SUFFERED TWENTY-ONE YEARS FINALLY FOUND RELIEF

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The physicians called it "Mother's Pain" and injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity. Gratefully yours,

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE,
Avoyelles Par. Marksville, La.

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

WM. MORROW, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co. Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

What the Copy Boy Wrote.

Representative Dan Anthony, of Kansas, publisher of the Leavenworth Times, once had an office boy who yearned to know how to use a typewriter—which accomplishment, the boy figured, would make him a regular reporter.

Anthony turned an old broken-down machine over to him, says the Washington Herald, and bade him learn to run it.

"What'll I write?" the boy asked.

"Oh, just take some sentence, any sentence at all," Anthony told him, "and see how long it will take you to fill a page with it."

The boy set to work. An hour or two later Anthony chanced to notice the page on which the lad had been working. From top to bottom of the sheet, and from margin to margin, the boy had written one sentence over and over again until there was scarcely a white spot visible on the paper. The sentence the boy had selected to practice with was: "Who the—— invented school?"

Sun a Lamplighter.

In the acetylene burning lighthouses along the Panama canal will be installed copper cylinders exposed to the sun. When the sun rises in the morning and the rays fall upon these cylinders they will expand and close valves that admit gas to the burners. As night approaches and the sun's rays diminish in power the cylinders will contract and again turn on the gas, which will be ignited by small pilot jets.—Scientific American.

Dental Operation on Pony.

A remarkable operation has been performed by a Wanstead (Eng.) veterinary surgeon on a pony which had a bad fracture of the lower jaw. After injecting cocaine and wiring the teeth together, the surgeon drilled a hole through the jawbone, and the broken parts were then firmly drawn together by strong silver wire. The pony is expected to make a complete recovery.

Proved.

"I wonder if Jack knows I have money."

"Has he proposed?"

"Yes."

"He knows."—Kansas City Journal.

No More Income Needed.

"Uncle Joe, do you believe in votes for women?"

"No, sah. I don't. Manda's got all de money dat's good fer her now."

A TROUBLE MAKER

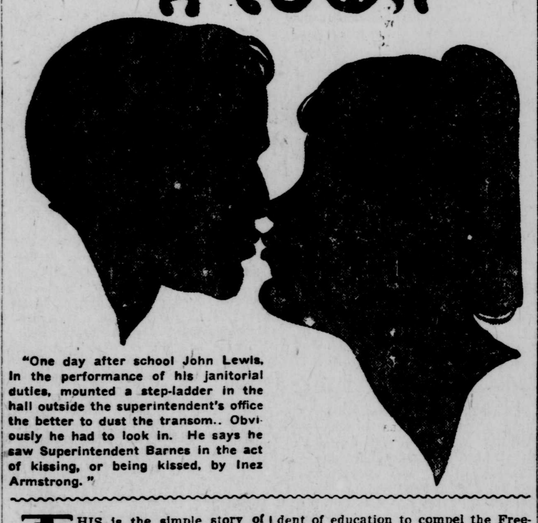
Coffee Poison Breeds Variety of Ills.

A California woman who didn't know for twenty years what kept her ill, writes to tell how she won back her health by quitting coffee:

"I am 54 years old," she says, "have coffee all my life, and for 20 suffered from indigestion and nia. Life was a burden and a to me all the time, and about year my ailments got such hold e that I was regularly 'sick in several weeks each time. s reluctant to conclude that is the cause of my trouble, but ankful that I found out the

determined to use Postum —for a week at first—for I ability to do without cof- length of time. I made carefully, as directed, and eek expired had my re- perceptible increase in spirits. good that my short ex- accomplished, I resolved use of Postum, cutting entirely. This I did for ding, daily, increased cation at my steadily My indigestion grad- ly sleep returned, I in weight, my color ow to a fresh, rosy ne a blessing. I would try coffee r a few weeks. The serting my good a return of my old wisdom, and I am my life hereafter vely and enjoy- ngs me." Name Battle Creek, d it is explain- "The Road to letter? A new e time. They all of human

THE KISS THAT UPSET A TOWN



"One day after school John Lewis, in the performance of his janitorial duties, mounted a step-ladder in the hall outside the superintendent's office the better to dust the transom.. Obviously he had to look in. He says he saw Superintendent Barnes in the act of kissing, or being kissed, by Inez Armstrong."

THIS is the simple story of the kiss that upset a town so consarned hard, as Captain Dunbar says, that half the folks don't know whether they're 'foot or a-horseback, which, coming from an officer of the law, carries weight. The town is the snappy little village of Freeport, L. I.

