BULL-DOG DRUMMOND

The Adventures of a Demobilized Officer Who Found Peace Dull

By CYRIL McNEILE
"SAPPER"
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IT IS TO LAUGH.

Synopsis.—In December, 1918, four men gather in a hotel in Berne and hear one of the quartet outline a plan to paralyze Great Britain and at the same time seize world power. The other three, Heckling, American, and Steineman and Von Kratz, Germans, all millionaires, agree to the scheme, providing another man, Hiram Potts, an American, is taken in. The instigator of the plot gives his name as Comte de Gray, but when he leaves for England with his daughter he decides to use the name Carl Peterson. Capt. Hugh (Bull-Dog) Drummond, a retired officer, advertises for work that will give him excitement, and signs "X10." As a result he meets Phyllis Benton, a young woman who answered his ad. She tells him of strange murders and robberies of which she suspects a band headed by Peterson and Henry Lakington. She fears her father is involved. Drummond goes to The Larches, Miss Benton's home, and later to The Elms, Peterson's place. Peterson and Lakington stop his car and look him over. While dining with Phyllis and her father Drummond leaves The Larches and explores The Elms. He discovers Lakington and Peterson using a thumbscrew on Hiram Potts, who signs a paper. Drummond secures half the paper, rescues him after a struggle and takes him to his own home. Peterson calls and demands the half of the torn paper and Potts. Hugh laughs at him.

CHAPTER III—Continued.
—6—

There was something so horribly menacing in the soft, quiet voice that Drummond looked at the speaker fascinated. He had a sudden feeling that he must be dreaming—that in a moment or two he would wake up and find that they had really been talking about the weather the whole time. Then the cynical gleam of triumph in Peterson's eyes acted on him like a cold douche.

"Your candor is as refreshing," he answered genially, "and your business ways are good. I shudder to think of your little fly, Mr. Peterson, especially with your chauffeur grinding his gears to pieces." He held open the door for his visitor, and followed him into the passage. At the other end stood Denny, ostentatiously dusting a book-shelf, and Peterson glanced at him sardonically. It was characteristic of the man that no trace of annoyance showed on his face. He might have been an ordinary visitor taking his leave.

And then suddenly from the room outside which Denny was dusting there came a low moaning and an incoherent babble. A quick frown passed over Drummond's face, and Peterson regarded him thoughtfully.

"An invalid in the house?" he remarked. "How inconvenient for you." He held his hand for a moment on the soldier's arm. "I sadly fear you're going to make a fool of yourself, and it will be such a pity." He turned toward the stairs. "Don't bother, please; I can find my own way out."

THREE.

Hugh turned back into his own room, and lighting a particularly noisy pipe, sat down in his own special chair. He was under no delusions as to the risks he was running. Underrating his opponent had never been a fault of his, either in the ring or in France, and he had no intention of beginning now. The man who could abduct an American millionaire, and drug him till he was little better than a baby, and then use a thumbscrew to enforce his wishes, was not likely to prove over-scrupulous in the future.

After a while he began half-unconsciously to talk aloud to himself. "Two alternatives, old buck," he remarked, stabbing the air with his pipe. "One—give the Potts bird up at Berners street; two—do not. Number one—out of court at once. Preposterous—absurd. Therefore—number two holds the field." He rang the bell.

"James," he said, as the door opened, "take a piece of paper and a pencil—if there's one with a point—and sit down at the table. I'm going to think, and I'd hate to miss out anything."

His servant complied, and for a while silence reigned.

"First," remarked Drummond, "put down—They know where Potts is. Two—They still try to get Potts."

"Yes, sir," answered Denny writing busily.

"Three—They will not get Potts." Now, James, you've got to do something else. Rise and with your well-known stealth approach the window, and see if the watcher still watcheth without."

The servant took a prolonged survey, and finally announced that he failed to see him.

"Then that proves conclusively that he's there," said Hugh. "Write it down, James: Four—Owing to the watcher without, Potts cannot leave the house without being seen. Five—If Potts must leave the house without being seen, I want him, James, I want him all to myself. He shall go to my cottage on the river, and you shall look after him."

"Yes, sir," returned James dutifully. "And in order to get him there, we must get rid of the watcher without. How can we get rid of the bird—how can we, James, I ask you? Why, by giving him nothing further to watch for. Once let him think that Potts is no longer within, unless he's an imbecile he will no longer remain without. Now trot along over, James, and give my compliments to Mr. Darrell. Ask him to come in and see me for a moment. Say I'm thinking and daren't move."

James rose obediently, and Drummond heard him cross over the passage to the other suite of rooms that lay on the same floor. Then he heard the murmur of voices, and shortly afterward his servant returned.

"He is in his bath, sir, but he'll come over as soon as he's finished," He delivered the message and stood waiting. "Anything more, sir?"

"Yes, James. I feel certain that there's a lot. But just be carry on with. I'll have another glass of beer."

As the door closed, Drummond rose and started to pace up and down the room. The plan he had in his mind was simple, but he was a man who believed in simplicity.

