A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

Does Your Back Ache?

DO YOU find it difficult to hold up your head and do your work? Distressing symptoms caused by unhealthy conditions. Generally no medicine is required, merely local application of Piso's Tablets, a valuable healing remedy with antiseptic, astringent and tonic effects—simple in action and application, soothing and refreshing. The fame in the name Piso guarantees satisfaction.

PISO'S TABLETS Sold Everywhere 60 Cents

Sample Mailed Free—address postcard
THE PISO COMPANY
400 Piso Bldg. Warren, Pa.

ANOTHER PROBLEM TO SOLVE

Little Matter of "Scientific Training" of Modern Child That Seems to Call for Consideration.

The parent who wishes to train his children according to the "scientific method" has his troubles. Witness this letter, published in the Survey:

"I write to see if any of your readers can help me out in the matter of finding some book or pamphlet that will tell me the logical and scientific order in which to teach my two little girls, aged eight and six, the indoor games of lotto, parchesi, checkers, backgammon, halma, chess and the like; such as authors and the different card games. Which should come first, checkers or parchesi? Any information will be welcome."

As the problem is not solved by the editor of the Survey, suggestions seem to be in order. Why not let the children start with bridge and chess and gradually work up to the point where they can appreciate lotto, halma and tiddledywinks?—From the Outlook.

The Reason.

Grace—I don't see why Miss Homely should want to marry him, with all her money.

Gussie—I don't think he'd have taken her without it.

Minus.

"He's a mere cipher, but nobody seems to realize it." How can they? He's a cipher with the rim off."

A Conserving Food

The recognized value of

Grape-Nuts

as a "saving" food for these serious times, rests upon real merit.

Unlike the ordinary cereal Grape-Nuts requires no sugar, little milk or cream, and requires no cooking or other preparation in serving.

A trial is well worth while for those who sincerely desire to save.

"There's a Reason"

"CONTRABAND"

A Thrilling War Story of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXVI.

—17—

We Sight a Boat.

What immediately followed; how we made ourselves shipshape the best we could, and held on for the next few hours, has comparatively but little to do with the interest of this story. Leavord brought the two men on deck, and as Dade was no sailor, but more likely to prove faithful, he was sent down the ladder to assist Masters in the fireroom. Dugan took the change in administration aboard with sea-going philosophy, seemingly feeling no animosity because of the rough handling received, and went to work under my orders with hearty good will. We were all four of us capable seamen, and an hour of hard work placed the Indian Chief in very fair condition, so far as deck and running rigging was concerned. At the end, however, standing on the forecastle, and staring aft, I had faith that we could handle the hooker, even with that small crew, and bring her safely into the harbor of St. John's. Our earlier weather predictions were not yet verified, at least to any serious extent. Indeed there was nothing particular to worry about, excepting that temporary steering apparatus, and it had worked long enough now so as to give me confidence.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Leavord?" I questioned, indicating both sea and sky by a wave of the hand. "Was it a circular storm, leaving us outside of its radius?"

"No, sir; it's not that," and he drew the back of his hand across his lips. "Dugan an' I talked about it on the mainyard yonder, an' 'tis our judgment, sir, that it's just a slow brooder. There won't be no quick change, but the weather 'll just gradually get heavier until we're scuddin' under bare poles. It'll be maybe termorrow night before we gets its full weight."

"But you have no doubt we'll weather it?"

"Barrin' an accident. When do you expect to make that port, sir?"

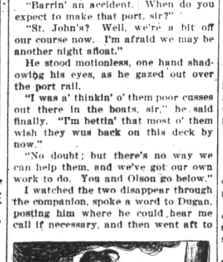
"St. John's? Well, we're a bit off our course now. I'm afraid we may be another night afloat."

He stood motionless, one hand shadowing his eyes, as he gazed out over the port rail.

"I was a' thinkin' o' them poor cusses out there in the boats, sir," he said finally. "I'm bettin' that most o' them wish they was back on this deck by now."

"No doubt; but there's no way we can help them, and we've got our own work to do. You and Olson go below."

