

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations that I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and an enjoyable good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since. I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache do not neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

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At such a time KASPARILLA is the best and safest Blood Purifier, the most successful prescription for spring humors and such disorders of the blood as boils, pimples, pustules, blotches, sores and cutaneous eruptions. Kasparilla is admitted to be the best remedy for that lack of energy and the peculiar debility so prevalent during the close of winter and the opening of spring. For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, operating directly upon the liver and alimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthy activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to every portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad breath, irregularities of the bowels, constipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unfavorable conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency due to inactivity of the liver, kidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value.

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REMEMBER PISO'S
for COUGHS & COLDS

Man Proposes

By JEANNE A. LOIZEAUX

The girl sat demurely unconscious before the evening fire, while the boy and the family, one with bitterness, the other with amusement, sought each other omnipresent. This as all they held against each other. He loved both her family—and the boy, but she would not arbitrate. Interference was not in her. Never yet did she raised eyelash or finger to a mere man in his business of love making.

Mother cuddled the littlest sister, the father behind his paper cleared a throat for speech, and the lover, with the self-torturing clarity of his mind, prepared to take as personal any generalities the good judge might utter. People seemed forever to be discussing the marriage question before him, which was like poking a wound. He was prepared for what came.

"Thirty divorces and forty marriages in our town this month," quoth Judge Harley in his court room manner. "None granted by me, either. An proposal, and the divorce court imposes. Divorce becomes alarming—easy—marrying should therefore be made more difficult." He launched into one of his dogmatic dissertations. He family, save Rose, bristled with opposing argument—mother, the uncle, he aunt, the big brother, each had a word.

But the lover wondered irritably how on earth marrying could possibly be made more difficult for him! How was a man to marry when fate, a family, even the girl herself, conspired to keep him silent? He was denied the

chance to speak. Why? The one comfort tonight was that Jerry Wilton, usually on hand, was absent. He was the other man. The lover twisted in his chair that he might look at her lovely dark face without being a more conspicuous spectacle than common. Brother Billy looked a boy's contempt for the whole matter, but Rose smiled a little. The lover hung midway between doubt and bliss; was that smile with, at, or just for him? How was he going to bring things to an issue? He knew by sad experience that she would refuse to be lured over to the piano, into the library, or out for a walk. He had tried that. For five solid weeks he had been trying to ask Rose Harley to marry him. He had been courting her for a year—she must know he loved her! He gazed hungrily at her—her soft hair, her soft mouth, her drooping appearance of meekness, the gentle dark eyes. She did not look perverse, nor yet obdurate, but she was both.



"Then the Door Was Jerked Open."

Then the aunt showed him her knitting, and he performed made small talk with her, while over their heads the marrying argument flowed on. When he could be silent again he wondered if it would do to kneel before Rose then and there on the hearth rug and implore her to be his? It would be melodramatic, of course—but he knew better finally than to make a fool of himself—in public. A woman does not forgive that—though she willingly makes a fool of a man herself, in public and out. Then he decided to outstay the others, all of them, no matter what happened, or how it looked.

It was her fault if he was driven to extremes. He remembered how she refused to go anywhere with him—or took somebody along; once when he had cornered her in the library a servant called her to the telephone, and she returned bringing callers. And he caught her alone in the hall, and just as he was blurting out the first words, the judge breezed joyfully in and bore him to his den to discuss some political question. And Wilton—confound him—had come along with his new motor just when they were at last started on a walk, and had insisted on taking them up. He had registered, but she had not helped him.

Ignoring the hour, he waited until the children were sent to bed; the aunt, then the mother, grew sleepy and slipped away. Big brother lounged out. But the judge and the uncle still debated, the former reverting to his original declaration

"All the same, it should not be so easy to marry! More obstacles—"

here, for the first time, Rose showed she was listening.

