SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

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.

Flannigan's Curiosity.

Flannigan (listening to new jazz record)—What kind iv music do ye call that, Norah?

Daughter—That's a fox trot, daddy.

Flannigan—An' how many tin cans did th' fox have tied to his tail whin he throtted?—Buffalo Express.

One bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will save you money, time, anxiety and health. One dose sufficient, without Castor Oil in addition. Adv.

If a man is ruled by his feelings he is apt to travel in a zigzag course.

48,000
Drug Stores Sell It.
Five million people use it to KILL COLDS
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE
Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.
At All Drug Stores

T. B. Donaldson's
Wonderful New Life Remedy
The Great Blood Tonic
For many years successfully used in the treatment of *Stomach and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Kidneys, Chronic Constipation and Nervous Debility.*
Try a Bottle Today—$1.00

T. B. Donaldson's
WONDER OIL
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Be Sure the Name "T. B. Donaldson" is on Every Bottle.

HOW TO GET RID OF CONSTIPATION
It's needless and dangerous to suffer from a clogged up system because it often lays the foundation for a lifetime of misery and ill-health.
DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS taken one or two at bedtime,—quickly eliminates all poisonous waste matter from the system and strengthen the Bowels.
Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills


This Large Bottle of **YAGER'S LINIMENT** contains twice as much as the usual 50 cent bottle of liniment and lasts the average family for months.
It quickly alleviates pain caused from rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, sprains, etc.
Sold by all dealers. Price 35c.
YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN
GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

GOOD HEALTH FOR YOU
DR. CARTER'S K. & B. TEA
Costs but Little and You Can Make a Whole Lot from One Package.
More people are drinking Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea than ever before, because they have found out that for liver, stomach and bowels and to purify the blood there is nothing surer, safer or better. The little tots just love it.


SINCE 1870 **SHILOH** 30 DROPS STOPS **COUGHS**

SWAMI RAM'S REINCARNATION

By FRANK BLIGHTON

(Copyright.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

—8—

A great cloud of smoke leaped high above the carcel walls, carrying with it a shower of sun-baked, blood-stained earth, mingled with fragments of flesh.

Slowly the whitish-blue wreaths settled down or drifted away. Soldiers were strewn over the ground—some hideously mangled corpses, others writhing in agony.

Hardinge, miraculously uninjured, peered with amazed and horror-filled eyes for some sight of the Hindu.

Jalisingrao Jitendra had vanished.

Thunderstruck for an instant, the quick-witted knave at the next bolted for the jail gate. He had not reached the opening, however, when a frightful yell of terror rose outside in the streets of Zapatillio.

"Los Americanos! El Tigre! El Tigre!"

Behind the roar of other rifles rang out a hearty cheer. Herbert Hardinge, scurrying across the road for protection with Moreno's bodyguard, sprawled suddenly and lay still.

A hatless giant, with yellow hair and implacable blue eyes, upon his ferocious face a satyr's smile of utter contempt for danger, was riding at the head of the cyclonic knot of men.

His smoking rifle told the story of the Englishman's passing.

Shrieking Mexicans scattered for safety in every direction before that whirlwind, tigerish assault—fleeing as their forefathers had fled three generations before when confronted by fighting men of Anglo-Saxon blood.

With a venomous look of semisatisfaction, Buck Williams spurred his foaming horse over Hardinge's corpse, straight into the jail yard.

He sharply reined in the animal, as his inquisitorial eyes fell upon Jitendra's turban. He leaped to the ground and picked up the discarded headdress.

"Too late!" he groaned. "I was sure that volley I heard was his finish. Great God! what hellish luck—five minutes more and I should have saved him!"

With a perplexed glance at the dead and dying soldiers clustered in or around the huge hole freshly gnashed in the earth, he remounted and rode dejectedly through the gate.

A man hurried up to him.

"Did you find him, Buck?"

"He's gone, Scotty. But he evidently had company, for hell must have broken loose in that jail yard—everybody's dead in there!"

"Gosh—that's tough! But why didn't you bring him along with you last night, Buck? The boys was on the way five minutes after we got the news down in Culiacan yesterday afternoon, and all Mexico couldn't have taken either you or him away from us."

"I don't know, Scotty. I was crazy, I suppose. All I thought of was myself—and getting back here to clean up that dog Hardinge. I remember Jitendra's saying something about beating it quick, and that his gods would keep an eye out for him. Scotty, I can't ever forgive myself—he was a good scout."

