

Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free. For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you fifteen medical books.

Medical Advice Free. We have the services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. All our prescriptions are written by one of these physicians, and long experience and skill are put into every prescription. Write freely at the medicine box. We will receive a prompt reply, without charge. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Syrup of Figs

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the California Fig Syrup Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Soap. Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the harshest weather. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write to J. C. Tower, Boston, Mass.

PENSIONS DOUBLE QUICK!

Get Your Pension DOUBLE QUICK! Write Capt. T. H. Barrill, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

900 DROPS CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of J. C. Ayer, NEW YORK.

AT 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Use For Over Thirty Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Training the Children.

"John," said Mrs. Wisely to her little lord the other evening, "I want to have a very frank talk with you. Do you realize that the boys are old enough now to observe and are beginning to form their characters?"

"Of course I do," Great boys."

"Yes, and we want them to be great men. They naturally look up to you, John, more than to anybody else. For their sakes you must be careful in what you do and say. You fell over on a chair the other day and used some very improper language. I heard Willie repeat it when he snubbed his toe in the back yard."

"The little rascal! He didn't!" chuckled the father.

"Yes, John, and they pretend to smoke cigars and pour drinks from an imaginary decanter. Can't you set them a better example?"

"Say, little one, I heard Amy playing keep house one afternoon lately. When callers were announced she sent out word that she was not at home. When she did consent to receive anyone she combed them down to beat the band before they were admitted. One was an old tramp, another was an intolerable bore, and a third better a good deal be at home cleaning house or looking after her children. You couldn't have done it better yourself."

"I see what you mean, sir. No use of rubbing it in. But wait, dear," in a softer voice, "let's both do better. It's for their sakes, you know."

"I'll go you," and they shook hands.

As John left that evening he slipped up on the front steps and made the air blue. Around the corner he lit his cigar. Mrs. Wisely had some animated gossip with a neighbor. And yet the children seem to thrive—Detroit Free Press.

Pads of Composers.

Genius has a queer way of doing things. Haydn, when in the humor for composition, always put on his best suit and made his toilet as if going to a court ball.

Another of his fads was to write his music on the finest paper that could be purchased.

Gluck had his piano carried out in the morning, and with a bottle of champagne on each side of him, went at his work like a wild man. Paisiello composed the whole of his operas, "The Barber of Seville" and "La Molinara," while in bed.

Sacchini could do nothing without having his two favorite cats on his shoulders.

Cimarosa always wanted a crowd of friends about him when he composed his music, while Sarti always withdrew to a lonely chamber lighted dimly by a single lamp.

The Cost of Freeing Cuba. The United States are entitled to retain possession of the Philippine Islands if the peace commissioners so decide, for the cost of the war runs far into the millions, and the stomach, liver and bowels from disease, however, is not an expensive undertaking. A few dollars invested in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will accomplish the task.

Failed to Tempt Her.

Clerk—Talk about close-listed men. Why, that woman just going out at the door could give any man a liver saw card and spades.

Floorwalker—Oh, it's a woman's nature to haggle over prices, you know.

Clerk—But she didn't haggle. She selected her things and paid for them without a word, but during the nineteen minutes I kept her waiting for her she never looked at a thing in the store. 'Fraid she'll see something she wanted, I suppose.

Wanted to Escape. A traveling medium who recently gave a seance in a Georgia town began by saying: "I have been requested by some of the men present to recall the spirits of their wives who have gone before. Keep perfectly quiet, friends—and in one moment they will be with you."

"John," whispered an old man in the audience, "gimme my hat—quick! I don't mind meetin' Molly in heaven, but I'll be damned if I want her to resume business on earth!"—New York Tribune.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balm will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

When we advance a little into life we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief in the world.—Paxton Hood.

What's the best distasteful and remedy for skin irritations and defects? Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sulfur Soap. It's for hair and skin. Black or brown, it cures. The man who pardons easily courts injury.—Cornell.

Mrs. Winslow's Scurrying Strump for Children teething, colic, and other ailments. It cures. Always plain, clean, wind cool. 2 cents a bottle.

WANTED—Case of bad health that Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sulfur Soap will cure. Write to J. C. Ayer, Boston, Mass., for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

Real Estate.

