

IF KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE SALTS

Says Backache is sign you have been eating too much meat.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and clogged. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about 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 and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

A Complexion That Everyone Admires!

Don't envy a good complexion, have one. Each time you cleanse your face with Resinol Soap you give it a "beauty treatment" with the soothing, healing Resinol medication. If aided, in severe cases, by a little Resinol Ointment, this usually leaves the complexion naturally clear, fresh and free from pimples, redness, roughness and blotches. Resinol Soap for the shampoo keeps the hair live, rich, and free from dandruff.

Garfield Tea, taken regularly, will correct both liver and kidney disorders.

The Strange Part.

Hardup—You see this half dollar?
"Yes. Why? Is there anything extraordinary about it?"
Hardup—Rather! It's mine!—Exchange.

Was All There.

Abe—Did you get the opera score?
Pandora—Yeah; they were tied in the last minute of the play.—Charral.

Those Dear Girls.

Alice—Jack told me last night that I was beautiful.
Marie—And yet you say he lacks imagination.—Boston Transcript.

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, it's a 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.

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast number of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can't get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

DRUDENCE of the PARSONAGE



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CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Must you prepare meat for breakfast half an hour before cooking, or when?" demanded Fairy, from the dining room door.

"What?—Oh!—Fifteen minutes before. Don't forget to salt and pepper the crumbs, Fairy."

"Perhaps some time your father will let you and a couple of the others come to Des Moines with me in the car. You would enjoy a few days there, I know. I live with my aunt, a dear, motherly little old soul. She will adore you, Prudence, and you will like her, too. Would your father let you spend a week? We can easily drive back and forth in the car."

"Maybe he will, but who will keep the parsonage while I am away?"

"Fairy, to be sure. She must be a good fairy once in a while. We can take the twins with us, Connie, too, if you like, and Fairy will only have to mother your father."

"Prudence, shall we have tea or coffee?" This was Lark from the doorway. "Fairy wants to know."

"What?—Oh!—Which do you want, Jerry?"

"Which does your father prefer?"

"He doesn't drink either except for breakfast."

"I generally drink coffee, but I do not care much for it, so do not bother."

"Coffee, Lark."

"Did you ever have a lover, Prudence? A real lover, I mean."

"No, I never did."

"I'm awfully glad of that. I'll—"

"Prudence, do you use half milk and half water for creamed tomato soup, or all milk?"

"What?—Oh!—All milk, Connie, and tell Fairy not to salt it until it is entirely done, or it may curdle."

"What in the world would they ever do without you, Prudence? You are the soul of the parsonage, aren't you?"

"No, I am just the cook and the chambermaid," she answered, laughing. "But don't you see how hard it will be for me to go away?"

"But it isn't fair! Vacation is coming now, and Fairy ought to take a turn. What will they do when you get married?"

"I have always said I would not get married."

"But don't you want to get married, some time?"

"Oh, that isn't it. I just can't because I must take care of the parsonage, and raise the girls. I can't."

"But you will," he whispered, and his hand touched hers for just a second. Prudence did not answer. She lifted her eyes to his face, and caught in her breath once more.

A little later he said, "Do you mind if I go upstairs and talk to your father a few minutes? Maybe I'd better."

"But do not stay very long," she urged, and she wondered why the brightness and sunshine vanished from the room when he went out. "First door to the right," she called after him.

Mr. Starr arose to greet him, and welcomed him to his combination study and bedroom with great friendliness. But Jerrold went straight to the point.

"Mr. Starr, it's very kind of you to receive a perfect stranger as you have me. But I understand that with a girl like Prudence, you will want to be careful. I can give you the names of several prominent men in Des Moines, Christians, who know me well, and can tell you all about me."

"It isn't necessary. We are parsonage people, and are accustomed to receiving men and women as worthy of our trust, until we find them different. We are glad to count you among our friends."

"Thank you, but—you see, Mr. Starr, this is a little different. Some day, Prudence and I will want to be married, and you will wish to be sure about me."

"Does Prudence know about that?"

"No," with a smile, "we haven't got that far yet. But I am sure she feels it. She hasn't—well, you know what I mean. She has been asleep, but I believe she is waking up now."

"Yes, I think so. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"No, indeed. Anything you like."

"Well, first, are you a Christian?"

"Not the kind you are, Mr. Starr. I go to church, and I believe the Bible, though I seldom read it. But I'll get busy now, if you like. I know Prudence would make me do that." And he smiled again.

"Do you drink?"

"I did a little, but I promised Prudence this morning I would quit it. I smoke, too. Prudence knows it, but

she did not make me promise to quit that?" His voice was raised, inquiringly.

"Would you have promised, if she had asked it?"

"I suppose I would." He flushed a little. "I know I was pretty hard hit, and it was such a new experience that I would have promised anything she asked. But I like smoking."

"Never mind the smoking. I only asked that question out of curiosity. Tell me about your relations with your mother when she was living."

"She has been dead four years."

Jerrold spoke with some emotion. "We were great chums, though her health was always poor. When I was in school, I spent all my vacations at home to be with her. And I never went abroad until after her death because she did not like the idea of my going so far from her."

"Jerrold, my boy, I do not want to seem too severe, but—tell me, has there been anything in your life, about women that could come out and hurt Prudence later on?"

Jerrold hesitated. "Mr. Starr, I have been young, and headstrong, and impulsive. I have done some things I wish now I hadn't. But I believe there is nothing that I could not explain to Prudence so she would understand."

"All right. If you are the man, God bless you. And, do you mind if I just suggest that you go a little slow with Prudence? Remember that she has been sound asleep, until this morning. I do not want her awakened too rudely."

"Neither do I," said Jerrold quickly. "Shall I go down now? The girls have invited me to stay for supper, and Prudence says I am to come back tomorrow, too. Is that all right? Remember, I'll be going home on Monday!"

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