

SAVED BY A FAITHFUL WIFE

Suffered Thirty Years With Stomach Trouble and Hemorrhages of the Bowels.

The Story of a Wonderful Recovery

There is hardly any one who does not experience some trouble with the stomach. It is so common that we frequently pay little or no attention to it. Yet, the stomach is very easily upset, and the catarrhal inflammation of the mucous lining develops, grows worse—the pain and distress is incessant and the truth dawns that we have chronic stomach trouble.



The case of Mr. Louis Young, 205 Merrimac St., Rochester, N. Y., is typical. He writes: "I suffered for thirty years with chronic bowel trouble, stomach trouble and hemorrhages of the bowels. We bought a bottle of Peruna and I took it faithfully. I began to feel better. My wife persuaded me to continue and I did for some time as directed. Now I am a well man." Mr. Young's experience is not unusual.

If you suffer from catarrh in any form, whether of the head, stomach, bowels or any other part of the body, try Peruna. It may be just what you need. Peruna comes in either liquid or tablet form and is sold everywhere. Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Ask for Dr. Hartman's World-Famous Peruna Tonic and insist upon having it. If you want your health accept nothing else.

All the sick and suffering are invited to write The Peruna Company, Dept. 78, Columbus, Ohio, for Dr. Hartman's Health Book. The book is free and may help you. Ask your dealer for a Peruna Almanac.

Talk of Resourcefulness!

He was discussing Australian resourcefulness, and told how an Australian and his dog were lost in the bush. They were starving. The man loved his dog too well to think of killing him for food, not wishing to survive his faithful companion.

At last he had a brilliant idea which would serve to keep them both alive. He kindled a fire, cut off the dog's tail, cooked it, ate the meat, and gave the bone to the dog.

An Easy Promise.

"John," said the wife tenderly, "promise me that if I should be taken away you will never marry Nancy Tarbox."

"Certainly, Maria," replied the husband reassuringly. "I can promise you that. She refused me three times when I was a much handsomer man than I am now."

The successful man is always busy whether he feels like it or not. Any man can work when he feels like it.

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

A Utah Case

Jonah Mathias, 2nd Street farmer, 2nd South and 3rd East St., Brigham, Utah, says: "For a number of years I suffered from severe attacks of backache. Sometimes it was hard for me to get up from a chair, or from a stooped position. My kidneys caused me more or less trouble too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days the backache left me and my kidneys became normal."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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You can Stamp Abortion Out of YOUR HERD and Keep It Out

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W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 20-1919.

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL DISEASES

No organs of the human body are so important to health and long life as the kidneys. When they slow up and commence to lag in their duties, look out! Danger is in sight.

Find out what the trouble is—without delay. Whenever you feel nervous, weak, dizzy, suffer from sleeplessness, or have pains in the back, wake up at once. Your kidneys need help. These are signs to warn you that your kidneys are not performing their functions properly. They are only half doing their work and are allowing impurities to accumulate and be converted into uric acid and other poisons, which are causing you distress and will destroy you unless they are driven from your system.

JUST AS LAWYER FIGURED IT

Legal Light Had Method of His Own of Ascertaining Age of Feminine Witness.

Lou Guernsey has gone on record that he doesn't think it should be necessary to establish the age of a woman witness in court. He made the statement after pulling a boner in court the other day which has put him in bad in one Los Angeles home, at least.

"What is your age madam?" Lou asked of the matronly witness.

"My age, why I've just turned 24," she gurgled.

"Let's see. When you turn 24 it's 42," figured Guernsey. "I thank you, madam."

"You brute," she hissed, but the jury was more appreciative.—Los Angeles Times.

Substitutes for Glass.

Materials of many kinds, more or less transparent, are being tried in Europe to replace window glass, which is unobtainable. Cellulose films are made practical by mounting on metal gratings, light wire screen, or cloth. Glycerol interlayered with hemp strands between two sheets of paper; albumen and casein products; sheet gelatin, and an artificial resin made by condensing phenol with a formaldehyde solution, all are imperfect but ready makeshifts. More nearly resembling glass, but comparatively expensive, are an oxide of silica made by fusing it with acid oxides of titanium or zirconium, and a combination of greensand marl with magnesia, hauxite, and an alkali, melted in an electric furnace. Some of these glass substitutes are flexible.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Palpably False.

