BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts—Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest and back, in short, the whole body, was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed we had to pin his hands down, otherwise he would scratch his face, and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa. June 5, 1905."

Pathos Between Lines.

John Mitchell, in a description of one of the historic coal strikes of the last century, said:

"There is a story of the privations of these poor people that has a grim pathos in it. Its pathetic rather than its humorous side makes the story worth repeating.

"A child, during the strike, goes to Mrs. Simpkins on Monday morning and says:

"'Please, ma'am, my mother sent me for the loan of your marrow bones to make soup with.'

"'Tell your mother,' Mrs. Simpkins replies, 'that Mrs. Murphy has them to-day, and Mrs. McDevitt is promised them for to-morrow, but she can have them on Wednesday if she'll return them promptly, bein' as I want to make soup myself on Thursday.'"

Higher Education.

Two sisters were sitting in a hotel writing-room. They audibly were discussing their friends.

"Yes, I've just written aunty about Mrs. Blank. I told her that of all the unrefined, uneducated, illiterate people I ever saw"—

"By the way, Emma, how do you spell illiterate?"

Do Cow Peas Make Hens Lay?

A poultry raiser tells the Advance man that he has discovered that cow peas make hens lay. Last winter he left an acre of the peas uncut and his hens ate them. He was surprised to receive double the number of eggs during the winter.—Higginsville Advance.

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused it to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert

and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed of a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843 she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children, three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in specially urgent cases. By tradition and experience many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so, if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly adapted to cure the various diseases of the body, and it was a pleasure to search these out, and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All this so far was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873 the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

At this point Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was made known to the world.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills.

John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and tired in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Stories Told of Prof. Park.

Prof. Park, so long the especial light at Andover Theological Seminary, when a young man studied in Germany. His acute mind made him the terror of the professors. The eminent Dr. Tholuck, after being driven into a corner in an argument with the young American, exclaimed, "Now I am sorry that Columbus discovered America."

When Prof. Park, at Andover, was asked by a student the reason for the tower of Pisa, he quickly answered: "No doubt the contractor did not pay his men promptly, so that they were compelled to put a lean on the tower."

Prof. Park was very particular to call his students by name. One day he met a man by the name of Jones. Not wishing to betray the fact that he could not recall his name, he said: "By the way, how do you spell your name?" The student with some surprise, exclaimed: "J-o-n-e-s. Is there any other way of spelling it?"

Fixing a Funeral Date.

To show how implicitly people of a generation ago trusted in the "Farmers' Almanac," the following story was told by old Dr. Hunt, who for many years faithfully served the townspeople of Weston, Mass.

One of his patients had departed this life, leaving a sorrowing spouse, whom Dr. Hunt tried to comfort. In the course of making the burial arrangements, he asked when she desired to have the funeral.

"Wait, doctor," said she; "we must have it on a pleasant day." She hurriedly searched the almanac, and the day was set.

Similar Symptoms.

"Well, suzz, Ezry!" ejaculated a certain citizen of Pruntytown, upon meeting an acquaintance. "You are lookin' real smilin' and satisfied this afternoon. Betcha it's a boy or girl—hey."

"Betcha 'tain't!" was the reply. "I've just swapped a balky horse to Deacon Pettifer for an animal that ain't got a thing in the world the matter with him except a spavin, the heaves and a stringhalt. That's what tickles me so."—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Ministers Late Risers.

"Ministers is the latest risers. Doctors comes next," said the cook.

She was entertaining the maids from next door. As she bustled about getting the tea and cake ready she talked incessantly, like a machine. The maids listened, their eyes fixed on the collation that each moment grew more tempting under her hand.

"Some ministers don't rise till 10," she said. "There's hardly one of them that you'll find up by 8. Nine or half-past is their average hour.

"You see, they don't have no office to go to at a certain time. They have no early appointments that must be kept. They have no clerks that they must look after. Consequence is, they become the latest risin' class of men on earth.

"I've worked around considerable in my time. I've had forty-seven places, all told. Some has been with doctors, some with business men and eleven with ministers. The ministers is the best to live with. They are so considerate and generous and they have such perfect dispositions. If they would only get quit of this lazy habit of loafin' away the morning in bed they'd be a class without a fault."

Shy On Table Etiquette.

"Table etiquette in country hotels is a study in itself," remarked the traveling man. "Every town seems to have its own code of ethics and it's a difficult matter to keep up with the various forms and observances. I had to stop over in a little Connecticut town on my last trip and put up at the only hotel in the place.

