

## IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat also take glass of Salts before eating breakfast.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

### The Reason.

He—Why do those football men wear spikes in their shoes?  
It—Why—er—they are the new Coast defense. (Deep stuff.)—Widow.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea.

### Gas.

"I hear Jones died from a single blow."  
"What hit him?"  
"No one. He blew out the gas."—Illinois Siren.

## Hurrah! How's This

Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Ouch ! ! ! ? ! ? ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezezone when applied to a tender, aching corn or hardened callous stops soreness at once, and soon the corn or callous dries up and lifts right off without pain.

He says freezezone dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezezone will cost very little at any drug store, but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callous from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels. If your druggist doesn't have freezezone tell him to order a small bottle for you.

### Getting at the Facts.

"Did I understand you to say that your friend Pennibbs was engaged in literary pursuits," she queried.  
"Well, I hope not," replied the knowing young man. "I merely stated that he wrote alleged stories and poems for the magazines."—Exchange.

### A Compensation.

"Geraldine, this is a bad habit of yours getting a new dress every week."  
"Yes, ma, and see how easily this bad habit fastens on me."—Baltimore American.

### Works Two Ways.

"A fine rush for the first day," said the wife of the tailor who had just opened in Plunkville. "That must mean that the old tailor isn't giving general satisfaction."  
"I dunno," responded her husband. "It may mean that he isn't giving general credit."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Her Contribution.

"He owes his success to his wife."  
"That so?"  
"Yes. Scarcely a day goes by but she keeps him from making a fool of himself in one way or another."

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

### Beware.

Many a captivating co-ed has lost a perfectly good stand-in by guessing the wrong name over a telephone.—Minnehaha.

## GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender Little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

## PRUDENCE of the PARSONAGE



(Copyright, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

IT'S TRULY AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD AND THIS WIND BRINGS LUCK TO THE PARSONAGE.

Mr. Starr, widower Methodist minister, is assigned to the congregation at Mount Mark, Ia. He has five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house for him. Fairy is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school. Constance is the "baby." The activities of the Starr girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the pranks of the youngsters—and the family perplexities make the story; it is simply a recital of glorified homely incidents. This installment describes the capture of a burglar in the parsonage.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Mr. Starr had gone to Burlington that morning to attend special revival services for three days, and Prudence had fifty whole dollars in the house, an unwonted sum in that parsonage! And the dungeon was not locked. Without a word, she slipped softly out of the room, ran down the stairs, making never a sound in her bare feet, and saw, somewhat to her surprise, that the dungeon door was open. Quickly she flung it shut, pushed the tiny key that moved the "catch," and was rushing up the stairs again with never a pause for breath.

A strange sight met her eyes in the twins' room. The twins themselves were in each other's arms, sobbing bitterly. Fairy was still looking hurriedly through the dresser drawers.

"They are gone," wailed Carol, "our beautiful ruby rings that belonged to grandmother."  
"Nonsense," cried Prue with nervous anger, "you've left them in the bathroom, or on the kitchen shelves. You're always leaving them somewhere over the place. Come on, and we'll search the house just to convince you."

"No, no," shrieked the twins. "Let's lock the door and get under the bed."  
The rings were really valuable. Their grandmother, their mother's mother, whom they had never seen, had divided her "real jewelry" between her two daughters. And the mother of these parsonage girls, had further divided her portion to make it reach through her own family of girls!

"Our rings! Our rings!" the twins were wailing, and Connie, awakened by the noise, was crying beneath the covers of her bed.

"Maybe we'd better phone for Mr. Allan," suggested Fairy. "The girls are so nervous they will be hysterical by the time we finish searching the house."

"Well, let's do the upstairs then," said Prudence. "Get your slippers and kimonos, and we'll go into daddy's room."

But inside the door of daddy's room, with the younger girls clinging to her, and Fairy looking odd and disturbed, Prudence stopped abruptly and stared about the room curiously.

"Fairy, didn't father leave his watch hanging on that nail by the table? Seem to me I saw it there this morning. I remember thinking I would tense 'em for being forgetful."  
And the watch was not there.

"I think it was Sunday he left it," answered Fairy in a low voice. "I remember seeing it on the nail, and thinking he would need it—but I believe it was Sunday."

