

Mrs. Nancy Wirtz, 1201 Caroline St., Baltimore, Md., thus gives her experience: "We have never found its equal for our children."

A BROOKLYN inventor proposes to tar the earth's interior for heat, and thus save fuel.

BRECHAM'S PILLS enjoy the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world. Made only in St. Helens, England.

NINE tailors may make a man, but they are also pretty sure to break him.

Nobody but a GUM NEGLECTS A COUGH. Take some HONEY of HORSEHORN AND TARTAR. TOOTHTACHE DROPS Cure in One Minute.

FREE—A 100-page free by Dr. Kline's G. & N. Co., New York. No. 1010. \$1.00 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 100 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

IN GLASS. That's the way Dr. Kline's Pleasant Pellets come. And it's a more important point than you think. It keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes.

They're tiny, sugar-coated capsules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts—the smallest in size, the easiest to take, and the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

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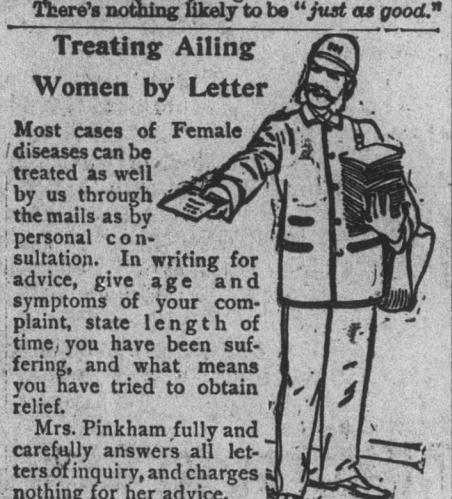
**Women by Letter**

Most cases of Female diseases can be treated as well by us through the mails as by personal consultation. In writing for advice, give age and symptoms of your complaint, state length of time you have been suffering, and what means you have tried to obtain relief.

Mrs. Pinkham fully and carefully answers all letters of inquiry, and charges nothing for her advice.

All correspondence is treated strictly confidential. Your letters will be received and answered by one of your own sex. Address,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., Lynn, Mass.



**DO YOU COUGH**  
DON'T DELAY TAKE  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Inflammation of the Throat, Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma. A special cure for Cough in first and second stages. A sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

**S.S.S.**

**CURES SCROFULA**

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula, which passed all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few weeks cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.

Mrs. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss. Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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LESSENS PAIN—INSURES SAFETY to LIFE OF MOTHER and CHILD.

My wife after having used Mother's Friend, passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour than in a week after the birth of her former child. J. J. McGOLDRICK, Beans Sta., Tenn.

Mother's Friend robbed pain of its terror and shortened labor. I have the healthiest child I ever had.

Mrs. L. M. AHERN, Cochran, Ga. Satisfactory express charges prepaid, price 50 cents per bottle. "Mother's" mailed free.

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SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN

**Bile Beans**

**Small.**

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, SICK HEADACHE and CONSTIPATION. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture 7, 17, 70" and sample dose free.

J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, NEW YORK.

**BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.**

**RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is brilliant, Odorous, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

# A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Dr. Phillips, whose recognized partner Brian became, had known him from the hour of his birth, and on this account, and because, too, of the deep friendship entertained for his father, he took more than usual interest in him.

"I want to see in you the worthy successor of my old friend," he said one day. "You can work out an honorable career, and you should. You owe it not only to my memory but also to that dear, sweet wife of yours. Let her be your inspiration. I promised your father when he was dying that I would act the part of the doctor to her. I don't believe I can do that more effectively than by helping you."

"The old refrain, Doctor. In all that is done for me, I see Margaret as the prompting motive. This prevents any feeling of conceit on my part, and I am willing that she shall have the well- deserved credit, but, nevertheless, my windless sails flap rather dolefully."

"Dr. Phillips says I have a dear, sweet wife. What do you think of that, Margaret?"

