THE RIGHT WAY...

In all cases of

Distemper, Pinkeye, Influenza, Colds, etc.

of all horses, brood mares, colts, stallions, is to

"SPOHN THEM"

On their tongue or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routs the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. Sold by druggists, harness dealers, or sent express paid by the manufacturers. Special Agents Wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.

Where a Feller Needs a Friend.

Lapland Lad—Ain't it almost dinner time, ma?

Mother—Good gracious, child! It's only two weeks since we had breakfast.—Boston Transcript.

ELIXIR BABEK A GOOD TONIC And Drives Malaria Out of the System. "Your 'Babek' acts like magic; I have given it to numerous people in my parish who were suffering with chills, malaria and fever. I recommend it to those who are sufferers and in need of a good tonic."—Rev. S. Szymanowski, St. Stephen's Church, Perth Amboy, N. J. Elixir Babek, 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Wrong Tooting.

"George's father sent him money to employ a tutor at college."

"Well, did he?"

"Sure. He engaged a chauffeur."

Horse Owners

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or sweeny, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

This liniment is the most economical to use as a large bottle contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment.

Sold by all dealers. Price 35 cents.

GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Take Sulphur Baths at home for

RHEUMATISM

Gout, Eczema, Hives, etc. Right in your own home and at trifling cost, you can enjoy the benefit of healing sulphur baths.

HANCOCK SULPHUR COMPOUND

nature's own blood purifying and skin healing remedy—SULPHUR—prepared in a way to make its use most efficacious. Use it in the bath; use it as a lotion applying to affected parts; and take it internally.

50c and $1 the bottle

at your druggist's. If he can't supply you, send his name and the price in stamps and we will send you a bottle direct.

HANCOCK LIQUID SULPHUR COMPANY Baltimore, Md.

Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment—25 and 50—for use with the Liquid Compound.

Excellent for Coughs & Colds

HALE'S HONEY

of Horehound & Tar

All Druggists

Use Pike's Toothache Drops

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

Merthrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Don't Ask for Cold Cream—Ask for

Mystic Cream

Look for the Witch

Get a jar at your druggist

MYSTIC CREAM CO., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL SOLDIER, MARINE AND SAILOR BANNER; six colors; Welcome Home Our Heroes; 25 cents for sample. T. S. MILLER & CO., NEW YORK CITY.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 21--1919

NOT QUITE TO HIS TASTE

Hunter Liked Bear, All Right, but That Particular One Was Not Done Enough.

Blenkins once joined a bear-hunting expedition. During the hunt, as he was resting by the side of a rock and talking with another hunter he began swanking heavily.

"If there's anything I dote on it's bear. A slice of bear steak nicely done is just perfect!" he said.

"Well," said his companion looking up, "I'm hanged if there isn't a bear now!"

The man who "doted on bear" looked up, saw an immense grizzly on the top of the rock, gave a yell and leaped into the woods and disappeared. His companion soon overtook him and said to the fugitive as he came up:

"I thought you liked bear?"

"Well, I do," said the runaway; "but that one wasn't done enough."—London Tit-Bits.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription.

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

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.

The Egg Came First.

She was a country woman visiting her nieces in a large city and on passing a poultry house noticed a sign on a blackboard, reading: "Hens, 25 cents; roosters, 12 cents; eggs, 35 cents."

"I have lived in the country all my life where we raise chickens and eggs," she confided to the niece who was showing her around, "but I never s'posed I'd live to see the day, even in a big city, where eggs would sell for more than the hens that laid 'em."

His Mourning.

Teddy was inconsolable when his little dog, Rags, died. To try to make him forget his loss his aunt had him accompany her to a friend's where there were several other children. But Teddy sat gloomily on the porch instead of joining in the game on the lawn.

"Aren't you feeling well, Teddy?" asked his hostess.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm feeling well enough, but I'm wearing a black look 'cause Rags is deaded."

A New Danish Harbor.

It is reported from Copenhagen that a new harbor is to be constructed at Korsor, which is a Danish seaport 60 miles west-southwest of Copenhagen. The cost of this work is estimated at 30 million kronen and it is stated that American capital has been interested. The harbor will have a depth of ten meters as against nine meters in Copenhagen and large quays will be built with ample facilities for handling merchandise.—Scientific American.