"There was no fault to find with the dinner. There was an abundance of well-cooked food and I reveled in dishes so dear to my infantile days, reserving a gap for a slice of the real, old-fashioned pumpkin pie, which was made a feature of the bill of fare.

"The waitress passed and repassed me, but made no motion to remove my plate and trot out the luscious pie. My patience gave out at last, and I almost grabbed her as she flew by and haughtily demanded my portion.

"'Y'all through?' she snapped.

"'Yes.'

"'Then why didn't ye stack up yer dishes so'd I know?'

"And as a rebuke for my lack of table manners she brought me a stingy slice."

No Chloride of Lime for Him.

Pat Egan, a plasterer, and a well known character of Cambridge, Mass., walked into a shoe store on Massachusetts avenue on Saturday evening recently to purchase a pair of shoes, says a writer in the Boston Herald. After looking over three or four pairs of shoes he hit upon one pair that took his fancy. He tried them on, and found that they did not pinch or chafe, but complained that they went on too hard.

"Oh, that'll be all right, Mr. Egan; I'll easily fix that," remarked the clerk, who immediately took the shoes off and proceeded to sprinkle powder into them.

He was about to try them on Pat again, when the latter stood wrathfully up in his stocking feet and shouted out:

"Oh, no, you don't! No, you don't! Mr. Bell! Mr. Bell! Come here! Come here! I've bought shoes of you for the lost foive years, but the divil a shoe will I buy of you again. This brazen-faced clerk of yours tried to put chloride of lime in my shoes, but I was too smart for him."

Haggard Reads Obituary.

Rider Haggard tells a good story about the premature publication of an obituary notice of himself. Hearing that a ballet based on "She" was to be produced in Hungary, he wrote asking for programmes and photographs. A reply came that the manager was shocked at the request, for he had believed the illustrious Herr Author to be dead. Long obituaries had appeared in the Hungarian journals. Mr. Haggard then wrote and asked that a contradiction might be circulated, but the manager reported that the editors refused to insert it, as they believed it to be an unscrupulous attempt to obtain a free advertisement for the ballet.

To Honor Patriotic Chef.

Residents of Nice are about to erect a statue in memory of Nebain Dubois who for many years was chief cook to the kaiser's grandfather, King William of Prussia, receiving a salary of $75,000 a year. As soon as the Franco-Prussian war was declared he resigned to fight against his former employer.

BOX OF WAFERS FREE—NO DRUGS—CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Cures Belching of Gas—Bad Breath and Bad Stomach—Short Breath—Bloating—Sour Eructations—Irregular Heart, Etc.

Take a Mull's Wafer any time of the day or night, and note the immediate good effect on your stomach. It absorbs the gas, disinfects the stomach, kills the poison germs and cures the disease. Catarrh of the head and throat, unwholesome food and overeating make bad stomachs scarcely any stomach is entirely free from taint of some kind. Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will make your stomach healthy by absorbing foul gases which arise from the undigested food and by re-enforcing the lining of the stomach, enabling it to thoroughly mix the food with the gastric juices. This cures stomach trouble, promotes digestion, sweetens the breath, stops belching and fermentation. Heart action becomes strong and regular through this process.

Discard drugs, as you know from experience they do not cure stomach trouble. Try a common-sense (Nature's) method that does cure. A soothing, healing sensation results instantly.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will do this, and we want you to know it.

SPECIAL OFFER.—The regular price of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers is 50c. a box, but to introduce it to thousands of sufferers we will send two (2) boxes upon receipt of 75c. and this advertisement, or we will send you a free sample for this coupon.

1136 FREE COUPON. 129

Send this coupon with your name and address and name of a druggist who does not sell it for a free sample box of Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers to

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

Sold by all druggists, 50c. per box, or sent by mail.

Lake Titicaca is the highest navigable lake in the world.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is fifty years since friction matches were invented.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

TO CLEAN CHAMOIS GLOVES.

Make a strong suds with white castile soap or any other kind of good white soap, and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When the suds are cold put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands, says Home Chat. Rinse in the same manner in clear water. Then draw off gently and hang in a shady place to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry, rub between the hands to soften them.

DONE IN BROWN.

Very effective is a brown broadcloth redingote suit, the coat of which reaches to within four inches of the edge of the walking skirt.

The coat is lined throughout with white taffeta, and it buttons up (single-breasted) with a dozen velvet buttons trimmed with silver, in the dark antique effect. It is open up the back of the skirt nearly to the waist line, and is fitted with three tabs and three buttons by which is may be fastened together.

