

**END STOMACH TROUBLE,  
GASES OR DYSPEPSIA**

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas, and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.

**He Knew.**

The good man was shocked when the little boy asked him for a match. "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?" asked the good man. "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Back of Smith's lumber yard."

**You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.**

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists tell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

**Tact.**

"Why did you offer me that Skye terrier?" "Because, madam, I thought you must be a star."

Formerly French was the most widely spoken language; today it is the mother tongue of only 45,000,000, as compared with 100,000,000 who speak German and 130,000,000 who speak English.

Every effort is being made to make army life as attractive as possible in order to get the most desirable class of recruits.

**Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss.**

**A Girl All Right.**

Mark Twain, so the story goes, was walking on Hannibal street when he met a woman with her youthful family.

"So this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her as she displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?"

"Yeessah," the woman replied; "yeessah, dat's a girl, too."—Exchange.

**Tommy's Excuse.**

Teacher—Tommy Silmson, have you any good excuse for being late? Tommy (beaming)—Yes, ma'am. Teacher—What is it? Tommy—Waffles.—Harper's Bazaar.

Dr. Perry's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours. Adv.

**Alas!**

A cheerful prophet upon the staff of the New York Sun assures us that after Christmas eggs will be cheap. But who has the price of even a cheap egg after Christmas?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Free to Our Readers**

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for a free illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggists will tell you that Murine Believes sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Hurt, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

**England's Trouble, Too.**

"And how's your husband, Mrs. Bloggs?" "E's still rather poorly, ma'am, thank ye kindly; e's bin suffering a lot with 'is gastric ulcer!"—Exchange.

**10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS**

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

**Victimized.**

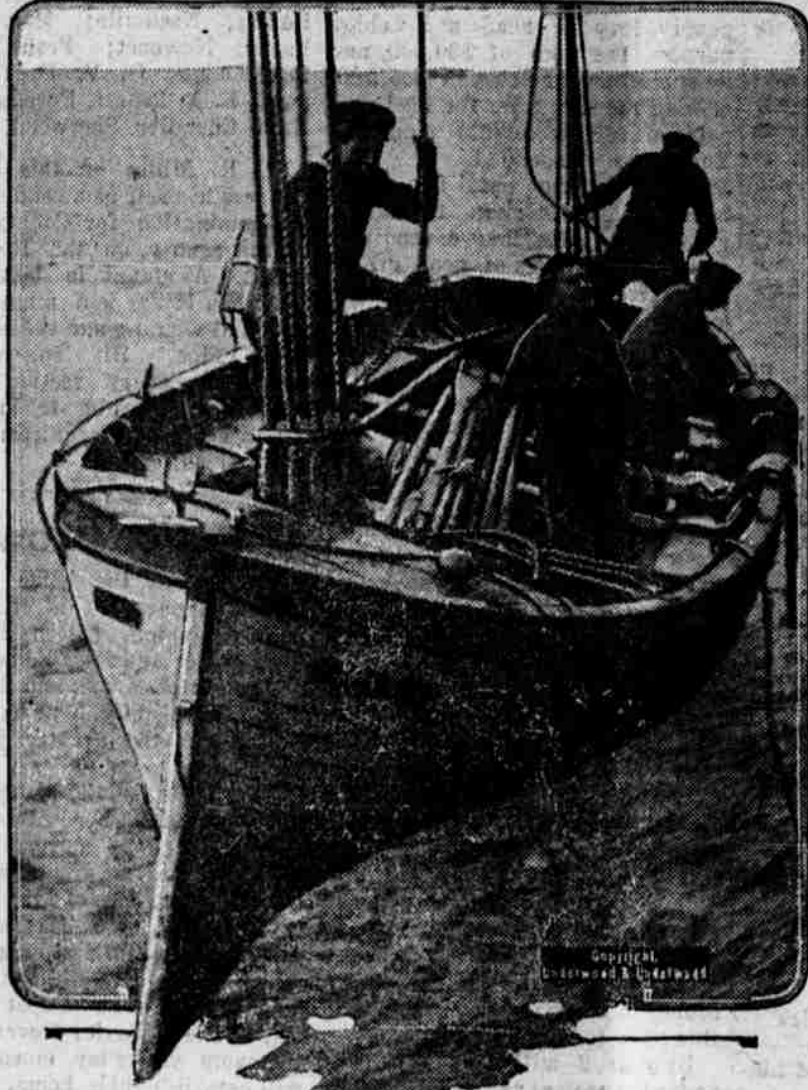
"Did you come back on an all-steel train?" "When the waiters and porters finished plucking me, I felt sure that it was."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

**Deciduous Fruit Crops.**

California's 1913 deciduous fruits netted growers \$18,500,000.

**BRAVE DEEDS  
OF LIFE SAVERS**



**LAUNCHING A LIFE BOAT**

FEW people know the wide range and systematic organization of the United States life-saving service in its work of saving lives alongshore. Superintendent Sumner I. Kimball has been its father and friend, has made it his religion for 40 years. And he has so far succeeded as to have placed upon 10,000 miles of our coast nearly 300 life-saving stations, fitted up with the most modern rescuing apparatus, and taken care of by 2,000 men, under semi-military discipline. Twenty-five thousand vessels have been given aid in this time and property valued at \$240,000,000 saved, with far less loss of life than in the single case of the Titanic, which was sunk in mid-ocean.

