Because They Were Men.

Here is a conversation between two men that I heard yesterday morning. If they had been women I wonder what would have happened.

"Have you met the new partner in that firm yet?"

"Yes."

"Is he a young man?"

"No; not very young. About your age, I should think."

"Do you think I am old?"

"Oh, not very old, but you are considerably older than I am."

"I doubt that, but how old are you?"

"I'm 36. How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Then I am younger, but I thought you were even older than that. You look older."

"Oh, you think so?"

"Yes. Maybe it's the bald spot that makes you look older. Then you have an old figure, too."

All this was said in perfect earnestness, and yet the men parted friends.

Cocoanut Butter.

There are several factories in India and one, at least, in Europe, that at Mannheim, Germany, where butter is made from cocoanuts.

A Means Out of the Difficulty.

Any strain or bending of the back for any length of time leaves it in a weakened condition. A means out of the difficulty is always handy and cheap. Do as was done by Mr. Herman Schwaygel, Aberdeen, S. D., who says that for several years he suffered with a chronic stitch in the back, and was given up by doctors. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured him. Also Mr. John Lucas, Elnora, Ind., says, that for several years he suffered with pains in the back, and one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him. There are manifold instances of how to do the right thing in the right way and not break your back.

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

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Mummies are sometimes enveloped in 1,000 yards of bandages.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

The first dentist in America made a set of teeth for General Washington.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hot Noons Chilly Nights

Of Fall present so many variations of temperature as to tax the strength and make a pathway for disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla will fortify the system against these dangers, by making pure, healthy blood. "Sores came out on my limbs. I tried different medicines, but none helped me. At last my mother heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking part of a bottle the sores began to heal, and after a short time I was completely cured. We keep it in the house most of the time. As a blood purifier I know of nothing better." LEON ST. JOHN, Fairmont, Minn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, hand made

PNU 41 '94

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

FINE GUNS — THE OLD HOUSE Established 1826.

"Purdeys," "Scott's," "Westley Richards," "Williams & Powell," "Colts," "Lefever," "Parker," and all other makes.

Also the new Scott "Monte Carlo" Hammerless, best gun out! and which took last grand prize at Monte Carlo for £500. Now on hand, a lot of high grade second-hand Guns, taken in exchange, bargains; other guns taken in trade. Send stamps for illustrated catalogue and second-hand list.

William Read & Sons, 107 Washington St., Boston.

[PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.]

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 13 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure.
But whether I live an honest man,
And holds my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare.
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave;
It matters little or naught to me.
But whether the Angel of Death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

—From the Swedish.

DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"AND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous?"

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is. Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

Captain Renwick answered promptly.

"My sweetheart!"

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wildernesses!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of—Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick. "She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Mog Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the Lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I—fancy my idiocy!—'if you will just row me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And she?" said Joyce.

"Rowed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It warn't my darter,' says he; 'it was Miss Perry.' Well, then I met her at the picnic. We waltzed together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I apologized," said Captain Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a perfect beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusions, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—"

"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously, "do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is?" If pneumonia should set in after this exposure—"

Captain Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a litle apprehensive.

"Mamma," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kennth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply uneatable. And the beds are as hard as the neither millstone, and the mosquitees are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

"My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigal son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nylesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend, who will doese me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleated Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

"Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?"

"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he choose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

All that moment, however, there was a slight rustle down stairs.

"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken. I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.

"Please, mem, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, staring at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.

"I am sorry to hear of your illness, Captain Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful blonde sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Captain Renwick was struck dumb. An electric thrill seemed to dart through every pulse and vein. But Joyce's eyes sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?"

Doctor Barton nodded, still intent on the enameled face of her watch.

"Pernella Barton. They call me Perry for short. Captain Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor?" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Doctor Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her notebook. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Captain Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain.

Pneumonia did not set in after all. Doctor Barton proved a true prophet, and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart.

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?"

"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered: "and the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—"

"You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and, when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

A Much Traveled Cat.

"I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Slocum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn pussy went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 390 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and, although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese and Music.

The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them out.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earths and in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all these materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.—Philadelphia Press.

Rescue of a Sand Hill Crane.

"The devotion of birds to their young is one of the most beautiful sights of nature," said William P. Baxton, of Dubuque, last evening. "I saw a striking illustration of this characteristic while on a hunting expedition up in Minnesota last fall. One day I shot and wounded a young sand hill crane, which with several others, was resting on the prairie. At the report of my gun all the birds took flight with the exception of the wounded one and one other, which was almost certainly its parent. The injured bird made several attempts to fly, and finally succeeded in rising some ten or fifteen feet in the air, but as it could not sustain itself it fell again to the ground. It tried again, however, and the parent bird, seeing the trouble the young one was in, placed herself underneath it, allowing it to rest its feet on her back, both birds continuing all the while to flap their wings. In this way, much to my amazement, she succeeded in bearing it off to a place of safety."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What $10 Will Do in Egypt.

