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Natural Leaf Pure Unadorned Green. No Adulteration. Of double strength and delicious. It will displace all Japan teas just as "SALADA" black is displacing all other black teas.

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If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At this time you are suffering from the following symptoms: Sore throat, sores on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching, pimples, blotches of the skin, sores or blotches of the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogey treatment—mercury and potash—which only aggravates the symptoms for a time only to break out again when you are in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantee is that if you are not cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT we will refund your money. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—just a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst case solicited.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and rashes disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and healthy. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and false rob you of your hard-earned dollars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY.

We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, STYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. Consultation free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books free—only "The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Diseases of men "Diseases of Women" "The Wages of Sin." "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet." All sent Free sealed.

No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on letters or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and Cost of Treatment FREE, for Home Cure.

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Business Moods.

When a good man swears on a wet day it's more than likely the profanity comes from his feet.

The shoe that pinches spoils the temper, irritates the nerves, impairs digestion, and obscures the merry sunshine of life.

Success or failure in life often hinges upon a man's mood at critical moments, and the way his feet feel sometimes sways destiny.

A pair of "Slater Shoes" may unconsciously save a fortune, but can't cost more than \$5.00.

It's cheaper to throw away a shoe that hurts than to keep it, and mark this—new "Slater Shoes" need no breaking in.

A tag on each pair tells just what leather it is made of—how it will affect the feet—and the wear it will, or will not give, according to use.

The makers name and price stamped on the sole protects against imitations of Goodyear Welt, and ensures value every time to the wearer. \$3.50 and \$5.00.

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BEYOND RECALL

She gave him back his letters with cold and quiet grace. No shade of sorrow sullied the calmness of her face. No sadness thrilled her accents, no tremor shook her hand. As it touched her own one instant, like a fairy's magic wand. He gazed with tender yearning into her soul-lit eyes. But their depths were clear and placid as cloudless summer skies. And he said: "Farewell, sweet Mary, we'll meet again—I am going to another country, far over the raging main. Thou hast sold thy youth and beauty for titles and for gold. And I wish thee joy of thy treasure, and thy bridegroom gray and old. His soul is stained and hardened, his life is a ceaseless war. But thou hast chosen wisely—the rank and gold are thine. And a bitter weight of sorrow and blighted love are mine.

"God help thee, wayward maiden, as the dark years onward glide! Thou hast still thy woman's feeling 'neath all that frigid pride. Thou wilt yearn for a kindred spirit, and the touch of a tender hand. To guide thee over thy pathway all strewn with the golden sand! A voice from the years departed will haunt thee long and loud. In the glided borders of beauty and the gay and heartless crowd. And thy heart, it will grow weary ere half its night be o'er: Oh fare thee well, sweet Mary, we part to meet no more!"

He passed by the hawthorn hedge, he passed through the old green lane. He passed o'er the daisied meadow, and he saw his home again. But ere the flush of sunset on the western mountains died, she stood in the hall of Burley, a pale and stately bride.

She rides abroad like a princess, and her robes are rich and rare: There are rubies on her bosom, and diamonds in her hair; But she never smiles, they tell me, and her voice is sad and low. With something in its music like an undertone of woe.

They say the youth who calmly resigned her plight hand, when she wedded the Lord of Burley, has died in a far-off land. There are serpents in the fairest flowers, and the drama of his life is starting in this queer old world of ours!

TROUBLES.

Let the smile be cheery. Let the heart be light; Not all days are dreary; Day succeeds the night. Blue skies bend above us; There's a God to love us; Troubles be not too swift; All things will come right.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE CHINESE WAR.

Chicago Journalist.

Mr. Dooley expresses the opinion that it is no wonder the heathen Chinese fight. He put the case this way: "The Lord forgive me fr sayin' it, Hinniss, but if I was a Chinymun, which I will fight any man fr sayin', an' was livin' at home, I'd tuck me shirt into me pants, put me braud up in a net an' go out an' take a fall out iv th' in-vader if it cost me me life. Here am I, Hop Lung Dooley, r'runnin' me little liquor store an' prappin' a family in th' town iv Koochoo. I don't like frangers here any more than I do here."

Mr. Dooley discusses missionaries and advance agents for canned meats and then proceeds:

"Thin a la-d comes down with a chain an' a small glass on three sticks an' a going iv section min than answers to th' name of Casey, an' proceeds fr to put down a railroad. 'What's this fr sayin'?' 'We are fr advance guard of Western Civilization,' says he, 'an' we're goin' to give ye a railroad fr sayin' it. I'll place to places that he don't want to see,' he says. 'A country that has no railroads is beneath contempt,' he says. 'Casey, I don't like frangers here any more than I do here.'"

