

WOMEN SUFFER NEEDLESSLY.
Many Mysterious Aches and Pains
Are Easily Cured.

Bachache, pain through the hips, dizzy spells, headaches, nervousness, bloating, etc., are troubles that commonly come with sick kidneys. Don't mistake the cause—Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of women afflicted in this way.
Mrs. William Jones, R. F. D., No. 6, North East, Pa., says: "Inflammation of the bladder kept me in agony for six months. I could hardly walk from one room into the other. I had no sleep night after night; my ankles were swollen all the time. I often reeled and fell. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. My health began to mend at once. At the end of six months I was as well as ever before in my life."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Power of Habit.
Zenas Dudley of Hampden has a hen that will lay every day providing she can lay where she wants to, and that is sitting on top of a pole. The only reason why this hen wishes to perch on the tip end of a pole when laying can be accounted for only by the fact that she laid her first egg on top of a pole. When she was a small pullet she was frightened one day and flew to the top of a tall pole in the yard. The dog kept her there for some time, and during the time she laid her first egg. Never a time since then has she laid an egg except when she has been on the top of some pole. A pole has been set up in the hen yard, where this hen can make her daily layings. A small net bag is placed around the pole to catch the eggs.—Kennebec Journal.

A Rare Good Thing.
"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."
—Mrs. Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I.
Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask to-day.

The Stork's Nest.
At a time when the stork is so much in the minds of people, especially of the Dutch, the following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest, investigated on the summit of the Cathedral of Colmar, in Upper Alsace, may be of interest: The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Ways." He described a stork's nest, which was about 30 years old; it measured six feet across and was five feet in height; it weighed 16 hundred-weight, or over three-quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pickaxe. The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay, and the materials filled 24 sacks. The walls of the nest were found to contain 17 ladies' black stockings, five fur caps, the sleeves of a white silk blouse, three old shoes, a large piece of leather, and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.—London Globe.

Dwellings Under Ground.
One of the strangest of capital cities is that of the troglodytes, or Matmates, the cave dwellers of Tunisia, Africa. It contains about 3,000 inhabitants, and the principle of the architecture is to dig into the earth rather than to build upon it. These troglodytes are to be found between the town of Gabes, on the Tunisian coast, and the sand hills of the Sahara. The country is a high, rocky plateau, barren, sunbaked, and swept by the simoon. When a Matmata wants a new dwelling he chooses his spot, traces a circle, and then digs until he has reached the desired depth, which varies, according to the number of stories he requires.—Indianapolis News.

WONT MIX
Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse, but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.
If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.
"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health, for I began to suffer after each meal, no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.
"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin."
"My home cares were very heavy, for beside a large family of my own I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down."

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food, and acting on this suggestion, I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing."
"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic, and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."
"There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

To Whit, To Whoo.
Good Mr. Owl, pray tell me why you always say, "To whit, to whoo." If you're so very, very wise, why can't you tell us something new?
My little girl, I will indeed be glad to tell you something new. When you can tell me what I mean. By my remark, "To whit, to whoo."
—Harriet Nutty, in Children's Magazine.

In Trouble.
Little Newman's mother had faithfully tried to answer his questions in regard to death and the future life, and he had been told that when he died just his soul would go to heaven.
One day he came running in from his play, and in excitement cried, "Mama, mama, if just my soul goes to heaven, what am I going to button my pants on to?"—Beehive.

They Needed Other Things.
Like most ministers' families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children, until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night.
"Well," she said, after due thought, "I pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we needed worse."—Beehive.

Foolscap Paper.
Foolscap paper is called so because Oliver Cromwell substituted a fool's cap and bells in water-mark for the royal arms granted by Charles I. with certain privileges in manufacturing paper. When the "Rump" Parliament was prorogued this water-mark was removed, but the paper of the size of the Parliamentary Journal, 17x14 inches, still bears the name.—Simon Goldstein in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Not a Woodchuck.
I thought that you might like to hear about a little adventure of mine. One day last summer while I was visiting my uncle and aunt in Greenland, N. H., I made a trap to catch a woodchuck, which was eating up the corn as fast as it got ripe. So I took it into the garden as soon as I had finished it, and set it. When I went into the garden about a week later I found it sprung (being a box trap I could not see inside except through a hole), and when I looked through the hole I saw some fur and thought that it was a woodchuck. After I had a few yards I smelled an awful smell; in fact, so bad, that it cannot be described. I found my prisoner was a skunk. I dropped the trap and we shot it.—Irwin Pattison, in the New York Tribune.

A Water Spaniel.
I would like to tell you about my dog, F. F. He is a black, curly haired dog and a year and a half old. He is a water spaniel. The first time he ever saw snow he acted very funny. First he put his foot down into it. Then he put his nose down into it and began to eat it. Then he rolled over in it and had lots of fun.
In the summer time, when I go in bathing he jumps in and swims around with me. If I go in first he is sure to catch me, and he jumps upon my back. He is very jealous of other dogs, and will fight with any that come into our yard, no matter how large they are. At night he sleeps on a mat by my bed, which he does not leave till morning. He can do many funny tricks. He will sit up and beg, shake hands, and the funniest of all, will say his prayers every night before he goes to bed.—Jules Sugden, in the New York Tribune.

