

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Because purely vegetable—yet thorough, prompt, healthful, satisfactory

Hood's Pills

Story of the Honey Comb Candy.

A Delicious Confection

Come to your city; you will always know me after you once taste me. I am all the rage in the East and West, where I have been for some time. Just eat me and you will then understand why I am pronounced "simply delicious" and will not wonder why you want more of me. I am the purest and most wholesome piece of candy in the market. There is only one firm in this country that can make me. Every other firm who has tried to imitate me has given it up.

I am for sale in your city at

The Bee Hive Grocery Co.

Booth Phones 190 931 Main St.

ALFORD
SELLS
DRUGS
FOR LESS

For the Dining Table.

Polished dining tables are rarely covered between meals with a large spread. A newer idea is to use only a centerpiece and, by way of further embellishment, place upon it a tall vase or rose bowl filled with cut flowers, a potted plant or silver dish filled with ferns. The size of the centerpiece may vary from twenty-four to sixty inches in diameter or even larger, according to the dimensions of the table and to individual taste.

The most elegant centerpieces are of fine renaissance lace, square or round in shape, with rather small center of white linen and the lace edge richly embroidered in wash silk. To the novice it may seem very much like gilding gold to embroider lace, but it must be conceded that the lace and reflected lights of highly polished mahogany or oak make a rarely beautiful background for the luxurious sprays of roses or fruit and foliage designs which are showered upon it. The embroidery must be done with fine floss and the colorings of nature as well as the shading closely followed, after padding the design heavily with white cotton floss.

A less expensive design in dark effects is obtained with a centerpiece of brown linen with an artistic conventional design richly tinted and embroidered in heavy silks to correspond with the colors in the design. The edges may be completed with embroidery or a band of Russian lace, this being the most elegant. Squares of fine Irish linen beautifully enriched with drawn work and hemstitched borders are always in taste. A really fine piece of linen is a good investment, for with ordinary care it will last for years and improve with frequent laundering.

A clever needlewoman can readily make these articles during spare moments and save considerable expense.

Square and round dining tables are equally fashionable, although the housekeeper, ever on the alert for a change, is going back to the oval shape slowly, but surely.—Exchange.

(10)

THE BEAUTY Buoyancy and Splendid Feeling OF GOOD HEALTH Are Enjoyable Blessings that VITONA GIVES.

It seems strange that anyone will continue to suffer from the pain and weakness of fast failing health resulting from slowly circulating and impure blood, incomplete assimilation of nourishment, feeble nerves, weak kidneys, and other impairment of adult vigor, when that most wonderful medicine of the age, called VITONA, will bring about so quick a cure. Thousands have taken it to regain good health, and many take it to maintain good health. It is a strengthening remedy different from any other because by first healing internally it builds up health on a sure foundation and its good effect is more certain and more lasting. Nothing else makes one feel so strong in every part.

Mrs. Ray Jackson, of Bellaire, Ohio, writes: "I wish every woman could know the merit of VITONA. I have recommended it to so many of my friends and they one and all think it most splendid. It makes one feel so much younger and my mirror tells me how favorable a change it has made in me. VITONA ended all my suffering, such as only women of my age can know, after everything else I tried failed. My husband says it has made me feel younger too."

VITONA costs one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars, and while The VITONA Co., Coshcohon, O., will continue to send it by express prepaid on receipt of price it is now obtainable in this County. For sale by Alford Drug Co.

A ROYAL ROMANCE

[Original.]

The king was dead, and the people would have cried, "Long live the king!" but they did not know which of two claimants would secure the throne. Prince Ludwig, the representative of a rival dynasty, was at the capital, but the Crown Prince Rudolph, who had been banished by his father, was in Paris. Rudolph was the choice of the people, but the Austrian government desired to place Ludwig on the throne.

Rudolph made his preparations to go to claim his crown, and, being obliged to pass through Austrian territory, the government desired to intercept him.

"Your majesty," said Rudolph's bosom friend, Count Ernest Gerhart, who proposed to accompany his sovereign to his capital, "I suggest that we travel as master and valet, I to be the master, you the valet."

"An admirable plan," said Rudolph. "We will adopt it."

That night the two started, the count disguised as a bourgeois merchant, Rudolph as a German valet. The two carried their parts well, the count enacting a shopkeeper who had made money and was consequently quite proud, Rudolph playing a servant who had all the spirit beaten out of him by a tyrannical master. Count Ernest, being the king's intimate friend and faithful adherent, took pleasure in giving him plenty to do and abusing him soundly at the slightest remissness.

Passing down the Danube by boat, the two attracted the attention of the old Baroness von Vallenstein and her beautiful daughter Bertha.

