work is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

More than 60 yrs. ago

an English chemist began to manufacture BEECHAM'S PILLS. Today they have the greatest sale of any medicine in the World! Why?

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Soldiers' Needles.

If women who have been looking for some way to send needles to the soldiers without having them rust will try this method, told by a tailor, they will have no trouble: Dry thoroughly fine coffee grounds and stuff a little woolen bag with them, mery fashion, very hard. After threading the needles run them into the bag, eye and all.

"Cold In the Head"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

$100.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.

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

Really Wonderful.

"Isn't it wonderful how these harvesting machines cut the wheat and tie it into bundles?" "Oh, I don't know. I hear they have a machine now that cuts the wheat, threshes it, grinds it into flour and raises the price, all in one operation."—Life.

Watch Your Skin Improve.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free sample address "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Cheer Up! 'Twill Be Warmer.

Flathush—Terrible weather, isn't it? Bensonhurst—Yes, but every cloud has a silver lining, you know.

"What's the big idea?"

"We're told we are to have an unusually hot summer this year."

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

The Idea.

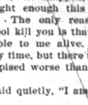
First Magistrate—"I am afraid of these laws with teeth." Second Ditto—"I'm not, if they're gold filled."

Something wrong with the man who regards a premonition as a warning.

ALMOST FRANTIC

Had Kidney Trouble From Childhood and Was Discouraged. Doan's, However, Brought Health and Strength.

Mrs. C. Anderson, 4104 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I had kidney trouble from childhood and three years ago a severe spell developed. If I stooped, a terrible pain took me in the small of my back, and for several minutes I couldn't straighten. Often at night the pain in my back was so bad I had to prop myself up with a pillow. It seemed as if my back would break. Watery specks formed under my eyes and my feet were so swollen I had to wear slippers. Sudden dizzy spells came on and pains in my head drove me almost frantic.



Mrs. Anderson

"I felt tired and weak and had barely enough ambition to move. Nothing seemed to help me and I was discouraged until I commenced taking *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They cured me completely and my health has been of the best ever since. *Doan's* surely deserves my endorsement." *Sworn to before me,* FRANK H. POCH, *Notary Public.*

Get Doan's at any Store. 50 cents a Box.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

PISO'S

"CONTRABAND"

By RANDALL PARRISH

A War Sea Story Abounding in Adventure and High Romance

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—11—

"I know it will, if you remain on deck," she answered earnestly. "I—I have learned to trust you."

The hours of the watch gave me ample opportunity for thought, and careful consideration. The wind held steady, and while the sea roughened somewhat this slight change was not sufficient to diminish our progress, or cause any swerving from the course set. All remained quiet forward, the watch on deck finding little to do other than their routine duties, and no member of the crew had any occasion to come aft, except those detailed to the wheel. There seemed no reason why I should remain on deck, yet the responsibility rested upon me, and the importance of the night's run prevented my having any wish to retire below. However, I found no occasion to interfere with the operation of the ship, and remained mostly on the main deck, where my watchfulness assured me there was no communication passed between forecastle and cabin.

The fog grew steadily more dense, until at dawn, we were steaming recklessly through a thick cloud of vapor, barely able to observe the surface of

"Lie Still, D——You!"

the sea, dull, sodden gray, a few yards in advance of our bow. The dense, watery folds swept along our sides, and the rigging dripped moisture onto the glistening deck planks. It was a gloomy, dreary morning enough and, even as the light of early dawn strengthened, I could scarcely distinguish a thing forward of the main mast. However, there was no slowing up of speed or sounding of siren. Convinced that we were now safely to the north of the usual course of ships, I preferred to take the chance of possible collision.

My eyes were heavy from lack of sleep, and long staring out through the black night; my senses dulled by hours of inaction, during which nothing unusual had occurred to arouse me to realization of impending danger. I no longer even suspected trouble, or any active hostility forward. With the dawn the density of fog enwrapping us seemed to increase, and completely blot out every glimpse of sea and sky. Even Leayord leaned over the rail just above me, could scarcely be distinguished as a man, and evidently his eyes could not make me out at all, for he hailed doubtfully:

"Are you still on deck, Mr. Hollis?"

