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That depends, madam, upon how you feel. If you're suffering from functional disturbances, irregularities or weaknesses, you're sure to "look it." And Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the remedy. It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength. It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and made especially for woman's needs. In the cure of all "female complaints," it's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold so. Think of that, when the dealer says something else (which pays him better) is "just as good."

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"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

AN EXPLANATION AND ANSWER.

WHAT IS WINTERILLA?

Why, it is a pleasant and effective remedy for the positive cure of Chapped Hands, Poison Oak, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Sun Burn, Tan; positively removes Freckles, and is one of the grandest luxuries for gentlemen after shaving. This is an exquisite article prepared with the greatest care by scientific experts. Its component parts are perfectly harmless, and the ladies toilet is not complete without it. One trial will convince the most skeptical that what we say of WINTERILLA is true. For sale by all druggists in 25c and 50c bottles.

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WHY?

The music ceased
And in its stead there came
O'er all the brooding calm
Sounds—as of strife
The song was hushed
Ere it had reached its birth;
And from the cold, pale lips
Came notes of woe
The placid brow
Was shadowed o'er with clouds of thought
And all disquietude;
Nor eyes e'er longer trustful,
But immutably fixed,
As one who, seeking for infinity,
Had found
Naught that had satisfied
The very heart was crushed,
As though a marble hand had grasped
The throbbing strings of life
And held them captive
And the hand that held
The fellowship of men
Had drawn the warm
And clinging fingers back
From clasps of humankind,
And all the ether filled space
Was redolent
Of the great wordless "Why?"
And thus the transformation of a life
From all the brightness and the hopes that were
To all the darkness and despair that be
—Cecil Rey in New Orleans Picayune.

A COACHMAN'S CONQUEST

Though Miss Cavanagh was not positively handsome, she was unquestionably charming. She was aristocratic in her manners, but no one blamed her for that, as she was rich, refined, intelligent, and came from a good family. While she was aristocratic she was, however, exceedingly affable, and when she granted a condescension she did it so prettily that nobody regarded it as one.

She dressed neatly, hated deceit, was matter of fact in her friendships, was neither impulsive nor demonstrative, and knew how to enjoy life. She was 25 years old, and proportionately sensible in her views and practical in her purposes.

She owned a magnificent place on the Hudson, or, to be more precise, held a half interest in it. The other half belonged to her brother Ralph, who spent most of his time abroad. The interior was as beautiful as the exterior. She kept servants, did as she pleased, and was responsible to a large extent to nobody but herself.

She was fond of riding, boating and outdoor sports, which brought color to her cheeks and twill to her muscles, but did not make her seem mannish.

One bright June morning, while seated upon the veranda, a young man came leisurely up the steps. He was tall, graceful, athletic, fine looking. He took off his hat, his handsome brown eyes resting upon her.

"Be seated," she said, with a wave of her hand, whereupon he complied with half quizzical demureness.

"I expected you yesterday," she added, at which he merely lifted his eyes in a puzzled way. "But I did not expect to see you so well dressed," she continued, with characteristic frankness.

"That shouldn't matter," he replied, speaking for the first time, his voice low, yet distinct and musical.

"Well, I don't know that it does," was her comment. "You know all about horses of course?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, lifting his hand to his mouth to hide a queer smile that stirred it.

"Your recommendations were satisfactory," she said. "I think you will do."

Just then an old servant approached.

"Philip, this is Andrew Jacobs, my new coachman," she quickly said. "Show him to his room in the carriage house and explain to him his duties."

"Yes, Miss Lucille," replied the old man with a bow.

"The fellow is entirely too gentlemanly," was her mental comment, as she gazed after her new domestic.

Before two weeks had passed she found the man more frequently in her thoughts than she would have cared to confess. It arose from companionship and his thoughtful, obedient, deferential ways. She felt it was that, apart from his handsome face and figure. In a dozen of instances she was made aware of the fact that he was a man of broad culture who had traveled much and read more.

She took sick in the early part of September. The complaint was malarial fever; it was not a serious attack, yet grave enough to confine her to the house. The doctor would not permit her to read, and that made her confinement all the more irksome.

Andrew Jacobs had spare time on his hands, and no doubt was an excellent reader. Why not press him into service?

The idea was at once carried out. He read aloud to her for several hours every day. His voice was sweetly modulated, and he understood everything which he read. He occasionally made comments, and she was as much pleased with them as with what he read. His presence afforded her so much gratification that she sometimes almost forgot the wide social distinction between them.

