BEFORE THE FLAMES

By JUNE GALIAN.

Helena Storrs stared resentfully after the Eastern Express as it dwindled to a black spot in the distance. When it had quite disappeared from sight and the black smoke had drifted away into the sagebrush, she turned and surveyed her surroundings.

The station agent was watching her curiously from the open doorway. She was worth looking at, too, this beautiful daughter of John Henry Storrs, the financier; she was very lovely in her plain blue cloth traveling gown and chic little hat, with the late afternoon sun turning her hair to red and gold and warming the rose and ivory tints of her complexion.

The station agent jumped when Helena suddenly fixed her lovely gray eyes on him.

"Is there a garage near by?" she asked, pleasantly.

The station agent scratched his head. "Lord, miss, there ain't a motor car short of Cheyenne, I guess."

Miss Storrs looked displeased.

"What a desolate spot!" she exclaimed. "Can you tell me when the next train is due?"

"There ain't another one till morning, miss. This one wouldn't have stopped only there was something wrong with her engine. They ought not to have let you off the train at all."

"I threatened to report them if they did not," said Helen, haughtily. "What am I to do?" she asked.

The answer to her question came in an unexpected way. There was the sound of wagon wheels and the clatter of hoofs and around the bend of the trail there whirled a light buckboard driven by a man in a broad-brimmed hat. He handled the fiery black horses skillfully and brought the wagon wheels to a standstill without an inch to spare beside the station platform.

"Hi, there, Jonesey," he sang lustily, "got an express package for me?"

"Wait a minute, Jerry—it's inside." The agent hustled indoors. Presently he came out with a package, which he placed in the back of the wagon. Then he conversed in low tones with the driver. Helena surmised that they might be talking about her and she felt uncomfortably at a disadvantage.

She stepped from the platform, went around the side of the station and, without a glance at the men, turned into the dusty trail that led to Duggold—ten miles away.

She had walked perhaps half a mile when there came the clatter of hoofs behind her. She did not turn around. As the sound grew nearer she stepped aside into the sagebrush and kept on at a quicker pace.

Mingled with the hoofs were wagon wheels; they passed her and then stopped, sending up a choking cloud of dust.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant voice, "but would you not like to ride to Duggold?"

"Thank you, no," she said, stiffly; "I prefer to walk."

"It is a tough walk," said the stranger a little insistently, Helen thought; "especially if you are not acquainted with the region. You may meet all sorts of people—the grass is afire at Fox creek and it is coming this way."

Helena looked around and saw coming from the east a cloud of gray smoke. Birds were flying before the wind and little charred shreds of grass drifted past.

"Fire?" asked Helena. "Do you mean that they are permitting the fire to get beyond control?"

The man laughed shortly. "The fire had been beyond control from the beginning. There is little hope that it will stop at the trail. I did not know it had gained such headway or I—I will try backfire! Step back, please, over there—on the other side of the trail," he said.

Helena obeyed, meekly following as he drove the horses several hundred yards into the sagebrush on the safe side of the trail.

"Stay close to the wagon—it's your only way to escape." He bent to touch a match to the grass on the eastern edge of the trail.

A long line of red flames trickled up and down, fighting against the wind. The man ran to and fro, beating it back where it threatened to ignite the grass on the further side of the trail. At last the flames gathered headway and another cloud of smoke went out to meet the blacked cloud coming from the east.

Helena felt the intense heat and under the man's direction she drove the frightened horses still further to safety. If Helena had not been a fearless horsewoman the terrified animals might have broken from her restraining hands.

"You've done nobly," smiled her companion, when he rejoined her at last. "Now, if you will watch, you will see the backfire meet the fire from the east and there will be a struggle for supremacy—and they will eat each other up!"

So absorbed did Helena and her companion become in watching the battle of the two walls of flames that they were regardless of their own danger until suddenly a choking cloud of smoke enclosed them and there was the dull heat of approaching flames.

