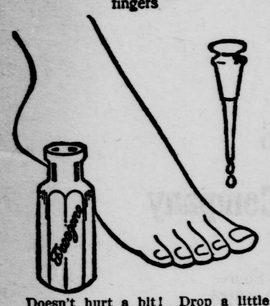
LIFT OFF CORNS!

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.

"SOMETHING WRONG HERE."

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 his 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 home.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

—2—

Although I tried to pretend an interest in their conversation and absently answered their questions about my family, my thoughts kept constantly recurring to the strange trouble of the girl across the hall, her plight interesting me far more than the purpose for which my great-uncle had sent for me. I had expected that he would broach that subject himself, but the coffee arrived and still the conversation had been limited to stilted family chat. As we returned to the living room, I decided to give him a lead:

"My mother wrote me—" I began.

"Oh, yes," said old Rufus, looking relieved.

"Yes, yes, of course," echoed Mrs. Gaston.

I waited for one or the other of them to proceed but for some reason they both seemed at a loss for words.

"You tell him, Rufus," said my great-aunt at last.

His tired old eyes studied my countenance carefully, searchingly, as if he was trying to read my soul.

"What is it?" I asked impatiently.

"It is this," said old Rufus, speaking slowly and with effort, as if he hated to disclose his intentions. "Three days from now—that will be Sunday morning—my wife and I are going to Maine to be gone for some months. We have leased a furnished cottage there and shall take our servants and our motor with us. We do not like to leave this apartment wholly untenanted, and it occurred to Mrs. Gaston that you might occupy it in our absence."

I am afraid my countenance at that moment must have betrayed my consternation. My great expectations vanished, blew up, disappeared. They did not want me for an heir but for a caretaker. What a fool I had been to imagine for one moment that this penurious old couple had contemplated doing anything for me. They wanted me to do something for them. A sarcastic refusal of their proffer trembled on my lips but was stayed by my great-aunt speaking:

"It will enable you to save your room rent. Mr. Gaston will pay the rent in advance before we go. There will be no one here to serve your meals so you will have to get them elsewhere, but I will arrange with my laundress to come in once a day to make up your room, and you'll be under no expense."

Her suggestion that I would have no room rent to pay decided me. Two other considerations also influenced me. It might be a plan on the part of the old people to try me out and see if I was trustworthy, and then, dwelling under the same roof with Barbara Bradford, I might have opportunities of seeing her again, and who knows, perhaps of assisting her out of her mysterious plight.

"I shall be very glad indeed to come," I found myself saying. "It was nice of you both to think of me."

"We'll consider the matter settled," announced old Rufus. "We are unused to guests here, so you had better come at ten on Sunday, an hour after we have started."

"Rufus," suggested my great-aunt apprehensively, "had you not better

"Something Wrong Here—in This House—I Tell You!"

give him the combination of the wall safe? My jewels are there, and in case there should be a fire—"

"Why not take them with you?" I interrupted.

"They are a nuisance when you are traveling," she objected.

"A safe deposit box would be better, then."

"No," said old Rufus shortly. "Both my safe deposit boxes are full and there is no use hiring another one. The jewels will be all right where they are. In case of fire you can remove them to a place of safety. This is the combination—see that you remember it—six right, four left, two right, eight left, 6,428."

"I'll remember it," I replied, mentally repeating it over and over again.

"And now, my dear," said the old gentleman, "if you will get the keys from my desk, we can permit our nephew to depart."

My great-aunt left the room to do his mission. The minute she was safely out of hearing old Rufus' whole manner underwent a startling change. Into his deep-set gray eyes came a look of terror. His face became ashen, and the withered hand with which he clutched my arm was trembling violently.

"Listen, boy," he hissed, leaning forward that he might speak into my ear and looking about apprehensively as if he feared to be overheard. "Listen—there's something wrong here."

My first thought was that he had been suddenly stricken with senile dementia, but recalling his perfectly rational conduct throughout the rest of the evening, I dismissed the theory as absolutely untenable. His fear, whatever caused it, certainly seemed very real.

"Something wrong?" I repeated, wonderingly. "What do you mean? What is it?"

He clutched my arm in a still tighter grasp, and his voice, suppressed to a terrified whisper, became more insistent.

"I don't know," he breathed. "I wish I did." He glanced timorously about and went on. "There's something wrong! I sense it. I feel it. I cannot find out what it is. All kinds of queer things happen. I am always hearing voices—whispers, whispers, whispers! That is why we are going away. My wife thinks it is on account of my health. I don't want her to know. Please, please, Spalding, find out what it is before we return. I have no son. There is no one else but you to do it. Solve the mystery for me. Find out about the whispers. Promise me you will. Ssh—not a word to her! Not a word!"

He withdrew his hold on my arm and laid his finger on his lips as he heard his wife returning. With a visible effort he straightened up, and when she entered the room he apparently had entirely recovered his self-possession and was his natural self again, a dignified, world-weary old man.

"I can't find your keys, Rufus," said my great-aunt, "you had better get them yourself."

The minute he left the room she hastened to my side and she, too, began to whisper mysterious warnings, exhibiting a terror hardly less than her aged husband's.

