

The Itch Fied

That is Salt Rheum, or Eczema—one of the outward manifestations of eczema. It comes in itching, burning, oozing, drying, and scaling patches, on the face, head, hands, legs or body. It cannot be cured by outward applications—the blood must be rid of the impurity to which it is due.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured the most persistent and difficult cases. Accept no substitute for Hood's no substitute acts like it.

Ignore. Reporter—I meant my article to be pathetic, sir.

Editor—Pathetic? You don't know the rudiments of pathos, sir! Here you have written "baby"!

Reporter—What should I have written, sir?

Editor—"Baby"—always "baby"—when writing pathos—Judge.

Place a cure for a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, as directed.

Placing Him Right. As a northern express drew up at a station in the early morning for a few minutes' wait, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard:

"Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir, it is not," said the conclusions employee.

The pleasant-looking gentleman retired.—London Telegraph.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children's teething troubles.

Abner. "We are here today," said the solemn-looking man with a thick neck and a collar three sizes too large for him, "and gone tomorrow."

"That's right," agreed the dyspeptic-looking man with the ivory bridge, "and when we get back six months later some of our best friends want to know where we've been for the last two weeks."—Luce.

LOWEST RATES To Chicago, Duluth and the East; to Des Moines, Kansas City and the Southwest, via Chicago Great Western railway. Electric lighted trains. Unequaled service. Write to J. P. Kimer, G. P. A., Chicago, for information.

A Stamp Wanted. Pettishly she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly, "there is a letter box, out you must know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures hot, swollen, itching feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all drug stores and shoe stores. Don't take any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Ottumbe, Le Roy, N. Y.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature turns to the more ought law to weed it out.—Bacon.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by using the Binaural Remedy. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it swells and closes, so that the vibrations of the air cannot reach the eardrum. As a result, the ear becomes deaf. Binaural Remedy cures this inflammation, and restores the ear to its normal condition. Hearing is restored, and the ear is cured. Binaural Remedy is the only remedy for deafness. It is sold by all druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Ottumbe, Le Roy, N. Y.

Very Safe Vaults. The locks of a safety vault containing \$500,000 in gold at a bank in Halifax, N. S., became damaged. For three days efforts were made to open it, but finally part of the building had to be pulled down.

FITS Permanently Cured. Dr. Kline's Kidney and Bladder Pills. After first day's use of Dr. Kline's Kidney and Bladder Pills, the patient will feel a great relief. The pills will cure the most stubborn cases of fits. Write to Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 153 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

History of the Dress Coat. The present dress coat was the result of a compromise. The ordinary sartorial coat being found on occasions inconvenient it was the practice to fasten the lap to the two buttons at the back, with the result that in time the same were cut away together and the coat eventually made without them.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It is the only dye that will grow with you. Write to J. C. Kline, Ltd., 153 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSTITUTION. "I have gone 16 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, and I feel as if I were going to die. I have tried all the remedies I can find, but nothing has helped me. I am sure I am going to die. Please send me a box of your medicine. I will pay for it. Write to Dr. J. C. Kline, Ltd., 153 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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LIKES THE ARMY LASSES.

Millionaire Manufacturer Says They Are His Mascots.

"Here, miss, take this money! For the love of heaven, don't go away without taking this money!"

So yelled J. C. R. Johnston, a Minneapolis manufacturer, as he ran through the corridor of the Auditorium.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded, as he rushed to the desk and accented Clerk Shafer.

"Who?" inquired the latter.

"Why, the Salvation Army miss that just passed through."

"Went over to the Annex," answered the clerk and the Minneapolis man ran through the tunnel.

"Have you seen her?" he queried of the first bellboy he met.

"Who?" inquired the bellboy in amazement.

"The Salvation Army lass that collects money."

"Just gone up the street," answered the latter, and the man from Minneapolis might have been seen chasing up the avenue a minute later.

He caught her just as she reached Jackson boulevard.

"Here, take this dollar," he said as he pushed a bill into her hand. "I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't caught you," and then he returned to the hotel.

"I'd been a pauper in twenty-four hours if I hadn't given that girl some money," he explained to the people who had watched the chase. "They're my mascots, those Salvation Army lasses. I know that I would have been hoodlums if I hadn't caught her. I'd been broke sure."

He was silent a long time. "Haven't seen one in ten years without giving her money."

"Superstitious?" inquired one of his friends.

"Call it that if you want to, but it's a conviction with me. I was sitting right here about ten years ago when one of them tapped me on the shoulder and asked me for a contribution. Had a dime in my pocket, so more, and no job. Hungry and room rent staring me in the face. Wondering what I would do with that dime. Didn't see why I shouldn't as well be broke as have a dime, so I turned it over to her."

"That left me without a cent. The Lord won't forget," she said.

"Neither will I," answered only I meant that I wouldn't forget that I was broke. A man had just turned me down for a dime. Turned me down cold. I was worrying, but I had time to watch that girl. I saw her strike thirteen men without getting a cent, and I saw the fourteenth man give her \$1.

There was a lesson for me. I got up and tried that same man again. I had resolved to try him fourteen times, if necessary. But it wasn't. He gave me a job because he liked my nerve, and I want to tell you that I have been mighty prosperous ever since."

"Almost a millionaire now, ain't you?"

"Well, close onto it, and all because that girl happened to strike me that afternoon. And since then no Salvation Army girl has ever gone away without money when I was in the neighborhood."

