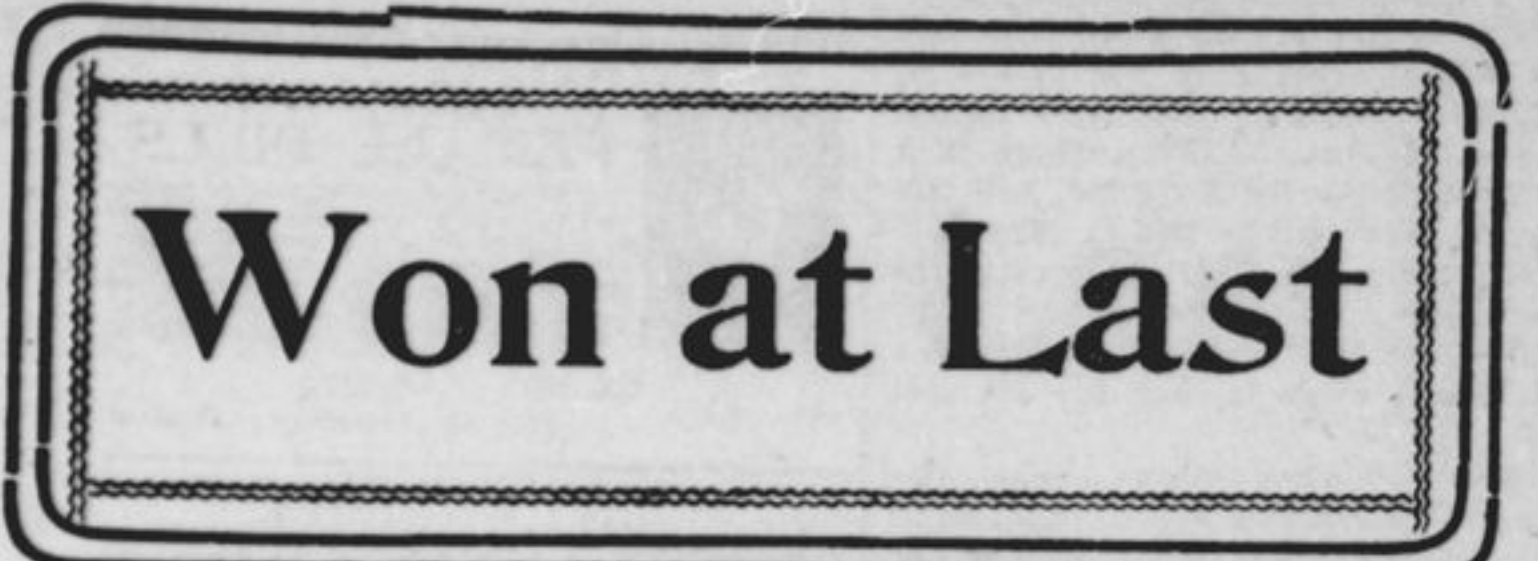


# TRY "LADY FINISTON"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan. LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904



## Won at Last

"What, and leave your fair side all unguarded, lady?" "Oh, my fair side is accustomed to take care of itself very successfully."

"Then may I confess to a low minded hope that you will ask me to dinner—though, by the way, I am scarcely fit to present myself."

"A hope I must up in the bud. We have died." "Great powers. Well, I need not lose this precious chance of speaking to you, suppose I shall never see you except through a haze of highland relations."

"No, it is not very likely." "If you know how anxious I am to ask you a variety of questions, you would give me some opportunity of a tete-a-tete."

"You can ask as many as you like. I have no secrets." "What, does your uncle know you refused Waring?" "How do you know I did?"

"Oh, I know how desperately in love he was, and it is currently reported that you did, and that he went to the bad in consequence."

"Nonsense," returned Mona, a grave, hard expression replacing the smile which had played round on her lips. "You and I, Sir St. John Lisle, have seen enough of the world we live in to know that women seldom have sufficient influence to make or mar any man's life."

"I am not so sure. I fancy if any woman ever had, you would be one of them." He looked sharply at her as he spoke. She laughed naturally and merrily.

