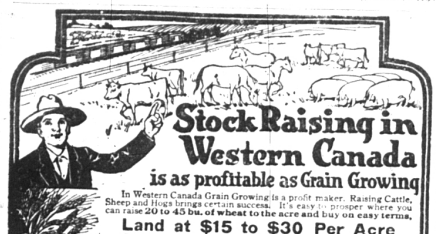
GOOD-BYE BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES -

For centuries all over the world GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has afforded relief in thousands upon thousands of cases of lame back, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, gallstones, gravel and all other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs. It acts quickly. It does the work. It cleanses your kidneys and purifies the blood. It makes a new man, a new woman, of you. It fearlessly wards off attacks of dread and fatal diseases of the kidneys. It often completely cures the distressing diseases of the organs of the body allied with the bladder and kidneys. Bloody or cloudy urine, sediment, or "floaters" indicate an unhealthy condition.

Do not delay a minute if your back aches or you are sore across the loins or have difficulty when urinating. Go to your druggist at once and get a box of imported GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They are pleasant and easy to take. Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill. Take a small swallow of water if you want to. They dissolve in the stomach, and the kidneys soak up the oil like a sponge soaks water. They thoroughly cleanse and wash out the bladder and kidneys and throw off the inflammation which is the cause of the trouble. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gallstones, gravel, "kidneyitis," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs. Your druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not satisfied after few days' use. Accept only the pure original GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. None other genuine.—Adv.



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THEMES FOR THE NOVELIST HAD AIMED A LITTLE LOW

Good Material Might Be Found in the Personal "Ads" Inserted in London Times.

For the unique in advertising the columns of the London Times are almost unrivaled. What pictures might be conjured up by the following ad:

"It is hoped that the brute colored who, metaphorically speaking, sat on an unoffending suburban in a West end tube train a day or two ago, has now discovered his mistake and makes peace with the third party."

And what possibilities for a present-day Dickens are contained in this "Bank of England note received. We thank unknown friend, whose gift relieves much anxiety."

In lighter vein, but of serious purpose is the following:

"Notice. If the pet goat left with me October last by Mrs. H. L. is not claimed within seven days, it will be sold to defray expenses."

And here is something that E. Phillips Oppenheim ought to look into:

"Will the officer whose champagne glass was overturned at Cafe Royal Wednesday evening, January 22, communicate at Savoy hotel with gentleman whose card he has?"

The Great Art.

There is but one art—to omit! Oh, if I knew how to omit I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an "Iliad" of a daily paper.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A man may be ignorant of the law, but the ignorance of his lawyer is always inexcusable.

And many a bird fell asleep resting on his laurels.

Gunner's Error Probably the Only Thing That Saved Flock of Blackbirds From Annihilation.

A party of gentlemen at a hotel were telling stories one night recently of famous shots and how many quails, partridges, ducks and other birds had been killed at a single discharge. After listening to what seemed a willful exaggeration by different narrators, a stranger who was present volunteered his experience of his only use of the fatal double barreled gun as follows:

"I went into the field one day to try something. The only game discovered was an immense flock of blackbirds. I should say there were 1000 in the flock. Slowly I crawled up to them and when not more than four rods away the birds rose in a solid mass. I fired both barrels and how many do you think I killed?"

Different guesses were made by the party, ranging from 20 to 100.

"Not one," said the stranger, "but I went up with my brother to look for the results, and picked up five bushels of legs. I had shot a little under."

Military Precedent.

Stella—But do you still wear his ring?

Bella—Yes, uniforms may be worn for three months after engagement are over.

Food for Thought.

He—"I am going tonight to see a round reader." She—"What good will that do you?"

The man who hesitates is lost, but the woman who hesitates is won.

No Table Drink Has Ever Taken The Place Of

The Original POSTUM CEREAL

Boil just like coffee—15 minutes after boiling begins. Its delicious flavor, rich seal brown color and fine aroma make it such a satisfying cup that Postum is the ideal drink with meals for both children and grown people.