"I'm fr to put the thrack just before that large tombstone marked Requiescat in Pace, James H. Chung-a-lung," he says. "But," says I, "ye will disturb pa's bones." "I'll go to layin' ties," I says. "Ye'll be mixin' up me old men with th' Cassidy's in th' next lot," I says. "He niver spoke to save his life in anger in his life," I says. "Ye're an ancestor worshipping, heathen," says the la-d, an' he goes on to tramp th' mounds in th' cemetery an' ballast th' thrack with th' remains iv th' deceased. "An' I'll go fr through along comes a Frinchman, an' an' Englishman, an' a Rooshian, an' a Dutchman, an' says wan iv thim: 'This is a beautiful lookin' saloon,' says he, 'I'll take th' bar, ye take th' icebox, an' th' r-rest iv th' fixtures.' 'What fr sayin' I've paid th' rent an' th' license,' says I. 'Niver mind,' says he. 'We're th' representatives iv Western Civilization,' he says, 'an' th' th' business iv Western Civilization is to cut up th' belongings iv Eastern Civilization,' he says. 'Be off,' he says, 'or I'll pull ye're hair,' he says. 'Yell,' says I, 'this thing has gone far enough.' 'I've heard me good of castrin' gods or jesses abused,' I says, 'an' I've been packed full iv canned goods an' th' Peking Lightnin' express is r-runnin' straight through th' lot where the bones iv me ancestors lies,' I says. 'I've stuid it all,' I says, 'but win ye come here to bounce me off iv me own grinnin'?' I says, 'I'll have to take th' leg iv th' chair to ye,' I says. An' we're to the flure."

"That's th' way it stands in Chiny, Hinniss, an' I'll look to me at though Western Civilization was in fr a bump."

In ruling a paper, the worker, using quill and ruler, 70 years ago, took 4-800 hours to do the work now done in two and three-quarter hours. The old-time workers got \$1 a day; now the two men employed earn \$7 a day between them.

The larynx of a man in Sydney, Australia, became useless through disease, and he lost his voice. Prof. Stuart of the University of Sydney, made an artificial one, and it can be so regulated as to make the voice soprano, tenor, contralto or bass at will.

OUR CHILD'S COLUMN.

Teddy's Surprise.

By Grace Owen.

"Here's your morning paper! All the latest news! Breeze, Babbler, Teller, and Screecher! Morning papers!"

Teddy had often cried out these same words before on the streets; but it seemed to him never before in the same way. For Teddy was desperate this morning.

He had had nothing but bad luck for several days now, and what little he had been able to earn was nearly all taken to buy medicine for his mother, who was now too sick to work as she had been, doing only look after her younger children who all had bad colds.

It seemed as if people would not buy Teddy's papers. He called out more loudly than ever, but everyone hurried by, so interested in themselves and their own affairs that they took no notice of the pinched, anxious look on this newsboy's face.

All day long Teddy carried his papers and tried to get people to buy. He ate no lunch. Oh, no! That would be too big. In the small pile of change in his pocket, towards evening he took it out and carefully counted it over again, as he had done so many times before. One nickel, one dime, and nine pennies. Twenty-four cents in all! And there was the sick mother and the six children gathered around her in the bare room, all hungry.

Some of that sum must be spent for medicine, indeed, all of it should be, for mother had not had any for two days now, and she could never get well without it. And when the tiny bottle of medicine was empty, how much would be left for food?

Poor Teddy! He quickly put the few cents back into his pocket and sadly turned a corner of the street, and now he stood directly in front of a baker's shop.

How tempting those nice, fresh loaves of bread looked! And those cakes and pies and tarts! If only he could go inside that door and just help himself to all he wanted! Wouldn't there be a grand feast in the bare room that night?

And there would be no sob and cries, after the children were put to bed, because they must go to sleep without any supper.

As Teddy gazed at these good things he thought he would look under the counter, and there he saw a small, round, brown, troubled look on little Maud's face as she came out.

"HERE'S YOUR MORNING PAPER!"

she climbed up to the chair he was sitting on, and looking up into his face, asked, "Teddy, why can't we have things to eat?"

And two tears rolled down Teddy's cheeks. But he quickly brushed them away, and said, "I don't know, Maud, how much I would like to help you."

