



MISS MILDRED KELLER.

RESTORED TO HEALTH. THANKS TO PE-RU-NA

Friends Were Alarmed-- Advised Change of Climate.

Miss Mildred Keller, 718 13th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I can safely recommend Peru for catarrh. I had it for years and it would respond to no kind of treatment, or if it did it was only temporary, and on the slightest provocation the trouble would come back."

"I was in such a state that my friends were alarmed about me, and I was advised to leave this climate. Then I tried Peru, and to my great joy found it helped me from the first dose I took, and a few bottles cured me."

"It built up my constitution, I regained my appetite, and I feel that I am perfectly well and strong."--Mildred Keller.

We have on file many thousand testimonials like the above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast array of unsolicited endorsements Dr. Hartman is receiving.

Woman's Privileges.

She can wear her hat on one ear without being suspected of a convivial disposition. She can say a thing one day and contradict it the next, and no one will call her a prevaricator. She can shed tears on the slightest provocation, which will merely prove to people that she is tender-hearted and sympathetic. She can look openly into every mirror she passes without being accused of more than a natural feminine interest in her appearance. She can spend a good deal of time considering her clothes and prinking up her person, and who shall say that it is not a proper attribute of her sex to be beautiful. She can wheedle a man into almost anything by artful methods, and never lose her reputation for artless sincerity. Whereas, if a man did any of these things he would be spelled in capital letters as frivolous, unstable, weak, vain, foppish, hypocisily.--Chicago Journal.

ITCHING SCALP HUMOR

Lady Suffered Tortures Until Cured by Cuticura--Scatched Day and Night.

"My scalp was covered with little pimples and I suffered tortures from the itching. I was scratching all day and night, and I could get no rest. I washed my head with hot water and Cuticura Soap and then applied the Cuticura Ointment as a dressing. One box of the ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap cured me. Now my head is entirely clear and my hair is growing splendidly. I have used Cuticura Soap ever since, and shall never be without it. (Signed) Ada C. Smith, 399 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J."

Oyster Shell Windows.

In Manila most of the houses and offices have tiny window panes of translucent oyster shells, instead of glass.

Arabia has the reputation of being one of the hottest and unhealthiest regions on the globe, but all Northern Arabia has a winter season, with cold rain and occasional frosts.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. It treats the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Red, Callous, Aching, Sore, Itching, and Itching Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address, Allen S. Gimsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

9,000 Miles of Cars.

There are enough freight engines and cars engaged in the traffic of this country to make a string nine thousand miles long.

Cheap Newspapers.

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the ordinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-fifth of a cent.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are cured by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular free, F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Swallow Living Owl.

The swallow is being annihilated. As the birds cross France and Italy going to Africa in the fall and returning in the spring they are mercilessly slaughtered for the table and the plume trade. Their numbers are visibly decreasing.

Pluck, Romance and Adventure.

IN A CANNIBAL COUNTRY.

ONE of the wildest and most savage regions yet left among the cannibal countries of the Pacific, says Everybody's Magazine, is the great island-continent of New Guinea; yet even there among the most brutal and warlike of the natives are to be found the workers of the American Bible Society, fearlessly carrying on their work. How great are the perils they meet and the courage with which they meet them can be gathered from the notebook of an explorer:

For three days after the hideous fate that had befallen my companions up the Fly River, I made my way alone through the dense jungle, carefully avoiding all beaten tracks, in the direction of Port Moresby, where safety awaited me.

On the morning of the fourth day the forest suddenly opened before me, and I perceived to my terror that I had stumbled upon a Papuan village.

Close together stood some hundred conical, grass-roofed huts, held high off the ground by slender bamboo piles, which gave them for all the world the aspect of houses perched on stilts.

In the centre of the village was one hut, larger than the rest, whose pointed thatch rose into the air like a steeple--evidently the home of a chief. On the side of the clearing remote from me I noticed the watchmen's lookouts, small thatched shelters, stuck like nests among the upper branches of trees. I had clearly lost my way, and struck a populated district.

Convinced from recent experiences that all the natives were unfriendly, I gazed with horror on the householders lazily smanning themselves on the high platforms of their huts. A warning from a watchman would be all that was necessary to turn each of them into an acute and relentless enemy. I should be seized, tortured, and finally clubbed to death, to figure later as the chief piece at a feast of victory.

And then before my despairing eyes a miracle happened. The door of the large hut opened and a white man emerged, followed by a troop of more or less clothed savages bearing musklike bundles on their heads. Who these men were, what was their business I did not stop to think. One of them was white; the others were evidently under his control. I cleared the ground between us, and casting myself before him, demanded protection.

