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Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color REMOVES DANDRUFF AND SCALP Irrigates and prevents the hair from falling off. For Sale by Druggists, or sent Direct by XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia (Price 25c. Per Bottle, Sample Bottle 25c. Sent for Question)

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REMEMBER PISO'S for COUGHS & COLDS

AN ARMY OFFICER'S WIFE

by DORENCE KEENE

OCCASIONALLY something happens, and it usually happens in some forsaken portion of our United States or territories thereof, where civilization is not and sudden death are most plentiful. Accordingly when that something happens somebody in Washington says things and somebody else does things—and behold, there spring up from somewhere sundry profane soldiery who carry civilization in their cartridges and progress at the point of the bayonet. For, in moments of stress, the viewpoint of the army is charmingly crude. Follows then a hysterical splurge. Also, sometimes, a congressional investigation, or mayhap garlands and honors and whatnots. It depends upon the circumstances—that is, the political circumstances.

To the men of the army the garlands and frills are accepted with childish delight. Somewhere in the bottom of his well-drilled and cleanly heart there is the consciousness of having done a big thing well, and being most intensely human, he gives ear to the praise of his fellow citizen. And then again, garlands are few, while congressional committees are prolific. The army knows that it is impossible to explain to the gentleman from Long Island or Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that a little brown brother, hopping in and out of the brush, fanatically desirous of clawing up an American citizen with a poisoned bolo, has little regard for the federal statutes at large. And, of course, neither has Sammy, Jr., the uncommercial gentleman who has enlisted for reasons best known to himself and whose duty it is to catch the aforesaid Moro, and generally clear the path for those that follow after.

Private Sammy does his work and he does it according to circumstances, which are essentially nonpolitical. Therefore it happens on occasions that the aforesaid Moro is sent yelping into eternity and Sammy Jr. regards himself with a pleased grin. Also, circumstances force him to other untoward steps. Once there was a famous soldier, Mulvaney by name, who took the town of Lungtungpen, "nakid as Venus," and who, prior thereto, helped the department of information of the British empire, with the judicious administration of his cleaning rod. Which goes to show that between Private Sammy and Private Tommy there is a healthy Anglo-Saxon understanding—particularly as regards the treatment of black and brown brothers.

All this is merely preamble, but when the Moro has been carted away and the congressional committee has committed itself and the garlands are forgotten Private Sammy goes back to his own life, which to him is a highly important affair. Somewhere, somehow, there remains in his brain an impression that he is allowed the pursuit of happiness—and he pursues it. He does it in his own way and in divers places. The turbulent tides of Juan de Fuca, which race by the gun-crested heights of Fort Worden, have heard his raucous chorus; the watermelon patches dotting the desolation of Fort Riley know his footprint. On a Florida sandspit, in the snows of Alaska, in the heat of the islands, he pursues it—and catches what little there is of it.

The world which praises and abuses him knows him not, nor his life. The point of view is entirely different. A ponderous civilian in the window of the paying teller of a local bank observed an officer in uniform standing behind him.

"Well, I guess the country is safe," observed the rotund one, gazing superciliously at the uniform.

"Thank you, sir," said the officer, saluting. This officer was a boy lieutenant, and his sarcasm was natural. For within his short space of years he had played with the fangs of death and made snooks at the powers of darkness. A short time previously, at Luzon, he was ordered to find the bodies of two soldiers that had been murdered. The orders were to find the bodies, so of course they went and did. With seven troopers and a surgeon he pursued his way through jungle scrub and cholera infested lands, without food, drenched with rain, sleeping in swamps. They found them. One was tied alive over a red-ant hill, after being slashed with a bolo, and the other had been knifed and gagged with a portion of his own flesh. Presumably the supercilious circumferential gentleman did not know of such things and this is what stings—there seem to be so many citizens of the country whose ideas of the work of the army is equally limited. Unfortunately, the men who do big things cannot talk about them.

It follows that what the man of the army has to undergo, so must the woman of the army. The outside world knows the army woman as she is not. It sees in her life a succession of society events and realizes not the horrible other side. Here is an illustration:

Some years ago, in "the days of the empire," a little army woman went as a bride with her doc-



tor husband to Manila. They were ordered at once to a native village up the valley, where a company of infantry had been stationed to guard the water supply for Manila. The natives, you see, had a habit of throwing the bodies of victims of cholera into the rivers and wells, thereby making life most unpleasant for those whites who had to drink. Such things are not mentioned in the society reports of the press.

Of course the wife could have remained behind, but she did not. She was possessed with the archaic belief common to the army that

Her husband came in for dinner and rushed away again. Whereupon little Mrs. Army Woman went to her trunk and for the first time unpacked all the finery of the days that had been.