"Done!" cried the man, angrily, snatching up the reins. "We'll have a run for it, after all. It was idiocy on my part not to watch for a sneaking jump across the trail further down—well, we've got to run for it," he panted, leaning forward to lash the animals into a run.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten ride across the fire-swept sagebrush. The wagon leaped from side to side and Helena was obliged to cling desperately to the strong arm of her companion to keep from falling out. At last one of the horses lurched forward and fell with a shrill scream of anguish. The other horse was dragged down with him and kicked frantically against the tangled traces.

"Gopher hole!" muttered the man, jumping out and lifting Helena down.

He went forward, bent over the fallen animals, and called back a word of warning to Helena.

An instant later a shot rang out, there was a brief struggle, and the injured horse lay quiet. The stranger released the other animal from the traces, helped it to its feet, and then called to Helena.

"It's our only chance—can you stay on a horse?"

"Try me!" cried Helena. In an instant he had tossed a blanket across the trembling animal, strapping it firmly in place. Then, with scant ceremoney, he lifted Helena to a seat, bidding her place one foot in the fold of the blanket.

"In five minutes the fire will reach the wagon," he said. "It's a ride for life—ready? Go!"

Away went the black horse, with the man running swiftly alongside, one hand on the animal's shoulder.

Faster, faster, they went, with the flames gaining on them every instant.

To Helena Storrs the ride was a revelation. Never before had she come so near to the very marrow of life.

Here, fleeing before the blasting wind, she might have been the primeval woman with primeval man at her side.

At last the ground sloped sharply over flinty stones. The horse stumbled bravely down the declivity, snorted with pleasure and waded into a wide creek, where it stood, breathing heavily.

The man leaned against the animal and closed his eyes. The water coming to his knees roused him and he lifted his head and smiled at Helena.

"I reckon we're safe enough now," he said. "You're all tired out, eh?"

"It was glorious," said Helena, quietly.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, then Helena spoke nervously. "The fire cannot come beyond the creek?" she said.

"No. It will be pretty hot for awhile and we can keep cool in the water. After that—why, I'll take you over to Duggold; my sister will make you welcome at my ranch. I suppose you left your money on the train?"

Helena nodded.

"Well, Nancy can help you out," he said practically. "Now prepare to keep your face wet and your eyes covered—another hundred yards and the flames will lick up this grass alongside the creek."

Helena never forgot that hour. The stranger made her get down into the water and wet her gown thoroughly.

The heat from the approaching flames caused a steam to arise from the blue serge gown and the smoke was stifling, but Helena earned the eternal admiration of her companion by her courage, and finally the flames flickered out and left a dreary black and smoking pairie.

"Now, for home," said the stranger, swinging Helena into the saddle and leading the horse up the opposite bank into the sagebrush.

It was long after sunset when they dragged up the trail to Rainbow ranch, where Nancy Mather gave Helena a warm welcome. Nancy's brother, Jerry, who had been Helena's companion, lingered a moment that night and spoke to his sister.

"Nan," he said, seriously, "how would you like Miss Storrs for a sister?"

"Jerry! At last?" asked Nancy, smiling incredulously. "So soon?"

He nodded. "If I marry at all—it will be that girl," he said, seriously, as he bent to kiss her good-night.

"Good luck, then, brother. She's a dear!" cried Nancy. And when she was alone she murmured: "I'll not tell him who she is! He will be surprised to find that he's going to marry the rich Miss Storrs."

And when the news was finally broken it was after he had won Helena's consent to be his wife. Then his sturdy American independence asserted itself and he said tersely:

"Nancy, I love her in spite of the money! Say, Nancy, you ought to have seen her the day of the fire!"

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One of the bells in a new Paris cathedral weighs 20 tons, while its accessories add another ten tons.

May Recover Antiquities.