"That he is a man given to over-praise," replied Margaret, glancing up from the scarf she was embroidering. "A very nice man, though," she added, turning to her work once more. "So good to me and so good to you."

He was standing behind her chair, and bent his head to look into her eyes. Nervous under such close contact she straightened and tried to protect herself, ranging some books upon a small table.

The sigh with which his eye followed her awakened in her heart some twings of remorse for what she felt obliged to confess, was an unreasonable betrayal of ill-humor.

"Come back to your chair, Margaret. You can be very cruel sometimes."

"Have you any right to blame me, Brian?"

A glance at his face made her regret this question, the second it passed her lips, but before she could recall it he had left the room, with the words destined to echo in her heart through many long, bitter days.

And Margaret could only sit and listen, though when his sharp eye rang through the silence of the room, "Margaret, I can't see you; where are you, Margaret?" she placed her head beside him, and answered in low, wretched accents:

"Here, Brian; close beside you. Can't you feel my hands? They are holding me."

"His voice penetrated that dull brain? For one second she thought so. But no. The heavy eyes turned her face.

"Hans! Who said hands? Oh, yes; I remember now. You said it, Margaret. Don't you know you said it? Your hand would be in mine. Do you—think of the night? And I said—ah, I—said—what did I say?"

His voice sank away in an unintelligible muttering. A few seconds of silence and his mind wandered again. He was fighting his old battles now and calling upon Margaret for sympathy and help.

And in an anguish that could find no other expression, she buried her face in the pillow beside him.

"I can't bear it, I can't bear it!" she cried, passionately.

"Bear it," repeated the weak voice. "Bear it? Ah, no; I can't bear your contempt. You are so hard; so hard upon me. No right to reproach you from the heart," he said. "Her hand sank lower. She could find no answer to these bitter complaining words.

Suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and raising her miserable face she saw Wilson standing over her.

"Will you come out in the air for a few moments?" he said, with quiet authority. "The weather is pleasant. Thomas will take care of Brian."

With a sort of mechanical obedience she followed him to the broad piazza, where the pure air, warm sun and odor of sweet flowers seemed doubly grateful after the close atmosphere of the sick room.

He was silent for some seconds. Evidently he found it difficult to put his thoughts in suitable language.

"I know what you would say," she broke in, covering her face with her hands. "I know so well. You have heard Brian. You understand. And you must realize now what a hard, undutiful wife I've been. What a—"

"Hush," he interrupted, in a strange voice. "I must not allow even your lips to say such unkind words about your self. They are not deserved. You lay too much stress upon what he says, forgetting that it is only the raving of the mad. Brian has made me his confidant and I feel that I can judge."

"I cannot know all," she answered, pressing her hands together. "You cannot know of the hits and the little things the motions, expressions, words, all meaning so much. You cannot know of them, but I do. They are always before me, and the last day—the very last day—I spoke unkindly. I shall never forget it—never. I saw that it hurt him. I intended to tell him I was sorry. I had no chance. They brought him back so. Now he cannot know; he cannot understand that I would suffer any pain for a moment of consciousness he tells me I am sorry. God will not grant me even that—not even that."

"Why will you think of all these things?" he asked, pressingly. "It is not human to be a little unkind sometimes. They look on the other side also. What have you done for Brian?"

"Margaret knew that he would either wait with a new lease of life or pass into the next sleep that knows no waiting on this side of death. She watched and waited, and prayed for the long hours to pass.

The shadows of night, which seemed to have held the anguish of years, gave place to the light of dawn. The lines of blue grew deeper and deeper in the east, the rim of the rising sun rested upon the brow of the hills, and the distant crowing of a cock, welcoming the room.

"The truth," she pleaded, pressing her hand to her eyes. "The whole truth. Ah! you hesitate. That is more cruel still. I can bear the truth best."

