At The Churches

Arleta Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
7:30 p. m. Evening services.
6:15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
7:45 Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church

Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Chior rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting.
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

10 a. m. Sunday School.
10 a. m. Saturday, German school.
8 p. m. Wednesday, Y. P. S.
11 a. m. Sunday worship.
Th. Schildknecht, Pastor.

Kern Park Christain Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 8 p. m. preaching service.
7 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
8 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
8:45 p. m. Thursday, Bible Study Class.
A cordial welcome to all who will attend any services.
R. Tibbs Maxey, Minister.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station.
Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day.
Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual.
Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m.
Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec.
Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent.
Y. P. A. 6:15 p. m. Eva Anderson, President.
Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Mrs. Maud Keach, Superintendent.
[illegible]:00 a. m Preaching services.
11 [illegible] m. Christian Endeavor.
6:25 p. [illegible] Preaching Services.
7:30 p. m. [illegible] Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
8:00 p. m.
A cordial welcome to all these services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Oct., 17, Bible School 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship, 11 a. m.
Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m.
Evening worship, 7:30 p. m.
A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park.
Services Sunday 11 a. m.
Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m.
Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45. a. m.
Preaching 11:00 a. m.
Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Preachihg 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at [illegible]
W. R. F. Browne, pastor.
[illegible]nce 9505, 59th Ave., S. E.

[illegible]nd M. E. Church

[illegible]y school.
[illegible]g.
[illegible]ng.
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[illegible]ns choir
[illegible]ver

Laurelw[illegible]

[illegible] a. m. San[illegible]
10:[illegible]
11:00 a. m. preachi[illegible]
12:30 a. m. class [illegible]
6:30 p. m. Epworth Lea[illegible]
7:30 p. m. preaching.
The pastor is assisted by a ch[illegible] and the Aeoleon Male Chorus.
8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, ph[illegible] service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

Try Walsh when in need of any sort of auto repairing, or oils or gas.

DR. JOHN FAWCETT
Diseases of Women and Children A Specialty
Pacific Tabor 3214 Local 2011

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026 meets regular, Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friend[illegible] Fourth Wednesday, business. Neighbors requested to come. [illegible] order of the Camp

PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

SYNOPSIS.

Penrod, fearing the ordeal of playing the part of the Child Sir Lancelot, seeks forgetfulness in the composition of a dime novel.

Penrod's mother and sister dress him in his costume for the "Children's Pageant of the Round Table." Penrod is ashamed to wear it.

He breaks up the whole pageant by putting on a pair of the janitor's overalls over his costume.

A visit to a moving picture show gives him an idea and he loafs away his time in school, dreaming dreams.

The teacher reproves him. He seeks to distract attention from himself by alleging loss of sleep because of a drunken uncle.

The teacher sympathizes with Penrod's aunt because of her wayward husband, and it then develops that Penrod has been lying.

Penrod, Sam Williams and two colored boys, Herman and Verman, get up a big show to entertain the town.

Verman makes a decided hit, but Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., says the show is a failure. Penrod asks him if he is a relation of Rena Magsworth, a murderer.

Roderick, seeking fame, says she is his aunt. Roderick's mother finds him posing as a nephew of the murderer and stops the circus.

Penrod gets very musical and buys an accordion, with which he makes a great hit with beautiful Marjorie Jones.

At the dog and pony show Penrod eats so many different varieties of indigestible things that he is taken violently ill.

CHAPTER XII.

The Inner Boy.

PENROD went home in splendor, pretending that he and Duke were a long procession, and he made enough noise to render the auricular part of the illusion perfect. His own family was already at the lunch table when he arrived, and the parade halted only at the door of the dining room.

"Oh, something!" shouted Mr. Schofield, clasping his bilious brow with both hands. "Stop that noise! Isn't it awful enough for you to sing? Sit down! Not with that thing on! Take that green rope off your shoulder! Now take that thing out of the dining room and throw it in the ashcan! Where did you get it?"

"Where did I get what, papa?" asked Penrod meekly, depositing the accordion in the hall just outside the dining room door.

"That da—that third hand concertina."

"It's a 'cordion," said Penrod, taking his place at the table and noticing that both Margaret and Robert Williams (who happened to be a guest) were growing red.

"I don't care what you call it," said Mr. Schofield irritably. "I want to know where you got it."