An astonishing discovery has been made by some Greek sponge-fishers at Madhia on the Tunisian coast. Observing a mass of sunken wreckage, they examined it and noticed some statues lying among rotting timbers. The French authorities were quickly interested and sent a tug and two torpedo boats to the spot. The sunken vessel proved to be one of about four hundred tons and loaded with an enormous cargo of ancient household goods and statuary, including a Hermes bearing the name of Boethos. The whole of it has now been recovered and is being examined and classified. Evidently it was a part of the Roman plunder from the sack of Athens, and probably the very ship described by Lucian as having been lost with its precious freight, including, says Lucian, a picture by Xeuxis.

Being Neighborly.

After the workmen had cleared out the landlord took especial pains to show to each tenant the bill for doing over his flat. The householders regarded that attention in different lights according to the improvements they had fought for and secured. "Some looked frightened, thinking it portended a rise in rent, some apologetic, some defiant. The third floor right man was non-committal. Three days later he called at the landlord's office and presented a slip of paper It was a bill for six shirts, summer socks and ties, a straw hat, and a blue serge suit. "What's that got to do with me?" exclaimed the landlord. "Oh, nothing," said the man airily "Just an interchange of courtesies Nothing like being neighborly, you know."

Fire Set by Cotton Batting.

A citizen of Horton bought two small houses and joined them together to make one cottage. There was a small open space in the point of the roof where the two houses were fitted together. The carpenters filled the space with ordinary cotton batting and the joint of the roof was made of tin. The heat of the sun shining on the tin set fire to the cotton batting and nearly burned the house down.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ESSENTIAL ADJUNCT TO FRUIT GROWING



These Apples Were Sprayed Three Times.

(By WM. STUART.)

The codling moth, which is by far the worst apple pest, may be quite effectively combatted by thorough spraying with some arsenical poison just after the blossoms fall. Arsenate of lead used at the rate of two pounds to fifty gallons of water is giving better satisfaction than paris green because it adheres better and does not injure the foliage.

The moths emerge early and the female soon begins to lay its eggs. These are not as has been commonly supposed upon the fruit, but largely on the under side of the leaves. Careful studies have shown that about nineteen-twentieths of the eggs are deposited upon the leaves, the balance being upon the bark and fruit. The earliest deposited eggs hatch in about ten days. While the later ones take only about half as long. As soon as the larva hatches it begins to migrate toward the fruit, and having reached it usually enters at the point of least resistance, which in its immature stage of development is through the calyx opening. A knowledge of the life history of this pest enables the orchardist to spray his trees intelligently. He knows that the weak point of resistance is in the calyx or blow end of the fruit. Here then is the point of attack. If he can fill the calyx end of each apple upon the tree with a poisonous spray, the most of the larvae will be destroyed before they have an opportunity to gain access to the interior structure of the apple. Hence he should spray within the first week or ten days after the blossoms fall or before the calyx closes up and the apple begins to point downward. The nozzle used should throw the liquid with enough force to drive the spray liquid into the end of each apple. One thorough spraying at this time has been found to give over 90 per cent. of worm free apples. A second spraying three or four weeks later is recommended. The first spraying for codling moth can be combined with the second for apple scab, by adding the arsenical poison to the bordeaux mixture.

The curculio and apple maggot are much more difficult pests to combat. Frequent and thorough sprayings has demonstrated the possibility of very largely controlling the injury caused by the apple and plum curculio. Tillage and sunlight are two effective aids in the suppression of the curculio, as is also the destruction of all fallen fruit.

There is no known remedy for the apple maggot. Preventive measures such as the destruction of all fallen fruit are the only means of suppression that can be employed. Of course good tillage and judicious pruning and spraying materially aid in lessening the injury to the fruit. Arsenical poisons are not effective.

The suckling insects are best combated by spraying with contact insecticides. Kerosene emulsion, soap solutions or tobacco infusions for the ap-



Tree Sprayed.
Select Apples, 2 Barrels.
No. 1, One Barrel.
No. 2, 1½ Barrels.

ple leaf aphis, the wooly aphis, and the oyster shell scale may be used. The latter should be attacked when the young are moving about or have not as yet secreted a scaly covering.

