LITERATURE

THE PRISONED PUPIL.

She kept him aftur skool when awl the burds
Were singen swetely in the woods an wurds
Kood not deskribe his sufferens, the air
Was full uv blossums the urth was fare
Ecksept to himn, becaws he did not no
His jogafy she wood not let him go
An' when he hurd us cloas the dore the teers
Rolld down his cheeks an' he livd menny yeers
In just a singul owr. it was like sum
Old torchure ur sum krewel marturdum.

How kool he study when he noo that we
Were goen gayly homeward glad an' free
Wile he was kept a prizzuner becaws
He did not no ware venus zweela was.
An when he thot uv how weere an too go
In swimmen aftur skool his greef an wo
Was almoast moar than he kood bare an yet
She sturnly kept him thare an wood not let
Him leev his seet altho he felt he must
An so she bowd his spearut in the dust.

An aftur wile when its too lait to play
She lookt at him in sutch a skornful way
Az tho he was a krimininle an sed
He mite go home. his prowd an hotty hed
Was bent with greef an he went sloly owt
The skoolroom dore an then lookt awl abowt
Az tho relecst frum prizzen an the brand
Uv sin on him was moar than he kood stand.
An he went sloly homeward bown with shaim
O liburty the krimes dun in thi naim.

By J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

THE HEADLIGHT.

The Mind's own realms are highways of the Soul,
Illumined by the Headlight from the Will;
The boundries of the vast expanse, the goal,
Lie shadowed in the mist that hovers still.

Thoughts flash across the broad, unmeasured tract,
To photograph the circle or its arc,
Yet fail to get location or the fact,
Because the Headlight lingers in the dark.

The Brain's domain, the empire man must know,
Enlarges ever as the spheres revolve,
While beckoning thought-waves wider seem to grow,
Commanding will to ever new resolve.

Exacting mandates of eternal force
Compel adherence to the light that gleams
And guide all progress in the spiral course;
No earth-life slumbers though the old globe dreams.

J. P. May, Milford, Utah.

NOTES

Mr. Sherard, an English literary man and a great-grandson of the poet Wordsworth, tells the following interesting story: "There used to be at Rydal Mount a large oaken chest which was filled with manuscripts sent to Wordsworth by strangers for his opinion. My mother told me that there was once a poet who kept writing to her grandfather, claiming some manuscript which he said he had sent to him, but which the old gentleman said he knew nothing about. One day after a very urgent letter from this man my mother, who was then a very little girl, went to the oak chest, selected the fattest manuscript she could find and sent it to the man, inclosing half a crown, which she extracted from her money box and wrote, 'Grandpa Wordsworth cannot find your manuscript and does not remember ever to have received it, but I send you a very fine poem, which will perhaps do as well, and I also send you hlaf a crown of my own money, so I hope you will be satisfied and that you will not send grandpa any more letters, as he is an old man and they worry him.'"

* * *

Harper & Brothers have just published "The Image of Eve," a novel by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; "The Great English Essayists" in the "Reader's Library," edited by Coningsby W. and William J. Dawson, and "Equal Suffrage in Colorado," the report of an investigation made for the Collegiate Suffrage league of New York state by Helen H. Sumner, Ph.D.

* * *

Frederick A. Stokes company have just published an attractive little book, "Lincoln's Legacy of Inspiration," by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill. The chapters composing the book were published in several Metropolitan papers at the time of the Lincoln Centenary and attracted much favorable attention. Mr. Hill holds that Mr. Lincoln was not a genius, but his great work is due rather to an unswerving moral integrity than to intellectual brilliance. Thus his life is richly inspiring to the average man. Mr. Hill is a prominent New York lawyer, and is the author of several successful books, including "Lincoln the Lawyer."

* * *

"Eve" seems to be a favorite name for novelists to conjure with. "The Image of Eve," the name chosen for Margaret Sutton Briscoe's new novel, which the Harpers are publishing, recalls the title of May Sinclair's recent story, "The Judgment of Eve"—and there are still people who remember the name best as that of the heroine in Katherine Cecil Thurston's unforgettable "The Masquerader." There are numerous other instances in the current short-story class that prove the attraction of the name Eve, especially, it seems, to women writers.

