A Real Foe
To Health is a Weak Stomach

From this source arises such ills as Poor Appetite, Nausea, Heartburn, Indigestion Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Constipation. You can conquer and fortify the system against such foes by the timely use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Be Sure You Get the Genuine

Short-Winded but Speedy.

"A dollar doesn't go as far as it used to."

"You very frequently sacrifice endurance to speed," replied the engineer.

"You must remember that a dollar goes much faster than it used to."—Washington Star.

NEW HOTEL HOUSTON

Dave Houston, Prop. H. B. Thornes, Mgr. Thoroughly modern. 101 Rooms of comfort. Moderate Prices. Three minutes' walk from Union Depot. Write for rates. 72 N. Sixth St., PORTLAND, OR.

Tobacco Habit Cured

Not only to users of pipe and cigars, but the vicious cigarette habit is overcome by using the "NITRITE" treatment. Price complete, postage paid, $1.00. Laue-Davis Drug Co., 3d and Yamhill, Portland, Or. (When writing mention this paper.)

Much Interested.

"When the British attacked Washington in 1813 all the congressmen had to leave the city. Of course, they came back later."

"Did they collect mileage both ways?" eagerly inquired the congressman addressed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Discouraging.

"Wimmen ain't got no sense of the proprieties."

"How now?"

"You know that bulldog I got my wife?"

"Yes."

"She wants to name it Fifi."—Kansas City Journal.

Dodging Responsibility.

"Yes," said Mr. Growcher. "I intend to keep up the idea of Santa Claus in my family as long as possible."

"What for?"

"I don't want the children to blame me when they don't get just the presents they were looking for."—Washington Star.

Paris Prices.

"Your prices are higher than those of others."

"We dress our own beef, mum," said the butcher by way of explanation.

"Dress your own beef, eh? Well, you must think you're the Redfern of the trade."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Calculations.

"Let me see," said the young man, thoughtfully, "I've got to buy some flowers, some confectionery and some theater tickets, and——"

"Doing mental arithmetic," inquired the man at the next desk.

"No. Sentimental arithmetic."—Washington Star.

In England.

Cockney (looking at the ostrich in the show)—What kind of a bloomin' beast his that 'un? 'E hain't no bird hand 'e hain't no hanimal. What his 'e?

Second Ditto—Hi spose 'e's a German spy.—Baltimore American.

Audible.

Clinton—Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?

Clubleigh—No, nor without my hearing her, either.—Boston Transcript.

Quick Relief When Utterly Worn Out

Getting the Blood in Order Is Required By Most People.

If you think you have gone to smash and fit only for the discard, try S. S. S. for the blood. It will surprise you to know what can be done for health once the blood is released of the excess of body wastes that keep it from exercising its full measure of bodily repair.

If you feel played out, go to any drug store and ask for a bottle of S. S. S. Here is a remedy that gets at work in a twinkling; it just naturally rushes right into your blood, scatters germs right and left, up and down and sideways.

You feel better at once, not from a stimulant, not from the action of drugs, but from the rational effect of a natural medicine.

The ingredients in S. S. S. serve the active purpose of so stimulating the cellular tissues of the body that they pick out from the blood their own essential nutriment and thus repair work begins at once. The relief is general all over the system.

Do not neglect to get a bottle of S. S. S. today. It will make you feel better in just a few minutes. It is prepared only in the laboratory of The Swift Specific Co., 530 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Send for their free book telling of the many strange conditions that afflict the human family by reason of impoverished blood.

WHEN writing to advertisers, please mention this paper.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

The New York driver looked at the raw-boned westerner and then proceeded to become absorbed in the all-important matter of consuming the largest possible number of griddle cakes in the least possible time.

"Well," remarked the sociable waiter, as he brought another cup of coffee, "I guess we don't get any of your crowd tonight."

"You wouldn't get our crowd anyway!" And the westerner inflated his chest. "Our bosses are quail-on-toast boys."

"And champagne, too, I suppose?"

"Nope, my boss don't drink, don't smoke, don't keep yachts or horses, don't keep wom—" He stopped as he realized that he was talking loudly.

The little woman quietly eating crackers and milk looked up as she heard the old, familiar formula.

"Why, Jake!" she exclaimed in quick surprise. The westerner jumped up hastily and looked to see where the voice came from. There was only one voice as sweet and gentle as that; it was the voice of a woman who had been the best friend he had ever had.

"Why, Mrs. Slade!" he exclaimed gladly, as he recognized her in spite of the fact that her hair had grown grayer and that she was a much trimmer figure than she had been when he had last seen her.

