

Progress.

With time comes progress and advancement in all lines of successfully conducted enterprises. Success comes to those only who have goods with superior merit and a reputation. In the manufacture of laundry starch for the last quarter of a century, J. C. Hubinger has been the peer of others, and to-day is placing on the market his latest invention, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best," the finest laundry starches ever offered the public.

His new and original method enables you to obtain one large 10¢ package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10¢ package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 35¢. Ask your grocer.

Great Salt Lake Drying Up.
According to the Irrigation Age, the waters of the Great Salt Lake in Utah have receded a mile in the past year, and some persons think that within the coming century this wonderful body of water may be completely dried up. The cause of the lowering of the water is ascribed to the rapid extension of irrigation ditches, which draw their supply from the streams emptying into the lake. There is now a "salt desert" not far from the lake, which was once covered with water.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today with Cascarets, pills, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All drug stores, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Spring Medicine.
There is no season when good medicine is so much needed as in Spring, and there is no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TO-DAY. All druggists. Price 31¢.

A Counter Proposition.
A Memphis young lady who is very fond of her sister's little child, a boy of 2 or 3 years, who is visiting her now, was trying yesterday to get him to let her "fix him up" to have his photograph taken. She got her curling tongs and was trying to coax him to let her curl his hair. But with true boyish disgust at the idea of having his hair treated like a girl's, he refused to submit to the process. She insisted, however, and offered him every kind of bribe, but in every instance he refused to allow her to do what she wished, and finally, becoming tired of her attempt to get him to submit, he sat down, crossed his legs, and looked up at her very seriously and said: "Auntie, I tell you what I'll do. I won't take a dollar to let you curl my hair, but I'll give you a dollar if you just go away and let my hair alone."—Memphis Scimitar.

MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY
Weak Women Made Happy by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Letters from Two Who Now Have Children.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and was childless, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—MRS. MINDA FINKEL, Roscoe, N. Y.

From Grateful Mrs. Lane
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote you a letter some time ago, stating my case to you. "I had pains through my bowels, headache, and backache, felt tired and sleepy all the time, was troubled with the whites. I followed your advice, took your Vegetable Compound, and it did me lots of good. I now have a baby girl. I certainly believe I would have miscarried had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had a very easy time; was sick only a short time. I think your medicine is a godsend to women in the condition in which I was. I recommend it to all as the best medicine for women."—MRS. MARY LANE, Coytes, Tenn.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subjects: Evil Companions—Kindly Advice to Young Men—A Good Company, Especially Students and Idlers—Shun Those Who Seek Only Pleasure.
(Copyright 1908.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks on a theme which all men, young and old, will be glad to see discussed, and the kindly warning will no doubt in many cases be taken; text, Psalms 139:20. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."
"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my destruction. I received the blessing of good parents and in return therefor promised to avoid all evil associates. Had I kept my promise I should have avoided this shame and the burden of guilt which, like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although once moved in high circles and was entertained by distinguished men, I am lost. Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations verify the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariable rule.

Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so certainly catch the disease as a good man will catch moral distemper if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the rest.

We may in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk and commingle with bad people, but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of association is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will, in the end, bring down the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man voluntarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catching; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has entered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that establishment, stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction, and even after they have had the introduction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their association before they know him very well.

But the bad young men in that establishment all gather around him. They pat him on the back, they offer to show him everything that there is in the city on one condition—that he will pay the expenses. For it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go together to a place of evil entertainment—the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for or the champagne bill is to be settled the bad young man will effect embarrassment and feel around in his pockets and say, "Well, well, really I have forgotten my pocketbook."

In forty-eight hours after this innocent young man has entered the store the bad young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and if he is stupid in not being able to take the bad allusions, will say, "Ah, my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work to "break him in."

Oh, young man, let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly! Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your presence. There is no monotony of wickedness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightning of heaven in His own scabbard, and no human may reach them, but God gives light to the young man a lightning which may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the temptations of a young man like this, in which I enforce the thought that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

And, first, I charge you, avoid the skeptic!—That is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest and swaggers about, scoffing at your old-fashioned religion, then taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage and saying, "Expound that, my friend, explain that, use to think just as you do. My father and mother used to think just as you do. But you can't scare me about the future. I used to believe in those things but I've got over it. Yes, he has got over it, and I will get over it if you stay in his companionship much longer. For awhile he may not bring one argument against our holy Christianity. He will say scoffs and sneers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying." This brilliant young skeptic will after awhile have to die, and his diamond will flash no splendor into the eye of death. His hair will be uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and this skeptic will say to him: "I cannot die. I cannot die." Death will say: "You must die. You have but ten seconds more to live. You soul—give it to me right away. You soul—" "Oh, no!" says the skeptic. "Do not breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. Here—take my rings and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No," says Death. "Your soul! Your soul!" Then the dying skeptic begins to say, "O God!—Death says, 'You declared there was no God.' Then the dying skeptic says, 'Pray for me,' and Death says: 'It is too late to pray; you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them to you, two, three, four.' Where? Where? Carry him out and lay him down beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion singing the songs of victory.

A FAMOUS BOER MARKSMAN.

Strange Story About How Van Bosboom Averages Two Sons.

The Paris Echo publishes a story sent in by a Frenchman who received it from a fellow countryman serving with the Boers in Natal. The hero is a burgher named Van Bosboom, who is considered one of the best shots in the Transvaal. He is said never to have missed a buck, a Kaffir or a wild ostrich since he was 16 years of age, and he is now 55. Van Bosboom has taken a notable part in all the wars waged by the Boers in the Transvaal, both against the natives and the English, and has always scored heavily as a deadly marksman. Ever calm and phlegmatic, the most exciting moments have never disturbed the steadiness of his nerve.

Shortly after hostilities began in the present war, Van Bosboom was told that his only two sons had been killed in one of the early engagements. He at once went to his old friend, the President, and demanded to be appointed to the rank he had held in 1880 and subsequently.

"Have you still your famous rifle with which you did such great shooting against the Matabele?" asked the President.

"Yes," replied Van Bosboom. "Then you will need cartridges," said the President, "and those you shall have."

"No, President," answered Van Bosboom; "I have plenty of cartridges. I have made some for myself." Then drawing close to Kruger, he whispered something in his ear. It must have been astonishing, for "Oom Paul" let his pipe drop from his mouth, and all the world knows how Kruger clings to his pipe.

As he bade the President good-by, the famous marksman said with a chuckle: "As it's that they come after, it's just as well to let them have it."

Then off he went to the front, with his rifle, his Bible and the regulation thirty days' provisions. Whenever the opposing forces came within sight his method of action was always the same. He would cautiously approach the advancing English until he found convenient cover within rifle range. Then stretching himself at full length, he would study the enemy's force until he marked a young man whose appearance and bearing showed him to be an officer. Upon this figure the deadly rifle was brought to bear, then, as the sharp crack rang out and the young officer fell dead, the burgher would leap to his feet, shout "Chamberlain," and then drop flat again.

Once more this programme would be carefully carried out, and when the second officer fell Van Bosboom would carefully retire to safe cover, read a psalm and sit smoking his pipe until the close of day.

In memory of his two sons the rifle was only fired twice in each fight, but always with fatal effect. When the dead were collected it was always easy to identify Van Bosboom's victims, for lodged in their heart or brains, instead of the usual two ounces of lead which form the Martini bullet, was to be found a bullet-made of two ounces of gold. People then understood old Kruger's surprise and the enigmatical words Van Bosboom had used when bidding the President good-by.

THE BLOOD-RED HANNER.

Royal and national colors vary with nations and times, but since Cain slew Abel blood-red has been the sign of revolt.

In the earliest revolt known to history, when the Persians rose against their king 4,000 years ago, they were led by a blood-red banner, and during the riots which took place in Paris the men in the blood-red caps were followed by the mob. A blood-red flag waved over Bunker Hill when the Americans fought for liberty, and it was the emblem of the German peasants in their great uprisings in 1424, 1492 and 1525. Blood-red was the color of the trade union flags during the middle ages, and it formed the background of the emblem of the Swiss confederacy in 1315.

Physician—"After this morning I shall not call again." Patient (joyously)—"Then I really am out of all danger!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

REASSURED.
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"I am getting mighty tired picking up pieces of soap that are thrown out around this house. The very first time I go to town I am going to get a box of Ivory Soap that floats on the water so you can see it." IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.

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Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO
The million dollar potato is a new variety of potato which is said to be worth \$1,000,000 per acre. It is a large, round potato with a thick skin and a white, waxy flesh. It is said to be the best for all purposes, and is particularly adapted for the production of seed potatoes.

GERMAN SALT WORKS
The German Salt Works, located in the state of New York, produce a high quality of salt which is used in a variety of industries. The company has a long history of producing salt, and its products are well known throughout the world.

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