* * *

Forthcoming volumes to be published in Harper's "Library of Living Thought" are "Paul and Jesus," by Professor Johannes Weiss; "Revelation and Inspiration," by Professor Reinhold Seeberg; and "Christianity and the New Idealism: A Study in the Religious Philosophy of Today," by Professor Rudolf Eucken. Professor Weiss's volume, "Paul and Jesus?" should not be confused with a former one in this same series, "Jesus or Paul?" which was written by Professor Meyer of Zyrich. The devotion of more than one volume in a series to this same subject further attests the growing importance of the Pauline controversy in religious discussions of the day.

* * *

The printing by the late General Wallace's publishers, the Harpers, of a new edition of his classic story for young people, "The Boyhood of Christ," calls to mind that no one has been able to describe the spirit of this narrative half so well as did the author. "Should one ask of another, or wonder to himself, why I," wrote the general, "who am neither minister of the gospel, nor theologian, nor churchman, have presumed to write this book, it pleases me to answer him respectfully—I wrote it to fix an impression distinctly in my mind. Asks he for the impression thus sought to be fixed in my mind, then I would be twice happy did he content himself with this other answer—the Jesus Christ in whom I believe was, in all the stages of his life, a human being. His divinity was the spirit within him, and the spirit was God."

* * *

Gertrude Smith, author of the new Roggie and Reggie story for tiny tots, "When Roggie and Reggie Were Five," published by the Harpers, is a native Californian, although most of her life has been spent in the east. She was born in Coloma, El Dorado county, where the first gold in California was discovered, and whither her father, Rev. William Nelson Smith, had gone to the coast as a Forty-niner, afterward leaving the search for gold to become a clergyman. It should concern the babies, who always demand to know if book children are "real," that Roggie and Reggie are copies of beautiful little twin boys whom Miss Smith discovered in Boston, and got some friends in Florida to adopt. As a compliment to the discoverer, the new parents called upon Miss Smith to choose the twins' names, whereupon they were rechristened Roger and Reginald.

* * *

Eleanor M. Ingram, the author of the latest "Zenda" romance to make a hit, "The Game and the Candle," is an enthusiastic motorist. So are her brothers. To them she owes the inner knowledge of motor-racing, track-gossip and affairs, which enables her to write those motor stories from the racing driver's point of view which she has been doing for the magazines. Not once, but many times, she has sat in the car and watched the dawn brighten across the different race courses, after an all-night vigil, watched, sometimes, with nerves spent and quivering from the horror of accidents witnessed. It appears that this is the candle for that game: that one pays really for realism.

* * *

Harold McGrath is at Malta on his leisurely way around the world. The Goose Girl is proving his most successful book. Three companies are playing The Man on the Box.

* * *

A number of the stories of Eleanor M. Ingram, author of that engaging romance, The Game and the Candle, have been translated into Danish by Madame Alli Zangenburg of Copenhagen.

* * *

Rudyard Kipling has a great admiration for the French artist, Andre Castaigne, who illustrated his Puck of Pook's Hill. Monsieur Castaigne having now turned novelist, Mr. Kipling waxes enthusiastic over his vaudeville story, "The Bill-Toppers," says he, "opened a new and fascinating world to me."

