Don't Have Catarrh

One efficient way to remove nasal catarrh is to treat its cause which in most cases is physical weakness. The system needs more oil and easily digested liquid-food, and you should take a spoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

after each meal to enrich your blood and help heal the sensitive membranes with its pure oil-food properties.

The results of this *Scott's Emulsion* treatment will surprise those who have used irritating snuffs and vapors.

Get the Genuine SCOTT'S

Good Medicine Is needed ward off COLDS AND LA GRIPPE. Ask for WEEKS' BREAK-UP-A-COLD TABLETS - 25c promptly to
All druggists sell them.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Exactly.

C. E., 16—I can tell how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart.

Queen—Well, how much?

C. E., 16—Two pints.—Texas Longhorn.

A Christmas Present.

It wasn't much as things befell
And didn't cost much pelf,
But still it pleased him pretty well,
The gift he gave himself.

Naturally.

"This year is going to be lucky because it is not an even number."

"That's odd."—Baltimore American.

Logic.

"You said your wonderful death-dealing inventions would make war impossible."

"Well," answered the great inventor ruefully, "if everybody on earth is eventually killed off, there can't be any more war, can there?"

Value Decreased.

"A fine dog you have there, Jones."

"I'll sell him to you for $5."

"All right. Is he intelligent?"

"Intelligent? Why that dog knows as much as I do."

"Oh, I'll give you $1 for him."—Boston Transcript.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

Trying to Oblige.

"What's your name, my poor man?" asked the kind-hearted woman.

"Lady," replied Plodding Pete, unblushingly, "me name is 'Lord Reginald Courtenay Thorpe.'"

"Are you sure that's your name?"

"No. I jes' thought it 'ud be a nice name fur you to use if you wanted to put de fact dat you had given me a sandwich an' a cup o' tea in de society news."—Washington Star.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Allcock PLASTERS

The World's Greatest External Remedy.

Pain in Side, Rheumatism, Backache, —Any Local Pain.

Insist on Having ALLCOCK'S.

The Unwritten Law

By BASIL T. ANDREWS

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Do you believe in the unwritten law?" asked counsel of the juror.

The judge rapped his gavel upon his desk. "There is no unwritten law except the common law," he announced, "and the juror will take his law from the court, not from his conscience. The duty of the juror is to bring in a verdict upon the facts. If a man shoots another it is murder or manslaughter."

The counsel bowed, the juror sat down in the box, accepted. Only the prisoner eyed the judge and smiled cynically. Hardened as he was to his duty, the judge felt disconcerted by the prisoner's gaze.

The case was a simple one. The prisoner had shot the man who ran away with his wife. He was willing to take the woman back, and she had already created a scene in the courtroom. But the judge was a stickler for law, and everyone knew that, if he could help it, the universal sentiment in favor of the man should not permit the jury to bring in any lesser verdict than murder in the second degree.

The judge went home that night, to be greeted by his smiling wife and little girl. The judge's home life was exemplary. Nobody dreamed of the judge's past, least of all the woman who shared his home.

Until the age of twenty-five the judge's life had been anything but exemplary. He had run away from home, loafed, drunk and generally been "a good fellow." What a singular phrase! However, there had been good at the bottom, and at twenty-five somehow the judge changed. Perhaps the change had been working in him for years, subconsciously. At any rate, he threw off the old life, settled down, studied law, became a famous lawyer and was nominated to the bench amid universal approval.

It must be confessed that the judge was not greatly troubled about his past. He thought that it was the average past of a young man. He had never been in prison, he had never stolen. The thing that sometimes caused him bitter regret was an event which had happened when he was four

He Broke Off in Confusion.

and twenty—in fact it had been the reaction from this which was the determining factor in his life.

He had wronged one of his boon companions. The man's wife, who had a poor reputation, had become infatuated with the young fellow, and they had gone away together. They separated a week later. She had spoken of a divorce and asked him to marry her; but somehow the judge found that he was of finer caliber than he had thought. They separated, and he never saw the woman or her husband again. Years later, however, he heard that she had died.

It troubled him, but after all a man must live down his past and not brood over it. The judge was an exemplary husband and father. His little daughter ran to kiss him; he folded his wife in his arms.