"This is a house of mystery," she announced. "I'm always hearing strange sounds here. He doesn't know"—with a nod in the direction old Rufus had gone, "and I do not want him to. That is the reason I am taking him away. Solve the mystery of it before we return. I'll pay you. I'll make it well worth your while."

Her husband's shuffling in the passage warned her of his return, and she quickly dropped my arm. As he entered she was telling me in quite normal tones to be sure to remember her to my mother the next time I wrote.

Old Rufus handed me the keys, explaining which was which.

"And remember," said my great-uncle, as he escorted me to the door, "you are not to come until Sunday morning at ten, after we have gone. And remember the combination of the safe—Remember!"

The insistent way in which he repeated the word conveyed to me forcefully that what he most wanted me to remember was the strange warning he had given me, and as I clasped his hand in parting I tried by the firmness of my grip to let him know that I understood.

"Remember," repeated my aunt, too, as she stood there in the door a little behind him, at the same time giving me a significant look.

Yet, puzzling as had been the conduct of both of them, my memories that night were not of their warning nor of the combination of the safe nor of the hour at which I was to arrive. They were of the most beautiful eyes I ever had seen and of the haunting terror written in them.

CHAPTER II.

Sunday morning came at last.

It was hardly eight when I set out for my new quarters, taking with me only one small handbag and leaving my two trunks for the expressman. In the time intervening since my visit to the Gaston home I had done but little except speculate on the mysterious warnings that both of the old people had surreptitiously given me. It seemed so utterly improbable and impossible that there could be any inexplicable mystery about a home in a modern, up-to-date apartment house in the center of a civilized city. And if there was a mystery, why did they stay there? Why didn't they move?

Yet, as I pondered over the matter, I was convinced that both my great-uncle and his wife were rational. I dismissed without hesitation the theory that there could have been any supernatural happenings to affright them. It was probable, I decided, that their fears might have been played on by some conspiracy on the part of their servants to induce them to spend a season in Maine. Perhaps there was some specter from my great-uncle's past now rising to confront him that he was seeking to hide from his wife. It might be that she knew of it or had received threats and was trying to conceal the matter from him. There are few men of millions without some secret shameful pages in their lives. As I remembered that old Rufus Gaston's dollars had been made in South America, all that I had heard and read of plots and counter-plots below the equator came buzzing into my brain. If such should be the case, that some betrayed conspirator now was seeking vengeance, more than ever I welcomed the unexpected chance that had thrown this opportunity for adventure in my prosaic path.

Yet maybe their warnings were justified. There was Barbara Bradford, who lived under the same roof, on the very floor with them. She seemed to be caught in the web of some plot, to be living in fear of some mysterious peril.

Was she, I wondered, in any way connected with the mystery that overhung the Gaston home? Did my great uncle and his wife know her? Her mission to the park had been to get some papers. Could they have been in any way involved with what was menacing my great-uncle's peace of mind? How I regretted now that I had not asked the Gastons if they knew Miss Bradford. How I welcomed the opportunity I was now to have of living in the same apartment house with her, close at hand if ever I could serve her. I was glad now that circumstances had prevented my going to France with Birge and Roller.

As I arrived at my great-uncle's corner, I saw Miss Bradford approaching from the opposite direction. She was in riding togs. I timed my steps to reach the corner as she did. Would she, I wondered, consider our strange meeting a few evenings before sufficient introduction to justify her speaking to me.

"Good morning, Mr. Nelson," she greeted me pleasantly. "Making an early call, aren't you?"

"I'm coming here to live for a while," I answered, falling into step with her. "The Gastons are going to Maine and have asked me to occupy their apartment while they are away."

As we chatted we had entered the building, and as before I went into the elevator with her. As I left her at the door, wondering if she had had any more encounters in the park, yet hardly daring to ask, she turned to me, half apologetically, and said:

"Mr. Nelson, since you've come to live here in the house, I must be careful. We have not been introduced, and my people will think it strange if they see me speaking to you. You understand, don't you? You must not speak to me or recognize me until—"

"Until what?" I cried eagerly.

"Until we can manage to be properly introduced."

"Yet," I insisted, "you promised to let me help you."

"I have not forgotten. I'm grateful, really I am. Perhaps I may call on your services. I may have to. If I do, I'll find some way of letting you know."

"Some secret way," I suggested, half sarcastically.

"Perhaps," she laughingly nodded as we separated.

As I took out the keys my great-uncle had given me and entered the apartment, I looked about me with a wholly new interest. That little word "mine" makes a vast difference in the way we regard things. Now that these luxurious quarters were to be my home, temporarily at least, I looked about curiously. Certainly at first glance there was nothing mysterious in the atmosphere. Setting my bag down I began an immediate inspection of the rooms.