"I found a dress which I had worn at a dance at the Presidio the last time," she said, "and I cried and I cried—"

Before leaving, the husband had pushed a chest against the door, locking her in completely, this being deemed the safest plan. Therefore on leaving he had to crawl through the window, and as he hung on the window sill she bent forward and kissed him. Then she heard him drop with a splash into the disease infested pools below. Altogether it was as nice a spot for the pursuit of happiness as could be found.

Then she went to the loneliness and the dark and the centipedes and cried. The wind whipped the banana palms against the house, the rain slashed down, she heard the lizards scudding around and a big one outside, in a mango tree, called "tuck-coo" so that she jumped up in fear and alarm waiting and wondering.

All through the night she lived the horrors.



THEY FOUND THEM

the place of the wife is by her husband. So with him she plunged through the jungle to the camp. She was the first white woman in the place and the only other one of her kind was 20 miles away. The situation was decidedly pleasant. The house was like an inverted wastepaper basket, a three-roomed bamboo shack set up on bamboo poles. One room was dubbed the centipede-dormitory because—well, because every time the bride went in it she found centipedes and other things. There were other advantages. There was no stove and the cooking had to be done over hot coals. Also the water had to be boiled and parboiled; not alone the water for drinking purposes, but also for washing.

"There was so much cholera," she explained.

The meals were served with wire nettings over the dishes and above and about them and around them was the one thought—cholera. There were other delights. The Moros were out. A sentry had been booled. The roads were knee deep in mud and the rain poured down in torrents.

There came a night when the very soul of her was tried to its uttermost. The rain had fallen ceaselessly. Pools were under the house and cholera was unusually on the rampage. The rain came down in such gusts that she had to fasten down the windows, thereby making the house too dark for reading purposes. So the day long, while her doctor husband wandered about through mud and rain with chloroquine in hand, she peered through the slats, gazing at the bamboo palm-trees whipping to and fro before the fury of the storm. At the appointed time she prepared dinner. She produced her row of cans. In her girlhood days there was a household joke, "What we cannot eat we can." Now as she gazed at the canned milk, the canned butter and the canned meats she wondered if she could eat all they can. Somehow or other the fleeting thought of the girlhood days made her choke. You see it was the rain and the storm and the centipedes and things which got on her nerves.



"I FOUND A DRESS WHICH I HAD WORN AT A DANCE AT THE PRESIDIO"

The storm passed and there followed the silences, weird, uncanny, of dripping water, of moving things underfoot. Ultimately she heard the splash of kindly American boots, and looking outside saw a wet specimen of Private Sammy, marching philosophically up and down on sentry go. She called to him, half hysterical, and he answered her with cheering words. Reassured, she waited for her husband's appearance, wrapped in an army blanket, chilled to the heart. Later, when her husband and daylight had come, she learned that she had been sitting opposite a window with a lighted candle by her, offering a splendid mark for the prowling Filipino sharpshooters.

This was an experience and one which the fat gentleman in the bank had never imagined. To the army this ignorance and narrowness is incomprehensible. The agony and bloody sweat of hiding death had gripped him so often that Private Sam cannot understand why the gentlemen who employ him for this class of work do not realize that there are particular horrors connected with it. Being of the army, he does not speak of them, but his gorge rises within him when fat gentlemen sneer at the uniform which he has made respected.

But he remembers the pursuit of happiness and the day comes when he is ordered home. Then it is that the army and its women, gathered aft, watch the walls of Manila fade from their vision. The crowding thoughts chase each other across their brains, forming themselves into memories, horrible and happy, of cholera and poisoned bolo, of the perfume of the ihlang-ihlang and the love flourishing while the constabulary band played songs of home, around the the Luneta.—San Francisco Call.

Romance of the Sweet Pea

The most highly regarded and widely grown annual in Canadian gardens of today, no matter where in this flower-loving country the garden be, or whether it belong to cottager or man of means, tolling clerk or park-owning municipality, the sweet pea first came to us from the Sicilian nuns.

Franciscus Cupani, a monk, who was also a botanist, sent the first seeds to England in the year 1699, consigned to an Enfield schoolmaster named Dr. Uvedale. The old Middlesex dominion was both a botanist and horticulturist, and he grew the first sweet peas ever seen in England. Cupani called the plant *Lathyrus distoplatyphyllus hirsutus*, mollis et odoratus—an unwieldy name, out of all harmony with the winged grace of the sweet pea. Later Linnaeus cut down the clumsy designation to its present form of *Lathyrus odoratus*.

Dr. Uvedale found the seeds produced a plant with purple flowers, and so here we have the color of the original sweet pea.

The stock was gradually multiplied, and about thirty years later one Robert Furber, a Kensington gardener, was the first to offer seeds for sale.