Later, fed, bathed and rested, I asked my rescuer who and what he was, what had brought him to the interior of New Guinea, and how he had been able to establish friendly relations with the villagers.

"I am the principal Bible colporteur of the American Society on this island," he replied, "and the chief of this village is as much a supporter and well-wisher of ours as any Papuan can be."

"But surely," said I, "all missionary work here was given over since the Rev. Mr. Chalmers and his companions were clubbed to death by the cannibals?"

"Episodes like that never stop us," he replied, calmly. "It was the same thing in China during the Boxer massacres, and in a dozen remote regions where the blood of martyrs has been sown."

And then, sitting there in the chief's hut, which was decorated with strings of human skulls, with fetich and devil huts on each side of us and the great jungle all about, I learned more of the romance of sowing the Bible in foreign lands than I had ever dreamed of.

A BARROOM SERMON.

Twenty years ago Los Cerrillos, New Mexico, was a place of perhaps five hundred inhabitants, most of whom were ignorant of even the most fundamental facts of religion and the civilization of the far East. Thither to his first charge went a young minister--young, but big and brawny, says the Kansas City Times. He proved to be the right sort of man to win the confidence and respect of the rough community, and his church prospered.

A year later he was removed to Watrous, one hundred miles away, and visited Los Cerrillos only once a month to preach. One rough night, when a melting snow was coming down in heavy masses, he waited at the station for a train to Watrous. The train was very late. There was no operator at the station, and no place to go for warmth but the saloons. Only the wind and the shelterless corvets knew where the train was. The minister walked up and down the street, shivering. Once as he passed a saloon the proprietor--"Bill"--saw him.

"Come in and get warm, parson!" he called.

"I can't, Bill; you know why," replied the minister.

"Yes, I know; but they shan't bother you. You come right in and I'll fix them."

He grasped the minister by the arm and led him into a big room, where thirty or forty cowboys and miners were drinking. Bill rapped loudly on the bar.

"Fellers," he said, "the parson's laid out by his train what ain't come, an' he's no place to go but this here gin palace an' poker parlor. He'll sit with us and swap yarns--the right sort, you understand--but that'll be no drink sold over this bar and no cards played till his train comes along. He's our guest. The parson, gentlemen!"

There was not a protest from a man. The young minister was acquainted with most of them, and soon made

friends with the others. They talked of lodes, pay-dirt, methods of drilling, best ways to break broncos, liniments for healing gunshot wounds, the qualities of various makes of firearms, the comparative veracity of the Mexican and the Indian. Finally one of the "cow-punchers" asked the guest "to make a little talk on the subject of his profession." Gladly he mounted one of the card-tables, and in their own picturesque language, as he had learned it from them, told them of the Martyr of Calvary and the compassionate Father. As he spoke they threw away their cigars and removed their hats. Not a sound escaped them. They were on their honor, and would have handled roughly any man who showed the parson a discourtesy.

The minister afterward confessed that he never spent a more profitable hour himself, or a more enjoyable one, or one in which profit and enjoyment seemed to be more completely mutual. When the whistle of his train was heard the congregation was lustily singing a hymn.

RUSSIA'S SECRET PRESS.

Leo Tikhomiroff has drawn a vivid picture of the hidden life of one of these strange undergrounds. It is the office of the paper with which Stepaniak himself was associated, Narodna Vola--Land and Liberty.

In five rooms, including a little kitchen, four conspirators were installed--two men and two women. Maria Kriloff, who passed as mistress of the house, a woman of about forty-five, had devoted her life to the "cause;" she had been transported to Siberia and had escaped. The other woman was under twenty, fair and delicate; name unknown.

Of the two men, one was Basil Buch, or Boukh, "the son of a General and the nephew of a Senator." The second was known only as "Pitza," "The Bird,"--a nickname which he owed to his voice.

The men were entered as Mme. Kriloff's lodgers, the girl was the nominal maid of the household. These four brought out the Narodna Vola. The plant consisted principally of a few cases of type, a small and a large cylinder, a jar or two of printer's ink, and a few brushes and sponges. The dvornik--a fellow who collected--had to be hoodwinked from day to day.

Maria Kriloff went upon the bold plan of sending for him at any and every hour, and conducting him through all the five rooms, under the pretense of hunting for a troublesome rat. They learned in this way how to dispose of the plant at from five to ten minutes' notice. At night, behind a double curtain of canvas sealed across the window, the type was set.

