

EASTER BY ANOTHER NAME

Farmer Didn't Understand it at First, but Light Finally Dawned on Him.

"The lawyer from the city had a seat beside a farmer on the train, and wanting to be sociable he asked about this or that that had to do with farm life. Finally he queried:

"You don't make much of Easter out in the country, do you?"

"Well, no, was the answer.

"But you all have religious?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"The women in the city make a great deal about Easter?"

"Um!"

"A good deal of money spent for new things."

"There was silence for a moment, and then the farmer said:

"You puzzled me a bit back there, but I've finally caught on."

"Puzzled you?"

"Yes, I kin see you got mixed up a bit."

"Just how, my friend?"

"Why, what you call Easter in town we call Good Friday out here, and at first I couldn't see why anyone should make a fuss over it, or where the religion came in. It's all right now, however. It's sort of welcome the hog, and I'll be hanged if I blame you for it!"

The Only Way.

A western ranchman, who had spent all his life with horses and had had little experience with womanhood, got married. After the ceremony the bride and groom mounted their horses and started along the mountain trail toward home. Going along a ledge the bride's horse started and fell down the steep embankment.

"It was mighty bad luck for both the woman and the horse," the ranchman said in telling the story of the accident; "each of 'em broke a leg."

"What did you do?" asked the friend.

"Well, what could I do?" replied the other sorrowfully. "I shot 'em."

On His Way.

"Why doesn't that ditchdigger come when I call him? The idea of asking on me?" He's coming as fast as he can," said the man's wife. "He's got his front legs started."—Washington Herald.

Have You a Bad Back?

Does your back ache night and day, making work a burden and rest impossible? Do you suffer stabbing, burning pains when stooping or lifting? Most bad backs are due to hidden trouble in the kidneys and if the kidney secretions are scant or too frequent of passage, proof of kidney trouble is complete. Delay may pave the way to serious kidney ailments. For bad backs and weak kidneys use Doan's Kidney Pills—recommended the world over.

A MICHIGAN CASE

William Hough, 215 Alderman St., Lansing, Mich., says: "I had much pain and rheumatism in my back and limbs were terribly stiff. I doctored but didn't get relief and must give up. Finally I got Doan's Kidney Pills and after five days I was better. I kept on until I was well."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or, B. F. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, FOSTER-McLENNAN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed. As a medicinal antiseptic for use in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and for use by feminine hygiene has no equal. For ten years the world's best medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drugstores. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

The Best Corrective

and preventive of the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion is found in the safe, speedy, certain and time-tested home remedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your Druggist for It. Write to Dr. J. D. Kellogg, 100 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Is Your Stomach Wrong?

Sooner or later you will be wrong in every organ of your body. It is a well known fact that over 90% of all sicknesses are caused by ailments of the stomach. The stomach is the seat of the healthiest and strongest of your body. It is the seat of the healthiest and strongest of your body. It is the seat of the healthiest and strongest of your body.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

soon rights the wrong. It helps the stomach digest the food and manufacture nourishment. It helps the stomach and heart to perform their functions in a natural, healthy manner, without any artificial aid.

As Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery contains neither alcohol nor opium, it is safe for the most delicate. For every family there is no doubt the best of both worlds and it is sold in the kind in the world. Each bottle contains one ounce. Sold by Medicine Dealers in liquid or tablet form, or sent 50c. to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Littleton, N. Y. For a free trial, write to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Littleton, N. Y.

For full particulars of the Golden Medical Discovery, write to Dr. J. C. Pierce, Littleton, N. Y.

PROBABLY SET HIM THINKING

Tailor Learned in Unexpected Manner Just How He Looked to the Wholesale Firm.

Samson, a country tailor, visited a large wholesale warehouse in the city and ordered a quantity of goods. He was politely received and one of the principals showed him over the establishment. On reaching the fourth floor the customer saw a speaking tube on the wall, the first he had ever seen.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking tube. It is a great convenience. We can talk with it to the clerks on the floor without taking the trouble of going downstairs."

"Can they hear anything that you say through it?"

"Certainly."

The visitor put his mouth to the tube and asked:

"Are Samson's goods packed yet?"

The people in the office supposed it was the salesman who had asked the question and in a moment the distinct reply came back:

"No. We are waiting for a reply from his banker. He looks like a slippery customer."

SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

Greenwood, Ind.—"First my hair began to fall, then my scalp itched and burned when I became warm. I had pimples on my scalp; my hair was falling out gradually until I had scarcely any hair on my head. I couldn't keep the dandruff off at all. My hair was dry and lifeless and I lost rest at night from the terrible itching sensation. I would pull my hat off and scratch my head any place I happened to be.

For several years I was bothered with pimples on my face. Some were full of matter, and many blackheads. I was always picking at them and caused them to be sore. They made my face look so badly I was ashamed to be seen.

I tried massage creams for my face and all kinds of hair tonic and home-made remedies, but they only made things worse. Nothing did the work until I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed my face with the Cuticura Soap, then put plenty of Cuticura Ointment on. Three months' use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment has made my face as smooth and clean as can be." (Signed) C. M. Hamilton, Sept. 24, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 22-Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Advertisement.

BEWARE THE REFORM "BUG"

Little insect introduced into household does not always bring the best results.

I know a woman who was seriously convinced that she ought to improve her husband. He had numerous small faults that annoyed her.

"Jim," she began, "I want to tell you something about your faults."

Jim braced himself so obviously that she added, hastily, "Then you can tell me mine."

"Gee!" replied Jim, "I haven't got time to reform myself; it takes all my time to reform myself!"

Somewhere this woman didn't feel like telling Jim his faults, but she thought it over and decided that her chief married business was with herself. She decided that if a "friend" should bear a friend's infirmities, married people should dwell on each other's failings. The reform bug is the very worst insect that can infest a household.—The Delinquent.

Kill the Flies Now and Prevent Disease

A DAILY FLY KILLER will do it. Kill thousands. Lasts all season. All dealers or sent express for \$1. H. SOMMER, 120 E. Kalo Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Ad.

He Knew.

A Washingtonian who was touring the Shenandoah valley stopped at a motor car in the road one day and asked an aged dandy who was painfully proceeding in the opposite direction what he knew where Mr. Simpkins lived.

"Yesuh," was the reply. "He live head in de valley."

"Do you know where his house is?"

"The aged man chuckled. "Heed I do, boss," he said. "I won't waste it as many dollars as I know where that house is."

Ten smiles for a nickel.

Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

Motive Power in Norway.

The greatest single factor in the possible industrial development of Norway lies undoubtedly in its cheap and abundant hydroelectric power. The country having practically no coal resources, the Norwegian industries are coming to depend more and more upon the utilization of waterfalls as a primary motive power source.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes guarantee satisfaction. Adv.

The Change.

"In all his dealings with me I have always found Smith white."

"He was, but now he's turning gray."

THE MAN WHO WON

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

David Ross had received a heavy blow financially and to his affections as well. He was an old, silent old fellow, but when an impulse seized him he carried it to the full limit.

"That he had done with the son of an old-time friend now dead—Vance Peters. Mr. Ross had formerly operated a little shop in Viridian, given to the manufacture of hardware specialties. He took a fancy to young Peters and retired from the business in his favor. He still retained ownership of the business, but gave Peters full sway, asking only a monthly statement of the business."

One night the shop burned down and Vance Peters disappeared. Within twenty-four hours it was known that he had been embezzling money and making false returns to his benefactor. He had juggled the books and it was believed had fired the plant to destroy the evidences of fraud.

The day after the fire Mr. Ross sat at home gloomily immersed in thought. He had been fairly stunned by the revelations of the faithlessness of the young man he had trusted and benefited. His adopted daughter, Elsa, watched his mood pityingly.

"Father," she spoke finally, "do not let this trouble distress you. If I had followed your advice I should have been better off." "The frank reply: "You never liked Vance. You believed that he was deceiving me, and you were right. I shall be chary of trusting my fellow man again. For one thing I am sincerely thankful! That is that I did not use the wish of my heart that you and Vance should make a match of it."

Heart-rending Elsa said nothing. She knew that she had not repeated to the generous old man many evil rumors she had heard from time to time concerning his business manager.

