VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

MILLIONS

Suffer from

Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer year after year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood is impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Biliousness, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—even more serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestinal ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble—all of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach.

Keep a sharp lookout for the first symptoms of acid-stomach—indigestion, heartburn, belching, food repeating, that awful painful bloat after eating, and sour, gassy stomach. EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy for acid-stomach, is guaranteed to bring quick relief from these stomach miseries. Thousands say they never dreamed that anything could bring such speedy relief—and make them feel so much better in every way. Try EATONIC and you, too, will be just as enthusiastic in its praise. Make your life worth living—no aches or pains—no bites or melancholy—no more of that tired, listless feeling. Be well and strong. Get back your physical and mental punch; your vim, vigor and vitality. You will always be weak and ailing as long as you have acid-stomach. So get rid of it now. Take EATONIC Tablets—they taste good—you eat them like a bit of candy. Your druggist has EATONIC—50 cents for a big box. Get a box from him today and if you are not satisfied he will refund your money.

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which are proven remedies, also excellent skin food and complexion beautifiers.

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Its Sort.

"In youth, we have vaulting ambition." "Yes, especially when we play leap frog."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Not That Goal.

"Are you going to the terminal on this car?" "Oh, no; we're just going to the end of the line."

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

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Be up and doing—but be careful what or whom you undertake to do.

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Night and Morning. *Have Strong, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND

by Jane Bunker

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.
—19—

"But the diamonds?" said I, meaning to test her attitude, since she'd had a chance to think over what I'd told her about monsieur's claims on them and particularly as he'd gone to her himself: "Will you take them home with you?"

She recoiled from me. "I can't—now—how can I?" she gasped. "Oh, you're going to help me, aren't you?"

She had caught hold of me and looked positively frightened as she spoke, glancing over her shoulder at the door to see that it was tight shut and that we could not be overheard.

"I depend on you—I trust you. If I lose those diamonds—oh, you can't guess what I shall lose! I wouldn't lie to you—I tell you that man De Ravenol is a thief. I get it clairvoyantly every time he comes near me. I see the word, as I told you yesterday, over his head in white letters. My spirit guides wouldn't give it to me if it weren't true."

There was both scorn and appeal in her tone. I saw the moment was not ripe for a discussion of the Tibetan mahatma question. Nor did her renewed expressions of confidence in me and her obvious need of help in the present difficulties lessen the complications that now entangled me. Before I could think of anything suitable to say, she burst out: "You'll not desert me, will you?—now that I need you worse than ever!"

And what could I say but, "No—I'll stand by you though the heavens fall!" and wonder what new bizarre line of conduct I was committing myself to? I didn't try to think, but told her Billy was here and suggested that she meet him—particularly since he'd been to the hotel and was all wrought up over Claire's mysterious departure. Mrs. Delario demurred, but I overruled her and presented Billy.

Billy's relief and joy at the rediscovery of Claire were quite touchingly amusing and he made himself correspondingly agreeable to Claire's chaperon. He seemed conveniently to forget his dictum of a couple of hours ago that said chaperon was crazy. The only point we any of us attempted to elucidate was the new man's connection with the case—which we felt was somehow the key to monsieur's sudden disappearance—and I was not a little surprised to hear Billy ask her seriously: "Can't you get something about him, clairvoyantly?"

She told him she couldn't at the moment—the conditions weren't right—she was too worried—too confused.

"Of course," he agreed. "It's like everything else—takes your best powers."

"Ah—I see you understand," she replied gratefully, and it seemed to me with a little emphasis on the "you" that set him apart from me; and that, I have always thought, was the precise point at which they began to draw together in a friendship that made him her warm partisan, even against me; for the next time he saw me alone he told me he had decided she had better keep the diamonds.

I Presented Billy.

"Of course," he agreed again. "And I can see how you couldn't feel equal to it after what you've been through this morning." This was artfully hinted to lead back to Claire.

They might have continued their interchange of opinions on Claire and her father for the next half-hour—judging by the way they seemed to be enjoying it—but I brought them to earth with the question: "How are we going to protect Claire from the new man? He's probably determined to see her and find out something about her father's whereabouts."