In analyzing her feelings she discovered with something akin to dismay that she had grown very fond of him. There were no visitors at the house—her servants were discreet—and so the intimacy was not made a matter of comment. She did not dismiss him; she simply became more guarded.

"Mr. Jacobs," she said to him one day, "you must have led an eventful life."

"I don't know," he replied, a little absently. "It has always seemed rather commonplace to me."

"But—you have—suffered some?"

"Oh, no, Miss Cavanagh," he replied, his soft brown eyes upon her face. "What led you to think of that?"

She grew embarrassed for a moment, which was an unusual thing with her. She did not like to pry into his past life, and yet she had become quite curious concerning it.

"I suspected that you had met with—with vicissitudes," she hesitatingly said. "You are certainly serving beneath your capacities."

"If so I am contented," he quietly replied, although he colored deeply. "No vocation is mean unless you choose to make it so."

"Yes," she thoughtfully assented, and then relapsed into silence.

"He might have told me something about himself," she thought in vexation. "Oh, if his name only wasn't Jacobs! It could not be more plebeian."

Her health began to return to her, and she looked forward with impatient anticipation to the drives along the country roads in the October twilights. But she was to be disappointed, at least so far as the companionship of Andrew Jacobs was concerned, for he announced to her his intention to depart.

She was in the conservatory at the time, and he had just pushed open one of the glass doors.

"You are going to leave me?" she repeated, a faint pallor in her face, a dull pain in her heart.

"Yes, Miss Cavanagh."

"Because I do not pay you enough?"

"Oh, bless you, no," he replied.

"You are offered something better, no doubt?"

"No, Miss Cavanagh. I have nothing in prospect. I simply wish to go."

She felt hurt; the dull pain in her heart increased; a climbing rose almost touched her cheek, but it imparted none of its color to it.

"In that case nothing would induce you to remain," she said, regaining her composure. "I am afraid that I can never supply your place. I supposed that you were entirely satisfied. I"——

"On the contrary, I have been very dissatisfied," he interrupted, with so much vehemence that she looked directly at him, struck as never before by his handsome face and grand height.

"I am sorry," she said.

He noticed the grave inflection.

"Not dissatisfied with you, Miss Cavanagh," he quickly said. "No, not with you—nor my work—nor my surroundings, but with myself."

"Well, I can't blame you," she rejoined, half musingly, a shadow upon her fair face. "Instead I should encourage the dissatisfaction. You need aspirations."

"Oh, I have them," he said grimly. "You cannot encourage them, and that is why I am so wretched."

She gave a little start, and the blood rushed to her face. His speech admitted of at least one construction. For a moment a feeling of delight stirred her pulse. Looking at him her eyes met his, and they were aglow with the intenseness of his love.

"I cannot forget myself or my place," he said. "It is the result of my own foolish presumption. It is best that I should go."

A swift pallor swept Miss Cavanagh's face, and she caught her breath hard. She felt that she was trembling, but her pride came to her aid.

"Yes," she coldly said, repeating his words, "it is best that you should go."

He bowed and withdrew, and a little later she was weeping bitterly in the seclusion of her room.

"Oh, I only now realize how much I love him!" she groaned. "Oh, why was this to come out! I am sure he is a noble fellow; but—these strongly marked social lines! The world would never forgive me. At least Ralph wouldn't. I cannot afford to lose both my heart and my head."

The next revelation was almost as startling. A sturdy, thick set fellow accosted her on the terrace the following day. He was plainly clad, but there was an honest look about him.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, that I didn't come last summer," he said, removing his hat.

"What do you mean, and who are you?" she demanded.

"You told me to come, you remember," he said. "You wrote me, I mean. I decided to go with a family to the seashore instead, and I've regretted it many a time since. I am Andrew Jacobs, and I am looking for a place."

She stared at him, the puzzled expression on her face giving place to one of indignation.

"I'll try you," she merely said, in a repressed tone. "Come to-morrow."

After dinner she said to her cavalier coachman:

"Sir, you are at liberty to go today. Your place has been filled. Strange to say, the man's name is precisely like yours."

Her companion flung up his head, a flush of shame on his cheek, a look of consternation in his eyes.

"Miss Cavanagh," he stammered.

"You need not explain the coincidence," she grimly interrupted. "You are an adventurer. I once had much respect for you—I haven't any now."

His face reddened still more at her look and tone of scorn.

"Miss Cavanagh," he cried, "there are extenuating circumstances. Recall our first interview."

