

QUIT MEAT WHEN KIDNEYS BOTHER

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder troubles you.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

It Works! Try It

Tells how to loosen a sore, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

No humbug! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness.

This drug is called freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man, and is used to loosen a corn or callous.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callous.

Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callous. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callous will loosen and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This drug freezone doesn't eat out the corns or callouses but shrivels them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. If your druggist don't have freezone have him order it for you.

Out of the Mouths of Babes. On 6-year-old Frank's birthday he was naughty and had to be whipped. His mother attended to the punishment, striking him lightly with the brush three times. Without a tear in his eyes he said: "Say, ma, give me three more, I'm 6 now."

Before and After. "Ah, love, I would like to listen to you all night," said Clarence, as he rose to go. Six months after they were married he chanced to stay out 15 minutes after his hour, and he had his desire gratified.—Exchange.

Your Health IS Paramount and deserves utmost care

One of the greatest drawbacks to health is a weak stomach, but in many cases this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of

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PRUDENCE

of the PARSONAGE By ETHEL HUESTON

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THE TWINS TRY TO EMBARRASS FAIRY WITH SOME PRACTICAL JOKING WHEN HER BEAU COMES TO VISIT HER.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

As soon as they finished supper Lark said, "Don't you think we'd better go right to bed, Prue? We don't want to taint the atmosphere of the parsonage. Of course Fairy will want to wash the dishes herself to make sure they are clean and shining."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Fairy, good-naturedly. "I can give an extra rub to the ones we want to use—that is, though, I do appreciate the thought, though, thanks very much."

So the twins plunged in, carefully keeping Connie beside them. Connie had a dismal propensity for discoloring—the twins had often suffered from it.

Then they all three went to bed. To be sure it was ridiculously early, but they were all determined.

"You keep your eyes open, Fairy," Prudence whispered melodramatically. "Those girls do not look right." And she added anxiously, "Oh, I'll be so disappointed if things go badly."

Fairy was a little late getting up-stairs to dress, but she took time to drop into her sisters' room. They were all in bed, breathing heavily. She walked from one to another, and stood above them majestically.

"Asleep!" she cried. "Ah, fortune is kind. They are asleep. How I love these darling little twinnies—in their sleep!"

An audible sniff from beneath the covers, and Fairy, smiling mischievously, went into the front room to prepare for her caller.

The bell rang as she was dressing. Prudence went to the door, preternaturally ceremonious, and ushered Mr. Babler into the front room. She did not observe that the young man sniffed in a peculiar manner as he entered the room.

"I'll call Fairy," she said demurely. "Tell her she needn't primp for me," he answered, laughing. "I know just how she looks already."

But Prudence was too heavily burdened to laugh. She smiled hospitably, and closed the door upon him. Fairy was tripping down the stairs, very tall, very handsome, very gay. She pinched her sister's arm as she passed, and the front room door swung behind. But she did not greet her friend. She stood erect by the door, her head tilted on one side, sniffing, sniffing.

"What in the world?" she wondered. Eugene Babler was strangely quiet. He looked about the room in a peculiar, questioning way.

"Shall I raise a window?" he suggested finally. "It's rather—er—hot in here."

"Yes, do," she urged. "Raise all of them. It's—do you—do you notice—a funny smell in here? Or am I imagining it? It—it almost makes me sick!"

"Yes, there is a smell," he said, in evident relief. "I thought maybe you'd been cleaning the carpet with something. It's ghastly. Can't we go somewhere else?"

"Come on." She opened the door into the sitting room. "We're coming out here if you do not mind, Prue." And Fairy explained the difficulty.

"Why, that's very strange," said Prudence, knitting her brows. "I was in there right after supper, and I didn't notice anything. What does it smell like?"

"It's a new smell to me," laughed Fairy, "but something about it is strangely suggestive of our angel twins."

Prudence went to investigate, and Fairy shoved a big chair near the table, waving her hand toward it lightly with a smile at Babler. Then she sank into a low rocker, and leaned one arm on the table. She wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully.

"That smell," she began. "I am very suspicious about it. It was not at all natural—"

"Excuse me, Fairy," he said, ill at ease for the first time in her knowledge of him. "Did you know your sleeve was coming out?"

Fairy gasped and raised her arm. "Both arms, apparently," he continued, smiling, but his face was flushed.

"Excuse me just a minute, will you?" Fairy was unflustered. She sought her sister. "Look here, Prue—what do you make of this? I'm coming to pieces! I'm hanging by a single thread, as it were."

Her sleeves were undoubtedly ready to drop off at a second's notice! Prudence was shocked. She grew positively white in the face.

"Oh, Fairy," she wailed. "We are disgraced!"