I watched the two disappear through the companion, spoke a word to Dugan, posting him where he could hear me call if necessary, and then went aft to



I Struggled Forward Until My Hands Gripped the Wheel.

the wheel. I had not realized the full weight of the gale until I reached the top of the ladder, and stood erect without any protection from the cabin. For an instant I had to grasp the side rail, shading my eyes with an arm; then I struggled forward, until my hands gripped the wheel.

"Why didn't you call for help?" I asked. "This was too much for any woman. I never realized forward how it was blowing."

She swayed against me, clinging to my sleeve.

"It—it does kick some," she panted, "and I was almost afraid I might let go. I—I am glad you came. I couldn't hold to the course, but—but that doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not at all; we are in no shape to fight the storm, with only one man in the stokehole. You will have to creep to the ladder."

"You—you wish me to go below?"

"I order you to."

"And you are going to remain at the wheel—alone?"

"Dugan is forward, within easy call. I have sent the two mates below for an hour's rest. There is nothing for us to do now, but hold on until the storm abates. I'll simply lash the wheel, and stand by. You are absolutely exhausted, and must get below—you will go?"

"Yes if—if you think it best. I am so tired—the strain of it; the fear I could not hold out—"

"I know." I bent and kissed her, and she clung to me. "But do not think of that any longer; you must go to your room at once and lie down."

"But you will stay on deck all night?"

"Not unless the storm increases. In an hour or so I'll call the others, and lie down myself. Come, dear, you belong in the watch below."

That certainly seemed a lonely deck after she had disappeared down the ladder. I had served many a quiet watch at sea, many a memorable one, but that hour taught me the real lesson of loneliness. We were driving forward recklessly into a wall of darkness, utterly impenetrable to the eye. What horror might be lurking just ahead of the plunging bow, no imagination could picture. From where I stood, clutching the spokes of the wheel, I could not even trace the yards of the mainmast, nor could I perceive on either side the water through which we drove. Yet it was not this which pulled so at my nerve. I had stood at the wheel often before guiding a great ship through impenetrable blackness, and amid the immensity of the ocean. But then I was one of a crew, alert and ready, merely performing my part of a given task. But now I could not drive from me the consciousness that I stood there alone; that on all that space of deck forward only one solitary man crouched in the blackness; that below in the engineroom, and stokehole, only two more; already worn and weary with toil, stuck grimly to their work; that under my control the great freighter, loaded almost to the deck beams, was flying before the storm, plunging through the wild waters of the mid-Atlantic, with death hovering above in the shriek of the storm. Yet I clung to it grimly, no longer making any attempt to hold any settled course, but merely choosing the easier way in which to meet the force of the storm.

It was two o'clock when, too thoroughly wearied to stand the strain longer, I sent Dugan below to call the mates. Leavord was the heavier man, and the more experienced sailor, so, at my suggestion, he took the wheel, while Olson went forward. I can recall creeping down the ladder, and staggering down the stairs, but nothing more. I must have been asleep even before I reached the berth in the captain's stateroom.

A hand shook me, and I opened my eyes. For an instant I was too dazed to comprehend. The port was closed, but daylight streamed through the thick glass illuminating the stateroom, and I recognized Olson bending over me.

"I had to call you, sir," he explained kindly. "The main royal has broke loose, an' it'll take all hands an' some it again in this wind; besides that feller Dugan he's gin out entirely, an' there's got ter be another hand sent below to the stokehole."

I sat up, already thoroughly awake. "What time is it?"

"Goin' on half after four, sir."

"Why I thought I had just dropped off. Any increase in the weight of the gale, Olson?"

"No, sir; I don't think the wind is quite so heavy, an' it's gettin' more steadylike, but there's considerable sea."

"I can tell that the way the ship pitches; she's taking water forward."

"Tons o' it; the damned hooker is loaded so deep she's more like a whaler than a ship."

It was a wild scene enough when I emerged from the companion and paused a moment in the protection of the cabin to view the deck forward. Huge crested waves burst over the forecastle heads, cascading down onto the main deck, and sweeping aft in the scuppers amidships. The vessel staggered under the repeating blows, yet recovered with a buoyancy which gave me renewed courage, plunging forward again to meet the next assault. The continuous boom as they struck against our bows, the mad flapping of the loosened canvas aloft, the ceaseless shrieking of the cordage, made a pandemonium of noise which rendered the human voice almost useless. I put my lips to Olson's ear.