"Yes," I answered, staring up at his shadow. "A bad fog."

"It is, sir. Would we better reduce speed?"

"No, not yet; I am counting on open water, and would rather chance striking a stray than risk being overhauled by a British cruiser. The sun will split this mist before noon, and meanwhile we must make all the northing possible."

I heard his "aye, aye, sir," as I crossed to the port rail. I had reached a point nearly opposite the broken stump of the foremast when I was suddenly confronted by two blurred figures emerging noiselessly from the deeper shadow cast by a quarter boat swinging in davits. The fellows must have known who I was, and the path of my approach; no doubt had been close enough aft to overhear my conversation with Leayord. At least they were on me before I truly realized their near presence—the one gripping the arm I flung up in startled defense; the other driving his fist straight into my face, a sledge-hammer blow which sent me crashing back full length on the deck. Stunned, dazed as I was by this vicious attack, I made no instant's struggle, but was quickly crushed back, a merciless hand gripping my throat. Almost at the same moment the revolver was removed from my pocket, the cold muzzle thrust against my cheek.

"Lie still, d——you!" muttered a tense voice, and I knew the speaker for Jim White, "or I'll blow the whole top o' yer head off."

I retained sense enough to obey, White's knee pinning me to the deck, but some sound of my fall must have carried aft, for Leayord sang out through the fog:

"Forward there! What's all that racket about?"

White's fingers choked me into helpless silence, his knee crunching hard into my breast. It was Liverpool Red who answered sullenly:

"I knocked over a capstan bar, sir; never saw it in the bloomin' fog."

Leayord growled something, the words failing to carry to us against the wind, but a moment later, satisfied that no further investigation was to be made, Liverpool thrust White aside and lifted me to my feet, his eyes glaring into mine.

"One whimper from you, an' yer overboard," he muttered hoarsely. "Take it from me we know what we're about. Come on now, an' don't attempt nuthin'. There's nobody forard here ter give yer a hand. Take him by the collar, Jim."

With White's hand gripping me, and my own revolver at my head, any attempt to break away would have been simply suicide. The thick fog hid the scene from those on watch aft, and that the two men were reckless and desperate, their plans well laid, was evident. The gray light revealed their faces, and there was no mercy in the scowling eyes.

"Forward yer go, sir!" growled White, his fingers twisted in the jacket collar. "It's little more yer'l hav' ter say aboard this hooker."

"What do you propose doing? This is mutiny, men."

"Then it'll have to be mutiny. It's war, an' we're Englishmen; this ship's loaded with war stuffs, bound for Germany. That sort o' talk means nuthin'—so come on, and stow that gaff."

They forced me around the bulk of the windlass to the head of the forecastle steps, slid back the door in its grooves and thrust me staggering down into the murky depths below. A slush light, swinging to a blackened beam in the deck above, cast a ghastly yellowish glare over the interior, revealing to me at least two-thirds of the crew, clustered about, evidently awaiting some such event. White held to my collar, but Liverpool closed the entrance, shutting out even that faint breath of pure air, before speaking a word.

"Well, we've got the main guy, lads, an' no shindy," he said cheerfully, "an' a gun came with him. Now a few o' us will see if we can persuade the first mate into taking a trip forward."

"Where's Billy Olson?" asked a voice.

"Oh, he's asleep below; there's plenty o' time to attend to him, an' we'll let the engine-room gang alone till we get control o 'the deck. Sinnus, you an' Harris better come along with Jim an' me on this job. Leayord is a husky buck, an' we might not get him foul like we caught Hollis here. We don't want to hurt nobody unless we have to. Where's the nigger Watson?"

"Right hyar, sah!"

"Come on, then; it's your trick at the wheel in five minutes; the rest o' you fellers know yer business."