Wallace—We don't want Hawaii. We want no heathen land. It has had missionaries for one hundred years, and while the natives may be heathen the land is in possession of the Christians.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Only Explanation.

"Briggs must have an angelic wife. He never shows the least bit of nervousness when we break up in the early morning."

"That's easily explained."

"How?"

"Briggs isn't married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Is That It?

Little Edward—Papa, why do they call those funny looking, two-wheeled carriages hansom?"

Papa—I think it's because it takes some man's money to balance on the part of the drivers to keep from tipping the horses up in the air.

Time by the Forelock.

Money is welcome in these days. A man who had to leave his office and was expecting a caller to pay him some money left this notice on the door: "I have gone out for half an hour. Will be back soon. Have been gone twenty minutes already."—Tit-Bits.

The Missing Word.

Hostess—What would you like to eat, Effie?"

Effie—"Cake."

Mother (reprovingly)—"Effie! Effie! What is the word you've forgotten?"

Effie—"Punch."

Generally the Case.

"What a great bore that Simpering is!"

"Still he would leave a very small hole in the world if he were taken away."

Pure Blood Good Digestion

These are the essentials of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier and stomach tonic. It promptly expels the impurities which cause pimples, sores and eruptions and by giving healthy action to the stomach and digestive organs it keeps the system in perfect order.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

Are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

What's the Matter with KANSAS?

Kansas Owns (in round numbers) 500,000 horses, mules, 2,000,000 milch cows, 1,600,000 other cattle, 2,000,000 sheep, and 2,000,000 pigs.

Its Farm Products this year include 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of dollars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc. In detail alone it has a story.

Send for free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.

General Passenger Office, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

152

Page Illustrated Catalogue, describing all of the famous WINCHESTER GUNS AND WINCHESTER AMMUNITION sent free to any address. Send your name on a postal card to

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., 180 Winchester Ave., New Haven, Ct.

One Honest Man.

They had been married but two short months when the cook packed up and left without the customary notice and the young wife was compelled to pre-empt the culinary department temporarily.

"Do you know, my dear," began the husband, as she sat at the breakfast table, "that your biscuits are not—"

"Oh, of course, I know," she interrupted, a sickly smile fitting across her face. "It's the old story; they are not like your mother used to make."

"Right you are, dearest," he continued. "They are not to be compared with mother's biscuits for a minute. You see, mother's biscuits were invariably heavy and I could never eat more than one, while yours are so nice and light that I have already eaten four, and—"

But there is a limit to human endurance, and the poor woman had fainted.

Not Professional.

"When they had the collision on the river that fellow Tape, the police court lawyer, absolutely refused to help get the water out of the yacht."

"Why was the reason?"

"He said he never hallooed anything without being paid for it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and blisters. It's the greatest shoe remedy discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, nervous, aching feet. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 25c Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lock Box 852, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Leader of Men.

"That man is a great political leader," said Mr. Cornstossel's neighbor.

"Well," was the answer, "he isn't exactly what I'd call a leader. But he certainly has a great knack of findin' out which way the procession is goin' an' then gettin' out in front an' holleerin' 'Come on, fellows!'—Washington Star.

Heavy G. A. R. Business.

General Manager Rawns of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway has prepared a detailed statement of the number of people carried on Cincinnati on the occasion of the thirty-second annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic Sept. 3 to 12, inclusive. According to the train records, 37,997 people were transported, the largest number being on Sept. 5, when the total reached 8,322.

According to these statistics the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern carried about 30 per cent of the travel.

Barometer to a Smoker's Condition.

The late William S. Rose, who, for so many years sold cigars at the hotel stands owned by him in this city, and at his several stores, always disliked to sell cigars by the box to any of his regular customers. His theory was that customers who had a box of their favorite cigar handy were apt to smoke too many, and the inevitable result was that they soon got tired of the same cigar for years without any but pleasant consequences if they bought them in small quantities. The only remedy that I know is for a person, the instant he feels any unpleasant effect from a cigar, to throw it away, rinse the mouth out with cold water, and drink on large glass of the same. A large quantity of cold water in the stomach seems to neutralize the effects of the cigar better than anything I know of. My experience is that cigars are a barometer by which persons are readily forewarned as to their physical condition. The mere fact that a regular smoker desires to buy a cigar is a sign that there is something wrong within him, and it is best to pay attention to the indication and leave cigars alone until he feels that he can enjoy them.—Washington Star.

