RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

A woman can't talk as much at a funeral as she can at a wedding, but she seems to enjoy it anyway.

GOD ALONE KNOWS WHAT SHE SUFFERED!

Goldendale, Wash.:—"I wish to tell in my own way about Dr. Pierce's medicines. In the year 1902, in January, I was taken sick with vomiting. Nothing would stay on my stomach at all, not even a drink of water and God alone knows what I suffered, and along in June or July my kidneys bothered me. I got so weak I could hardly walk around the house, but had to go as my three children were small then. Finally I got Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and took two bottles and today I have no stomach trouble whatever. Whenever I feel bad I go and get the Pleasant Pellets or some of Dr. Pierce's medicines and it always helps me soon."—MRS. G. M. PEPPERS, Route 3.

"After suffering pain, feeling nervous, dizzy, weak and dragged down by weaknesses of my sex—my eyes sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—I was restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce." So write many women. Changed too in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump.

Druggists sell it in tablets or liquid. It's a woman's best temperance tonic, made from wild roots.

"CURED OF BAD-BLOOD, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND NERVOUS TROUBLES"

Seattle, Wash.:—"I was in a general run-down condition. Had bad blood, stomach trouble, kidney trouble and suffered from nervousness. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and was completely cured and have never been sick a day since."—MRS. MARY HASKINS, 907 27th Ave.

Vaseline
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Carbolated
PETROLEUM JELLY
An antiseptic dressing for cuts, sores, etc.—A necessity where there are children.
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Constipation and Sluggish Liver

Don't take chances. Get **Carter's Little Liver Pills** right now. They never fail to make the liver do its duty. They relieve constipation, banish indigestion, drive out biliousness, stop dizziness, clear the complexion, put a healthy glow on the cheek and sparkle in the eye. Be sure and get the genuine.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

DR. CARTER'S IRON PILLS, Nature's great nerve and blood tonic for **Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness** and **Female Weakness.**

Genuine must bear signature Brent Good

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT **Clear the Skin**

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

BELGIUM SKETCHES

A Piece of Tile

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

"Is this where I used to live, grandmother?" The little girl stood in the middle of No Man's Land, surveying the torn ground and leafless trees.

"Yes, dear, right here where you are standing." The old woman slipped and slid over the uneven earth, peering now into one cavity, now into another, seeing always only small bits of broken bricks, and sometimes a rusted obus. "Louisa," she called to her daughter, "I believe this is where the old cherry tree stood. Try here. I seem to remember hearing Paul say he buried it near the tree."

Louisa, a tall, broadly built woman, thrust her spade into the ground and silently began to dig.

"Grandmother," the child called from a little distance, "did father and mother live here, too?"

"Yes, Maria." Madame Verbeek turned to her daughter again. "If we don't find the money, what are we to do for Maria? If only her mother were here. We have nothing."

"And when Paul turned everything to silver and buried it before he left, he thought he put it in the safest place." Louisa straightened her aching back.

"Yes, and he thought he'd come for it himself. Somehow, he never seemed to realize that he might never come." Her voice dwindled to a whisper.

Louisa began to dig again. The old woman wandered off, looking, always looking, till she same to where Maria stooped and poked at something in the debris. It was round and white, with cavernous eyes and broken teeth. The child recoiled. The widening black pupils darkened the gray of her eyes as she stared fascinated.

"It's just like the ones we saw on the way, isn't it, grandmother?" she asked after a horrified moment. "Was he a German or a Belgian?"

"You can't tell now, Marie. Come on away from it." She took the little one's hand, and together they tramped through the rank, yellow water-grass, the tired old woman, who longingly remembered the town that had been leveled, powdered to nothing by the fire of the heavy guns; and the child, who gazed with scarce believing stare when they told her this place had been her home. She had heard a lot about home in the few years of her life. Her grandmother had told her all about it, in the long, cold nights

"And father and mother—were they happy here?" Those people had been in the stories, too, and she liked them.

"Yes, Maria; very happy, until the war came."

"You told me father wouldn't ever come again. Do you think that mother will?"

"I don't know, dear, I don't know. The Germans took her—drove her off to work."

"When she comes, she'll be glad to see me, won't she?"

"Yes—when she comes."

They stopped and looked across the barren waste. "What's that, grandmother, sticking in the ground? Oh, it's a tile!" She rubbed away the dirt.

"It was in the kitchen wall." They looked at it together.

"It's a pretty picture, isn't it? There are some trees, and there's a little girl, and I guess that must have been a woman and a house. It's broken." She sat down on a hump of sod and put the tile upon her knees.

"Yes, it's broken." Madame Verbeek watched the little girl examining the one thing left of home.

"Mother!" Louisa rested on her spade.

"You've found it!" She started eagerly.

Louisa shook her head. "There's no use trying. We'll never find it in this upheaved place. Let's go away."

"But what are we to do?"

"I do not know."

Maria saw them making ready to depart. She clasped the tile against her side and skipped across to where they stood. "I'm going to take it back with me, for mother; and, when she comes, I'm going to give it to her."

Madame Verbeek sighed: "We ought not to let her plan so. Helene will never come."

They trudged the long way back across the battle-riven land. Maria prattled of the tile she'd found. "I'll wash it nine and clean. The little girl has a dirty face. Auntie, do you s'pose she lived there in that piece of house?"

"Yes, yes, maybe she did." Louisa's thoughts were busy elsewhere. What to do? How to provide? Her mother was so old, the child so young. If only they had found her brother's money!