But some one had seen the ragged little girl, and she was crying, and a little girl said, "Mamma, has some one whipped him?"

"You might ask him," answered Mamma, seeing the worried look on the boy's face and guessing what made those tears so forget themselves as to roll down his cheeks.

"What makes you cry?" asked the little girl of Teddy, as they came up to the baker's window.

"I was thinking how much we would like to have some of those things at home," said Teddy, nodding towards the window.

"Why don't you go in and buy some, then?" said little Maud.

"I can't spare the money," was the answer.

"But won't your papa give it to you?" Maud asked.

"Mine is dead," said Teddy. "But he once told me God would always help me, but I am afraid He has forgotten."

"Poor boy!" said Maud; then she added, "Mamma, Daddy can do without a new pair of shoes," and she looked at the bright, new quarter lying in her hand.

Mamma smiled, and said, "We will go inside and see what we can do with it."

When they left the baker's, Teddy's arms were as full as they could hold of bread, cakes, crackers, rolls and pies.

Mamma and Maud went with Teddy as far as his poor mother, and when he had thanked them with two more tears in his eyes, they left him.

While the poor mother and hungry little children were enjoying their feast, a butcher's boy came with a big package of meat.

"I guess you've made a mistake," said Teddy's mother. "That meat isn't for us."

"Yes it is, me'am; I was told by the lady to bring it to this house and no other, and I've got to leave it here." And he thrust the meat into her hands and hurried away.

Pretty soon came the grocer's wagon and almost unloaded itself at the door. And when asked if he was leaving his goods at the right place, he answered, "Oh, yes, me'am! The little girl pointed out the house to me and said to be sure not to make a mistake. And I ain't, either."

Then Teddy knew where the things had come from.

"Oh, Mother! the lady and pretty little girl have done this," said Teddy. And then in a softer tone he added, "I guess Papa was right."

No one in that little family ever went to bed hungry after that.

And Teddy sold no more newspapers, either, for the next day a gentleman called, with Mary holding in his hand, and said he wanted a boy to work for him in his big store, and after talking with Teddy and his mother, he said as though Teddy was just the boy he wanted.



Baby's Future.

The fond mother dreams great dreams of baby's future as she holds the sleeping little one in her arms. But the dreams will never come true unless she has given him a strong body and a healthy mind. Children die in hosts, or live to struggle through life feeble of body and dull of mind because the mother was unfit physically and mentally for motherhood. Women who use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription endow their children with strong bodies and bright minds. It is every mother's duty to give her child the advantages of a healthy body and mind. A weak or sickly woman cannot do this. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been intending to write to you ever since my baby was born in regard to what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me. I cannot express it enough, for I have not been as well for five years as I now am. In July last I had a baby boy, weight 10 pounds, and I was only sick a short time, and since I got up have not had one sick day. I have not had any womb trouble since I got up. I was not only surprised myself but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

SAVED HIS BABE.

Wincon in Father Shot the Eagle Which Was Stealing His Child.

Sheboygan, Wis., July 28.—An eagle measuring six feet one and a half inches from tip to tip of wings was killed by T. Smith, a farmer near here. While at work he saw the great bird fly close to his children and clasp his daughter Mary, aged 3 years. The man secured a rifle and shot the eagle. The child and bird fell to the ground. The child was not seriously injured.

RESCUED BY HIS CHILD.

town Man Delivered From Prison by His 12 Year-Old Daughter.

Des Moines, Ia., July 28.—John McDonald, a former resident of Creston, Ia., while in Montana five years ago, became involved in a quarrel and killed a man. He was sentenced for life. McDonald's daughter, now 12 years old, lives at Creston. Knowing that Senator Clark would be at the democratic national convention the girl raised money enough to buy a ticket and went to Kansas City. She called on Clark and told her story. He made her his guest and promised to help her. Later, after investigation, he instructed his attorneys in Montana to present the case to the board of pardons. Word arrived to-day that a pardon had been granted and that McDonald would be released Thursday.

SO GLAD SHE BOUGHT IT.

"I love to make sacrifices for my friends. Yesterday I gave Agnes my umbrella."

"Shall I lend you mine, Helen?"

"No, indeed. I went right out and bought a better one."

AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

Mrs. Dash—That new young lady looks like a perfectly up-to-date.

Mrs. Slack—Oh, her frocks are all right; but her summer novels are all last year's.

A FEAST AND A FAMINE.

Only one man at the big hotel, and a hundred girls or more were, O, what fun—

For the man.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

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Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See This Child's Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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