Penrod's eyes met Margaret's. Hers had a strained expression. She very slightly shook her head. Penrod sent Mr. Williams a grateful look and might have been startled if he could have seen himself in a mirror at that moment, for he regarded Mitchy-Mitch with concealed but vigorous aversion, and the resemblance would have horrified him.

"A man gave it to me," he answered gently and was rewarded by the visibly regained ease of his patron's manner, while Margaret leaned back in her chair and looked at her brother with real devotion.

"I should think he'd have been glad to," said Mr. Schofield. "Who was he?"

"Sir?" In spite of the candy which he had consumed in company with Marjorie and Mitchy-Mitch Penrod had begun to eat lobster croquettes earnestly.

"Who was he?"

"Who do you mean, papa?"

"The man that gave you that ghastly thing!"

"Yes, sir; a man gave it to me."

"I say. Who was he?" shouted Mr. Schofield.

"Well, I was just walking alone, and the man came up to me. It was right down in front of Colgates', where most of the paint's rubbed off the fence"—

"Penrod!" The father used his most dangerous tone.

"Sir?"

"Who was the man that gave you the concertina?"

"I don't know. I was walking along [illegible]

"[illegible] never saw him before?"

"[illegible] I was just walk"—

"[illegible] do," said Mr. Schofield, [illegible] pose every family has [illegible] and this was one of [illegible] to be excused."

[illegible] out crossly, stop[illegible] ent before pass[illegible] after lunch [illegible] his accor[illegible] library. [illegible] though, [illegible] that [illegible] ool

"You [illegible]

"No, s[illegible]

"That w[illegible] rising. "I [illegible] its secret enem[illegible] ours. I must ask [illegible]

With that he wen[illegible] ping in the hall, a mo[illegible] ing beyond hearing. A[illegible] Penrod sought in vain fo[illegible] dion. He even searched th[illegible] where his father sat reading. [illegible] upon inquiry, Penrod explained [illegible] he was looking for a misplaced sch[illegible] book. He thought he ought to study [illegible] every day, he said, even during [illegible] released, Mr. [illegible] the search, [illegible] mathe[illegible] matics with singular ease—which cost him precisely the price of the book the following September.

Penrod departed to study in the back yard. There, after a cautious survey of the neighborhood, he managed to dislodge the iron cover of the cistern and dropped the arithmetic within. A fine splash rewarded his listening ear. Thus assured that when he looked for that book again no one would find it for him, he replaced the cover and betook himself pensively to the highway, discouraging Duke from following by repeated volleys of stones, some imaginary and others all too real.

Arrived upon the populous and festive scene of the dog and pony show, he first turned his attention to the brightly decorated booths which surrounded the tent. The cries of the peanut venders, of the popcorn men, of the toy balloon sellers, the stirring music of the band, playing before the performance to attract a crowd; the shouting of excited children and the barking of the dogs within the tent, all sounded exhilaratingly in Penrod's ears and set his blood a-tingle. Nevertheless he did not squander his money or fling it to the winds in one grand splurge. Instead, he began cautiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which he obtained from an aged negress for his odd cent, too obvious a bargain to be missed. At an adjacent stand he bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (so alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either.

Next he entered a small restaurant tent and for a modest nickel was supplied with a fork and a box of sardines, previously opened, it is true, but more than half full. He consumed the sardines utterly, but left the tin box and the fork, after which he indulged in an inexpensive half pint of lukewarm cider at one of the open booths. Mug in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he paused for breath, and the cool, sweet cadences of the watermelon man fell delectably upon his ear:

"Ice cole watermelon; ice cole watermelon! The biggest slice of ice cole, ripe, red, ice cole, rich an' rare; the biggest slice of ice cole watermelon ever cut by the hand of man! Buy our ice cole watermelon!"

Penrod, having drained the last drop of cider, complied with the watermelon man's luscious entreaty and received a round slice of the fruit, magnificent in circumference and something over an inch in thickness. Leaving only the really dangerous part of the rind behind him, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and supplied himself with a bag of peanuts, which, with the expenditure of a dime for admission, left a quarter still warm in his pocket. However, he managed to "break" the coin at a stand inside the tent, where a large, oblong paper box of popcorn was handed him with 20 cents change. The box was too large to go into his pocket, but having seated himself among some wistful Polack children he placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The popcorn was heavily larded with partially boiled molasses, and Penrod sandwiched mouthfuls of peanuts with gobs of this mass until the peanuts were all gone. After that he ate with less avidity, a sense almost of satiety beginning to manifest itself to him, and it was not until the close of the performance that he disposed of the last morsel.

