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The fact that there is less dyspepsia and indigestion in this community than there used to be is largely, we believe, due to the extensive use of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, hundreds of packages of which we have sold. No wonder we have faith in them. No wonder we are willing to offer them to you for trial entirely at our risk.

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OUR Cakes are always fresh and made clean.

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FOR FLETCHER'S

GASTORIA

A Great Service

It Was Rendered by
a Typist

By F. A. MITCHEL

Harry Beale and Jennie MacArthur had the same advantage as to education—that is, they both went to the same public school. Harry was a poor scholar, and Jennie was a good one. Harry went to school with the boys, playing marbles for keeps or plugging tops, winning all the marbles and the tops, while Jennie was getting her lessons and Harry's too. She wrote his compositions for him, made his grammar diagrams—indeed filled the gap of his deficiencies so far as those deficiencies could be filled by another.

In this way she dragged her boy lover through the grammar school. He was considered by his teachers weak in spots, they not knowing that the spots were parts of his school work in which Jennie could not do for him. The two children went to the high school together, and there it was the same, only the work being more difficult, Jennie failed to get him on as before, and he had a harder time of it every year till the fourth and last, when his record was so bad that it was decided by his parents to take him out of school.

By this time both he and his sweetheart had outgrown childhood, and something of formality had come between them. On dropping out of school Harry considered that it behooved him to thank his coach for the assistance she had given him, but how to do this was a question. He was neither apt as a speaker nor as a writer. He chose the latter course, however, because he shrank from the ordeal. Many a letter makes a breach wider because the writer has not the courage to stand up and



"WHAT AM I TO DO?"

THIS WOMAN WAS VERY UNHAPPY

Physically and Mentally Worn Out—Tells How Nervous and Crying Spells Were Ended by Vinol.

Monmouth, Ill.: "I was weak, worn-out and nervous. I had no appetite and was getting so thin and discouraged, one day I just broke down and cried when a friend came in and asked me what was the matter. I told of my condition and how nothing I took seemed to do me any good. Vinol was suggested. I got a bottle and before it was half gone I could eat and sleep well. I continued its use and now my friends say I look ten years younger, and I am well, healthy and strong. I wish I could induce every tired-out, worn-out, nervous woman to take Vinol."—Mrs. HARRIET GALE, Monmouth, Ill.

There are many over-worked, tired-out, nervous women in this vicinity who need the strengthening, tissue building, and vitalizing effects of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, and so sure are we that it will build them up and make them strong that we offer to return their money if it fails to benefit.

Vinol is a delicious preparation of the extract of cod liver oil and peptonate of iron and contains no oil.

T. B. Taylor & Sons, Druggists, Watford.

face the enemy in the open, but fights behind pen and paper. This is the letter Harry wrote:

Dear Jennie—Permit me to express my heart felt thanks for the valuable assistance you have so long given me in my studies. I am confident that had all the work been written exercises you could have pulled me through. It was the crisis that dawned me. I am going to work. If you could have got me a diploma I might have been a lawyer or a doctor or something of that sort. As it is I can only scrub in the dirt. Any way I shall try to make money so I may some day be of benefit to you. Yours sincerely

HENRY BEALE

Jennie's eyes moistened on reading this letter. She had hoped for Harry's sake that she might pull him along far enough to get him into college and that there he might scrape through by himself. Now, as he had put it, he must grub in the dirt. She put his letter in a little Japanese box some one had given her for Christmas and went about her own work with her usual steadiness of purpose.

Having graduated at the high school, Jennie, being expected to make her own living, entered upon a career of teaching. She could not afford to go to college, but while she taught the lower grades prepared herself by home study for the higher ones. Being naturally bright, she made good progress and, being gifted in imparting knowledge, advanced steadily. Nevertheless the pay of most teachers is not great, and \$800 is as high a salary as Jennie ever received.

Harry obtained a position in a feed store, with the prospect of lifting bags, thereby getting his clothes covered with a white dust instead of wearing the neat apparel of a doctor or a lawyer. One day Jennie went past the store where he was employed and, seeing him roll a barrel across the floor, sighed at the failure of her efforts to lift him to something better. But Harry, if not gifted to learn from books, had a natural faculty for making a bargain. As a boy he had a faculty, as has been mentioned, for gathering unto himself all the tops and marbles of the other boys, and as a youth he continued to show the same trait in making a profit out of everything he touched. He soon left the feed store and bought out with a handful of cash and a bushel of credit

a business for himself. But before he had got settled down to it he sold it at a profit and bought something else. Every one said: "Harry Beale will never get on in the world. He is a rolling stone and will gather no moss." At one time he would be a contractor, at another a farmer, though he never kept a farm long enough to prove that he knew anything about farming.

He did not forget the sweetheart of his school days, but it seemed to him that one of such inferior intellectual capacity as himself should not aspire to a woman so far above him in brain power. Or rather it occurred to him that, had Jennie having passed out of childhood, this difference in them would separate them farther and farther as they grew older. A woman, he argued, must look up to her husband; the moment she looks down upon him she ceases to love him.