Since the primary incident, and as an indirect result thereof, the authorities at Albany have been appealed to twice, the police have been called upon to perform emergency duty, four men have lost their official jobs, there has been a strike, parades through the town, a placarding of fences and barns with statements and warnings, mass meetings of citizens, men and women alike, and a general condition of such persistent turmoil that no one would so much as think of predicting what's going to happen next, according to a correspondent of the New York World.

By starting with the kissing incident, it is easier to set matters down in something like order.

Arthur E. Barnes, a Union college man, tall, angular, red-headed and given to wearing stiff starched white lawn ties bow-knotted at his Adam's apple, as superintendent of the Freeport schools had offices in the high school. One day after school John Lewis, in the performance of his janitorial duties, mounted a step-ladder in the hall outside the superintendent's office the better to dust the transom. Obviously he had to look in. He says he saw Superintendent Barnes in the act of kissing, or being kissed, by Inez Armstrong, a demure and willowy little teacher. Now, this incident, which is no part of the high school curriculum and nowhere mentioned by the regents, was communicated to the school board. But the midsummer vacation was approaching and the school authorities, having in mind the gossip which naturally follows on the very heels of a story of an indiscretion, did not take prompt action.

In the Role of Joseph.

Barnes himself admitted the kissing, saying that he was the recipient thereof instead of being the kisser. He furthermore credited it to a hysterical outburst on the part of the young teacher due to her delight at having been successful in an examination for promotion in which he had aided her.

But it hadn't looked that way to Janitor Lewis or to his assistant, Eddie Smith.

When the schools closed the young teacher went away from Freeport, and during the long summer drone the school board turned the matter over in its official collective head and finally decided that Superintendent Barnes' admitted qualifications for school direction, coupled with his several years of service, should not be disregarded. So he was re-engaged for another year.

And Barnes came back with his white lawn tie to the scene of the "incident" at the beginning of the fall term. But the young woman didn't.

Then some of the townspeople sought out Janitor Lewis and his assistant, and even an upper grade youth or two for a more detailed account of what had taken place within the superintendent's room. They got it. Smith confirmed Lewis. The boys confirmed Smith.

Trouble for Superintendent.

The next move was the circulating of an appeal to the state superintendent of education to compel the Freeport board of education to rescind its contract with Barnes.

Some of the townsfolk announced that they would withdraw their daughters from the school until such time as Barnes had been given his walking papers. Barnes stood pat when the term began. Having been exonerated by the school board and his contract renewed, he went about his duties quite as if nothing had happened. Not so industrious John Lewis or Eddie T. Smith. Their respective brooms and dusters were placed in other hands, which some of the warmest supporters of the school board now believe to have been a tactical mistake. Neither man was guilty of anything except seeing the kissing, unless guilt attaches to talking about it.

So, at the beginning of the school term, Barnes was very much present and Inez Armstrong and the janitors very much absent.

Formal charges were made soon thereafter to Dr. J. S. Cooley, school commissioner for Nassau county, by a committee of Freeport citizens that Barnes was morally unfit to continue in village school work. The testimony of the janitors was made a part of the formal bill. It was both general and circumstantial. It was not confined to recounting one incident, but carried Barnes through a year, during which period, as set down, he had been a party to other acts not a recognized detail of school superintendency.

Testimony Contradictory.

At the hearing before Commissioner Cooley one witness testified that he had placed himself in as near as possible the position occupied by the janitor on the occasion when he had seen the superintendent and the woman teacher together, and he gave it as his opinion that Smith could not have seen the kissing or noted the manifestations of hysteria. This might have carried some weight were it not that the superintendent had admitted the kissing.

Another witness told of Barnes' excellence in higher algebra, which likewise did not seem to have any fixed bearing on the incident. There's no algebra for kissing.

The overwhelming weight of the evidence against Barnes was accepted by Dr. Cooley, who two days before Christmas declared officially that Barnes was unfit to teach.

Having been exonerated by the local school board and engaged for the new school year, Barnes promptly appealed to the state superintendent to have the county commissioner's decision set aside.

The office of superintendent being now vacant, the Freeport school board appointed Principal Roy Leon Smith of the high school to act as superintendent pending the determination of Barnes' appeal, and in the event of it being decided adversely to him to continue until such time as a permanent successor to that office could be secured.

Smith, who has remained silent during the period when Barnes was in the limelight, and having a rather pronounced opinion of the way the kissing incident was handled by the school board, made public a letter addressed to that body in which he declined the temporary appointment to the vacant Barnes post, saying he did not care to serve under the board.

