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Soap to cleanse the skin, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal, and mild doses of Cuticura Pills to cool the blood. A single Set, costing but One Dollar often cures.

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Gas Light for Country Homes.

Small country homes, as well as large ones, may be lighted by the best light known—ACETYLENE GAS—it is easier on the eyes than any other illuminant, cheaper than kerosene, as convenient as city gas, brighter than electricity and safer than any.

No ill-smelling lamps to clean, and no chimneys or mantels to break. For light cooking it is convenient and cheap.

ACETYLENE is made in the basement and piped to all rooms and out-buildings. Complete plant costs no more than a hot air furnace.



PILOT Automatic Generators make the gas. They are perfect in construction, reliable, safe and simple.

Our booklet, "After Sunset," tells more about ACETYLENE—sent free on request.

Dealers or others interested in the sale of ACETYLENE apparatus write us for selling plan on PILOT Generators and supplies—it is a paying proposition for reliable workers.

Acetylene Apparatus Mfg. Co., 157 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Boys

Where are they?—the friends of my childhood unchained—
The clear, laughing eyes looking back in my own.
And the warm, chubby fingers my palms have so wanted,
As when we raced over pink pastures of clover,
And mocked the quail's whirr and the bumble-bee's drone?

Have the breezes of time blown their blossoming faces
Forever adrift down the years that have flown?
Am I never to see them romp back to their places,
Where over the meadow in sunshine and shadow,
The meadow larks trill, and the bumble-bee's drone?

Where are they? Ah, dim in the dust lies the clover;
The whippoorwill's call has a sorrowful tone,
And the dove's—I have wept at it over and over—
I want the glad luster of youth, and the cluster
Of faces asleep where the bumble-bee's drone.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF MR. CORELLE

BY DAVID CARROLL GALE
(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Mr. Corelle was sitting beside the stove when his wife returned from the village. He looked up in amazement as she entered the room with a large bundle in her arms.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It's a bonnet," she replied, nervously. "I've brought it home to see how you like it."

He continued to stare at her.

"Mine's pretty old, you know. I just can't remember how many years I've had it."

"Well, I guess it'll have to go another year," he muttered, doggedly. "Buyin' that reaper took all the spare money I've got; we'll be lucky if we get what groceries we want, say nothin' 'bout bonnets. What's the matter with the old one?"

"It looks so shabby I'm ashamed to wear it," she said, sadly. "There ain't a woman in around but what's got a better one. I wouldn't mind it, though, if I thought you couldn't afford to buy one. Don't you think you can spare the money—only two dollars?"

Mr. Corelle hesitated.

"There ain't much work to do to-day. I shan't have to neglect anything," she continued.

"Yes, I s'pose you can go, if you want to," he said, "provided you don't buy anything."

"I ain't a-goin' for that," she replied. "I jest thought I'd like to go, that's all."

When they reached Manbrook, Mr. Corelle went to attend to some business, leaving his wife at one of the stores. No sooner had he departed than she drew her old faded shawl over her head and hurried out on the street.



"Was you beggin'?" he asked in a low tone.

street. She walked timidly until she came to a corner not far away, then she pulled a dingy tin cup from her pocket.

"It don't seem as if I could ever do it," she said, brokenly, "but prob'ly I can if I set my mind to it."

She saw a man coming up the street, so she braced herself for the primal effort. As he passed, she held out a trembling hand. He scarcely looked at her, but he dropped a nickel into her cup. She started nervously as it struck the tin.

Before she could recover from the shock a lady stepped up and slipped a quarter into her hand. Mrs. Corelle turned to gaze at her benefactor, wondering. She was so thankful that they did not stop to look at her. As it was, she felt like hiding her face in shame. While her eyes were still following the retreating form, she heard her husband's voice beside her.

"What in the world are you doin' here?" he ejaculated.

"It's the only way I could get any money," she cried, passionately.

"Was you beggin'?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes, I was. I thought I'd rather do that than go without everything I want. I didn't think 'twould be so hard, though." And Mrs. Corelle buried her face in her shawl.

"Come," he said, sternly, "don't you stay here another minute."

Meekly, she obeyed him, and a little later they started on their homeward way. For some time they rode in silence. At last he turned toward her, and his face shone with a new light.

"Give me that money," he commanded. "You ain't a-goin' to buy nothin' with that."

She handed it to him obediently, and he threw it out beside the road. Then he spoke again and beamed at her through his tears.

"You can have the new bonnet," he stammered, "an' I'll have some new furniture, an' the house fixed up, too. I'm going to have you have what you want after this."

"Two dollars is a mighty lot when anybody's as short as I am. 'Tain't no use to talk about it; you'll have to send it back."

"Seems as though I'd worked hard enough to deserve a new one," faltered Mrs. Corelle.

"I don't say you ain't," replied her husband. "We can't disagree on that. I guess you've got something in return, though. Don't I give you a good

Mrs. Corelle was silent. She glanced about her at the cold, bare walls, and fell to thinking of other days. Thirty years had passed since Ophir Corelle had brought his bride to that farmhouse. It was far from new then, and Mr. Corelle had never wasted any money on paint or wall paper. The furniture, also, was worn and battered beyond respectability. The master of the house gave no thought to such things; the desire of his heart was to swell the competence which had been steadily accumulating month by month.

His wife had been a most industrious helper. Each day found her in her accustomed place—never had she known what it was to have a vacation. Her form had become bent and twisted; her face was prematurely drawn and wrinkled. In return for all this drudgery and sacrifice she received what she wanted to eat and a roof to cover her head.

Perhaps she never had seen the injustice of it all as she did that day. At least, it was the first time she had thought seriously of opposing her husband. That afternoon, as she sat brooding over his refusal, there was a rebellious fire in her eyes.

"I'll have that bonnet," she said to herself, "if there's any way under heaven to get it."

All that evening, she thought about it. She conceived innumerable plans, only to cast them aside as impractical.



"What's that?"

able. At last her eyes lighted up with determination.

"Do it," she said under her breath. "I hate to try it, but I can't think of no other way."

The following morning Mr. Corelle rose from the breakfast table, and was about to pass out of the room, when his wife asked:

"Are you goin' to Manbrook to-day?"

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Can I go with you? Then I can stop on the way an' leave that bonnet."

THE TURN OF LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate their Experience.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.



Mrs. A. E. G. Hyland

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquisitiveness, and lizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

These symptoms are all just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance and the cry should be heeded in time.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried thousands of women safely through this crisis.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge.

"I wrote you for advice and commented treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you directed, and I am happy to say that all those distressing symptoms left me and I have passed safely through the Change of Life, a well woman. I am recommending your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. Annie E. G. Hyland, Chestertown, Md.

When they reached Manbrook, Mr. Corelle went to attend to some business, leaving his wife at one of the stores. No sooner had he departed than she drew her old faded shawl over her head and hurried out on the street.

Another Woman's Case.

"During change of life words cannot express what I suffered. My physician said I had a cancerous condition of the womb. One day I read some of the testimonials of women who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it and to write you for advice. Your medicine made me a well woman, and all my bad symptoms soon disappeared."

"I advise every woman at this period of life to take your medicine and write you for advice."—Mrs. Lizzie Hinkle, Salem, Ind.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Hyland and Mrs. Hinkle it will do for any woman at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that utterly baffled physicians.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

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BAKING POWDER



is the wonderful raising powder of the Wave Circle. Thousands of women are bringing greater health and better food into their homes by using KC Baking Powder. Don't accept a substitute! Use the safe, wholesome and reliable KC Baking Powder. If you have never used it you don't know what you've missed.

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We couldn't moneyback tea, if our tea weren't better than tea as you know it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Billville Proverb.

"Keep your eyes wide open on the life road," says a Billville philosopher. "I have seen the lion lie down with the lamb, but the lion was blind, had lost all his teeth, and had rheumatism in his paws!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TEA

Schilling's Best is not extravagant.

Schilling's Best: Economical.

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Celebrated English Cavern. Bagshaw-Cavern, two miles long, is situated in the vicinity of romantic scenery at Bradwell, Derbyshire, Eng.

TEA

There is comfort in tea, good tea; there is little in poor.

Try good.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Boy Ends His Life.

Because he did not want to chop some stove wood for his mother, Walter St. Clair, of San Francisco, age 11, went to the cellar and hanged himself.

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Unfortunates of both sexes, who are suffering from Private Diseases—whether caused by ignorance, excess or contagion—have always been looked upon as legitimate prey by the Shark and Charlatans who pose as "Reformers" and rub the sufferers for worthless treatments. DRUG STORES DO NOT ASK YOU TO PAY THEM ONE DOLLAR UNTIL CURED—UNLESS YOU WISH TO YOURSELF.

DR. SHORES KNOWS THEY CAN CURE AND DO CURE PRIVATE DISEASES IN BOTH SEXES PERMANENTLY, and to PROVE their skill in this class of ailments, they treat and cure such cases before the patient is required to pay Dr. Shores one dollar. Or those who prefer, may pay the fee in small weekly or monthly installments as the cure progresses. THIS SURE PLAN OF DEALING WITH THE AFFLICTED, shows a death blow to the Quack and Fakir who demands all Cash in exchange for empty promises. Did you ever hear of a Fakir returning a penny to a duped patient? Take no chances—you cannot lose your money if you don't pay it first. Nine-tenths of so-called "WEAKNESSES OF MEN" are simply the result of enlarged or inflamed PROSTATE GLAND—Dr. Shores' new LOCAL TREATMENT for such cases, IN FEARFULLY CURABLE—ask other Doctors how many cases they cure under the old and useless plan of treatment for this trouble. We cure LUMBAGO, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, GONORRHOEA, SYPHILIS, VARICOLE and kindred troubles. In less time and for less money, than any institution in the west, every case is confidential—we never use a name or betray a secret. Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE by mail or at the office.

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We drink it for drink; for the taste, for the after glow: a good deal of taste and long-time glow for the money.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

That is, if He is Married. That man may safely venture on his way who is so guided that he cannot stray.—Walter Scott.

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Easy Way to Acquire Health. Deep breathing practised as a regular exercise, is the cheapest and surest road to perfect health.

TEA

When we take the risk of your liking our tea, the least you can do is to try it.

In every package of Schilling's Best Tea is a booklet: How to Make Good Tea.

Kills Himself for Pipe.

When Richard Mormongus entered his apartments on the fourth floor of the Rue Popincourt, Paris, he found that his landlady had broken his pipe. He at once committed suicide by leaping from a window.

I am sure Piao's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

Moths Damage German Dairies. In Germany a great deal of damage has been reported, lately from the large moths which infest dairies and live on butter and milk.

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