"What will they do with that poor fellow, Symons?" asked his wife later that evening.

"If I had my way," answered the judge, "he would go to the electric chair. I don't think there is much chance of that, however. Second-degree murder, if I can swing it."

"The papers think he will be acquitted."

"That depends on whether the jury are honest men or sentimental fools."

"But, my dear, he shot the man who had run away with his wife. Surely that is not a crime that deserves severe punishment?"

"I do not think it does," answered the judge. "My function, however, is not to pass upon the abstract right or wrong of a case, but simply to administer the law. What that law may be, is laid down by the legislature. I aim to keep my court an honest one, and to fulfill the law scrupulously."

His wife said no more. She knew her husband's feelings in the matter, and, while not sympathizing, recognized his integrity.

On the next day there was another painful scene in court. The wife of the prisoner stood up at the back of the courtroom and interrupted counsel.

"I was guilty!" she cried. "He did right. Let him go, judge! Why can't you let him go?"

"Be silent, woman!" thundered the judge.

"I will not be silent. I love him. I was crazy when I did what I did. Let him go!"

An officer of the court succeeded with difficulty in silencing her. The sound of her hysterical weeping filled the courtroom. The judge scowled. The case had already attracted unenviable notoriety. The newspapers were full of it. He was receiving criticism. And he felt the injustice of it all. Nobody seemed to understand that he had placed his own sympathies aside. No one thought that he might feel for the prisoner. No one understood that his function was simply to carry out the law.

And all through that day and the next he felt the sympathies of the jury turn toward the prisoner, and he hardened his heart and resolved that their verdict should not be acquittal. All the while, too, he was conscious of the cynical look in the eyes of the prisoner.

The case ended at last, as even the greatest of cases must come to an end. Counsel for both sides had delivered their speeches. It was now his turn to speak. He was summing up. And he proceeded with grave deliberation. He expounded the circumstances of the crime. Nobody had made the suggestion that the man might not be guilty. The facts were proved. He hammered that in. He told the jury that they must find a verdict according to the facts—which were proven.

"Have a little pity!" cried the prisoner's wife, leaping to her feet with a dramatic gesture. "Are you a man? Is your heart carved out of flint?"

"Be silent!" roared the judge. "Remove that woman from the courtroom."

She struggled and shrieked all the while, and the courtroom was in an uproar. Every face that met the judge's was hard and condemning. He noticed that: for an instant there flashed through his mind the memory of his wife and little girl. How happy he was at home! Why couldn't they understand that it was just to protect such homes that the law was made?

But what was he thinking? It was in such defense that the prisoner had committed his action. The judge became confused. He stammered a little when, the court being cleared of the disturbance, he took up his charge again.

"The facts are proved," he went on. "The law wisely and rightly demands a life for a life. Only in extenuating circumstances does it permit you to bring in a lesser verdict than that of murder in the first degree. If you find that these extenuating circumstances were of the nature of ignorance of the nature of the crime, or of lack of intent to kill, you may bring in a verdict of manslaughter. If you find that there was no premeditation you may bring in one of murder in the second degree. But these circumstances do not exist. The crime, the motive are clear—"

It was odd how that shrewd, cynical gaze of the prisoner disturbed him. He broke off in confusion. And suddenly he seemed to sway in his seat. He remained with mouth open, and his face was ashen pale.

Two minutes must have elapsed before he spoke again, and in the meantime a deepening sense of uneasiness had settled about the court. The jury, who had already decided upon a verdict of manslaughter, waited in polite impatience. Some thought the judge was ill.

"The law," he went on, "is quite clear. Some say that there are deeper moral laws than human ones, which we ought to obey. Some claim that the voice of conscience is stronger than the enactments of the legislature, when these conflict. It is not for me to pass upon these statements. We are all human and fallible, gentlemen. The prisoner was gravely wronged; he took the same course of action that many men would have taken. He took the course that you and I might have taken—would have taken. I commit the case to your care, gentlemen, with the assurance that you will judge wisely and rightly."

The newspaper men in the courtroom stared at one another and wrote as fast as their pens would fly. The judge's speech was the sensation of the trial. An account of it appeared a few minutes after the verdict, in every paper, under some heading implying that the judge had at last abandoned his inflexible determination. "Judge Parkins Approves Unwritten Law" one heading ran.

