LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE IF SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH

HURRY, MOTHER! REMOVE POISONS FROM LITTLE STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS.

GIVE CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS AT ONCE IF BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels needs a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhœa, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of the little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative;" they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.—Adv.

Cold Water Thaws Ground.

Use of water to thaw frozen ground in gold placer mining has recently been tried out with great success in the Candle region, Seward peninsula, Wash. The innovation was the discovery of J. H. Miles, superintendent of the Alaska Mine corporation. A description of the Miles method, as given by George H. Kilroy, just returned from Nome, states that the cold water is introduced through small pipes into the frozen placer ground in such a method that heat is extracted from it to thaw the ore. A Candle dredge, which used the method during the past summer session, is said to have cut the cost of operation from 30 to 50 cents per cubic yard.

UPSET STOMACH

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS SOURNESS, GASES, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION.

Undigested food! Lumps of pain; belching gas, acids and sourness. When your stomach is all upset, here is instant relief—No waiting!

The moment you eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin all the indigestion pain, dyspepsia misery, the sourness, gases and stomach acidity ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets cost little at any drug store but there is no surer or quicker stomach relief known. Adv.

Poser for Aunty.

Howard was to be taken to the dentist for the first time.

"Oh, it won't hurt, aunty," he kept saying, "for my daddy told me it wouldn't."

"But how do you know" said his aunt, teasingly. "You've never been to the dentist before."

"I haven't, eh?" came the reply. "Well, where do you s'pose I got my baby teeth, then?"

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Applied Methods.

Father—Meet me in the woodshed.

Johnny—Er—couldn't we hold the session by wireless?

If your druggist does not have Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms and Tapeworm, send 25 cents to 372 Pearl street, New York, and you will get it by return mail. Adv.

Natural Caution.

"Sir, I want to talk to you about forming a vacuum company—"

"Anything in it?"

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring.—Adv.

It isn't holiday charity to give away what you don't want yourself, but it's economy.

Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, are cured by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap made into Pleasant Pellets (Dr. Pierce's). Adv.

A brick is capable of absorbing about one pint of water.

When a man talks about purifying politics he wants an office.

GERMANY MUST PAY

Kaiser's Men Responsible for Millions of Murders.

CANNOT PAY FOR LIVES LOST

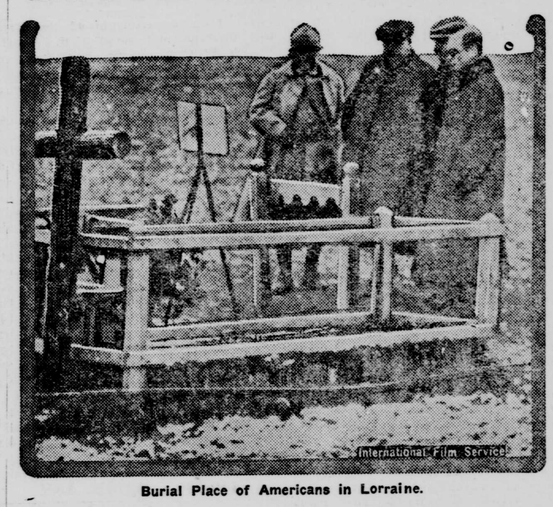
Nation Must Be Forced to Pay and Pay and Pay, Until It Has Learned That Might Is Not Right.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

There are in France and Belgium today very close to 3,000,000 soldier graves that would not have been there had Germany not started a war of conquest to gratify the selfish ambitions of a selfish people for world domination.

In these graves are buried the heroes of America, of England, of France, of Belgium, of Italy, of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, of India, of Portugal, of Morocco, of China and other parts of the world. These heroes gave their lives that the cruelly selfish plans of the Boche might be defeated; that the world might be a dwelling place for freemen and not for the slaves of autocracy.

And the war in which they made the last great sacrifice was started by Germany only to gratify the selfish greed of a people who had been taught that might is right.



Burial Place of Americans in Lorraine.

I realized the tragic interest of America in these graves as I walked over the hilltop at Guillimont farm, near the village of Bony, and found there two large cemeteries in which American dead lie buried. I realized it anew as Gen. Henry Rawlinson, commanding the Fourth British army, recounted to me the incidents of that battle in which American troops made the first break in the Hindenburg line, and when he told me of the wonderful gallantry of those American boys, "the most gallant troops that ever fought on a battlefield."

Today more than 1,000 of those gallant American boys are buried in soldier graves on that battlefield, and little wooden crosses mark their resting places.

Severe Lesson for Germany.

German money cannot pay for those lives, but that spirit of greed, of wantonness, of selfish ambition, that produced the senseless, needless war in which they died, must be crushed, and it can be crushed only by making the German pay, and pay, and pay, until he has learned that might is not right and that war for the purposes of conquest and domination is not profitable.

An American regiment, to which I had belonged some years ago, and in which were enrolled many personal friends, had fought on that field. As I walked beside the long rows of wooden crosses, and knew that some of them marked the resting places of my friends, I felt, as any other American would have felt under the same conditions, that Germany must pay in order that Germany should learn that might is not right.

I am sure that every father, every mother, every brother, every sister, every relative and friend of those American boys who are buried on European battlefields will feel that Germany must pay and pay heavily for the desolation she has caused throughout the world.

There is on the Somme battlefields, not far from what once was the beautiful little city of Peronne, a soldiers' cemetery in which British troops are buried. On each little wooden cross had been painted the name of the soldier buried beneath it, as well as the letter of his company and the number of his battalion. In the onrush of the Huns last March this cemetery was taken, and the wanton cruelty of the Boche is nowise better illustrated than by the fact that he went through that cemetery and painted out the names of these British dead.

Should Pay to the Limit.

Should the Boche not pay for such dastardly work as that? Should he not pay for attempting to deprive the relatives and friends of those British soldiers of knowing their final resting place, even though, thanks to the British graves commission, the attempt will not be successful? He must pay the penalty just as any other criminal must pay the penalty for his crimes. The world cannot send an entire nation to jail, but the world can today punish the nations that have committed the most terrible crimes known to modern times, at least, by making the people of these nations work only that they may pay.

Among the saddest sights to be found in the battle areas of Europe today is the lonely grave, the little cross that stands by itself and marks the spot where a soldier met death by a stray shell. There were many, many thousands of these seen along the sides of the thousand miles of roadways I covered in Belgium and northern France, and in very many cases they marked the spot where a German shell had caught a transport driver as he guided his truck to or from the front. The boys who lie in these lonely graves were heroic American boys, heroic French boys, heroic British boys, and they have paid the great price that the Boche might not destroy the freedom of the world. They gave their all, and whatever the Boche may be made to pay will be small in comparison with this sacrifice.

Near what was the city of Noyon one may see a striking comparison between the methods of the Boche and those of the nations that have been fighting the Germans. Here lie buried side by side both French and German soldiers. Around each cemetery the French have built a fence. Over each French grave flies a French flag, and on each German grave green boughs have been placed by the French. Such treatment for the German dead only emphasizes the need that Germany pay for the desecration of the graves of the allied soldiers committed by her troops in France.

Further Display of Impudence.

Just at the edge of the little French city of St. Mihiel, held by the Germans for four years and retaken by the American troops late last summer, is a German cemetery that stands as an insult to the French people. Here are buried a large number of German officers. In this cemetery the German government erected a magnificent marble shaft commemorating the valor of these German officers, and over the graves stand elaborate marble and granite monuments erected to the memory of these German officers. These monuments have been erected on what has always been French soil, and they stand there as one of the greatest pieces of impudence committed by the German nation in this war.

This is but another of the many, many incidents that add to the seriousness of the crimes committed by the Boche, and for which he should pay.

A very considerable portion of the soil of Belgium and northern France is today given over to the graves of soldiers of the allies, and these soldier boys would not be dead, these graves would not be there, millions of homes would not today be in mourning, had not a selfish people started a war for the purposes of conquest and loot; a war conducted with all the wantonness and cruelty of savages. Why should they not pay, and pay, and pay, until they find that an unholy war, such as they waged, is the most unprofitable business in which man can engage?

SPARROWS' NESTS IN A SHIP

Attracted by Grain and Not at All Affected by Noise, Birds Make Home There.

A large tramp steamer had been towed into a northeast coast port for repairs. After having discharged her cargo of grain, she was placed in a dry dock, situated in the middle of a large ship-repairing establishment, with all the usual accompaniment of noise from pneumatic hammers, steam whistles, shouting of men, and other noises common to all such works.

The grain, of which there is always a good deal left about after the holds are swept up, attracted the sparrows in large numbers, and, as if guided by instinct, they commenced to build nests in various parts of the ship. Undeterred by the noise or by the constant going and coming of the workmen, they reared their broods before the repairs were completed, and the vessel sailed. This is believed to be a unique case, for although the sparrow is a bold bird, it needed some pluck to undertake home building in such circumstances. The workmen admired the pluck of these boisterous, cheeky birds, and watched the proceedings to the flight of the young birds with great interest.

Homes Help Community.

A wealthy Englishman once said that a good home was an institution for civilizing a community, and instead of surrounding his own home by a high hedge, like many in the vicinity, he built about it an open fence, so that whoever passed, rich or poor, might enjoy the beauty of house and lawn and garden. It is a good thing for the girls of today who are to be the home makers of tomorrow, to grow up with the idea that the home owes something to the community.

Metric Denominations.

The metric denominations and values for measures of capacity are as follows: Kiloliter or stere, 1,000 liters, equals one cubic meter; hectoliter, 100 liters, equals one-tenth of a cubic meter; dekoliter, ten liters, equals ten cubic decimeters; liter, equals one cubic decimeter; deciliter, one-tenth of a liter, equals one-tenth of a cubic decimeter; centiliter, one one-hundredth of a liter, equals ten cubic centimeters; milliliter, one one-thousandth of a liter, equals one cubic centimeter.

SIMPLY REFUSE TO BE OLD

Many Men Considered Beyond Their Prime Enter the Lists With Their Youth Renewed.

Two thousand years ago Cicero wrote of the occasional old man "whose mind stands out of the reach of the body's decay," and only a few months ago a farmer of seventy-five, whose body as well as his mind was still young, went into an employment office in Philadelphia to obtain a position in a munition factory. There are men who come back from retirement at an advanced age and make great successes in this or that industry.

Doctor Osler spoke of the old Roman who cut loose from his own companions and by living with young men extended his years to 150. A successful newspaper editor at the age of sixty-three was asked to head an important department in a great university. At first he thought he was too old, but then he had this idea:

"It is true that I am sixty-three, but there are one million men in this country today who are only twenty-three. I will join that group and look at everything from their viewpoint.

"That will be the motto of my life from this moment. Victor Hugo said that forty was the old age of youth and fifty the youth of old age. I will make the sixty the age of adventure."

These you may say are exceptional cases. But there is nothing exceptional about the fact that in many of the great commercial universities today fairly large numbers of men from forty to forty-five are taking courses. In one of the correspondence schools the average age is nearly thirty-five, which, allowing for the many very young clerks and the like who are enrolled, shows how the older fellows are still learning. It is literally true that age is to a considerable extent a habit of mind, largely within control of the individual.—Albert W. Atwood in Saturday Evening Post.

What Germany Escaped.

Aerial torpedoes in the form of diminutive airplanes were among the American war-waging prospects when the signing of the armistice ended the struggle.

A powerful weapon of destruction which could have been used with terrific effect against fortifications, cities and opposing armies was in process of experimentation, according to facts which have leaked out at Washington.

The secret of the invention has been closely guarded. Even now the authorities are unwilling to make public the details. Except that they appeared toylike, compared with the airplane, the construction was similar, engines and planes being provided. Unlike airplanes, they necessarily had to be self-propelling without pilots to guide them. The torpedoes had a range of 60 miles.

By means of a wonderful mechanism it was claimed to be possible to direct their course with great precision. At the exact moment desired the torpedo would explode, destroying the miniature airplane, of course, but causing widespread destruction. The torpedoes were designed to carry 300 pounds of T N T.

Keeping Up the White House.

President Wilson has been extremely conservative in allowing expenditures for the White House since he has occupied it, and not a dollar has been expended, particularly since the declaration of war, that could possibly be avoided. Last year, however, the walls in the state parlors were repapered, but the same design of wall paper was kept in all of the rooms. The handsome patriotic design of the blue field and stars, which was restored in 1903, and which has been so popular, still graces the walls of the blue chambers. The rugs were replaced by new ones, while dainty new curtains of lace were hung under the heavy draperies. All the furniture has been reupholstered in the same pattern. These small renovations have given to the first floor at the White House a very attractive appearance.

"Hospitalized" a New Word.

A new war word has appeared which, unhappily, we are likely to hear very often in the future. The word is "hospitalized," says the Manchester Guardian. It is applied to soldiers who have been a long time in hospital, whose minds have lain fallow and have lost mental fiber. So far little has been done in an organized way to rectify this deterioration.

It is chiefly among officers where "hospitalization" is evident. In many cases young officers who have been seriously wounded and had a long convalescence have found, when they went back to the army or were invalided out and returned to their profession or business, that they were far from what they were before, their mental energy having weakened, and they were unable to grasp affairs.

Shop at Home, Buy Downtown.

"The war made a new kind of Christmas buyer," the clerk at one of the uptown stores said the other day. "They are not at all like the undecided, unpleasant hangers-on of former years, the women who come to annoy and annoy before they finally buy. Now they are brisk and alert. They know what they wish and buy it when they see it, without the usual quibbling and indecision of other years. I think a woman described it best when she said the other day:

"Last year I came downtown and shopped half a dozen days before I did any buying. This year I shop at home and then when I get downtown I buy."—Indianapolis News.

Easy Money.

"You have grown rich as a stock promoter."

"Yes," replied the man who wore a diamond scarf pin.

"How did you get into that line of business?"

"I realized early in life that it is human nature for people to count their chickens before they are hatched."

"Well?"

"That makes it easy to sell them phony eggs."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Jones Gets a Raise

By IMES MACDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Young Mr. Jones reached over and gave his adding machine a few tentative jabs and again lapsed into a reverie. Five years out of a midwestern college, and David R. Jones had little to boast of in the way of achievement. He had been ambitious, but eager and enthusiastic application to his job for five long years had failed to lift him out of the clerk's class.

When he had taken the job in answer to an advertisement he had been assured of "rapid advancement and a future for the right man." But he was still doing the same work he had been doing after his first three months with the company. He had stuck to one job with sincere and industrious purpose without its bringing him anything in the way of advancement—and now that it was June again the prospect of another long, hot summer in that office galled him.

With a thoughtful air he withdrew from his wallet a clipping which he had torn from his newspaper on the way downtown in the subway that morning.

"WANTED—Athletic young man as boatman on gentleman's estate. Connecticut shore. Must be expert swimmer—know motorboats, sailboats and canoes—make repairs and be generally useful and obliging; $60 monthly and board. See Mrs. Agnes Turner between 10 and 12 Tuesday, Hotel Arkwright."

And after he had read the ad through once more young Mr. Jones arose from his desk and entered the private office of his great and exclusive boss, the well-known Mr. Henry P. Riggs. Mr. Riggs, or "Old H. P.," as he was called in the outer office, stared at the impulsive Mr. Jones with surly surprise. The privacy of his domain had never before been so violated.

"Well?" he demanded.

"I'm Jones," said Jones, "David R. Jones. I've been with this company five years. I have a fair education, a certain amount of brains and some ability. When I came here I was promised rapid advancement and a future, and before I die of old age at $35 a week I thought I'd go into the matter with you."

"Well?" repeated Old H. P. sourly.

"I want a man's job and $3,000 a year from today or I'm through."

Old H. P. glared, and the barest crinkle of a sarcastic smile puckered up one corner of his mouth. "You're through, all right!" he agreed, "and you won't find three-thousand-dollar jobs hanging on trees around this town, young man."

"Anyway," grinned Jones affably, "I don't intend to hang on this tree till I'm rotten. There are plenty of other trees growing in the orchard of Manhattan."

"Very well," growled Old H. P., turning back to his desk. "But if you don't get your fancy job you can have your old one here any time before the first of September," he flung over his shoulder.

"Huh!" he grunted a few days later when the incident recurred to him. "The young squirt! And I was proud of fifteen a week at his age!"

But at that very moment David R. Jones, clad in a sleeveless jersey and an old pair of flannel trousers, was tuning up the engine of a high-powered motorboat up on the Connecticut shore.

"Hello, boatman!" shouted a voice above the din, and Jones looked up to see a smiling face peering at him over the edge of the dock.

She swung her legs over the side and turned around with the intention of sliding down backwards to the deck of the boat, some six feet below. Her skirt caught on a bolt, but she kept right on sliding till the modest Mr. Jones was compelled to turn his face away.

"Unhook me," she finally wailed indignantly. And Jones, wiping his dirty hands on a piece of waste, reached up obediently and unhooked her, setting her safely on her feet with a grin.

"My—my coming was quite a revelation, wasn't it?" she said demurely, the color deepening in her cheeks.

But Jones had pretended not to notice, although the nice men who pretend never to notice are the very ones who never miss anything. "Who might you be?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'm Lotta, the youngest," she laughed. "Carlotta Riggs, you know. We only got here just a little while ago—Louise and Nina and Aunt Agnes. Aunty says you impressed her very favorably at your interview in town, and she thinks you're going to be a very nice boatman. What's your name?"

And from that day forth David R. Jones was Lotta's very own. She appropriated him as something sent to her by the gods for her own especial pleasure and amusement. Together they painted the boats—mended the dock—rebuilt the float. Sturdily she worked at his side, and in between times they swam together. If the rest of the family noticed it at all they merely passed it off with a shrug—for after all Lotta was only a kid, but—

The day H. P. Riggs was expected up to spend a week with his family, Lotta and Jones went across the bay in the motorboat to meet him, and he was introduced to the bare-shouldered, brawny young boatman by his daughter. At first he did not recognize Jones, but the way Lotta hovered over that young man drew her father's undivided attention and disapproval—and while he glowered over his daughter's so apparent affection for his erstwhile clerk, Jones' identity registered itself on his brain.

"Davy isn't really a boatman," explained Lotta to her father that night at the dinner table. "He's just a very nice young man who worked his head off five whole years for a grouchy old man who wouldn't give him a chance. So Davy made up his mind to have a nice vacation this summer and find a better job next fall."

And as usual Lotta hurried through her dinner and slipped down to the beach and Davy Jones.

"Why, darn it all!" said Davy, a few minutes later. "You shouldn't have told him that. Your father was the old guy who wouldn't give me a chance!"

And Lotta sat back against an upturned boat in amazement. "Mean old thing!" she said, disrespectfully, with visions in her young mind of putting it over on her father. Then she leaned her slim length against Davy Jones, with one hand curled behind his neck—and if you've ever had anyone you loved standing as Lotta was, begging to be kissed, you probably know just what Jones did about it.

"Since the very first day, Davy dear, I've been wanting you to kiss me," she was saying, as the glow of Old H. P.'s cigar came around the corner of the boathouse. For a moment he stopped and watched the two who stood so close together there, his daughter and Davy Jones—then he walked over and faced them grimly.

"I suppose you'll be wanting your old job back again," said H. P. Riggs to the startled Mr. Jones. "When a man's married he rather needs a job, doesn't he? But the two of you can't live on thirty-five a week."

"Lotta says we can," grinned Jones, hugging that willing young woman just a bit closer—and then he bluffed a little. "However, we won't have to. I'm starting with Rogers, Wyman & Co., the first of September at $3,500 a year."