How Godsend Lusk Got His Name

Perhaps Godsend Lusk, of Tilden, has the distinction of owning the queerest name in Maine. Godsend's grandfather, old Peter Lusk, owned about all the wild land in the town. When he died he left his property to his four boys in trust, the whole of it to go the first grandson who should come into the world. At that time none of the boys were married, but they at once remedied this fault, every one taking a wife inside a year from the time the

ANECDEOTE AND INCIDENT

will of their father was made. Six years after his wedding the wife of George Lusk presented to him a son, and to the great estate under the terms of the will. It was agreed that the boy's mother should bestow the name, but she neglected to tell the minister about it before the party had assembled in the church. Then when the minister asked what name he should bestow the child's father spoke up and said: "I think you'd better call him a godsend, because he has proved that to my family." The words spoken in jest were taken in earnest by the clergyman, who proceeded to formally christen the boy as "A Godsend Lusk," a name which he bears to-day. As he got nearly \$100,000 along with his name, he is trying to stand it."

ANECDEOTE OF BOOTH.

Lawrence Hutton Tells How He Fell Under Richelieu's Spell.

Booth chanced to be in a particularly happy frame of mind—and he was often cheerful and happy, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. He was smoking the inevitable pipe, and he was arrayed in the costume of Richelieu, with his feet upon the table, submitting patiently to the manipulations of his wardrobe man or "dresser." After a few words of greeting the call boy knocked at the door and said that Mr. Booth was wanted at a certain "lower entrance." The protagonist jumped up quickly, and asked if I would stay where I was and keep his pipe alight, or go along with him and see him "lunch the cuss of Rum," quoting the words of George L. Fox, who had been producing recently a ludicrously clever burlesque of Booth in the same part. I followed him to the wings, and stood by his side while he waited for his cue. It was the fourth act of the drama, I remember, and the stage was set as a garden, nothing of which was visible from our position but the flies and the back of the wings; and we might have been placed in a great bare room, so far as any scenic effect was apparent. Adrian, Baradas, and the conspirators were speaking, and at an opposite entrance, waiting for her cue, was the Julie of the evening. She was a good woman and an excellent actress, but unfortunately not a person at all favorite with the star, who called my attention to the blameworthy with which she was covered, and said that if she got any of it on to his new scarlet cloak he would pluck her black and blue, puffing volumes of smoke into my face as he spoke. When the proper time came he rushed upon the stage, with a parting injunction not to let his pipe go out; and with the great meerschaum in my own mouth I saw the heroine of the play cast herself into his arms, and noticed, to my great amusement, that she did smear the robes of my Lord Cardinal with a greasy white stuff he so much disliked. He winked back at the half-comic, half-angry glance he shot towards me over Julie's snowy shoulders. I half expected to hear the real scream he had threatened to cause her to utter. I thought of nothing but the humorous, absurd side of the situation; I was eager to keep the pipe going. And lo! he raised his hand and spoke those familiar lines: "Around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church. Place but a foot within that hallowed ground, and on thy head, yea, though it were a crown, I'll launch the curse of Rome!" Every head upon the stage was uncovered, and I found my own hat in my hand! I forgot all the tomfoolery we had been indulging in; I forgot his pipe, and my promise regarding it; I forgot that I had been a habitual theater-goer all my life; I forgot that I was a Protestant; and that it was not becoming in stage play; I forgot everything, except the fact that I was standing in the presence of the great, visible head of the Catholic religion in France, and that I was ready to drop upon my knees with the rest of them at his invocation.—Harper's Magazine.

With Numberless Eyes.

To say that a person "has eyes in the back of his head" has long been a recognized way of paying a high compliment to his powers of observing everything going on around him. But the phrase when applied to insects becomes, as naturalists are well aware, simply a statement of facts. Indeed, considering that very many insects in head in eyes by the thousand, and the head of a horsefly, for example, being literally made up of eyes alone, it would be strange if some of them had not been relegated to the back of their owners' heads.

