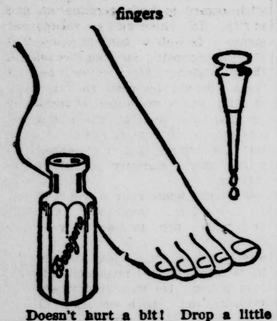
LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

Every human heart is human.—Longfellow.



A WELL-KNOWN INSTITUTION.

Probably no institution in America is more widely known than Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y. Although established many years ago it is today a modern sanitarium, having all the latest facilities for the correct diagnosis of diseases and their successful treatment through medicine or surgery.

It was Dr. Pierce, its founder, who over 50 years ago gave to the world that wonderful stomach tonic and blood purifier, "Golden Medical Discovery," and that famous non-alcoholic medicine for women, "Favorite Prescription."

In his early professional career, Dr. Pierce realized that every family, but especially those who live remote from a physician, should have at hand an instructive book that would teach them something about First Aid, Physiology, Anatomy, Hygiene; how to recognize different diseases, how to care for the sick, what to do in case of accident or sudden sickness, etc., so he published that great book, the "Medical Adviser," an up-to-date edition of which can be procured by sending 50 cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

Later, Dr. Pierce added another link to his chain of good works by establishing a bureau of correspondence to which any one can write for medical advice, without any expense whatever, and if necessary, medicines especially prepared in Doctor Pierce's Laboratory will be sent by parcel post or express for use at home, at a reasonable cost. Thus those who have symptoms of disease need not suffer mental agony fearing that they have some serious ailment, but can have a diagnosis made free by a physician of high professional standing. Write to Dr. Pierce relating your symptoms if you need medical advice for any chronic disease. All letters regarded as confidential.

HEARTBURN
Caused by
Acid-Stomach

That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloat after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, sciatica, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH.

Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat.

Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief for heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach miseries. Improves digestion—helps you get full strength from your food. Thousands say EATONIC is the most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brought them relief when everything else failed.

Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big 50c box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, return it and get your money back.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH



The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"YOU HEARD WHISPERS?"

Synopsis.—Circumstances having prevented Spalding Nelson, clerk, from joining the American forces going to France, he is in a despondent mood when he receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way to the house he meets, under peculiar circumstances, a young girl, apparently in trouble, to whom he has an opportunity to be of slight service. She lives in the same apartment building as Rufus Gaston, and he accompanies her to the house. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and want to leave Nelson in charge of the apartment. He accepts. Gaston and his wife tell their great-nephew of mysterious noises—"whispers"—which they have heard in the house. On his way to the Gaston apartment the next Sunday Nelson again meets his accidental acquaintance of a few days before, Barbara Bradford. She urges him not to allow the fact of their being acquainted to be known. At the apartment Nelson meets the superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls, worth a small fortune. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister Claire had some years before made a runaway marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone knowing of her escapade has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.
—5—

"Oh, no, she must never know. Dad did not want her ever told anything about it. We talked it over, Claire and I, and decided to put a personal advertisement in the papers. It simply said, 'Liberal reward and no questions asked for return of important papers.'"

"Were there any answers?"

"Yes and no. One morning there was a second note."

"Delivered like the first?"

"Yes, I found it, too, on the floor of my bedroom. Here it is."

More amazed and perplexed than ever by the growing ramification of the plots of the thieves that seemed to involve us both, I took the paper and read:

"Ten thousand is our price for the papers. Pay it or you'll never marry Thayer."

"Did you go then to meet the man in the park?"

"Not until after I got a third note, more threatening than the first and second. Claire and I talked it over and over, trying to think who could have taken the papers. We only keep two servants now, Sarah and Mary, and they both have been with us since we were children. It could not have been either of them. They think as much of us as our own mother does."

"Do you suppose the man that she married may have learned of your father's death and have returned from France to try to blackmail her?"

"We thought of that. The notes did not come from him. They do not read as if a Frenchman wrote them."

"Who could it be?" I said more to myself than to her.

"Then there was another note," she went on. "It demanded that Claire wear a red carnation and meet the writer in the park and bring ten thousand dollars. That was the time I first met you. Your presence must have frightened them off, for we had no more demands until night before last."

"Did you have ten thousand with you that night I first met you?"

She shook her head.