"Can the three of us pass those gaskets?"

"It's got to be done, sir, unless we let the sail go; but it's goin' to be no boy's job."

"Where's Dugan?"

"Haulin' there to the shrouds, a' waitin' for us."

"Then come on; the sooner it's over with, the better."

We went up the ratlines like snails every burst of wind driving us flat against the ropes, where we hung on grimly. Dugan was first to lay out upon the footropes, and I felt no regret when Olson slipped past me in the top, bawling in my ear:

"Let me go next, sir, you haven't been at this sort o' job lately."

However, I made it in my turn, the wind driving me flat against the spar, the footrope dancing madly beneath my weight, the flapping canvas of the loosened sail as stiff as iron. Dugan had the worst of it, but he clung there like a cat, stubbornly fighting inch by inch as he drew in the cloth. He must have had the strength of a giant, and the grip of a vise. It was a ten-minute battle, and when I got safely back into the mainstop every muscle of my body throbbed with pain, and I sank down against the mast, struggling to regain my strength. I had my head buried in my arm, conscious only of the wild leaping of the mast, and the sickening sensation caused by its constant swaying, when Dugan's shout sent the blood pounding into my heart. He stood right, clinging to a stay, staring forth into the smother off the port bow.

"Look, sir! There's a boat! See, yonder; she'll top the crest in a second—there!"

I had a glimpse of something—a black speck in the midst of the breaking spray—but could not be sure of what it was.

"Are you certain it is a boat?" I questioned. "The thing had no shape to me. What do you say, Olson?"

"A boat, sir; there was a slip o' sail hoisted; it's my notion she's hoved to, ridin' to a drag. There she is again."

Aye, I got a fair view that time, as the cockle-shell was thrown high up on the crest of the wave. It was sickening to see that black object hurled high up against the sky, and then disappear utterly into the hollow. The boat must be hove to; there would be no living otherwise in that sea, and the very fact that it remained afloat was evidence of sailors aboard. I drew myself to my feet, clinging with one hand to a stay, hollowing the other to make my voice reach the deck below.

"Mr. Leavord!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"There is a small boat off the port quarter, riding to a drag."

"A what, sir?"

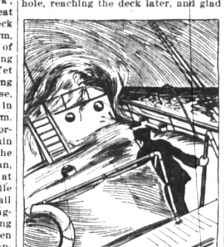
"A ship's boat off the port quarter—too far away to tell what's aboard her. Can you let her head fall off a point?"

"Not without another hand at the wheel; it takes all my strength to hold her as she is."

"Jump down, Dugan, and lay aft; we must get that boat to leeward, if we help those fellows in this sea."

"Aye, aye, sir."

He scrambled over the top, but Olson and I were content to use the lubber's hole, reaching the deck later, and glad



Huge, Crested Waves Burst Over the Forecastle Head.

enough to be there alive. I dived into the cabin after a glass, stopping long enough to explain what we had sighted to Vera, who appeared in her stateroom door, fully dressed.

"You have not been in bed?" I asked, indignantly.

"Oh, but I have; indeed I have. Why I must have slept four hours, but I lay down fully dressed. I—I didn't know what might happen. Could you see if there were men in the boat?"

"No, not to distinguish them with the naked eye; the glass will reveal that; but the boat must be occupied to keep afloat in this sea."

"Who can they be, do you suppose—shipwrecked sailors?"

"It would be my guess it will prove to be one of our own boats we've overhauled."

"But how could we?"

"The wind changed after midnight, and, with only the one hand at the wheel, we were obliged to pay off, and run before it. It is not impossible that we are back in almost the same section of sea where we left those fellows. Come up on deck, and we'll know shortly."

She went in for a wrap, but joined me almost immediately. I must have been five minutes locating the boat, yet finally caught it fairly on the crest of a wave. Even at that distance two recognized faces leaped instantly into the circle of vision—Liverpool and McCann.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Dead Man in the Cabin.

The glimpse was but for an instant, the boat disappearing as it dropped into the hollow.

"It's our own quarterboat," I announced shortly, endeavoring to keep my glasses trained on the right spot. "McCann, and those devils with him."

"Then, shall we stand by, sir?" asked Leavord. "Why should we be picking up that scum?"

I glanced aside at him.

"Why, Mr. Leavord? Well, one reason is, we are American seamen. Those fellows can scarcely hurt us now, and a hand or two more aboard will help us to make port. We've got to have firemen below, and Rapello would be able to spell Masters in the engineroom. I look on their coming as a God-send. Let your helm off another point—there, steady now; hold her just as she is."

Again I caught the boat in the focus of the leveled glasses; it was measurably nearer now, but I could only see four men aboard the craft, the other two being White and Rapello. The tiller was gone, the man at the stern, Jim White, steering by means of a long oar; the sail had been whipped into rags, and a canvas shirt substituted. One man was on his knees bailing furiously, and Tony had an arm in a sling. So intent was I in this endeavor to decipher the details of the tragedy through the glass, I was unaware that Vera had climbed the ladder, and now stood beside me, clinging to the rail. Her voice aroused me to her presence.

"Why, there are only four of them?"

"Yes; they must have passed through Hades last night," I answered. "Here, take the glass; there are two bodies lying in the bottom of the boat."

"Can you manage the wheel alone for a bit, Mr. Leavord?"

"I can try, sir."

"Miss Carrington, would you mind giving the mate a hand?"

She fought her way across to him without a word, leaving the glass on the deck.

"Good; hold her as she is, and have Masters slow down. It is going to be a ticklish job to get those fellows on board; has anyone a suggestion?"

"A running noose from the lower main-yard, sir," said Olson.

"That will take only one at a time."

"Two, if they're quick enough about it; but it's the only way, sir. That boat wouldn't live a second close in alongside."

"Right you are; you and Dugan lay out on the yard and get the whip rigged; pick a strong cord and see that it fits the pulley block. I'll keep to the lee, and ease them in. Pass the end down to me; lively now."

Those in the boat saw what we were attempting, realizing at once that we meant to take them aboard. The relief felt was instantly expressed by the waving of hands, and a faint cry reached us across the water. McCann even endeavored to stand up, but was jerked down again. No doubt the recognition of the ship had left them in total despair of rescue, their one thought being that we would permit them to drift by, rather than take them aboard again. The gap between us slowly closed, I could see their faces clearly, uplifted in agonized appeal. They were haggard, crusted with salt, piteous enough in their silent pleading to make me forget the past.

"Boat ahoy!" I roared. "Keep well away from the side; we'll whip you in from the main yard. Have you ours?"

"One pair, sir."

It was Liverpool, and I was glad to note the tone of respect in his answer.

"Then hold her back, and drift in slowly stern first; you got the idea. Are those dead men?"

"One of them is; Dubois has his leg broken."

"We'll send a sling down; put Dubois in first, and the rest of you stand by. Are you ready now?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Olson joined me at the rope, Dugan remaining outstretched on the yard, the ship held motionless except for the rise and fall of the waves. The boat drifted cautiously in stern first, held by the two oars in the hands of Liverpool and White. The former roughly assumed command.

"Get up there, McCann; on your knees now; for heaven's sake don't miss that rope, and hold on hard; take a turn around that thwart amidships—no! don't make fast! Give Tony the end; he has one hand free. Now get Dubois into the sling; d—— you, man, you've got to; we can't leave these oars. Take a grip there, Dubois, and help yourself. That's better." He lifted his arm in signal. "All right, sir, swing away!"

It was a good half hour's job, and a hard one; twice the boat nearly swamped, and went down. Liverpool was the last to leave the boat, already half filled with water. As he rose slowly, gripping the rope with his hands, unable to get foot in the noose, the deserted craft floated away, the dead body of Watson half covered with water.

The four of them made a sorry looking bunch on the deck, but now that they were safe, my feeling of sympathy had vanished. I could only recall their treatment of us, and the danger we still ran in having them once again aboard. Nothing was to be gained by soft words with such as they. I stepped across to them, and Olson and Dugan joined me.

"Now, look here," I said grimly. "We've taken you aboard because we're human beings; but there's going to be no mistake as to your exact status on this ship. You'll take your orders from me, and I'll kill the first man-jack of you who shows a sign of treachery. What became of Sachs?"

McCann was still gasping from his drop into the sea, and could not answer, although I addressed my question to him. Liverpool replied:

"He knifed Watson, and Dubois knocked him overboard with an oar; he never cum up."

"Was it in the fight Dubois got hurt?"

"No, he was hit by the boom, an' Tony there broke his arm when he fell into the boat off the ship's ladder."

"All right; three of you are fit for work, and Tony can stand watch in the

"Boat Ahoy!" I Roared.

engineroom. Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yes, sir, in a way; there was food in the boat."

"Then you have fared in that respect better than we have. White, you go below and hustle coal; you climb down also, Tony, and relieve Masters. Tell him to lie down and get some rest. Move along now; I'll be down there myself presently."

I turned to McCann. "Get up from there; you are a hand on board this ship the rest of the voyage. Do you understand? Answer me—do you?"

"Yes."

"Do better than that."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; now you and Liverpool pick up Dubois, and put him in number seven stateroom. Make him as comfortable as possible, but don't be long about it. Then report on deck to Mr. Olson; he'll keep you busy, and out of mischief. A word with you, Olson."

The second mate crossed the deck with me to the rail; the drifting boat had disappeared, having either sunk, or being hidden in the hollow of the great surges. The screw was beginning to revolve once more with power, the planks trembling under foot and a bit of sunshine was streaming through the clouds overhead. I stood silent a moment, endeavoring to think out the situation, and Olson waited patiently, his eyes sweeping the sky and then the sea.

"What do you think of our guests?" I asked finally. "Can we trust them at all?"

"Not so far as you could swing a hull by the tail, sir," he answered soberly. "They ain't forgot the night in the boat yet, but there's just as much devil in 'em as there ever was."

"Your opinion is, they will never help sail this ship into St. John's, if any villainy will save them?"

"That's it, sir; they're so black now, they won't mind a little more."

"That's my judgment; we must keep them apart as much as we can, and have an eye on them all the time. How about Dugan?"

"He talks straight enough, and to my notion means to play square."

"That was my impression; he's Irish, and hot-headed, but no criminal. We ought to be able to keep the fellows separated. Besides I'll be about most of the time."

"How long do you suppose it will be, sir?"

"Today and another night likely; I can tell better when I get an observation at noon. It will not give them much time for plotting."

I sent the two forward with Olson when they returned to the deck from the cabin, and he busied them gathering up the rifle about the forecastle caused by the night's storm. McCann moved as though scarcely able to exert himself, but Red took hold as if glad to be occupied. Vera came down the ladder, and we spoke together briefly, about what had occurred. She finally volunteered to get some food ready, and I went below with her, rousing up Dade, and putting him at work under her orders. An hour later all aboard enjoyed a warm meal, eating alike in the after cabin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHIEF OF AMERICAN HABITS

Telephone Is a Day and Night Requisite; Both a Commercial and Social Convenience.

Not poker nor the movie nor good nature nor detachable cuffs, but the telephone, should be ranked as the chief of American habits. Just about 30,000,000 telephone calls a day were handled by the Bell telephone system in 1916. That is 100 calls a year for every man, woman and child in the country—excepting those members of families who are too young to be held up to receivers.

Like most habits, we take the telephone for granted, notes the New York Tribune. Yet anybody beyond the ripe age of thirty can remember very handily when there was no such thing save as a public curiosity. If you wanted a doctor you ran down the street to fetch him; or if you wanted a man for luncheon you dropped a note the day before. And like all the other inventions which have speeded up our means of communication, the telephone has done something more than merely compress life; it has changed the quality, subtracting certain elements and adding others. You simply cannot be elaborately courteous or impressively dignified in a world that knows the telephone. Those impressive Napoleons who make it a rule not to speak over the phone are following a sound instinct—as are also the very toplofty princesses of society with a similar edict.

It has also perceptibly reduced what little was left of solitude. The great novelist or the great composer can afford a telephoneless hut or flat, and so gain enough peace and quiet to think. Plain Americans must have the telephone at their elbow day and night or go out of business—socially as well as commercially.

Smoking Backwards.

The peculiarities of the ancient smokers are themselves a study as well as an education. The negritos smoke with the lighted end of the cigar in their mouth—let the reader picture in his mind a man smoking with the lighted end of a cigar or cigarette stuck calmly in his mouth; no fear of burning the tongue or other possible harm; just smoking and enjoying the weed as would the most unconcerned among white men, who prefer the lighted end the other way around.

China Is on Guard.

While China has not provided for the internment of Germans and Austrians, even those of military age, all citizens of the central powers are required to register and are forbidden to travel. They may engage in peaceful occupations with China's permission. The mildness of the regulating created some comment among foreigners, but Chinese officials replied to such criticism by saying they closed the German banks and are limiting the activities of Germans and Austrians even more than the United States and Japan as

THE SPRING DRIVE

Our boys are going "Over the top" and into "No man's land" this spring. No one has any doubt of their ability to get there. There will also be a spring drive on this side of the ocean, because March is the year's "blue Monday." It is the most fatal month of the year. March and April is a time when resistance usually is at lowest ebb. It is a trying season for the "run-down" man. But medical science steps in, and says, "it need not be!" We should cultivate a love of health, a sense of responsibility for the care of our bodies. Do not allow the machinery of the body to clog. Put the stomach and liver in proper condition. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to be had at most drug stores in tablet or liquid form, tablets sixty-cents a vial, composed of native herbs. This puts the stomach and liver in proper condition. You may be plodding along, no spring, no elasticity, no vim, but as soon as you have put the body into its normal physical condition—oiled the machinery, as it were—you will find new vim, vigor and vitality within you. A little "pep," and we laugh and live. Try it now. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c. for trial package. A little energy will save the day. The spring necessity of life is health. With spirit and energy you have the power to force yourself into action. The Golden Medical Discovery is the spring tonic which you need.

Inflamation and Swellings of all kinds in horses or cattle are quickly reduced by using Dr. Davis Rheumatic

Antiseptic Poultice Price $1.00
One package makes ten poultices.
If no Dealer in your town, write
Read my Practical Home Veterinarian Book for free booklet on Abortion in Cows
Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 150 Grand Avenue, Waukesha, Wis.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 12–1918.

Nothing to Be Frightened About.

Edilla had a visitor about the same age. Her father had bought her a Mother Hubbard book and she began, "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but when she got there it was bare—empty." "It don't hurt you," as she thought her playmate might be frightened at this word bare.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a few drops of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

In the role of an objector the man of limited capabilities can often attract a lot of attention.

Nerves All Unstrung?

Nervousness and nerve pains often come from weak kidneys. Many a person who worries over trifles and is troubled with neuralgia, rheumatic pains and backache would find relief through a good kidney remedy. If you have nervous attacks, with headaches, backaches, dizzy spells and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought quick benefit in thousands of such cases.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. James M. Murphy, 124 Ashmun St., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., says: "I was miserable from a steady aching across my back and was often unable to attend to my housework. My feet and ankles swelled and I suffered from headaches and dizzy spells. I felt all run down, too and Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of these symptoms of kidney trouble and put me in the best of health."

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

American Dollar Flag

Has fast, rain proof Tyfetta, 4 feet long, double-stitched sewed stripes; free-burning cotton stars; canvas heading; ivory spear, $1.00. Including pole, half dozen canvas ropes and pulley. Write for free catalogue of flags and decorations. We make them, and better flags than any of similar amount in the world. Prices same as before the war.
AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., EASTON, PA.

WHEN

your mouth tastes like all the mean things you ever did—mixed together, then you need

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Your mouth is a good indication of the condition of the stomach and bowels.
Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Retired farmer or merchant, here's your chance to get self supporting modern eighteen room house, also garden plot, where results from small capital will support you. Small payment down, balance same as rent. Write for particulars.
Harry S. Waterman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Kill Dandruff and Itching with Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c & 50c

STOP YOUR COUGHING

No need to let that cough persist. Stop the irritation, and remove tickling and hoarseness, by relieving the inflamed throat with

PISO'S