There is no very effective remedy for wood infesting insects like the round-headed apple tree borer. The orchardist may adopt certain protective measures such as exclusion or repulsion. The mature beetle may be prevented from depositing its eggs by wrapping the lower portion of the tree trunk with tar paper, building paper or veneering. In placing confidence in such a preventive measure there is always danger that the beetle may find some opening into which she can thrust her eggs and before one realizes it the tree is infested with borers. Exclusion methods are only effective when they actually do exclude.

Repellants are also preventives, certain ill-smelling or caustic compounds being applied as a wash to the trunks of the trees. Most of the washes are of an alkaline nature consisting of soaps, or lyes to which carbolic acid is frequently added to give it an offensive odor. Many commercial washes have at various times been put on the market, the use of which it was claimed would secure immunity from the borer. In many cases these proprietary washes have been known to be harmful to the bark of the tree, in some instances the injury being so great as to kill the tree.

The safest and most effective method, all things considered, is that of going over the young orchard trees twice each season, examining each tree carefully for the presence of borers. When detected they should be at once removed with a sharp knife. The process of digging out a first season borer is a comparatively simple and easy process, as they are just beneath the bark; the second season, however, they begin to tunnel



Tree Not Sprayed.
Select Apples, Only Five.
Cider Apples Over Four Barrels.

deeper into the tree and by the third season have penetrated almost if not quite to the heartwood. To remove a second or third year larva it is necessary to make use of a stiff, somewhat flexible wire. After removing the castings from the tunnel opening, the wire is pushed upwards or downwards in the tunnel, as the case may be, until the borer is encountered; in this way much cutting and consequent injury to the tree may be avoided.

Saving the Manure.

In properly handling barnyard manure, the farmers can save or lose hundreds of dollars annually. A manure heap is a hotbed of bacterial activities. Some of the nitrogen is formed into ammonia and passes into the air; this is a clear loss. Some is transformed into nitrates, which are soluble.

These are washed out by the rains and sink into the soil or run off into the ditch; this also is a direct loss. Some is formed by bacteria into nitrates and these nitrates are attacked by another species of bacteria which change into nitrogen gas, which passes into the air and is lost.

Run-Out Farms.

One of the surest and best ways to build up a run-out farm is to keep a good herd of cows, and to put every pound of manure back on the land.

Sowing at Right Time.

Sowing at the right time is a long step toward a profitable harvest.

LATE WORK WITH STRAWBERRY PLANT

Cultivation Should Be Continued Until Compelled to Stop by Cold Weather.

(By M. N. EDGERTON.)

We should still continue to keep the cultivators going in the strawberry bed. In fact we discontinue tillage only when compelled to do so by rains or freezing weather.

We consider this work of special importance if the fall season be in any wise dry. Not only is this tillage necessary in order that proper moisture conditions be preserved, but the surface should be kept loose, so that air may be freely admitted, conserving these conditions favorable to the processes of soil life which change the elements of plant food from an insoluble to a soluble form, that is to say put it in such shape that it may be assimilated by the plants.

There are many who fail to recognize the importance of this late tillage, or, recognizing its importance, fail to put their knowledge into practice. Having started in well we believe in running well to the end.

Stray weeds should be kept out also. They are a nuisance. Even under the best of culture they will creep in, seeming like "Jonah's gourd" to grow up in a night.

With the matted row systems weeds are likely to give no end of trouble if the soil is badly invested with weed seed.

This small late growth, though seemingly not of any significance, assumes great proportions during the spring months if not removed, and there is no time quite so favorable as the late fall months in which to do the work.

There is another task in connection with strawberry growing that should not be neglected at this time of the year: surplus runners should be removed. An unnecessary plant is as much out of place in a strawberry bed as a weed.

All of this work and care calls for stick-at-it-iveness. The grower must not become weary in well doing if he would reap the greatest rewards.