The five men slipped out cautiously, sliding the door shut behind them, and I stared about into the faces of those left with me, still dazed by the rough handling to which I had been subjected, yet fully aroused to the fact that the attack upon me had come from no sudden impulse, but was the first step in a carefully formed plan to gain possession of the ship. My duty was to warn the men aft of the approaching danger. How should I act? In a vague way I knew most of the faces of those grouped about me, but I could recall only a few names. They were a rough lot, typical foremast hands, many of pronounced foreign appearance, yet there was nothing especially vicious about them. Ordinarily they would obey orders without a complaint, but now they were evidently under full control of their leaders; yet the expression of their faces bespoke curiosity rather than hatred. Determined to test them I straightened up and placed a foot on the lower step.

"None o' that now," a voice growled as a hand gripped my arm. "You don't want ter git hurt none, do yer?"

I faced the speaker, a big, two-fisted giant with a red face and a slow drawl in his voice.

"You mean to hold me here?"

"Sure; we've gone too far on this job now fer to back down. Tharl be a row ov a time if we turned you loose."

"You're an Irishman?"

"Twould be hard for a Dugan to deny that, sor."

"Well, Dugan, look here—you and your mates. You are sailormen, and know the rules of the sea. This is mutiny, and a mighty serious affair to be caught in, lads."

"We're not lookin' at it that way, Mr. Hollis. We shipped fer a peaceful voyage, not to run no cargo o' contraband fer the Dutch. This yere Indian Chief is chock-full o' munitions o' war—ain't that the truth, sor?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but shipped before war was declared. The sick man back there in the cabin has his whole fortune in this venture."

"Devil take him an' his fortune. The point is we're not Dutchmen, an' in wartime it's no mutiny fer a crew ter capture an enimy's ship."

"Who told you that?"

"Never mind who told us; it's the truth, ain't it?"

"Under some circumstances it might be," I said, casting my eyes about the ring of faces. "But the present conditions do not justify any such action. Now look here, Dugan; you fellows are in a mighty bad boat in this matter. You're merchant seamen; you've signed on for a peaceful voyage, and it is no business of yours what's below hatches. That's for the warships to find out. The Indian Chief is under American register. She's a neutral boat, and your act is mutiny on the high seas. You know what that will mean to you and your mates, don't you, if you're ever caught?"

"Who says that?"

"I do; and I know more of sea law than any of those fools who are steering you into this trouble. You kill a man on board here, and it is murder, and the whole bunch of you can be made to swing for it. Men have got life for less than you have done now. But I'll give you a chance."

"What chance, sor?"

"To stand by the ship. Set me free now, and back up the officers in maintaining discipline aboard, and not one of your names goes into the log."

"An' sail the bloomin' hooker to Hamburg?"

"Of course; that's the port you signed for."

There was an uneasy shuffling of feet, and a muttering of voices. The light was too poor to enable me to decipher the expressions on the faces of the men, yet I felt that my words were wasted. Dugan, however, voiced the prevailing sentiment.

"Not a d—— one ov us is fer making that voyage," he said grimly. "So stow yer tongue, mate." He winked at me facetiously, then glanced about at the others. "There's bigger wages comin' to us now than ever we signed on for."

CHAPTER XVII.

—

Held a Prisoner.

These words, and the laughter with which they were greeted, made clear to my mind the whole truth of the uprising. It was not so much the destination of the ship, or the nature of our cargo, which accounted for the widespread spirit of mutiny aboard, as it was the McCann money. These other things had been used to influence the men, to convince them that they had a right to seize the vessel, and refuse to continue the voyage, but it was the glitter of the McCann gold which had won converts to this theory.

One thing was certain—no argument of mine, no threat of punishment, would have any present effect on the fellows. While there might be among them some who would listen to reason, this big Irish brute of a Dugan had control, and he could only be overcome by physical force.

The one and only hope lay in my escape; in my raising an alarm in sufficient time to warn Leayord of danger. He was a fighting man, and armed; one cry would put him on his guard, and his position on the poop would enable him to put up a strong defense. These thoughts flashed through my mind as I stood there, staring into Dugan's face. I dared not glance about, or seem to harbor any plan of escape, yet I knew that all was clear between me and the three steps leading to the deck, and that the slidings door was not locked. The fellows I were gathered closely about us in a half-circle, Dugan alone being within reach of my arm. The only weapon I saw was a sea boot beside a chest to the right. The fellow must have felt some vague glimmer of my purpose, for he gripped my shoulder, his iron fingers pinching the flesh.

