DEPENDED UPON IT 20 YEARS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been This Woman's Safeguard All That Time.

Omaha, Neb.—"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for over twenty years for female troubles and it has helped me very much. I have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash with good results. I always have a bottle of Vegetable Compound in the house as it is a good remedy in time of need. You can publish my testimonial as every statement I have made is perfectly true."—Mrs. J. O. Elmquist, 2224 S. 20th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

To know whether Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, try it! For advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

DR. CARTER'S K. & B. TEA Makes Fine Laxative Syrup

Make It at Home and Save About $1.50
—Children Love to Take It.

Full Directions With Each 30-Cent Package

For a real tonic and blood purifier, take a teaspoonful every night or every other night for at least three weeks.

SINCE 1870
SHILOH
30 DROPS STOPS COUGHS

Jars in Cleopatra's Needle.

While the workmen were busy repairing the base of London's Cleopatra's needle distinct the jars which were placed in the pedestal when the monolith was erected. The jars contain Brit'sh coins, a translation of the meaning of the hieroglyphics inscribed on the monument, a railway guide, a number of children's toys, copies of newspapers, a map of London, a translation into several languages of St. John 3:16, a history of the monument and its journey to London, and many other things. This was after the custom of the ancient Egyptians.

"DANDERINE" PUTS BEAUTY IN HAIR

Girls! A mass of long, thick, gleamy tresses

Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggy or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality.

Get a 25-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your hair, check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating tonic; then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return—Hurry!—Adv.

Careful Wi' the Bawbees.

The stingiest man in Edinburgh is a subject of boom. He called up his house and his family expected to get to have a steak for dinner, as he was bringing home a guest. The plans of the guest were changed, and he suddenly got on the train called up his house again and told them to have the steak fried and get some chops instead. He is considered to be worth over half a million dollars and owns a beautiful home.—Exchange.

One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Relieves Mrs. Frey's Rheumatism

Mrs. Ira Frey, of Le Mars, Ia., suffered for six long months with the agonies of rheumatism. Then she heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and bought a box. Here is what she writes:

"For six months I had rheumatism. I had swelling of the limbs, stiffness in the joints and cramps in the muscles. I suffered greatly from backache. My limbs felt heavy, and I had a drawing sensation across my loins. I had a good deal of pain in the top of my head, was often dizzy and had flashes of light and floating specks before my eyes. I had heart flutterings and could not sleep well. My appetite was fitful and I felt heavy and sleepy after meals. I suffered from shortness of breath. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was much improved."

Mighty few people realize in time that Kidney Trouble is making its advances upon their health. They put off treatment—they say, "Oh, I'll be all right in a day or two." And the malady tightens its grip. Result: Bright's Disease, hospital treatment, doctor's bills—often death.

If your druggist does not carry Dodd's, order direct, sending us 50c in stamps and mentioning your druggist's name.
Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Belgium Sketches

The Mussel-Wife of Saint Anne

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts

(©, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"They stole my beer pump, those Germans," she set the bowl of steaming mussels before me with a thud, "and how can a person keep a decent tavern without a beer pump?" Her hands rested on her broad hips, she glared savagely at Saint Anne's uneven street at the cathedral tower in Antwerp across the Scheldt.

Out on the cobblestones thin legged children skinned "Pinkerton," a sort of hop scotch. Their wooden shoes clattered on the hollow inside the street, and the boys hooted at the girls' full skirts and clumped high to avoid the dirt. Near the waters edge two girls washed mussels in a wooden tub and piled them into pails. Sails of fishing boats dipped and curved in the sparkling blue water and a pert little yellow pot of bright enameled sedum across toward Saint Anne.

"I remember very well when it looked as though the whole town of Antwerp was going to burn up and the refugees came across these polders in droves," she went on, pointing to the bridge down there in the distance. "Left to go for food up behind the Hall. And then those Germans came never hope to see such another four years." She shut her lips in a straight line and shook her head. "Many are the pots of bread and cheese I brought home myself in my skirt and the eggs I cooked in a vest. Those countries that times past, but it's hard work, and everything needs to be paid for. I don't know if that flood there is real or just safe yet."

I pointed the hoards didn't go with the Germans when they retreated. "I saved what I could," she said.

No, we took it up to hide a part there, under stairs, and a German officer found it and got it fixed. He made a fuss at the hole and broke a couple of the boards, and I was sorry for him. He looked so tired and sick and he sighed and sighed while I worked.

"Mynheer," I turned to the stove, the girl who was combing the curls was at the back door with her feet outside, and I was so surprised I let the pot of mussels go on the floor. "Mynheer, you are not dead!" I cried.

"Mynheer," he turned to the stove, the girl who was combing the curls was at the back door with her feet outside, and I was so surprised I let the pot of mussels go on the floor. "Mynheer, you are not dead!" I cried.

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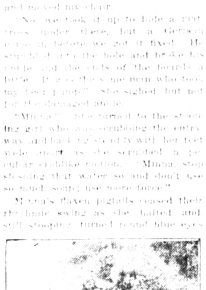
"And Then Those Germans Came."



Antwerp Was in Flames.

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