Thus it is said that if an ordinary dragon fly were placed in the center of a globe he could see every part of it at once without moving his head. And this insect, though possessing about 20,000 eyes, is a long way from being the most liberally endowed in this respect, the mordelet beetle, for instance, comfortably beating him by some 5,000.

These eyes often give off prismatic colors, and under the microscope are very beautiful objects, looking like a section of honeycomb. That each individual eye of the mordelet has its own perfect lens system is proved by the fact that each makes a separate picture of any object placed before it. Of course, a microscope is required to see these pictures, but they are very distinct and are known to microscopists as the "multiple image."

Curly-haired Men.

It is not generally known that there is a well-defined prejudice against curly-headed men when it comes to choosing a jury to try criminal cases, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The prejudice, when it is manifested, comes from the objection to curly-haired men as a prominent practical reason is said: "When I was just starting my legal mentor intimated that idea in me. He said that curly-headed men had almost invariably been pampered darlings of their parents, and in their youth had been so used to having their own way that they had come to regard every body on earth was wrong except themselves. In this way the seeds of opposition are sown, and when they grow older they make it a point to disagree with everybody and everything. If everybody else on the jury votes for acquittal they vote for conviction, and if they had come to any other conclusion, and are as stubborn as the dogs are long. A curly-haired man never gets on the jury when I am defending a man if I can see him in time."

He Listened to All.

Fontenelle listened to everything, and he offended no one by disputing anything. At the close of his life he was asked the secret of his success, and he replied that it was by observing two maxims: "Everybody may be right, and everything may be so."

You can tell a year in advance when a man is a candidate for office; he is so genial, and pokes his nose into so many things.

LINCOLN'S NOMINATION.

A Chicagoan Gives Inside Information of that Interesting Event.

A Chicagoan, E. O. Lanphere, gives some inside history as to the nomination of President Lincoln in 1860. Lanphere was young at the time of that famous convention in Chicago, and was working in the interests of William H. Seward, of New York.

"It was pretty thoroughly understood," says Mr. Lanphere, "that the vote of Indiana must control the convention. The Republicans had to nominate a man who could carry Indiana. On the morning of the opening of the convention, May 10, matters were still in a very doubtful condition. The friends of Lincoln and the partisans of Seward were declaring that their candidate was the only man in the party who could carry Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois. On the morning of the 10th Parker Dresser, a friend of mine and a delegate from Indiana, told me that a delegation was going to hold a caucus in the old court house, which stood where the Rookery Building now stands. I knew that that caucus would name the next President of the United States, and I was determined to be present. I asked Dresser to help me, and he suggested we past the door-keeper, and I laid flat down on a bench at the back of the hall just as the hall opened."

One after another of the southern Indiana delegates made speeches protesting against the nomination of Seward. They declared that he was entirely too radical, and that it would be impossible for him to carry the districts for him if he were nominated. At last, according to a preconcerted plan, when sufficient feeling had been aroused, Henry S. Lane, the presiding officer, called Parker Dresser to the chair and took the floor. He began by reciting the names of Seward as a party leader and declaring that he could never be elected. "But there is a man," continued the speaker, "whom we can elect. Nobody can pick flaws in his record. He is honest, he is able, he is the man for us to nominate."

"Gurrah, hurrah, name him," shouted the delegates.

But Lane was skilled in the management of caucuses. He veered away from the name and began again. He spoke of his candidate as a self-made man, a man of the people. "He is not from our State, but he is a near neighbor of ours," he said. "He has loved a canal boat up our rivers; he has split rails and hewed logs in Indiana forests."

"What's his name?" yelled a score of voices. But Lane kept on with his oratory, striking out with his long right arm in gesture, his coat sleeves not much below his elbow. The delegates left their seats and crowded around the speaker.

"Gurrah, hurrah, name him," shouted the delegates.

"I raised up, too," says Mr. Lanphere, "and ventured forward with the rest. In the excitement nobody noticed me. In the camp. Lane kept on talking about the rail splitter of the Wabash, but all the while refrained from naming him. At last an old farmer delegate roared, 'Well, if you won't name him we'll nominate the old rail splitter and elect him anyhow.'"

"I will name him, gentlemen," then said Lane; "the man I nominate is honest Abe Lincoln."

Shouts of applause rang out through the old court house, and in five minutes Indiana had decided to cast her twenty-six votes for the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

The Lion's Petition.

