DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidneyache. There is only one way to remove the pain, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. They permanently cure all kidney ills.

John C. Nolan, 173 K St., So. Boston, Mass., says: "I had backache, pains in my head, dizzy spells and urine scalded terribly. I doctored with physicians and finally went to C—— Hospital. Instead of growing better I grew worse and left the hospital entirely discouraged. Luckily I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was completely cured. There has been no sign of kidney trouble for five years."

Remember the name—Doan's.

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

Had Been Done.

"I never saw such a versatile man; he can do anything."

"Why stop at 'anything?'"

At the County Fair.

Visitor—And so that is what they call the wild horse of Patagonia. What do you feed it?

Zoo Attendant—Wild oats.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 years. Price 50 cents.

Scant Pasturage.

"I am afraid the moths will get into my bathing suit," said Maud.

"It would be a shame," replied Maymie. "The poor things would starve to death."

Reason for Strange Names.

A little colored girl appeared on one of the city playgrounds the other day, accompanied by two pickaninnies, who, she explained, were cousins of hers, visitors in Newark. "What are their names?" asked the young woman in charge of the playground. "Aida Overture Johnson and Lucia Sextette Johnson," the girl answered. "You see, their papa used to work for a opera man."—Newark News.

All in Good Time.

Seven-year-old William had become the proud owner of a pet pig, and insisted upon having all the care of it himself. After a few weeks, as the pig did not seem to thrive, his father said to him:

"William, I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It does not seem to be fattening at all."

"I don't want him to fatten yet," William replied, knowingly. "I'm waiting until he gets to be as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."—Tit-Bits.

The Winning Candidate.

Two candidates for the same office came into a certain town one day. The one called at a house where a little girl came to the door. Said he: "Sissie, will you please bring me a glass of water?" Having brought the water, he gave her some candy and asked: "Did the man ahead of me give you candy?" "Yes, sir." Then he gave her a nickel and said: "Did he give you money?" "Yes, sir; he gave me ten cents." Then, picking her up, he kissed her and said: "Did he kiss you?" "Yes, sir, and he kissed mamma, too!"

Mixing His Dates.

There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married, that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind, that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me God!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

Hunts Cure

Will stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and is absolutely guaranteed.

It is a never failing cure for eczematous affections of all kinds, including:

Humid Tetter, Dry Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruriga, Heat Eruption, Flavus, Ring Worm, and Scabies (Itch)

This last named disease is not due to inflammation like other skin diseases, but to the presence of little parasites which burrow under the skin. The itching they produce is so intense it is often with difficulty the sufferer can refrain from tearing the skin with his nails.

HUNT'S CURE is an infallible remedy for this aggravating trouble. Applied locally. Sold by all first class druggists.

Price, 50 Cents Per Box

And the money will be refunded in every case where one box only fails to cure.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO.
Sherman, Texas

MONEY IN TRAPPING

We tell you how; and pay best market prices. Write for references and weekly price list.

M. SABEL & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.
Dealers in Furs, Hides, Wool. Established 1856.

FURS

AGENTS

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK
"African Game Trails"

Needed—a man in every place to sell this famous new book. Bring it to the families in your locality. We give you monopoly of field and high commission. Take this great chance. Write for prospectus.

Charles Scribner's Sons
153 (R. S.) Fifth Ave., New York

GET A SAW MILL

from Lombard Iron Works, Augusta, Ga. Make money sawing neighbor's timber when gin engine is idle after the crops are laid by.

The Skeleton in the Closet

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

I HAD MET the judge frequently and felt quite well acquainted with him. He was a politician of note and a member of the president's cabinet. Because of his prominence and his one-time important connection with the government, I shall forbear the mention of his name. It would be familiar to every reader.

One day I received a message from him requesting me to call at his office at my earliest convenience. Presenting myself I was given a private interview. After a little preliminary conversation the judge said that he wanted to talk to me in regard to a personal matter. He needed my assistance in an affair of much concern to himself and wife. He then related at some length the history of his family troubles. There was a skeleton in his closet. He had sent for me believing that I might be able to devise some measure of relief.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried and quite prostrated with grief. She is in such a nervous state of mind I fear she will break down altogether." His eyes filled with tears as he explained the cause of their great trouble. "She was a widow with an only son when I married her. This son, notwithstanding his moral training and tender care, has turned out to be an unmitigated villain and a constant menace to our peace of mind. He seems to be heartless and devoid of decency and respect for our position. Besides, he is a thief. Only a short time ago he was arrested in Chicago, taken to Baltimore and charged with committing a robbery in a house of ill repute. I was compelled to settle the case or suffer the disgrace of an exposure. Wine and women are his hobbies. He is reckless in the use of money and will resort to any means to obtain it. Even now I am furnishing the money wherewith to gratify his vicious appetite. God knows what he will do next! We are living in constant fear that he will do something to publicly disgrace us. Now, if there is any way that he can be got out of the country without publicity, if you can devise any plan to get rid of him without killing him or sending him to the penitentiary, it will meet with my approval. I think it is a case where severe measures would be entirely justifiable. Just think of it! The scapegrace has gone so far in his depravity as to escort a woman of known bad character to his mother's receptions."