Prudence looked under the bed, and in the closet, but their father's room was empty. Should they go farther? For a moment, the girls stood looking at one another questioningly. Then they heard a loud thud downstairs, as of someone pounding on a door. There was no longer any doubt. Someone was in the house! Connie and the twins screamed again and clung to Prudence frantically. And Fairy said, "I think we'd better lock the door and stay right here until morning, Prue."  
But Prudence faced them stubbornly. "If you think I'm going to let anyone steal that fifty dollars, you are mistaken. Fifty dollars does not come often enough for that, I can tell you."

"It's probably stolen already," objected Fairy.  
"Well, if it is, we'll find out who did it, and have them arrested. I'm going down to telephone to the police. You

girls must lock the door after me, and stay right here."

The little ones screamed again, and Fairy said: "Don't be silly, Prue, if you go I'm going with you, of course. We'll leave the kiddies here and they can lock the door. They'll be perfectly safe in here."

But the children loudly objected to this. If Prue and Fairy went, they would go! So down the stairs they trooped, a timorous trembling crowd. Prudence went at once to the telephone, and called up the residence of the Allans, their neighbors across the street. After a seemingly never-ending wait, the kind-hearted neighbor left his bed to answer the insistent telephone. Flusteringly Prudence explained their predicament, and asked him to come and search the house. He promised to be there in five minutes, with his son to help.

"Now," said Prudence more cheerfully, "we'll just go out to the kitchen and wait. It's quiet there, and away from the rest of the house, and we'll be perfectly safe." To the kitchen, then, they hurried, and found real comfort in its smallness and security. Prudence raked up the dying embers of the fire, and Fairy drew the blinds to their lowest limits. The twins and Connie trailed their fearfully at every step.

Every breath of wind against the windows drew startled cries from the younger girls, and both Fairy and Prudence were white with anxiety when they heard the loud voices of the Allans outside the kitchen door. Prudence began crying nervously the moment the two angels of mercy appeared before her, and Fairy told their tale of woe.

"Well, there now," Mr. Allan said with rough sympathy. "You just got scared, that's all. Everything's suspicious when folks get scared. I told my wife the other day I bet you girls would get a good fright sometime, left here alone. Come on, Jim, and we'll go over the house in a jiffy."

He was standing near the dining-room door. He lifted his head suddenly, and seemed to sniff a little. There was undoubtedly a faint odor of tobacco in the house.

"Been any men in here tonight?" he asked. "Or this afternoon? Think, now!"

"No one," answered Prudence. "I was alone all afternoon, and there has been no one in this evening."

He passed slowly through the dining-room into the hall, closely followed by his son and the five girls, already much reassured. As he passed the dungeon door he paused for a moment, listening intently, his head bent.

"Oh, Mr. Allan," cried Prudence, "let's look in the dungeon first. I want to see if the money is safe." Her hand was already on the lock, but he shoved her away quickly.

"Is there any way out of that closet besides this door?" he asked.

"No. We call it the dungeon," laughed Prudence, her self-possession quite recovered. "It is right under the stairs, and not even a mouse could gnaw its way out, with this door shut."

"Who shut the door?" he inquired, still holding Prudence's hand from the lock. Then, without waiting for an answer, he went on, "Let's go back in the other room a minute. Come on, all of you." In the living room he hurried to the telephone, and spoke to the operator in a low voice. "Call the police headquarters, and have them send two or three men to the Methodist parsonage, right away. We've got a burglar locked in a closet, and they'll have to get him out. Please hurry."

At this, the girls crowded around him again in renewed fear.  
"Don't be scared," he said calmly, "we're all right. He's in there safe enough and can't get out for a while. Now, tell me about it. How did you

them into the house, four of them, and led them out to the hall. There could be no doubt whatever that the burglar was in the dungeon. He had been busy with his knife, and the lock was nearly removed. If the officers had been two minutes later, the dungeon would have been empty. The girls were sent upstairs at once, with the Allan boy as guard—as guard, without regard for the fact that he was probably more frightened than any one of them.

The chief officer rapped briskly on the dungeon door. Then he clicked his revolver.  
"There are enough of us to overpower three of you," he said curtly. "And we have men outside the house, too. If you put your firearms on the floor, and hold both hands over your head, you'll be well treated. If your hands are not up, we fire on sight. Get your revolvers ready, boys."

Then the officer opened the door. Evidently the burglar was wise enough to appreciate the futility of fighting against odds. His hands were above his head, and in less than a second he was securely manacled.

The chief officer had been eying him closely. "Say!" he exclaimed, "Aren't you Limber-Limb Grant?" The burglar grinned, but did not answer. "By Jove!" shouted the officer. "It is! Call the girls down here," he ordered, and when they appeared, gazing at the burglar with mingled admiration, pity and fear, he congratulated them with considerable excitement.