"Poor child," he answered. "You must not give way to this despair. Yet, since you ask me for the truth, I will not deceive you. Brian's condition is most precarious. The odds are all against him. He has but one bare chance."

"He has one chance," she repeated, snatching at this straw of hope. "Then, Doctor, we will make the most of that chance. He cannot fight for himself; we must fight for him."

"We will fight for him," was Wilson's reply. "Your courage and bravery must win, and I shall exercise all my skill and all my experience for him. I shall

opening day, came like a clarion note through the silence.

It reached Brian's ear. He turned uneasily. Margaret was on his knees in a second, a feeling half joy, half fear clutching at her heart. She bent her face close to his.

"Perhaps you realized her presence, for he turned again and moaned slightly. His waking mind was struggling for comprehension, his eyelids trying to throw off the heaviness that held them down. At last they opened slightly, then wider, and their slow wandering gaze fell upon Margaret's face, a face white and drawn from long and anxious watching, but revealing a story of love. Those eyes were not slow to read.

"Thank God," murmured Brian, with an effort to overcome his intense weakness. "Margaret, you—love me—at last?"

With a cry of passionate joy she buried her face upon his breast.

"Oh, Brian, so much! so much that I could not live without you."

"The doctor," he said again, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet vibrating with such inexpressible happiness that it reached Wilson, his smile silently from the room.

"You have found your true place at last, my darling, my wife. Your true resting place. It is a weak defense now."

"It is my chosen rest and support," she answered, with brimming eyes, catching and holding in its place the weak arm that had tried to clasp her so lovingly. "It is weak now, but it will be strong soon. Let me lean upon its strength always. Let me have your heart, as you have mine, fully and entirely. Oh, if you could know how I tried to tell you this, as I sat at those hours when you could not understand; how often I laid my heart upon your shoulder you might hear its beating, and realize that it was full of love for you. You did not know then, but you know now, and—your may kiss your wife."

Brian could not speak, but his eyes filled with something strangely like tears, as she held her loving, blushing face for the long, tender kiss he left upon her lips.

Neither spoke again. With his hand in Margaret's, Brian was content to lie still, until overcome by weakness he slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Future United States.

"The population of the United States will increase for many years, but never again in so great a ratio as during the last century," said Prof. Howard W. Shaw, now at the Southern. "This country can support a population of 300,000,000 much more easily than France can support her 40,000,000, but after we touch the hundred million figure our increase will be slow. It is cheap homes and high wages that now attract immigration. Low-priced land will soon disappear and with it will go high wages, despite the wisdom of statesmen. Then, instead of a constant stream of homeseekers pouring into America, a considerable stream will pour out towards the fertile lands of South America and Southern Africa. Uncle Sam will probably begin the twentieth century with 80,000,000 people; he will do well if he ends it with an increase of 20,000,000. By that time—the beginning of the twenty-first century—we will be a homogeneous people. There will be no longer Irish-Americans and German-Americans, but everybody will be American pure and simple. The many streams that are now flowing hitherward from all parts of Europe will have amalgamated, and the result will be one of the best balanced and most intellectual peoples the world has ever known."

His voice sank away in an unintelligible muttering. A few seconds of silence and his mind wandered again. He was fighting his old battles now and calling upon Margaret for sympathy and help.

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In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Fig will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

DO NOT BLOW OUT A LIGHT.

If yourwick is dirty, if your oil is poor, if yourwick doesn't fit its slide tightly, then sparks may drop from the wick into the oil chamber, or the wick may fall through its tube into the oil. The greatest danger with an oil lamp is blowing it out; don't do that, but turn it out. —New York Sun.

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Health is largely dependent upon a regular habit of body. The bowels act as an important canal for the carrying of waste matter of the system. They, together with the kidneys and pores, are outlets for debris whose presence is fatal to the body's well-being.

Hosstetter's Stomach Bitters is no violent purgative, but a gentle and admirably adapted to the wants of the system.

It is a tonic and astringent.

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