My sympathies once aroused and a promise made, I felt bound to take some action. It appeared a difficult undertaking. The fellow was to be got rid of, but just how was the question that puzzled my brain. I had read of many strange disappearances of persons who were never afterwards heard of, but the manner of their disappearance was not always clear. It may have been a voluntary act, mental aberration or the result of a crime. I prided myself upon my skill in devising ways and means to accomplish an end, but the case in hand, after some deliberation, appeared somewhat like perpetrating a wrong deed for the purpose of accomplishing a good result.

If the story told by the judge was true, there would be but little difficulty in landing the rascal in the penitentiary for the crimes he was committing almost daily; but a measure of this kind would mean exposure and disgrace. To put him away by foul means was out of the question. He may have deserved a sharp medicine, and the world may have been better off without him, but there was no thought of doing him bodily harm. The idea was to dispose of him and slide him out of the country tenderly. The judge wanted to get rid of him, but could suggest no way. It was a delicate case to handle. I knew that the judge was a conscientious and humane man and that he meant no wrong, and it was difficult for me to understand the course I could safely pursue.

As I turned to leave the judge's office his wife entered the room. I was introduced, and cast my eyes upon her face. It did not appear quite new to me. Could I be mistaken? Had I met her before? As the possible recognition did not appear mutual I was unable to place her.

The judge turned away to converse with his disbursing clerk. The wife, who had evidently been informed in regard to the purpose of my interview with the judge, requested me to be seated. Placing her hand upon my arm she smiled pleasantly, while assuring me of her faith in my ability to do something to help them out of the deep trouble they were in. She spoke bitterly of her son and of the many indignities he had heaped upon her. She wanted to be freed from him. The manner in which he was to be disposed of did not seem to give her much concern. She wished him banished in some far-away country; if he were dead, she would feel relieved.

While relating her troubles she chanced to mention the name of her first husband. On the instant I recognized her as an old acquaintance. I had known her when she was a rosy-cheeked young woman some twenty-five years before. She was then living with her husband in a little town in northeastern Ohio. This was before she became the wife of the judge. Her first marriage was said to be a runaway match. She was a remarkably beautiful woman then, but there was a cloud hanging over her life. I cannot say what it might have been that caused gossiping women to shake their heads and whisper as she passed by. Shortly after she gave birth to a son she left the village. I do not know just where she went, but it was shortly afterwards rumored that she had been granted a divorce.

She was now cutting a large figure in society and often spoken of as the handsomest woman in the capitol city.

Her husband, the judge, was up to this time quite successful in political life. Possessed of considerable brain force and much amiability of character, he might have risen still higher had not the intrigues set on foot by his ambitious wife contributed to pull him down. She planned schemes to exalt him and to acquire wealth. In making these efforts she aroused the jealousies of others and made the judge quite unpopular with the leading politicians. Her misdirected zeal not only crushed the political prospects of her husband, but finally resulted in expelling her from Washington society.

I was furnished a photograph of her profligate stepson. He was a fine-looking young man, with wavy hair, keen blue eyes and rosy cheeks; in fact, much like his mother in her youth. His face was indicative of criminal tendencies. I was told that he was a difficult man to approach, that he did not care for the companionship of men. This being the case I was at a loss to determine how to reach him. It was necessary to introduce a stranger in order to carry out the plot I had in view.

After pondering over the matter for some days I hit upon an expedient that I believed would dispose of the young man without public exposure or resorting to crime. There was in my employ at this time a man whom I shall call Reed. If ever there was a born confidence man he was the one; an actor that could assume a part, live it and play it through with a face as solemn as the graveyard; never vicious, but ever apparently in earnest while practicing a deception for misleading only those who ought to be misled. I had found him on all occasions to be a valuable assistant in furthering the ends of justice.