"We haven't ten thousand dollars in the world. Outside of our furniture and our jewels and our motor, we have very little. If all the bills we owe were paid, we'd have almost nothing at all."

"What did you propose doing when you met the man—or men?"

"I didn't know. I was going to try to plead with them to give me the papers. I would have promised anything to have gotten them back."

"But the man—the men—might have harmed you."

She smiled incredulously.

"Hardly. There was little danger of their attacking me there in the park so near the avenue, with people constantly passing, and besides, I carried this."

She reached again into the pocket of her habit and brought forth a vicious-looking automatic.

"It was Dad's," she said. "He taught me to shoot with it, though I don't think either of us thought then there would come a time when I might need it."

"What did the last note say?"

"Here it is."

This was written and folded as the others had been, on the most ordinary kind of writing paper. It read:

"Unless we get the money Wednesday, Thayer gets the papers Thursday. No wedding then for yours. Same bench at six-thirty."

"What can I do about it?"

"I'll go in your place," I suggested.

"Oh, no, I couldn't permit that."

"Let me explain," I hastened to say. "I'm in this mystery as deep as you are. Only last night I discovered that all the Gaston jewels which had been left in my custody are gone."

"Not stolen!" she cried. "The Gaston pearls!"

"Yes," I replied, "the pearls, too."

"Why, they are worth two hundred thousand dollars, at least. What have you done about it? Have you notified the police?"

"No, as yet I have told no one of the robbery but yourself."

"Why not? You must notify the police at once."

I hesitated. It was hard to explain my actions without telling her the whole miserable story, without admitting to this girl on whom I was most eager to make the best of impressions that I was a young man out of a position, discharged in disgrace. Yet she had given me her confidence. It was only fair to her and to myself that there should be no secrets between us. I began at the beginning. I told her of my coming to New York and how I had seen my great-uncle Rufus only once or twice. I related the departure of Roller and Birge for the war front and told her how eager I had been to go with them. I even went into detail as to the reason I had not gone with them, my debt to the mother.

She did not seem greatly interested in the first part of my narrative but when I began telling of the proposition the Gastons had made to me and of the mysterious warnings each of them had separately given me, I could see her interest kindling.

"There is something wrong in that apartment house," she explained. "We have had nothing but trouble ever since we lived there. I wonder if there is anything in the theory that evil deeds make bad karma, which spreads its effects all about. I know I feel there is a sinister atmosphere about the whole place."

"I'm beginning to feel it, too," I said bitterly.

I told her then of my unexpected and unwarranted discharge without explanation the day before.

"How do you account for it?" she asked perplexedly.

"You must have some enemy, some malicious person, who has spread some terrible tale about you."

"I haven't any enemy in the world," I replied, yet even as I spoke there flashed across my mind the malevolent glance the scar-faced man had given me in the restaurant a few evenings before.

"I wonder," said Miss Bradford thoughtfully, "if the same people who are trying to blackmail us are not trying to involve you with us in some way?"

"Why should they?"

"They may have been watching and have seen you enter the house with



"But the Man—the Men—Might Have Harmed You."

me twice. They may think that you and I are friends and that you were there in the park purposely that first time."

"Even so," I replied, "that doesn't explain this."

I pulled from my pocket the note I had found on the floor of my bedroom and showed it to her.

"Where did you get that?" she gasped in astonishment.

"Last night I heard footsteps and whispers. I thought at the time I was dreaming. This morning I found this note on the floor."

"You heard whispers," she cried excitedly, "whispers that seemed to come from up near the ceiling?"

"I thought I heard them. I wasn't sure."

"I know, she said, shuddering. "I've heard them—twice."

We looked at each other despairingly. We both of us realized that we must be surrounded with some potent evil forces working to accomplish our ruin. The motive in the anonymous letters that Miss Bradford had been receiving had plainly been blackmail. But what was the motive in my own case? Why had someone stolen the Gaston pearls and then in an anonymous letter to me spoken of the theft? I wondered, too, if the successful attempt to discredit me at my place of business had not originated from the same mysterious source.

Was my great-uncle Rufus to blame? The suspicion of him rose in my mind and would not be downed. I recalled the unusual pretext on which he had sent for me after having paid no attention to my existence for nearly a year. I recalled his curious warning and that of his aged wife. I remembered that they had insisted on leaving the jewels behind against my urgings, and that they had been insistent on my having the combination of the safe. Could it be possible that they also had some grudge against the Bradfords, their neighbors, and in some way had got hold of Claire Bradford's secret?