"Paw, here's a new puzzle I heered in town," stated Conrod, eldest son of Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "A farmer said he had thirty dogs and killed 'em all in five days, killing an odd number each day. What's the answer?"

"The farmer lied; that's all," returned his sire.

"Ah, how do you know? Somebody must have told you."

"I don't need to be told. No farmer that ever I knowed, if he had any sense, would kill any dogs a-tall, any time."—Kansas City Star.

Washday in 1919.

"Unusually fine dinner you have tonight, my dear," said a Kansas City husband the other evening.

"Yes, it's the leftovers from lunch," replied his wife.

"Big lunch today? You must have had company. Why, I thought this was—"

"So it was, dear. But you see, I had to get a big meal for the laundress anyway, so I just fixed a little more, and had three of the club girls over."—Kansas City Star.

He Thought of Father.

The twilight was wistful and sad.

"Listen," she said, in a tense voice.

"Hear the howling of the wind among the trembling trees. See how mournful lies the waning light on the hills. This chilly desolation! Oh! does it not make you feel that in life there is too much of cold, too much of bleakness?"

"Well, no," he answered, candidly.

"Father, you see, is in the gas stove business."

He Knew Them.

"I told you," said the merchant, "to mark this box, 'Handle with care.' What's this gibberish you've scrawled on it?"

"That," replied the college graduate, "is the Latin for 'Handle with care.'"

"Huh! How do you expect a baggageman to understand that?"

"He won't, and therefore he won't get mad and smash the box."—Boston Transcript.

Could Not Resist His Appeal.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently but firmly. "I can never be your wife."

Then he struggled to his feet and said in broken tones:

"Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

"This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed."

Just Beginning.

Mrs. Finchred—"Is yours an old family, Mr. Newpop?" Mr. Newpop—"Mercy, no! We've been married only a year."

The Beginning of Economy.

Husband—"We'll have to economize, dear."

Wife—"Well, let's smoke less."

The same hammer that breaks a piece of iron in two can be used to weld two pieces of iron into one.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SPRING TURKEYS.

"Hello, my children," said Father Turkey, on a bright spring day.

"Hello, dad," said the little turkeys.

"You're spring turkeys, aren't you?" asked their father.

"I suppose we are," said one of the turkeys. "It's fine to be any sort of a turkey in this nice world where we get such good things to eat."

"You must be careful not to get your feet wet, you know," said Father Turkey.

"Yes," said the little turkeys, "mother was telling us to be very careful not to get our feet wet for the first four weeks of our lives, for if we do we will never be strong or well turkeys, and if we're careful—well, we will be strong and well turkeys."

The little turkey drew a long breath, for he had said all that without stopping.

Father Turkey laughed and said: "Well, anyway, you know just what you should do. Your mother teaches you well."

"Why did you ask us if we were spring turkeys, dad?" asked the little turkeys. "Didn't you know whether we were or not?"

"Yes, I knew," said their father, "but I wondered if you had heard of the autumn and of Thanksgiving."

"No, mother hasn't told us about Thanksgiving," said the little turkeys. "Is Thanksgiving something to eat, daddy?"

"No," gobbled Father Turkey. "Thanksgiving is something which cats us. That is we are supposed to be good food for Thanksgiving and for Christmas, too."

"We are going to be eaten?" asked the little turkeys, in frightened voices.

"Cheer up, little turkeys," said Father Turkey. "It sounds quite dreadful to you now, but it won't when I explain it to you. And it is best for me to explain it to you than for some one else who doesn't know and understand the whole thing."

"You see," said Father Turkey. "Thanksgiving day is a day when they give thanks for all the fine things they have in this world. When some people come over to this country years and years ago they set aside a day upon which to give thanks for their safe arrival in this land."

"Well, it's a day which is kept year after year after year, and in order to celebrate it in great style they have turkeys to eat. It's a great honor they pay us. And they also have turkeys for Christmas which is a day still greater than Thanksgiving day."

"And more than the compliment that they pay us is the fact that we're fed so well and given so much to eat before Thanksgiving day that we never have to hunt for our food; we are given all the goodies we want, and we are made fat in the most delightful fashion."

