

MEMORY BAD MIND GOING

But Mrs. Perry of Rolita, Built Up
Her Shattered Nervous System
By Taking Cardui.

Rolita, Tenn.—"I suffered with sick headache for three years," says Mrs. Lizzy Perry, in a letter from this place. "I was so nervous at times, I could hardly bear it.

I had the blues, and everybody thought I was losing my mind. My memory was bad. I had pains in my side, and I was hardly able to go.

I would have been in my grave if I had not taken Cardui. Now I am stronger than I ever was before, and I feel like a new person.

I am thankful for what Cardui has done for me. I wish all women who suffer would take Cardui, and be happy and healthy."

Cardui's success in benefiting and curing sick and ailing women, is due to the fact that it is a building tonic for the nerves, as well as for the physical system.

Being composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, which act gently and sympathetically in a natural way, it does its work safely, reliably, and without bad after effects.

Fifty years of success prove these facts. Isn't it reasonable to believe that Cardui will help you? Ask your druggist.

It is certainly worth trying.

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.

Rotten Cigarette Paper.
Much cigarette paper is made from waste untarred hemp rope.

FOR HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPUDINE
Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capudine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50 cents at drug stores.

Nothing under the sun has done more to help the fool killer earn his salary than inordinate self-conceit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Life is a stage play; it matters not how long we act, so long as we act well.—Bacon.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 15 DAYS
Your druggist will return money if PINKETMENT fails to cure any case of itching, burning, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 15 days. 50c.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Franklin.

Taking Garfield Tea keeps the system clean, the blood pure and the general health good. Buy from your druggist.

Even a little trial is a big one if you have no others.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drug out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE
Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble.

Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Folwell Adds Local Color

By M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Gerald Folwell came to a realization of the fact, presently, that his hosts were making game of him. It was a novel sensation. In college he had been so popular because of his athletic prowess that they had not "ragged" him. Perhaps an additional reason for his immunity was his known cleverness with his fists.

Since taking up his profession, engineering, he had shown the ability to get along with people and to command respect. And yet here, up in the Michigan jackpine wilderness, a couple of pseudo-woodsmen were trying to put something over on him! And trying it, furthermore, in the presence of as pretty a girl as one might wish to see.

The supper table in the log cabin was enlivened by covert allusions to his stiff hat, starched shirt and other evidences of a too-effeminate civilization. The boundless presumption of the genus tenderfoot was also a subject for much discussion.

Folwell did not mind it, at first. "Boys will be boys," he said to himself, tolerantly, though the "boys" were as old as himself and one was bigger. So he chatted with the pretty girl and calmly ignored the young men.

The joking became more personal and offensive. He noted that the inhospitality of her friends was becoming embarrassing to the girl. A glint appeared in Folwell's eye. That meant trouble.

When the meal was finished the engineer strolled out of the cabin. Darkness had settled over the lonely landscape. The snow was more than knee-deep and a storm was setting in—a grim, determined sort of storm more appropriate to December than early March. The wind was searchingly cold.

After a moment's hesitation Folwell plunged through the drifts to another cabin a short distance away—a squat log house with a single window.



Folwell Dominated the Scene.

through which a light shone. He knocked and entered. Sam, the teamster, who had driven him from Princeville, rose to greet him.

"Sam," said Folwell, when the teamster was puffing appreciatively at one of his cigars, "I didn't come over here exactly to pass the time of day. I wanted to ask a few questions. How does this look to you?" "This" was a dollar bill.

"Looks good," grinned Samuel. "Well, then, what sort of a game have you put me up against? You agreed to drive me to Rocky Creek. Instead, you head over here, claiming your harness is broken. And two chaps, fresh as paint, try to give me third degree. What's the joke, anyway?"

"Aw, you'll get to Rocky Creek, all right," replied Sam. He grinned again uncomfortably. "And you'll get a better bed here than you would over there. The creek's only a couple of hours away. You won't get mad if I tell you?"

"That depends. Anyway, you'll get your dollar."

Sam smoothed his scraggly mustache, cleared his throat and began: "This place, an' most o' the county so far as that goes, belongs to old Tommy Slade. He has a lumberjack and a timber cruiser. We've had some high old times together, for Tommy was one of the boys. But he saved his money an' bought cheap pine lands. He held 'em till the prices went up, an' so he's a millionaire.

"He lives in New York, but he built these cabins an' comes back every winter; can't forget the smell o' spruce. Brings his family, too."

"Where is he now?"