Whereupon Lotta squeezed his arm and eyed her father hostilely. For a moment H. P. Riggs withstood that glance and then he extended his hand with a grin.

"On the contrary, Dave," he said almost genially, "you're starting with H. P. Riggs & Co. at $5,000—and eventually a—a partnership."

And then Lotta graciously transferred one of Davy Jones' kisses to her father and back again.

Joe's Mistake.

Six-year-old Joe had the influenza. Knowing that Aunt Anne always brought gifts to her sick nephews and nieces he expressed a desire to see her. She came and brought with her several toys and books. Eight-year-old Virginia and Aunt Anne were both at Joe's bedside when mother brought in his medicine. Joe fretted against taking it, and Aunt Anne generously offered: "If you'll take it like a little man auntie will get you a new soldier's cap," she promised.

A few minutes later in the dining room adjoining the sick room she heard the gift discussed. "You didn't take on enough, Joe," Virginia was criticizing her brother. "If you had cried loud like everything you'd a got a whole suit of clothes."

Good From Alchemy.

The philosopher's stone never existed except hypothetically in the imagination of credulous humanity. But out of the efforts of many thoughtful men the present has grown with its enlightened views and fuller knowledge. Alchemy, although in many respects a remarkable example of the extent to which human reason may aberrate, can never be without human interest. It brought to view many fresh fields of research, and led to the discovery of many facts of great importance during its strange and devious career.

Artistic Shop Signs.

Between Cuzco and Machu Piechu, in Peru, are quaint signs indicating what is sold in the Indian huts. A small bunch of wheat on the end of a pole indicates chicha—a native corn beer—for sale within. A green wreath means bread for sale, while a piece of white cloth indicates aguardiente, a powerful white rum.

If your friends seem to you unappreciative and ungrateful, be sure the fault is partly in yourself.

DESIGNED FOR THE CURIOUS

Not Hard to Trace Origin and Reason for the Gazebo in Architectural Designs.

No name could be more descriptive than gazebo for a building, whether it assume the form of a tower or balcony, which was erected for the purpose of enabling anyone to gaze about; and there is no need to hunt through the pages of a dictionary for the origin of so obvious a term. Curiosity is common to the race, and contrivances of all kinds have been called for throughout the ages, and will continue to be, to enable people to pry into their neighbors' affairs; and architectural solutions of the problem must always be as interesting as they have frequently proved most picturesque.

Doubtless in the remotest antiquity such means of prying were in vogue, and the hanging gardens of Babylon may have presented replicas of the towers of Kent or Chambers; but we will go no further back for examples than Pliny's villa at Laurentum. The Plinys, as we know, were of a very inquiring turn of mind, and are most appropriately commemorated at Como, their supposed birthplace, on the west front of the cathedral, by a sculptured representation of each engaged in looking out of a window. Thus it was that when Pliny the Younger built his celebrated villa he gave it two towers, and as they could be used neither for defense in such a place nor for smoking rooms at such a period, we can only suppose them to have been erected to serve as gazebos where he could look into the grounds of his neighbors and watch their incomings and outgoings.—J. Travenor Perry in Architect (England).

Fireless Cookers That Are Safe.

Recently the national board of fire underwriters issued a caution against using wooden pails or tubs to make home-made fireless cookers. To eliminate the danger of fires from these valuable fuel savers, the department of agriculture advocates using ground-up asbestos in place of hay, paper or wool for packing in them. Additional safety may be attained by making the cooker from a tin can.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Adv.

Most of the election prophets seem to be fitted for positions in the weather bureau.

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Just about the time you think your cup of happiness is going to run over it springs a leak.

When a man has real troubles he keeps them to himself.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

OLD FALSE TEETH

In any Shape—No Matter if Broken

OLD GOLD, SILVER OR PLATINUM

OLD OR NEW JEWELRY

Tinfoil, pewter or collapsible tubes. Nothing too large; nothing too small. CASH by return mail. Goods held ten days subject to approval.

C. H. HOWELL, Metals Broker

E-407 Harrison Ave., East COLUMBUS, OHIO

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