Used in place of coffee it provides a real health drink. Contains no drugs, no caffein as does coffee; doesn't make you nervous, sleepless or fretful.

"There's a Reason"

At Grocers—two sizes 15c & 25c.

The Goat Degree

By AUGUSTUS WITTFIELD

(Copyright)

I entered Carlock's apartments and found him swinging in a hammock. He gave me a quick glance and raised a deep sigh.

"Why so melancholy? I inquired.

"My dear Watchem," he answered, "I had hopes that your afternoon would be at my disposal but of course, since you are going to the ball game with Emmons, I cannot look for you to assist me in the mysterious case of G. B. C. Osofat."

"Why, said you I was going to the ball game?" I exclaimed.

"Why Watchem," he answered, "truth is self-evident. You are wearing your sunday garments on a work day. You can have put them on only for the purpose of leaving home in the area you told your chief that your grandmother is to be buried this afternoon.

"Yes, I lies like a cheap cast a dozen times to my knowledge," I exclaimed, "but one thing you have failed to detect. I will be at the ball game.

"Carlock," I continued, "long ago night. But what gets me is that you show I am going with Emmons.

"Easiest thing out," replied Carlock. "Emmons came in and tried to borrow a dollar from me. Said he was going to the ball game. Ergo, he must be going with you or he wouldn't have to borrow the money."

"Carlock," I said in amazement, "you're a wonder. But tell me why are you swinging in a hammock?"

"Because I enjoy the suspense," replied. "Suspense stimulates the mental faculties and besides a hammock affords freedom to the legs of imagination."

"Here, my dear old pal, you clear the mysterious disappearance of the son of Fat Rockefeller which was consigned to G. B. C. Osofat and which was lost while in transit on the Pole-to-Pole railway?" I asked.

"Before answering your query, replied Carlock, "I wish to refresh your memory on the subject. You remember, he was while I was engaged on the famous case of the Gold Coupler that G. B. C. Osofat came to me with the astounding information that a case of Fat Rockefeller had disappeared in transit on the Pole-to-Pole railway.

Mr. Osofat had ordered the preparation with the idea of reducing his excessive weight, and, in anticipation of the results which had been guaranteed by the manufacturers, he had donated most of his clothing to the home for obese octogenarians and had ordered a liberal supply of new ones to fit, when weighing a hundred pounds less, one hundred and seventy six pounds.

"The preparation had been consigned to him by the manufacturers at Pharmacopia, and was consigned for in good order on the Pole-to-Pole at Patriotsgrand. Somewhere between that point and the city it disappeared completely. The presence of the road bums been exhausted and as a last resort my services were have been enlisted in an effort to solve the mystery."

"Mr. Osofat is one of the largest stockholders of the road, and consequently the directors are especially anxious to please him, as they realize that heavy stockholders are not to be lightly slighted."

Carlock paused and opening his medicine chest, he handed me a pepsin tablet.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"Take it," he replied. "It will help you to digest the evidence."

I did as he directed, and he continued.

"When I took hold of the case there was absolutely nothing to work on. After infinite pains I discovered that the baggage car of the train that received the case at Patriotsgrand was in charge of Paul Judson, one of the heavyweight baggage smashers of the road. I looked up his record and found that he had lots of fine-spun records which he used on his photograph. He was credited with being straight as a string, but considerably thicker.

"I also discovered that after reaching New York on that trip, Paul was dispatched and was missing for four weeks. When he finally reported for duty he had grown considerably fat. The cause of his falling off in weight has never been explained.

"As the case now stands I remarked, 'what do you make of it?'

"By logical deduction I arrive at the conclusion that Paul Judson is responsible for the disappearance of the son of Fat Rockefeller, and I propose to fasten the guilt on him.

