



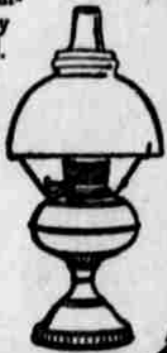
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RHEUMATISM is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood. Ask any reputable physician, ask your family doctor, and he will tell you that the Uric Acid must be dissolved and drawn from the system before the disease yields.

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WRITE TODAY—Fill in the coupon printed below and send it to us with 25 cents. We will immediately mail to you a liberal sized box of Herington's Tablets. If they fail to CURE you we will return your money as willingly as we took it. Our guarantee is, NO CURE, NO PAY.

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I enclose 25 cents, for which please send, postage prepaid, 1 box Herington's Tablets.

My Name..... My Address.....
My Druggist's Name.....

A Peripatetic Wooing.

By RITA KELLEY.

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Eloise was having thoughts. That they were not pleasant thoughts was proved by the hurry with which she donned her tan ulster and close brown walking hat and slipped out of the house. She hurried down brilliantly lighted Broadway, hoping that the new experience of being alone, unchaperoned, unprotected, amid the rush of life on all sides, might divert her mind. She was halted at last by a man with a megaphone. He was shouting: "All aboard for Chinatown! Right this way. Tickets two dollars. All aboard for Chinatown!"

She looked up at the huge, ugly "rubberneck wagon," now fairly transformed into a bower of beauty of red, white and blue electric lights and Chinese lanterns bobbing in the chill breeze. It seemed to offer succor from the insistent, uncomfortable thoughts at the back of her brain. The old wagon in its brave array held some of the allurements of fairyland and his happy irresponsibility, and on the spur of the moment she whipped out her purse.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" HE DEMANDED.
from her ulster pocket, bought her ticket and climbed in among the lanterns well toward the front.

George had dared to insinuate that she could not get along without him. He had acted as if he were as much a part of her life as her daily ride in the park, her nights at the opera, her cotton favors. Worse still, there had been, too, the suggestion that he was so much a part of her existence that she could not get along without him. Other girls were wooed and hard won. She was taken for granted. And she wanted romance—"heart interest" she had heard it called when the drama was under consideration. All her life had the conventional been wrapped around her like a dun colored cloak. She would have freedom from conventionality—and George.

A thrill of anticipation ran through her as the big, clumsy vehicle wheeled cautiously and threaded its way down the crowded streets. Through the Tenderloin, the Ghetto, the Bowery—all those localities of which she had heard, but never seen—it went. When it halted at last she was in the front of the party, still determinedly eager to get outside of herself. The conductor had taken her under his wing, and she felt very safe and sure.

They had climbed up and up and up many winding, creaking, unsafe stairs to the joss house, a heathenish, garish place filled with a mixture of rare carvings, embroideries, ivories and apparently worthless junk. The conductor of the party wanted to give his explanation until the latter had gone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "wait a few minutes, and I will explain this interesting place. There are some people present who did not come with the party and who are waiting in the hope that they will get the benefit of what I am about to tell you."

A little woman in a blue tailored suit edged her way with asperity into the crowd.

"Do you mean me?" she demanded. "I guess we have as good a right to be here as any one. And we'll stay here till we are ready to go."

The conductor turned to Eloise for approbation.

"The members of this party have each paid \$2 for this valuable information, and it is not fair to them to allow you to hear this for nothing. I know your kind. You have been following us around just to get this information free. No, a night passes but I have trouble of this kind, and it's got to stop."

The little woman fought off her friends who strove to lead her away.

under what protection as she gazed down from the lantern hung balcony into the street crowded with Chinese in their native dress—their pig faces, long eues and long nailed fingers holding paper bags filled with vegetables.

"Eloise!" She jumped at the sound of her name and a man's step on the balcony and pressed back against the wall of the house, staring with wild eyes at the man before her.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why, you have never been out like this! What does it mean?" She gathered her forces suddenly for retaliation.

"What if I haven't?" she said, somewhat breathlessly. "I am old enough to do as I choose—and it is not in the least your affair what I do!"

She pushed past him into the incense laden interior to have the conductor present her with a package of joss sticks and a slip of paper covered with Chinese characters.