This brought the row to its second and more spectacular but happily cleaner stage, which began on Jan. 5. The school board, of which Samuel R. Smith—the third of the name on Smith in the controversy—is president, dismissed Principal Smith, holding that his conduct in making public his letter was discourteous and—insubordinate.

The board did not want to lose the principal, but it did want to preserve its own dignity. It urged him to withdraw the letter and make such an apology as the circumstances, as the board saw them, seemed to demand. But the principal couldn't see it.

On the morning of January 8, when Smith appeared opposite one of the two Spanish-American war cannon that stand on the high school lawn, his namesake of the school board appeared on the firing line and told the principal he must not enter the school. Some of the big boys and more spirited girls, having heard this, decided that they, too, would absent themselves and thus protest against the removal of the principal. Certain of the louder instruments of the high school band were secured from the basement and the scholars started on a combined frolic and strike.

Enter Village Police Force.

Here Captain Dunbar of the village police force of fourteen brave and earnest men is introduced. He assumed the task of keeping the undergraduate body within bounds, which he did largely by moral suasion.

The parade swung round the corner by the house where former Assistant Janitor Eddie Smith, who, oddly enough, considering the happenings of the past year, is suffering with an eye trouble, sat fiddling at the window, and thence to the offices of the several board members.

Before nightfall they had bought all the tin horns in town and had secured banners upon which their ultimatum—"Prof. Smith or No School"—was painted.

The next day the teachers found more empty desks than before. The strike had grown. Some of the parents were sympathizers with it.

On Jan. 10 Sigmond Opera House on Main street was the scene of a mass meeting which took the double form of a protest against the removal of Principal Smith and a demand that the school board resign. There was ginger in the speeches. Almost as many women were present as men.

That very night a dispatch came down from the state capital announcing the dismissal of Superintendent Barnes' appeal. It contained the official comment, "The rule of moral conduct on the part of teachers must be held to with absolute rigidity," which every one accepted as quite in line with the town's policy.

Petitions for Principal Smith's reinstatement were displayed for signatures in four parts of town and generously signed. They were presented at still another meeting.

Whole Thing Summed Up.

In all of the doings growing out of the removal of the principal the opportunity has not been permitted to pass without a dig at Barnes and caustic comments on the way he tried to explain his indiscretion by saying a hysterical little school teacher up and kissed him.

But with Barnes somewhere in the west and the little school teacher reported as happily married, and Lewis satisfied that he did his full duty in reporting the cutting up, and Eddie T. Smith getting another job, without as much as losing a day, but temporarily confined to the house with irritated eyes and a tuneful fiddle—with these characters in the controversy eliminated the troubles will be straightened out by and by.

"Freeport people have got enough sense to handle the school question," observed Captain Dunbar, "but I'm not on the job of predictin' when they'll do it. I'm a police officer. Police officers are paid for police duty, not for predictin'."

Good Marksmanship.

A prominent American, traveling abroad, was the guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants, and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, the American alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty," replied the American, gravely, "the merit of a marksman seems to lie in hitting nothing. So I fired between the birds."—Housekeeper.

A Soft Answer.

A story is told of a landlord on the north shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said: "Mr. Smith"—that was not the landlord's name—"Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten." The landlord shook him by the hand. "Thank you, sir; thank you. I haven't had my breakfast yet and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged."

Feminine Mystery.

Another thing—if it is true that birds of a feather flock together, why does a pigeon-toed girl wear ostrich tips?—Galveston News.

LEADER HAD NONE TO FOLLOW

Insurrectionary Movement Decidedly of Little Moment While Castro Was in Power.

"This talk about Castro having fought a battle the other day in Venezuela was without foundation, I learned in Washington," said a man who has spent much time in South America. "The fact is nobody seems to know where Castro really is. Anyhow, I'll bet there are some Venezuelans who are lying awake nights for fear he is somewhere near them. When he was lying ill at Macuto that time five years ago, and dispatches were being sent out under date of Willemstad, or Port of Spain, or Martinique every other day that he had just died or was just going to cash in, I was in Caracas. One night at the Concordia club, one of the famous social organizations of the Venezuelan capital, a lot of men sat up all night waiting for the telephone to give them the news that he had passed away. The next day none of them would admit that he had been in the club that night.

"Every holder of a government office had to be a pronounced partisan of the dictator's, and the state of terror in which peaceably minded citizens lived would be a revelation to Americans who have never had the opportunity of seeing what life in the average South American republic is like. But the night before I left La Guayra the mayor of the little town forgot himself.