"Not a bit of it," said Fairy coolly. "I remember now that Lark was looking for the scissors before supper. Aren't those twins unique? This is almost bordering on talent, isn't it? Don't look so distressed, Prue. Etiquette itself must be subservient to twins, it seems. Don't forget to bring in the steamer at a quarter past nine, and have it as good as possible—please, dear."

"I will," vowed Prudence. "I'll—use cream. Oh, those horrible twins!"

"Go in and entertain Babler till I come down, won't you?" And Fairy

ran lightly up the stairs, humming a snatch of song.

But Prudence did a poor job of entertaining Babler during her sister's absence. She felt really dizzy! Such a way to introduce Etiquette into the parsonage life. She was glad to make her escape from the room when Fairy returned, a graceful figure in fine blue silk!

A little after nine she called out dimly, "Fairy!" And Fairy, fearing fresh disaster, came running out.

"What now? What—?"

"I forget what you told me to say," whispered Prudence wretchedly. "What was it? The soup is ready, and piping hot—but what is it you want me to say?"

Fairy screamed with laughter. "You goose!" she cried. "Say anything you like. It doesn't make any difference what you say."

"Oh, I am determined to do my part just right," vowed Prudence fervently, "according to etiquette and all. What was it you said?"

Fairy stifled her laughter with difficulty, and said in a low voice, "Wouldn't you like a nice, hot oyster stew?" Prudence repeated it after her breathlessly.

So Fairy returned once more, and soon after Prudence tapped on the door. Then she opened it, and thrust her curly head inside. "Wouldn't you like a little nice, hot oyster stew?" she chirped methodically. And Fairy said, "Oh, yes, indeed, Prudence—this is so nice of you."

The three gathered sociably about the table. Babble was first to taste the steaming stew. He gasped, and gulped, and swallowed some water with more haste than grace. Then he toyed idly with spoon and wafer until Prudence tasted also. Prudence did not gasp. She did not cry out. She looked up at her sister with wide eyes—a world of pathos in the glance. But Fairy did not notice.

"Now, please do not ask me to talk until I have finished my soup," she was saying brightly.

Then she tasted it! She dropped her spoon with a great clatter, and jumped up from the table. "Mercy!" she shrieked. "It is poisoned!"

Babble leaped back in his chair and laughed until his eyes were wet. Prudence's eyes were wet, too, but not from laughter! What would etiquette think of her, after this?

"What did you do to this soup, Prudence?" demanded Fairy.

"I made it—nothing else," faltered poor Prudence, quite crushed by this blow. And oysters forty cents a pint!

"It's pepper, I think," gasped Babble. "My insides bear startling testimony to the presence of pepper."

And he roared again, while Prudence began a critical examination of the oysters. She found them literally stuffed with pepper; there was no doubt of it. The twins had done deadly work!

"Reverend, ye gods, how sweet," chanted Fairy. "The twins are setting even with a vengeance—the same twins you said were adorable, Babble!"

It must be said for Fairy that her good nature could stand almost anything. Even this did not seriously disturb her. "Do you suppose you can find us some milk, Prue? And crackers and milk; aren't you, Babble?"

"Oh, I adore it. But serve a microscope with it, please. I want to examine it for microbes before I taste."

But Prudence did better than that. She made some delicious cream, and opened a can of pear preserves, donated to the parsonage by the amiable Mrs. Adams. The twins were very fond of pear preserves, and had been looking forward to eating these on their approaching birthday. They were doomed to disappointment! The three had a merry little feast, after all, and their laughter rang out so

often and so unrestrainedly that the twins shook in their beds with rage and disappointment.

It speaks well for the courage of Babble, and the attractions of Fairy, that he came to the parsonage again and again. In time he became the best of friends with the twins themselves, but he always called them "the adorables," and they never asked him why. The punishment inflicted upon them by Prudence rankled in their memories for many months.

"The offense was against Fairy," said Prudence, with a solemnity she did not feel, "and the reparation must be done to her. For three weeks you must do all of her bedroom work, and run every errand she requires. Moreover, you must keep her shoes well cleaned and nicely polished, and must do every bit of her darning!"

The twins would have preferred whipping a thousand times. They felt they had got a whipping's worth of pleasure out of their mischief! But a punishment like this sat heavily upon their proud young shoulders, and from that time on they held Fairy practically immune from their pranks.

Prudence did not bother her head about etiquette after that experience. "I'm strong for comfort," she declared, "and since the two cannot live together in one family, I say we do without etiquette."

And Fairy nodded in agreement, smiling good-naturedly.

CHAPTER VI.

Practicing Economy.

It was a dull day early in December. Prudence and Fairy were sewing in the bay window of the sitting room.

"We must be sure to have all the scraps out of the way before Connie gets home," said Prudence, carefully fitting together pieces of a dark, warm, furry material. "It has been so long since father wore this coat, I am sure she will not recognize it."