"The deuce!" cried Billy. "I'd forgotten him. Don't let him see her, if he comes back, whatever you do!" This to Mrs. Delario. "It would be simply too dreadful for her."

"I know. Still, I can't keep her a prisoner in her room. You wouldn't suggest that, would you?"

"Heavens, no!" Billy rapped out. "I should say not! Hasn't she been through about enough already?"

"But suppose the man has already traced her there and has the house watched—the same as her father did?" I flung in.

"That's one of the important things I came to see you about—" Mrs. Delario turned to me. "If the house is watched—and I feel it is, or will be before the day is over—Claire is virtually a prisoner. I won't dare to let her go out alone."

"The deuce!" cried Billy, jumping up and snatching his hat off the table as though he were about to run to the rescue. Then he turned as red as a beet and signaled me with his eyes and a couple of gestures which she did not see—"Help me out, can't you? Make her ask me to go home with her." For he had the wit to see, before he'd let himself in with a word, that he couldn't force himself on a woman like Mrs. Delario without placing himself before both of us in the position of an officious pup and very likely getting a snub that would spoil his chances.

I played to his signal—and won a bushel of gratitude from both sides.

"Won't you let Mr. Rivers go home with you and find out how Claire is and come back and tell me?" I asked her artlessly; and to him, "You'll do that for me, won't you, Billy?"

"Oh, will you, Mr. Rivers?" she asked, in great relief, rising as she spoke and preparing to hurry off.

Billy's eyes were popping and his feet were almost dancing. I presented him with a frown—unseen by her—that said: "Now, look out, young man, how you play your cards!"

"What a relief to have Mr. Rivers!" she cried with feeling, and took my hand. Then she affectionately kissed me—for the first time in her life.

I saw her and Billy to the elevator, pushing my hall door flat against the wall to keep it from blowing shut on me, and waited, idly waving a good-by and watching her till the car had sunk out of sight. I had just stepped into my hall again and laid my hand on the doorknob, when I heard a sharp imperative "Wait!"

I jumped and wheeled. A man stepped out from the stairs back of the elevator shaft. His face was concealed in a pulled-up collar and a pulled-down hat. With three quick strides he was within the doorway. He pushed me out of the way and seized and slammed the door on us. Then he carefully put up the chain-bolt. As he did it, he held up his free hand with a "Ssh!"

No need of warning—I was paralyzed! It had taken him just four seconds to make me his prisoner.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Little Scheme.

I had been too completely stunned by the suddenness with which my imprisonment had been effected even to think who my visitor might be, and it was not until he turned from bolting the door and apologized politely, "Pardon zis intrusion, madame," that I recognized De Ravenol. And then he removed his hat and motioned me to precede him along the hall.

"Madame, I ask a sousand pardons," he began suavely. "Unfortunate—or razzer, unforeseen circumstances, rendered zis intrusion necessary and I feared if you closed ze door—since you had had interview wis your friend Madame Delario you might perhaps be tempted not to speak wis me—and a delay to speak wis me might spoil all our plans."

While he talked I felt my courage come back, and in a voice I felt was not obviously shaky, I replied: "Oh, certainly. I understand. I was expecting you."

"Expecting me?" He seemed surprised that I should be expecting him at that time and asked why, at the same time motioning me to take a chair by my study table and showing me he would sit in the other.

To gain time on my side, I went on: "I fear you worried about Claire, when she did not come. I should have telephoned you, but my telephone seems to be out of order."

I had a malicious pleasure in reminding him that he was the one to suffer for it and a frown passed over his face, but was gone in an instant as he said: "It is of no consequence," and then plunged into the matter at hand.

"While I wait for ze lift to pass down just now, I sink I recognize ze voice of Madame Delario. She is here a moment since, is she not?"

"Yes—she was here."

He paused as if in hopes that I would tell him what she had come for, but I had taken quick stock of the situation and decided to let him do all the talking.

"Zen she have probably told you zat I have seen her last evening?"

"Yes—she mentioned it, I believe."

"Bien—zat helps me to explain. You see, I feel it necessary to have some words wis her after she have talked wis you and before she can see you and communicate her ideas wis you. Hence I am oblige to put you to some trouble—for which I ask one sousand pardons—in order zat I accomplish it. Zerefore—I arrange it zat I leave my daughter to entertain you and Mr. Rivers while I make a brief call on Madame Delario and see what she have to say for herself about zoze diamonds. And for zis reason: When I see you last evening, I am in positive command of information zat proves her to have ze diamonds."