"Peterson will not come himself—nor will our one and only Henry. Potts has not been long in the country, which is all to the good. And if it fails—we shan't be any worse off than we are now. Luck—that's all; and the more you tempt her, the kinder she is." He was still talking gently to himself when Peter Darrell strolled into the room.

"You look thing be true, old boy," remarked the newcomer. "I hear you're in the throes of a brain-storm."

"I am, Peter. I want you to help me."

"All that I have, dear old thick, is yours for the asking. What can I do?"

"Well, first of all, I want you to swear a big oath to keep the threshold pet." He piloted Darrell along the passage to the American's room, and opened the door. The millionaire looked at them blankly from the pillows, and Darrell stared back in startled surprise.

"My God! What's the matter with Potts?" he cried.

"I've had given a good deal to know," said Hugh grimly. Then he smiled reassuringly at the motionless man, and led the way back to the sitting-room."

"Sit down, Peter," he said, "Get outside that beer and listen to me carefully."

For ten minutes he spoke, while his companion listened in silence. Gone completely was the rather vacuous-faced youth clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown; in his place there sat a keen-faced man nodding from time to time as a fresh point was made clear.

At length Hugh finished. "Will you help, old man?" he asked.

"Of course," returned the other. "But wouldn't it be better, Hugh," he said pleadingly, "to whip up two or three of the boys and have a real scrap? I don't seem to have anything to do."

Drummond shook his head decidedly. "No, Peter, my boy—not this show. We're up against a big thing; and if you like to come with me, I think you'll have all you want in the scrapping line before you're finished. But this time I low cunning is the order."

Darrell rose. "Right you are, dearie. Your instructions shall be carried out to the letter. Come and feed your face with me."

"Not today," said Hugh. "I've got quite a bit to get through this afternoon."

As soon as Darrell had gone, Drummond again rang the bell for his servant.

"This afternoon, James, you and Mrs. Denny will leave here and go to Paddington. Go out by the front door, and should you find yourselves being followed—as you probably will be—keep your heads. Having arrived at the booking-office—take a ticket to Cheltenham, say—and by the time Denny in an unmuzzled tone, and exhort her not to miss the next train to that delectable inland resort. Then, James, you will board the train for Cheltenham and go there. You will remain there for two days. You will then return here, and await further orders. Do you get me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your wife—she has a sister or something, hasn't she, knocking about somewhere?"

"She is a palsied cousin in Camberwell, sir," remarked James with justifiable pride.

"Magnificent," murmured Hugh. "She will daily until eventide with her palsied cousin—if she can bear it—and then she must go by underground to Ealing, where she will take a ticket to Goring. I don't think there will be any chance of her being followed—you'll have drawn them off. Whether she get to Goring, I want the cottage got ready at once, for two visitors." He paused and lit a cigarette. "Above all, James—mum's the word. As I told you a little while ago, the game has begun. Now just repeat what I've told you."

He listened while his servant run through his instructions, and nodded approvingly. "To think there are still people who think military service a waste of time!" he murmured. "Four years ago you couldn't have got one word of it right."

He dismissed Denny, and sat down at his desk. First he took the half-a-dozen sheets out of his pocket, and putting it in an envelope, sealed it carefully. Then he placed it in another envelope, with a covering letter to his bank, requesting them to keep the inclosure intact.

Then he took a sheet of notepaper, and with much deliberation proceeded to pen a document which afforded him considerable amusement, judging by the grin which appeared from time to time on his face. This effusion he also enclosed in a sealed envelope, which he again addressed to his bank. Finally, he stamped the first, but not the second—and placed them both in his pocket.

With the departure of the Dennys for Paddington, which coincided most aptly with the return of Peter Darrell, a period of activity commenced in Half Moon street. But being interior activity, interfering in no way with the placid warmth of the street outside, the gentleman without, whom a keen observer might have thought strangely interested in the beauties of that well-known thoroughfare—seeing that he had been there for three hours—remained serenely unconscious of it. His pal had followed the Dennys to Paddington, Drummond had not come off—and the watcher who watched without was beginning to get bored.

About 4:30 he sat up and took notice as some one left the house; but it was only the superbly dressed young man whom he had discovered already was merely a clothes-peg calling himself Darrell.

The sun was getting low and the shadows were lengthening when a taxi drove up to the door. Immediately the watcher drew closer, only to stop with a faint smile as he saw two men get out of it. One was the immaculate Darrell; the other was a stranger, and both were quite obviously what in the vernacular is known as oiled.

"You prisheless ole bean," he heard Darrell say affectionately, "thish blinking cabsh my show."

The other man hiccoughed assent, and leant wearily against the railings. "Right," he remarked, "ole friend of me youth. It shall be ash you wish."

With a tolerant eye he watched them tack up the stairs, singing lustily in chorus. Then the door above closed, and the melody continued to float out through the open window.

Ten minutes later he was relieved. It was quite an unostentatious relief. Another man merely strolled past him. And since there was nothing to report, he merely strolled away. He could hardly be expected to know that in Peter Darrell's sitting room, two perfectly sober young men were contemplating with professional eyes an extremely drunk gentleman sinking in an arm-chair, and that one of those two sober young men was Peter Darrell.