Crews ordinarily number eight or nine, with the keeper of the station included. Though under civil service, reading and writing are about all that is required, educationally; physical endurance and experience of the life alongshore properly being the main requirement. Day watch is from sunrise to sunset and the night patrol is divided into four watches.

That it has but 19 life-saving stations, to the Atlantic's 185, is evident from the fact that the Pacific coast is not generally considered more dangerous than it was when Balboa, gazing first upon the clear blue world of its waters, named it the Sea of Peace. The wreck of the Rosecrans, about a year ago, stands out, in consequence, as though the ocean mocked the memory of its discovery as a Pacific body.

The Rosecrans started from Monterey, Cal., a 2,976-ton ship, bound for Portland, Ore., with 19,000 barrels of crude oil. On the third night out the steamer drew near the mouth of the Columbia river. A southerly gale sprang up and there was a heavy falling sea. It began to rain, and the lighthouse beacons could scarcely be seen.

Suddenly the Rosecrans grounded in the breakers. Flashed "S. O. S."

The crew sprang to the deck as one man, and there flashed up the coast the dread "S. O. S." Three times the cry was repeated. Then darted through the captain's mind the fear of fire from flying sparks of the wireless. Fire, with 19,000 barrels of oil on board! Better to perish in the jaws of the ocean. . . . But the Astoria, Ore., operator had got the call and he flashed back now the mercy of a promise of help. The Rosecrans dared replying: "The water is now in the cabins. We can't stay—" but the message was never flashed.

The wireless operator at Astoria had sent out a general distress call. There was no response from ship or station. He begged the Puget Sound Tugboat company at Astoria to notify by some means the life-saving stations at Cape Disappointment and Point Adams. The operator at North Head was also beseeched to notify the Cape Disappointment people. The telephone wires were out of order. The agent of the tugboat company finally got a message to Point Adams, but could

offer no information as to the scene of the wreck.

It was nine o'clock, nearly four hours after the stranding of the steamer, that the surfman keeping the watch from Cape Disappointment lookout tower telephoned his chief at the main station, a quarter of a mile away, that there was a ship in the breakers off McKenzie head.

A furious gale had risen. The crew, rounding the cape, had to fight both storm and rising tide, so they turned back toward a cut-off on a nearby island. Here, too, the tide met them. Then the keeper spied a tug being towed over the bar and asked to be taken to the wreck. There was a sharp refusal. So the crew renewed its efforts singly. It was man and man's humanity that gave them strength to struggle to reach the wreck. It was useless. The crew grew exhausted. And it was more fighting to get back to the station to wait for low tide. Noon had come when they arrived, disheartened only as men who spend their lives in the business of saving other men's lives can be when they fail.

Keeper Wicklund at Point Adams, after receiving the word early in the morning, had commanded all his men to get ready for sea. With the tug Tatoosh a thorough search over the bar was made, but the vessel was hidden from their view and not the trace of a mast could be seen.

Upon their return Fort Stevens telephoned that the Rosecrans had grounded on Peacock spit. Keeper Wicklund left for Cape Disappointment station, where he tried again to reach the ship whose three survivors could now be seen hanging to the rigging.

Captain Rimer met him as he pulled in shore. Desperate now and determined to save those three men clinging to the mast that swayed like a willow in the wind, the two chiefs manned their boats and started back. The Cape Disappointment boat Tenacious reached the wreck first, but got herself into trouble by it, and it was the Point Adams crew that signaled to the half-dead men aloft to jump. By continued circling the boat got pretty close to the ruined Rosecrans. The men on the mast were afraid to leave it. The rescuers kept circling closer, when, without warning, a sea piled over their boat, it was overturned and four of the crew and the keeper shot into the water, where they clung to the wreckage until the others, who had sat tight while the boat made the dive, managed to get all but one back in.

The crews of the tugs which did so much to help in the disaster that claimed the lives of 33 men were deeply appreciated by the department, and letters of thanks were written them by the secretary of the treasury. Every member of the two life-saving crews has been awarded the highest sign of praise within the province of the service—a gold medal that is only given in exceptional cases of heroism in saving life along the shore.

**SHE BORROWED A START**

Prosperous Modiste Knew How to Make Clothes, but That's Not Secret of Her First Success.

How one dressmaker got her start in New York is the pet story of the woman who started her.

"She rented two rooms on the first floor of a Ninety-fifth street house," the woman said. "I occupied the floor above. I had seen her sign in the window for several weeks before I saw her. One day I met her in the hall. Two days later she called at my flat.

"'I'm in an awful pickle,' she said, 'and I am going to ask you to help me out. There are two ladies downstairs who want some dresses made, but before they give me the order they want to see some of my work. With the exception of my own clothes—and you could pack all of them into a handbox—I have nothing to show them. I find it very hard to drum up trade here. I haven't had a customer since I moved into this house, and I will lose those two women if I cannot make the raise of a few nice gowns to show them as samples. I have seen you go out several times in lovely dresses. Would you mind letting me have them for a few minutes? I will return them as soon as the women go away.'"