Reed hailed from the south, had just arrived in the city and was in quest of a private lodging place. The judge's stepson was now occupying an elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable location. He was so ompletely captivated by Reed's assumed manners and apparent wealth that he was delighted at the opportunity afforded to secure a roommate. The detective accepted the offer made by his new friend and soon found himself in quite a novel and dangerous situation. He was the companion of a thief whose exploits were liable to involve both in trouble.

He had led his roommate to believe that he was himself engaged in questionable transactions and that New York was the place to operate in. "There," said he, "are chances to make big hauls." The judge's stepson took to a suggestion of this kind like a duck to water and was highly elated on account of the proposed trip. He no doubt imagined a broader field for the exercise of his own peculiar talent. On their arrival at New York they registered under assumed names at the Merchants' hotel on Courtland street.

For several days following they strolled about the city, taking in the sights and waiting for something to turn up. While walking along Broadway, near the old Astor hotel, they chanced to pass a middle-aged man who was gazing about in an uncertain sort of way. His dress and manner gave him the appearance of a green one from the rural districts, presumably from some place out west.

"Here," said Reed in an undertone, "is the very fellow we are looking for. Let us try a hand on him. I will make him think I have met him before." Reed now stepped up and accosted the green one with an air of assumed familiarity. Seizing him by the hand he said: "How do you do, Mr. Glick? I am so glad to see you." The verdant man responded: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is Jones, and I live at Fort Wayne, Indiana." "Never mind the name," said Reed, "I got the names mixed, but I remember now where I met you. You used to run a livery stable at Kokomo."

"Yes, I did."

"Then of course you remember me. I am the man that sold pumps and kept my team at your stable. You and I have taken many drinks together."

"Oh, yes," drawled Mr. Jones; "what on earth are you doing in New York?"

"Just looking around and having a good time. Let's go and take something."

"Come along, Jones. Let us go around to our hotel," said Reed. The trio went to the Merchants. Jones accepted an invitation to go to the room of his friends.

"What is your favorite drink?" asked Reed.

"Plain brandy," said Jones.

"I will go down and bring up a bottle." As Reed moved away he winked slyly to the judge's stepson. After an absence of some thirty minutes or more Reed returned with the brandy. He pulled the cork. While Jones was looking out of the window he slipped a small vial out of his pocket and, giving his partner an opportunity to see it, he turned the contents into the bottle of brandy. He gave the bottle a shake and set it down on the table. The judge's stepson's face flushed and there was a tremor in his voice. He seemed to comprehend the noxious power of the venomous ingredient that had been poured into the bottle. Reed appeared self-possessed and proficient in the art of deceiving and bold and bad enough to commit any crime, while the young man was evidently greatly frightened—not because of any compunctions of conscience, but for the reason that he was, as was afterwards shown, a natural born coward. He possessed none of the elements and rugged force of an assassin. He seemed to have a nervous apprehension that he was wading in water too deep and dangerous. He was heartless enough, but somehow lacked the nerve to perform.

Step by step Jones became drowsy. The stepson strove to rally him to his senses. Jones closed his eyes. What might have been a phantom of overheated imagination now became a fearful reality. The stepson was now almost paralyzed with fear as Jones slipped from his chair to the floor.

Was he dead or alive? He uttered a low and suppressed moan as his lank and livid body was laid upon the bed and stripped of all its valuables. The stepson, thoroughly in earnest, wanted to take Jones' overcoat, but Reed said it would be dangerous, as it might lead to detection.

I now leave the horrors of this occasion to the imagination of the reader.

The two survivors suddenly left the hotel and crossed over to Jersey City and took lodging at Taylor's hotel, where they registered under assumed names, as they had done previously at the Merchants'. It was late in the evening when they went to bed.

They had left the Merchants' hotel late in the afternoon. Jones, the supposed drugged countryman, was not quite as dead as the judge's stepson thought him to be. He, too, was a skilled pretender.

Soon after his entertainers had taken their departure he, possum-like, came to life, got up and took a drink from the brandy bottle that was left upon the table, and made his way at once to the government secret service office, where he told the story of his adventure and received further instructions. This so-called Jones was a detective of marked ability. He could assume almost any character and deceive the best educated criminal, yet withal an honest, faithful servant to the government.

At an early hour on the following morning at Taylor's hotel Reed pretended to be taken suddenly sick with a cramp in his stomach. He left his roommate and went below. A short time afterwards he rushed back into the bedroom and informed the judge's stepson with a trembling voice that they must get out of the place in a hurry or they would be arrested. Reed said that while downstairs he had torn a slip from a newspaper. He handed it to the judge's stepson, who, on glancing at it hastily, at once sprang out of bed.