"To be sure, all of us aren't eaten, but it doesn't matter whether we are or not, for we don't know it when we are, and we do know all about the delightful days beforehand, when we eat and eat and gobble and gobble."

"When your mother was looking after you I kept watch all the time to see that no harm came to you. I warned her whenever danger was near."

"I will teach you how to roost in the trees, and I will teach you how to put your heads under your wings."

"But probably your mother has already taught you these two things. So I will just have a good time with you and chat with you and gobble with you."

"You're a fine father," said the little turkeys.

"But you can still call yourselves spring turkeys," said their father, "because it is still spring, and it will be a long time before Thanksgiving day, and the following holiday, Christmas, and the snow and the cold weather."

"Yes, you're spring turkeys, you're father's own nice spring turkeys, and it will only be one more week before you can walk wherever you want, for you will be four weeks old, and after the first four weeks little turkeys don't have to be so careful."

And the spring turkeys gobbled and said that life sounded—and seemed very pleasant.

That's True.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to and that have horns."

"Motor cars!" promptly answered Johnny.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Great Scott.

An Indianapolis woman had her first experience with a garden last year. She spaded the plot herself and then planted her seeds. Everything came up fairly well in due time except the potatoes, and they didn't come at all.

In desperation she went to a friend. To her she told of her failure to grow potatoes. "I bought such nice, smooth ones," she ended her plaint, "and I peeled them as nice as I could."

"Peeled them?" ejaculated the friend.

"Yes," agreed the amateur gardener. "I peeled them as nicely as I could and cut out all the specs just as if I were going to cook them. I did hate to put those great white beauties in the ground but I did and they didn't come up, and—"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the friend. And that was all.

Rejects Title of "Hon."

"I received a compliment yesterday for which I did not thank the giver," grumbled old Festus Pester. "A total stranger wrote me a letter and addressed me as 'the Hon.'"

"I do not know why he should have applied that epithet to me, unless it was because he did not know me. I feel safe in saying that even my enemies would not charge me with having many of the characteristics of an Hon."

"I am not a fawning, snarling blatherskite, too lazy to work, nor am I a liar and dead beat. It may be that I have one attribute of an Hon.—very likely I am a bore, but beyond that I am not guilty."—Kansas City Star.

He Loved the Khaki.

The officer father had just been mustered out and when he appeared in "civvies" his eighteen-months-old son failed to recognize him. In khaki had the father first been introduced to the baby and the baby refused to acknowledge the acquaintance in other dress.

"Papa all gone!" he cried sadly, over and over again—and when the parent insisted—"No! No!" declared the baby, "papa all gone!" "At least he's not a pacifist," was the father's consoling remark.

Quite Unlike.

"That fellow Bentem is a sponge." "Don't libel a useful article. You couldn't get anything back from Bentem by squeezing him."—Boston Evening Transcript.

You will not do enough if you do not try to do more than enough.



The Flow of Meat

Two-thirds of the live stock in the United States has to be raised in the West.

One-half of the consumers of meat live in the East.

In other words, most of the live stock is one or two thousand miles distant from most of the people who need it in the form of food.

Fifty years ago, when live stock was raised close to every consuming center, the country butcher could handle the job after a fashion.

But the job got too big.

Now millions of animals have to be moved hundreds of miles to millions of people. Somewhere on the way they have to be turned into meat.

The packers solved the problem. They set up plants where the "live haul" and the "meat haul" were in the right balance. They built up distributing systems—refrigerator cars, refrigerating plants, branch houses. They saved time, money and meat everywhere. The stockraiser benefited in better markets and higher prices; the consumer, in better meat and lower prices.

As the country grew, the packers had to grow, or break down. Because of its present size and efficiency, Swift & Company is able to perform its part in this service at a fraction of a cent per pound profit.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Vain Escape.

"I am not rich enough to give you a large contribution to this cause."

Slender Returns.

"Did you raise anything on your promise to pay?" "Oh, yes; I raised a smile."

Betty Said She Could Bake

"I knew she never had baked a cake and I was doubtful. But I told her to go ahead."

"She got my treasured Royal Cook Book, my can of Royal Baking Powder and all the fixings—and sailed in."

"Honestly, it was the best cake we ever had, and now I believe anyone who tries can bake anything with

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

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