ALL WORTHY A TRIAL

DISHES POPULAR IN MEXICO MAY BE APPRECIATED HERE.

Highly Flavored But Tasty Are All These Recipes—Delicious Chile Sauce—Turkey Dressing Our Southern Neighbors Like.

Chile Sause.—Take a half peck of ripe tomatoes, three green peppers, three large onions, five cups of brown sugar, one teaspoonful each of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Chop the onions and peppers together, put in a preserving kettle with two and a half cups of vinegar and boil for an hour and a half; salt to taste. Bottle.

Red Chile Sauce (Chile Colorado).—Take six large ripe tomatoes, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, one spoon each of ground ginger and cinnamon; half a spoon of ground cloves; one cup of vinegar; half a spoon of ground mustard; one pod of dry red pepper; two large white onions, a bit of clove or garlic. Cook until it thickens. Bottle and it will keep indefinitely.

Chicken With Almond Sauce.—Boil a chicken, either whole or cut in pieces; an onion, a carrot, a bit of garlic, a piece of ham, some thyme, sweet marjoram and a half cup of vinegar, the chicken when cooked to be served with the following sauce: Grind four ounces of almonds, heat a little lard with a clove of garlic well mashed, then dissolve a little flour in some of the stock and stir, to prevent browning too much. Add a piece of butter and a ladle full of stock. Incorporate the almonds, the ham and parsley, chopped fine; add salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Chop two hard boiled eggs, fine chopped, put in chicken and boil. This is a dish fit for a king. It is said that it was the one Spanish dish to which the Aztecs took kindly.

Turkey Dressing.—Until within the last few years, after the introduction of the American cooking stove, Mexicans rarely baked fowls, as they prefer their fowls and meats boiled. The following recipe for cooking and dressing turkeys is followed by the housekeepers on all the haciendas (plantations) and not a few city cooks. It is a variation from the baked turkey of the United States. Clean the turkey or fowl, spread with lard and pepper, put on in a large pot and boil. When nearly done take out and stuff with this dressing: Five small green onions, five apples that have been boiled and mashed through a colander, four ounces of ham cut into small bits, pepper and salt. Fry this all together until done, stuff the turkey, put back in pot and boil until done. Remove from pot; have ready a large, deep vessel in which there is boiling lard. Put in the turkey, and turn frequently so that it may be browned on all sides.

Stuffed Beets.

Boil new beets of even size until tender. Set aside for several hours, or over night, covered with vinegar. When ready to serve rub off the skin, scoop out the center of each to form a cup and arrange the cups on lettuce leaves. For each five cups chop fine a cucumber. Make a French dressing of two tablespoons of oil, a teaspoon of vinegar (scant), one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of paprika and salt. Stir the dressing into the cucumber and fill the beets with mixture. Take the beet removed to form cups, cut slices, forming stars or any shape, and decorate the top of each cup.

Chopped radish, cress, olives or celery are all excellent for a filling.

Date Biscuits.

Mix and sift two cups of pastry flour, four teaspoons baking powder, and one-half teaspoon salt. Work in two tablespoons butter, then add gradually three-fourth cup of milk. Toss onto floured board, roll to one-third inch thickness and shape with small, round cutter, first dipped in flour. On half the pieces place a date from which the stone has been removed, brush round edges with melted butter, cover with remaining pieces, press edges firmly together, place in buttered pan and bake in a hot oven from 12 to 15 minutes.

Escalloped Oysters.

This amount is for two. Use one pint of oysters. Roll into fine crumbs a dozen and a half of crackers. Take a quart (enameled or crockery) dish, butter it well, then put in a layer of the cracker crumbs to cover the bottom, then cover with a layer of oysters and bits of butter and a little shake of pepper and salt, and so on alternately, until oysters are used, having last layer of oysters. Then pour over the top the oyster liquor and a cup of milk with an egg beaten up in it. Put in oven and bake about three-quarters of an hour. Delicious.