It has hip pockets, this jaunty garment, and stitched velvet facings finish the collar and cuffs. An inlaying of white broadcloth further adorns the collar. The seams of this garment, which at the front replace the darts, are carried straight up to the shoulders, and the corresponding seams in the back of course join them exactly. This is altogether smart and tailory in effect. Philadelphia Record.

THE MORNING TOILET.

It is a fine tribute to a woman when man was heard to say: "I always think of my wife as a morning glory; she looks so bright and pretty at the breakfast table." It pays wives and mothers and sons and daughters to be careful impression is likely to be lasting; so greet every one in the morning looking fresh, sweet and attractive.

Great truth is contained in the sentiment:

We make careful thought for the stranger,
And have smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for our own
The careless gown,
Though we love our own the best.

In this day and age there is no excuse for women appearing before their families in soiled and unattractive morning costume. Dainty materials may be had so reasonably. A little lace and ribbon leads the dainty and sheer appearance which gives the inviting touch, and apron and sleeve protectors insure cleanliness, if preparing breakfast must be taken into consideration. These may be slipped off during the meal hour, and self-respect is sustained and also the admiration of the home's dearest and best.

CARE OF CLOTHES.

Don't be careless in putting on and taking off or putting away your clothes, as much of their beauty and life depend upon their care.

After removing a dress remove all extras in the way of beauty pins, jabots, flowers, etc., that are not a part of the dress and permanently attached.

Variety is not the only reason why it is best to have changes. It is real economy, as clothes need rest.

It is economy, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, to buy good clothes, but not extravagant. Care keeps good material and well-made clothing in shape; poor ones will not respond even to good care.

All clothes keep in shape better if properly folded and padded. In putting away waists the sleeves and bodice should be "stuffed" with crumpled tissue paper, and the sleeves crossed over the bodice and the wrist part turned back, with middle of front and middle of back folded and then folded back and forth (fanlike), and then folded once from top to bottom, if necessary; but it is much better if skirts can be put away full length. Never turn a skirt inside out to fold. This may be all right when hung.

Nothing else makes a dress look so untidy as spots on the goods. One of the best agents for cleaning spots is soap bark jelly. This is made by dissolving a handful of soap bark in a quart of boiling water and letting it cool.

ARRANGING OSTRICH PLUMES.

When a moderately long ostrich feather is shown as a trimming, it is more often than not attached to the crown and allowed to sweep over the back of the hat. It is so with the long feathers adorning a felt hat, the brim of which is somewhat capriciously waved in soft gentle curves. Felt and feathers are both of a deep rich purple, and also the double band of moire and satin ribbons that enriches the crown and is tied in front in a careless bow at the foot of the feather. But the different textures exhibit the colors in slightly different shades.

Quite a different arrangement is adopted for a capaline, the rim of which is turned up vertically at the back. In this case two half-long feathers are set against the upturned back of the brim and their tips curl forward over it.

The hat in question is turned smooth with peacock-blue miroir velvet, and the feathers are of the same color, fading to a somewhat pale shade at the tips. A fold of velvet encircles the crown, which is quite low and is tied in front in a cravat bow.

A third hat has three long tips arranged in a plume on one side of a high flat-topped crown. This is a felt of the new moleskin shade and the plume matches it in color. About the crown is a drapery of deep creamy satin, and there are puffed rosettes of the same underneath over the left ear and at the back.

Another hat of the same browny drab color, but quite different in shape—the brim being narrow and flat and wider behind than in front, and the crown low—rests at the back on a cache peigne of deep peacock-blue feathers, and has, moreover, a feather of the same color attached to the side of the crown by a large button of blue Dresden china sewn down on the fold of velvet that encircles the crown.—Millinery Trade Review.

THE MANLY GIRL.

Somebody has once again discovered what is the matter with our girls. It is a restless age. So many people go to and fro in the world proclaiming what is the matter with their brothers and sisters. What great mind made this last discovery it is difficult to ascertain. But you catch echoes of the discovery reverberating in all sorts of places, and from time to time the discovery itself is shouted at you either in a drawing-room or through the philosophical columns of a ladies' paper. The discovery is, indeed, rather startling. Here it is in its simplest form: "What is the matter with our girls is that they have too much common sense."