He descended a little heavily to the outflowing crowd in the arena and bought a caterwauling toy balloon, but showed no great enthusiasm in manipulating it. Near the exit as he came out was a hot waffle stand which he had overlooked, and a sense of duty obliged him to consume the three waffles, thickly powdered with sugar, which the waffle man cooked for him upon command.

They left a hottish taste in his mouth; they had not been quite up to his anticipation, indeed, and it was with a sense of relief that he turned to the hokey-pokey cart which stood close at hand, laden with square slabs of Neapolitan ice cream wrapped in paper. He thought the ice cream would be cooling, but somehow it fell short of the desired effect and left a peculiar savor in his throat.

He walked away, too languid to blow his balloon, and passed a fresh taffy booth with strange indifference. A bare armed man was manipulating the taffy over a hook, pulling a great white mass to the desired stage of "vandying," but Penrod did not pause to watch the operation. In fact, he averted his eyes (which were slightly glazed) in passing. He did not analyze his motives. Simply he was conscious that he preferred not to look at the mass of taffy.

For some reason he put a considerable distance between himself and the taffy stand, but before long halted in the presence of a red faced man who flourished a long fork over a small cooking apparatus and shouted jovially: "Winnies! Here's your hot winnies! Hot winny wurst! Food for the overworked brain, nourishing for the weak stummick, entertaining for the tired business man! Here's your hot winnies! Three for a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth pot of a dollah!"

This above all nectar and ambrosia was the favorite dish of Penrod Schofield. Nothing inside him now craved it—on the contrary. But memory is the great hypnotist. His mind argued against his inwards that opportunity knocked at his door. "Winny wurst" was rigidly forbidden by the home authorities. Besides, there was a last nickel in his pocket, and nature protested against its survival; also the red faced man had himself proclaimed his wares nourishing for the weak [illegible]ck.

Penrod placed the nickel in the red hand of the red faced man.

He ate two of the three greasy, cigar-like shapes cordially pressed upon him in return. The first bite convinced him that he had made a mistake. These winnies seemed of a very inferior flavor, almost unpleasant, in fact. But he felt obliged to conceal his poor opinion of them for fear of offending the red faced man. He ate without haste or eagerness, so slowly indeed that he began to think the red faced man might dislike him as a deterrent of trade. Perhaps Penrod's mind was not working well, for he failed to remember that no law compelled him to remain under the eye of the red faced man, but the virulent repulsion excited by his attempt to take a bite of the third sausage inspired him with at least an excuse for postponement.

"Mighty good," he murmured feebly, placing the sausage in the inside pocket of his jacket with a shaking hand. "Guess I'll save this one to eat at home after—after dinner."

He moved sluggishly away, wishing he had not thought of dinner. A side show, undiscovered until now, failed to arouse his interest, not even exciting a wish that he had known of its existence when he had money. For a time he stared without comprehension at a huge canvas poster depicting the chief attraction, the weather worn colors conveying no meaning to his torpid eye. Then, little by little, the poster became more vivid to his consciousness. There was a greenish tinted person in the tent, it seemed, who thrived upon a reptilian diet.

Suddenly Penrod decided that it was time to go home.

CHAPTER XIII.

Brothers of Angels.

"INDEED, doctor," said Mrs. Schofield, with agitation and profound conviction, just after 8 o'clock that evening, "I shall always believe in mustard plasters—mustard plasters and hot water bags. If it hadn't been for them I don't believe he'd have lived till you got here—I do not!"

"Margaret," called Mr. Schofield from the open door of a bedroom, "Margaret, where did you put that aromatic ammonia? Where's Margaret?"

But he had to find the aromatic spirits of ammonia himself, for Margaret was not in the house. She stood in the shadow beneath a maple tree near the street corner, a guitar case in her hand, and she scanned with anxiety a briskly approaching figure. The arc light, swinging above, revealed this figure as that of him she awaited. He was passing toward the gate without seeing her, when she arrested him with a fateful whisper.

"Bob!"

Mr. Robert Williams swung about hastily. "Why, Margaret!"

"Here, take your guitar," she whispered hurriedly. "I was afraid if father happened to find it he'd break it all to pieces!"

"What for?" asked the startled Robert.

"Because I'm sure he knows it's yours."