"None o' that now," hoarsely. "You can't fight the whole—"

I struck him with all the force I could throw into the swift blow, and he went staggering back into the ring of men, his hands clawing at the air. But for their bodies the fellow would have measured his length on the deck. The force of his fall, the unexpected suddenness of it, for the instant stunned the others, and gained me opportunity. With one leap I had the heavy boot in my hand, and swung it crashing against the face of the fellow between me and the lower step. He went over like a stricken bullock. A hand gripped for me, but missed its hold; there was a roar of anger, a rush of bodies, and mingled with other sounds Dugan's voice howling madly:

"Stop him, yer tarriers! Crack him on ther head."

I stumbled over the body on the lower step, yet had reached the door before the first man gripped my leg. I broke loose from his fingers, yet the

How Long I Remained Unconscious I Never Knew.

instant of delay blocked escape. They were on me, their faces barely visible in the dim light, and I fronted them, fighting for life, striking fiercely with the great sea boot, its iron-shod heel a terrible weapon. Twice men fell, but there were too many of them, nor could I protect my rear. They swarmed to either side, and clambered up behind me; the low beams of the upper deck permitting no swing to my arms; one fellow gripped my feet, and another leaped at my throat. I was tripped and flung headlong, the full weight of a man's body crashing down on top of me. Then came oblivion.

How long I remained unconscious I never knew, but it must have been some hours, for when I struggled back to a vague sense of life once more, I was alone, lying on a mattress in a bunk. My head throbbed with pain, and I managed to lift one hand, assuring myself that my hair was matted with blood. Where was I? Had I met with some accident? It was only gradually that the vision began to reflect upon my mind—the attack on deck; the struggle in the forecastle; and then Vera Carrington. It was her face, her memory which aroused life, and gave me back the strength to struggle. The fate of the ship was of small importance to me, but the girl left alone and helpless among these ruffians, was a thought so filled with horror as to draw me back from the very gates of death.

I forced my eyes open, finding at first the light blinding, and for an instant stared up through a red mist. Gradually normal sight came back, and I realized that I rested in a bunk, gazing upward at the whitewashed bottom of another. There was a splash of sunshine on the side wall, and I slowly turned my head toward the open port through which it streamed. Then I knew where I was lying—in the captain's stateroom. Why had I been brought there? What object could those villains have for giving me these quarters if they were really in control of the ship? Perhaps they were not; perhaps Leayord and Olson had been warned of danger in time to overcome them, and still retained mastery. That would account for my presence—but, if this was true, why was I left alone, uncared for? Why had they brought me here? Gradually the conception of their purpose dawned—a navigator; the need of a navigator. Without me they were helpless; without my knowledge and skill not one on board could tell where they were, or how to shape the course of the vessel. I was a necessity to them; in a way I held the villains still in my power; they dare not let me die—not yet! I cannot explain the new life this thought brought to me. I seemed to feel the strength of it injected into my veins, and I rose up on one elbow, and then, encouraged by this effort, swung my feet over the edge of the bunk and rested them on the deck. The hands of my watch told me it was after eleven. I got to my feet, clinging to the berth, and swaying weakly at first, but gaining strength with every movement. The chart still lay on the desk, some compass pricked on it up until the day before, and the telltale compass told me the ship's bow was still pointed northward. I clawed my way across to the door, and tugged at the latch. It was locked.

This discovery vanished the least doubt. The men had won, and were in full possession. Fergus McCann was in control by virtue of his money, and his chosen lieutenants were Liverpool Red and Jim White. What their object might prove to be remained to be learned—but they must seek some obscure port, or some safe spot for shipwreck, sacrificing everything else to their own safety—and, to accomplish this they must use me. Lord! I gripped that idea strongly enough, my brain clearing as I realized the important part I must still assume in this game of fingers. Perhaps I could not save the Indian Chief, but there was hope yet that I might be instrumental in preserving the lives of those whom my carelessness had imperiled.