"Hans," cried Count Ernest, "bring me some hock and soda water, and don't spend the whole day gabbling with the other servants. Be quick!"

Hans moved away, and Bertha von Vallenstein, who had looked up from her book, cast an indignant glance at the count for the severity of his tone.

When the valet returned with the hock and soda Count Ernest rated him for having been gone so long. Bertha von Vallenstein, indignant at the count's abuse, called Hans to her and said to him:

"Do you wish to leave the service of the man who treats you so harshly?

If you do I will engage you at once. My mother and I need a manservant."

"Thank you, fraulein," stammered the astonished king incognito. "He pays me such good wages that—"

"I will pay you double."

The king was in a quandary. Count Ernest, who saw what was going on, ordered him away on another errand and when he was gone said to the young lady:

"Pardon me, fraulein. This servant whom you think I treat so unjustly must be handled with great severity.

He has overridden every master he has served till he came to me, and at the slightest evidence of kindness he would turn upon me with violence."

This failed to satisfy the young lady.

Soon after, when Count Ernest was not present, Hans spoke to her and discovered that she and her mother were journeying to the same point as himself.

He asked her hotel at the capital, which she gave him, and he promised to communicate with her with a view to entering her service.

After that Count Ernest, seeing his mistake in attracting attention by his feigned severity, treated his servant less harshly. They pursued their journey, eluding the spies both of Prince Ludwig and the Austrian government, and at last Rudolph found himself safe over the borders of his kingdom. He immediately threw off his incognito and, having been joined by a number of his adherent nobles, moved on toward the capital, everywhere greeted with great joy and affection by the people.

Bertha von Vallenstein and her mother, having taken a direct route while the king was obliged to take a very circuitous one, arrived long before him.

She could not put away the image of the valet who had borne so patiently the harshness of his master, and she looked for him every day to appear and enter her service. Her mother laughed at her, assuring her that after what her master had said of him she would run a great risk in engaging him.

Meanwhile the whole kingdom had gone overwhelmingly for the legitimate heir, and preparations were made for his reception. It was a beautiful morning that Rudolph entered his capital mounted on horseback, attended by his nobles, Count Ernest Gerhart riding beside him, and followed by a large military escort. As he passed the hotel where the baroness and her daughter were stopping he looked up at the windows till his eyes caught those of Bertha, when he smiled and bowed, removing his hat with especial deference.

"Mother," gasped Bertha, withdrawing from the window, "what does it mean? Am I dreaming or am I delirious? The king has the features of the valet Hans."

"Nonsense, my dear! There is a resemblance, and since that valet has turned your head you magnify it."

The king was proclaimed, and to the state ball following the proclamation invitations came to the Von Vallensteins. When Bertha was presented to the king, he was observed to whisper something in her ear, and she passed on with an expression of delight on a face also covered with blushes.

What the king whispered was this:

"I am ready to enter your service, but not as your valet."

And so it happened that King Rudolph XIL took a wife not of royal blood, but as he received with her an enormous fortune, most of which was spent on the poor of the kingdom, the match was highly approved by his subjects.

F. A. MITCHEL.



HOW TO LOVE A GIRL.

Care Should Be Taken to Discriminate Among Many Varieties.

All girls like to be loved, but they are not all alike, and care should be taken to discriminate among the many varieties.

In making love to an old maid the preliminaries only are necessary. Give her a fair start, and she will do the rest. Remember that she is making up for lost time and holds on tight and shut your eyes. As long as she has taken the cue don't fear the result. You needn't do a thing.

When she is young and innocent, with a frank, open-work countenance and with no experience, get up early every morning and watch her doorstep. There are others on the same trail, and if you wish to be an active member of the club you must do your share of the work. If she accepts flowers and fruit readily, don't get too gay. This is only your privilege. And when you feel that you cannot stand it any longer tell her so and leave the rest to her. She will be your teacher. You needn't do a thing.

With a widow be calm and unmoved in the face of danger. You are in for it, and don't get rattled. Sit around where you can be reached and submit to everything. But remember that so far as you are concerned there is nothing doing. It won't be necessary.

If she is a tall, straight blond, with lustrous eyes and a large, open smile, don't allow your feelings to overcome you. Do the right thing and wait. She will see that you are well taken care of.

Or, if she is any other kind of girl, it doesn't matter. Don't do a thing yourself. She will do the rest. No matter how slow you may be, have no fear of the ultimate result.

But be sure of one thing—before beginning get a million or so.—Tom Mason in Smart Set.

Bobby's Description.