Parsley Jelly.

This is a very economical jelly and delicious. Take any quantity of parsley, cover with water and boil about half an hour. Then run through the jelly bag, measure and allow one cup of sugar to one cup of juice, add two or three rose geranium leaves, which give a fine flavor. Now boil all together until it becomes as thick as honey.

Lemon Biscuit.

One cup lard, three cups white sugar, one pint sweet milk, two eggs, pinch of salt, five cents' worth of carbonate of ammonia, five cents' worth oil of lemon. Dissolve ammonia in milk, mix stiff enough to handle easily, roll one-fourth inch thick. Pick with fork and have oven hot. Get the ammonia and lemon at the druggist's.

Jam Roll.

Two eggs, their weight in flour and butter and not quite in powdered sugar, two teaspoons of baking powder. Rub butter, mix ingredients, lastly eggs. Bake ten minutes, spread on buttered paper, then spread jam and roll.

When Beating Eggs.

When beating the whites of eggs always add a pinch of cream of tartar when they are about half beaten. This is excellent, as it keeps the eggs from falling before being used.

NOW THAT AUTUMN IS HERE

Some Good Ways of Taking Advantage of the Season's Fruits and Vegetables.

Instead of the cool greens of summer, so refreshing and grateful during the extreme heat and dryness, in the markets we now find the late peach and pear, the pumpkin and sweet potato, the luscious tomato and all the other vegetables and fruits so abundant in autumn.

Baked Beets.—Take well-grown new beets and bake instead of boiling them. Take off the hard outside and you will be agreeably surprised with the sweetness of the beet. Slice into a heated vegetable dish and pour over them two tablespoonfuls of melted butter (not oily), mixed with the juice of half a lemon and half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper.

Sugar Beet Pudding.—Here is a favorite Carolina dish: Boil the beets until just tender; peel and cut in small dices. Allow a pint of milk to a pint of beets, two or three well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste and a light grating of nutmeg. Put all into an earthen or heavy baking dish that can be sent to the table, and bake until the custard is set in the middle. Serve hot, as a vegetable.

Holland Cabbage.—A Dutch housewife contributes this good, substantial dish: Take a small head of white cabbage; cut it in fine shreds; four tart apples, peeled and sliced; one large tablespoonful of butter or drippings; a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a sprinkling of cheese or nutmeg. Stir over a slow fire for at least three hours. Mix together one tablespoonful of vinegar, a little flour (not more than a level teaspoonful) and a tablespoonful of jelly. Just before taking from the fire add this mixture to the cabbage; let it boil up once or twice, and serve.

MEASURING POTS AND PANS

Knowledge of Just How Much Each Holds Will Be Found to Make for Economy.

It seems that only in catalogues do we know or learn how large our pans are. But the housewife who really measures the quantity held by her pots and pans will be a better cook and more efficient housewife. What do you wish this pot for? Merely to warm a can of tomatoes, or to cook two quarts of spinach? How much should this pot hold to be just the right size for your purpose? Do you know how much, for instance, your yellow mixing bowls hold? Have you ever been deceived, and prepared to use a bowl for a certain purpose and find you had to take a larger one? Are you sure that your frying pan is the best depth for your special purpose? Is it nine, or ten, or eleven inches across? If you knew just how big it was, perhaps you wouldn't need two pans, or three or five, if you could estimate just the best depth and diameter for your needs.

Hindu Curried Potatoes.

Cut two large potatoes in cubes about an inch square, place in saucepan with one tablespoon melted butter. Season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper and one teaspoon curry powder. Stir thoroughly, then add one pint hot water. Let cook till potatoes are well done, but not mushy. Leave enough liquid to form a gravy when they are served. If you like a milk sauce an East Indian would put one-eighth cup of milk in a bowl, add one-half cup of cold water and with his fingers he would blend in two tablespoons of flour. Pour this over the potatoes and cook till quantity of liquid is reduced about one-half.

Lamb Kidneys With Bacon.

