BACK ACHING?

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys, a trouble that often follows grip, cold, or overwork.. It shows in constant, dull, throbbing backache, or sharp twinges when stooping or lifting. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have saved themselves serious kidney ills by timely use of Doan's. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Virginia Case



I. W. Musick, Rodefer St., Abingdon, Va., says: "There was a dull ache across my back and loins and often these aches changed into sharp, acute pains. This came as a result of disordered kidneys and for several days at a time I was too weak and ill to do my work. Finally, a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I lost no time in procuring a box. Since using them I have enjoyed excellent health with not one pain or ache to bother me."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

IF YOU GET YOUR FEET WET



don't have a cold afterwards—take

HALE'S HONEY

of Horehound and Tar

Nothing better than this safe, dependable home remedy for healing and soothing throat troubles and clearing up colds.

30c at all druggists

Use Pike's Toothache Drops

Rheumacide

GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

Have you **RHEUMATISM** Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.

"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE PUTS REBURATISM ON THE OUTSIDE"

At All Druggists

Jos. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

OLIVE TAR Dr. Stafford's

For internal and external use

Unexcelled for winter throat troubles—stops coughing—heals sore throat—soothes—prompt relief.

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for bronchitis

SEND YOUR KODAK FILMS TO US to Be Finished; our pictures do not fade; best work, reasonable prices. Send for price list. Clark Studio, 116 Baltimore, Cumberland, Md.

For a Consideration.

Spratt (gloomily)—"I don't believe I have a friend in the world." Sponger—"You can make one; I need $5."

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief From Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.—Adv.

Don't have too many opinions. They are a frequent source of oppression of others.

Garfield Tea stimulates the liver, corrects constipation, cleanses the system and rids the blood of impurities. All druggists. —Adv.

A girl never forgets the first kiss she gets after reaching the age where kisses count.

112 Millions used last year to KILL COLDS

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 30 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.

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Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

19 PER CENT ON YOUR MONEY

In a safe, sound enterprise earning more than 30 per cent, and endorsed by the foremost banks of the country. Ask for circular 10.

SOUTHWEST SECURITIES CO.

30 Wall Street NEW YORK

Coughs Grow Better

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

PISO'S

A WILDERNESS AND THOU—

By JESSIE DOUGLAS

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alice Disbrow looked down at the girl who sat on the railing of the rude camp.

"Isn't it funny that I should find you here?" she asked in her high-fluted voice. "How have you ever stood this wilderness?"

"I think it's funnier to see you here," the girl on the railing answered.

She looked at Alice with an honest admiration. Alice was in all things her opposite. She was slender and delicate and fair; she had the look of a wild-flower in her pale blue frock and the wide hat with its long velvet streamers. Under the hat, Agatha Holmes saw the eyes that looked like forget-me-nots, with the penciled brows above them, the white skin, the scarlet of lips that was not quite natural.

That was why Alice Disbrow seemed so out of place here, she decided. She was no more an accompaniment to camp life than an orchid. Her frail dress, her high-heeled suede slippers were not made to tramp these woods. Agatha looked down at her own high, rough boots, at her tweed skirt, her brown hands, with a sudden distaste. For one instant she longed for all the artificialities that made the other girl so charming. But they would not have suited Agatha; she was too simple, too sincere, to resort to subterfuge to cover her lack of prettiness.

Besides, she thought ruefully, nothing could make her pretty. Her fine, strong white teeth, and her eyes, large and gray and honest, were her only good features.

"I like the wilderness," Agatha said simply. I'd been working so hard that just to get away and smell the breath of the forest and drive my canoe across the lake has made my life worth living again."

"Oh, my dear, how do you stand working? I never could. There are so many nice things to do, when there are men, dancing and flirting and—" she mocked the other girl out of the corner of her blue eyes.

"Then I shouldn't think you would want to come up here!" Agatha said honestly. "You'll hardly see a man all season, unless you mean the guides or the men who only stop to get a meal on the way with their camping outfits."

Alice was silent. She studied the other girl as a possible adversary. Then complacently she took out her tiny vanity case and powdered her nose in the very sight of the forest aisles. Alice knew that Jere Warren was coming up here; that was why she had chosen to come. She had wanted him to know all winter. Wasn't he the most prominent of the young illustrators, and hadn't people told her time and again that she was just like the illustrations of his prettiest girl?

Alice studied the watch on her white wrist, and then she said: "I'll leave you now"—and trailed into the camp. She had staged too many scenes to miss the chance to play this one artistically.

So it was Agatha Holmes, who, still sitting on the railing of the camp, met the dark eyes of a stranger as he came up the trail. His first look of surprise at seeing the girl in this wilderness changed to one of pleasure when he he met her friendly eyes.

"This is Humphries' camp?" he asked in a pleasant deep voice.

"I wonder if he is expecting me. I walked over from the stage and left my duffle to come behind."

"Humphries is out catching fish for dinner now," Agatha smiled.

He stood beside her on the rough veranda of the camp and listened to the modulations of her voice. She would be a very pleasant companion, he thought, to go tramping with, to hunt out the secrets of the forest with.

Then Jere Warren turned to see another girl come singing through the doorway. She lifted blue eyes of surprising innocence to his, and dimpled: "Oh, I didn't mean to intrude—"

"By jove, she's lovely!" the man thought in his one swift glance.

Agatha Holmes introduced them, feeling awkward somehow, and as though she were the intruder, when she heard Alice say: "Oh, you are Jere Warren, the illustrator? If you knew how I admire your drawings!"

Jere Warren seemed flattered at the girl's words; and Agatha blushed hotly, for she remembered the scrapbook she had at home with his illustrations pasted in it! But the words she wanted to say would not come, and she stood there feeling more an outsider as she saw Jere Warren lose himself in admiration of the other girl. Agatha stole away in a few minutes.

It was Jere Warren who insisted that they three should dine at one table together in the camp, which separated them from the guides and trappers who were getting ready for the "season." Agatha, watching the other two with her clear gray eyes, wondered how a man like Jere, who was so clever in his work, could be fooled by the empty little tricks of Alice Disbrow. But she was the first to agree with Jere when he sang the praises of the other's loveliness in her ears. She had fought against her jealousy, and won.

She acquiesced with more pain than pleasure in his proposal that they three take a tramp to a trout stream he had discovered not far away.

"If the walking's too hard, I'll carry you," he smiled to Alice Disbrow.

"Oh, Mr. Warren, how can you say such things?" Alice pouted.

Jere and Agatha waited before the camp for Alice. When she appeared Agatha heard the man draw in his breath. Agatha was charming in her white serge skirt and short coat belted in scarlet. Her tiny white felt hat with its pheasant's wing and her high boots of white suede made her more than ever one of his illustrations.

In a few minutes they left the trail that led away from the camp, and struck inward through the forest. They walked on and on until the light sifted down dimly through the treetops, but they did not strike the stream.

Agatha turned when she heard a faint cry. Alice had slipped and twisted her foot on a hidden stone. When she reached her the girl was suddenly sick and dizzy.

"The stream's only a bit farther. You stay with her and I will get some water," the man said. When he came hurrying back to dash some of the water on the girl's face she turned away pettishly.

"There's no reason to ruin my dress," she complained. "Oh, it hurts so," she began to cry weakly; while the tears made furrows down her pink cheeks and left the rouge showing in grotesque spots.

"We'd better get back," the man said, "before it gets dark."

The three made their way slowly toward the trail, with Alice limping painfully between them. Agatha fancied she heard Jere give a muttered "damn" when Alice wept. "Oh, I don't see why you brought me on this horrid walk! And now you don't know how to get back!"

The darkness had fallen suddenly, as it does in the north woods, and Jere was doubtful of his direction. He looked comically at Agatha and her gray eyes broke into a twinkle of laughter. "We may have to make a night of it," the man apologized. "Of course, they'll send out for us when they discover we're lost. I ought not to have brought you, but I don't dare take the risk of leading you through this wilderness without more light."

"I should say you shouldn't have brought us!" Alice cried, her pretty voice sharp now.

"I think it'll be rather a lark." The man heard the smile in Agatha's voice.

Agatha helped him gather some dry twigs for a fire and soon they lighted the woods with a bright blaze. Alice sulked in the background; when she did come near enough for the fire to show the ravages that a few hours had made in her appearance Agatha was filled with pity. The water dashed on her so unceremoniously had taken the careful wave from her hair, and her white cheeks were stained with tears. And now that she had ceased to be piquant and flirtatious, her charm was gone.

Alice refused the chocolate that Agatha had stuffed in her pocket and drew away from the firelight. Jere and Agatha before the blaze sat munching chocolate, and the man looked at his companion with new eyes. She was just as fresh as she had been when they left in the early afternoon. Her eyes gleamed across at him with their friendly frank gaze, and the heat had lighted a rosiness in her clear brown skin.

It was so dark now that the fire alone lighted the woods with eerie shadows. Agatha, looking behind, saw Alice huddled in a little heap asleep. Jere Warren took off his coat and laid it over her gently. When he came back to Agatha there was a long silence.

The man, lighting his pipe, frowned down into its bowl before he spoke. "I've been a fool, Miss Holmes," he said. "I took the glitter for the gold, and now I wonder— Oh, I'm not good at that sort of thing, but I mean I wonder if a fellow would have a chance to be—your friend?"

The rose in Agatha's cheeks deepened before she answered, and her eyes were no less friendly if they held a new shyness. "I should think so, Mr. Warren—if that girl was I—"

Far off they heard the sound of a faint "Halloo! Halloo!"

Hubby's Nightmare.

Wife—Yes, dear, I thought I'd buy you something you'd never think of buying for yourself.

Hubby (as he gazes in horror at the puce silk dressing gown)—You succeeded.—London Answers.

REAL "FATHER" OF REVOLVER

Samuel Colt Acknowledged Originator of Idea That Revolutionized Weapons of Warfare.

The first patent for a "revolving firearm" issued by the United States was to Samuel Colt, a Connecticut youth, and bore date of December 28, 1835. Colt was a native of Hartford. He worked for a time in a factory and then ran away to sea. It was during his leisure hours on the long voyage to India that he developed the idea which resulted in the invention of the revolver. He made a model of wood while he was a fifteen-year-old sailor boy.

On his return to America he accumulated funds and went to England and France to secure patents on his idea before he patented them in his native land. A company was organized on this side of the Atlantic to manufacture his weapons, and a plant was established at Paterson, N. J. Colt revolvers were first used in warfare during the Indian conflict in Florida in 1837. The Mexican war led to a great demand for these weapons and brought them into general use.

Vegetation in the Sahara.

The Sahara has been incorrectly represented as an immense expanse composed of shifting sands receiving no rain whatever, and entirely destitute of vegetation.

The Sahara is, to be sure, a very dry region; but it does rain there. It also contains a number of wells or pools of water—without mentioning the numerous Ghedirs, "temporary ponds or water holes, spots where rain water stands for a certain length of time." But for many centuries these wells have received no attention

Another legend which does injustice to the Sahara is that this immense expanse is entirely deprived of vegetation; but the largest portion of this immense surface proclaimed as a desert in reality possesses a plant life which is quite various and often very abundant. It contains numerous pastures and some pieces of woodland, even outside the oases.—Scientific American.

TASTEFUL FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS



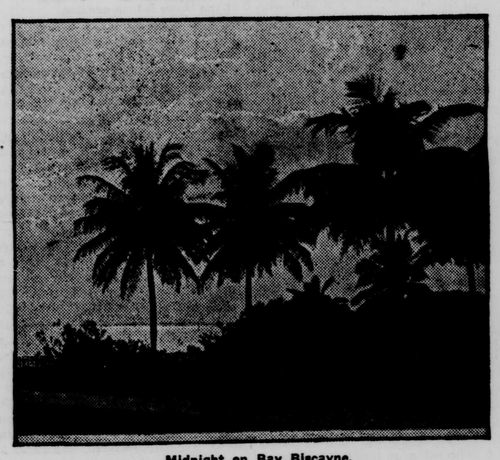
LENT usually finds the children's spring sewing well under way, if their clothes are made at home, or shopping industriously carried out if their belongings are bought ready made. The shops furnish as tasteful things as any one can ask for and as reasonably priced when the cost of labor is figured in. But there is some economy in making children's clothes at home and eliminating the price of labor. Besides there are little individual touches that may be put on by the home dressmaker.

Whatever the means of getting these outfits together, suggestions as to styles are thankfully received at about this time. The more important matter of selecting spring apparel for grownups calls for attention, with Easter close at hand and proves distracting. Two frocks for little girls are shown here with the recommendation to buy them if they can be found—or something similar to them, or to buy materials and copy them exactly. One cannot hope to improve on the designs but colors may be selected according to their becomingness to young wearers.

All white or light colors in any of the substantial cotton weaves will make the dress at the left with its box-plaited skirt and belted smock. It fastens at the front where it is laced with narrow black ribbon that slips through buttonholes on each side of the opening. A very simple spray of embroidery adorns the smock at each side near its hem and at the shoulders. There is a narrow belt that buttons at the front.

Chambray with collar, cuffs and vest of pique make the pretty one-piece dress at the right. It has a shirred front panel in the skirt with the lines of shirring defined by stitches in black mercerized floss and the remainder of the skirt side plaited. A black silk tie finishes the neck. A mercerized cord, that slips through slides in the bodice and ties at the back, is the particular pride of this frock.

IN THE SUNSHINE



Midnight on Bay Biscayne.

A TIDAL wave of tourists from the North has overrun and almost engulfed the coast cities of Florida during the winter months for the past two years. And it is no wonder. The coast resorts are simply heavenly and have reached that stage where they offer in addition to every comfort, unparalleled beauty to their visitors. A new day is dawning for them, too, for great numbers of people are coming to stay, building themselves homes and taking root, intending to spend the balance of their days in this sunny land.

The coast cities have, besides sunshine, the loviest waters in bays and ocean that ever were. Sunlit, sparkling, white-capped, they are unbelievably brilliant in color, the most vivid blues and greens and purples. Nearly always a snappy breeze is blowing and the bays are full of pleasure craft and other boats. Then there are the palms in groves and noble avenues and the flowering shrubs and trees, oleander, hibiscus and many vines covered with flowers. Nature does not take much coaxing to make enchanting gardens. There are splendid highways the length of the coast, the joy of motorists, lined with Australian pines and this tree makes a most beautiful hedge also. It is natural that many millionaires have chosen to build their winter homes in such a setting and that new people coming in should make even unpretentious homes, places that are enchanting.

Each of the coast cities and resorts has its own particular attractions. Palm Beach is the mecca of fashionables, a glittering gem, finished and polished to the last degree. There is a marvelous fashion parade there where one may see the best that art has to offer for the adornment of fair women. And the environment is worthy the best efforts of genius. It is an earthly paradise during its brief season. The larger cities have more lasting attractions; great estates and wonderful homes, with the country about them developed and inviting with miles of fruit trees and gardens. But, after all, only a small part of Florida is under cultivation—a great part of it waits for men to make it a prosperous land.

Julia Bottomley

The Ostrich in Neckwear.

On a high-necked gilet of white silk chantilly lace and tucked net, trimmed with small pearl buttons, a band of old blue inch-wide ostrich loops were used to finish the high collar and the lower edge of the gilet. A band of picot-edged ribbon, sewed at the waistline of the gilet, added the final touch to this unusual novelty.

The Double Tunic.

An attractive suit of wool velours obtains a double tunic effect by means of the flaring coat and loose tunic on the skirt. The bodice buttons straight up to the turnover collar. Some of the material, plaited and held flat by cords, is used for trimming.

Wide Ribbons for Etons.

Very wide ribbons are used for girdles and sashes for the eton or bolero jacket suits, either self color, a plain vivid shade or gay plaid ribbon being chosen. Of course it is quite possible for the owner of such a suit to give it variety by having a number of these ribbon girdles. Ribbon is really no more expensive, or very little more, in any event, than silk purchased by the yard for a girdle or sash, and certainly is easier to handle, having no edges to finish. Besides, if a sash is desired, the ends may be beautifully self-fringed.

Simple Coiffure.

It is not always the elaborate coiffure that is the most attractive. By its very simplicity the most simply arranged one is often the most effective. One pretty fashion of dressing the hair is to part it in the middle, coiling it loosely at the back of the head and depending upon a large comb of the Spanish persuasion to hold it in place.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE



By Mary Graham Bonner

MOTHER SEA GULL.

"I've had quite a lot of experience," said Mother Gull. "I've gone aboard ships far out in the ocean and I've let travelers who were crossing the ocean on the ship feed me right out of their hands.



"Feed Me."

"Of course it was good of them to feed me. But I was also glad to be tame, for that pleased them. Often one will find a very tame sea gull.

"Now the pelican is a smart fellow," Mother Sea Gull said.

"Tell us about him," said the younger sea gulls. "You've been promising to tell us some of your experiences for a long time. Will you tell us some now?"

"Yes, that is what I mean to do—tell you quite a few of my experiences, one, two, three, maybe four experiences. I don't know whether folks number their experiences but I think I will. It is something rather superior to do, I feel!"

"Mother Sea Gull is going to tell us some of her experiences," they all said. They were sitting on top of the water, listening.

"Well, as I said, I've gone aboard ships far out in the ocean and have been tame enough to eat from people's hands. That is my first experience. Other sea gulls have done the same thing—quite a number of them have—but that doesn't take away from the fact that it is my experience too and that I'm also tame.

"My second experience is about the pelican. The pelican is a very smart fellow, as I began to tell you. He has excellent eyesight, but that is not all. He has better eyesight than I have or my family and he can see a fish far down in the water when he is high in the air. Down, down he goes after it.

"He puts it in his pouch and then we can see the pelican with the fish sticking in his great pouch with the old silly tail of the fish hanging outside.

"Of course I don't mean the fish's tail is so silly, because if it were not for that silly tail we wouldn't be able to get the fish.

"It wriggles around in a silly fashion, though.

"Well, many has been the time I've seen a pelican dive for a fish, and then I've seen him catch it, for in another moment the pelican has the fish in his pouch.

"So that is my second experience. I've caught the fishes which the pelicans were smart enough to see. That I've done many times, but I'm counting my experiences from the different ones rather than from the number of times I've had the experience.

"Now then my third experience has been that I've gone on tea parties—not for the tea but for the bread and cake. I've gone aboard ships where folks have left me bread crumbs and cake crumbs upon the deck and I've eaten them. I've been a fine guest at tea parties. If the folks were near by I didn't mind. But in these cases I've been usually by myself—or possibly with other sea gulls, but not with people.

"My fourth experience is that I've taken food away from pigs and from chickens along near the coast in California. I've been seen to do that a number of times and I've driven away great, grunting, greedy pigs until I was through with what I wanted that they had.

"Ah yes, there are four fine experiences I've had, over and over again. And do not say, because many sea gulls have them that they aren't my own experiences too, for of course they are if I've had them—and I most certainly have.



"Taken Food."

"But I do believe I want to tell you of a fifth experience I've had. Often and often I've had this experience. I've dropped clams on the rocks which I have taken for my food. Yes, from far up in the air I've dropped the clams and not because I wanted to get rid of them. No, indeed.

"I've dropped them on the rocks so the clam shells would break and then I've gone down and had them. Pretty clever, eh?

"Of course all sea gulls do that too, or a great many of them do, and it shows I'm a smart old mother sea gull not to change such sensible ways but to do the same too."

"And we'll do the same," said the younger sea gulls.

In the Future.

"How did that millionaire manage to pile up such a fortune? Did he strike oil?"

"No, but in the war times he was a hod-carrier."

Left in Time.

Vicar—I notice, John, that you have a habit of leaving the church before the sermon.

Giles—Well, sir, I have to, because I snore somethin' fierce when I'm asleep. —London Tit-Bits.

What Mother Wanted.

Donald went with his mother from door to door and heard her inquire for light housekeeping rooms. Finally he asked. "Mother, what in the world do you want with a lighthouse?"

HOMELESS!

Constipation, Headache, Colds, Biliousness, driven out with "Cascarets"

Drive away those persistent enemies of happiness—biliousness and constipation. Don't stay headachy, sick, tongue coated, sallow and miserable! Never have colds, indigestion, upset stomach or that misery-making gas. Feel splendid always by taking Cascarets occasionally. Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nasty, harsh Pills. They cost so little and work while you sleep.—Adv.

An ill-smelling pipe has no conscience.

A postal card to Garfield Tea, Brooklyn, N. Y., asking for a sample will repay you. —Adv.

Chinese bridesmaids always wear black.

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