The expected happened at last at the office of the Narodna Vola. One night the police came down on it. What they had reckoned on as an easy seizure transformed itself into a four hours' siege and battle.

Maria Kriloff drew on the gentleness with her revolver. The office was riddled with bullets, but for four hours the conspirators kept their stand. The survivor was "The Bird," who blew his brains out when the game was up. He has transmitted no name to posterity; he is among the Russian terrorists who have elected to be nothing but a memory.--From T. P.'s Weekly.

A BRAVE QUAKER LAD.

When the question of courage is once settled, it hardly makes a difference what kind it is, whether it is on the battlefield or in the tent. In 1861, says Lippincott's Magazine, the great-grandson of a Quaker who had settled on an island in Lake Champlain was drafted.

"It will be no use," said the young man. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion and my father's, and their fathers'; I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

The recruiting officer took no notice. "We'll see about that later," said he. The regiment went to Washington, and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight.

"But I shall never fight," said he. Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on this lad. He went through them without flinching, and then he was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker smiled a little. He had steady eyes and a square chin. "That is nothing," he said. "These didn't think I was afraid, did they?" The prisoner went back to the guard-house, and the colonel sought out President Lincoln.

"Why, that's plain enough," said the President. "Thee's only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men, wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.

Couldn't Tell a Lie.

Hearing a noise in the pantry, Mrs. Jerrums opened the door softly and went in. Her youngest son was standing on a chair with his back to her, helping himself to the contents of a glass jar.

"What are you doing, Clifford?" she asked.

Clifford turned around. His face was smeared from chin to cheekbone with something deeply and darkly red, but the light of truth shone in his blue eyes.

"I can't tell a lie, mamma," he said. "I'm eatin' raspberry jam."

THE CANNON HOUSE FLY

Whence He Comes and Whither He Goes.

By HAROLD SOMERS, M. A.

THE common house fly (Musca Domestica) is a creature of such servile habits, that although from the very earliest times he has been with us, and the most ancient writers have mentioned and described him, still very little was known of his origin and history.

It remained for the eminent Boston biologist, Dr. A. S. Packard, in 1873, to make known its origin, habits and transformations from the egg through the larva state with its two changes to pupa state, then to the perfect fly.

Near the first of August the female lays about 120 eggs of a dull gray color, selecting fresh horse manure in which to deposit her eggs, and so secretes them that they are rarely seen; it takes only twenty-four hours for them to hatch into the first form of larva, a white worm one-quarter of an inch in length and one-tenth in diameter. They feed on the decaying matter of their environment, and two changes or castings of skins occur before they turn into the pupa state; this change comes very suddenly. The entire period from the egg to the pupa state is from three to four days. If moist food is wanting when in this condition they will eat each other and thus decrease their number. Heat and humidity greatly assist their development, as upon careful computation each pound of manure around stables and out-houses develops under favorable conditions over 1000 flies. It is no wonder that where these conditions exist we have such a veritable harvest of the fly pest.

In the pupa state when the fly is about to emerge, the end of the pupa case splits off, making a hole through which the fly pushes a portion of its head, but here it seems to encounter a difficulty; the pupa case is too stiff and hard to pass through, but nature comes to its assistance, and a sort of bladder like substance forms behind the head, which swells out apparently filled with air; it acts as a means of pushing away the pupa case and releases the fly. When the fly first emerges it runs around with its wings soft, small and baggy; it is pale and the colors are not set; its head rapidly expands and the bladder formation passes away--within a few hours the wings grow and harden, it is now a perfect fly.

The whole time from the depositing of the egg to the perfect fly is not over ten days in duration. Many persons who observe small flies in midsummer suppose they are the young, but such is not the case; they are flies that are imperfectly nourished in the larvae and pupa states, and do not attain full size, in fact, they are the dwarfs of their race. The male fly differs from the female in the front of the head between the eyes, being at least one-third narrower, though in size the female is rather smaller.

In the pupa state they are often fed upon by the larvae of some of the beetles, notably that of the carpet beetle, whose pupa, the dreaded buffalo "moth," will attack the young fly in the pupa case and eating it possess the case for itself.

Adult flies like most other creatures have parasites of minute size that prey upon them; these can often be seen as presenting small red specks over the body of the fly.