"Considering the score of women who are most influential, I do not think your opinion flattering." "Why, do you not think good women influence us?"

"Not often, I fancy." "You have grown worldly-wise since we met, Mona?"

seems, where she might display a dainty and becoming cap, this was the evidence which suited her, but by her own heart Mona knew what a blank her absence left in the warm-hearted, bright-spirited woman's life.

"Your letter, as usual, reached me on Saturday, and I can tell you how I look forward to it; and it is like you, dear, to be so faithful in writing. You seem to have far better weather than we have in London; it is warm and damp, and the streets as greasy as if all the tallow-chandlers in town had poured grease over them.

"I am very sorry to disturb you; but I do not like to pass your house without calling to say that I have had no answer as yet to my letter, so we will keep well this side of the supposed boundary, and get into no trouble, till the matter is decided."

"No, certainly not. May I leave you a couple of brace of grouse, Mr. Craig? They are good plump birds."

"I am much obliged to you. They are fine and digestible good. Where are they?" "The gillie is just outside with my bag."

"Mona, en' Phemie to talk them!" "Then I will not trespass on you any longer. Pray, young ladies, do you not feel disposed to put me on my way? The moon is rising, and the walk back would be charming."

Mary looked at Mona, evidently ready to return her good offices if necessary, but the other laughed, and said they would without the trouble of walking. Lisle reproached both for refusing his request, and bidding them a gay good-night, departed on his homeward road.

"Aweel, I didna want to hear he had nae letter," murmured Uncle Sandy. "I'd rather have my bit doze than a' his birdies!" and settled to his nap again.

"Ah!" whispered Mary Black, "it's not the letter that brought him here. I am afraid but you are a hard-hearted lassie, Mona. He is a handsome, grand-looking gentleman."

"He is not nearly as good-looking as Kenneth," said Mona, laughing at Mary's evident delight in the discovery she thought she had made.

Meanwhile Lisle walked rapidly down hill in the direction of the hotel where he and his friend put up, and thinking very earnestly of the interview he had just had.

In the new scenes and occupations of his life in India, he had lost the window of the impression which the little episode of his had left upon him.

## What is a Backache? IT IS NATURE'S WARNING TO WOMEN

Diseases of Women's Organs Cured and Consequent Pain Stopped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It seems as though my back would break." Women utter these words over and over again, but continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, "bearing-down" pains, nervousness and no ambition for any task.

The health department of the city has mapped out an itinerary for a stereopticon to go about throwing on screens in the parks and public places pictures and epigrammatic sentences which warn and advise people about tuberculosis.

The doctors in the Health Department are inclined to have the use of the stereopticon as only a trivial incident of their general campaign to prevent the spread of tuberculosis in the Borough of Manhattan.

At the same time they acknowledge that the scheme is doing and is going to do a whole lot of good. The apparatus is set up in some park, say on the East Side.

"Consumption" is a disease which is more common than any other disease. Consumption attacks especially those who live in crowded or badly ventilated rooms.

The disease is no stranger to the workers who bend over sewing machines, and they know just what the continuous coughing and sneezing mean. Their interest is aroused and they wait to see the rest.

"Consumption may be cured if taken in time, but usually not otherwise." "Fresh air, rest, food. These give you your chance to get well of consumption."

There are forty-five of these precepts that flash across the sheet in succession, and the whole series is presented every time the stereopticon is set up. The pictures and everything are thoroughly appropriate to the subject.

The views have taken deep hold. Everywhere crowds gather to watch, and they stay there, too. The physicians are highly pleased to see the showman end of the business. They did not expect such success.

Dr. Bertram H. Waters says that the idea originated about two years ago at a convention of the American Association for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis in Washington.

## SUNDAY AT HOME

The Evening Blynn. The village bells with silver chime Come softened by the breezy shore, Though I have heard them many a time, They never sound so sweet before.

Altitudes of Faith. (J. Marvin Nichols, Texas.) Right in the midst of life's toilsome journey we come to heights among whose fastnesses we shut out the world's loud roar.

Thank God for these heights! They do not lead back to valleys whence we came. They lead out upon high plateaus and bring us again to heights yet more lofty.