Dressed up in various phases you meet that statement several times a week just now. Perhaps, it is not so mad as it looks. Our girls, say their accusers, put off the gentle feminine charm of the past. There is something in this. It is no longer considered unwomanly not to faint at every opportunity. The ideal of our girls, their accusers pathetically complain, is no longer to be gentle and tender and clinging. On the contrary, the girl of to-day can give her papa several strokes and a bad temper on the links, she can hold her own with a cabman and cheat a customs official as well as most men. Our girls—their accusers be it understood, are still speaking—no longer worship the family hearth and the homely kitchen. They would rather earn their own living, and let mamma have another servant. No longer when they see a baby do they rush to worship it. They begin to talk about hygienic diet and scientific education. Worst of all, last lurid touch in the melancholy picture, sentiment is no longer their joy. They laugh at it, alas! even more than their brothers. Thus has the glory of our girls departed. All because of too much common sense.

It is no doubt possible to have too much common sense. The gentleman who added "as at present advised" to the troth-plight, at his marriage, was suffering from an excess of this quality. There would be cause for weeping and wailing if the cult of common sense among our girls were likely to overwhelm all their emotions and turn them into capable, but uninspiring, machines. Common sense is useful, but it is not exactly the highest manifestation of the capacities of woman or man. Our girls, however, have room for plenty more common sense before they are in any danger.—London Daily Telegraph.

Cloaks for evening wear will be made in rich brocades of delicate tints, furlined.

Mink, sable, ermine and chinchilla are the fashionable furs, and the prices are very high.

The great vogue of the elbow sleeve promises to continue through the season, and possibly longer.

The Richelieu shoe with small gold buckles is the correct thing for evening wear at dinner or theater.

Very pale blues, pinks and cream are much in evidence and narrow velvet ribbon is used for trimmings.

For the younger people who attend dancing-school, nun's veiling, wool batiste or albatross make charming little dresses.

The popularity of the short sleeve on reception dresses has brought into prominence the wearing of bracelets once again.

White lace and mull gowns, the soft collennes, crepes and some of the other soft radium silks continue popular and are sweetly becoming.

The muffs are enormous, and the small cravats have given way to ample stoles, pelerines and shawls, shaped flat boas, with long ends.

Dancing frocks are created of sheer gauze, chiffon taffetas, sprigged chiffon taffetas, striped silks, and small checks woven over with fine flower garlands.

No prettier style can be imagined than a band of black velvet worn around the wrist which fastens by a small bow and strass buckle, says Elizabeth Steadman, in the Pilgrim.

With almost all made veils is worn a face veil of thinnest pink tulle, put on over face and hair before the hat or outer veil are donned. This gives the complexion a becoming rose tint and enables one to wear almost any color of veil.

WAYS OF GREAT MEN

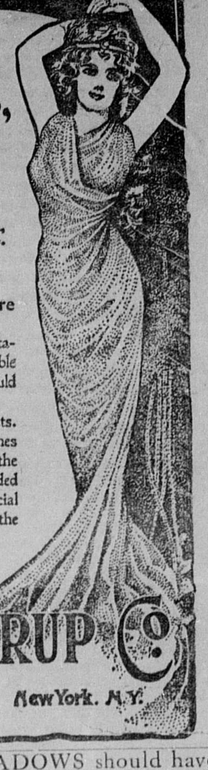
How Some Celebrities Ate, Slept, Worked and Played.

Lives of great men usually remind us that we cannot make our lives sublime by following their rules about diet, drink, work and sleep. Gladstone's rule about chewing his food with many bites before swallowing it, was excellent sense, a good rule for every one. But Thomas Edison, being interviewed the other day about his habits, advocated more work as a cure for overwork and little food and not much sleep as highly beneficial. Digestion easily becomes a tax on vitality, and remarkable benefits sometimes come from cutting down the rations of an ailing person. Moreover, a change of employment is restful. But the faculty will hardly back Mr. Edison in advocating less sleep for the majority of mankind, or in prescribing harder work as a cure for overwork. Mark Twain confesses that he has lately cured himself of indigestion by substituting three or four frugal meals a day for one big one. Think of this keeping up, and so well up, these many years on one meal a day! When you run the very small eaters to earth you usually find that they are pretty steady and generous consumers of tobacco. Mr. Edison smokes. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the English prophet of little to eat and chew it very fine, is a fairly constant smoker. Mark Twain is not conscious of taking any exercise, and when he has something important to do, he stays abed until it is done. Any beginner who followed his regimen of Mr. Edison's would come punctually to grief. The truth is a seasoned mind-worker of mature years is apt to be one of the toughest things that nature's laboratory produces. He is apt to be in considerable measure poison-proof; at least he has learned, usually, what he can do, and what he cannot do, with alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea. And he has usually learned not to burden his body with an unnecessary amount of food, or else his habits of digestion are so perfected that nothing jolts them. An average first-flight football player is a baby in the important kinds of hardiness compared with a thoroughly seasoned lawyer or writer.—Harper's Weekly.