His charge had been practically an instruction to the jury to acquit. It was easy enough to read between the lines of the half-hearted message. But apart from the words there was something in the judge's manner, the tone, the gesture that wrought upon all hearts.

The verdict, "Not Guilty," was returned within ten minutes after the judge's charge was finished. The prisoner left the court a free man, his wife with him, sobbing, surrounded by the eager jurymen, whom she was trying to thank. The judge slipped out by his private door and made his way homeward.

The decision of his legal life was broken. He had come to recognize a higher law than that upon the statute book. For he had recognized in the prisoner the man whom he had wronged, so many years before.

Playing Possum.

When caught, the possum will feign death, all the while looking out of the corner of an eye, watching an opportunity to escape. And from this comes the well-known expression, "playing possum." It should be said, however, if one is lucky enough to get a Kentucky dressed possum in the market, there is no danger of its escaping. It has then arrived at a period in its career when possum play has ended.

Removing Fence Posts Easily.

Fence posts of considerable size may be removed readily by hitching a chain around the post near the ground and passing it over a piece of 2 by 4 stock set at a slant against the post. A horse hitched to the chain can withdraw large posts by means of the leverage on the chain and the piece of wood.—Will Chapel, Manchester, Ia., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

You Know the Type.

"Some men goes ahead," said Uncle Eben, "actin' as foolish as if dey had to put deir whole lives payin' freak election bets.'

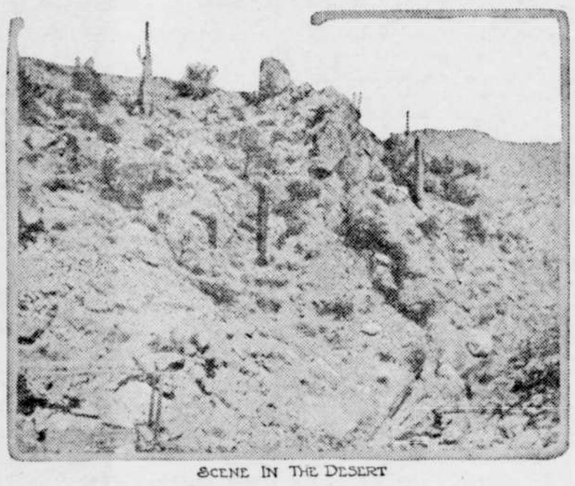
Lower California's Wastes

IN THESE days of the universal globe-trotter few corners of the earth escape intimate description. No mountain is too high to be climbed and no forest too dense to be threaded. Perhaps the most potent barrier to invasion is dearth of water and right at our door is a little strip of country that possesses so many of the attributes of a real desert that it frowns away nearly every intruder, writes L. Worthington Green in the Los Angeles Times.

We know all about such places as Death Valley, for no desert, certainly one that is not big, can remain inviolate, if it be surrounded by passable country, as Death Valley is. But this waste of which I shall speak has salt water on one side and sufficiently difficult mountains on the other, and it is not at all easy to even get there. It is on the eastern side of Lower California, about half-way down the peninsula.

The entire middle section of Lower California might be called a desert; it is almost uninhabited, its rainfall is just above naught, and its springs of water, nearly all very small, could be told off on the fingers. But the western part of that section is made tolerable by the trade winds from the Pacific, and it is only the eastern part that adds to its other qualifications those of a torrid sun and breathless atmosphere.

No official road crosses this middle section; the mail goes from Ensenada down to Santa Catarina, and comes up from Santa Rosalia in the south as far as Calmalli, leaving a broad strip of untraversed country. Natives who must travel up or down make use of two main saddle trails; one trail



SCENE IN THE DESERT

passes west to the center and is called the coast road, though it nowhere approaches the Pacific; the other goes to the east and is called the mountain road, and that is the one which crosses the real desert. Leaving San Fernando, if one goes with burros, he will travel eleven or twelve days without seeing an inhabited place, and probably, as I did, without meeting a person. Before he gets through he will long, not for the flesh pots of Egypt, though they would not come amiss as a change from beans and baking-powder biscuit, but for a drink of sweet water.

Water Scarce and Bad.