"I think you said," I asked Miss Bradford, "that your family and the Gastons were not acquainted in any way."

"No," she replied, "we don't know them at all. Why do you ask that?"

"I was wondering if it could be possible that my great-uncle Rufus could have had any hand in all this. He's a queer, secretive old chap."

"It's probable that he and my father might have known each other. Both were in business here in the city for many years. I never remember, though, of hearing Dad speak of him—wait, yes, I did once."

"When was that?"

"It must have been six or eight years ago. There was something in the papers about Mr. Gaston retiring from business."

"What was it he said?" I asked eagerly, wondering if some old feud between the two men might not give us a clue to unravel the web of mystery.

"As nearly as I can recall his words were, 'I see that old pirate Gaston has retired with his ill-gotten gains.'"

"To whom was he talking?"

"I don't remember that, probably some man who was visiting at the house. Dad always used to have a lot of men about."

"Did he say anything else?"

"That's all I remember, but I don't think the Gastons could have anything to do with it. This threatening my sister is more the sort of thing a discharged servant would do."

"Yes," I admitted, "but find the discharged servant. Yours have been with you for years."

"Oh, what are we going to do?" she cried in desperation. "If I don't get those papers back, we'll all be ruined. They'll give them to my sister's fiance. Her engagement will be broken. My mother will die of disgrace and shame."

"Don't be discouraged," I cried, trying to inspire in her a confidence I was far from feeling myself. "This is only Sunday. We have until Wednesday evening. I'll find some way of trapping those rascals and making them surrender those papers. Leave it to me."

In spite of my reassuring words, distress was still written on her countenance. As I debated how best to comfort her, she glanced at her wrist watch and exclaimed:

"I must be going. They'll be alarmed about me if I stay longer."

"When am I to see you again?"

"I don't know. That's hard to arrange. My sister and I are so much together."

"Can't I telephone you?"

"No, that wouldn't do at all. Mother and Claire would both want to know all about it and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I don't trust that girl at the switchboard. I think she listens to everything that is said."

"They are a prying lot," I admitted, "including Mr. Wick, the superintendent."

"I don't like him a bit."

"Nor I, but we must communicate with each other somehow. If you find out anything more you must let me know at once. If I learn anything, I'll let you know, and I'm going to discover a lot."

"There's always our windows," she suggested, "they are close together. I can signal you when I'm alone, and we can talk."

"I'll be there in my room every evening from ten o'clock on," I said, "waiting to hear from you. I'll put a handkerchief on the sill when I'm there."

"And I'll do the same."

Having reached this understanding, I walked with her to the park entrance within sight of the house. All the way we had been talking over the puzzling circumstances of the anonymous notes and of the strange way in which they had been found on the floor. Miss Bradford had spoken again of the whispers she had heard.

"The voices were vague—just like a ghost's might be," she said.

"Yes," I admitted, "that's what they sounded like. But there aren't any ghosts. If those whispers were real, some human being was making them. I'm going to find out who it was, and when we've learned that, we'll have learned a lot about—"

I hesitated.

"About whom?" she questioned.

"I don't know yet," I answered.

I was wondering about my great-uncle Rufus.

CHAPTER V.

I was determined to let the disappearance of the jewels alone until I had found some way of getting the Bradfords out of their troubles. The key to the mystery surely lay in the notes that had been found on the floor in both apartments. If I could discover how the notes had been put there and who put them there, I would be on the trail of the miscreants.

The placing of the notes indicated the necessity of a confederate in the apartment house. Could it be that one of the employees was in league with the plotters? Was one of the Bradford servants betraying them? Was my aged great-uncle in hiding somewhere, playing malevolent pranks on us? How had that note gotten into my own apartment? Nobody had access to the place but myself—yes, and Mrs. Burke, my great-aunt's trusted old laundress. I determined to return to the apartment and lie in wait for her until she came in to do up my room. In the week that I had lived there I had not even laid eyes on her, although each evening when I came in I found my bed neatly made.

While I awaited her arrival I busied myself with studying anew the different rooms in the apartment, hoping ever to find some new clue to the methods by which the anonymous notes had been delivered. I went to the back of the house and looked out of the rear windows. An ornamental ledge of stone, perhaps eighteen inches wide ran along apparently on the level of the flooring. Any agile person might easily have crept along it if they dared risk falling six stories to the ground, but there was no means of access to it save from either my bedroom or the sitting room or from the corresponding rooms in the Bradford apartment. Certainly no one from my apartment had been flipping mysterious notes into the other apartment. Could the converse be true? Was there some unbalanced person in the Bradford family who was doing it? Could it be one of the servants, or possibly Claire Bradford? She always had been flighty, according to her sister's description. Had her troubles unbalanced her to such an extent that she was playing mysterious hysterical pranks on all of us?



Under Ordinary Circumstances I Would Have Hesitated to Examine Them, but Now I Felt No Scruples.

I sat down at my uncle's desk. The pigeonholes crammed full of papers caught my eye. Under ordinary circumstances I would have hesitated to examine them, but now I felt no scruples. Old Rufus had warned me that there was some mystery about the place. The pearls had strangely disappeared. I faced the accusation of having stolen them. Surely I was entitled to examine anything and everything in my efforts at solving the mystery.

Pigeonhole after pigeonhole I examined without result until at last I came to a little leather-covered diary. I read it with interest, noting that it was for the present year and that the last entry had been made only the day before he had departed for Maine. About six weeks previous to the present date I found this amazing entry:

"Heard whispers last night."

A week later there was another entry, "Whispers again." There could be no question as to what he meant. The ghostly noises that had been heard by both Miss Bradford and myself had been heard by him, too. No wonder the old man had been so terrified. Other entries in the book recorded hearing the whispers at intervals of about one week.

Nelson and Barbara agree to meet frequently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE GOOD IN ARGUMENT

Many Men of Note Have Set It Down as a Useless Form of Bickering.

Lord Fisher, not arguing, of course, with his opponents, but just telling them, renewed a discussion with the remark: "It is only fools who argue."

Something of the sort has been said before. In Plutarch you find:

"Euripides was wont to say, silence was in answer to a wise man; but we seem to have greater occasion for it in our dealings with fools and unreasonable persons, for men of breeding and good sense will be satisfied with reason and fair words."

Jonathan Swift wrote:

"Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation, as in books it is generally the worst sort of reading."

James Russell Lowell gave this advice:

"There is no good in argument with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

In Samuel Butler's Notebook, which holds much common sense, is an entry to the point:

"Argument is general waste of time and trouble. It is better to present one's own opinion, and leave it to stick or no, as it may happen. If sound, it will probably in the end stick, and that is the main thing."

If you are still fool enough to argue don't let the other fellow do so. Remember Mr. Godkin's penetrating warning that "hearing both sides confuses the mind."

Malaria and Quinine.

Many cases of "malaria" are really quinine poisoning. The amount of quinine administered is often large, and the smaller doses are continued for too long. In consequence, a condition of debility is induced, which, as its cause continues, also persists. Such is the conclusion of Drs. J. Cowan and R. H. Strong of London. All drugs, they say, are of little value if attention is not paid to rest and, next, to protection from the sun and chill.

New Musical Instrument.

New in the musical instrument line is a whistle with two tubes that is played like a slide trombone.

Daily Thought.

Never anger made good guard for itself.—Shakespeare.

TREES IN DESERT OF SAHARA

Besides the Palm, There Is Said to Be Many Varieties, Also Forage Plants and Shrubs.

Besides the palm tree, which requires rather a large sheet of water, various other sorts of trees are found in the Sahara aside from numerous shrubs and tamarisks, principally the rubber tree and the ethel, a variety of the tamarisk. In the southern Sahara the Doumor Egyptian palm is found; it does not bear fruit, but the trunk and branches serve various purposes. The Apir possesses other arborescent species—notably mimosas of all sorts in the most unpromising regions. Fourcau believes that wooded plateaus will exist.

The Sahara contains a number of forage plants and shrubs. It was on these that the caravans pastured, and that even the 1,200 or 1,300 camels of the Foureau-Lamy expedition and its auxiliary convoys succeeded in sustaining themselves.