Hares are never eaten by Spaniards because in Spain there is a superstition that hares in the night visit churchyards, burrow into the graves, and eat the dead bodies.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,



The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine- Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine- Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

Frank L. Pearson will continue the brokerage business heretofore conducted by Pearson & Boyle, the latter member of the firm retiring at the end of this year.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The only Englishman who ever became Pope was Adrian IV.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Paso Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The number of babies born on Manhattan Island in 1904 was 59,196.

Robbed in Church.

Just think what an outrage it is to be robbed of all the benefits of the services by continuous coughing throughout the congregation, when Anti-Gripine is guaranteed to cure. Sold everywhere. 25 cts. E. W. Diemer, M. D., manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

Japanese counterfeiters in Hawaii are turning out American money.

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 on each box. 25c.

Science has discovered several new kinds of mosquitoes.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1902.

Berlin, Germany, has a population of 2,033,900 souls.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion; never fails. Sold by Druggists. Mail orders promptly filled by Dr. Detchon, Crawfordsville, Ind. $1.

Mud baths were first used as complexion restorers in India.

STILL TRIMS HUSBAND'S HAIR.

Aged Millionaire Keeps to the Custom of His Poverty Days.

In Brooklyn there lives a millionaire well along in years, with a wife from whom also youth has long since fled. From the old days before wealth came to them the couple retain one custom which has passed, as the years have flown, into a sort of sacred rite. The old lady cuts the old gentleman's hair. Once a year the millionaire goes to a barber shop and has his scanty locks trimmed. That sets the style for the ensuing year. When he comes home the wife carefully studies the cut, and after that it is her work of love to reproduce it until another year rolls around and the annual visit to the barber takes place. The old gentleman also shaves himself.

Economy in the matter of barbering which was first a matter of stern necessity, is now the one little thing that the couple refuse to give up out of the days of poverty. As they are a childless couple, there is nobody to hector the old man into engaging a valet. Really the old man has his hair cut more often than is necessary, for sometimes when the worries of wealth and social duties are more than ordinarily oppressive the good wife will say: "Come dear—come up to my room. I want to cut your hair." And while the scissors snip the old couple laughingly go back to the old happy days of youth and struggle once more.

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

How Food Headed Off the Insidious Disease.

The happy wife of a good old-fashioned Mich. farmer says:

"In the spring of 1902, I was taken sick—a general breaking down, as it were. I was excessively nervous, could not sleep well at night, my food seemed to do me no good, and I was so weak I could scarcely walk across the room.

"The doctor said my condition was due to overwork and close confinement and that he very much feared that consumption would set in. For several months I took one kind of medicine after another, but with no good effect—in fact, I seemed to grow worse.

"Then I determined to quit all medicines, give up coffee and see what Grape-Nuts food would do for me. I began to eat Grape-Nuts with sugar and cream and bread and butter three times a day.

"The effect was surprising! I began to gain flesh and strength forthwith, my nerves quieted down and grew normally steady and sound, sweet sleep came back to me. In six weeks' time I discharged the hired girl and commenced to do my own housework for a family of six. This was two years ago, and I am doing it still, and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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How Sam Acquired the Watch.

Sam Grove, porter some years ago at the Wilson house, Boston, and known by all the traveling men of the state, and who stuttered very badly, was arrested, charged with stealing a watch. It seems that Sam and a guest of the house played poker and Sam won all of his money; then he put up his watch against a certain amount of money and Sam won the watch. The next day the man had Sam arrested, charged with stealing his watch.

At the trial the judge asked Sam if he had stolen the watch. Sam said "N-no." The judge asked him how he came by the watch, and Sam said: "P-t-the d-d——d f-f-fool b-b-bet on a p-p-pair of q-q-queens."

Absent Minded.

"Dear me, Bridget, isn't it time you learned to set the table without help? I think that after I have trained you for a year I ought not to feel obliged to always look at the table before a meal is served."

"Sure, mum; me ould mother did be sither schouldin' me for forgittin' whin I was back home in County Galway. 'Bridget,' she'd be sayin', 'it's yerself do be sittin' there sewin', and here's the pig a-walkin' round the corner wid yer t'imble in his mout.'"—Lippincott's.

Government engineers are mapping Puget Sound for mines.

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