* * *

Mr. Howells defends George Eliot, in his Easy Chair in the December Harper's, from what he charitably interprets as a hasty remark of the late George Meredith's. Meredith is said to have said, "George Eliot had the heart of a Sappho, but the face, with its long proboscis, and the protruding teeth, as of the apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality." To this aspersion Mr. Howells makes the following reply: "The only question for any one to ask himself concerning such criticism as the saying implies is whether the cruel charge of animality is at all founded. What proof of it is there in the woman's books: in Scenes of Clerical Life, in Adam Bede, in The Mill on the Floss, in Felix Holt, in Romola, in Middlemarch, in Daniel Deronda? None whatever, we say, unless it is animality to deal sorrowfully and sanatively with men's and women's untruth to themselves and one another in that relation in which they are finally most men and women. So far as aseptic handling goes, the temptations and seductions and adulteries which get into fiction from life, in her novels are surgically clean. Not one salacious suggestion, not one impure touch, not one sensual lure, not one gross work or low thought taints her stories from first to last. If they err, it is on the side of a tragic ideal of sin as always self-punished, for sin is sometimes rather amused with itself and not finally dissatisfied to be so. Above all other English novelists she moralized her theme, if she did not stoop to truth but rather aspired to it, with a devotion not surpassed even by Tolstoy's. It is not merely cruel then, to speak of her animality, but from any proof of it in her books, any hint even, the long proboscis and the protruding teeth to the contrary notwithstanding, it is false."

* * *

Harper's Magazine will be 60 years old in June, 1910, and with the forthcoming Christmas number it begins its one hundred and twentieth volume. To look back over the rich numbers of this veteran periodical is to review the material for a liberal education. Every distinguished and representative author has enriched its pages with his or her work for over a half century.

BOOKS

"Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," by Mark Twain. A worthy example of Mark Twain's best humor. Written in the first person, it pretends to be Capt. Stormfield's own account of his celestial journey, taken from his manuscript. It seems that the captain had been 30 years dead and whirling through space when he made the visit to heaven. In vain he tries to tell the "clerk" at heaven's gate where he comes from—San Francisco, California, the United States, America; no one has ever heard of them. Finally he has an idea:

"'I'm just from the world,' says the captain. The clerk brightens.

"'What world?' he says.

Says I, 'Why, the world, of course.'

"'The world!' he says. 'H'm! there's billions of them! Next!'"

But by using a microscope in the air for several days, a scout discovers the world.

"'Oh, I know the one he means now, sir. It is on the map. It is called the Wart.'"

And the captains adds, "Says I to myself, 'Young man, it wouldn't be wholesome for you to go down there and call it The Wart.'"

The captains makes preposterous discoveries. Of heaven as he finds it he declares: "It's the sensiblest heaven I've ever heard of yet."

The whole thing is just a rollicking fabrication from beginning to end, but there are wholesome suggestions in it for scores of people whose ideas of the hereafter are based on etherial vagaries.

* * *

American through and through is O. Henry. In the eyes of some critics he is America's prime short-story writer. On both sides of the water he has been called "The American Kipling." He is a delight if one knows him, a boon to discover a joy to recommend to one's friends. So far as we know, the man who does not like his stories has never yet been heard from.

There is a difference between "Options," is last book, and previous ones by O. Henry. The stories in "Options" represent only the best stories that the author has written during the past two years. Two are prize stories. One called "Thimble, Thimble," brought thousands of letters to the editor of the magazine in which it was published. There is a "Lady or the Tiger?" quality in it, and people were anxious to know "which fellow got the watch." Another, called "Supply and Demand," won a New York Herald prize in the famous "contest by invitation," wherein 40 authors out of a chosen list of 200 were invited to contribute, 20 of whom responded. And the interesting part of this is that O. Henry hasn't much patience with prize contests, and had to be persuaded to submit the stories. They are all tales of today, packed with humor.—Harpers, Publishers.

MAGAZINES

Rudyard Kipling, Ambassador James Bryce, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Henry Mills Alden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Howard Pyle, Annie Trumbull Slosson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, are some of the contributors who make brilliant the December number of Harper's Magazine. Mark Twain writes a clever, keen "Fable"; Howard Pyle's contribution is a remarkable story, "The Salem Wolf," written in the style of an early New England chronicle, for the illustration of which Mr. Pyle made 11 paintings; Kipling has a strong story, "The Knife and the Naked Chalk", and Mr. Howell contributes a sympathetic sketch of a certain sort of woman known to ocean travelers. There is a delightful article—"A Hilltop in Paris"—by Bessie Dean Cooper, illustrated with beautiful etchings by White, and another on "The Water-Life Around Singapore," by William J. Aylward, a singular phase of oriental life which the author has illustrated with his own paintings and drawings. Professor Frederick Soddy, lecturer on physical chemistry and radioactivity in the University of Glasgow, writes a striking article on "The Energy of Radium," in which he shows the potential power of radium as an agent of force and Hon. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, writes charmingly of his reminiscences of Charles Darwin. William Gilmore Beymer contributes another of his thrilling accounts of an actual scout's adventures in the Civil war; and Charles H. Caffin writes of "The Art of Harold Speed," and English painter, which is illustrated with reproductions of the artist's works. In his "Easy Chair," Mr. Howells makes a spirited defence of George Eliot against a charge said to have been casually formulated by the late George Meredith. The number is sumptuously illustrated by Howard Pyle, Elizabeth Shippen Green, F. Walter Taylor, Howard E. Smith, C. H. White, S. M. Chase, John A. Williams, William J. Aylward, and Frank Craig.

* * *

Smith's Magazine for December, which is now on the news stands, offers an unusually good lot of stories. Anne O'Hagan's complete novel, "The Honor of the Family," presents several striking aspects of modern society in a most entertaining way; Holman F. Day contributes another of his diverting "Cap'n Sproul" stories, "The Meeting House That Went A-Rampaging," which is quite up to his standard of witty humor; and the installment of Howard Fielding's great mystery and detective serial, "The Great Conspirator," brings to light new and more intricate entanglements in the enthralling course of the story's events. Then there are four bright short stories: "Concerning Comfort," by Grace Margaret Gallaher; "Perseus and the Sulphur Matches," by Dorothy Canfield; "Some Letters and a Postscript," by Fannie Heaslip Lea; and "The Drift of Things," by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. Virginia Middleton, in some more entertaining chapters of "My Stage Career," throws a new light on the methods of modern theatrical managers; and Robert Haggard gives an illuminating discourse on popular songs, called "The Song of the Folks." Charles Battell Loomis preaches a witty and sensible little sermon on Being "Stuck Up," and Wallace Irwin dilates in his inimitable ballad, "A Tale of Shipwreck," on the joys of a castaway table d'hote. Other bits of verse fill in the intervals. All in all, a remarkable number is Smith's for December.

* * *

The December number of the Delineator is up to the mark of former issues of this periodical—perhaps a little above the mark. Besides the usual attractive stage-picture section, comprising reproductions of scenes from the latest theatrical successes, there is a very readable novelization of the play, "Detective Sparks," in which a popular actress is now starring, and for those who like magazine fiction there is an abundant variety in the eleven other stories offered, as well as a number of prettily turned verses.

* * *

For the boys or girls you love there is a great happiness which you can easily bestow. For the fairy fields of happiness lie open to every boy and girl in the pages of St. Nicholas.

You cannot bring into the life of a child you love a greater joy or a stronger influence for good than St. Nicholas.

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St. Nicholas is the greatest of magazines for boys and girls of all ages from three to sixteen. It has the best stories, the most interesting articles, the most helpful and entertaining departments, the jolliest rhymes, and the most beautiful pictures. St. Nicholas is the great treasure house of happiness for children.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

MRS. KATIE KRAFT AS A GRADUATE.

The above cut is reproduced from a photograph of Mrs. Katherine Young Kraft, taken at the time of her graduation from the University, and in the gown worn at the commencement exercises. Mrs. Kraft is the daughter of the late Brigham Young, Jr., and Elizabeth Fenton Young, and was one of the undoubted belles of her circle.

Marie Corelli Wants Uncle Sam to Love Her

London Literary Letter

LONDON, Nov. 3.—There are few living authors who had more written about them in the shape of fierce invective than Marie Corelli and yet whose private and personal life is in reality so little known to the writers, abusive and otherwise, although her books probably are more widely read than any other author's of the present day (with the exception perhaps of Hall Caine). A few weeks ago the present writer saw Miss Corelli in a new role—that of hostess to a great assembly when she entertained Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, and a large party on the occasion of the opening of Harvard House at Stratford-on-Avon.