"He sure musta been, Buck!" consoled the superintendent. "But I wouldn't—"

"Look what he did for me," interrupted Williams. "He followed me almost five hundred miles after I threatened to shoot him if I saw him again; he gave Pacheco the 'Broadway Rouse' in some fashion I have never been able to figure out, the very minute that dirty greaser struck me across the face; and last night he grew this gun right up in the middle of that cell in there and then opened the door for me—all because I dragged him from under that wrecked car. And then I laid down on him like a yellow pup. I ain't a man, Scotty—I'm a pop-eyed, goose-brained blob! I might have figured they'd hand it to him pronto with me gone!"

"Aw! don't take it so much to heart, Buck. A man can't think of everything when he's making a gitaway. Besides, it ain't all your fault. If he could git you out, why couldn't he git out himself? What was there to hinder him from followin' you?"

"I don't know, Scotty. But I do know that he thought of me first—that's what galls me—and I never thought of him till I was half-way to Culiacan and run into you boys."

"Well, beefing won't help us any. If the little fellow's dead he ain't got nothing more to worry about. He's better off'n we are, I guess, for Moreno'll git his men together and start something if we don't beat it for El Tigre before they rally."

CHAPTER VIII.

Swami Ram Bids Adieu!

"Listen!"

Buck Williams held up a warning hand.

The two score American riders trailing behind him halted in the cover of the thick trees just above El Tigre mine. Some were aching with wounds, others reeling in their saddles with fatigue. But at the signal everything was forgotten except the possibility of another brush with Moreno's men.

Indomitable, resolute expressions replaced the lines which pain had painted on their faces as weapons were loosened and muscles grew taut with the suspense of the moment.

"What the devil is it?" wonderingly demanded Billy Scott.

"Do you hear it, too?" There was a note of relief in Buck Williams' voice. "Scotty, I thought for a minute I had the rams again—and its seven years since I touched a drink. That's the same tune I heard the night I got back to El Tigre, when I dreamed Washington was leading his army of ghosts against Pacheco's peons. Then I woke up to find that lousy thief had me hamstrung for fair!"

"It's a flute or a fife of some sort," averred Friday Thornton, "playing 'Yankee Doodle,' I guess."

"Git out, Friday," scoffed Tommy Wickwire. "That ain't 'Yankee Doodle' any more than it's 'Lead, Kindly Light.' If that ain't 'Everybody's Doing It,' I'm a greaser myself."

"It can't be any of Moreno's outfit," thoughtfully remarked Scott. "His shotgun artists never play nothin' but fantan and guitars."

"Here goes, boys!" shouted Williams, galloping his horse down the hill toward the building. The others followed unhesitatingly. The piping notes grew more clearly audible as they swept up the road to Buck's residence.

The owner of El Tigre was first out of the saddle. He strode into the building, with rifle ready, Scott, Thornton and Wickwire just behind. The quartette burst into the dining room.

Seated cross-legged on the floor was an emaciated, brown-hued little man, naked to the loins, save for an immaculate turban which encircled his head. From a small, reedlike pipe came the music which they had heard and upon which he was still performing vigorously, but with the greatest composure.

On each side of him, swaying in perfect rhythm to the music, were two repulsive king-cobras. A hypnotic spell seemed to fill the room. Neither the piper nor the snakes appeared aware of the intrusion.

"Jitendra!" sharply ejaculated Williams.

The music abruptly ceased.

The ophidians, as if scenting possible danger, flattened to the floor and glided with amazing swiftness over to the Hindu. He thrust one nonchalantly into his turban and the other into the neck-cloth he plucked from the floor and adjusted.

The four Americans gasped.

It was several seconds before Williams could find his voice. So many weird things had happened that he would not have been surprised to see the little brown man disappear through the floor or dissolve into nothing while they watched.

"I thought you were dead, Jitendra!" at last exclaimed the mine owner.

The diminutive brown man arose and salaamed profoundly.

"The sahib speaks true of Jalisingrao Jitendra, who today excarnated on the Seven Paths from the prison yard of the city—is it not so?"

Buck winced.

But his careful scrutiny of the half-starved figure before him removed the sudden doubts which had projected themselves into his mind.

"You're Jitendra, all right," he positively replied. "I know your feet—you loyal little cuss! You cut the soles of them almost to pieces following me from El Paso. Look at them—they're raw yet!"

"Jalisingrao Jitendra has passed on," politely but firmly returned the Oriental, with the flicker of a smile across his mobile face. "But, verily, his soul reincarnates again in my body—but I, sahib, am called Swami Ram."