"I recognized your word," she laughed as he came over to her table "I've kind of got that by heart hearing it so often," Jack stammered. Then turning to his companion, he asked him to go on alone.

"What are you doin' here, on a night like this?" he asked as he drew up a chair beside Mary.

"Oh, I often come here," replied Mary. "It's late, though. I'm glad to see you, Jake; it's so seldom I see a face I know," and she looked at him

Her Eyes Showed Amazement.

intently, and Jake thought a bit of her old wistful look crept into her eyes.

"I've been to the meetin' tonight, Jake," she explained. "I wanted to hear Mr. Slade. I saw in the paper he was goin' to speak."

"We kind of—we didn't always know jest where you were," Jake told her, his surprise and pleasure at meeting her so unexpectedly putting him at a loss to know what to say.

"Oh, I drift round," Mary told him. "I live near here. I got tired of hotels, they're public and lonely. And boarding houses—well, people are so inquisitive. So I got a nice, pleasant furnished room and go out for my meals. I come here because it's cozy. Is Mr. Slade well?"

"Yes."

"Very well."

"Yes, the governor's very well."

"Do you make him wrap up nights—weather like this? Do you get him to put on his rubbers?" and her voice was very tender.

"I sure do," laughed Jake. "I make him do everything you did. That's why I'm East with him."

"You're a good boy, Jake," and she reached forward and patted his hand.

"Tell me, does he always get the applause he did tonight?" she asked, eagerly. "I was very proud. He got three times as much as anyone else. I found myself applauding, too."

"You bet he does." Jake was very proud of his "old man." "He gets over. The other four western governors we're travelling with—they ain't heard. Do you think you'll ever come West again, Mrs. Slade?"

"No," answered Mary, decisively. "I'm pushin' right ahead. I'm going to Europe next. Jake, I'm a citizen of the world now."

"Well." Jake got to his feet. A sudden resolution had formed in his mind as he heard about the contemplated trip to Europe. He hadn't been with the governor daily for the past two years without knowing what that personage's secret wish was. Neither had he devoted so much of his attention to motors and tires and carburetors that he had neglected to cultivate the art of judging human nature. If Jake were any judge—and Jake thought he was—a woman didn't go to hear a man speak if she was wholly indifferent to him. Also a woman didn't fuss and worry about a man's overshoes if she hated him.

"I wish you a pleasant journey, Mrs. Slade. I guess I'll have to run along now."

"Jake, I'd just as soon you didn't say you saw me," Mark remarked as she shook hands with him.

"You can depend on me, Mrs. Slade." Jake's candor and sincerity would have deceived a saint. "You eat your supper in peace. I give you my word of honor I won't say a thing."

"Thank you, Jake," she replied, satisfied. "Good night."

As Jake opened the door the snow eddied in and a blast of cold wind sent a chill through Mary's body. It seemed good to meet Jake, but somehow she almost wished she hadn't. It had brought back so forcibly the things she was trying to forget. She sat looking into space for a long time after he had gone. People came and went, a queer assortment of humanity—women of the streets and charwomen wanting a cup of coffee—but she scarcely saw them. She knew when the door opened by the accompanying chill, but she paid no attention to anyone coming or going. When Slade's handsome figure appeared and his eyes searched the room anxiously she did not look up.

For a moment he looked at her, hungrily—sadly. She was pathetic even now, although she had changed and improved, but she did look so little and wistful as she sat eating her lonely, simple meal of crackers and milk and coffee.

He walked down the room and stood before her, but it was only when he spoke that she looked up. Her eyes showed first amazement and then the love she could in no wise conceal. A warm flush made her look, to him, almost as pretty as she had when she was a girl.

"Well, how are you, Mary?" he asked. It was an ordinary enough speech, but the tone was tender and his eyes were asking the question she could not ignore.

"Why, Dan! I heard you tonight," the words were out before she recovered from her surprise.

"I'm glad you wanted to go," he said, simply, "but what's the use of it all?"

There was a touch of cynicism in his attitude and manner.

"Of what?" Mary asked.

"Of my getting elected, and—of the whole business?" and he looked at her searchingly.

"Aren't you satisfied?" For a moment there was a trace of the Mary who had kicked open the kitchen door that day she had driven him from that cottage. "What way has it disappointed you?"

"Well, what's the use of being governor if you can't share the honors?" Slade smiled wanly as he thought of their former discussion of the same subject. "No, it doesn't amount to much after all! Jake tells me you are going to Europe?"