There was water in the chocks of the iron washstand, and I bathed my face, scrubbing as best I could the congealed blood from my hair. The wound on my head had bled freely, but was not serious, and the application of cold water lessened the pain, and helped to restore my faculties. A fine breeze swept through the open port, and I sat down on a stool to gather together in my mind every detail which might prove of future value. I was still sitting there, but by then alert and ready, when a key turned in the lock, and the door swung outward opened. McCann's face appeared in the opening, but his eyes were upon the bunk, and he failed to observe me where I sat beyond the desk. He took a step within, still staring at the rumpled blankets, and I had a glimpse of the intensely disappointed face of Liverpool just beyond his shoulder.

"Blow me!" he ejaculated in startled voice. "The fellow's not here; he's got away!"

Red laughed and pushed past, but still blocked the door with his great body.

"Got away! Where could he have got to with the door locked? He's here all right."

I stood up and faced the two, the desk still between us, but took the precaution to grip the stool by one leg.

"I am certainly present," I said coldly, "if your reference is to me; but I advise you both to keep your distance. I'll brain the first man who attempts to lay hand on me."

Red must have felt the challenge of my words, and I could tell he was in liquor by the vivid flame of his face. An oath broke from his lips.

"You tried that before; 'twill pay yer to be civil now."

"There were some of your ragamuffins who tasted the weight of my blow," I answered, "and I only hope it may be your turn next, you dirty dog of a mutineer."

"You'll git no chance to ever break your stool on me, d——yer," he roared, jerking a revolver from his jacket. "Do you see that? Well, we've got the ship——"

McCann grasped his sleeve.

"Let up on that, Red," he said shortly, his voice having a tone of command in it, which surprised me. "We didn't come here to beat Hollis up, but to talk with him. This is my game."

The other did not resist, only to mutter behind his teeth. The gun still remained in his hand, but I felt no fear of the fellow, and returned the stool to the deck.

"Tell me what you mean, and be brief about it."

McCann's eyes met mine, and I read in them uncertainty. He was not yet quite sure that he had my measure; how far I would resist, or what form my opposition would take. Perhaps for a moment money did not seem to him quite so important a weapon as he had found it elsewhere.

"Sorry the crew beat you up the way they did," he began apologetically. "They are a rather rough set—"

"Don't waste your time over that," I interrupted in disgust. "I can deal with an out-and-out fighter, and still respect him, but your kind only engenders disgust. There is no love lost between us, Fergus McCann, so state your purpose plainly, and without lying."

"By God! I will," he snapped, "and I'll put it straight enough this time to satisfy you. The only reason I don't let Liverpool kill you is that you are more valuable to me alive. I've hated some in my time, but there never was a cur I despised worse than I do you."

"Thanks," I said quietly, "I am honored."

"And more than that, I pay my debts," his temper now entirely ruffled by my pretense of indifference. "So I advise you to keep a civil tongue in your head—you're no longer in command of this ship."

I smiled at the two of them, calmly sitting down on the stool. I was not certain yet what hand I held, but determined to play the cards coolly.

"So you fellows are in control; and you come to me now with some sort of proposition. All right; what is it?"

"We need a navigator for a few days; one who will lay out the course we decide on."

"And I am the only one on board."

"You are by far the most competent," he confessed. "But you need not think from that we are helpless without you. I have no doubt I could

"I'll Brain the First Man Who Attempts to Lay Hands on Me."

figure the matter out fairly well if I had to, and I am perfectly aware that Miss Carrington possesses some knowledge of navigation. I imagine she might prefer doing this yourself, rather than having her compelled to show her efficiency."

"Where is Miss Carrington?"

"In her own stateroom; I have not seen her since we took possession of the ship."

"And the others—Bascom, and the officers?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME MARKS OF BRIGHTNESS

Intelligent Boy and Girl Declared to Be Conscientious, Moderately Robust, Athletic and Popular.

In summing up his conclusions on the relationship of intelligence to the size and shape of the head, Karl Pearson is quoted in the Journal of Heredity as making these statements about the intelligence of children:

"To sum up, then: While no characters in schoolchildren so far dealt with show very high correlation with intelligence, we may yet say that the intelligent boy is markedly conscientious, is moderately robust, athletic and popular; he tends rather to quick than to sullen temper. He is more self-conscious and quieter than the dull boy; he has a slightly bigger head, and possibly lighter pigmentation than those of more mediocre intelligence. His hair has a larger percentage of curliness.