A Trick.
Try this trick when you have some friends to dine with you:
The boy, Tom by name, tried it, and his friends thought him very clever. Just when dinner was nearly over Bridget quietly announced that the grocer must have forgotten to bring the nuts and raisins. The company were all more or less disappointed, but Tom, the host, seemed very angry at this omission. Impatiently he said to Bridget, "Fetch me the dish in which the nuts and raisins should have been served."
Pretending to be very much annoyed he flourished his napkin vigorously over the empty dish. Then carefully lifting the napkin, much to the surprise of all, the dish was revealed full of nuts and raisins.
This is how Tom managed the trick: He had gotten Bridget to sew two napkins together all around the edges and to slit one across the middle. The space between the napkins made a bag, into which Tom had slipped the nuts and raisins, with another napkin over his lap. While he was gesticulating in apparent disappointment, he had quickly changed napkins. The trick was a clever bit of home-made sleight of hand, and all shouted at Tom's cleverness.—Home Herald.

The Boy That Killed a Dragon.
A little boy four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father: "Father, I want to be a saint."
"Very well, John," said the father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."
"I don't mind," replied John; "I want to be a saint, and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"
"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.
"You can begin today," said his father.
"But where is the dragon?"
"I will tell you when he comes out."
So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said, quietly: "Now, John, the dragon is out!"
The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good-night, he whispered: "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—Home Herald.

Hares and Hounds.
"Hello, Freddie!" cried Bob one brisk autumn morning from across the hedge. "Come down to Jim Sandy's and help tear up some paper. We are going to have a hare-and-hound chase."
It was Saturday and there was no school. In response to Bob's request, his mother told him to run along, and be sure not to get so far that he could not get back for dinner.

At Jim's house about fifteen boys were busily engaged in tearing up newspapers into strips, and then tearing the strips across, so that they had thousands of "flakes" an inch or so square.

Bob's little sister, Marjorie, was deftly sewing a couple of stout burlap bags for the hares to carry their paper in. No one knew yet who would be hare and who hound.
"Ted Forsyth ought to be a hare," said one boy, "because he goes hunting, and he knows the country better than anyone else."
"Then Harry Smith ought to be one, too," said Bob.

Finally it was decided that Harry should lead the hounds, and that Ted, with Allen Greenough, should be the hares. At length everything needed was ready.
The rules were that the hares should have ten minutes' start over the others, that they must drop paper wherever they went, and that the hounds must follow the paper trail unless they actually caught sight of their quarry, when they might cut across lots.

Bob was a hound. How impatiently he waited with the boys for the ten minutes to go by! There were great discussions as to exactly where the hares would go, and everybody seemed to think that they would certainly cross Brook's meadow. This was a huge, rolling field of pasture land. In spite of the fact that it was called a meadow, it was half wooded, and afforded many a fine chance for the hares to relieve each other, one laying a part of the trail, while the other took a shorter route.

The ten minutes were past, and the race began. All the boys kept together pretty well at first, and ran in good form. Bob and a boy called Roger Irwin were not so fast. The reason for this was that these two had not been practicing as the others had for the chance, since they had not known anything about it.
After the second hill, Bob and Roger began to lag a little. The run had been up a road, across a small stream in a valley, up the other side, and now they were headed, as had seemed likely, for Brook's meadow. The sun shone brightly, but the air was still crisp and invigorating.
Suddenly Bob grabbed Roger's arm. "Look!" he said. "What do you see, moving along by that clump of trees—over three toward the corner of the fence?"
Roger looked in the direction indicated.

"I see a white cap," he said. "Good gracious, Bob, it is Allen! It's gone now!"
"That's what I thought," said Bob, "but I wasn't quite certain."
They were several hundred yards behind the "pack." According to the rules, they might cut across and capture the hares.

Without a word, they made for a point a little beyond the clump of Allen were going straight home now and that it would be easy to head them off. A hard run of a quarter of a mile brought them to a little grove of trees by the road near the home, or goal, of the run.

"There they come!" exclaimed Bob, as he saw the two boys trot leisurely over the rise in the ground.
He and Roger stepped out. "We saw you! We saw your white cap!" they shouted.
The hares were caught, much to their own surprise. "I ought to have known," admitted Allen, later. "Freddie's little sister told me not to wear it before we started. Guess she would make a pretty good hare herself if she were only bigger."
Presently the "pack" came home, tired and winded. Bob and Roger, who had kept their eyes open and saved their legs, were the heroes of the day, and they were noisily triumphant.—Youth's Companion.

Coal mine accidents in the United States in 1907 cost 3125 human lives, an increase of 1033 over 1906.