"Yes, it's a Cook tour," she exclaimed as she produced the ticket from her handbag. "It's a quick glimpse of famous places. We are to see Rome. We have two days there and half a day for the Pyramids. Then the Holy Land, then Paris for three whole days. I'm to see everything—to see life! I'll see the whole world in two months."

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy it," he commented sadly. "I couldn't."

"Why not?" she asked innocently.

Slade looked at her for a full minute before he replied.

"I find I'm too old to make new friends," he finally replied. "It's what I've had that counts; it's looking back, not ahead. And I want to say right here and now that if I had it all to do over again I'd do differently. I'd do differently."

"Yes, I guess we'd all do differently," and Mary fumbled absently with the Cook's ticket to the world in two months. "But it's too late now," she finished.

"You couldn't think of trying it again, could you, Mary?" Slade's voice was tense.

"Oh, no," she replied as if his suggestion were not to be considered for a moment. "We are divorced and the only dignified thing for divorced people to do is to stay divorced. Why? Are you lonely?"

"No, I can't honestly say I'm lonely," he answered, candidly. "I'm too busy for that. I asked you because

"I Want You Because You Are My Girl."

I care for you, very, very much. I've missed you. It wasn't loneliness. I've just missed you. And if anything had happened to you before I'd seen you again—well—my life wouldn't have been worth a continental. I want you because—because you're my girl. You always were. The girl I loved when I was nineteen. You're handsomer now. My God! Mary, but you look pretty tonight!"

"Oh, Dan! Please, I'm going," Mary protested.

"Hold on there." Slade laid a detaining arm on hers. "I want to ask you something. Do you remember the first time I kissed you?"

"No, I do not," and Mary looked away toward the window where the endless process of griddle-cake making was going on.

"Yes, you do." Slade was leaning toward her eagerly. "You were bending over your mother's washtub and I—" He stopped suddenly. "Mary, if I were sick—would you come back to me?"

"Oh, that would be different," she answered, meeting his gaze.

How would it be different?" he argued. "Whether I'm sick of body or sick of heart—what's the difference? Sick one way or the other, I can't get on without you—I can't. I've tried it alone, and I can't get on. And you're tired of it, too. You're not happy," he accused.

"Well, yes, I am, in a way."

"No, you're not," he persisted. "Now, then, first I'm going to take you home, wherever you live. Come on." He had easily reverted to his old masterful way.

"No, I won't!"

"Come on, there are four governors' wives at my hotel," he told her. "I'll

"Oh, Dan," She Murmured.

introduce you to them tomorrow after we're married and then you can come on the trip with us. You've been away long enough. Come on."

"Positively no," replied Mary, and possibly she thought she meant it.

"Then you're through with me for good and all?" he asked in surprise. "Well, I don't blame you. God! What an awful memory of all those years we lived together you must have!"

"Don't say that!" and Mary shrank away from him. "Don't feel like that! It was only at the last; I was unhappy only at the last. Before that, why, Dan, you know perfectly well, I'd rather not have been at all then not to have been the wife of Daniel S. Slade."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Of course."

"Well, that settles it," and he jumped up to get her heavy coat. "We're going to try it again. We've got to."

"But what will people say?" asked Mary, weakening. "I'm all packed up to go to Europe."

"That for Europe," and reaching for the ticket, he tore it into bits. "We'll go together some day," and he held out her coat invitingly.

"Oh, Dan," she murmured as she obediently let him put it on. Before she had decided one way or the other he had her bag and her umbrella and he had her by the arm and in another flash she was being helped into a motor car that had been waiting outside.

Jake cranked the car, and as he climbed up on the seat he chuckled to himself:

"Well, this is the time they've got to hand it to me for being a diplomat."

(THE END.)

LONG RECORD OF ANARCHY

History of the Island of Haiti One Continuous Recital of Revolt and Assassination.

The republic of Haiti, the western end of the island Columbus called "Little Spain," was the earliest example of a nominal constitutional government carried on by black men.

Columbus found 2,000,000 friendly Indians on the island. Slavery killed them off and negroes from Africa multiplied in their stead. Of these, 1,500,000 descendants now live in Haiti. Nearly all are pure black; the mulattoes diminish in number. The whites were massacred or driven away in the revolutionary wars.