More than a hundred guests, mostly prominent Americans, sat down to luncheon in the big dining room at Mason Croft, Miss Corelli's delightful residence at Stratford. The hostess and mistress of the house sat with the ambassador at her right hand, under a canopy of the Stars and Stripes mingled with the Union Jack and surmounted by a gigantic gold eagle, a graceful tribute to her guests. Miss Corelli might really have been an American so brimful of enthusiasm she seemed for the star spangled banner. As the sun streamed in through the great mullioned widow behind her chair, and lit up her golden hair, it was difficult to believe that this dainty, especially feminine little woman could wield the pen which so graphically depicted the "Sorrows of Satan" or sacrified shaking monarchies or the temporal power of the church. But womanliness above all is one of Miss Corelli's chief attributes, and one has only to wander round her beautiful house to perceive how she surrounds herself with the beautiful and artistic.

QUAINT OLD HOUSE.

Mason Croft is a fine specimen of an old Stratford-on-Avon house, abounding in quaint corners and heavy oaken beams. The broad staircase, with its carved balustrade, is one of its chief beauties. The floors of polished oak are covered with rich Persian rugs and there are flowers everywhere. Tall, stately lilies welcome the guest in the hall and banks of roses on mossy beds are seen in the drawing-room and throughout the house—for flowers are a delight and joy to the novelist.

Exquisite pictures—many of them originals—adorn the walls and the numerous signed photographs of celebrities testify to the number of Miss Corelli's friends and admirers. Chief among them is Madame Navarro, the beautiful, never to be forgotten Mary Anderson, the idol of America beautiful as ever on this occasion as she stood talking to Miss Corelli and Mr. Reid, a tall, wonderfully girlish looking figure in a flowing black velvet gown with a black velvet toque trimmed with a gold cockade. As the two women stood together—both their names household words—one could not help thinking of the vast amount of creative genius they possessed—the one clothing the characters of her imagination with words, and the other interpreting those characters and making them real flesh and blood. If only Miss Corelli could persuade Mary Anderson to come out of her retirement—but such dreams were broken by Miss Corelli herself who began to speak of America to us all.

CABLE FROM AMERICA.

"I must tell you all of an extraordinary and yet wholly delightful cablegram I received this morning from some unknown friend in America," she said. "I will read it to you," and in a voice which could not quite conceal her delight she read:

"Come to America and Uncle Sam will love you."

"I should like to be loved by Uncle Sam," Miss Corelli said. "but oh, how I wish that John Bull would love me a little, too," she concluded pathetically.

How "John Bull" can be so ungallant a gentleman as not to love Miss Marie Corelli was the question asked by all her American admirers present, so perhaps now he will take a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book and reciprocate the affection which a most charming lady is ready to bestow on him!

Some of the authoress's detractors say that she tries to "oust" Shakespeare from his pedestal at Stratford-on-Avon and usurp the laurels for her own brow, but if they had listened to her eloquent tribute to the immortal memory of the bard last week, and the scorn which she poured on the Baconians they would have had to eat their words and own the error of their ways. But that Miss Corelli is sincerely attached to Stratford-on-Avon is a fact of which she is proud. She has lived at Mason Croft for many years with her greatest friend Miss Bertha Vyner who shares all her joys and sorrows.

CORELLI'S CHARM.

In the summer the two women may often be seen on the "Silver Avon" in Miss Corelli's gondola which she brought from Venice and which gives a picturesque touch to the river on a sunny summer's day.

And in conclusion let me give a little pen sketch of the author of "Barabbas." She is a dainty little lady, short but with great dignity of bearing which seems to make her tall. She has a mass of fair hair, penetrating blue eyes, and a voice which possesses the most beautiful natural elocutionary qualities. She has the courage of her convictions and is not afraid to proclaim them. Although not a suffragist she is yet a firm upholder of woman's rightful dignity. A born hostess, an excellent raconteur, these are a few of the qualities which go to make up the charm of Marie Corelli's personality.