"The pure nerve of the girl staggered me. "But you didn't make my dresses," I said. "They were made by a dressmaker, who runs a very fashionable shop."

"So I supposed," said my neighbor. "Are they marked with her name?"

"No," said I, "that woman's style is her trademark, and I ought not give another the benefit of it."

"The girl stood just there and looked at me, and the pitiful drooping of her eyes and mouth appealed to me more effectually than any words. The upshot of the matter was I loaned her five of my newest best gowns. Naturally the callers were delighted with them, and gave the girl a large order for summer clothes. I worried myself sick over the affair.

"What will you do," I said, "if you turn out poorly made garments? How will you square yourself?"

"I shall not need to square myself," she said confidently.

"And she did not need to. Her work, instead of being botchy as I had expected it to be, was beautiful. All she needed was an introduction, and after she got that, through gowns made by a fashionable dressmaker, her reputation and a good income were easily made."

**Insured a Tree for \$30,000.**

The most valuable fruit tree in the world has had built around it a fence 30 feet high to keep out miscreants and has been insured against wind and fire with Lloyd's of London for \$30,000. The tree is a six-year-old alligator pear and is on a Whittier ranch owned by H. A. Woodworth of California. Last year the tree made its owner \$3,206, and he didn't give it as much attention as the ordinary man gives to an old speckled hen.

Fifteen hundred dollars of the money came from the sale of the pearls at six dollars a dozen, and the remainder—in other words, the big end of the purse—came from the sale of bud-wood. Buds sold so rapidly last year at ten cents apiece that Mr. Woodworth raised his price to 22 cents in order to avoid having to ruin the tree to satisfy bud-wood hunters.

**Suspicious.**

"Why do you advise me not to marry a girl younger than myself; you did it?"

"I know it."

"Well then—"

"And day before yesterday I read to her the story of a man who died from ptomaine poisoning contracted while eating oysters—"

"I don't see—"

"And yesterday she served me with oysters for dinner."

**A Substitute.**

"Do you approve of the steps taken to preserve Niagara Falls, and to hold off the people who would destroy their beauty for the sake of the power they would generate?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so, but there would be a more effective way."

"Discovery of some practical way to harness the power expended in gum chewing would furnish enough power to run all the mills in the country."

**Distinction of Terms.**

"That man who paid a fortune for a bogus rare book must be a very indignant bibliophile."

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "there are bibliophiles; and then there are what Josh Billings would have called 'bibliophools.'"

**Bridge.**

Nick—Are you a good card player? Dick—No. At bridge I'm a regular Horatius.

Nick—What do you mean—a regular Horatius?

Dick—I keep the others from coming across.—Judge.

**Make Eating  
a Joy**

When the appetite is keen and the digestion normal you can enjoy your meals without fear of distress,—but how different when the stomach is weak and your food causes Heartburn, Bloating, Nausea, Headache, Indigestion and Costiveness. This suggests a trial of

**HOSTETTER'S  
STOMACH BITTERS**

**Promoting the Janitor.**

They were joint owners of an apartment house, and one day the junior partner sought his colleague in some reptidation.

"The janitor wants \$10 more a month or he'll leave. I hate to give up the money, but we can't spare him."

The senior partner disappeared and returned in a few moments.

"It's all right," said he. "I've satled him, and it didn't cost us anything."

"How's that?"

"The janitor is now the superintendent."

"Good work!" declared the junior partner. "But why didn't you make him superintendent in the first place?"

"Because," answered the senior member, "I knew he'd want a promotion eventually. Every man wants a promotion some time, and, to my mind a good man deserves one."—Judge.

**Farewell Forever.**

A Frenchman staying at a London hotel, when presented with his bill, paid it without formal protest, but was indignant at its amount. "I wish to see see proprietore," he said to the clerk. In a minute the proprietor appeared.

The Frenchman was all smiles. "Ah," he exclaimed, "I must embrace you."

"But why should you embrace me?" asked the astonished hotel keeper. "I do not understand."

"Look at zee bill!"

"Yes, your receipted bill. What of it?"

"What of eet? Simply zees, saire. It means zat I shall nevaire, no, nevaire, see you again."—Houston Chronicle.

**The Burning Question.**

The Chief Clerk—If I am wanted I will be in with the manager. The Latest Acquisition—Yeessir. An if you are not wanted where will yer be?—Sydney Bulletin.



**Rheumatic  
Twinges**

yield immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quietsthat agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.

**SLOAN'S  
LINIMENT  
Kills Pain**

gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say:

Relief from Rheumatism. "My mother has used one 50c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 82 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism."—Mrs. H. E. Lindaleaf, Quincy, Cal.

Good for Cold and Croup. "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. H. Strange, 3721 Kimwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neuralgia Gone. "Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."—Mrs. C. M. Deaver of Johnsonburg, Mich.

At all Dealers. Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00 Sloan's Instructive Booklet on Rheumatism sent free.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.