There is not much water of any kind, and what there is is most unnecessarily bad, with a great variety of badness. Some of it is so nauseous that coffee made from it is almost undrinkable, though tea made of the same water may be swallowed with a great degree of comfort. At San Francisquit the water is so salt that if one were set down there blindfold he would be sure he was drinking from the ocean itself. At Calamoge there is a choice; the worst is indescribable, and the best is so impregnated with soda that it will cook beans tender in an hour, and with the addition of a little citric acid makes a sparkling drink. At Agua Amarga, the name tells the story, bitter water, so bitter that the animals, after two days without drinking, almost decided to endure another dry day rather than imbibe it.

One watering place is the Tinajas of Uval in a granite canyon. There one must dig down through many feet of loose sand that has drifted in to reach the water in the rock basins, and then it is such a disappointment. One would imagine that water preserved in natural bowls of rock must be delicious, but during the months, and perhaps years, since the last rain, it has absorbed all the vile flavors of the varied drift washed in with the torrent that filled the basins.

Uval is full of interest. When Lower California supported thousands of Indians it was a populous place. The granite sides of the canyon are honeycombed and each little cavern possesses its tenants.

In the sand below the caverns and about the tinajas are to be found flint arrowpoints and knives. One point I picked up was the smallest I ever saw, barely an inch long and scarcely larger than a darning needle, and yet, though so minute, in perfect condition.

Only One Ranch There.

There is only one ranch in this desolation, San Luis, but it is some ten miles to one side of the road, and one who is not informed would never suspect its existence. In a rocky rincon wells a spring of most excellent water, which has always been sufficient for two or three hundred head of cattle. The spot is a veritable oasis, where grass along the stretch of the canyon springs up as if by magic and shrubs remain green beyond a seeming possibility. The cattle of the ranch prove that, with an abundance of sweet water, animals may maintain a fairly good condition by browsing on desert shrubs, for on the surrounding mountains there is no grass whatever. There are, however, other growths besides shrubs, notably the mescal, upon which cattle feed.

If the animals can find a place for their muzzle between the sharp spines of the mescal they greedily eat the rich heart. Many miles of desert plain, though it may furnish no feed for stock, presents the foliage, with its giant cardon, towering and tapering cirio and ocotillo, garambullo and pitalla.

Going in from the main road, just before reaching San Luis, the trail passes over a bare hill which is strewn with huge granite boulders and winding between those the traveler suddenly looks down upon a clump of feathery palms clustered about the water, a most grateful sight after many miles of sand and rocks.

Wonderful Floral Display.

For the most part in the desert there is no grass, horses and burros living on the branches of a small leafless tree called dipua.

Surrounding Calmalli these branches are lopped off, made into bundles and packed to the mining camp on the backs of burros from a distance of ten or fifteen miles. The ability of animals to support life on dipua is, however, an acquired art, for animals that are taken into the region from God's country at first refuse it, and can only be induced to eat it by the bitter force of starvation. Yet it was on the border of this desert where I saw the most beautiful floral display that I ever witnessed; miles of glorious white lilies, the desert amaryllis, frequently showing as many as 15 superb flowers on one spike. The bulbs were very deep in the ground, usually about one foot below the surface, and from the growth displayed must have found abundant moisture, though it had probably been many months since rain fell. The flowers gave out a delicious fragrance and were quite as large and fine as the Easter lily furnished by our florists.

It was an excellent example of the wonderful surprises and contradictions presented by the desert. Often where it seems as though nothing could possibly grow, there will appear in the spring, as if by magic, beautiful flowers of varied hues, though usually there will be displayed only a flower stalk, with very little embellishment of leaves, for nature, in such places of stress, hoards her energies to the extreme, and expends none of them on appendages that are not absolutely necessary to the perpetuation of the plant.

Lightness is the chief claim for an aluminum billiard cue that a Nebraska inventor has patented.

London's Cadgers.

There are many professional beggars in London, who have their own copyright methods of extracting coin from a sympathetic and credulous public. There is the distressed governess out of a situation, who asks you in Oxford street the way to walk to Turnham Green, and is so staggered at the distance that you ask her to accept the bus fare. Then there is the transatlantic journalist stranded in the metropolis. He is too proud to seek aid from some of his millionaire friends at the Cecil, but if you could?—and perhaps you do.