"Drove over to Rocky Creek with his wife; he back after a while. "The girl in there is their daughter, Grace. She stays with them in the big shanty on the knoll back there. The yellow-haired lad is old Tommy's son, young Tommy. His friend, the big chap, is a play actor from New York. Name's Vance Courtland; ever hear o' him?"

"Yes, I thought I'd seen him before. He plays in western dramas."

"That's him," nodded Sam. "Well, young Tommy is a-writing a play for him. They coll—coll—"

"Collaborating?"

"That's it. The house where you

ate supper is their study-o. They eat an' sleep an' write an' box there."

"Box, you say? Have they gloves?" "Sure. An' tramp through the woods loaded with deadly weepins, like Davy Crockett. But they don't shoot anything. Never saw a man who wouldn't wear suspenders that could hit an acre o' pine stumps.

"Here's where I come in. This play they're writin' is a backwoods dramer, an' they need what they call 'local color.' Whenever I pick up a likely-lookin' chap goin' from Princeville to Rocky Creek, my harness breaks and I tote him up here. They feed him an' lodge him an' get him mad so's he'll talk stuff they can put in their play."

"I get two dollars a head for each one. An' I've brought em' some birds. A couple o' lumberjacks started to rough-house one night, but a little money fixed 'em."

"The girl don't like the way they act. She says it's abusing the name of hospitality. That keeps them in bounds a little, for Courtland wants to marry her. But I don't believe she cares a cent for him. Old Tommy, he just laughs and tells them to go ahead. He says they'll get theirs yet."

Folwell rose. "Here's your dollar, Sam." The glint in his eye was more pronounced. He was smiling a pleased sort of smile.

"Much obliged," said the teamster, pocketing the bill. Then he looked curiously at Folwell. "Say, what you going to do?"

"I'm going to give them—theirs."

In less than fifteen minutes young Slade was eagerly proposing that the traveler put on the gloves with him. He believed it was his own suggestion entirely; but Folwell, accustomed to leading timid and close-fisted capital into costly engineering projects, had really goaded him to the challenge. Courtland, the vain and handsome, was also blinded by his cleverness; but in the eyes of Miss Slade, as he was pulling on the gloves, Folwell caught a look of amused comprehension.

Tommy Slade would never have made his mark in the ring. He was game as a pebble, but too impetuous. He tried to rush Folwell after several smart raps had brought the tears to his eyes. One particularly angry and incautious charge the engineer sidestepped. At the same moment he accelerated Tommy's speed with a swing behind the ear.

As a result, the millionaire's son crashed into the log wall, head down, and dropped in a heap. He was up in an instant, but too dizzy to see. By common consent the bout was terminated. Courtland, doubtless eager to show his prowess before the girl he loved, donned the gloves which Tommy wearily relinquished.

The actor had reach and strength; but cigarettes had weakened his endurance and he lacked the engineer's science. So Folwell, his gray eyes emitting sparks, battered him with a right good will. The door swung open on the climax.

Old Tommy Slade, smiling quizzically, and Sam, a-grin through his mustache, noted Tommy nursing a bump on his head as big as an egg; Courtland, sitting dazed against the wall where he had fallen, his aristocratic nose bleeding and his right eye swollen shut; Folwell, gloved hands on hips, dominating the scene from the center of the floor; and Grace curled up in a big chair, gazing spellbound at the victor.

"This ought to make the big act for that play," murmured old Tommy, with an edge in his gentle tones that made his son writhe and Courtland bite his lips. "I thought you bucks'd flirt with the jam till somebody got a bruise."

He turned to Folwell. "You the chap that's goin' to put a power dam across Rocky Creek?"

"If I can get the capital," said the engineer, unlacing the gloves.

Old Tommy's glance rasped over the crestfallen collaborators again. "You'll get it, all right—if you argue like you fight. By cracky, this makes me think I'll back you myself! Come over to the house. We'll talk it over."

The storm had increased and the wind bit the perspiring Folwell to the bone. But he seemed to float over the drifts instead of plowing through them, for Grace Slade was beside him, her hand nestling confidently into the crook of his arm. And he dared to hope that her heart kept time to the mad, sweet dance of his own.

Newsletters in Japan.
More than eighteen hundred newspapers and magazines are printed in Japan. Every town of more than 10,000 has one newspaper and usually more. The leading Tokyo daily claims a circulation of 180,000 copies; the Asahi and the Mainichi of Osaka claim a daily circulation of 250,000. The press of Japan is as free as that of any other civilized country. No restraint is placed on the discussion of public affairs as long as there is no offense to public morals and no menace to public order.