"That was Macquetia, which is the first station on the railroad going from the coast up to Caracas. There had been a fete of some kind, and the mayor in heading the celebration had worked too hard over the local wine. He suddenly decided that he was through with that man Castro and offered to lead an army up the beach to Macuto, which was not over three miles away, and rid the country of the usurper. Volunteers responded so reluctantly that the mayor found himself, when he was ready to start, both commander and army, but he set out cussing Castro and shooting a pistol. He soon had the little town standing on its head in excitement.

"Somebody sent word to the garrison of a little post on a hill that the mayor was on the warpath and a file of soldiers came down on the run and met the doughty warrior before he had got away from the last cafe in Macquetia, took away his gun and locked him up in the cuartel. That is the only case of a rebellion of one that I heard of while I was in the country. It required the imbibing of a lot of false courage to overcome the terror Castro inspired."

Use of Cement Saved Bridges.

At Hamburg there are two bridges the masonry of which was threatening to fall in ruins, being traversed by innumerable cracks of varying size. A remarkable process has just been made use of to rejuvenate these bridges. A number of holes were bored throughout the structure so as to give access to the interior and cement was injected by pumps under pressure. Reports on the present condition of the two bridges are favorable.

HE WAS SOMEWHAT PEEVED

Attendant at Spiritualistic Seance Considered Himself Aggrieved and Said So.

Charles M. Cross of Indianapolis thinks variety adds spice to life, so he went to a spiritualistic service.

It was a lively affair with sepulchral voices sounding through trumpets, tambourines playing mysteriously in mid air, and cold, clammy hands of partially materialized men and women making free in the dusky room with those who were in the flesh. In the midst of it something dealt Mr. Cross a vicious whack on the nose and he called for lights in a tone not to be disobeyed. With the light the circle as disclosed was all natural and human again. The most human member of it was Mr. Cross, with a bloody nose, spoiling for a fight and all the "madder" because he did not know whom to fight.

"Who did that?" he demanded of the medium.

The medium said the gay spirit was that of St. Peter.

But even this explanation did not satisfy Mr. Cross.

"Well, all I ask of St. Peter," he said, "is to materialize for just one minute and if I don't make a vacancy for a new gatekeeper I won't ask to get in."—Indianapolis News.

ITCHING AND BURNING SKIN

"About three years ago I was attacked with a very severe itching and burning all over my body and finally my skin broke, until my body looked like a piece of raw meat. I did believe that I could not stand the torture any longer, while all the time I was using the salve and the wash ordered by my physician without relief. When I was advised to go to a skin specialist I went with no better results. My body was covered with large white scales, with scales on my hands, arms and lower limbs. In about one week my scalp was covered with scales which looked like dandruff but became worse each day until at the end of another week the scales were as large as on a fish. The itch in my head was unbearable. My hair was coming out in combfuls until it looked so bad I was ashamed to go on the street.

"I used tar soap for a shampoo, but it took no effect. At the end of three weeks the back of my head was completely bald. I was a sight when I decided to try the Cuticura Ointment for the hair, and when I saw the wonderful results I decided to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment on my body. After taking six baths in hot water with plenty of Cuticura Soap, and using three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Pills, I was cured. My hair has grown more than an inch in length.

"Before using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment I lost all of my finger nails and my hands were so sore I could not put them in water. If I had tried them sooner I would have saved a few hundred dollars." (Signed) Mrs. K. Detlefson, 651 Knickerbocker Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. L, Boston

Unjustifiable Suspicion.

The colonel had caught Rastus red-handed, coming out of the hen coop with three fat pullets under his coat.

"So," he said, "I've caught you at last stealing my hens, have I?"

"Whut, me, suh?" replied Rastus, in pained surprise. "Why, Marse Colonel, suh, I hain't a-stealin' no hens, suh."

"Then what are you doing with them under your coat?" demanded the colonel.

"Why, Marse Colonel, hit look to me so like it war gwine to snow, suh, dat ah went out to de coop to bring dem hens in by de kitchen fiah, suh, to keep 'em from gittin' froze, suh," said the old man, with a deep sigh, to think that his honor had been suspected.—Harper's Weekly.

Air Laws.

Wilbur Wright, at a tea in Dayton, said with a laugh:

"Already there are air laws, stringent as road laws. Without them we should soon be seeing advertisements like this:

"'Two dollars reward will be paid by Mrs. John Doe for information leading to the identification of the aviator on a Wright roadster who, while flying over my house yesterday afternoon, dropped a can of oil down my chimney and completely ruined a plum pudding I was cooking.'"

Happy Future.

Apropos of the marriage at Reigate of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Mrs. Hollis McKim, a New York man said on the Olympic: "I met Vanderbilt at the Metropole at Brighton a few days after the ceremony, and I said to him, by way of a joke:

"Well, is the course of true love going to run smooth?"