Most artistic of all mendicants is the old lady of grandmotherly appearance dressed in black silk. She is up in London for the day, and someone has robbed her of her purse. What shall she do? You give her the train fare and she promises to send the money on to you if you will give her your address. But if you are wise you decline, and thus escape a shoal of begging letters, for addresses of benevolent persons have a market value among the cadging fraternity.—London Tit-Bits.

State of Oman.

Oman is an independent state in southeastern Arabia extending along a coastline—southeast and southwest—of almost 1,000 miles from the Gulf of Arminz and inland to the deserts. Area, 2,000 square miles; population estimated at 500,000, chiefly Arabs, but there is a strong infusion of negro blood. Capital, Maskat, with about 24,000 population. Reigning sultan, Seyyid Taimur bin Feysil, who succeeded his father, October 5, 1913. Inland the sultan's authority is merely nominal. Oman is really a dependency of the British government.

The Canker.

"Be joyful; eggs are coming down."

"Ain't that just my rotten luck! And I was going to have a custard pie at my lunch to make the other girls envious of its luxury."

Something to Wonder About.

It was Phyllis' first visit to the country. "What are you thinking about?" asked her grandma. "I'se wondering," answered Phyllis, "where the cow keeps all the bottles."

CARE OF BEEF CALVES

Little Attention at Right Time May Save Animal.

Teach Them to Eat Grain Early in Life—Youngster Should Be Developed in First Eighteen Months of His Career.

(By W. L. BLIZZARD, Department of Animal Husbandry, Oklahoma A. and M. College, Stillwater.)

Take good care of your calves, for if you lose one you have lost the use of your cow for a whole year. A little extra care and attention at the right time may mean the saving of the calf.

When the calves are seven or eight months old, wean them, for the cows need a short vacation in which to build up the next calves they are to drop.

The calves should be taught to eat grain early in life, so that they will not

Young Angus Steers.

have a setback when they are weaned. If you want your calves to develop the way they should, it will be necessary to keep right on feeding them after they are weaned. Develop your calf in the first 18 months of his life, for if you do not do it at this time the chances are you never will. The calf that loses his "calf fat" at weaning time will never develop into the good individual that he would have had he been grown properly and not allowed to go back at this period.

Heifers that are grown properly should be bred at twenty to twenty-two months of age, so that they will bring their first calf at about thirty months of age.

SPRING PASTURE FOR STOCK

Expensive Feed Bills Will Be Saved and Milk Flow Kept Up—Rye and Clover Favored.

(By J. G. WATSON.)

Are you preparing for early spring pasture? Early spring almost invariably finds us short of feed. How are you planning for that shortage? Early pasture will save expensive feed bills and help keep up the milk yield. A good fall and early spring pasture is rye or a mixture of rye and crimson clover. Early-sown rye gives considerable feed in the fall but should not be grazed too closely or the plants may be winter-killed.

The clover crop makes about half its growth during the last 30 days of its grazing period, that is under normal conditions, so that it can be heavily grazed during that time. This should allow the permanent pasture to get a good start before turning on it and it will be stronger and provide more pasture than if grazed early.

Late fall and early spring pasture means cheaper production and larger yields.

BIG LOSS BY DETERIORATION

Lack of Paint Is Worse Than Fire, Says Expert of Ohio Station—No Best Time for Task.

"Lack of paint causes a greater annual loss through deterioration than the aggregate fire loss in Ohio for the past 12 months," asserts Virgil Overholt of the agricultural extention department. Ohio state university, in urging the farmers of Ohio to apply paint frequently and liberally.

There is no best time to paint, as many think, but care should be taken that the paints are carefully mixed and well rubbed into the cracks in the weather boarding.

REMEDY FOR WORMS IN HOGS

Feed Nothing for Twenty-Four Hours Then Give Tablespoonful of Turpentine and Oil.

A remedy for worms in hogs is to feed nothing for one day and then to a 100-pound hog give a tablespoonful of a mixture of half turpentine and half raw linseed oil or castor oil. The dose for smaller pigs should be proportionately reduced. Always keep where the hogs can get it, wood ashes and salt, using about half bushel of ashes to five pounds of salt. Cob ashes will do just as well.