"It's Limber-Limb Grant," he explained. "There's a reward of five hundred dollars for him. You'll get the money, as sure as you're born." Then he turned again to the burglar. "Say, Grant, what's a fellow like you doing on such a fifth-rate job as this? A Methodist parsonage is not just in your line, is it?"

Limber-Limb laughed sheepishly. "Well," he explained good-naturedly, "Chicago got too hot for me. I had to get out in a hurry, and I couldn't get my hands on any money. I had a fine lot of jewels, but I was so pushed I couldn't use them. I came here and loafed around town for a while, because folks said Mount Mark was so fast asleep it did not even wake up long enough to read the daily papers. I heard about this parsonage bunch, and knew the old man had gone off to get more religion. This afternoon at the station I saw a detective from Chicago get off the train, and I knew what that meant. But I needed some cash, and so I wasn't above a little job of this kind. I never dreamed of getting done up by a bunch of preacher's kids. I went upstairs to get those family jewels I've heard about, and one of the little ones gave the alarm. I already had some of them, so I came down at once. I stopped in the dungeon to get that money, and first thing I knew the door banged shut. That's all. You're welcome to the five hundred dollars, ladies. Someone was bound to get it sooner or later, and I'm partial to the ladies, every time."

Now what do you suppose the girls will do with that five hundred dollars? How much will they devote to church purposes—foreign missions, for instance?

"So we sneaked out of bed, and went into Prudence's room and woke her and Fairy." She looked at Connie and blushed. "Connie was asleep, and we didn't waken her because we didn't want to frighten her. We woke the girls—and you tell the rest, Prudence."

"We didn't believe her, of course. We went back into their room and there was no one there. But the rings were gone. While they were looking at the dresser, I remembered that I forgot to lock the dungeon door, where we keep the money and the silver-ware, and I ran downstairs and slammed the door and locked it, and went back up. I didn't hear a sound downstairs."

Mr. Allan laughed heartily. "Well, your burglar was in that closet after the money, no doubt, and he didn't hear you coming, and got locked in."

In a few minutes they heard footsteps around the house and knew the officers had arrived. Mr. Allan let



"Aren't You Limber-Limb Grant?"

them into the house, four of them, and led them out to the hall. There could be no doubt whatever that the burglar was in the dungeon. He had been busy with his knife, and the lock was nearly removed. If the officers had been two minutes later, the dungeon would have been empty. The girls were sent upstairs at once, with the Allan boy as guard—as guard, without regard for the fact that he was probably more frightened than any one of them.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trees Affected by Lightning. No particular species of tree is more susceptible to lightning stroke than any other except in so far as the species determines the height of the tree.

## GENTLE ITALIAN BEES

Stinging Black and Hybrid Breeds Have Been Discarded.

Expert of Oklahoma Experiment Station Advises Beginners to Get Modern Fixtures to Keep the Honey Gatherers In.

(By C. F. SANBORN, Oklahoma Experiment Station.)

A great many people fear the sting of bees, but it is just as the Western country was years ago, where there were large herds of cattle. Very little butter was made because the cows were so wild and kicked so much that only one or two per family were milked. Now, however, with the improved breeds, nearly every farmer has butter and cream the year round, and often receives a nice income from the sale of these products.

The same applies to bees. The stinging black and hybrid breeds have given place to gentle Italians. I often handle my bees throughout a year without being stung.

In the first place, don't fool with black bees any more than you would attempt to milk Texas cows. Get pure Italians. In the second place, don't monkey with boxes or gums to keep them in, but get modern fixtures.

Don't try to produce comb honey in pound boxes. An expert beekeeper is required to make it a success anywhere. Don't imagine that you can get rich at the business just because you take off, say, 200 or 300 pounds of honey some years.

If you can buy from a neighbor more cheaply than from a dealer, do so; but bear in mind that when you sell a cow, you don't always sell your best one, but more likely one with a peculiarity that you don't like. Likewise with bees, for which reason it is often better to buy from a dealer. He will be inclined to sell you something good because he has a reputation to sustain.

The colonies of Italian bees in a complete one-and-one-half-story hive will cost about \$20. Two empty hives (ready to put new swarms in), supplied with full sheets of foundation in the brood chamber, and starters in the upper stories or supers, will cost \$9.60.

## AXLE GREASE IS NEGLECTED

Oversight Means Wear and Rapid Deterioration of Farm Equipment—Keep Grease Handy.