"A fortune," he said gallantly. "Ask your Chinese laundryman to read it for you."

She ran almost blindly down the stairs and into the street, trusting to her instinct for locality to guide her to the nearest subway station. The orientals fell back in wild astonishment at sight of her fleeing figure, and a few fat old fellows said unintelligible things to her which caused a roar of laughter.

Her cheeks were burning, her breath was coming in gasps, as she came into the little square marking the one time wickedest place in New York. All at once she felt that she was being followed. Quick, light footfalls were coming behind her, were keeping pace with hers, and terror clutched her heart. A few drunken men sprawled on the park benches. To return was impossible. She could never find the "rubberneck" party. There was nothing to do but keep on as best she could.

She emerged from the park ready to drop with exhaustion and was obliged to slow down to get her breath. To her relief she found the steps had stopped, and no one was in sight. She went on and on through the better streets of the wholesale district and at last saw the twinkling lights of surface cars ahead. She reached for her purse. It was gone!

She stopped stock still on a corner, frozen with horror. Alone at 11 o'clock at night on a deserted street, with no money and home miles away! The ill of her guarded, pampered life showed uppermost in this dilemma. A less favored girl would have known what to do. She stood there dazed, helpless, till the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps started her into action. She sprang forward.

"Eloise!" A man's voice echoed her name commandingly among the skyscrapers.

She collapsed all in a heap on the curbstone.

"You—you—lovable girl," he said, looking down at her limp person struggling for breath.

"Oh, George," she panted, "I didn't know it was you!"

He sat down on the curb beside her. "I thought you did," he said.

"And there wasn't any real danger?" she asked, wide eyed. "Oh, what a simpleton!"

"None at all except from the ogre me," he laughed shortly.

"Oh, George, you are simply fine!" "You didn't think so last week this time," he said relentlessly.

Revenge is Sweet. In ordinary life he was a very important person, for he was a judge; but also, his liver got out of order just the same as if he had been an ordinary mortal, and a brother luminary had advised him to take a Turkish bath. It was a luxury he had not previously indulged in, and he noticed that the rubber patiently endured being punched, slapped and poked until he could stand the torture no longer.

"Is—it—quite—neces—sary—to—make—me—black—and—blue—all—over?" panted his lordship.

"Never you mind; you're all right," responded the rubber, redoubling his energy and grinding diabolically.

"Who (slap, groan) are (thud, groan) you?" gasped the judge, a horrible suspicion dawning in his mind. "Your (whack, groan) face does (whack, groan) look fa—(groan) look fa—(groan) millar" (swish, groan).

"Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber sarcastically.

"Well, maybe you'd like to have the chance to send me up for six months again for prize fighting—whooosh!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Humors of Sculpture. "When architects insist on decorating the facades of public buildings with symbolical groups," remarked a New York philosopher, "they often add unconsciously to the humor of everyday life. Just look at those two cherubs over the central window on top of the hall of records, for example. How can any one with a memory ever forget the scandals of the construction of that building in looking at these two figures? One of them is plainly going over the account books of the cost, while the other one is peering downward, as if he were trying to get a glimpse of that imitation marble work that has been put up on the walls of the upper stories. And the best of it is that such stories last. Who ever went to Washington for the first time that he did not have to listen to that yarn about the statue of Columbus or Washington or some one else that stands in front of the capitol, throwing the ball up to the Goddess of Liberty on the dome?"—New York Press.



"Before I engage you I must tell you my husband is very particular and very cross."

"Don't fear. Between us we'll manage him."—Fliegende Blätter.

His Old Excuse. "A poor tramp stopped at the door today," said Mrs. Subbubs, "and I gave him a good meal."

"Well, well," sneered her husband, "why did you do that, softly?" "I just couldn't help it. He reminded me so of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carboliced acts like a poultice in drawing out inflammation and poison! It is anti-septic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. Sold by Frank Hart's Drug Store.

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First, that almost every operation in our hospitals, performed upon women, becomes necessary because of neglect of such symptoms as Backache, Irregularities, Displacements, Pain in the Side, Dragging Sensations, Dizziness and Sleeplessness.

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Third, the great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time being published by special permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

For more than 30 years has been curing Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and Organic Diseases, and it dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law, Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health. Write today, don't wait until too late.

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