"Pray, do not remind me of that," she sternly said. "I was expecting a coachman, and it was a natural mistake on my part. I led with questions and you were mean enough to take advantage of them. Philip will pay you the balance of your wages."

Then she left him with the haughty air of a duchess.

She had dismissed him from her house, but she had not dismissed him from her thoughts. He would not stay dismissed. Her indignation burned itself out and love reasserted itself. She confessed to herself that there were extenuating circumstances, and she was sorry that they had parted in anger.

A week later she had received a letter from him, written in a bold, free hand—explanatory, apologetic, regretful, beseechingly tender. But he did not ask to be reinstated in her confidence—did not give his name or address—did not ask her to reply.

It increased the mystery which enveloped him; it deepened her affection for him. She grew restless and dissatisfied, she lost interest in her pursuits and her surroundings.

Life did not seem to have much zest in it. Pallor came to her cheeks and languor to her movements. The fact was Miss Lucille Cavanagh was badly hit. Her heart was no longer her own. She admitted it, but how was it to be remedied?

She closed the house for the winter, dismissed her servants and joined her brother at Florence. He was glad to see her and a little astonished.

"Why, what brought you here?" he demanded.

"Ralph, I was getting dreadfully lonely," she said.

"Fretting to see me, eh?" he asked, with a hug and a kiss. "Well, we will dissipate that loneliness; Lucille, you have been ill?"

"Well, no," she hesitatingly replied.

"Oh, reserve your confidence," he said, with a pleasant little laugh. "By the by, Dupont Westcott is here!"

"Is he?" she asked indifferently.

She had never seen him, though Ralph was all the time sounding his praises.

"He'll not let the time hang heavily on your hands, Lucille. I hope you'll take to him kindly. He is"——

"Drop him, please, Ralph, and tell me something about yourself."

Once more he fixedly regarded her.

"Lucille," he asked again, "have you been ill?"

"No, Ralph," she replied, with an odd little laugh. "I've had my little romance. I cannot tell you about it. It would humiliate me and provoke you."

"All right, sister, dear," he cheerfully replied. "If you are in distress I'm not the one to prolong it."

* * * * * * *

"Lucille, this is my truest friend of friends, Dupont Westcott."

The introduction took place in one of the picture galleries.

Miss Cavanagh raised her eyes, and to her intense astonishment they rested upon Andrew Jacobs.

She grew alternately red and white in the face and drew her breath hard. Recovering her self possession, she slightly bent her head and said:

"I am pleased to meet you, sir."

His face changed for but a moment. His eyes held hers, a pleading, regretful, self conscious look in them.

They passed around the gallery, chatting pleasantly, and yet with neutral ground between them upon which neither of them ventured to tread. In the course of a week, however, he made reference to their former intimacy.

"If I dared to open the past," he began.

"Whose past?" she interrupted.

"Ours," he replied.

"Oh!" she ejaculated with a shrug. "I didn't know we had any in common."

He felt the rebuff, but returned to the subject. She persistently ignored it. He pleaded, but it was of no use. She was punishing him for what he had caused her to suffer.

"Lucille, what is the trouble between you and Dupont?" her brother one day abruptly asked.

"I didn't know there was any," stammered she.

"Oh, nonsense!" Ralph testily rejoined. "Dupont has been very frank with me, and it would be creditable to you to imitate him. That little episode shouldn't count against him. He called at my house expecting to find me there, and any fellow would have availed himself of the misconstruction. Do you know, sis, that he is going away to-morrow?"

"Ah! I'll wish him bon voyage."

"Oh, that's all right," cried Ralph, keenly watching her. "He'll stay if you say so. I recall that you said that you had had your little romance; but since you don't love him—why, that alters the matter."

She spent the afternoon thinking over it, and concluded that it did matter. Was she not going too far? Was she not increasing her wretchedness? What was there to forgive, after all? Had she not wished that Andrew Jacobs might prove to be a rich, noble, honorable, high bred gentleman? Her pride surrendered to her love.

"Ralph," she asked that evening, "did Mr. Westcott intimate that he would stay if I asked him to?"

"Yes, dear. It was more than an intimation. If he goes you will never see him again. He is desperately in love with you, and is suffering."

"Ralph, you may tell him to stay."

"That was said like the sensible sister you are," cried Ralph, with a hug and a kiss.—Boston Globe.

Women Good Listeners.

"I have often noticed," remarked a woman, "that my sex are better listeners than are the men."

"No doubt of it," replied a friend.