"I get you, Steve," laughed Buck uproariously. "And I think I savvy another little incident which occurred when the late Jalisingrao Jitendra—Gee! what a mouthful that name is—was in my company. If you had that interesting creature around your head when you leaned over toward Manuel Pacheco on the way to jail in Zapatillio, no wonder he kicked off so mysteriously. I'll match a cobra against a greaser, any day."

"The vengeance of Vishnu is swift and sure," placidly returned the Hindu. "Likewise, sahib, Siva was of some small service to you during the earth-life of the late Jitendra."

"You mean down in the carcel?"

The little brown man bowed low.

"Sahib, when Siva crept under the door where no man might pass, and coiled upon the neck of the guard, think you not there were reasons why he wished, very much, to come inside to have speech with Jitendra?"

"Ugh!" shuddered Buck, "I should think there were—plenty of them. So that was how you nailed the sentry in the corridor. And it was his rifle which the late Jitendra gave me, I suppose?"

Swami Ram nodded.

"Vishnu and Siva, sahib, as you will testify, are not without power to succor the deserving in their distress."

"They're a couple of perfectly good snakes," hastily acquiesced the American. "But why did Jitendra die instead of following me out of the prison? And what became of that other Mexican guard?"

"Jitendra had lost caste by being thrust into that foul dungeon by unclean hands, sahib. Also, he had smoked a cigarette, which is likewise forbidden. He was to wed the Princess Indira, but she must now seek another husband. It was needful for him to excarnate for purification."

"But they took you out to shoot you, didn't they? I thought I heard the volley just as I rode up."

"A little patience, sahib. The guard in the hall vowed obedience to Vishnu and Siva in return for his life, thus becoming a novitiate on the Seven Paths. It was he who made ready for Jitendra to pass out by hiding the powder kegs in the old drain beneath the place where the killers of men were accustomed to stand.

"Also he strewed powder to the hole where Jitendra stood when he lighted the forbidden cigarette. Jitendra did not smoke cigarettes, but his act was necessary to carry out the will of the gods. For, sahib, those deluded ones were also fated to seek wisdom elsewhere. Not until they shall raise the veil of Maya from their vision and, perceiving Truth, resolve to kill no more, may they hope to return to earth-life."

Buck Williams grinned at the naive recital. His three friends were too astounded to speak.

"Where are you going now?" queried the mine owner.

"A novitiate of the gods, who was once a jail guard, waits for me with horses in the hills. Sahib, may a poor Swami presume upon your generosity?"

"Anything—up to half of El Tigre."

"I have already appropriated linen from your bed for a new turban, that Swami Ram may re-enter the world properly attired. But Vishnu and Siva are cold and hungry. Warmth they may find from my own body, but food, alas! I have none. Will the gracious sahib grant me the boon of another can of milk ere we journey on to meet the Princess Indira, who awaits a new husband in New England?"

(THE END.)

Dyes From the Deep.

Colonies of sea snail or "dye plantations," are to be found along the coast of New England. These snails are particularly useful in that each one is literally a mobile ink well—each tiny unit a repository for just so much precious purple fluid which, in ancient days, helped enrich the robes of Eastern monarchs. Indeed, the prolific creature which seems only now to awaken the interest of New Englanders is lineal descendant of that mollusk which made Phoenicia famous—the murex—alike, so authorities aver, in all days the price of its yield! In those days a pound of purple dye was worth a king's ransom; now it may be procured of any chemist for a comparatively small sum. The dye extracted from the snail is at first of a yellowish hue. Then, exposed to sunlight, it becomes in turn green, blue, purple, and indelible crimson, resembling, when "spread," the variable silk of the modern manufacturer's stock.

Off-Hand Economics.

"I've got a notion to strike for more wages."

"Why don't you?"

"Well, supposing we all quit work and get what we request. While we're out, production stops and prices go up so that the larger wages won't buy any more than they did; so what's the use?"

COAL DUST AND PETROLEUM

Combination Said to Be Successfully Mixed to Form an Economical and Satisfactory Fuel.

Many attempts have been made to mix coal dust and petroleum for a composition fuel. Hitherto, they have been unsuccessful, for the simple reason that the coal dust would quickly separate from the oil, falling to the bottom.

This difficulty, it is claimed, has been overcome by the use of a certain ingredient that holds the particles of coal dust in suspension in the oil.

While intended mainly for use in industrial plants, it is declared to give promise of being available for specially modified furnaces and stoves in dwellings.

A lump of coal has a certain area of surface. If you break it into a number of pieces, the total surface area is multiplied. If you grind it to powder, the total surface area becomes relatively enormous.

Obviously, the more you spread out the surface of the coal, the more readily the oxygen in the air can get at it, and the more rapid and complete the combustion of the fuel will be. This means augmented efficiency, if the thing can be properly managed mechanically.

Just there has lain the trouble hitherto. It is asserted that the oil and coal dust mixture solves the problem.

Great Sailor Tardily Honored.

The discovery and removal of the remains of John Paul Jones were accomplished in 1905 through the enterprise and at the expense of General Horace Porter, at that time ambassador to France. The remains were brought to America in the armored cruiser Brooklyn, flagship of Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee's accompanying squadron. They were buried at the United States Naval academy at Annapolis with impressive ceremonies, there to await the completion of a suitable final resting place.

"Hell's Half Acre."

This is a transitory term for a "tough" place, which has been applied to mining camps and similar locations apparently ruled by his satanic majesty, probably in contrast with "God's Acre," applied to cemeteries. A section of North Detroit was until recently given this nickname on account of its alleged excess of disease and iniquity. One of the geyser basins in the Yellowstone park used to be known by this same title, expressive of the weird, unearthly effect on the beholder.

She Sure Was.

A man was defending himself in a divorce suit.

"She's unreasonable," he contended, adding: "The other day she called me the laziest man in the world just because I threw a kiss at her."—Philadelphia North American.

SUCCESSORS OF THE SWEATER COAT



THE humble sweater first became sportive as to color and then made way for sweater coats, smocks, wide scarfs and fancy wraps all made for warmth or to suggest it. There are about as many different materials used for these wraps as there are styles for making them, with angora, or other shaggy soft wools, much to the fore. The new and heavy weaves in silk are favorites and the thicker grades of jersey cloth make handsome yarn embroidered smocks that take the place of sweaters with sport skirts.

For real warmth the wide scarfs, often with cap and muff to match, made of angora in dark colors, and provided with belts, are practical and smart. Some of the narrower ones have muffs made in them by folding a deep loop in one end to accommodate a flat bed. Yarn crocheted flowers make a pretty ornament. The same yarn forms a fringe at the end. All these scarfs can be made of angora fabrics with muffs or caps to match and the same material in stripes of white and light colors make small wraps worn with white skirts banded with the angora. Sleeveless jackets that hang straight from the shoulder are also made of it.

Silk sweater-coats and smocks are often finished with knotted silk fringe in bright colors with silk girdles to match. Silk braid is a novelty used in fringes on crocheted sweaters. These are made in several styles, one of the novel ones appearing in the picture above. Collars and cuffs of angora make a cozy looking finish for those with long sleeves. All these pretty garments are either really warm or suggest warmth, although some of them are so lacey that it takes the addition of angora cloth to hint a protection against chill.

The smock of heavy jersey cloth is the most interesting rival of sweaters and sweater-coats. It is usually embroidered with wool or has crocheted flowers of wool yarn as a decoration and there is plenty of room for the exercise of individual taste in its making.

Peplum Blouses and Others



THE procession of new blouses and smocks for spring and summer is passing in review, and every day brings revelations of style and beauty in them. The blouse with a peplum, more or less short, has arrived at a place, in the esteem of women, where it looks backward at its rivals—the blouse without a peplum and the smock. Just how to distinguish between a blouse and a smock is one of the things that needs to be determined. If we count in smocks with blouses that have peplums, those that have not will be found in the minority.

About the most interesting of the new blouses are those made of fine white voile that depend upon exquisite needle work for adornment. Drawn work, hemstitching, embroidery and fancy stitches, insets of filet and oldtimy stitchery give them a flavor of refinement and reserve that we find refreshing. Bearing them company are smocks of white linen, with bindings in a color.

After these the most interesting blouses are those of georgette crepe that are embroidered in a way to make them either brilliant or georgeous High colors like jade green, turquoise, geranium, emerald and henna, with embroidery in colors that are like them in character, as brilliant and as artfully combined as in a Paisley shawl, have an appealing suggestion of splendor. Then there are bead embroidered models, of which a lovely example appears in the picture. Black georgette makes this rich blouse and brilliant jet beads almost cover the peplum They find a place on the flaring elbow sleeves and outline the round neck, besides making a looped fringe that finishes the bottom and the sleeves. There is much sparkle to this all black affair and it belongs to the matron who is entitled to wear it. A long strand of beads takes the place of a girdle about the waist.

Julia Bottomley

Again Taffetas.

Taffeta, as usual, will be a fabric leader for spring. One charming advance spring model shows a simple surplice waist of navy taffeta, with the taffeta skirt covered all over with Chinese embroidery. The embroidery is done in tan and king's blue.

Some Bright Accessories.

Cloth of silver or gold may be used for a matching hat and bag with excellent effect. These bright accessories worn with dark suits or frocks complete very attractive outfits. The American woman always prefers the street frock or suit of dark color, regardless of the fact that more vivid shades are introduced and adopted by a few who like to be conspicuous; but a vivid touch of coloring in hat or bag is essential. Real individuality is expressed in the selection of accessories.

Lace-Finished Evening Capes.

Deep bands of lace finish the bottoms of evening capes.

Women With Backache and Pain


Staunton, Va.—"When I was about twenty years of age I suffered a great deal at certain times with backaches and terrible pains. Would have to keep to my bed for at least two days. My trouble was caused by congestion. My mother had taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and she thought it might be of some benefit to me, and it surely proved to be. The relief was prompt, but I took three bottles of the Prescription and by that time my health was better than it had ever been—it was absolutely perfect. I take pleasure in recommending it to all girls who suffer periodically."—Mrs. C. D. Reeves, 321 N. Central Ave.

AVOIDED OPERATION

Fredericksburg, Va.—"After motherhood I went down in health until I was an invalid for over nine months. I had inflammation and ulceration and I can't begin to tell how I suffered. I doctored, but did not get any relief. The doctor said nothing but an operation would ever help me, but instead I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and my health was completely restored and I have been strong and healthy ever since."—Mrs. C. E. Talley, 907 National Boulevard.

MOTHERS, ATTENTION


Alexandria, Va.—"I have depended a great deal on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to keep me well during my whole life. As a girl I took it, and always during motherhood I have depended on it to keep me strong and healthy. I suffered much less than I otherwise would have and my children were all very healthy. I feel that I have been much benefited by its use."—Mrs. Nannie Suddarth, 1931 Duke St.

ASTHMA
DR. J. D. 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. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.
Dr. J. D. **KELLOGG'S** REMEDY

Be good, but don't be too easy.

Variety is the spice of life—especially a first-class vaudeville show.

There is nothing heavenly about war, or dyspepsia. The world is outgrowing the first and Garfield Tea will conquer dyspepsia.—Adv.

People like each other pretty well even when crowded on a street car.

Shave With Cuticura Soap
And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv.

Those Wags.

"Ever eat any venison?"

"About all I eat is dear."—Boston Transcript.

OPEN NOSTRILS! END COLD OR CATARRH

How to Get Relief When Head and Nose Are Stuffed Up.

Count fifty. Your cold in head or catarh disappears. Your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more snuffling, hawking, mucous discharge, dryness or headache, no struggling for breath at night.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist and apply a little of this fragrant antiseptic cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothing and healing the swollen or inflamed mucous membrane, giving you instant relief. Head colds and catarrh yield like magic. Don't stay stuffed-up and miserable. Relief is sure.—Adv.

Some married men never get a chance to breathe the air of freedom.

AFTER 7 YEARS—STILL WELL
Now Enjoys Best of Health and Does Her Housework Unaided

"I didn't enjoy one day of good health for more than two years," says Mrs. C. E. Wildes, 746 E. Georgia St., Memphis, Tenn. "At first I had nothing more than backache. Afterwards terrible attacks of pain left me weak and limp. My arms and limbs ached. My feet felt weighted with tons of lead. I couldn't walk without a cane and had to be carried to bed every night. I couldn't do a bit of work and kept my people busy rubbing my aching limbs. Sometimes my whole body became rigid. My feet were swollen twice their normal size.


Mrs. Wildes

"It almost killed me to pass the kidney secretions. I lost 42 pounds and each day felt I had aged a year. I was so nervous the rustle of a paper made me scream.

"Finally I was advised to use *Doan's Kidney Pills* and seven boxes made me a well woman. I have enjoyed the best of health for seven years, and have done all my housework without any trouble." Sworn to before me.

JOHN McNULTY, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Persistent Coughs
are dangerous. Get prompt relief from Piso's. Stops irritation; soothing. Effective and safe for young and old. No opiates in
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