Of all the sins of neglect committed against farm equipment that of failing to "grease" the farm wagon is perhaps the worst. The farm manager gets in a hurry, hitches up the team and drives off to haul a heavy load when the "spindles" of the wagon may be so "dry" as to be bright from the friction of the wheels.

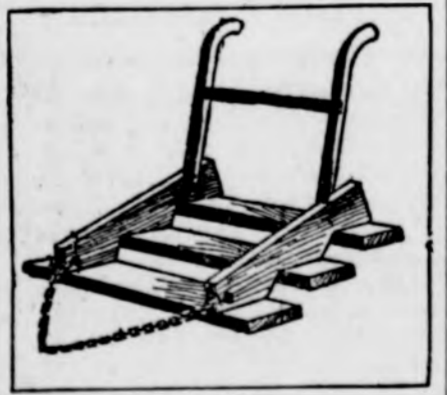
Such use means heavy wear and rapid deterioration. It takes but a very few minutes to "grease" the wagon when everything needed is handy. When axle grease is used often the load draws easier and the wear is reduced considerably.

Keep your wrench, axle grease and axle rest handy so you will not forget to lubricate the wagon.

## TO PRESERVE SOIL MOISTURE

Description and Illustration of Useful Implement Given Herewith—It Is Easy to Make.

This drag is designed for fining and packing soil for the better preservation of moisture. It is 3½ feet wide, made of 2-by-8-inch lumber and put together with 4-inch spikes. The handles, which may be taken from a cast-



Home-Made Drag.

away implement, are 2½ feet long. The chains are attached through auger holes. In making the notched cuts to give the required pitch for the drag boards take out 3 inches. The boards are 2½ feet long.—Southern Agriculturist.

## FOUR ESSENTIALS IN BUYING

Simplicity, Reliability, Durability and Accessibility Should Be Kept Well in Mind.

When buying a new machine keep in mind these four words. Simplicity, reliability, durability and accessibility. Then if the machine is given proper care, long life, and greater profits are insured. Use plenty of oil and grease.

## PASTURE IS VALUABLE CROP

Gnawed-Off, Weed-Infested Field With Fence Around It Is Not What Is Meant by Expression.

Pasture can be made a valuable crop which requires little labor. But a gnawed-off, weed-infested field with a fence around it is not what is meant by a pasture in this case. Well set grass, not over-grazed, is pasture.

## 10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments.

### Got Twenty-Year Policy.

An old man went into a life insurance office in Hartford, Conn., and requested to be insured. The company asked his age. His reply was "Ninety-four."

"Why, my good man, we can not insure you," said the company.

"Why not?" he asked.  
"Because you're 94."  
"What of that?" cried the old man. "Look at the statistics and they will tell you that fewer men die after 94 than before it."—Chicago Herald.

# Resinol will stop that itch

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Freack Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

For Health

**KOW-KURE!**

For almost a quarter-century Kow-Kure has guarded the health of thousands of the best dairies in the country. It is the one cow medicine that can be depended upon in any case of Abortion, Barrenness, Retained Afterbirth, Milk Fever, Scouring, Bunches, and other cow ailments which are likely to result from a run-down condition of the digestive or genital organs.

Keep your cow healthy; it pays. Kow-Kure will do it. Buy a package and follow the simple directions. 50c and \$1.00 from your druggist or feed dealer. Valuable book, "The Home Cow Doctor," free by writing.

DAIRY ASSOCIATION COMPANY  
Lyndonville, Vt.

Unintentional Result.  
"The speech you made in congress created a great deal of discussion."  
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "It was one of those familiar examples of an effort to take up a question to settle it once and for all, and merely furnishing more material for an endless controversy."—Washington Star.

How Negligence of Her.  
Maid—Madame says that she will be right down. She is in her boudoir.  
Mr. Newrych—Great Scott! And our minister will be at the reception tonight.—Tiger.

Was Up Against It.  
Going into a telegraph office one day Snapper Garrison, the jockey, saw an old sporting friend engaged in writing a telegram.  
"Garrison," he said, "I'm sending a telegram to my wife, and I'm broke. Be a good fellow and prepay it for me."  
Garrison took the message and glanced at it. It read:  
"Cook up everything you've got in the house today. I'm coming home tomorrow to hock the stove."  
Garrison sent the message.

# HELPFUL HEALTH HINTS

Choose an agreeable diet.

Keep the digestion normal.

See that the liver is active, and

The bowels always regular.

Should weakness develop, TRY HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters