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A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompained with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It *will* cure the affections that lead up to consumption, *if taken in time.*

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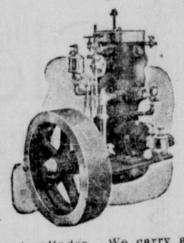

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Miss Deakins' Dog.

By Philip Kean.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Jenks," said Miss Deakins, "don't go across the hall again."

Jenks flopped down on the door mat and sighed, canine fashion.

"You understand?" said Miss Deakins. Jenks wagged a disconsolate tail and closed his eyes.

"Very well," and Miss Deakins went in and shut the door, withdrawing from Jenks the vision of her trim figure, enveloped in a blue linen apron, down the front of which traveled splotches of paint.

Jenks, outside on the mat, heard a faint whistle and lifted one ear. Then he whined softly.

A door opened across the hall.

"Cut it and run, Jenksie," said a masculine voice.

Jenks yawned eagerly, but did not move.

"Come on," wheedled the man on the other door mat.

Jenks stood up and wagged his tail. There was a "get thee behind me, Satan," protest in his attitude, coupled with yielding.

And just then Miss Deakins opened her door.

"Were you calling my dog?" she demanded.

"Yes. You don't mind, do you?" The man came toward her as he said it. He wore a shabby velveteen coat, and the paint stains matched those on Miss Deakins' apron.

"I do mind," Miss Deakins assured him. "Jenks has been taught to lie on his mat until 12 o'clock. Then he has his lunch with me."

"Such beautiful regularity," murmured the man in the velveteen coat.

Miss Deakins flushed.

"I don't see why he wants always to go to your room."

"Of course you don't see," he agreed, "but—but Jenks is rather fond of me"—

"You give him ham bones," she accused him.

"I do. There are some people and some dogs to whom you have to give things in order to make them love you. Perhaps Jenks is not that kind of dog. Perhaps he may have a soul above

"THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE FROM MY WINDOW."

ham bones. Perhaps without ham bones Jenks might love me. Psychologically it's interesting, but I don't want to put it to the test. I value Jenks' affection too highly to seek the cause."

"I'm too busy," she reminded him, "to talk in the abstract. And I'd rather you didn't call Jenks."

"Very well," he said formally and went back to his room and shut the door.

Miss Deakins stood irresolutely on her door mat, with Jenks by her side, and looked at the closed door. There was red in her cheeks and there was a tremble in her voice as she said to the dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry you can't be trusted, but you can't."

And as they entered the shabby little room, lighted into whiteness and glare by a great skylight, she went on, "I don't believe I can trust anybody, not even a dog, Jenksie."

She painted all the afternoon, and as the twilight came on she sat and looked out over the roofs, and Jenks sat beside her with his cold nose in her hand, and when a big star shone over the top of the highest building she said, "I'm like the Miller of Dee, 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me.'"

Just then there came a knock at the door. When she opened it no one was there, but on Jenks' mat was a bunch of lilacs, such as one buys at the corner stands.

As she filled all her bowls and vases Miss Deakin sang a little song, and before she finished there came another knock at the door.

"What were you singing?" asked the man from across the way.

"You know—the 'Spring Song,'" she told him icily.

"I have just painted a little picture of spring," he said ingratiatingly. "May I show it to you?"

It was a water color—just a stretch of young fields, with a sweep of orchard beyond, but it made her catch her breath.

"I can almost sniff the fragrance," was her impetuous comment. "It is beautiful."

"That is the way the world is looking outside the city," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are violets and pussy willows, and the birds are calling—let me take you out there tomorrow. It will do you good. You are so pale"—

She froze at that. "Certainly not," she refused and spoke with sternness to Jenks.

"Jenks," she said, "I told you not to cross the hall.

Jenks got up wearily from the opposite door mat.

"I don't see why you won't be friends," the painter said as he stood, irresolute, with his picture in his hand.

"I have my work, and nothing must interfere with my career."

"But we have lived opposite each other for six months."

"It would be the same if we had lived opposite each other for six years," was the way she closed the discussion.

More stars were out when she again sat with Jenks by the window and the moon flooded the world with light, but over the roofs she caught the glow of a different illumination, a red, murky glow, that flared up presently into flames and columns of rolling smoke.

"It's a fire, Jenks," she told the dog.

Jenks whined.

"It's down the street," was her further information, and then in a sudden panic, "It's in the next house, Jenksie."

With the dog close behind her she ran to the door. The hall was full of smoke. Through it she saw the man across the way.

"We can't get down," he said quickly. "The stairs are on fire, but there's a fire escape from my window."

He caught her in his arms, and before she could protest they were descending the ladder.

From the window above Jenks whined.

"Oh, we can't leave Jenks," she cried. "Let me go. Let me go." He held her firmly and called up to the dog. "Wait a minute, old boy, I'll be back."

When she was safe and looked up through the smoke to where the patient little animal was waiting she said: "Oh, if you should be killed. It is better that Jenks should—go"—

But he was already on the ladder.

She covered her eyes with her hands, and then she knew nothing until a shout went up and some one said "He's got the dog."

There was another long interval, and then she felt something warm and wet on her cheeks, and there was Jenks licking her face, and she threw her arms about his neck and cried.

And presently she held out her hand to the man who had saved him and said in a weak little voice:

"He shall sit on your door mat all the time if you will let him."

"There isn't any door mat," he told her. "It's burned up. But I'll buy another"—

She smiled at that, and her eyes as they met his held in them all the promise of friendship and more than friendship that was to come.

Just Like a Girl.

He is a very young boy. His is the age when a lofty contempt for the opposite sex manifests itself, the contempt which usually finds merciless retribution in later years.

His task of watching the baby was not as distressing as it might have been. He had utilized the bassinet as a cradle and had found a place where the floor sloped a little.

Behind the vehicle he extended himself and with head on hand proceeded to read a story paper. An occasional pull at a string fastened to the rear axle imparted the motion necessary to keep the slumberer from waking, but the baby soon had its nap out and began to cry. The boy paid no attention to the noise, and after awhile his sister came to investigate.

"I suppose you are going to lie there and wait for the baby to learn to talk, so it can tell you what it's crying about."

"No," he answered. "Being able to talk wouldn't make much difference."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a girl. Girls never know what they're crying about. It just comes natural to them to do it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Indian Believes In Omens.

Mysticism plays a great part in the hunting of the Indian. He is a great believer in signs and omens, and if he starts to hunt and sees a sign or omen that bodes evil he turns back to wait a more propitious time. The flight of certain birds, the floating of a feather, the crawling of snakes, are of import, and unless he believes in the potency of his medicine to overcome the evil influence he will not go after game when the signs are not right. The Indian, being very susceptible to cold, does little hunting in the dead of winter. Being neither hardy nor warmly clothed, he prefers the warm campfire in the tepee to the distress of the hunting trail when the cold is biting. It is generally believed that the red man is one of the most hardy of the human race because he has spent his life in the open, but that sort of life is not conducive to hardiness unless it be accompanied with plenty of food and warm clothing.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Pretty Pert.

A baldheaded man writes: "The most impertinent child I ever met was a boy of ten years of age. On leaving his widowed mother's house I attempted to pat him on the head in a fatherly manner. At this he pushed my hand away and said, 'Grow some hair of your own, old man, if you want to pat it!'"

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Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

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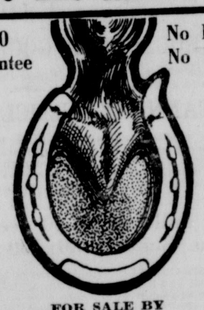

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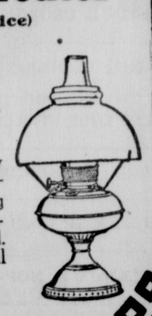

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Forbidding the Sale of or Giving Away Liquor on Election Day.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature passed March 24th, 1895, is published:

AN ACT

Prohibiting the sale of Spirituous or Fermented Liquors in the counties in the State on the day of Election.

SECTION 1.—Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment or any other place where liquor is sold, *or for any person or persons*, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SECTION 2.—And be it enacted, That any person violating the provision of this Act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where such offence is committed, and shall, upon conviction before any judge of any of the Circuit Court of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars for each and every offence; one half the fine is paid the informer and the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of the public roads.

Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws as amended by the Acts of 1900 and 1901, says:

"Whoever, during the hours of registration or revision of registration, or during the hours of election or canvas of votes, or of making returns thereof in any precinct, shall bring, take, order or send into, shall or attempt to bring or take or send into, any place of registration or of election any distilled or spirituous liquors, wine, ale or beer or shall at any such time or place, drink or partake of such liquor, shall upon conviction thereof be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than $100.

o26-2t. ANDREW MEDDERS, Sheriff.

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