"Speaking of the value of money to an Egyptian native," said a traveler, "I recall when I wanted to take an intelligent fellow with me for a six months' trip to act as my servant, interpreter and body guard. He said he would go, but there was one difficulty.

"What is that?" I asked.

"'I must leave money enough with my father, mother, wife and four children to support them for the six months while I am away,'" he replied.

"I whistled. It was an unexpected request.

"'How much do you want?'" I asked.

"'It is a large sum,'" he replied—piteously.

"'Well, name it.'"

"I burst out laughing and gave him the money. Think of all that family living six months on $10!"—Detroit Free Press.

But a Slender Thread.

Many a love affair which promised to go on smoothly to the end has been broken off by a mere trifle, said Mrs. Botherwell. An unbecoming gown may wreck a girl's hopes, a hasty word or act ruin a man's chances of success. You remember Fred Clark? He is a good fellow, though perhaps not the bravest in the world. Last summer I introduced him to one of my guests, and he took a great fancy to her. Of course I did everything in my power to throw them together, and among other things gave a buckboard party. They sat together on the back seat and were getting along finely. He had reached the point where he told her he could not live without her, when the road took an abrupt turn, and the whistle of an approaching train sounded. It seemed right upon us, though it really was on the other side of the hill. Well, he flew out on one side of the wagon and she out on the other, and when we turned around to look for them they had disappeared. One of the boys jumped out and helped her back into the wagon, and some one rescued him, but she was so indignant to think that he had jumped without caring what became of her that she hardly spoke to him again. So you see that match was spoiled. Then there was Maud Atherton. A young man who had been devoted to her for some months invited her to join a yachting party. She determined not to run the risk of being seasick, so as a preventive measure, took any amount of smelling salts, lemons and other things with her, and to crown all, wore several mustard plasters. She was not seasick, but presently she began to suffer agonies from the plasters, and though she smiled and tried to look natural she squirmed and twitched in a manner fearful to behold. Of course her companion noticed her apparent restlessness. He said nothing, but after that day she knew him no more. He afterwards declared that she was the most nervous girl he ever saw—just twitching all the time—and he had no intention of marrying a woman on the verge of nervous prostration. So you see what trifles will break young love's slender thread.

Levity Out of Place.

One of the national vices of the American people is levity—the unhealthy quality which, in contradistinction to honest and wholesome gaiety or humor, turns all serious things to ridicule, and undermines the qualities of earnestness and of respect for real distinction.

A person reading the debates in Congress or in the State Legislatures must sometimes wonder whether the most influential debater is not he who can make his fellow-members laugh the oftenest with humorous trivialities.

In a recent debate, a member, who was arguing against the appointment of certain federal officers from other States than those in which they were to serve, said that he opposed such appointments because he was fond of watermelons, and he was afraid that if many more men were sent West from Georgia there would not be enough able-bodied persons left there to harvest the watermelon crop."

At this the house laughed. It may have served well enough as a joke, but it was hardly to be accepted as an argument in favor of the point which he was urging.

Many debates consist largely of such jokes, bandied back and forth between members. There is a general favor of cynicism and insincerity about such contests, not of real wit, but of idle levity—as if the members did not choose to take the public business as a serious matter at all.

Such a tone on the part of our legislative debates is a most unfortunate matter. The good citizen is not cynical abut the public business. He knows that seriousness, sincerity and earnestness are the prime virtues of the public servant.

Boarding House News.

In California there is a prune orchard of over 3,000 acres.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market."

Marion Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

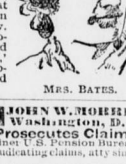
Getting Serious.

A volunteer sham fight took place recently in England. During the retreat, a Scotch volunteer, in scrambling through some bushes, stuck fast in a hedge. One of the advancing foe, seeing the situation for a joke came toward the unfortunate volunteer at full charge, with his bayonet fixed and a ferocious look on his face. The poor fellow in the hedge, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, bawled out at the top of his voice: "Haud on, you idiot; dinna you ken it's only in fun?"

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she *looks well* and she *feels well*.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."



MRS. W. R. BATES, of *Dilworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio*, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'women's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

MRS. BATES.

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Whitening Sugar.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

FASHIONS are not made by fools, but for them.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
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Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tassо

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A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

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100 FEET
500 "
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PNU 41

Dollars or Kicks

for women, according to whether they do, or don't do, their washing in a sensible way. If they use Pearline, it means good, hard dollars saved. Pearline is economy. All that ruinous rubbing that makes you buy linens and flannels twice as often as you need to, is spared, to say nothing of your time and labor.

See the troubles that women have to endure with other ways of washing. There's that hard, wearing-out rub, rub, rub, or the danger of ruining things with acids if you try to make it easy. Washing with Pearline is absolutely safe.

Send it Back — Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 413 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"A Fair Face May Prove a Foul Bargain." Marry a Plain Girl if She Uses

SAPOLIO