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.

No Lectures for Him.

"Where's your wife these days, Fubdub?"

"On the lecture platform."

"That lets you out, doesn't it?"

The Cuticura Toilet Trio

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

His Way.

"What fine language that gentleman uses!" "Force of habit with him. He's a police justice."

Hayes' Healing Honey

Stops The Tickle
Heals The Throat
Cures The Cough

Its Soothing Healing Effect soon gives relief.

If the Cough is deep-seated and the Head or Chest is sore, a penetrating salve should be applied. This greatly helps any cough syrup in curing Coughs and Colds.

A FREE BOX OF

GROVE'S O-PEN-TRATE SALVE

(Opens the Pores and Penetrates)

For Chest Colds, Head Colds, and Croup,

is enclosed with every bottle of HAYES' HEALING HONEY. This is the only cough syrup on the market with which this additional treatment is given. The salve is also very valuable as a Germicide for the Nose and Throat. You get both remedies for the price of one. 35c.

Sold by all Druggists. If your Druggist should not have it in stock, he will order it from his nearest Wholesale Druggist.

Made, Recommended and Guaranteed to the Public

by PARIS MEDICINE COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

Every Horse Owner who has ever tried **Yager's Liniment** will readily admit that it is by far the *best* and *most* economical liniment for general stable use.

For strained ligaments, spavin, harness galls, sweeny, wounds or old sores, cuts and any enlargements, it gives quick relief.

It contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment. At all dealers. Price 35 cents.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

GILBERT BROS. & CO. Baltimore, Md.

New Year's Crop

Prepare for a better crop next year by shearing this season with a machine. Work is much easier. You not only get longer, better wool without scaring the sheep, but leave a smooth stubble that will increase next year's growth.

Use a Stewart No. 9 Ball Bearing Shearing Machine. Price $14. If your dealer can't supply you send us his name. Write for catalog.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
Dept. S 37, 12th Street and Central Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Light in the Clearing

A TALE of the NORTH COUNTRY in the TIME of SILAS WRIGHT

By IRVING BACHELLER — Author of Eben Holden, D'ri and I, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Keeping Up With Lizzie, Etc., Etc.

Copyright by Irving Bacheller

BARTON PASSES THROUGH PERILS WHICH RECALL THE PROPHECY OF "ROVIN' KATE."

Synopsis.—Barton Baynes, an orphan, goes to live with his uncle, Peabody Baynes, and his Aunt Deel on a farm on Rattleroad, in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit, about the year 1826. He meets Sally Dunkelberg, about his own age, but socially of a class above the Bayneses, and is fascinated by her pretty face and fine clothes. Barton also meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Amos Grimshaw, a young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Baynes home and Roving Kate tells the boys' fortunes, predicting a bright future for Barton and death on the gallows for Amos. Barton meets Silas Wright, Jr., a man prominent in public affairs, who evinces much interest in the boy. Barton learns of the power of money when Mr. Grimshaw threatens to take the Baynes farm unless a note which he holds is paid.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

—7—

One day in December of that year, I had my first trial in the full responsibility of man's work. I was allowed to load and harness and hitch up and go to the mill without assistance. My uncle and Purvis, our hired man, were busy with the chopping and we were out of flour and meal. It took a lot of them to keep the axes going. So I filled two sacks with corn and two with wheat and put them into the box wagon, for the ground was bare, and hitched up my horses and set out.

I reached the mill safely and before the grain was ground the earth and the sky above were white with snow driving down in a cold, stiff wind out of the northwest. I loaded my grists and covered them with a blanket and hurried away. The snow came so fast that it almost blinded me. There were times when I could scarcely see the road or the horses. The wind came colder and soon it was hard work to hold the reins and keep my hands from freezing.

Suddenly the wheels began jumping over rocks. The horses were in the ditch. I knew what was the matter, for my eyes had been filling with snow and I had had to brush them often. Of course the team had suffered in a like manner. Before I could stop I heard the crack of a felly and a front wheel dropped to its hub. I checked the horses and jumped out and went to their heads and cleared their eyes. The snow was up to my knees then.

How the thought of that broken wheel smote me! It was our only heavy wagon, and we having to pay the mortgage! What would my uncle say? The query brought tears to my eyes.

I unhitched and led my horses up into the cover of the pines. How grateful it seemed, for the wind was slack below but howling in the treetops! I knew that I was four miles from home and knew not how I was to get there. Chilled to the bone, I gathered some pitch pine and soon had a fire going with my flint and tinder. I knew that I could mount one of the horses and lead the other and reach home probably. But there was the grist. We needed that; I knew that we should have to go hungry without the grist. It would get wet from above and below if I tried to carry it on the back of a horse. I warmed myself by the fire and hitched my team near it so as to thaw the frost out of their forelocks and eyebrows. I felt in my coat pockets and found a handful of nails—everybody carried nails in one pocket in those days—and I remember that my uncle's pockets were a museum of bolts and nuts and screws and washers.

The idea occurred to me that I would make a kind of sled which was called a jumper.

So I got my ax out of the wagon and soon found a couple of small trees with the right crook for the forward end of a runner, and cut them and hewed their bottoms as smoothly as I could. Then I made notches in them near the top of their crooks and fitted a stout stick into the notches and secured it with nails driven by the ax-head. Thus I got a hold for my evener. That done, I chopped and hewed an arch to cross the middle of the runners and hold them apart and used all my nails to secure and brace it. I got the two boards which were fastened together and constituted my wagon seat and laid them over the arch and front brace. How to make them fast was my worst problem. I succeeded in splitting a green stick to hold the bolt of the evener just under its head while I heated its lower end in the fire and kept its head cool with snow. With this I burnt a hole in the end of each board and fastened them to the front brace with withes of moosewood.

It was late in the day and there was no time for the slow process of burning more holes, so I notched the other ends of the boards and lashed them to the rear brace with a length of my reins. Then I retempered my bolt and brought up the grist and chain and fastened the latter between the boards in the middle of the front brace, hitched my team to the chain and set out again, sitting on the bags.

It was pitch dark and the horses wading to their bellies and the snow coming faster when we turned into Rattleroad. Soon I heard a loud halloo and knew that it was the voice of Uncle Peabody. He had started out to meet me in the storm and Shep was with him.

"Thank God I've found ye!" he shouted. "I'm blind and tired out and I couldn't keep a lantern goin' to save me. Are ye froze?"

"I'm all right, but these horses are awful tired. Had to let 'em rest every few minutes."

I told him about the wagon—and how it relieved me to hear him say:

"As long as you're all right, boy, I ain't goin' to worry 'bout the ol' wagon—not a bit. Where'd ye git yer jumper?"

"Made it with the ax and some nails," I answered.

After we got to the barn door at last he went to the house and lighted his lantern and came back with it wrapped in a blanket and Aunt Deel came with him.

How proud it made me to hear him say:

"Deel, our boy is a man now—made this jumper all 'lone by himself an' has got through all right."

She came and held the lantern up to my face and looked at my hands.

"Well, my stars, Bart!" she exclaimed in a moment. "I thought ye would freeze up solid—ayes—poor boy!"

We carried the grist in and Aunt Deel made some pudding. How good it was to feel the warmth of the fire and of the hearts of those who loved me! How I enjoyed the pudding and milk and bread and butter!

"I guess you've gone through the second peril that ol' Kate spoke of," said Aunt Deel as I went upstairs.

Uncle Peabody went out to look at the horses.

When I awoke in the morning I observed that Uncle Peabody's bed had not been slept in. I hurried down and heard that our off horse had died in the night of colic. Aunt Deel was crying. As he saw me Uncle Peabody began to dance a jig in the middle of the floor.

"Balance yer partners!" he shouted. "You an' I ain't goin' to be discouraged if all the hosses die—be we, Bart?"

"Never," I answered.

"That's the talk! If nec'sary we'll hitch Purvis up with t'other hoss an' git our haulin' done."

He and Purvis roared with laughter and the strength of the current swept me along with them.

"We're the luckiest folks in the world, anyway," Uncle Peabody went on. "Bart's alive an' there's three feet o' snow on the level an' more comin' an' it's colder'n Greenland."

It was such a bitter day that we worked only three hours and came back to the house and played Old Sledge by the fireside.

Rodney Barnes came over that afternoon and said that he would lend us a horse for the hauling.

We had good sleighing after that and got our bark and salts to market and earned $98. But while we got our pay in paper "bank money," we had to pay our debts in wheat, salts or corn, so that our earnings really amounted to only $62.50, my uncle said. We gave the balance and ten bushels of wheat to Mr. Grimshaw for a spavined horse, after which he agreed to give us at least a year's extension on the principal.

We felt easy then.

CHAPTER VII.

My Third Peril.

"Mr. Purvis" took his pay in salts and stayed with us until my first great adventure cut him off. It came one July day when I was in my sixteenth year. He behaved badly, and I, as any normal boy would have done who had had my schooling in the candle light. We had kept Grimshaw from our door by paying interest and the sum of $80 on the principal. It had been hard work to live comfortably and carry the burden of debt. Again Grimshaw had begun to press us. My uncle wanted to get his paper and learn, if possible, when the senator was expected in Canton.

So he gave me permission to ride with Purvis to the post office—a distance of three miles—to get the mail. Purvis rode in our only saddle and I bareback, on a handsome white filly which my uncle had given me soon after she was foaled. I had fed and petted and broken and groomed her and she had grown so fond of me that my whistled call would bring her galloping from the remotest reaches of the pasture. I had named her Sally because that was the only name which seemed to express my fondness.

"Mr. Purvis" was not an experienced rider. My filly led him at a swift gallop over the hills, and I heard many a muttered complaint behind me, but she liked a free head when we took the road together, and I let her have her way.

Coming back we fell in with another rider who had been resting at Seaver's little tavern through the heat of the day. He was a traveler on his way to Canton and had missed the right trail and wandered far afield. He had a big military saddle with bags and shiny brass trimmings and a pistol in a holster, all of which appealed to my eye and interest. The filly was a little tired and the stranger and I were riding abreast at a walk while Purvis trailed behind us.

We heard a quick stir in the bushes by the roadside.

"What's that?" Purvis demanded in a half-whisper of excitement. We stopped.

Then promptly a voice—a voice which I did not recognize—broke the silence with these menacing words, sharply spoken:

"Your money or your life!"

"Mr. Purvis" whirled his horse and slashed him up the hill. Glancing backward, I saw him lose a stirrup and fall and pick himself up and run as if his life depended on it. I saw the stranger draw his pistol. A gun went off in the edge of the bushes close by. The flash of fire from its muzzle leaped at the stranger. The horses reared and plunged and mine threw me in a clump of small popples by the roadside and dashed down the hill.

My fall on the stony siding had stunned me and I lay for three or four seconds, as nearly as I can estimate it, in a strange and peaceful dream. Why did I dream of Amos Grimshaw coming to visit me again, and why, above all, should it have seemed to me that enough things were said and done in that little flash of a dream to fill a whole day—enough of talk and play and going and coming, the whole ending with a talk on the haymow? Again and again I have wondered about that dream. I came to and lifted my head and my consciousness swung back upon the track of memory and took up the thread of the day, the briefest remove from where it had broken.

I peered through the bushes. The light was unchanged. I could see quite clearly. The horses were gone. It was very still. The stranger lay helpless in the road and a figure was bending over him. It was a man with a handkerchief hanging over his face with holes cut opposite his eyes. He had not seen my fall and thought, as I learned later, that I had ridden away.

His gun lay beside him, its stock toward me. I observed that a piece of wood had been split off the lower side of the stock. I jumped to my feet

A Gun Went Off in the Edge of the Bushes Close By.

and seized a stone to hurl at him. As I did so the robber fled with gun in hand. If the gun had been loaded I suppose that this little history would never have been written. Quickly I hurled the stone at the robber. I remember it was a smallish stone about the size of a hen's egg. I saw it graze the side of his head. I saw his hand touch the place which the stone had grazed. He reeled and nearly fell and recovered himself and ran on, but the little stone had put the mark of Cain upon him.

The stranger lay still in the road. I lifted his head and dropped it quickly with a strange sickness. The feel of it and the way it fell back upon the ground when I let go scared me, for I knew that he was dead. The dust around him was wet. I ran down the hill a few steps and stopped and whistled to my filly. I could hear her answering whinny far down the dusty road and then her hoofs as she galloped toward me. She came within a few feet of me and stood snorting. I caught and mounted her and rode to the nearest house for help. On the way I saw why she had stopped. A number of horses were feeding on the roadside near the log house where Andrew Crampton lived. Andrew had just unloaded some hay and was backing out of his barn. I hitched my filly and jumped on the rack saying:

"Drive up the road as quick as you can. A man has been murdered."

What a fearful word it was that I had spoken! What a panic it made in the little dooryard! The man gasped and jerked the reins and shouted to his horses and began swearing. The woman uttered a little scream and the children ran crying to her side.

The physical facts which are further related to this tragedy are of little moment to me now. The stranger was dead and we took his body to our home and my uncle set out for the constable. Over and over again that night I told the story of the shooting. We went to the scene of the tragedy with lanterns and fenced it off and put some men on guard there.

In the morning they found the robber's footprints in the damp dirt of the road and measured them. The whole countryside was afire with excitement and searching the woods and fields for the highwayman.

The stranger was buried. There was nothing upon him to indicate his name or residence. Weeks passed with no news of the man who had slain him. I had told of the gun with a piece of wood broken out of its stock, but no one knew of any such weapon in or near Lickitysplit.

One day Uncle Peabody and I drove up to Grimshaw's to make a payment of money. I remember it was gold and silver which we carried in a little sack. I asked where Amos was and Mrs. Grimshaw—a timid, tired-looking, bony little woman who was never seen outside of her own house—said that he was working out on the farm of a Mr. Beekman near Plattsburg. He had gone over on the stage late in June to hire out for the haying. I observed that my uncle looked very thoughtful as we rode back home and had little to say.

"You never had any idee who that robber was, did ye?" he asked by and by.

"No—I could not see plain—it was so dusk," I said.

The swift words, "Your money or your life," came out of my memory and rang in it. I felt its likeness to the scolding demands of Mr. Grimshaw, who was forever saying in effect:

"Your money or your home!"

That was like demanding our lives, because we couldn't live without our home. Our all was in it. Mr. Grimshaw's gun was the power he had over us, and what a terrible weapon it was! I credit him with never realizing how terrible.

We came to the sandhills and then Uncle Peabody broke the silence by saying:

"I wouldn't give fifty cents for as much o' this land as a bird could fly around in a day."

Then for a long time I heard only the sound of feet and wheels muffled in the sand, while my uncle sat looking thoughtfully at the siding. When I spoke to him he seemed not to hear me.

Before we reached home I knew what was in his mind, but neither dared speak of it.

People came from Canton and all the neighboring villages to see and talk with me, and among them were the Dunkelbergs. Unfounded tales of my bravery had gone abroad.

Sally seemed to be very glad to see me. We walked down to the brook and up into the maple grove and back through the meadows.

Barton faces new experiences when he leaves home for the first time and becomes a pupil in Michael Hackett's academy at Canton. You will be interested in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLIGHT NOT PRINCE'S FIRST

Former Heir to German Throne Jumped From Window to Escape Oncoming French.

The former crown prince of Germany never took unnecessary chances. His flight from his radical-swept "fatherland" is in keeping with traits he exhibited to the French during many incidents of the great war. In a letter received at Chicago from Sergt. Ralph Sinclair of the mobile ordnance repair division, a veteran of Chateau Thierry, the one-time heir to the German crown is described as jumping from a window to flee from the oncoming French.

The story was told Sergeant Sinclair by the mistress of a French chateau near an American camp.

"It was during the first German drive in 1914," Sergeant Sinclair wrote, "when they swept down into France in the full flower of their military power. She saw the tired Poilus fall back, worn out with nine days of ceaseless fighting to stem that apparently irresistible army. Then she saw the great German war machine roll on. Some of the German high command came to her chateau, and then a resplendent figure on horseback. He swung an emerald-headed swagger-stick and bore himself with an air of conscious superiority—the crown prince.

"He informed the lady of the chateau that on the morrow his troops would be in Paris. But six miles back the tired Poilus had halted and fought the first battle of the Marne. And quite suddenly and unexpectedly the great German army started to go back—with them the resplendent crown prince, who at the first news of defeat jumped from the window of a neighboring chateau where he was staying and fled."

Facing Changed Conditions.

"I'm looking for employment, sir. I'll be frank with you. I've just been released from prison." "Ahem! One of the model prisons?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I'm willing to give you a chance, but every man we employ is expected to hustle. If you think you can get down to hard work and long hours after the life of elegant leisure you have doubtless enjoyed in prison, I'll make a place for you."

Not to Be Thought Of.

Leonard's hands were badly stained from hulling some black walnuts. On Sunday he celebrated his birthday, and just as the guests were seated at the table mamma said, "Leonard, I believe gasoline would take that stain off your hands." In a shocked tone he replied, "Why, mamma, you don't think I would use gasoline today, do you? This is gasless day."

Nervous Headache.

There is no state of mind that so quickly affects the regular, organic working of the brain as strong emotion, and so it is only natural that emotion excites various nervous disorders—headaches, epilepsy and even insanity.

DEADLY ANT ARMY

No Creature Can Remain in Path of Horde and Live.

Naturalist, Himself Not Immune From Danger, Tells of Incidents He Saw as He Watched the Progress of the Insects

I was dozing quietly in my hammock, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada which seemed to have gone mad in the jungle heat, when a low rustling caught my ear—a sound of moving leaves without wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat, writes William Beebe, in the Atlantic Monthly. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and saw coming toward me, in a broad, irregular front, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living motes over twigs and leaves and stems.

I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gauged my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching, to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few instants, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison fangs would be idle weapons.

In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects—those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six or a hundred, making the swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trailed by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.

Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, although carried into the air, would not loosen his grip, but cling to them, obstruct their flight, and perhaps bring them to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature—a giant beside an ant—fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.

They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a bird in my game bag, and left of it hardly a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, though I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless a half dozen ants appeared on the foot strands, nervously twiddling their antennae in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they were well on their way, then vigorously twanged the cords under them harpwise, sending all the scouts into midair and headlong down among their fellows. So far as I know, this was a revolutionary maneuver in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine.

But even so, when the last of this brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to a new province I could not help thinking of the certain, inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense, should be thus exposed to their attack. There could be no help for him if but one of this great host should scent him out and carry the word back to the rank and file.

May Be Life on Venus.

From what we know of the surface conditions and climates of the various members of the solar system, Prof. Svante Arrhenius concludes that Venus is the only planet besides the earth where life is possible. Venus has a dense, warm atmosphere of high humidity. With everything dripping wet, life near the equator should be luxuriant, though of low order on account of the uniform climate and lack of need for specialization; but nearer the poles the climatic diversity is greater, suggesting a more varied development. Absence of any atmosphere makes life on Mercury and the moon impossible. Mars, too, must be uninhabitable with a temperature averaging about 37 degrees C. below zero and scarcely rising to freezing point even at noon on the equator, and its water supply is small.

Queer Ideas of Yank Slang.

England, which has a richness of slang that is surprising to an American, is convinced that United States is a different language from English, because it is more highly embellished Being so convinced, English newspapers are picking up and "playing" many new discoveries in the slang line. Their latest discovery is that the latest American slang is "I. D. K.," which is a short and curt way of answering "I don't know" to the limitless fool questions asked by rookies in the army. The first sergeant, it is reported, has been shorn of some of his glory and shortened to merely "the top."

Beauty of Independence.

No self-respecting person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When he has become absolutely independent, he is conscious of a sense of added power, which nothing else can give. For, responsibility develops ability. Many a boy discovers himself for the first time when he is thrown upon his own resources and forced to shift for himself. So if you long for success, never do anything through another which it is possible for you to do for yourself. For help from without is often weakening in its effect, but help from within invariably stimulates.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

The Proper Method.

"These are very rude waiters in this place. There is one system they should be put under."

"What is that?"

"Civil service rules."

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.—Adv.

Classified.

She—I think Professor Faddy's views are sound, don't you?

He—Oh, yes; all sound.

When Baby is Teething

GROVE'S BABY BOWEL MEDICINE will correct the Stomach and Bowel troubles. Perfectly harmless. See directions on the bottle.

"Let me take your check," is the most popular after-dinner speech.

"Blue" and Worried?

"Blue," worried, half-sick people should find out the cause of their troubles. Often it is merely faulty kidney action, which allows the blood to get loaded up with poisons that irritate the nerves. Backache, headaches, dizziness and annoying bladder troubles are added proofs that the kidneys need help. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. Thousands thank them for relief from just such troubles.

A Virginia Case

Mrs. C. H. Smith, Manor Ave., Front Royal, Va., says: "There was a pain across the small of my back and whenever I stooped over I could hardly straighten up again, and would become so dizzy I would nearly fall. Millions of colored specks would float before my eyes blurring my sight. My kidneys didn't act right, either. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills so I purchased a box. Doan's gave me great relief from the start and finally cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SMOKING TOBACCO FACTS FROM THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA

The Use of Flavorings Determines Difference In Brands

The Encyclopædia Britannica says about the manufacture of smoking tobacco: "...on the Continent and in America, certain 'sauces' are employed ...the use of the 'sauces' is to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves." Which indicates that a smoker's enjoyment depends as much upon the flavoring used as upon the tobacco.

Your nose is a sure guide in the matter of flavorings. Try this simple test with several tobacco brands: pour some tobacco into your palm, rub briskly, and smell. You will notice a distinct difference in the fragrance of every brand. The tobacco that smells best to you will smoke best in your pipe, you can rest assured.

Carefully aged, old Burley tobacco, plus a dash of pure chocolate, gives TUXEDO Tobacco a pure fragrance your nose can quickly distinguish from any other tobacco. Try it and see.

Colds Grow Better

surprisingly soon, throat inflammation disappears, irritation is relieved and throat tickling stops, when you use reliable, time-tested

PISO'S

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3542-0103.jpg