It was a sensational article and bore the appearance of having been clipped from a newspaper. As a matter of fact, however, it had been printed at the New York Tribune job office. It was a nice piece of deception and read as follows:

A Brutal Murder and Robbery.

Another of those outrageous and dastardly murders which have so recently startled the community occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the particulars of which are as follows: It appears that shortly after dark last evening a well dressed man, apparently thirty-five years of age, was found by the police lying near the foot of Courtland street in an insensible condition. He was taken to the police station, where restoratives were administered, and when he had revived sufficiently he stated that his name was P. R. Jones and that he was from Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Jones was removed to the city hospital last evening, where he became delirious and died about nine o'clock. The police are on the track of the murderers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that they came in just after the arrival of the Washington train. The clerk is positive he can identify them.

A frightful ghost had risen and was standing in its most horrible form before the now half-crazed stepson. The rope of the hangman was looming up before his eyes. He did not even take time to wash his face, so great was his anxiety to leave New York behind him. Even the very air he breathed seemed tainted with the foul odor of his crime. It was thought to be dangerous to travel by rail at first, and they started away on foot, and finally concluded to make their way to New Orleans.

Reed was, of course, the ruling spirit and was carrying out the plan they had agreed upon. They doubled back and forth with the object of putting imaginary pursuers off the track. Reed was seeking delay for the purpose of gaining time. When the pair arrived at New Orleans about the first thing that met their eyes was a handbill posted in the depot describing the fugitives and offering a reward for their arrest and conviction. Staring at the bill with beads of perspiration starting upon his brow the judge's stepson nearly collapsed. He was careworn, downhearted and ready to speed away as swift as steam could carry him. In the course of time the fugitives arrived at Brownsville, Tex. From this point I received a note from Reed saying that they intended to cross the Rio Grande and work their way to the City of Mexico.

To the minds of the detectives who played their part in this case the whole affair appeared a farce.

After a time Reed returned from Mexico. He had given his companion the slip and was quite positive in his opinion that the judge's stepson would never dare show his face in the United States. He declared the man was about the greatest coward he had ever met with.

Reed was correct in his opinion, as the fugitive, so far as I know, has never been heard of. He certainly did not appear in Washington to further annoy the judge and his wife. He may still be running from a Nemesis that will never overtake him.

(Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

Uncle Sam as a Receiver

"Uncle Sam is one of the finest little receivers that you would care to have in charge of your business if a receiver became necessary," remarked William R. Estey, of San Juan, Porto Rico, to a business acquaintance at the Shoreham. The United States government has proved this by its administration of the customs of the republic of Santo Domingo.

"I have heard Englishmen who are in business in Jamaica speak in most complimentary terms of the improvement in the financial affairs of Santo Domingo, which has been brought about by the benevolent interference of this government. These men told me that their private business transactions with merchants in Santo Domingo have been much more satisfactory since the United States took a hand. This government, you remember, came to the rescue of Santo Domingo in 1905. The creditors of the republic were pressing for payment. A treaty between the United States and Santo Domingo turned over the customs receipts to the United States. Of the total amount collected, 45 per cent. was to go to the Dominican government and 55 per cent. to the creditors. The government at that time owed $20,000,000.

"In the five years that Uncle Sam has been taking in and paying out the money this big debt has been cut down by at least $7,000,000. And the government of Santo Domingo is receiving more money now on half rations than it did when its own officials collected the entire amount."—Washington Post.

Writing to the London Morning Post, a woman correspondent, advocating the withdrawal of all horse-drawn cabs in London as a measure of humanity, puts in a plea for the horses of Paris. "Nearly every cab horse here," she says, "is half starved, lame, has sores and is cruelly beaten and ill treated. It is quite distressing to see them."

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them fr dom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult us by letter, *free*. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing *only*, and we will send you a *free* copy of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser — revised, up-to-date edition, in handsome French cloth binding.

He Couldn't See.

Little Jack's father was the teacher of the Sunday school class of which Jack was a new member. He had been told that as this was his first Sunday he would not be asked any questions but he must pay close attention just the same.

So, on the way home his father asked him who it was who killed Goliath.

"I don't know, I was sitting on the back seat and couldn't see," was the ready answer.—From Norman E. Mack's National Monthly.