"Ob—obstacles!" she observed in her slow, still way, and with a little laugh. "Obstacles? What good would they do? Men would simply surmount the first obstacle, which consisted of some four feet of space yawning between their chairs." He rose and took an impetuous step toward her, then stopped as if shot, while she leaped to her feet with a little shriek at the noise that filled the room—a metallic, whirring clang, possible only to the most alarming sort of kitchen alarm clock. Where was the thing? They looked wildly about, while the beauty, intermittently, jagged noise went on, and probably would continue until forcibly stopped.

"Where is the infernal machine?" he exclaimed.

A voice advised from the hall, "Look under the couch! And look out!—the whole procession is coming down to find the fire!" Billy thrust his head in, grinned, and escaped just as the mother, startled and kimonoeed, came in followed by the panting judge. Then came auntie in curl-papers and curiosity. The lover was throttling the little clock, and Rose, not at all embarrassed, explained. She laughed.

"One of Billy's original jokes—but it is rather late," she admitted. Whereupon the lover said a very general good-night.

Wrathfully, he strode out upon the street. He was hot with anger. After this, he would marry her if only to put himself in a position to chastise that Billy, who needed "a lesson!" What was to be done?

Should he call her by telephone from a drug store? That would be unforfeitable, unthinkable! He almost wished that he had done what occurred to him a week ago, that was to pour his heart out in a letter. He hadn't done that, because he preferred meeting his fate face to face. He walked on. Finally he decided what to do.

He walked into the post office, stepped to a writing shelf, and with his fountain pen began writing on a little pad he carried. After an instant's thought he was straightforward as in a business letter.

"Dear Rose:

"You know I love you, and perhaps you know why you will not give me a chance to say so! I don't. But I do know that I will not endure this sort of thing any longer. Give me my sentence, and make me forever wretched—or happy. I shall not sleep until I hear."

"I shall send this by special delivery to be sure you get it, but before the messenger reaches there I shall be on the front steps for my answer. I shall stay until you put out your head and say, 'Yes,' or 'No.' But I won't take 'No,' of course. The weather is not quite to freezing point, so if you wish to keep me waiting until morning I shall invite myself to breakfast and propose at the table before the whole family. You can call in the cook and housemaid, also. I am not ashamed of loving you."

"HENRY R. STANTON."

Knowing the night men at the office, the lover finally got a boy started, and hurried himself by a short cut to a small boy and letter. They finally arrived. He lurked in a shadow while the boy rang once, twice, again and again. Then the door was jerked open, and the judge's white head appeared; his angry voice asked what was wanted. He growled and scolded, turned on the lights in the hall, and against all law and order signed his daughter's name as receipt.

The boy went, whistling, the door was slammed again, the light went out. Would the old man take the letter to Rose tonight, or wait until morning? The lover waited—he was used to waiting. He came out of the shadow, and sat dreadingly down on the top step. He was cold, but freezing was a comparatively simple form of torture. Would she come? His whole body seemed to turn to beating heart and straining ears. Did the stairs creak? Was there a step?

Then he hoped a policeman would not come past and catch him there—it looked doubtful. An arrest on her porch would queer him past remedy. What a fool he had been! Why had he not been patient? She was worth years of patience. His heart grew as cold as his fingers. A little sound above him made him start—a little tap. It came again, seemingly from the porch roof above him—then came something like the rolling of a pebble. He rose and looked up. Something fell at his feet and he heard a window close stealthily.

He picked up a little folded paper, weighted with—what? He lit a match, unfolded the note—and found the little silver heart she so often wore about her neck on a chain. His hands trembled so he could hardly hold the match—a gust of wind blew it out. He had to light another before he could read the three words.

His blood rushed warmly to his finger-tips. Could he ever be cold again? Could he ever be unhappy again? Those words satisfied; they were light and warm and health. They were life itself just then. He looked up at the window, but the shade was drawn. For a moment he wondered whether he might not wait there on the steps until morning, but his common sense returned. He went out to the street and home. It was night, but for all the lover knew it might have been broad day. She belonged to him now, and tomorrow—oh, tomorrow!