"But what"—

"Oh, Bob," she moaned, "I was waiting here to tell you. I was so afraid you'd try to come in"—

"Try!" exclaimed the unfortunate young man, quite dumfounded. "Try to come"—

"Yes, before I warned you. I've been waiting here to tell you, Bob, you mustn't come near the house. If I were you I'd stay away from even this neighborhood—far away! For awhile I don't think it would be actually safe for"—

"Margaret, will you please"—

"It's all on account of that dollar you gave Penrod this morning," she wailed. "First he bought that horrible concertina that made papa so furious"—

"But Penrod didn't tell that I"—

"Oh, wait!" she cried lamentably. "Listen! He didn't tell at lunch, but he got home about dinner time in the most—well, I've seen pale people before, but nothing like Penrod. Nobody could imagine it—not unless they'd seen him. And he looked so strange and kept making such unnatural faces and at first all he would say was that he'd eaten a little piece of apple and thought it must have had some microbes on it. But he got sicker and sicker, and we put him to bed, and then we all thought he was going to die, and, of course, no little piece of apple would have—well, and he kept getting worse, and then he said he'd had a dollar. He said he'd spent it for the concertina, and watermelon, and chocolate creams, and licorice sticks, and lemon drops, and peanuts, and jaw breakers, and sardines, and raspberry lemonade, and pickles, and popcorn, and ice cream, and cider, and sausage—there was a sausage in his pocket, and mamma says his jacket is ruined—and cinnamon drops, and waffles, and he ate four or five lobster croquettes at lunch—and papa said, 'Who gave you that dollar? Only he didn't say 'who'. He said something horrible, Bob! And Penrod thought he was going to die, and he said you gave it to him, and, oh, it was just pitiful to hear the poor child, Bob, because he thought he was dying, you see, and he blamed you for the whole thing. He said if you'd only let him alone and not given it to him he'd have grown up to be a good man, and now he couldn't! I never heard anything so heartrending. He was so weak he could hardly whisper, but he kept trying to talk, telling us over and over it was all your fault."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

15,408,000 feet of timber was shipped from the lower Columbia sawmills in October.

Tremont, Kern Park and Arleta

Geo. Walsh has taken the job as deliveryman for Wilson, Oppegard.

Clarence Cone is spending a winter vacation at home.

Mildred Onslow is ill with scarlet fever at her home at 5240, 67 street.

Wanted—Chickens, cash for bargain lot of good ones. Call Phone Tabor 6497.

Robt. Pritz is building a new residence on 64 St. near Arleta school for Mrs. Titus.

Ross Carson, brother-in-law of S. E. Chambers, leaves for Kansas this Friday by way of Frisco.

F. A. Alvord is selling more new stoves this fall than any other dealer in Mt. Scott.

The Arleta Building Association have placed a new canvas cover on the floor of the Woodmen Lodge Hall.

Dr. Hitchcock has decided to continue his practice in Portland. He will live on or near 35th street.

Wanted—Second hand rocking horse in good condition, cheap for cash. Call Tabor 6497.

D. C. Johnson, 6205, 86 St. is having a new set of electrical switches and fixtures installed.

Harry Clapp is doing considerable electrical work in the Lents neighborhood.

A new awning graces the front of the Greenleaf Furniture and Art store at Archer Place.

The Morrison Lumber Co. is furnishing the material for E. T. Green, who is building a residence near Reed College.

Jas. Peabody exchanged his 88rd street property for a house and lot in Dufur and left Portland Wednesday morning.

Mr. J. C. Horrigan, of 72nd St. in Firland has sold his home and will leave for Nebraska soon to make his home there in the future.

Mr. Ames of 6703 Foster Road left this part of the country Thursday. It is supposed that he is sowing oats down in the city.

Numerous Hallowe'en parties were given this year in the Mt. Scott district, but the young boys order for cutting up pranks was dampened by the rain.

People who have the benefit of Herald publicity will show their appreciation by remembering it when in need of any kind of printing.

Mrs. N. E. Clement, of 6803, 62 Ave. was the victim of fire at 11 p. m. Saturday. She lost $500 in injuries to the interior of her home.

The Arleta Union was represented by Mrs. Stella Wilson, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Ward Swope, Mrs. Fross, and Mrs. Warner, at the Land Show Friday afternoon, Oct. 5, in the living map of wet and dry states.

Gus Smith, proprietor of the Archer Place Meat Market has rebuilt a cottage he lately purchased at 5504, 40th Ave., S. E. Its modern in every respect and will make him and his wife a very comfortable home.