MAKE YOUR PLACE DISTINCT

Give Farm Certain Good Characters That Mark It From Other Homes Along the Road.

Is your place distinctive? Has it certain characters that mark it from other homes on the road? How often in giving directions for finding a place along the road we locate a farm by certain objects about the place, such as an evergreen hedge, a row of hard maple, an unpainted house, a dilapidated barn, or a well-kept yard and well-painted house.

BREAK HORSE OF BAD HABIT

Put Animal in Box Stall, Using Sawdust or Shavings for Bedding—Feed Hay at Night.

Allow a horse that eats his dung a box stall, and bed it with sawdust or planing-mill shavings. See that the horse is worked or actively exercised every day.

Do not feed any hay at noon, and feed it liberally at night. If this doesn't suffice, sprinkle the manure with kerosene until he stops eating it.

Why "Anuric" is INSURANCE Against Sudden De

Before an Insurance Comp take a risk on your life the ex physician will test the urine an whether you are a good risk. your kidneys get sluggish an you suffer from backache, sic ache, dizzy spells, or the twing pains of lumbago, rheumatis gout. The urine is often clou of sediment; channels often g and sleep is disturbed two or times a night. This is the tim should consult some physician o experience—such as Dr. Pierce Invalids' Hotel and Surgical In Buffalo, N. Y. Send him 10 ce sample package of his new diss "Anuric." Write him your sym and send a sample of urine fo Experience has taught Dr. Pierc "Anuric" is the most powerful in dissolving uric acid, as hot melts sugar; besides being abs harmless it is endowed with properties, for it preserves the k in a healthy condition by thor cleansing them. Being so many more active than lithia, it clea heart valves of any sandy subs which may clog them and chec degeneration of the blood-vess well as regulating blood pre "Anuric" is a regular insuranc life-saver for all big meat eaters an who deposit lime-salts in their Ask the druggist for "Anuric" by Dr. Pierce, in 50-cent packag

STRENGTH AND BEAUT Come with Dr. Pierce's Golden M Discovery. This is a blood clean alterative that starts the liver and ach into vigorous action. It thus the body to manufacture rich red which feeds the heart, nerves, bra organs of the body. The organs smoothly like machinery running You feel clean, strong and strenuo stead of tired, weak and faint.

Now Sister Stays Home

The alleged young woman w rowing with a possible suito had taken her little sister, wh exhibiting much fear of the wa

"Why, Martha, if you are so ous now, what will you be a age?"

"Thirty-nine, I suppose," replied the little sister.—Excha

Silent Partner Wanted.

She—I do not care to marry do not care even to talk to you

He (a widower)—That is pr the reason I want you to marry Boston Transcript.

Hypnotism.

"Do you believe in hypnotism inquired Miss Cayenne.

"What do you mean by hypnot

"The power of one human be throw another into slumber an play upon his imagination."

"I'll go as far as the slumber Some people can make me merely by talking to me."—Wa ton Star.

Madge—She and her fianc quarreling all the time.

Marjorie—Yes, isn't it dre Why don't they wait until married?—Life.

Getting the Best of It.

"Flubdub says it is better t than to receive."

"Huh?"

"He has just given his wife to Florida."—Louisville Courie nal.

WOMAN NOW I PERFECT HEAL

What Came From Rea a Pinkham Adver- tisement.

Paterson, N. J. — "I thank yo the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies a have made me and healthy. S time ago I fe run down, had in my back and was very irreg tired, nervous did not feel li ing and had breath. I read advertiseme the newspaper decided to try a bottle of Lydia E ham's Vegetable Compound. It w from the first bottle, so I took a and a third, also a bottle of Ly Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now just as well as any other woman. vise every woman, single or ma who is troubled with any of the said ailments, to try your wond Vegetable Compound and Blood P and I am sure they will help her rid of her troubles as they did m Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SANDE, York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Me Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass, need special advice.

Its Kind.

"Talking about proper punct there is one punctuation mark every one feels called on to a

"What mark is that?"

"A target."—Baltimore Amer

In the Promoti of Healt

It is imperative tha keep

THE STOMACH NO THE BOWELS RE AND THE LIVER A

To that End—TRY HOSTETTE Stomach Bitt