GWENDOLEN LALLY

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 30 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Nov. 22, 1909:

TEACHERS' LIST.

Eliot—Education for Efficiency.
Fiske—Meaning of Infancy.
McMurry—How to Study.
Palmer—Self-Cultivation in English.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Avery—History of the United States, vol. 6.
Carman—Making of Personality.
Fagan—Confessions of a Railroad Signalman.
Gladden—Church and Modern Life.
Howard—Four Great Pathfinders.
Janvier—Henry Hudson.
Lagerlof—Christ Legends.
Munsterberg—On the Witness Stand.
Perry—Sicily.
Zangwill—The Melting Pot.

FRENCH BOOKS.

About—Mariages de Province.
Bentzon—Tony.
Berthet—Houilleurs de Paligniks.
Bolssonnas—Une Famille Pendant la Guerre.

FICTION.

Bennett—Old Wives' Tale.
Eggleston—Irene of the Mountains.
Greene—Three Thousand Dollars.
Kipling—Actions and Reactions.
Little—Little Sister Snow.
Parker—Northern Lights.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Anon—On the Gridiron.
Baird—Coming of Hester.
Kidd—Bull of the Kraal.
Parker—Book of Baby Birds.
Tomlinson—With Flintlock and Fife.
Upton—Emperor William First.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if you children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Bowel Tonic For Old Folks Free

No matter how sound and healthy old people are they still suffer with their bowels. The machinery of the system doesn't work as it did when they were young and active. But while you can't restore youth you can help age to live more pleasantly.

That a laxative is needed every little while by people as they get around fifty and beyond, there is no doubt, but it is important which laxative is taken. Old people, women and all, except those who are in the prime of life, should avoid anything that gives a shock to the system and which at best is but a temporary expedient. Among these are pills and cathartic tablets, salts and purgative waters. They are too strong and only do temporary good. Not only that, but they really bind the bowels next day.

What you want is something that will regulate the bowels and again get them in the habit of performing a certain function at a certain time, while at the same time toning and strengthening the muscles of the stomach and bowels. Such a remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if you have never used it let the doctor send you a sample bottle free of charge. In this way you can try it without cost. All druggists sell it at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, and those who have used it will continue to buy it. It is pleasant to take, very effective and very economical as a household remedy, as all the family can use it. But Dr. Caldwell is eager to have all readers unacquainted with it to send for a free sample.

Thousands of old people and heads of families are never without it, for in this way they cure and avoid constipation, liver trouble, indigestion, sour stomach, sick headache, sleepiness after eating, belching and similar stomach, liver and bowel disturbances. Mrs. Tillie Homan, 484 Wautauga street, Knoxville, Tenn., and T. H. Marshall, Natl, Okla., as well as thousands of others, attribute much of their present good health to this grand laxative tonic.

Dr. Caldwell personally will be pleased to give you any medical advice you may desire for yourself or family pertaining to the stomach, liver or bowels absolutely free of charge. Explain your case in a letter and he will reply to you in detail. For the free sample simply send your name and address on a postal card or otherwise. For either request the doctor's address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, R-518 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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40 S. MAIN ST.
Good at Any of Our 100 Stores

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IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER or TUMOR I TREAT BEFORE IT POISONS DEEP GLANDS
Without KNIFE or PAIN
No Pay until Cured.
No X Ray or other swindle. An island plant makes the cure. ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE. A Tumor, Lump or Sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months old. THEY NEVER PAIN until last stage. 100 PAGE BOOK sent free with testimonials of thousands cured at home. WRITE TO THEM.

ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST is CANCER, and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the armpit, and kill quickly. Address DR. S. R. CHAMLEY & CO. Chamley Building "Most successful Cancer specialists living." 747 S. Main St., LOS ANGELES, CAL. KINDLY SEND TO SOMEONE WITH CANCER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH
Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.

It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Liquid Cream Balm for use in atomizers 75 cts.
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