I fear I gave a start at this information, for he threw himself back with a self-satisfied smile as much as to say, "I thought that would astonish you," and drew a cardcase from his pocket, removing a clipping torn from the "Personals" in the Herald and pointing to one notice, marked with pencil on the margin.

I read it:

"Large reward for name of person recently offering special set of matched stones. State number and color. Box 32, Herald Office."

I returned it to him without comment—I tried to appear ignorant of what it might mean.

"I have insert it sree times," he went on smugly. "I do so because I argue to myself as follows: Ze diamonds are find by Madame Delario and she say to herself: 'Probably somebody play a joke on me—zey are not real, zeze jewels—zey are paste. Still, zey may be worse somsesing even so, and I will take zem to a dealer and find out.'"

He paused to laugh and under cover of it gave me a look with his beady eyes—which I fancy told him nothing.

"Now zen, I ask myself where does she take zem first? Probably to Tiffany. I have myself inquire zere, but wisout result. And I realize I cannot interview every dealer in ze city—also it is not well for me to be seen too much looking for zoze stones. Zerefore I have insert ze notice and I receive more zan fifty replies. All worseless but one—"

He produced a shabby scrap of paper, saying it was a veritable clue, and gave it to me to read.

"I can give you name and address of party offering seven large red stones last Saturday. Address by letter only. Haskins, 1861 Third avenue, Box 7."

"I see at once I have somesing of value. I have receive zis on Saturday morning. But before zat, I have received some uzzer letters"—he gave a little shrug to indicate that he referred to the decoy letters he had received from Billy and me—"and I sink I have not only ze clue, but zat I can obtain ze diamonds wisout to inquire of zis Haskins. So I make my endeavor—as you know—wis ze result—"

He stopped a moment and I saw he was making an effort to keep down his mortification—and probably his hate—and I hastened to help him do both by telling him cordially: "I'm really awfully sorry, monsieur, but then—what else could I do?"

"Ah, madame, it is no more to mention between us," he returned gallantly. "But—you American ladies! So energetic! One knows not how to take you!"

"I suppose we are puzzling—to foreigners."

"Puzzling! I have sink I know somesing of ze ladies and of ze Americans, since my wife is herself American, but I find since I am come to zis country I have much to learn. Oui!" and he gave me a little laugh, showing he meant me to take this in a complimentary way.

"And now I may tell you zat I have ze name and ze address of ze one who have zoze diamonds in his possession: It is Mr. Eugene Delario—ze young son of Madame Delario—who offers—or at least seeks to have valued—zoze diamonds last Saturday at a dealer's on Maiden Lane."

It has always been a mystery to me that I managed to control—or think I did—every facial expression that might have shown him I already knew what he told me. But monsieur went on, apparently not noticing anything about me:

"You know ze son of Madame Delario?—Monsieur Eugene?"

"I have never met him—no."

"Well—it is of no consequence—I know of a certainty it is ze son of Madame Delario who have shown zoze diamonds last Saturday—and he don't know zey are diamonds! Oui! And after I have zis information, I argue zis way: Since I have her so positive denial, it is her son who have accidentally discover zoze diamonds unknown to her and he says nossing! You see? All is now explained."

"But, monsieur, are you sure of this man Haskins?" I questioned. "Are you sure he wasn't lying for the reward?—that all he told you wasn't a mere coincidence?"

"Bah!" he cried in a tone of disgust and some contempt for me. "Coincidence! Madame, you must know zat when you find more zan sree coincidences in a case you have—circumstantial evidence! When you have sufficient circumstantial evidence you have—proof. And when you have ze proof of a crime—you can act!"

He shot this off in a fierce determined tone and I saw he was ready to spring the mine under the Delarios, mother and son. To gain time, I asked: "But are these coincidences sufficient?—are they evidence?"