"Hereafter I won't go to sleep when I'm in this neck of the woods," he continued. "That girl came near getting away from me. If I hadn't caught her, I know that I would have a telegram telling me that my factory had been struck by lightning. Well, faro-way-well," he said, as he walked away.

"But, say, any time that you see one of those girls give her something," was the final injunction of the impatient you ever made."—Chicago Chronicle.

MAN WHO DESERVES PITY. He Who Is Compelled to Eat Restaurant Breakfasts to Be Consolated.

A plea for pity is entered by an eastern journal on behalf of the unfortunate man who through the summer months is forced to eat a restaurant breakfast or wait until luncheon time to break his fast. And the commissioner is solicited because someone had complained that restaurant keepers do not give the amount of attention to serving the day's first meal that they do to the two later ones. There are no hard and fast figures at hand to prove that this is so, but it is rather a general conclusion that leftovers from the day before are used for the first comers and that this is hardly square dealing.

Then, besides the matter of food being too fresh, there is complaint that there is much of setting to rights in the restaurants during the hour one wishes to take breakfast, which creates a confusion calculated to make even an appetizing meal unenjoyable. Sweeping, dusting, filling of salt, pepper and vinegar receptacles go on under the patron's very nose, while the waiters display a very frowny that tells him, or appears to do so, that he has no business to eat in strange places, that if he has a home he should be in it and that if he hasn't a place to call home he is a very poor specimen. Indeed, and not worthy of more consideration than he is receiving.

With these complaints at hand, then, it seems we shall all have to take it for granted that there's a foundation of fact for them and do what we can to improve it upon restaurant keepers that their first duty in summer is to do their share toward making life pleasant for the self-sacrificing man who sends his family to the country while he stays behind and earns the money to pay their bills and his own.

An awakening to this duty except through the means of purveyors of life's necessities and pleasure years ago and the results have been as satisfactory as substitutes, or, we might say, compensations could well be. Let the restaurant keepers join this band of home missionaries and the deserted husband may find that desertion isn't all the bad things that some folks declare it to be.

The small boy always wonders if his mother will ever get over being surprised at the things he does.

It takes a bachelor with money to exterminate the weeds from a young widow's bonnet.

Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating or flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

Case of This Prominent Chicago Woman Should Give Everyone Confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM.—It affords me great pleasure, indeed, to add my testimonial to the great number who are today praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Three years ago I broke down from excessive physical and mental strain. I was unable to secure proper rest, also lost my appetite, and I became so nervous and irritable that my friends trembled, and I was unable to attend to my work. My physician prescribed for me, but as I did not seem to improve, I was advised to go away. I could neither spare the time nor money, and was very much worried when, fortunately, one of my dear friends called. She told me how she had been cured of ovarian troubles, and how like my symptoms were to hers, seven bottles of your medicine cured her, and she insisted that I take some."

"I did so, and am glad that I followed her advice. Within six weeks I was a different woman, strong and robust in health, and have been so ever since."

"A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have all been greatly benefited."—MISS ELIZABETH DALRY, President of the St. Ruth's Court, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and miserable feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and "try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," which is better than all the doctors for cures? Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these cures of thousands of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral stick to the medicine that you know is the Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

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"K-i-l-l-e-e-n," he slowly spelled.

"No, no," exclaimed the teacher. "Kitten hasn't got two 'e's."

"Well, on," replied the small observer.—Chicago Post.

Force of Habit. Towne—There's a new baby out at Poppley's, isn't there?

Brown—Yes, and it's a shame the way the boys are teasing him.

Towne—How?

Brown—Whenever they see him hurrying along the street they kneel up behind him and say "Sh!" and he immediately begins to walk on tiptoes.—Philadelphia Press.

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"The feminine characters in a society novel are so apt to be colorless," said he in explanation of the seeming garb.

Long years afterward, when these transactions were almost forgotten, and the property had become very valuable, a lawyer presented himself to the old gentleman and asked him if he had ever owned any land on Cedar street. Mr. LeBarge replied in the affirmative, and described its locality. The lawyer then asked him when and how he disposed of it. He could not at first recall, but Mrs. LeBarge remembered the circumstances and related them to the lawyer, at the same time remarking, and described his locality that that was the way they got their house to set themselves up on the farm with.

The lawyer then assured Mr. LeBarge that the title to this property was still vested in him, and that he could hold it against all comers, for there was absolutely no record of the conveyance in existence.

The old gentleman, with a look of indignation, asked the lawyer if he took him for a thief.

"I traded that land," said he, "to Chaunin LeBarge for a horse, which was worth more to me than the land was. I shall stand by the bargain now. If Chaunin LeBarge's heirs have no title, tell them to come to me and I will make them a deed before I die."

The Composite House. When Mr. Suburban built a nest in which to house his bride, he borrowed from his friends the best ideas they had tried.

He borrowed here, he borrowed there—Smith's frieze and Green's veneer; he borrowed Johnson's pot-chochers and Cooper's chandelier.

He borrowed Wilson's water tank, Park's grill, Gray's grill. And then he borrowed from the bank the cash to pay the bill. —Lippincott's Magazine.

New Use for a Furnace. "Can't I interest you in this marvelous invention, the cold air stove?" asked the affable agent. "It is guaranteed to reduce the temperature in the hottest house and will—"

"Never mind, young man. I'm using the furnace I had put in last winter. All I need to do is to start a fire in it and the house gets so cold it freezes the flies."—Judge.

A blind horse ought to know enough not to run away.



Health of Women

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