Sultan Muley Abderrahman, of Morocco, was very fond of wild animals, and had coolness of nerve in dealing with them. He was one day passing through the court of the palace, mounted on a magnificent white charger, when a lion which he had been in the habit of caressing sprang up the side of the horse, and placed his paws upon the sultan's knee.

The horse, wild with fear, snorted and reared, and the sultan held him in with a firm hand. Those who saw him, say that he was not in the least disturbed. He put his hand on the lion's head and stroked it. Then he turned to the chief officer of the court and asked:

"How many pounds of meat are given to the lion daily?"

The officer told him the quantity.

"Let the lion have ten more pounds," said his majesty, and the beast, as if an actual petition had been granted, withdrew from the horse's side and lay down again, quite pacified.

"These animals," said the master of the house, "understand what is spoken to them, although they have not the power of speech to tell what they want."

"Mashallah!" gravely responded another—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPE.

From the Democrat-Messenger, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely discharged, were in a state of confusion and rage, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, and they were in line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number was a young man named John M. Sterling, Ill., back to the friends that he had left at the call to arms a few years previous. He went healthy farmer boy in the first time, vigorous manhood; he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows: "I was a great sufferer from rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time was wasted in labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago when my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

Now He Never Will Get His \$10.

Barker—I owe that man across the street a grudge that I'm going to pay one of these days.

Hempy—He's in luck.

Barker—What do you mean?

Hempy—He'll be the first man you ever owed anything to that got paid.

Bobby Knew Her.

"Bobby, you must not talk when I am talking."

"Well, mamma, you don't pose I can wait till you've gone 't bed?"—Detroit Free Press.

HAPPY MOTHERS AND HEALTHY CHILDREN.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Goes Straight to the Cause of All Female Troubles and Assures a Healthy Maternity.

Mrs. M. S. S. 104 Hudson Ave., Rochester, N. Y., writes to Mrs. Pinkham as follows:

"When I applied to you for advice I had been suffering some years from debility, nervousness, etc. I had had several miscarriages and was pregnant when I wrote to you."

"I am grateful to say that after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was considerably better, and after using three more it brought me where I am to-day. I am well, and the mother of a three-months-old baby."

"Doctors had failed to help me. I have no one to thank but Mrs. Pinkham and her wonderful remedy."

Mrs. ELA DUNGAN, Reeder's Mills, Iowa, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I thank you for what your medicine and advice have done for me. I have a baby two months old. When he was born I was sick only fifteen minutes, whereas with my other children I was sick for two or three days, and also suffered with my left leg, and could get nothing to relieve the pain but morphine. My leg did not trouble me at all this time. I had no after pains and was not as weak as I had been before."

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. May God bless you in your noble work."

Mrs. J. W. PRUETT, Medford, Oregon, says:

"My health, also the baby's, we owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. JOHN W. LOXE, Wyoming, Iowa, writes:

"I had shooting pains all over my body, was very weak and nervous. I could not straighten up. I wished to become a mother but was afraid I never could. Seventeen months ago I got to become a mother but was afraid I never could. I took four bottles and was cured. Now I have a big baby which I feel I owe to your Compound. Many thanks for your kind advice."

A Million Women Have Been Benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Medicine

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY SAPOLIO"

Everybody who reads the newspapers knows what privation and suffering were caused in Cuba—by the failure of the supply of tobacco provided by the Government to reach the camps of the U. S. Soldiers.

Battle-Ax PLUG

When marching—fighting—tramping—wheeling instantly relieves that dry taste in the mouth.

Remember the name when you buy again.

Our Coal Mines. The United States coal mines give employment to nearly a quarter of a million men, working 193 days each year. It is estimated that each man produces 721 gross tons of coal per annum, or about 807 net tons, an average for a day of a little more than four net tons. This coal comes from 2,390 different mines, exclusive of the anthracite mines.

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN

Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me.

I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous Statesman.

all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds. Surely this is the greatest medicine for any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. Lucy Goodwin, Holly, W. Va.

The Plumber in War.

The Lieutenant—Is that one of our men over there in that field?

The Orderly—It is, sir.

"Who is it?"

"Fassett, the plumber."</