The Gaston apartment, I discovered, occupied one whole side of the sixth floor of a twelve-story building. Around the elevator shaft that came up through the center was a small square court with four doors, two opening into the Bradford apartment opposite and two into the one I was occupying. The east apartments were known as Six A and the west as Six B. The door by which I had entered led into a lofty foyer, connecting by sliding doors with a great dining room, and beyond it, in the front of the house, with a reception or living room that ran the entire width of the apartment. Back of the elevator, with a separate door for the servants' use, were the kitchen, the butler's pantry, a servant's sitting room and two bedrooms. From the foyer a long hall ran almost the length of the building. On the servants' side it was blank as to doors, save for the passage from the pantry to the dining room, but on the other side several doors opened into spacious sleeping rooms, each with its own bath. As I was wondering which of the bedrooms my great-aunt had expected me to occupy, I noticed still another door which I found led into a small bedroom on the servants' side of the house but unconnected with their quarters. While it was less elaborately furnished than the rooms opposite, it was comfortable enough, and it had a spacious bathroom adjoining. The fact that the bed here had been left turned down was evidence enough that it was intended for my occupancy. Returning to the foyer to get my bag and unpack it, I was startled by the ringing of the front doorbell.

I sprang eagerly to answer it. It must be Miss Bradford. Probably she had reconsidered and had decided to take me into her confidence. Who else could it be? There was no one else who knew I was in the apartment. It must be Miss Bradford!

With an exclamation of welcome on my lips I flung open the door. A man stood there—an utter stranger. In my disappointment I was almost closing the door in his face, but as if anticipating my thought he quickly advanced one foot over the sill and kept it there.

"Well," I demanded, almost savagely, "what do you want?"

"Oh, it is you, is it?" he replied, eyeing me with what seemed to me a most insolent stare.

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered. Certainly I never had seen this person before. He was short and stocky, with sparse nondescript hair and weak, shifty blue eyes. His face had an unhealthy pallor, as if he had lived long away from the sunlight, and was sunken in as if from undernourishment, yet the breadth of his shoulders and his huge rough hands seemed to indicate physical strength beyond the ordinary.

"You're Mr. Spalding Nelson, aren't you?"

"That's my name," I answered shortly.

"Mr. Gaston's—" He paused, as if trying to recall the relationship.

"Mr. Gaston's great-nephew."

"I guess you are him, all right," he said, in a manner of evident relief. "I'm Mr. Wick, the superintendent of the house."

"Of course," I answered, feeling rather foolish at my own vexation.

"Mr. Gaston told me you were coming in this morning," he hastened to explain.

"He gave me a description of you," Mr. Wick went on, unperturbed, "and the boys in the hall were pretty sure it was you that came in, but—"

"But what?"

"I couldn't understand it. You didn't announce yourself. It seemed funny,

"You Must Not Speak to Me or Recognize Me Until—"

your coming in with the young lady from next door."

"It just happened that way," I explained, now understanding his mystification. "I met her as I was coming in."

"Twice," he said, rather insolently.

"I can't see that it is any of your business," I retorted angrily, "if it happened a dozen times."

His manner at once became apologetic, and he hastened to offer obsequious explanations.

"Mr. Gaston asked me to take particular notice. The other evening when you were coming to dinner he told me to tell the hall boys to look at you closely so that they could identify you as the right party when you came in today. That was how it happened. You see, sir, in a house of this sort we have to be careful. It doesn't do to let strangers prowl about without finding out who they are and what they are doing."

The hero's troubles begin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN REALLY KNOWS LITTLE

Even the Wisest of the Human Race Amazingly Ignorant, Asserts a Writer in Boston Paper.

The wisest man in the world knows only tiny fraction of what there is to be learned, and the mass of human knowledge, painfully acquired and handed on since our far-off ancestors came down out of the trees, is only a faint glimmer in the midst of the dark unknown.

Much of the unknown is unknowable; a little of it, the human mind laboriously takes possession of as centuries pass.

Most of us are amazingly ignorant. We are like the classic example of the school children, conning their books, who couldn't tell what kind of wood their desks were made of.

Actually, we are afraid of seeming to know too much outside of the trodden ways; we despise the "highbrow."

And at the same time how contemptuous we are likely to be of some one who seems to be more ignorant than ourselves.

The man who has stopped learning is living at a standstill. Make everyone you meet your teacher, if you would get the most out of life. That boy scout, that venerable farmer, that sharp young salesman—each has a bit of special knowledge for you.

Be a student, even though your schooldays are in the remote past, and not a mere book student.—Boston Herald.

The Ring-Ousel.

The migrant ring-ousel builds year after year in a granite quarry, and I have often heard him there. It is a solitary, forgotten place and he knows it better than most people. . . . His song differs from the intimate music of his kinfolk, the blackbird and thrush. It is thinner, colder, more elfin—the pure tinkle of a mountain brook. With some birds you feel that they like you to listen to them; not so the shy ring-ousel. One pays something in time and patience for his song, and values it the more.—Eden Philpotts.

Rapid Communication.

A receiver which takes down dots and dashes on sensitized tape at the rate of 200 words a minute is the latest device in wireless telegraphy. As the human ear cannot interpret a message so rapidly delivered the transmission cannot be understood except at stations using this machine.

Foregt It.

A slang expression which ought to be applied like a sticking plaster to a large proportion of our schemes to get rich.—Exchange.

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?"

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.