Split six kidneys in halves and remove the thin outer skin. Fry six slices of bacon until crisp. Remove them from the fat and keep hot. Dip the kidneys in flour and brown quickly on both sides in the bacon fat. When brown add hot water to nearly cover, a tablespoon of tomato ketchup, a tablespoon of table sauce, and cook for five minutes, keeping them just below the boiling point. Serve on a hot platter, with the bacon as a garnish.

Orange Cream Filling.

Put into a cup the rind of one-half and the juice of one orange, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and fill with hot water; strain and put on to boil; add one tablespoonful corn starch, wet with cold water and cook ten minutes, being careful not to scorch; beat yolk of one egg with two heaping tablespoonfuls sugar; add to the mixture with one teaspoonful butter; cook until butter is dissolved; let cool.

Clean Flatirons.

I always keep my flatirons clean and smooth by a very simple method, writes a contributor to the New York Times. When I finish on washday, before emptying the water out of the tubs, I put the irons in for some minutes. Then take them out and scrub with a soft, dry cloth. I find that done in this way each week keeps the irons in very good order.

Shrimp Wiggle.

Three tablespoons of melted butter, two tablespoons of flour stirred in, 1½ cups of milk; cook until it thickens, then add two cans of shrimp and one can of peas; drain the liquid off of each and add them to the mixture, then stir all together; salt to taste; serve on toasted bread. But we have ours with mashed potato.

When Sprinkling Clothes.

If you wish to iron your clothes immediately after you sprinkle them, try dampening them with hot water. Roll them tightly for a moment or two, shake them out well and iron with a hot iron.

Pretty Garnish.

A pretty garnish for salads is mayonnaise jelly. Melted gelatin is added to the mayonnaise and then the dressing is allowed to harden. Cut into cubes as one would aspic jelly.

Bureau Drawers.

To make bureau drawers slide easily rub the parts that catch with common yellow soap.

MRS. MANGES ESCAPES OPERATION

How She Was Saved From Surgeon's Knife by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Mogadore, Ohio.—"The first two years I was married I suffered so much from female troubles and bearing down pains that I could not stand on my feet long enough to do my work. The doctor said I would have to undergo an operation, but my husband wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound first. I took three bottles and it made me well and strong and I avoided a dreadful operation. I now have two fine healthy children, and I cannot say too much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. LEE MANGES, R. F. D. 10, Mogadore, Ohio.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

A Beautiful Woman

Her complexion was just like peaches and cream, and she didn't have a wrinkle. Well, don't envy her, you can have a complexion just like hers. Here is the wonderful secret. Purchase from your druggist two ounces of Casosterine and add to four ounces of water; this will make a massage cream which should be used each night. Also purchase two ounces of Borosterine and add to eight ounces of water; this will make a greaseless cream which should be used directly after the massage. In a short time you will be surprised to see the bloom of youth return to the sallow cheeks, the pimples, blackheads and wrinkles disappear, and once again you can wear your favorite colors. If your druggist is unable to supply you, send one dollar direct to the Cootes Laboratories, Norfolk, Va., and you will receive these products by return mail.

Cootes Laboratories, Norfolk, Va.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.



Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

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For Coughs and Colds

Hale's Honey

of Horehound and Tar

is unrivaled. Pleasant to the taste—soothing and healing—absolutely dependable. Sold by all druggists.

Try Pike's Toothache Drops

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS. If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" "RUN DOWN" or "GOT THE BLUES" suffer from KIDNEY, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, ULCERS, SKIN ERUPTIONS, PILES, write for my FREE book. THE MOST INSTRUCTIVE MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. IT TELLS ALL about these DISEASES and the REMARKABLE CURES EFFECTED by THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No1. No2. No3. THERAPION & you can decide FOR YOURSELF if it's the remedy for YOUR OWN ailment. Don't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No "follow up" circulars. DR. LECLERC MED. CO, HAVERSTOCK RD, HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

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