MUNYON'S PAW-PAWPILLS



The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Get a 25-cent bottle and if you are not perfectly satisfied I will refund your money.—MUNYON, FIFTY-THIRD and JEFFERSON STS., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Egypt Made First Pens.
Pens were first made in Egypt and were made of a kind of reed. The ancients did not seem to know that good pens could be made from goose quills. One Isidore, who died in 636, mentions both reeds and feathers as suitable for pens. Swan quills as being even better than goose quills were referred to in 1520. Steel pens were invented in the first part of the nineteenth century. People were slow to use them, because the metal was not sufficiently elastic. Perry cut slits in steel pens in 1830, and that settled the goose quills.

SORE EYES CURED.
Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed — Was Unable to Go About—All Treatments Failed—Cuticura Proved Successful.
"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since and I am now sixty-five years old. I shall never fail to praise Cuticura. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Va., Apr. 4, 1908."
Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

A Wonderful Clock.
San Diego, Cal., has a wonderful clock with 20 dials which tell simultaneously the time in all parts of the world, also the days of the week and the date and month. It stands 21 feet high and four of its dials are each four feet in diameter.

Latest Wall Street book, by J. Frank Howell, 31 New Street, New York; timely, bright, full of anecdotes and profusely illustrated; endorsed by press and investors. Free on application.

Double-Striking Shell.
A shell which will hit two marks will be tested this summer. The solid steel head of the shell contains a charge of high explosive, which is detonated on impact. Back of this is the shrapnel chamber, containing 120 bullets and a charge of high explosive. The shrapnel portion can be timed to explode above a body of troops, leaving the solid head of the shell to pass on and strike elsewhere.

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Are Best For Your Table
Because they are made of the choicest materials and guaranteed to be absolutely pure.
Libby's Veal Loaf makes a delightful dish for Luncheon and you will find, **Libby's Vienna Sausage Corned Beef Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk** equally tempting for any meal.
Have a supply of **Libby's** in the house and you will always be prepared for an extra guest.
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LAND-IRRIGATED—LAND. Perpetual water rights, fine water, productive soil, crop failures unknown. 50 bushels wheat per acre. 50 to 5 tons alfalfa. Healthful climate, fine timber, trees ever. Write now. LANSWOOD LAND CO., Hook Springs, Wyoming.
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If afflicted with weak eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

"MEMOIRS OF DAN RICE," THE CLOWN OF OUR DADDIES.

At Last, There is on Sale a Book Brimful of American Humor.
Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to supply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays. A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventure, original songs and poetical effusions; wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days. These "Memoirs" also contain a series of adventures and incidents alternating from grave to gay; descriptive scenes and thrilling events; the record of half a century of a remarkable life, in the course of which the subject was brought into contact with most of the national celebrities of the day. The book abounds in anecdotes, humorous and otherwise; and it affords a clearer view of the inside mysteries of show life than any account heretofore published. Old Dan Rice, as the proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard Street, New York City.

Snake Furnished First Saw.
Talus, the Greek, is said to have invented the saw from having once found the jawbone of a snake, which he employed to cut through a small piece of wood. In early periods the trunks of trees were split into boards with wedges, and although these deals were not always straight they were regarded as much better suited to construction than sawn boards, because they followed the grain, and lasted longer and were stronger. Water mills, for the purpose of sawing, came into use in the fourth century.

Little children are suffering every day in the year with sprains, bruises, cuts, bumps and burns. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is banishing these aches and pains every day in the year, the world over.

Old Stuff.
"I have an heirloom on this table," said the landlady, "that has come down to me through four generations."
"I thought so," mused the new boarder. "Why don't you get a different butter dealer?"—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Glass is among the cheapest products, but made into microscopic objectives its value approaches that of gold.

AN IMITATION
Takes for its Pattern the Real Article
There was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the real article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?
REFUSE IMITATIONS
GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

POSITIVELY BEST ABSOLUTELY CHEAPEST
SAFETY RAZOR
Save Shaving Money
Here's a revolution in Safety Razors, the marvelous
"Shrp-Shavr" 25c Safety Razor
which gives you better BLADE-VALUE than razors costing 20 times the price. The practical value is in the BLADE. It is the best because made of the finest steel tempered by a special process and scientifically ground and honed down to the keenest possible edge. You pay 25 cents for the best practical razor ever introduced, and you save nineteen-twentieths of the fancy prices asked for fancy frames and holders. The "SHRP SHAVR" RAZOR is so set in the frame as to be correctly "angled" to suit any face. We sell you the whole Razor at 25c, so as to create a market for our blades. Extra "SHRP SHAVR" Blades, 5 for 25c. And satin finish silver-plated stoppers at 10c each.
We send the Razor complete, extra Blades or the Strop, prepaid by mail on receipt of price in stamps or cash.
BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 LEONARD STREET, N. Y. CITY.
THE RAZOR is a marvel irrespectively of price.
SHRP SHAVR

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill. — "I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALYCE SPERLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system, and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—CASCARETS regulate—Cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver!

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THE EYES when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.
CATARH Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for uterine catarrh.
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