"But she will ask where we got it, and what shall we say?"

"We must tell her it is goods we have had in the house for a long time. That is true. And I made this fudge on purpose to distract her attention. Poor child!" she added very sympathetically. "Her heart is just set on a brand-new coat. I know she will be bitterly disappointed. If the members would just pay up we could get her one. November and December are such bad months for parsonage people. Everyone is getting ready for Christmas now, and forgets that parsonage people need Christmas money, too."

Fairy took a pin from her mouth. "I have honestly been ashamed of Connie the last few Sundays. It was so cold, and she wore only that little thin summer jacket. She must have been half-frozen."

"There are a lot of us careless about providing for the preacher and his family. Some of us seem to forget that his needs are just as real and urgent as our own. Are you prompt with your tithes?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MANY CAUSES OF HEADACHE

Sufferer From Annoying Complaint Can Generally Make Correct Diagnosis of His Particular Case.

Early morning headaches may be due to many causes—eye strain, kidney trouble, dissipation, too much smoking, overeating of proteins, excessive mental labor or too high blood pressure. The Medical Record quotes some observations by the French Doctor Renon, which extended over 15 years, and in which he found in many cases excessively high blood tension.

When the persistent headaches are so severe that they unfit the sufferer for work, it is generally found that his heart is enlarged and his kidneys are affected. Such cases often speedily terminate fatally, but intensive treatment will alleviate the symptoms. The Medical Record says coal-tar derivatives and tobacco must be shut off. The patient must have mental rest; he must go on a purely milk diet for at least a week, after which he may eat fruits and vegetables on certain days for two weeks more. A light, low protein regimen follows for several weeks.

Sounded Like It. Georgyana—You ought to get work, my friend. Satan finds employment for idle hands.

Hobo—Yer not suggestin' that I go ter the devil, are yer?—Boston Evening Transcript.

Neutral Question. High—There's Fred Seale over there. He made a million in the street last year.

Low—Honestly? High—I don't know; but he made it.—The Lamb.

It is better to be able to turn your hand to anything than to put your foot in it.

Joins Uncle Sam's Marines in Order to "Thaw Out"

Chilled with the icy winds of northern Minnesota, and seeking a more congenial climate, Charles Johnson, a hardy lumberman from Aitkin, enlisted in the United States Marine corps at Duluth and was immediately transferred for training at Mare Island, Cal.

"The lumberjacks can't stand the cold this winter," said Johnson.

Johnson requested to be sent with the marines to Santo Domingo or the Philippines as soon as possible, as he is convinced that a long sojourn near the equator will be necessary to thoroughly thaw him out.

SCHOOL TERMS LONGER

Reports Show Many States Have Raised Legal Minimum.

Development of State Financial Aid for Weak Districts Has Aided in Bringing About Change.

Forty-four states have established by law a minimum term of from 60 to 180 days term of school for each organized district, according to a bulletin just issued by Uncle Sam through the bureau of education. J. C. Muerman, who compiled the bulletin, points out that four states, Louisiana, Alabama, Rhode Island, and Georgia, have no minimum requirement laws, but that one of these, Rhode Island, has for over ten years maintained the longest average term in the United States. While the minimum number of days required is almost invariably much less than the actual average number of days in the school term for the state, a majority of the states still report many schools unable to meet even the low minimum requirements. Within the past three years, 12 states—Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Vermont, and Wyoming—have added from 10 to 60 days to the legal requirement of a minimum school term.

Some of the factors that have operated in favor of a longer school term, aside from the general awakening of public sentiment, are the phenomenal growth of the public high schools, the development of state financial aid for weak districts, equalization funds, and penalties for not maintaining a minimum term required by law.

The growth of the public high schools has tended to lengthen the term in the elementary schools by setting up standards of admission by certificate or examination which can ordinarily be met by grade schools with a term of at least eight months.

"Lack of provision for adequate funds is perhaps the greatest hindrance to a longer school term," declares Mr. Muerman. "A majority of the states have fully realized the necessity for more state financial assistance and have enacted laws giving state aid to weak districts to enable them to maintain a minimum school term. A wise provision in most of these laws makes the levy of a specified minimum rate of local taxation necessary and provides for a certain specified standard of school before aid becomes available. These laws are, as a rule, intended to help only those who first help themselves. The necessity of greater local co-operation and aid is urged in the 1912 report of the state department of public instruction for Georgia. This report calls attention to a tendency to lean too heavily upon state aid, and cites the laws of another state which require a county levy of not less than three and not more than seven mills before state aid can be secured."

In answer to an inquiry from the commissioner of education, over one-half of all the state superintendents have expressed a willingness to cooperate in securing a uniform 100 days' term for all schools, including rural schools. This would represent considerable improvement over the present average of 137.7 days.

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