"Bah!" he cried again. "Zey are sufficient for any court!" He leaned a little nearer to me and spoke in a more confidential way, as if he expected me to agree with him: "Ze chain of evidence is complete. Ze same house—ze house in which zoze diamonds are known to go in zat slipper; ze son of ze lady who owns zat slipper; ze date on which zey are shown—not before zey have arrive in America, but some five days after; ze seven stones. And ze man Haskins have even describe ze same box! Oui—Monsieur Eugene does not take zoze diamonds out of zat box to show zem!—a small white box, about ze size—"

Monsieur glanced over my table and his eye fell on—the box with the diamonds!

"—about ze size of zis," and he picked it up.

My heart stopped beating. With a tremendous effort I raised my eyes from it to his face, just as he took hold of the elastic and snapped it.

"Ze chain of evidence is perfect!" he cried, pulling up the elastic and—it broke with a sharp report.

The sound went through me like a pistol-shot. I jumped half out of my chair and exclaimed, "Oh!" and fell back again. I had heard the pens rattle. I thought, "Suppose he opens it—suppose he drops it! Heavens! What shall I do? How shall I get it out of his hands and not betray myself?" It took about a second for these words to flash through me, and before I had decided—or had need to decide, he exclaimed: "Pardon me, madame—did I frighten you?" and laid the box back on the table.

For a moment I was unable to speak. The tension of those few seconds, while he actually held the diamonds in his hands, had paralyzed me.

I realized that I was pressing my hand to my heart! I stopped that and stammered, "Y—yes, I am a little nervous."

He waited a moment for me to recover my self-possession and then went on briskly:

"Madame, I wish to say immediately—before we proceed anozzer step—zat I appreciate your position. It is most difficult—most difficult for a lady such as yourself. You are ze friend of Madame Delario, is it not?"

"Yes, I am—and you must realize—"

He stopped me. "Oui—perfectly. And it is as her friend zat I approach you now and ask your continued help."

"No, monsieur, you must let me withdraw now from all further connection with the case. I have done all I can—I truly have—"

"I know—I eppreciate," he cut in. "Now attend, madame, to my argument: Sree sings must be considered." He checked them off on his fingers. "First, she confesses she has zoze diamonds and will return zem to zeir rightful owner. Second, madame will deny absolutely zat she have ever seen

My Heart Stopped Beating.

zoze diamonds. It may be ze truse—it may not be—ze point is, zat she denies all knowledge. You and Monsieur Rivers have already told me ze difficulty I meet here—if she have find zem and deny it. Or, sird—she confesses to you everysing about ze finding of zoze diamonds, but—you are her friend—she induces you not to betray her secret—you promise her you will not. A most difficult position for you, madame, if zat last is ze case, is it not?"

"Decidedly," I remarked dryly.

"Oui. And now I beg you to appreciate zis evidence of my esteem for yourself—I wish to spare you all possible humiliation, and yet to retain your co-operation wis me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANIA HARD TO UNDERSTAND

Why Do Book Collectors Prize Volumes That to Most of Us Seem Worth Little?

The passion for book collecting is, to the layman, a sufficiently bewildering business. One fancies that there are intelligent folk who find it difficult to appreciate its "amenities," or, indeed, to prefer it to the less expensive amusement of stamp collecting. What is all this talk of colophons and collation and tall copies and bastard titles and the original boards? Is a book collector a librarian gone mad? Why is an edition with all its original misprints more valuable than the author's revision of it? Take a trivial example. Do you own a copy of "The Song of Hiawatha," Boston, 1855? Turn to page 96. Does the seventh line read "Dove as if he were a beaver," or "Dived as if he were a beaver?" If it reads dove, you are the possessor of a genuine "first;" if it reads dived, give your book to the poor. It is good for nothing but to read. The collector's ideal volume is a first edition with all its primitive errors—the more misprints the better—"uncut" (that is, with the pages not cut down in rebinding), "unoped" (that is, with the pages not cut open), and "in the original wrappers" (that is, with the seal of the publisher's wrapping unbroken). You must leave it in this state, like a body in its winding sheets. When is a book not a book? When it is "collected."—Chauncey B. Tinker in the Yale Review.

Keen Disappointment.

"I wonder how it feels to be the father of a 'lounge lizard'?"

"That must be a great humiliation for the right sort of man."

"Yes?"

"He must feel as disgusted with his offspring as the rich and fashionable mother whose beautiful daughter insists on marrying a shoe clerk who went to school with her instead of setting her cap for a broken down nobleman."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Aptitude for Details.