Straw Headwear.
Headwear made of straw, was in use among the ancient Greeks, but straw hats as worn did not come into use in Europe until half a century ago.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER

By PASTOR RUSSELL
of Brooklyn Tabernacle

TEXT—It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.—Isaiah 11:2.

Our text has not yet been fulfilled, but we believe the beginning of its fulfillment to be near. It pictures Messiah's kingdom, for which Christian people have long been waiting and praying. "Thy kingdom come; they will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—the same kingdom for which the Jews so long waited and are still waiting. Our text relates not to the spiritual part of the kingdom, which the Gospel church is called to share, but to the earthly part of the kingdom, which belongs to the natural seed of Abraham. A great mistake has been made by many of us in the past, in that we have not discerned and acknowledged the two Israels, spiritual and natural, and the separate rewards and blessings apportioned to these by the Divine promises of the Scriptures. Both are to be used of God in fulfilling the promise made to Abraham—in blessing all the families of the earth.

After the completion of Messiah, Head and Members, on the plane of glory, the New Covenant will be inaugurated with Israel, as the Scriptures distinctly teach (Jeremiah xxxi. 31-34). Our text, therefore, waits for its accomplishment until the last member of the elect Church of Christ shall have passed beyond the vale.

In the symbolic language of the Scriptures a mountain is always symbolic of a kingdom. Hence the mountain of the Lord's house means the kingdom of God and that royal house or family recognized by him. For instance, we read that David sat upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord and that God made a covenant with him, "even the sure mercies of David"—viz., that none but his seed, his posterity, would ever be recognized as the Divinely appointed representatives of God in kingly authority and power. In other words, Messiah was to be the offspring of David, the great antitypical David (Beloved), who must "reign from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth."

The Messiah-King on the spirit plane, the Son of God (and like God invisible to men, as are also the angels), is the antitypical David and the antitypical Solomon, the wise, the great, the rich, in the days of his flesh our Lord was the Son of David according to the flesh, though begotten of a divine life not tainted by any human imperfection. He was, therefore, holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners. His faithfulness to the will of the Father made him subject to all of the experiences of suffering and death, as expressed in his own words, "The cup which my Father has poured for me, shall I refuse to drink it? His obedience unto death, even the death of the cross, demonstrating his loyalty to the last degree and he received the high reward appropriated. "Him hath God also highly exalted and given a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, both of things in heaven and of things in earth."

We have before our minds the antitypical house of David, Messiah's kingly household, the royal priesthood divinely prepared. As a kingdom it will be at the top, above all the kingdoms of earth. Not only will this be true of the spiritual kingdom (invisible to man as the angels are invisible), but it will include also an earthly kingdom, composed of "Israelites indeed." At their head as princes in all the earth will stand the resurrected Ancient Worthies, perfected as men and samples of all mankind, by obedience to the laws of the kingdom, may attain to, with eternal life. These Ancient Worthies are enumerated in the Scriptures—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the prophets, etc., and described by St. Paul in Hebrews 11:38-40. To these belong the earthly promises of the Old Testament. They never heard of the heavenly or spiritual promises. Their loyalty will find its reward in the fact that they will come forth from the tomb no longer blighted and imperfect, but fully, completely restored to the perfection originally enjoyed by father Adam. Additionally these will have the special guidance and instruction of Messiah (Head and members) in all the affairs of mankind. Thus as the Master said, speaking of that time, "Ye shall see Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the prophets in the kingdom (Luke 13:28.)"

God's kingdom will be represented in the earth by Isaac, especially by these saintly men of Israel, resurrected perfect, who will be the special appointees and representatives of the glorified Messiah's rule.

Humanity for 6,000 years has been learning "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," its downward tendency in every sense of the word.

As a consequence, the world is losing confidence in itself. All, whether politicians or judges or governors, great or small, or one party or another, of one nationality or another—all are accused of being tarred with the same stick of selfishness. The Bible clearly indicates that this distrust is not without reason, and that the great time of trouble to come upon every nation (Daniel 12:1) will be the direct result of this loss of confidence

Hood's Sarsaparilla

For
All Spring Blood Diseases
and Ailments

Possesses medicinal merit Peculiar to Itself and has an unequalled record of cures. Take it this spring, in usual liquid form or tablets known as Sarsatabs.

Spring Humors are due to the impure, impoverished, devitalized condition of the blood brought about by the unhealthful modes of living during the winter, too close confinement, too little outdoor air and exercise, too heavy diet. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for cleansing the blood and expelling the humors that accumulate during the winter. It effects its wonderful cures because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients. Insist on having Hood's. It has no substitute.

SUNSHINE AND GOOD HEALTH

Wherever Sun's Rays Penetrate Human Life Is Quickened and Health and Happiness Promoted.

The sunlight, with its mellowing warmth and radiance, is one of the great essentials to good health. Wherever it penetrates, in prudently regulated moderation, it quickens human life, promotes health and happiness, and may be truly regarded as one of the best friends of man and beast. The common practice of providing blinds, shutters, curtains and other means for shrouding the windows and shutting out the sunshine, is undoubtedly a great mistake, and makes for physical weakness and ill health. More window light, more sunshine, and not less, is what we require. Let all your apartments, kitchen, sitting rooms, parlors and bedrooms, too, be flooded with sunlight as much as possible.

CURE THAT SORE THROAT
Sore throat is inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, and if this membrane happens to be at all sensitive a predisposition to sore throat will exist.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is both a preventative and a cure for sore throat because it possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities. Just a little in a glass of water, used as a gargle, will quickly relieve all soreness and strengthen the mucous membrane of the throat, and thus overcome all tendency to sore throat.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics or Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine may be obtained at any drug store, 25 and 50c a box, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

Barmaldis in South Australia.
South Australia is suffering from a barmaldis famine. Two years ago barmaldis were abolished in that state by act of parliament. No more could be legally engaged, but those already employed could remain on condition that they register themselves.

There are now only 400 of them left, and the competition for their services is such that their wages have jumped from 25 shillings to £3 a week. The hotels that have had to employ barmen report a considerable change for the worse in their receipts.

Bold Scribe.
"Ho, hum!" ejaculated honest Farmer Hornbeak, who had encountered in the village newspaper an example of the perversity which the linotype sometimes displays. The editor of the Plaindealer ain't afraid to speak his mind. He comes right out and says: "In our opinion the Hon. Thomas Rott has lyddaeonkzoussotttptpn mnnwv trahahaha hawzv zens-kibby." And, by jolly! he says it as if he meant it, too!"—Puck.

Where Surgery Falls Short.
"Surgery," said Simeon Ford at a dinner in New York, "accomplishes wonders nowadays. Hearts are sewed up; the appendix removed; the large intestine is done away with. But—"

"The noted humorist smiled. "But will the time ever come when surgery will be able to remove the cheek of a young man or the jaw of an old woman?"—New York Sun.

A FOOD STORY
Makes a Woman of 70 One in 10,000."

The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is 70 years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts:

"Many years ago I had a terrible fall which permanently injured my stomach. For years I lived on a preparation of corn starch and milk, but it grew so repugnant to me that I had to give it up. Then I tried, one after another, a dozen different kinds of cereals, but the process of digestion gave me great pain.

"It was not until I began to use Grape-Nuts food three years ago that I found relief. It has proved, with the dear Lord's blessing, a great boon to me. It brought me health and vigor such as I never expected to again enjoy, and in gratitude I never fail to sound its praises." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason."
Look for it in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," to be found in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"Cured Neuralgia Pain"



"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a neuralgia pain in my arm for five years, and I used your Liniment for one week and was completely cured. I recommend your Liniment very highly."—Mrs. J. McGraw, 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La.

Cured Quinsy Sore Throat

MR. HENRY L. CAULK, of 1242 Wilson St., Wilmington, Del., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for the quinsy sore throat and it cured me. I shall always keep a bottle in the house."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

gives instant relief from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, tonsillitis, hoarseness and chest pains.

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.

Hunt's Cure

Is GUARANTEED to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50¢ your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured only by A. G. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, cure sick headache. Unequaled as an ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE. Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

XANTHINE FOR THE HAIR

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color, removes dandruff and scalp itching, invigorates and prevents the hair from falling out. For Sale by Druggists, or Sent Direct by XANTHINE CO., Richmond, Virginia. Price 5¢ Per Bottle. Sample Bottle 1¢. Send for Circular.

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never sticks to the iron.

WOOD'S HIGH-GRADE Farm Seeds.

We are headquarters for the best in all Farm seeds. Grass and Clover Seeds, Seed Corn, Cotton Seed, Cow Peas, Soja Beans, Sorghums, Kaffir Corn, Millet Seed, Peanuts, etc.

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