Beyond the Limit.

Childsey—What are you paying for eggs now?

Welch—Nothing—they're 60 cents a dozen.

HAVE THEIR OWN SYSTEMS

Business Secrets That Seem Unimportant, but Are Guarded With Much Jealousy.

"Since I began to meet people who won't let anybody see how they do a thing because they have a secret method which they are not ready to divulge just yet I have been like a crazy woman," said the housekeeper. "There are plenty of those budding geniuses doing odd jobs about town. One of them came to our house the other day to mend a suitcase. It was an easy job. He could have taken the thing into the storeroom and mended it in half an hour, but instead of that he insisted upon taking it home. He had a secret process for doing things like that, he said, and preferred not to work where anybody else could find out how he did it."

"While my curiosity over the suitcase was still seething a woman who is quite handy at draughting patterns stirred it still more by refusing to cut out a waist pattern at my house because she has her own method of cutting that she isn't ready to advertise just yet."

"Right on the heels of that a carpet renovator was proof against all blandishments to come to the house to take spots out of a rug. He has a cleansing formula which he will not take chances on giving away by doing work outside of his own shop, so the rug went to him."

"The other day a man came around to fight water bugs. In a sense I had him at my mercy because he couldn't take the bugs home, but he did the next best thing and ordered me to stay out of the kitchen while the process of extermination was going on. Was the process dangerous? I asked. No, it wasn't dangerous, but it was a secret which he didn't wish to reveal, not even to an innocent housekeeper like me."

"And so they come and go through all the trades, every man studying out a system better than anybody else's. When all those geniuses let their ideas loose upon the world something like a revolution ought to take place."

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If there is any weakness try the Bitters at once. Its results are certain.

Time to Think.

A man who is really thoughtful of the Family Name should begin to think about it quite a while before it occurs to him to enter the name of John Doe on the police blotter.—Aitchison Globe.

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Dictionary's Defect.

The occupant of the fourth-floor flat was looking through the pages of the dictionary the agent was trying to sell him. "No," he said, closing the book and handing it back. "I don't want it. It's 20 years behind the times. It defines 'janitor' as the 'caretaker' of a building. He's the caretaker!"

To Mend Tablecloth.

To repair a tablecloth lay it quite flat with the hole uppermost and cover it with a piece of plain Brussels net, tack it on and darn with fine fax. When ironed it will scarcely be noticeable. If the tablecloth is beyond repair cut squares from the best part of it and hem round. These will answer as serviettes for everyday use.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a specific compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

The genuine has on its outside wrapper the Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Take the Game Seriously.

Girls play a strenuous game of hockey in Australia. In a recent game between the Waratah and Thistle clubs the casualties were one finger broken and another severely crushed, an eye blackened and a face irretrievably damaged, a knee bruised and shin cut so badly that the blood saturated a boot, several mouths cut and a number of shins sliced through shin pads.

Prize Horseshoe Collection.

On the walls of the old castle at Oakham, England, is a great array of horseshoes. Every peer of the realm visiting the town of Rutland gives a horseshoe, and many of these shoes have histories.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Only a Temporary Advantage.

The gift of good locks is of such primary advantage to every man, that it seems a wonder how ugly people manage so frequently to excel those who have it in the battle of life.—Payne.

RHEUMATISM

Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves pain in the legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints. Contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or drugs to deaden the pain. It neutralizes the acid and drives out all rheumatic poisons from the system. Write Prof. Munyon, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., for medical advice, absolutely free.

Chance for Compromise.

Cobbie—I should like to lend you that ten dollars, old man, but I know how it would be if I did—it would end our friendship. Stone—Well, old chap, there has been a great deal of friendship between us. I think if you could make it five, we might worry along on half as much.—Life.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable Cascarets and I find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."—Edward A. Marx, Albany, N.Y.

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