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid—effects immediatly. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Every time a man is mistaken for a deer it counts one for the deer, who is very well satisfied.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlins Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

The days of chivalry are not past. A lady entered our office the other day and we took our feet off the desk.

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

Some people are too fresh—but the same thing can't be said of eggs.

What Murine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Cleanse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthful Circulation, Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Murine in your Eyes.

Good luck likes to visit people who are not expecting it.

UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXIONS

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin humors becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free Cuticura book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

PUT 'EM TO SLEEP.

Novelist—When I'm writing a novel, I lose considerable sleep over it.

Critic—Oh! well, what's your loss is your readers' gain.

AN EFFECTIVE HOME MADE KIDNEY AND BACKACHE CURE

Easily Prepared Medicine Which is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and End Backache.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt cure for Backache and Kidney and Bladder trouble, get from any good Prescription Pharmacist one-half ounce fluid extract Dandelion; one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

A well-known medical authority recommends the prescription to be taken the moment you suspect any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary disorder or feel a constant dull Backache, or if the urine is thick, cloudy, offensive or full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a scalding sensation; or for too frequent urination during the night.

This is a real harmless vegetable mixture which could not cause injury to anyone and the relief which is said to immediately follow its use is a revelation to men and women who suffer from Backache, Kidney trouble or any form of Urinary disorder.

This is surely worth trying, as it is easily mixed at home or any druggist will do it for you, and doesn't cost much.

"Lame Leg Well"

"I wish to say that I have used Sloan's Liniment on a lame leg that has given me much trouble for six months. It was so bad that I couldn't walk sometimes for a week. I tried doctors' medicine and had a rubber bandage for my leg, and bought everything that I heard of, but they all did me no good, until at last I was persuaded to try Sloan's Liniment. The first application helped it, and in two weeks my leg was well."—A. L. HUNTER, of Hunter, Ala.

Good for Athletes.

Mr. K. GILMAN, instructor of athletics, 417 Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., says:—"I have used

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

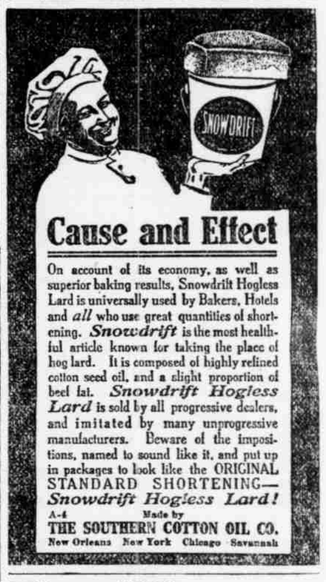
with great success in cases of extreme fatigue after physical exertion, when an ordinary rub-down would not make any impression."

Sloan's Liniment has no equal as a remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints.

Prices, 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



Cause and Effect

On account of its economy, as well as superior baking results, Snowdrift Hogless Lard is universally used by Bakers, Hotels and *all* who use great quantities of shortening. *Snowdrift* is the most healthful article known for taking the place of hog lard. It is composed of highly refined cotton seed oil, and a slight proportion of beef fat. *Snowdrift Hogless Lard* is sold by all progressive dealers, and imitated by many unprogressive manufacturers. Beware of the impositions, named to sound like it, and put up in packages to look like the ORIGINAL STANDARD SHORTENING—*Snowdrift Hogless Lard!*

A-4 Made by THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL CO.
New Orleans New York Chicago Savannah

The difference remember this—

it may save your life. Cathartics, bird shot and cannon ball pills—tea spoon doses of cathartic medicines all depend on irritation of the bowels until they sweat enough to move. *Cascarets* strengthen the bowel muscles so they creep and crawl naturally. This means a cure and only through *Cascarets* can you get it quickly and naturally. 884

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

ITCH CURED

IN 30 MINUTES, By One Application of

Dr. David's Sanative Wash

We guarantee DR. DAVID'S SANATIVE WASH to cure any case of Itch in 30 minutes, if used according to directions, or we will refund your money.

If your Dog has Scratches or Mange Dr. David's Sanative Wash will cure him at once.

Price, 50 Cents a Bottle

It cannot be mailed. Delivered at your nearest express office free, upon receipt of 75 cents.

OWENS & MINOR DRUG CO.
Richmond Virginia

XANTHINE FOR THE HAIR

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color
REMOVES DANDRUFF AND SCURF
Invigorates and prevents the hair from falling off.
For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by
XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia
Price $1 Per Bottle; Sample Bottle 35c. Send for Circulars

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
for COUGHS & COLDS