"Have often noticed the same thing," replied another.

"No one like the ladies," said a fourth.

"Yes," went on the lady, unabashed at the banter; "I have often noticed that women are more clever listeners than the men. Why shouldn't they be? Isn't it their duty, so to speak, to entertain? To be a good listener, then, is the first requisite for any one who aspires to social honors. Men as a rule are too much engrossed with their so called business cares, or are too thoughtless or too selfish or too feeble or heaven knows what, to be good listeners. And, furthermore, it is the part of wisdom to listen. To listen is to learn. I wish our girls would cultivate more the art of listening."—Detroit Free Press.

Get Thee Gone, Ingrowing Nail.

Sufferers from ingrowing toenails have often been advised to slit the center of the nail. A much better way is to thin the surface of the top of the nail with sand paper, say No. 2, or finer, as best suits the case. Keep the nail short in the center, allow the corners to grow until they are a little beyond the flesh and then place a little double of cotton cloth between the sore place and the edge of the nail. All this being done the relief is immediate and the cure certain.—New York Journal.

Relation of Eye Strain to Headaches.

A New York physician, who has for several years been studying the relation of eye strain to headache, etc., in children, has published the results of his labors. He finds that cases of short sight, far sight and irregular sight often go unrecognized until the continued eye strain results in a chronic headache and lassitude, or even more serious nervous disorders. The most approved modern treatment in certain cases of headache is to order the use of spectacles.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

LOVE FOR HUMANITY.

A Strong Desire for the Highest Good and Best Welfare of the World.

THE GREAT WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

A Most Remarkable Array of Outspoken Statements From Men of Mark in Both Continents.

INTERESTING FACTS AND FACES.

The orator before the Senate called this "an age of progress." He was wrong. "Progress" does not half express it; it is an age of revolution. Revolution carried on, not by armies, but by discoveries, inventors and brain-workers. It is a marvelous age, an age of science, but the most important department. One which affects our very lives and happiness. Formerly the treatment of human ills was made a matter of superstition, of incantation, the same as it is by the medicine men of the Indians to-day. Gradually emerging from such blindness, it was still a matter of bigotry, of folly. What people must have suffered in those days can scarcely be imagined. They were bled, they were cupped, they were leeched, they were subjected to every device whereby their vitality could be reduced and their lives endangered. It is almost a wonder that the race survived.

There has been an absolute revolution in the practice of medicine and in the treatment of human ills. Instead of undermining the vital forces by cupping and bleeding, the vitality is now sustained in every possible manner. Instead of tearing down we seek to build up. Instead of increasing misery we seek to create happiness.

But the greatest advancement in medical science has been made by discovery. Harvey could afford to endure the ridicule of the world for revealing to it the grand discovery of the circulation of the blood. Jenner might be ostracized, but millions have benefited by his discovery of vaccination. Pasteur lived in a more enlightened age and escaped ridicule, while the world received the benefit which his discoveries have brought. Koch, although forced to reveal his discovery before its perfection, will be revered by future generations.

The discoveries of these great men have been of untold benefit to the world, and yet they were not in the line of the world's greatest need. Mankind has been suffering, enduring, dying from a cause far greater than smallpox, more terrible than hydrophobia and more subtle than consumption. The habits of modern life, the very inventions which have made civilization so great, have drained the vital forces of life and undermined the organs that sustain life. Ten years ago this great truth was realized by a gentleman whose own life was in sore jeopardy, and the discovery which he has given to the world has done and is doing more to-day to strengthen the vitality, lessen suffering, preserve the health and lengthen life than any of the discoveries of the other great men above mentioned. The discovery referred to was made by Mr. H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., and is known in Europe, in America and throughout the world as Warner's Safe Cure.

It may perhaps be thought that the above assertion is an extravagant one, when the ordinary will not be accepted, when the best is demanded. Our grandfathers were content to travel in stage coaches, to live in cabins and receive a mail once a week. We demand palace cars, tasteful homes and daily communication with the world. It is the rapid-transit age; the age of the telegraph and the telephone. A man speaks to-day and the entire world reads his words to-morrow morning. There are but twenty-four hours in a day, but forty-eight hours are crowded into it.

We all know how we have advanced materially. Do we realize how we have advanced scientifically? More than in any other manner. Indeed, it has been the advancement in science which has caused the advancement in material things. The discovery of steam permitted the railroad and the steamboat. The development of electricity made possible the telegraph and the telephone, so that the development of the sciences has been the real cause of all modern advancement.