The present republic had belonged to France a century when the French revolution began. Slavery was then abolished, a black rebellion took place, and the British invaded the island; but Toussaint l'Ouverture, a black George Washington, drove them out and set up a constitution. Napoleon sent his brother-in-law, Gen. Leclerc (pretty Polly Bonaparte's husband), to subdue the blacks. He made peace with Toussaint, seized him treacherously, and sent him to Paris. But the same year, 1803, that Toussaint died in prison there the French fled from the island. Its people were thus the first to get the better of Napoleon, four years before the reverses in Spain, nine years before Moscow. Leclerc had died in 1802.

The Spanish portion of the island broke loose from Spain and was joined to Haiti, but was separated in 1844 as the republic of Santo Domingo.

This is the record of the Haitian chief executives: Dessalines, governor for life, assassinated, 1806; Henri Christophe, king, suicide, 1820; Boyer, president, expelled, 1843; Souloukue, "Emperor Faustin I," exiled, 1858; Geffard, president, exiled, 1867; Salnave, shot, 1869; Nissage-Saget, exiled, 1870; Dominique, exiled, 1871.

Danger in Overcrowded Cars.

Health Commissioner Goldwater's fight for the straphanger in New York is of vital interest to those who travel about in all large cities. "The wilful crowding of cars," says the commissioner, "is a serious offense against public health and safety. It can be readily demonstrated that throat affections, tuberculosis and like disease are transmitted from person to person under the conditions that exist in subway and other passenger cars." Heretofore the fight against overcrowding in the cars has usually been waged on the score of discomfort. If it is now to be carried on as a health campaign, to safeguard the people against infection and contagion, it will probably be effective.—Jersey City Journal.

Hint as to Improvement.

"Father," said the small boy, "is there really a Santa Claus?"

"Why, I believe so, my son."

"But as a boy grows older doesn't a boy's own father come to the front and choose the gifts himself?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if that were the case."

"Well, I hope it is. I haven't said much about it, but after thinking over the presents I've been getting for two or three Christmases past, I'd rather cut out Santa Claus and take my chances with you."—Washington Star.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Final Precaution.

"You treated the accusations with silent contempt, of course?"

"I did."

"And then with haughty indifference?"

"Yes."

"Then you laughed them to scorn?"

"Certainly."

"And finally repelled them with just indignation?"

"Exactly."

"Then you'd better see a good criminal lawyer next."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kola Tablets

have many friends who use them as a general tonic and for Kidney trouble. Price 25c per box, 5 boxes for $1.00. For sale by Laue-Davis Drug Co., 3d and Yamhill Sts., Portland, Ore.

Thraldom.

"Her husband never leaves the house without her knowing it."

"How does she manage it?"

"She buys him neckties that he can't possibly tie without her assistance."—Washington Star.

With the Aid of a Stone Wall.

"I tell you the automobile puts it all over the horse."

"You bet! For one thing, it takes several days to break a horse, while you can break an automobile the first time you take it out."—Boston Transcript.

HOW TO HEAL SKIN AND SCALP TROUBLES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes, and similar itching skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. With the Resinol Soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the Resinol Ointment, and cover with a light bandage. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stops with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.

Wrong Woman.

Miss Hobbs—I saw your wife yesterday.

Mr. Bobbs—Did you? What did she have to say?

Miss Hobbs—Oh, nothing!

Mr. Bobbs—That wasn't my wife.—Puck.

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.

Comparatively Good.

"So you are going to be married, Mary?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I'll be leaving you next Tuesday."

"Well, I hope you are getting a good husband."

"If he ain't better than the one you've got I won't keep him long."—Detroit Free Press.

Found Wanting.

"Brudder Perkins, yo' been fightin,' I heah," said the colored minister.

"Yaas, Ah wuz."

"Doan yo' 'membah whut de Good Book sez 'bout turnin' de odder cheek?"

"Yaas, pahson; but he hit me on mah nose, an' I'se only got one."—Livingston Lance.

A starving girl sold her hair to escape death from starvation. One of those hair-breadth escapes, evidently.

That Weak Back

accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nervine prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Miss Elizabeth Lordahl of Berkeley, Cal., in a recent letter to Dr. Pierce said: "I was completely broken down in health, I was aching and had pains all over my body and was so nervous that I could scream if anyone talked to me, but I had the good fortune to meet a nurse who had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have never had an occasion to consult a physician since—am in excellent health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver and bowels—sugar-coated, tiny granules

Dad's Bank Roll.

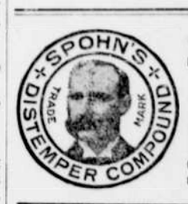
Willie—Paw, what is a willowy maiden.