The fly hibernates in winter, but with its usual servile habit it is very difficult to find him in his winter quarters. With the first chill of autumn the flies feeling the cold, seek temporary warmth in houses, and clustering together form bunches in the corners of walls and other places. They are then sluggish and not so active as in the warm weather. However, they do not make a permanent stay indoors, but on the first mild, sunny day, seek the windows to get out and find their permanent winter living place; many prefer to make their homes in the roots of grass on lawns where they hide themselves so effectively that the ice and snow of winter does not destroy them in their hibernating state. If in the first warm days of spring when the snow is gone and the grass on the lawns becomes dry and warm, long before the yellow dandelion shows its head, a close observer may see numbers of flies crawling up on the grass to get the welcome sunshine, their wings standing out stiff and useless, but they soon acquire the power of flight in the warm rays of the sun. A great many days, however, elapse before they appear in the homes of men, where they are such unwelcome visitors.

In recent years the medical profession have demonstrated that while the fly itself does not propagate disease it is one of the most industrious carriers of disease germs which by contact adhere to his feet, hairy legs and body, distributing them to innocent victims.

If every housekeeper could know all these interesting facts which have never before been brought to their attention they would realize the importance of securing the very best fly exterminator.

Ladies in the Field.

There have been few sports in which of late years ladies have both literally and metaphorically come so much to the front as hunting; for though, of course, they have from time immemorial been seen in the field, it is only comparatively in recent decades that they have become, as it were, like the sands of the sea that cannot be numbered for multitude.--The Queen.

The highest bridge in Germany is

that crossing the River Wupper at Mungten.

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Liquor as an Ally in War.

The details of the Russian retreat from Mukden toward Tai pass, as given by an eyewitness, pictures in the homely but emphatic language of a trader, who had followed the Boer exodus from Pretoria under British pressure, the utter demoralization of the Emperor Nicholas' forces when the indomitable Japanese concentrated their strength upon the ancient capital of Manchuria. Whether Kuropatkin abandoned the city too soon or not seems to figure less in the story of the retreat than the condition of his inferiors, from high officers down to the plain soldier. This eyewitness states that many of the commanders were mandarin and irresponsible; that they seemed to care little about the fate of the issues for which they were fighting, and that their men in the ranks, discouraged and disorganized perhaps by this condition of their superiors, threw away their equipment, left their commissary and bolted in disorder in almost any direction that enabled them to escape what was to them then a magnified "yellow peril."

This eyewitness states that, surfeited by the liquor they had taken, officers and men alike threw champagne and brandy into the streets, and in their besotted condition attacked Chinamen, one of whom is described to have charged to a cart wheel until his hands were severed with a sword, his body slashed and finally his head nearly taken off. He was an inoffensive Chinaman, but in their fevered brains the Russian pictured him as a Japanese spy.

Oil from Borneo.

After having been refused permission to use the Suez canal owing to the dangerous character of her cargo, the British steamship Batoum rounded the Cape of Good Hope in safety and arrived at Marcus Hook last night with 1,125,000 gallons of benzene in bulk from Borneo. The oil was produced in Borneo and the by-products extracted there. It is the first direct shipment to the United States, similar cargoes having come via Rotterdam, when they were transhipped.--Philadelphia Record.

A New Wrinkle.

Suit rolls, which are something like enlarged muscle rolls, come as a new wrinkle to athletes, especially baseball, lawn tennis and golfing, this season. Really they are intended to keep out wrinkles in the clothing. Besides a place for a pair of shoes an outing suit and shirt may be laid flat in the roll and then strapped into a neat bundle. They come of canvas or leather, with handles like those on a saw-strap.

GREAT CHANGE

From Change in Food.

The brain depends much more on the stomach than we are apt to suppose until we take thought in the matter. Feed the stomach on proper food easy to digest and containing the proper amount of phosphates and the healthy brain will respond to all demands. A notable housewife in Buffalo writes:

"The doctor diagnosed my trouble as a 'nervous affection of the stomach.' I was actually so nervous that I could not sit still for five minutes to read the newspaper, and to attend to my household duties was simply impossible. I doctored all the time with remedies, but medicine did no good."

"My physician put me on all sorts of diet, and I tried many kinds of cereal foods, but none of them agreed with me. I was almost discouraged, and when I tried Grape-Nuts I did so with many misgivings--I had no faith that it would succeed where everything else had failed."

"But it did succeed, and you don't know how glad I am that I tried it. I feel like a new person. I have gained in weight and I don't have that terrible burning sensation in my stomach any more. I feel so strong again that I am surprised at myself. The street noises that used to irritate me so, I never notice now, and my mind is so clear that my household duties are a real pleasure."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Now why was this great change made in this woman?