It must not be forgotten that we are speaking here of spontaneous vegetation, which grows without demanding help or labor from man. It is, therefore, an incontestable fact that these pasture lands are capable of a certain degree of improvement, provided there is an initial establishment of roads of communication. This improvement can be attained by the selection of the best grasses, forage plants and arborescent species. According to Messrs. L. Trabut and R. Mares, the Saharan plants are very remarkable in their adaptation to a dry climate and a salty earth. The date tree is adapted to those Saharan regions, which are well provided with water; beneath the date trees cultivation of the kitchen garden is very well developed. In the oases are found the fig tree, the apricot, the peach and the grape. Agriculture succeeds well in the oases of the North as at Biskra. The cultivated cereals are barley, wheat, sorghum and millet; lucerne is the forage plant of the oasis. It is of a very beautiful variety, with wide leaves and seems very resistant to salt. Industrial cultivation is now confined to a few plants, such as madder and a variety of tobacco used for snuff.—Scientific American.

Estimating Age of Moon.

Geological dates can hardly be very precise, yet Prof. W. H. Pickering seeks to reconcile Sir George Darwin's view that the moon was thrown off from the earth less than 60,000,000 years ago with the figures of rock students showing that the earth's crust became solidified at least 1,200,000,000 years ago. Professor Pickering's suggestion, as stated in Popular Astronomy, is that the moon was detached while the earth material was still sufficiently plastic, but that for ages it circulated around the earth as a cloud of fragments. The tidal influence of this cloud being small, the earth would have long retained its primitive rotation period of about four hours. Centrifugal force would have greatly reduced gravity in the tropics, making it possible to explain the existence of reptiles of such huge size as the Atlantosaurus and the Diplodocus, and the flight of such heavy reptiles as the Pterodactyls. It seems indicated that the fragments consolidated in the Cretaceous period, which was marked by a great invasion of the land by the sea and a tremendous volcanic activity that may have been due to the great tides raised while the young moon was so near the earth. This time of consolidation is found to agree fairly well with Darwin's calculation of the date of the moon's birth.

Improved Giant Incubator.

Holding 10,500 eggs and hatching 3,500 each week, in a space of 8½ feet square is the feat performed by an improved incubator with a growing record of success, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. The big hatching machine resembles a retailer's refrigerator and is complete in itself.

Two large oil heaters are installed at the rear and a partitioned cross chamber is lined with hot water pipes, with electric fans at the top. The air is forced down around the pipes and up through the egg chambers, adjusted ventilators at the top keeping evaporation at a minimum. By a special arrangement all the eggs can be turned in five minutes. A model of 2,440 egg capacity is also made in similar form.

Funeral in Switzerland.

At the death of a person in Switzerland the family inserts a formal, black-edged announcement in the papers asking for sympathy, and stating that the "mourning-urn" will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends of the family drop little black-margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men ever go to the church yard, and then generally follow the hearse on foot.

Want Mud Guards on Autos.

An effort is being made in Paris to require all automobiles, and especially motortrucks, to be fitted with fenders which shall prevent the splashing of pedestrians with mud. M. Georges Lemarchand, as reported by the Paris correspondent of the American Medical association, tells the authorities that these splashes not only damage clothing, so expensive at this time, but also constitute a menace from the hygienic standpoint.

Glad of It.

"Aren't the mails dreadfully slow?"

"Yes, but that's an advantage sometimes."

"Why, this morning I received the Dulmores' card for yesterday's reception."

"So did I. It gave me a really decent excuse for not going."

Overheard.

Mrs. Green (relating experience)—"It hurt something awful. The dentist wanted to give me gas, but my husband wouldn't hear of it. You see, he'd been gassed himself in France."

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

Blind Men Splice Rope.

Blind men in a Pacific coast institution have become expert rope splicers and knotters with a very brief series of lessons.

OUCH! LUMBAGO PAIN! RUB BACKACHE AWAY

Instant Relief With a Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Kidneys cause Backache? No! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and limber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.—Adv.

A Plea.

"I have always maintained that alcohol is a food." "Me, too. Could you help a starving man?"

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.

No Use.

"Do you question my knowledge?"

"Why, no, sir. That wouldn't answer."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A distinguished scientist estimates the mean annual rainfall for the entire surface of the earth at about 36 inches.

$100 Reward, $100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. $100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.

Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

One has to be able to reason somewhat in order to know when he is unreasonable.

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.

It requires some thoughtfulness to even send "best regards" to other members of the family.

Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York.—Adv.

Falling in love is often a serious accident.

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