Prayer. Eternal Father, of whom it has been said that God is love, be pleased to write Thy name upon our hearts.

Fantasies of Dreamland. (By a Banker.) How varied and diverse are those fanciful visions of the night which sometimes alarm, sometimes delight probably every child of man.

Rich, red blood is the secret of health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the secret of rich, red blood.

In Defence of the Gallus. The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genius, unpretending culture and civilization.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the secret of rich, red blood. They actually make rich, red blood, that is why they cure anemia, headaches and backaches.

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Mrs. Albert Mann

They do not realize that the back is the masterpiece of woman's organism, and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the female organs or kidneys, and that the aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I suffered a long time with female troubles, having intense pains in the back and abdomen and very sick headaches every month. I was tired and nervous all the time and life looked very dreary to me.

Uncle Sandy had driven away early with Kenneth to the sale of Highland cattle at Kirkcounie, and Mary had gone to carry some jelly to the shepherd's mother, who was old and weak.

"What did you say this lady's name is?" "Madame Debrisay," said Mrs. Rivers. "Humph! said he; 'are you a French-woman?'"

"Do I not? And I helped to do up my cousin Rose Nugent's hair with ribbons of his colors for the race ball!" I know you now; and I must shake hands with you!"

"So, shock hands and his brown face softened and glowed while he talked to Rose. He was desperately in love with her, and they were engaged. He went off to India; she stayed at home—got a wetting out boating, took cold, and went off in a decline. He married, but Waring, see any way out of it, and her first care was to hide any symptom of annoyance from the gay cavalier who stood awaiting her commands."

"Oh, I have nothing to forgive," she said, smiling. "If you do not mind taking me and my dress basket, I am ready to start."

When this indispensable condition is satisfied, I shall say never, or seldom, before thirty.

Never! matrimony as an experiment—that is to say, never before you are absolutely certain you will prefer it to all the rest.

Time to Feel Grateful. Nervous Johnny—I love the smell of motor cars.

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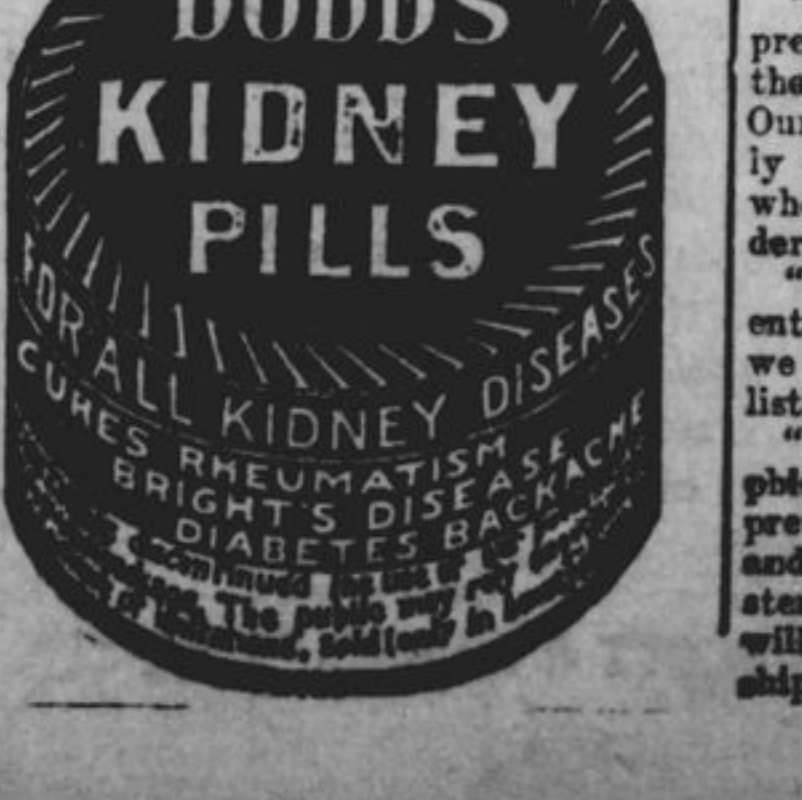
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