The stomach and the brain had not been supplied with the right kind of food to rebuild and strengthen the nerve centres in these organs. It is absolute folly to try to do this with medicine. There is but one sure way, and that is to quit the old food that has failed and take on Grape-Nuts food, which is more than half digested in the process of manufacture and is rich in the phosphate of potash contained in the natural grain, which unites with albumen and water--the only three substances that will make up the soft gray filling in the thousands of delicate nerve centres in the brain and body. Grape-Nuts food is a rare road back to health in all such cases.

Caring for Flower Pots.

Do not empty pots and put them away dirty, for the chances are that they will never get cleaned, and when cold weather comes plants will be hustled into them, with all their pores clogged with old dirt, and absolutely unfit for use. When the plants are bedded out, put the empty pots in a tub of water; let soak for a few hours; scrub with an old whisk broom, and drain dry. It takes but a little time and the plants do enough better in them to pay for the trouble.--National Magazine.

Mental Suggestion.

A Mason woman took his girl to a show recently and soon after the curtain was raised she complained of feeling faint. The young man took something out of his pocket and whispered, "Put this tablet in your mouth." She quickly placed it under her tongue, but it would not dissolve. However, she soon felt much better. When the show was over she slipped the tablet into her glove. When she removed the glove at home she found the tablet was a button.--Kansas City Journal.

LIVING TOO HASTILY

AMERICAN WOMEN BREAK DOWN

Irregularities and Female Derangement Result--Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Owing to our mode and manner of living, and the nervous haste of every woman to accomplish just so much each day, it is said that there is not

one woman in twenty-five but what

suffers with some derangement of the female organism, and this is the secret of so many unhappy homes.

No woman can be amiable, light-hearted and happy, a joy to her husband and children, and perform the duties incumbent upon her, when she is suffering with backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, bearing-down pains, displacement of the womb, spinal weakness or ovarian troubles.

Irritability and snappy retorts take the place of pleasantness, and all sunshine is driven out of the home, and lives are wrecked by woman's great enemy--womb trouble.

Read this letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:--I was troubled for eight years with irregularities which broke down my health and brought on extreme nervousness and despondency. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound proved to be the only medicine which helped me. Day by day I improved in health while taking it until I was entirely cured. I can attend to my social and household duties and thoroughly enjoy life once more, as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, without an ache or a pain."

Mrs. Chester Curry, 42 Saratoga Street, East Boston, Mass.

At the first indication of ill health, painful or irregular menstruation, pain in the side, headache, backache, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues," secure at once a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

WE MANUFACTURE

Gas Saving Gas Burners

For Boilers and Hot Air Furnaces. Write for Catalogue.

STANDARD HEATING AND RADIATOR CO.

PITTSBURG, PA.

OLD VIRGINIA FARM, GOOD

land, low prices, and fine climate. Send for catalogue.

CASSELLMAN & CO., Richmond, Va.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

Warranted to cure dropsy, swellings, and all other cases of dropsy. Send for book at once. 10 days' treatment. Free. Dr. E. R. GREEN'S HOME ASTORIA, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR

WHEEZY BRONCHITIS, CROUP, COUGHS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Warranted to cure consumption, coughs, and all other cases of consumption. Send for book at once. 10 days' treatment. Free. Dr. E. R. GREEN'S HOME ASTORIA, O.

CONVICTION FOLLOWS TRIAL

When buying loose coffee or anything your grocer happens to have in his bin, how do you know what you are getting? Some queer stories about coffee that is sold in bulk, could be told, if the people who handle it (grocers), cared to speak out.

Could any amount of mere talk have persuaded millions of housekeepers to use

Lion Coffee,

the leader of all package coffees for over a quarter of a century, if they had not found it superior to all other brands in Purity, Strength, Flavor and Uniformity?

This popular success of LION COFFEE can be due only to inherent merit. There is no stronger proof of merit than continued and increasing popularity.

If the verdict of MILLIONS OF HOUSEKEEPERS does not convince you of the merits of LION COFFEE, it costs you but a trifle to buy a package. It is the easiest way to convince yourself, and to make you a PERMANENT PURCHASER.

LION COFFEE is sold only in 1 lb. sealed packages, and reaches you as pure and clean as when it left our factory. Lion-head on every package. Save these Lion-heads for valuable premiums.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

CASCARETS

CANDY CATHARTIC

WARRANTED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad

pains after eating, liver trouble, swollen skin and distension. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It starts chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ailment you are taking right take our advice, start with Cascarets today under the name that will save you a lot of money. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago or New York.

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