"The intelligent girl is also markedly conscientious, moderately robust, athletic and popular. She, too, tends to quick and rather sullen temper. She is less self-conscious than the dull girl, and noisier than the girl of mediocre intelligence. It is the dull girl who is quiet and shy. The intelligent girl has a slightly bigger head than the dull girl, and her hair is more likely to be wavy and much less likely to be curly.

Electrically Heated Mine Ambulance.

A useful form of ambulance is being introduced in one of the mines of one of the Western states. Formerly it was usual, when an accident occurred in the mine, to place the injured man on a stretcher, transported to the surface in a mine car. As the distance to be traveled might be from three to four miles and against the high velocity intake current of air, the injured men often became chilled and this retarded recovery. The difficulty has now been overcome by the use of a specially designed ambulance, which is electrically heated and lighted, and is equipped with a cot suspended on springs to obviate any jarring. The ambulance can accommodate both the patient and an attendant, and is equipped with receptacles on either side in which first-aid supplies, hot-water bottles, blankets and other necessities can be stored.

Nothing to Speak Of.

"Have you taken anything for your cold?" asked the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who came to him complaining of being "all run down," his appearance verifying his words.

"Well, I ain't tuk nuthin' much o' anythin', doctor—that is, nothin' to speak of. I tuk a couple o' bottles of 'Binkham's Bitters' a while back an' a couple o' 'Quackem's Invigorator,' with a couple o' boxes of 'Curem's Pills,' and a lot o' nice bitters, an' quinine my old woman made up. I've got a porous plaster on my back and a liver pad on, an' I'm wearin' a 'lectric belt, an' takin' quinine an' iron four times a day, with a dose or two of salts every other day; 'cept for that, I ain't tuk nuthin'."

Julius Anderson Writes, Wouldn't Be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills

Read what Mr. Anderson of Lake City, Mich., says about Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"I received your letter and tried the Dodd's Pills. The Pills I highly recommend and I write this letter not to get another box, but because they are good and worth to me every cent that are invested in them.

"I take them almost regularly and find them very handy to keep in the house and feel that I cannot be without them. They have done me much good, which I highly appreciate and will recommend them to my friends."

Wise persons, like Mr. Anderson, accept no substitute for the old genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills; their remedial qualities are too well known to thousands of users who have saved themselves from the ravages of kidney troubles by the timely use of this famous old remedy.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR KIDNEY DISEASES

Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

GARGET or CAKED UDDER in COWS can be overcome by feeding cow tonic to purify the blood and purging. Dr. David Roberts' **BADGER BALM** Pills are a soothing and healing ointment. Excellent for sore teats and inflamed udders. Read the "Practical Home Veterinarian." Send for free booklet on ABORTION IN COWS. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 920 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

For Constipation Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night.

Purely Vegetable

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack Iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Not the Same.

A leading author at the Century club in New York drew forth a manuscript and volunteered to read it to Robert W. Chambers, the popular novelist.

"You know how Poe," the young man said, "read his stories to an old colored mammy, don't you? He believed that what pleased the old mammy would please the public, and he killed the scenes the old girl didn't like, and built up those she did. Well, Bob, I want—ha, ha, ha—I want to use you in the same way. Have a drink and a cigar, and then—"

"Excuse me, my boy," said Mr. Chambers, as he rose and took his hat and stick.

"You don't happen to be Poe, and therefore I don't feel called on to be your old colored mammy."

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfils almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, correcting urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post, Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Gloomy Anticipation.

"After all, it requires the votes of men to make woman suffrage possible."

"That's the only thing about it that worries me," confided Mr. Meekton. "If it doesn't work out comfortably and satisfactorily, Henrietta is almost sure to say we men ought to have had better sense than to vote for it in the first place."

Cultivate Self-Reliance.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude, and pain us.—Emerson.

The fool and his money are the salvation of the shrewd promoter.

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