Progress in the production of new varieties was slow in those remote days, and it was not until the year 1793 (nearly a century later than Cupani's consignment of seeds) that any new colors became known. In the year mentioned, however, a catalogue was issued, which described black, scarlet and white varieties.

What became of the black and scarlet sorts, if they ever existed in those true colors, is not known. The black must have been a deep purple. The blackest bloom is still the dark purple Tom Bolton. In this connection, seeing that for years past hybridists have been trying to produce a pure yellow sweet pea, it may be said that the

yellowest bloom at present known is the creamy Clara Curtis.

A novelty in the form of a striped flower was offered in the year 1837 by Mr. James Carter, and in the year 1860 there appeared the first bloom of the choice picotee-edged varieties which are so popular today. The latter was raised by Major Trevor Clarke. It was a fine white flower with an edging of blue, and Major Clarke scored a double triumph, for his new flower was also the first sweet pea with blue coloring.

The greatest revolution in the history of the sweet pea, however, was inaugurated on July 25, 1901, when, at the National Sweet Pea society's first exhibition, held in the old Royal Aquarium, London, Mr. Silas Cole, Earl Spencer's gardener at Althorp park, displayed the famous Countess Spencer, a beautiful pink variety with a wavy instead of the conventional smooth standard. The loveliness of the new form won the hearts of all growers at once and during the last ten years so great has been the increase of wavy or frilled varieties after the Spencer type that the latter now rules the sweet pea world.

Some hybridists are engaged particularly at present in adding to the list of marbled varieties, of which the blue-veined Helen Pierce is so choice an example, and it is possible that much more effort may be expended in future in the attempt to produce flowers with a striking and delicate venation.

Just a few figures in conclusion, showing not the least striking phase of the romance of the sweet pea. The Sicilian monk's ponderously named plant has become about 500 different varieties grouped into 21 classes, according to color. Over the culture of these flowers a national society numbering 938 members and embracing 101 affiliated societies watches.

SPEECHLESS FOR THANKS

Arkansas Lady Cannot Say Enough In Praise of Cardui, Which Did Her a World of Good.

Mena, Ark.—"I find Cardui to be all you represent," writes Mrs. H. B. York, of this city. "I suffered for nearly two years, before I tried your remedy. I have been so relieved since taking Cardui. I cannot say enough in its praise. It has done me a world of good, and I recommend Cardui to all women."

Similar letters come to us every day, from all over the country, telling the same story of benefit obtained from Cardui, the woman's tonic.

This great remedy is over 50 years old, and is more in demand today than ever. Cardui has stood the test of time. It is the standard, tonic medicine, for women of every age.

The first thought, in female ailments.

Would you like to be well and strong again? Then take Cardui. It can't possibly harm you, and its record indicates that it ought to help you.

Have you poor health? Cardui has assisted thousands of women to glowing good health.

Do you lack strength? Cardui is a strength-building tonic for women.

Over a million women have benefited by its use. Can you think of any good reason why you should not try it?

Ask your druggist. He knows.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper on request.

Completely Pauperized. Albert W. Heberd, New York's charity expert, said at a recent dinner:

"The great danger of charity is its pauperizing effect. This effect must be avoided, or the recipients will all become Jack Hanches.

"Jack Hanch, on the score of bad health, never worked, and the pastor of the Methodist church, a man whose heart sometimes outran his head, sent the idler and his family weekly gifts of food and clothing—supported the whole crew, in fact.

"A church visitor, after listening to Jack's complaints one day, said:

"Yes, of course, you have had bad health, we know that; but one thing at least you ought to be thankful for, and that is our pastor's kindness in sending you all this bread and meat and jelly and blankets, and so on. Don't you think it is good of him to look after you so well?"

"Good of him?" said Jack, impatiently. "Why, what's he for?"

Deadlock. "Who is that man who has been sitting behind the bar day after day?" inquired the stranger, in Crimmon Gulch.

"That's Stage Coach Charley. He's in a peculiar predicament. He went to town last week and got his teeth fixed. Then he came here, and, bein' broke, ran up a bill on the strength of his seven dollars' worth of gold fillin'. Charley won't submit to havin' the nuggets pried out an' the proprietor won't let him git away with the collateral, and there you are!

A Perennial Mystery. Average Man—These Sunday papers just make me sick! Nothing in them but commonplace personal items about a lot of nobodies no one ever heard of.

Friend—I saw a little mention of you in the Sunday Gammon.

Average Man (half an hour later, to messenger boy)—Here, rush around to the Gammon office and get me forty copies of the Sunday edition.

Her Tribute. Randall—How did you like the military parade, Ida?

Miss Rogers—Glorious! I never saw enouga men in all my life before.—Harper's Bazar.

WISE WORDS. A Physician on Food.

A physician, of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."