"'Smooth and straight,' said he. 'There are banks on both sides, you know.'"

Signs of a Winner.

"Does your wife win at bridge?"

"I don't know for sure," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I think so. The women all look as if they disliked her very much, but they keep on inviting her to play."

Bostonese.

Hokus—So that Boston girl said I wasn't worth my salt, eh?

Pokus—Well, she did remark that you were in inverse ratio to our chloride of sodium.—Puck.

The Commander.

"Does Mrs. Peck's husband command a good salary?"

"He earns a good salary; she commands it."

ITCH, ITCH relieved in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. At Druggists.

It's easier to look wise than it is to deliver the goods.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

SYRUP of FIGS and ELIXIR of SENNA

IS THE IDEAL FAMILY LAXATIVE, AS IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO ALL, IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECTS AND PERFECTLY SAFE AT ALL TIMES.

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in the Circle,
on every Package of the Genuine.

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ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WHEN CALLED FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. WHEN IN NEED OF MEDICINES, SUCH DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND RELIABILITY

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PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE, OF THE GENUINE. ONE SIZE ONLY. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY LAXATIVE, BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE REMEDY WHICH ACTS IN A NATURAL, STRENGTHENING WAY AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM, WITHOUT UNPLEASANT AFTER-EFFECTS AND WITHOUT IRRITATING, DEBILITATING OR GRIPING, AND THEREFORE DOES NOT INTERFERE IN ANY WAY WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE. IT IS RECOMMENDED BY MILLIONS OF WELL-INFORMED FAMILIES, WHO KNOW OF ITS VALUE FROM PERSONAL USE. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE; MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

COLD COMFORT.

Passenger (nervously) — Captain, what would be the result if this boat should strike an iceberg?

Captain—It would probably shiver its timbers.

Another Duty.

"You are my wife's social secretary?" he asks of the beauteous creature who is seated at the small desk in the study. "Yes, sir," she smiles. "I am supposed to take Mrs. Blirrup's place in as many social details as possible."

"Well—er—she doesn't seem to be coming downstairs this morning, and it has always been her custom to kiss me good-by when I start for the office."—Judge.

Self-Sacrificing Essential.

"You don't claim to be a party leader?"

"No," replied the quiet citizen. "Everybody wants to be the leader of the party. It strikes me that somebody ought to be willing to be the party."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form, and the most effectual form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

Mistaken Identity.

"Sir, I am looking for a little succor."

"Well, do I look like one?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For COLDS and GRIP Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Let love make you strong, pure, severe. Let it prevent your sacrificing the least portion of your soul's life.—Carmen Sylva.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A bitter, cruel speech, may cost a friend; but gentle, loving words may win a foe.—Earle William Gage.

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

Thoughts are often known by events. A sudden accident opens the closet of the heart.—Carlyle.

Relieves Backache Instantly

Sloan's Liniment is a great remedy for backache. It penetrates and relieves the pain instantly—no rubbing necessary—just lay it on lightly.

Here's Proof.

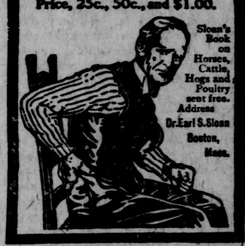
"I had my back hurt in the Boer War and in San Francisco two years ago I was hit by a street car in the same place. I tried all kinds of dope without success. Two weeks ago I saw your liniment in a drug store and got a bottle to try. The first application caused instant relief, and now except for a little stiffness, I am almost well."
FLETCHER NORMAN, Whittier, Calif.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is the best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

MISS E. RIX of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes: "Sloan's Liniment is the best for rheumatism. I have used six bottles of it and it is grand."

Sold by all Dealers.
Price, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

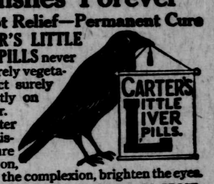


Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan Boston, Mass.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

DROPSY TREATED. Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 15-45 days. trial treatment FREE. DR. GREENE'S SONS, Box A, Atlanta, Ga.

OHIO FARM and Home Bargains. Why not live on the fertile Western Reserve? Best, cheapest, easiest terms; list and information free. WILLIAMS FARM AGENCY, Spokane, O.

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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 7-1912.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

LIQUOR HABIT CURED BY NEAL METHOD

A Safe, Sure and Permanent cure, saving time and money. The NEAL is a physician's cure for drink and drug habits. Most modern and perfect of known treatments. Write for particulars. Phone Madison 2658. NEAL INSTITUTE, York Road & Oakland Ave., BALTIMORE, MD.

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

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