"I find that Vance had little or no system in the business," Mr. Ross told Elsa. "He had a bookkeeper, and under manager and a traveling man. They

shuffled his shoulders and betook himself to his hammock. Mahon tried clearing some brush, got a few thorns in his fingers and bled him to the eye and forsook forsook. Bert pitched in forthwith. He mended the broken fences. He made the straggly garden look as if an expert had gone over it. One morning Mr. Ross came out to find him with saw and back tackling a four-foot pile of stove wood.

"The old man's eye twinkled secretly. That evening when work was suspended, he stole out to the woodpile and put a little clinking bag away under the last log of the heap."

Bert rather liked the task. The wood was just behind the kitchen where the fairies were of pretty womanhood Elsa constantly flitted. Several times she brought the worker a glass of cool lemonade and that they had an enjoyable chat together.

"See here, Mr. Ross," said Bert, two days later, "that wood is all saved and I found this little bag under the last log."

"Oh! you did?" chuckled the old man. "What's in it, now?"

"A dozen gold half eagles."

"That so?" chirped the old man. "I reckon the fairies have rewarded you for your industry. See here, Mr. Delancy, I put them there and you're going to keep them."

"I don't like overpay," began Bert. "There's better than that coming," announced Mr. Ross. "I've been studying you, and that ladylike bookkeeper, and that shifty assistant manager. You can have the position if you want it."

Bert did not reply. His face grew so serious and thoughtful that Mr. Ross stared at him in wonder.

"Why?" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you turn down that kind of a chance of a lifetime, do you?"

"It depends," said Bert deliberately. "On what?"

"No one whom," corrected Bert. "I'm a plain, blunt fellow, Mr. Ross. I'm half in love with Miss Elsa. I'll be wholly in love with her if I stay here. That might suit you?"

"Does it suit her?" challenged Mr. Ross.

"I think so, I hope so," answered Bert. "Then go and settle it with her and decide on my offer."

And an hour later Bert had accepted the position, for Elsa had accepted him.

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HUSBAND COULDN'T FOOL HER

Farmer's Wife Was on the Lookout for Sharpers, and Thought She Had One.

"There are still a few honest men left in the world," said J. J. Hill, the financier, at a banquet. "It is well to caution, but we should not suspect everybody. If we are too suspicious we make ourselves absurd."

"I worked in St. Paul in my youth, and they still tell there about an old farmer and his wife who started for St. Paul on a visit."

"Before the couple set off they were cautioned from the friends to beware of the St. Paul sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open. And they started on their journey with a nervous determination to look out for sharpers and confidence men."

"Well, on the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was shouting out of the car window, charging something reproachful at him, which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train."

"It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express and beat his wife to St. Paul by nearly an hour."

"He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the valise."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me or I'll call a policeman!" — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Sterilized" Business.

In industry and merchandising, it is the dawn of a sterilized age in which corporations shall sell sterilized goods at sterilized prices and by sterilized methods. All the germs are to be extracted. If you make a little agreement to buy your raw material to suit your finished product, to steal a process from your neighbor, to take the quality of your goods, to "get the jump" on a new market—the trade commission will get you if you don't watch out.—C. M. Keys in the "World's Work."

Annoying Either Way.

Mr. STUYVESANT FLETCHER, at recent benefit of the Authors' society in New York, said to a reporter: "I like to see authors work together in harmony. Authors are poor, you know, so I do a little bit unfraternally. I said once to a noted playwright: 'How is it that I never see you at any of your conferences?' 'I tell you, if the play is bad it annoys me, and if it's good it annoys me, too.'"

New Ration Suggested.

Efforts of food experts of the department of agriculture to convince the army that chocolate, now so extensively in the emergency ration given soldiers, is not properly nutritious are not meeting with entire success. The agricultural experts suggest the following ration: Prepared beans, three-fourths part; seeded raisins, four parts; raw ground lean meat, 1½ parts; flour, one part.

Obvious.

Miss Cautious, you found. Synthe, brace that he is a self-made man. You never hear a self-made woman boasting about it.

Mr. Critic—No. They like every one to think it's natural. Judge.

I Spend My Hard-earned Nickels for

WRIGLEYS SPEARMINT

I get the most pleasure for the longest while."

You can't get a bigger buy for a nickel. It is as delicious as economical—as beneficial as delicious—as popular with your family as with you.

It's as clean as it's fresh. It's always clean and always fresh because the new air-tight, dust-proof seal keeps it so. Every sealed package is personal to you.

Look for the Spear

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