We will take, for example, one department of science, but the most important department. One which affects our very lives and happiness. Formerly the treatment of human ills was made a matter of superstition, of incantation, the same as it is by the medicine men of the Indians to-day. Gradually emerging from such blindness, it was still a matter of bigotry, of folly. What people must have suffered in those days can scarcely be imagined. They were bled, they were cupped, they were leeched, they were subjected to every device whereby their vitality could be reduced and their lives endangered. It is almost a wonder that the race survived.

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ALF CAMPBELL, M. D., Durham, Ala.: "Some eight years ago I was suffering from functional kidney trouble. I took the usual treatment; but, the preparations being bad to the taste, I bought a bottle of Warner's SAFE Cure, scarcely thinking I would derive any benefit from it; but in a short time I was well again. I did not take all of one bottle."

ALBERT W. HENDRICKS, M. D., West Philadelphia, Pa.: "In Warner's SAFE Cure the profession have an article much needed. I have successfully treated cases of Bright's disease and diseases to which the female sex is subject with it, and cheerfully recommend it as an invaluable remedy for kidney, liver or bladder difficulties."

T. JONES, M. D., Albany, Ga.: "I have used Warner's SAFE Cure in the case of my son for diseased kidneys, following hemorrhagic yellow fever, with perfect success."

J. M. CARD, M. D., St. Mary's, Pa.: "I have used Warner's SAFE Cure for my own benefit, and I am pleased to state that it has done me more good than any medicine I have ever tried for kidney troubles. I am recommending it to my patients."

JOHN W. MAPES, M. D., Paris, Ill.: "Before I was aware that I had kidney disease I had transient pains all over me, but they have entirely disappeared, and to-day I am an example of the virtues of SAFE Cure, without which I should long since have been dead."

L. B. PRICE, M. D., Handford, P. O., Va.: "In 1882 I was a sufferer from a severe kidney affection. My physicians pronounced it Bright's disease, and some of the most prominent and skillful of our profession treated me, but without the slightest benefit. In despair I tried several alleged specifics, but got no better. I also tried celebrated waters, but still with no benefit. I then read an account of Warner's SAFE Cure, began its use and in a few months was entirely cured. I have never since had the slightest symptom of my old and terrible trouble. I have recommended Warner's SAFE Cure to many patients, and in every case they have improved. I firmly believe this remedy was the sole means of saving my life."

M. PITCHER, M. D., Sardinia, N. Y.: "I have advised the using of Warner's SAFE Cure in several cases where it proved very beneficial."

J. J. GOODYEAR, M. D., Groten, N. Y.: "I have been acquainted for some time with Warner's SAFE Cure, and have known of some remarkable cures effected by it. As a professional man and practicing physician I can cheerfully recommend it in all cases of kidney and liver difficulties."

The discovery made by Mr. H. H. Warner has been acknowledged throughout both hemispheres to be the only discovery for this great modern evil now known to the world. Like all great discoveries, it has had its enemies and met with opposition, but its marvelous popularity with the public has been phenomenal and its complete acknowledgment by scientists and the professions has been deserved. It stands, as it deserves to stand, upon a plane of its own, pre-eminent among all prominent discoveries for the relief of humanity and the promotion of happiness.

and so it would be were not the unquestionable proofs present to verify it. Within the past few years the claims made more than ten years ago have been admitted by the highest scientific authorities, both in Europe and America, and it is with pleasure that we present herewith some remarkable reproduced statements, together with the faces of the men who made them.

Kidney troubles, resulting far too often in Bright's disease, are the great evil of modern life. They frequently come silently and unannounced. Their pres-

WILLIAM EDWARD ROBESON, M. R. C. S. L., L. K. Q. C. I.
Late of the Royal Navy of England.

I emphatically state that I have been able to give more relief and effect more cures by the use of Warner's Safe Cure than by all the medicines in the British Pharmacopoeia

Wm Edwd Robson

DR. R. A. GUNN,
Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and Editor of the Medical Tribune.

I prescribe and use Warner's Safe Cure in both acute and chronic Bright's disease and am willing to acknowledge and commend its merits fearlessly

R. A. Gunn M.D.

If my father Warner's Safe Cure in villous Kidney disease, I should at once use Warner's Safe Cure

Fr. Beyer
Werzburg
Germany

DR. BEYER, OF WURZBURG, GERMANY.

DR. DIO LEWIS.

If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should at once use Warner's Safe Cure

Dio Lewis