"You know Johnson—great fellow for detail." "He is that! He's the sort of chap who would go and get married and be able afterward to tell you whether it was Mendelssohn, Lohengrin, or Tannhauser they played during the ceremony!"

Never Heard of Him.

"I see that H. G. Wells, the novelist, is going to write a history of the world from protoplasm on."

"What was the fellow protoplasm king of? I studied history, but I don't seem to remember his name."

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner

FLY'S VISIT.

"I think," said the fly, "I will sit on your head. It looks like a nice, comfortable resting place, and almost as nice as a ceiling or window pane."

"Comfortable."

"Well," said Mrs. White Hen, whose head the fly was sitting upon, "you needn't do it on my account. I don't want you to sit on my head. You annoy me. I can't get you off even by shaking my head around.

"I do not want to be complimented by you and told that my head is a nice, comfortable resting place, and almost as nice as a ceiling or a window pane. That is, you said that before you actually got on my head, and that was the way you thought it looked.

"Now you must think so because you're sitting there and don't want to move."

"Well," said the fly, "that doesn't always mean so much. It is cold now, and I am here when I really shouldn't be."

"Well, you needn't stay on my account," said Mrs. White Hen again, who was much annoyed by the fly's visit.

"I'm not," said the fly.

"Then, whose account are you staying on?" asked Mrs. White Hen.

"I'm not staying on anyone's account," said the fly. "I'm staying on your head."

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "but I mean that I don't want you and so you needn't stay because you think I do."

"Oh, yes," said the fly, "I understand that was what you meant when you said I needn't stay on your account, and then as I'm very sleepy and lazy and as I've not much more brain anyway I forget what it was you had been saying and only know you were talking about staying somewhere. And of course I was, and still am, staying on your head.

"But you see this isn't the time of year for me. No, if folks saw me they would say: 'Why look at the fly in the winter time. How strange it does seem to see him.'

"It wouldn't be because they would be glad to see me. Gracious, no. If I had to wait for invitations, Mrs. Hen, I would never visit anyone or anywhere.

"You see, I'm none too healthy a creature to have around, and I'm of little use, and so no one cares particularly for me, and I really don't care much either. I'm not very bright, and I don't feel hurt about it as some creatures would.

"One of the reasons I'm not leaving you is because I'm too lazy. If I could see some sugar around or something to eat I would slowly leave you and sit on the food instead.

"But I see no food around."

"Can't you get off my head?" said Mrs. Hen, still shaking her head. Finally the fly got off and went on top of a railing nearby.

"Why are the roosters over there and why are the hens at this side?" asked the fly. "Aren't you friendly?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "but the roosters were having a meeting about the coming spring season and what they thought the future outlook was as regards the market for worms in the ground.

"And we were squatting and sleeping and napping when they began their talk, so we didn't take part in it. You woke me up, you see."

"Good-By."

"I'd be sorry for you if I were not a fly, but a fly isn't sorry for anything. And, too, I feel so tired, there is so little life in me, for it is the winter, and I ought not to have come out. I like warm weather."

"You'd better leave, then," said Mrs. White Hen, "for it gets even colder here at night."

She winked slyly to Mrs. Gray Hen, who had just awakened and who saw that the fly still annoyed Mrs. White Hen, for she was afraid he would come back and land on her any moment."

"Yes," said Mrs. White Hen, "I feel like saying good-by to you."

"Good-by," said the fly, as at last it slowly flew off. "I'm never asked for visits, I'm never asked to stay longer, but then I don't care. After all I'm only a fly!"

Also Extinguished.

Mother—Girls, you don't know how near President Cultureful came to running over me today.

Girls (disappointedly)—Oh, mamma! You might have been so distinguished!

Large Bodies of Water.

The teacher told Elsie to name the large bodies of water. She had been absent the day before, and hadn't learned the definition of a sound. She thought she remembered the name, and she recited. "Oceans, bays, gulfs, straits and—and—noises."

Discrimination.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Arthur, looking ruefully at the small piece of pie which had been placed upon his plate. "Why didn't the cook put some shortening into yours and papa's too?"

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, 1031 Duke St.

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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.
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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 catarrh 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.

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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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