Bobby was calling with his aunt on the mother of a small boy who was somewhat bowlegged and most unimpressively pigtailed. It happened that Bobby had seen only straight limbed youngsters before this, though he was familiar, it seemed, with some other ills that flesh is heir to. As Bobby's aunt's friend's little boy made his initial appearance in the doorway, "Oh, auntie," exclaimed the irrepressible, "look at that funny boy what's cross eyed in both feet!"—New York Mail and Express.

Only One Thing Lacking.

After years of patient research the scientific experimenter had succeeded in combining several rare chemicals into a new and powerful remedial agency.

"What will it cure?" they asked him.

"I don't know yet. I am hunting for the disease," he exclaimed, his eye kindling with the enthusiasm of the born inventor.—Chicago Tribune.

A Bargain.

"But," protested the broker who had advertised for a confidential clerk, "you want too much salary."

"I've had a great deal of experience in the brokerage business," urged the applicant.

"But you ask too much for it."

"My dear sir, I assure you I'm offering it to you for much less than it cost me."—Philadelphia Press.

Bidding His Time.

"So he is your worst enemy."

"Don't you yearn for revenge?"

"Certainly. And I know I'm going to have it. That's the beauty of this life. Sooner or later he's bound to have the toothache, and that's worse than anything I could fix for him!"—Washington Star.

Lame

Crippled by Sciatic
Rheumatism.

Specialist Failed to
Help.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills
Cured Me.

"After treating me for five weeks for sciatic rheumatism, St. Louis specialist confessed that he could do nothing for me and I came home as badly crippled as when I went away. Shortly after that I began to take Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and Blood Purifier. I commenced them at once, and in less than thirty days was virtually a new man. I carry the Pain Pills with me always, and find them a never-failing cure for headache or other pains."—J. R. MILLER, Thompsonville, Ill.

"No railroad man should attempt to make a trip without a few of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills in his grip. For indigestion, nervousness, sleeplessness or any pain or irregularities, they cannot be beat."—Conductor H. C. TEVINGTON, Wilmington, N. C.

"My trouble was inflammation of the ovaries, and for five years I suffered untold pain. After taking two or three boxes of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, I felt I was cured, but always kept them on hand, for they relieve many other aches and pains."—MRS. PHILIP S. DOANE, Worcester, Mass.

"Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are the best remedy for car-sickness on the market. On an excursion recently, I gave away a whole box of them to sufferers from car-sickness, and in every case they gave immediate relief. I always keep them in my pocket."—H. D. SANFORD, Pipestone, Minn.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Brave Fireman—Indianapolis Society Leader...

and Popular Knights of Columbus Member

Unite in Heartfelt Praise of the Famous Tonic

PAINES CELERY COMPOUND

FIREMAN D. MADDIGAN,

GALESBURG, ILL.

Who Owes His Calm Nerves and Perfect Health to Paine's Celery Compound.

No man or woman whose daily occupation brings them in danger of death or injury is safe unless the nerves are in perfect health.

Dizziness, a sinking feeling, momentary weakness or a second's ill-timed anxiety may result in the slip on which life itself may depend.

No one who has ever faced imminent physical peril but will understand the dismay with which Fireman Maddigan, risking his life daily in smoke and flame, on swaying ladders and on slippery roofs, detected in himself at times the signs of nervous trouble which, if not treated in time, would sooner or later result in a fatal misstep.

Fireman Maddigan tried several cures for his nerves, but not until he used Paine's Celery Compound was the trouble remedied. Today there is no man in the Galesburg Fire Department who can take risks with calmer nerves than he. Fireman Maddigan writes on September 29th, 1903:

"In my estimation Paine's Celery Compound is the best nerve tonic. So far it has been of great benefit to me, and I shall continue taking it during the Winter months. I feel perfectly safe in recommending it to any of my friends."

Houses In Russia.

To keep out the cold in winter, the windows of Russian houses are fastened up, paper being gummed wherever the least draft might penetrate.

On the Wrong Trail.

"It is no more than right that the strong should aid the weak," said the landlady.

"And yet," rejoined the sarcastic boarder, "I fail to see how dropping a hunk of butter in the coffee would benefit it any."—Kennebunk Journal.

At the Reception.

"Why is everybody leaving the drawing room? Supper hasn't been announced yet, has it?"

"No. Miss Ella Cutte is going to receive that beautiful poem beginning—"Oh, excuse me! See you later."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Queer Cure.



M. D.—You're suffering from a nervous strain. You must have absolute tranquility and avoid care. What is your business?

Patient—I'm president of the Don't Worry club—Chicago American.

Born to It.

"Some scientist has made the discovery that every one is born left-handed."

"Well, I can go even farther than that. I maintain that every one is born with a predisposition to say 'I done it!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

End of Bitter Fight.

"Two physicians had a long and stubborn fight with an abscess on my right lung," writes J. F