Twilight wrapped the fields in dreary gray before they reached the little railroad hut—a new-built siding where nobody lived. About her thin, bent shoulders Madame Verbeek pulled the shawl more tightly. She shivered

The Wrecked Home.

as the damp and chilly wind cut through her threadbare garments. Louisa put her arm within her mother's and they stood between Maria and the wind.

Back to Ypres, the puffing engine took them, and then they had another deary walk to where they lived out near the edge of town. One by one the clouds up in the sky faded and floated off and left the stars and moon to watch the drooping trio find their way. The women were both silent though their thoughts ran in a never-ending whirl of "How" and "when." Maria dragged between them, half asleep. At last they reached the place they now called home, and they were glad to sink upon their beds of straw and sleep. And each one dreamed—the gray-haired woman of a happy past, Louisa of innumerable fiends that tortured her with worry-pointed spears, Maria of a tile that came to life.

* * * * * * * *

The heavy sky of bleak November bound the world within its pall. Louisa wakened from her restless sleep. Another day to meet. Each day seemed long, and yet they passed too quickly as the winter came. She moved about the room on tip-toe. Why wake the other two? The more her mother slept, the less she'd think about the future with an empty purse. Her gloomy thoughts were startled by a knock.

"Helene!"

"Louisa!"

That was all until the mother held Maria in her arms—her baby grown into a little girl. Madame Verbeek awakening, thought that dreams were fooling her. And then they all sat speechless, so filled with things to say they could not talk.

"I've hunted for you for a long time," at last Helene began. "When I came back—"

"Where have you been?"

"Not where I would have gone, but let the past lie still. I came back home as quickly as they let me free. But home was gone, and then I looked for you. Last night some people over there in Poelcapelle, you know the Neefs—they used to live near us—told me you were here."

"Then you were home before us?"

"Yes, I was home; I found the money Paul had—"

"You found the money!" both the women gasped.

"Oh, I found the money, the box lay in full view upon the ground; I found the money, but I didn't find my family nor my home—a broken piece of tile was all I found."

"I found one, too. I saved it just for you." Maria ran to get it from the cupboard. "Look, your piece fits with mine. It makes the picture—a woman and a little girl. That's you and me. One corner's gone, though, yet."

"A man stood there before a house," her mother said.

Where Prosperous Belgians Used to Live.

WHEN you see this famous trade-mark, think a minute! Think of the delicious taste of a slice of fresh toasted bread!

That's the real idea back of the success of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Toasting improves tobacco just as well as bread. And that's a lot.

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GETS ALL BUT THE GOBBLE

Showing How a Chef Who Really Knows His Business Can Dissect a Turkey.

Ever ask Charlie Baer, Claypool hotel chef, how to carve a turkey when turkey is 60 cents a pound and you want to save everything but the gobble? Ever ask Charlie? Go at it this way:

"Charlie, I've invested my life's savings in a turkey. I want to make that bird pay."

"Oh, yes, yes," Charlie answers. "Yes, yes."

Then he grabs a turkey and a butcher knife—turkey in the left hand, knife in the right! Zippy! Off comes a leg! Zippy Off comes the other leg! Zippy! Off comes one wing! Zippy! Off comes the other wing!

Then all you have to do is to draw the knife gently through the white meat.

"And you can make soup out of the neck and sauce out of the giblets," said Charlie.

See? That's how!

Looking Forward.

They have just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed; "but I mean when we are married."

Aggressiveness may carry a man through the world, but he'll need considerable philosophy as ballast.

JUST THE THING FOR PRINCE

Conditions Being In Europe What They Are, Press Agent Had Decidedly Good Idea.

I assisted the other day at what may prove to be the springs and origin of the next great international marriage. The press agent for an organization which deals in philanthropy for Europe was talking:

"I want to bring Prince Doalotski over here next year," said he. "I think I can marry him to some nice American girl."

"That'll be nice," I said. "Especially for the prince."

"That's right," said the press agent, seriously. "There isn't a royal family in Europe that is open to him just now. He could not get into some of them—he ain't such a much of a prince, you know—and it would not pay him to marry into some of the others. They have no money or thrones or palaces or anything left."

"So you think it would be a good idea for him to marry into some well-to-do factory family over here?"

"Sure," said the press agent.—New York correspondence of the Kansas City Star.

Reflections on a Head.

Professor—"If the gentleman in the back row will kindly remove his hat I will continue and point out a concrete example."—Yale Record.

First law that ever was made was shattered—that which prescribed what Adam and Eve shouldn't do.

Prison Pride.

"I hope," said the governor to the departing convict, "that you won't go back to your old associations."

"No, sir. I don't propose to associate with anybody who didn't have the advantages of just as good a prison as I had."

48,000 Drug Stores Sell It.
Five million people use it to KILL COLDS

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.

At All Drug Stores

MILLIONS Suffer from Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer year after year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood is impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Biliousness, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—even more serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestinal ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble—all of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach.

Keep a sharp lookout for the first symptoms of acid-stomach—indigestion, heartburn, belching, food repeating, that awful painful bloat after eating, and sour, gassy stomach. EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy for acid-stomach, is guaranteed to bring quick relief from these stomach miseries. Thousands say they never dreamed that anything could bring such speedy relief—and make them feel so much better in every way. Try EATONIC and you, too, will be just as enthusiastic in its praise. Make your life worth living—no aches or pains—no blues or melancholy—no more of that tired, listless feeling. Be well and strong. Get back your physical and mental punch; your vim, vigor and vitality. You will always be weak and ailing as long as you have acid-stomach. So get rid of it now. Take EATONIC Tablets—they taste good—you eat them like a bit of candy. Your druggist has EATONIC—50 cents for a big box. Get a box from him today and if you are not satisfied he will refund your money.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

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