That Beautiful Dream.

"I'm going to get a nice little wife. I'll have a cozy little home, well-cooked meals, my slippers ready warmed for me when I get home at night, my pipe always handy to me and peace and contentment for the rest of my days."

"You never ought to marry."

"Whyever not?"

"Well, when a man has a dream like that he ought not to risk waking up."

Irish Convalescence.

"How's your husband getting along, Mrs. Fogarty?"

"Well, sometimes he's better an' sometimes he's worse, but from the way he growls an' takes on whin he's better Oi thinks he's better whin he's worse."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Out of Line.

While drilling a new company, one of the men was out of line. The officer called to him, "Step out," but instead of just moving over into place where he belonged, he went up to the officer and asked "What do you want?"

Not of Much Account.

Hewitt—Poor Gruet is no more.

Jewett—He never was very much.—Washington Star.

When you have decided to get rid of worms or Tapeworm, use "Dead Shot," Dr. Peery's Vermifuge. One dose will expel them. Adv.

Why isn't a man a thief when he hooks his wife's dress?

Your Eyes A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. M-12 Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Tribute to the Brave

© Western Newspaper Union

The cycle of years that has vanished
But deepens our love for their deeds;
The smoke of their battles is banished,
But 'tis time, not their fame, that recedes.

MAY AGAIN

By Oney Fred Sweet

LILACS and snowballs and peonies nodded in the yard between the sagging gate and the dilapidated porch. On the porch sat an old man leaning on his cane. Past the gate swept a boy on roller skates.

With an acrobatic twirl, the boy swung away from the walk, whisked through the gate and came to a stop in front of the old man on the porch.

"You'll be picking the flowers in the morning," the boy greeted with enthusiasm. "You always do. And you'll be hanging your flag out on the porch. Tomorrow—"

"Yes, tomorrow is Decoration day," mused the old man.

"I don't know whether mother'll let me march or not," went on the boy. "She hates to have me stand out in the hot so long."

He balanced himself on the skates and glanced over his shoulder toward the big house across the street.

"Standing in the hot sun wouldn't stop me," the old man answered as if speaking to some one far off, "but these legs of mine— I said last year it was my last. I was all played out before we got to the cemetery."

The boy looked at the old man, his hands on his hips, his elbows crooked.

"I think I'll march anyhow," he concluded suddenly. "I think it must have been great to have been a soldier. You can remember all those battles you were in and how you marched behind the flag. You can remember what you did for your country."

The old man smiled.

"We're old timers now, Tommy—worn out old timers with nothing much but those memories. And the weaker we get in the flesh and bones the stronger those old memories come back. Ed Howse, he's a worthless old crab in a way, but he wears the little bronze button on the lapel of his coat, and—well, I just can't tell you how I feel toward him. He was with a regiment way off in another part of the country from me, but I know he went through it, too, or he wouldn't be wearing the little bronze button. Tomorrow he'll be marching up to the cemetery back of the band with the look in his eyes that defies the world to say he ain't a boy again. He will be a boy again. He'll be back again as he was when he fought for the flag!"

The boy seated himself on the porch steps.

"I've studied about it all in school," he puzzled, "but it all seems so long ago. I don't suppose there'll be any more wars."

"No," agreed the old man. "When we fought to save the Union I guess it finished up things pretty well so far as this country is concerned. And the old fellows are dropping off so fast there won't be any of 'em to march out to the cemetery soon. They'll all be sleeping out there. When you think of 'em, you'll only remember the years when they offered themselves to a great big, good cause and you'll forget the faults they had."

The boy's face clouded with thought.

"If I come over early in the morning," he asked, "will you let me have the flowers you've always carried up there yourself? I'll see that they get to a flag-marked grave."

"You bet I will," smiled the old man. "I'll cut 'em for you in the morning. They bloom this way just for Decoration day. You can't tell me that they don't know that they're for soldier graves."

* * * * * * *

Lilacs and snowballs and peonies nodded between the sagging gate and the dilapidated porch. On the porch sat an old man leaning on his cane, and at the gate approached a buoyant youth in a belted coat, tight-fitting trousers and a long-peaked cap.