Paw—A skinny girl who has a wealthy father, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Inexpensive Travel.

"I would I were a bird," she sang

"I would you were," said her husband. "You could go south for the winter without its costing me any thing."—Life.



Shipping Fever Influenza, Pinkeye, Epizootic, Distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "exposed," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. One 50-cent bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for brood mares; acts on the blood. 50 cents a bottle, $5 dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops or manufacturers sell it. Agents wanted.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind.

Convertible Watch.

A convertible watch recently devised is provided with an ingenious set of interchangeable attachments that make the one watch equivalent to seven, so far as styles of wearing are concerned. By means of these attachments it may be worn as a bracelet watch, as a moire, silk-elastic, or leather-wristlet watch, as a silk or chain-sautoir watch or as a chatelaine brooch watch.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Father's Heart.

"You're not 'urrying to work this mornin'?"

"I'm not that."

"S'pose a duke like you don't mind losing arf an 'our."

"Look 'ere, Bill, our timekeeper's daughter was married yesterday and I tell you if 'e's there to time this morn' 'e's no father's 'eart."—Tid-Bits.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just-Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Trapped.

"Dick," said his wife, as she poured the breakfast coffee, "did you get any mail this morning?"

"Nothing but papers."

"Did you post that letter I gave you yesterday?"

"Certainly."

"Strange you haven't received it. It was addressed to you."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Thesarus Outdone.

Tommy Figgjam—Paw, doesn't "reverse" mean to "back?"

Paw Figgjam—Surely.

Tommy Figgjam—Then, what did Uncle Bill mean when he said that he busted up in business because he had too many reverses and not enough backing it?—Chicago Post.

Thinking Hot and Cold.

She—The mere thought of the furs you have promised me makes me feel warm.

He—And the mere thought of their cost makes cold shivers run down my back.—Boston Transcript.

Wasted Time.

Clerk—Madam, I've let you see the green, pink, blue, yellow——"

Lady—Well, while you're wasting time talking you could have shown me some white, brown, gray, cerise, lavender and rose.—Chicago Daily News.

Her Excuse.

"Susie Bunkum is very fond of outdoor sports."

"Oh, is she?"

"Yes; she offered that as an excuse for going out riding with Mrs. Jenk's husband last Sunday!"—Judge.

Just as soon as she gets a "sure thing" tip on the winner Italy may try to get in the money.

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.

A Difference.

Hostess (at party)—Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?

Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—No, ma'am.

"Well, do you think she'd like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh," confidently, "she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie!"—Louisville Times.

Ruptured

Persons suffer more from inexperienced trusts fitting than from hernia. Why not buy your trusses from experts? Try Laue-Davis Drug Co. at 3d and Yamhill, Portland, Ore., who are experts and know how.

Scene: English Training Camp.

Zealous Sentry—Afraid I can't let you go by without the password, sir!

Irate Officer—But, confound you! I tell you I've forgotten it. You know me well enough. I'm Maj. Jones.

Sentry—Can't help it, sir; must have the password.

Voice from the guard tent—Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill; shoot 'im.—Tatler.

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

Matter of Sentiment.

"Do you think a green Christmas is undesirable?"

"That color," replied Mr. Rafferty, "is one that can do nothing except in the way of improvement—but I'll be drawn into no political argument."—Washington Star.

Not in This War.

"What are you reading about?"

"The ruins of Pompeii."

"When was it bombarded?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A mind reader aided a chauffeur recently. Wonder if it was in deterining the weaith of his fares.

Rheumatism Sprains Lumbago Sciatica

Why grin and bear all these ills when Sloan's Liniment kills pain?

"I have used your Liniment and can say it is fine. I have used it for sore throat, strained shoulder, and it acted like a charm."—*Allen Dunn, Route 1, Box 88, Pine Valley, Miss.*

"I am a painter and paperhanger by trade, consequently up and down ladders. About two years ago my left knee became lame and sore. It pained me at nights at times till I could not rest, and I was contemplating giving up my trade on account of it when I chanced to think of Sloan's Liniment. I had never tried it before, and I am glad to state that less than one 25c. bottle fixed me up apparently as good as ever."—*Charles C. Campbell, Florence, Texas.*

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

All Dealers 25c.

Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. B

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods faster and brighter colors than any other dye. Every package guaranteed to color Silk, Wool, Cotton and Mixed Goods at one boiling. 10 cents package. Write for free booklet "How to Dye and Mix Colors," calendar, blisters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Department Z, Quincy, Illinois