But Henry Beale is not the first person who has attempted to analyze the female human heart to find that it is not to be analyzed. At any rate, there is a multitude of exceptions to all rules that can be laid down concerning it.

Miss MacArthur continued to teach on a salary that was no more than she required to live on. She had no special faculty for making a dollar serve for two—indeed, it was all she could do to make it serve for one. Though she possessed high intellectual capacity, the demand for it was not great. She lived in a small place where only mediocrity was required. What use therefore were her attainments?

Meanwhile Henry Beale, engaged in groveling pursuits, was extending them. His bank account was all the while growing and his operations all the while enlarging. He was not quite thirty years old when he had a small army of employees about him. He did not need to send out misspelled letters, for he had a dozen typists at his command, any one of whom could put in excellent English whatever he chose to say, and, being systematic, he had made Webster's Dictionary the rule of his office. He had no occasion to regret not having learned to spell, for he could hire spellers for a song. When he wrote his communications, instead of dictating them he felt sure that "business" would not be spelled "bizness" or "excellent" "exsellent."

One day Beale met a friend of his old sweetheart, who told him that Jennie was wearing herself out teaching. Harry wondered if she would not in her poverty consider such a stupid man as himself for a husband. Unfortunately his old distaste for facing a superior intellectual being again stood in his way. He could not write the English language or spell any better than he had done a dozen years before. If he proposed to his old sweetheart he must either do so verbally or by means of a dictated letter, for he had never had time to learn to use a typewriter himself, and if he had had time it would

not have helped his spelling. Since he could not muster courage to propose to one he considered so far above him he was forced to use the latter plan. He wrote out his proposal—it seemed altogether too sacred to dictate—and gave it to a typist to put in proper shape on paper.

Miss MacArthur received a beautifully printed document from her school-boy lover declaring that his love was as strong as ever; that he was aware he was her inferior and if she married him she would look down upon him; that he wished to serve her, and the only condition under which he could do so was as her husband. Would she marry him? Not a word was spelled incorrectly; not a sentence was bungled.

The day after this letter was sent Mr. Beale called his typist into his office. She carried her implements with her, supposing she was to take down a dictation. On entering she saw at once that her chief had received a setback of some sort. He handed her a letter from Jennie MacArthur addressed to him stating that she had no reply to make to a typewritten letter on such a subject as a proposition of marriage.

"What do you think of that?" he said woefully.

"I think that it is a very proper statement of the case."

"What am I to do?"

"If I were you, Mr. Beale, I would send the letter you gave me to put in type."

"Corrected by you?"

"Corrected by no one."

Mr. Beale groaned. "And that is your advice?" he said.

"It is. If this lady will accept you she will accept you as you are and not as what you are not."

"But her reply shows how she regards me. She will decline my proposition."

"She will not."

"Why do you say that so confidently?"

"Because her reply indicates that what is between you and her is too sacred to be transmitted by a third person. Had she intended to decline your proposition she would doubtless have not been particular about who wrote it."

"Very well, Miss Morton; please send her the original letter."

"The letter was sent and a reply was received written on the back of the letter Beale had written his sweetheart when he left school. Miss MacArthur began by saying that she had treasured his letter for a dozen years as the nearest to her heart of anything she possessed. His proposition was accepted, and it was evident from the tone of the reply that the hand bestowed was accompanied by the heart."

On the receipt of this epistle Mr. Beale called his typist into his office and handed her a check for \$1,000. Astonished, the lady asked what it was for.

"For the greatest service you have ever done me," was the reply.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitcher*

Poor Consolation.

"Oh," said he, with affected indifference, "there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"Better," the girl who had rejected him replied pointedly, "better from their point of view, because they may never be caught."—Exchange.

Knew Her Style.

Suitor—But you haven't asked me yet whether or not I can make a living for your daughter. Father—Never mind, Henry. If you marry her she'll see to that.—Chicago News.

The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions.—Garfield.

Jealousy.

"May's new hat is perfectly hideous."

"It isn't a bit more hideous than mine. You're always saying nice things about May."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Missed It.

"The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: 'I got religion the other day. Send me \$10.' But the old man replied: 'Religion is free. You got the wrong kind.'"

The impure, the deceiving and the uncharitable extrude themselves from eternal bliss by their unfitness for enjoying.—Burns.

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Constipation—the bane of old age is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves, and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

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Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Boils Biliousness Malaria Constipation

Dr.

Perhaps this case may be similar

J. Wesley Tilly of (Box 673.) Salem

Gentlemen:—"It gives me much pleasure to send you a testimonial, if by its author your medicines will do me much

have for me. At the age of fourteen a great deal with malaria and biliousness with the worst sort of large boils. I was

my parents, who have always been at Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the 'Go

Discovery'. I took one bottle and appeared, but I did not stop at one bottle and the malaria all left me and I had

boils to this day, thanks to the 'Go Discovery' for my relief.

"Following an operation for appendicitis was troubled very much with constipation

trying Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative I rid me of the troublesome eye and have a

the whole trouble, thanks again for the advice I have obtained from The People's

Medical Adviser." Send only 21 cents for