"Good morning!"

The old man strained his eyes.

"Good morning, Tommy. I was looking for you."

"You've got out the old flag on the porch," the youth smiled. "You haven't forgotten that it's Decoration day, but I guess I'll have to cut the flowers myself this morning."

The old man shook his head.

"Nope, I'll cut 'em for you," he insisted. "I've done it these ten years that you've come along. I was just waiting for a little—a little breath. You're getting to be a big fellow, Tommy."

"I think I'll put them on Abner Harms' grave today," suggested the youth. "I understand he was in

"You'll Be Picking the Flowers in the Morning."

Rickett's battery. I've wondered lots of times about those old fellows. I suppose they were all boys when they fought. I've wondered sometimes if they understand now that the flowers are for them and what they did."

"They know," the old man assured. "These flowers know, too, why they bloom this time in May—why they hurry to get out their buds. The sun and the rain that brings them out know, too. If you'll just help me a little, Tommy, and give me just a little time I'll have them cut for you. What's that—the band? They're starting from downtown already! Don't it seem as if the sky was a bit bluer than on any other day? Don't it seem as if the birds sang different? Heaven's somehow always pretty close to earth on Decoration day. Get the breath of those lilacs!"

The youth began to help the old man down the path.

"You were wrong about wars being at an end," he said finally. "Things are pretty lively in the old country."

"Yes, yes, over there," admitted the old man. "I don't know where our muzzle loaders would come in with those machine guns and airplanes and gas. But we're clear on this side of the water. They'll be mighty careful not to tread on our rights. The old flag never touched the ground and the Germans know it. They'll be careful not to rile Uncle Sam."

"I guess you're right," the youth responded with tightened lips. "They know the old flag'll never touch the ground, or they better know it. You sit down now and take it easy. The procession's almost here. I'll just follow along. I'm out of school now, but I'll see that the flowers get where they belong."

* * * * * * *

Lilacs and snowballs and peonies nodded in the yard between the sagging gate and the dilapidated porch. On the porch sat an old man leaning on his cane.

In a few days now the flag would flutter from the porch. The sky would seem a bluer blue, the birds sing with peculiar sweetness. Heaven would seem pretty close to earth. It would be Decoration day!

The morning breeze would catch the folds of the flag on the porch and cause the red, white, and blue to sparkle anew in the sunshine.

The music of the band would grow fainter. Every year it had been the same. The robins chirping in the evergreens and the insects setting up a chorus in the close-cut blue grass of the cemetery with its quiet suddenly invaded by the town. The voices of the quartet carried off over the prairie by the breeze. The address. The school children heaping their bloodroots and violets and honeysuckles above the flag-marked graves.

Ed Howse had limped in at the sagging gate and was making his way as best he could up the path to the porch. Ed pushed back his slouch felt hat and with an effort seated himself below the old man leaning on his cane.

"Well, it'll be Decoration day in a few days," he panted. "I'm going to try to make the march once more."

The old man on the porch nodded.

"My hearin's gettin' pretty bad. I don't suppose I'll be able to hear much that the speaker says," Ed went on. "I won't know whether he's talkin' about the way we held our ground at Gettysburg or that fight around Amiens to hold back Hindenburg. D——n those Huns, do they think they can spoil all us old fellows fought for?"

"The old flag never touched the ground," answered the old man.

"If I was fifty years younger," quavered Ed.

"We've got 'em fifty years younger, don't worry," nodded the old man grimly. "The old flag'll never touch the ground."

"Never saw your lilacs look finer," Ed remarked. "'Pears as if they looked nicer than I ever see 'em."

The man leaning on the cane cleared his throat. He glanced toward the gate—the gate where—

"They ain't going to be cut this year," he said finally. "They know he'll never come after 'em again. Those lilacs and snowballs and peonies have got to carry their fragrance a long way on Decoration day this

"Somewhere in France."

year. They know what they've bloomed for every May. They know this year better than ever. The breeze that nods 'em is going to do its part. There's nothing going to stop their fragrance being carried clear across the land we love, across the ocean we're going to keep free, over to his grave 'somewhere in France.'"—Chicago Tribune.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

has been a household remedy all over the civilized world for more than half a century for constipation, intestinal troubles, torpid liver and the generally depressed feeling that accompanies such disorders. It is a most valuable remedy for indigestion or nervous dyspepsia and liver trouble, bringing on headache, coming up of food, palpitation of heart, and many other symptoms. A few doses of August Flower will relieve you. It is a gentle laxative. Ask your druggist. Sold in all civilized countries.—Adv.

Animal Diseases.

Animal diseases, such as hog cholera, the foot-and-mouth disease, etc., are costing the farmers and the general public an enormous sum each year, although agricultural leaders have been waging an effective fight upon such epidemics. Ultimately the farmers will be enjoying the use of about $200,000,000 which they now lose each year through these causes.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Really Had Something Coming.

Pat recently dined in one of the smartest hotels in the city of Dublin, selecting the best of all that was good and expensive on the menu, and then he prepared to leave.

"Shall I bring you your bill, sir?" asked the waiter, putting himself in the way.

"Begob, an' ye needn't," returned our hero. "I intended payin' with the pearl I expected to find in the oysters, but bad luck to the wan could I find in thim at all. So ye may go to the divil," and he moodily passed out.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

DAISY FLY KILLER

PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 5 by EXPRESS, prepaid, $1.25.

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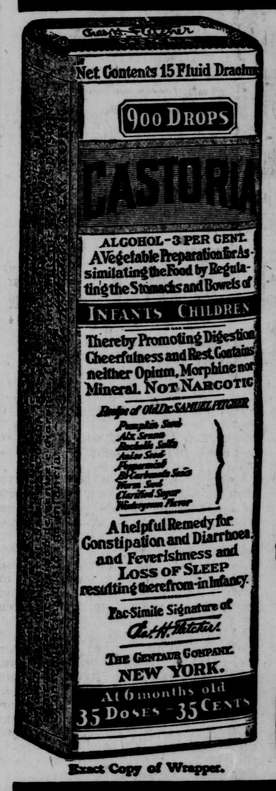

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Gasp at Yank Gallantry.

The following passage is quoted from an article about the soldiers of the American army of occupation in a Coblenz paper:

"These gentlemen from abroad . . . stand up in the crowded electric cars and offer their seats to any woman, even though they be peasant girls! This is a custom that surprises us, habituated as we are to the rough ways of war time, like a memory from the ancient past. They make way for ladies on the sidewalk and step aside to let them enter the shops first. Indeed, the ladies in Coblenz have been much astonished at the excessive gallantry of the Yankees."

Not the Same One.

"Can I have leave to visit me wife, sir?" asked Pat of his ship's officer, as they dropped anchor in Dublin bay recently.

"To visit your wife?" thundered the officer. "What the devil are you up to now? Were you not granted leave ten or eleven days ago to bury your wife?"

"Yes, sir, and I did bury her," replied our hero, "but that was the wan belongin' to the last port we wor in, sir."

The best friend you have on earth is a better friend to himself than he is to you.

They Didn't.

Mary Ellen had received several Easter presents—the latest of which was a new hat. With all the wisdom of a three-year-old she looked at the auntie who had presented it, and purred, "I love Aunt Grace."

Aunt Ruth looked up from her book. "Then I guess I'll take that new dress I bought you back and give it to Virginia," she threatened.

For a minute Mary Ellen was troubled. Then relief came to her face. "I love you, too, Aunt Ruth," she purred again, "and everybody else who got me something. Now," wisely, "I guess nobody will take my fings back."

Co-operation.

Elizabeth must have heard someone talking about "co-operation." She doesn't like to have her hair curled, which her mother curls around her finger, and it takes a long time and "pulls" like the mischief.

However, Elizabeth often blinks back the tears. One day she said: "Mother, do you know people ought to co-operate in everything they do? Even when it comes to making curls, you and I ought to co-operate, oughtn't we, mother?"

She was certainly doing her best, and mother was, too.

Some girls see in every bachelor of their acquaintance a possible husband.

Breakfast is Ready when you have a package of

Grape-Nuts

for this tasteful blend of wheat & barley is ready-cooked.

Not a bit of waste: Usable to the last crumb

Usual price 15¢ per package.

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