"Precisely at three o'clock, in accordance with the said dispatch of Paul Judson had entered the baggage car and was even now on his way to Carlock's apartments. In a minute or two the elevator stopped and I heard the voice of Judson pass the door. I opened it and in a full voice I said:

"You send up a package addressed to a fellow named Carlock, and I'm dressing the guest delivered.

"I suppose you mean the package. Be good enough to hand it over to me. A process that may never be found for any one.

"Carlock, I repeated, I was surprised at having taken a position in surveying at a [illegible] school. Suddenly he made the startling accusation:

"Judson, you are short!"

Judson cowered.

"Only a matter of fifty shares or so," he asserted.

"I do not refer to your petty market speculations," said Carlock severely. "I refer to your weight. You have lost about a hundred pounds. Had you lost this weight in a legitimate manner it would not have been necessary for me to summon you but since you have usurped the loss which should have been another's, it is my duty to secure from you a statement of the facts."

I did not know what you mean, replied Judson.

"You know that you have run a case of Fat Rockefeller consigned to G. B. C. Osofat on the road. You can from that which you stolen from the case Fat Rockefeller.

"But why accuse me of knowing what happened to Fat Rockefeller? I ask you, I have not seen Fat Rockefeller since I put it in the car.

"Judson, said I, this boy's been connected and I want to tell you that the case of Fat Rockefeller was filled and shipped with the case of Fat Rockefeller. You are a fool to keep offering expressed disagreement with your excuses or else.

"In the solitude of your cell you will have time for the temptation of your conscience to come and tell you that you are a fool. Come, Judson, tell me what happened to Fat Rockefeller. I know you have it. I know offering expressed disagreement with your excuses or else.

"I did not cut it, said Judson. "I was not in the car at time. There was a good no board. It was some good to a little show in Kentucky. I don't know nothing about it.

"Watchem, said Carlock, turning to me, "this is the toughest case I've ever tackled. I've got to get up out of bed at six sharp. The directors have ordered me to submit a report as quickly as possible.

"He turned and opening his door, took a handful of 20 cigarettes from a cigar box. Placing the stack of cigarettes on the table he said:

"Pick out a cigarette, Watchem.

"No, replied Judson.

"It is your insisting and Carlock. "No, said Judson.

"Pick out a cigarette, I said.

"No, said Judson.

"Carlock, said I, I think this is a good fellow, I think he is the Fat Rockefeller.

"I just understand, said Carlock.

"But if you say the insulting word, Carlock, I am satisfied, said Judson.

"The money's yours, Carlock has saved him. Come now, admit you are the case of Fat Rockefeller.

"Mine, all mine, exclaimed Judson joyfully. Yes, I think I did cut it.

He picked up the cold pieces and let them drop from one hand to the other. Then he put them into his pocket. "Now, said I, I presented Carlock, you know you did it.

"Yes, I did it, said Judson wearily.

"When, exclaimed Carlock, "that was a tough fib. Twenty minutes by the clock. Did you photograph it, Watchem?

"Yes, I replied. "It is all in my pocket.

Carlock dismissed Judson and proceeded to make up a full report of the confession. He was a lightning operator on the typewriter and scattered the sparks flying from his fingers in every direction.

"Are you not afraid of setting fire to the paper? I asked.

"No danger, he replied. "I use asbestos safety paper."

After he had his labors, the latter was delivered and handed him a large, imposing letter.

Carlock passed it to me and asked me to read it to him.

I broke the seal and opened it. Clearing my throat, I read:

HOOP, HORN & HOE,
Grain Brokers,
Valparaiso, U. S. A.

Mr. Carlock, Rogues New York, U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Rogues: We have heard you are the head of the detective staff of the Pole-to-Pole railway and beg to report to you that some time since we shipped one of our fat geese over your road to the Kentucky Agricultural Fair. The goose was 15 years old and weighed 200 pounds.

Shortly after its arrival in Kentucky it disappeared and we have been unable to trace it. We have reported the matter to the Kentucky Agricultural Fair. The goose was short 150 pounds, which weighing 200 pounds.

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