A large Maxwell car owned by a Mr. Nelson, of Newburg, leaked gasoline and caught on fire while standing near the corner of 55th St. and Foster road last Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Prompt action on the part of bystanders put the fire out. Loss slight.

Arleta people should congratulate themselves on the addition of a first class undertaker to their business men. A. D. Kenworthy has opened up parlors at 4615, 68th street. Mr. Kenworthy will conduct the business in connection with his 92 street house.

Alvord's Furniture Store, 4529, 67th St. S. E. is dividing the profits. Every person that buys one of his stoves gets a good reduction on city prices and some discount in addition. By so doing Alvord divides the profits with his customer and still comes out ahead by the increased number of sales. See Alvord.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, Mr. O. V. Badley, Riley interperter, assisted by the Aeoleon Male Chorus, gave his entertainment to a good audience at the Laurelwood M. E. church. Mr. Badley was at his best in his poem-rendering. The selections given by the Aeoleon Male Chorus, directed by J. Archie Hollingworth, were well rendered. Carl F. Sutton accompanied at the organ.

Earl Stout will next week open up a new bakery at 5515, and Foster road, Archer Place.

The Phoenix Building at Archer Place station has received a new coat of paint, and the interior of the store occupied by Frank, the grocer, is being retinted.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Loshbough, of 3930, 67th St. was buried Monday from the Arleta parlors of A. D. Kenworthy Co., undertakers. It was buried at Multnomah.

At the regular monthly business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian church, which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Williams 5521, 69 St. S. E., on Friday evening, much improvement was noted in the work of the several committees for the last month. All committee chairmen present filed most excellent written reports of the work accomplished during the past month. The Missionary committee especially has been very active and has plans outlined for November and December. The society has set aside a month for self denial, the funds raised in this manner to be used for missions. At the close of the month of sacrifice, an experience social will be held when each member will tell how he secured the money he has contributed. Under the direction of the social committee, a social will be given in the church on Friday evening Nov. 12. Quite extensive preparations have been made and a very interesting time is expected. Every one invited.

The Arleta W. C. T. U. gave a tea for the teachers of the Arleta school, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 9, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock, in the Arleta school clubhouse. Devotionals, conducted by Miss Glover were followed by a round table on the "welfare of our children" conducted by Mrs. Ward Swope. Principal Speirs of the Arleta school gave a pointed talk on the subject under discussion. Among other things, he said that the way to stop the cigarette habit is by legislation; that appeal must also be made to the manhood of those who sell and thus debauch the boyhood of the community; that children who smoke or who are addicted to other vices are delinquent because of the home surroundings; that parents should be made to pay for the shortcomings of their children; that parents should know where their children are all the time; that it is not sufficient if the children tell where they have been or with whom they have been staying—parents should be with their children as far as possible from the time the children get home from school in the afternoon till they leave for school the next morning. Responses were also made by Miss Percival and Miss Malloy. Other valuable suggestions for helping the children of the community were offered by Mrs. Stella Wilson, Miss Glover, and others. Mrs. Zehrung and Mrs. Spriggs gave some good ideas on helping home-bound mothers.

Home-Made Insect Powder

There are scores of so called "poultry lice remedies" on the market. They are not only more expensive, but no more effective than some of our simple home-made remedies.

A good home-made insect powder can be made by thoroughly mixing one-fourth pint of cresol and three-fourths of a pint of gasoline. Add to this mixture gradually with stirring just enough plaster of paris to take up the liquid. For the above amounts it will take about two and a half pounds of plaster of paris. Spread out thin on paper until dry, screen carefully and it is ready for use. If strong crude carbolic acid is available it can be used instead of cresol. This powder can be boxed, put in a dry place and kept for a long period of time.

To apply the powder, dust the birds thoroughly around the vent and in the fluff under the wings. This application should be followed by a second in four to six days to kill the lice or mites from the unhatched eggs or "nits" present at the first treatment.—C. S. A.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

RHEUMATISM AND ALLIED PAINS—THEY MUST GO!

The congestion of the blood in its flow causes pain. Sloan's Liniment penetrates to the congestion and starts the blood to flow freely. The body's warmth is renewed; the pain is gone. The "man or woman who has rheumatism, neuralgia or other pain and fails to keep Sloan's Liniment in their home is like a drowning man refusing a rope." Why suffer. Get a bottle of Sloan's, 25c. and 50c. $1.00 bottle hold six times as much as 25c. size.