Then further interior activity took place in Half Moon street, and as the darkness fell, silence gradually settled on the house.

Ten o'clock struck, then eleven—and the silence remained unbroken. It was not till eleven-thirty that a soldier small sound made Hugh Drummond sit up in his chair, with every nerve alert. It came from the direction of the kitchen—and it was the sound he had been waiting for.

Swiftly he opened his door and passed along the passage to where the motionless man lay still in bed. "Hiram C. Potts," he said in a low, conxing tone, "sit up and take your schollna. Force yourself, laddie, force yourself. I know it's nauseating, but doctor said no alcohol and very little meat."

His voice died away, and he rose slowly to his feet. In the open door four men were standing, each with a peculiar-shaped revolver in his hand.

"What the devil," cried Drummond furiously, "is the meaning of this?"

"Cut it out," cried the leader contemptuously. "These guns are silent. Make you utter—you die. Do you get me?"

The veins stood out on Drummond's forehead, and he controlled himself with an immense effort.

"Are you aware that this man is a guest of mine, and sick?" he said, his voice shaking with rage.

"You don't say," remarked the leader, and one of the others laughed. "Rip the bed-clothes off, boys, and gag the young cock-sparrow."

Before he could resist, a gag was thrust in Drummond's mouth and his hands were tied behind his back. Then, helpless and impotent, he watched three of them lift up the man from the bed, and putting a gag in his mouth also, carry him out of the room.

"Move," said the fourth to Hugh. "You join the picnic."

A large car drove up as they reached the street, and in less time than it takes to tell, the two helpless men were pushed in, followed by the leader; the door was shut and the car drove off.

"Don't forget," he said to Drummond suavely, "this gun is silent. You had better be the same."

At one o'clock the car swung up to The Elms. For the last ten minutes Hugh had been watching the invalid in the corner, who was making frantic efforts to loosen his gag. His eyes were rolling horribly, and he swayed from side to side in his seat, but the bandages round his hands held firm and at last he gave it up.

Even when he was lifted out and carried indoors he did not struggle; he seemed to have sunk into a sort of apathy, Drummond followed with dignified calmness, and was led into a room off the hall.

In a moment or two Peterson entered, followed by his daughter. "Ah! my young friend," cried Peterson affably, "I hardly thought you'd give me such an easy run as this." He put his hand into Drummond's pockets, and pulled out his revolver and a bundle of letters. "For your bank," he murmured. "Oh! surely, surely not that as well. Not even stamped. Unpay him, Irma—and untie his hands. My very dear young friend—you pain me."

"I wish to know, Mr. Peterson," said Hugh quietly, "by what right this dastardly outrage has been committed. A friend of mine, sick in bed—removed, abducted in the middle of the night: to say nothing of me."

With a gentle laugh Irma offered him a cigarette. "Mon Dieu!" she remarked, "but you are most gloriously ugly, my Hugh."

Peterson, with a faint smile, opened the envelope in his hand. And, even as he pulled out the contents, he paused suddenly and the smile faded from his face. From the landing upstairs came a heavy crash, followed by a flood of the most appalling language.

"What the—h—l do you think you're doing, you flat-faced son of a Maltese goat? And where the h—l am I, anyway?"

"I must apologize for my friend's language," murmured Hugh gently, "but you must admit he has some justification. Besides, he was, I regret to state, quite wonderfully drunk earlier this evening, and just as he was sleeping it off these desperadoes abducted him."

The next moment the door burst open, and an infuriated object rushed in. His face was wild, and his hand was bandaged, showing a great red stain on the thumb.

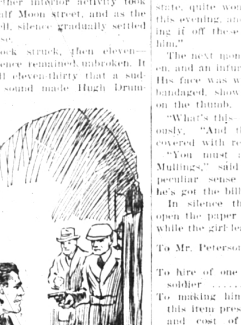
"What's this—dest?" he howled furiously. "And this d—d bandage all covered with red ink?"

"You must ask my friend here, Mullings," said Hugh. "He's got a peculiar sense of humor. Anyway, he's got the bill in his hand."

In silence they watched Peterson open the paper and read the contents, while the girl leaned over his shoulder.

To Mr. Peterson, Godalming.

	£	s.	d.
To hire of one demobilized soldier	5	0	0
To making him drunk (in this item present strength and cost of drink and soldier's capacity must be allowed for)	5	0	0
To bottle of red ink	0	0	1
To shock to system	10	0	0
Total	£20	0	1



"What the Devil," Cried Drummond Furiously, "Is the Meaning of This?"

CHAPTER IV.

In Which He Spends a Quiet Night at the Elms.

ONE

"It is a little difficult to know what to do with you, young man," said Peterson gently, after a long silence. "I knew you had no tact."

Drummond leaned back in his chair and regarded his host with a faint smile.

"I must come to you for lessons, Mr. Peterson, though I frankly admit," he added genially, "that I have never been brought up to regard the forcible abduction of a harmless individual and a friend who is sleeping off the effects of what low people call a jag as being exactly typical of that admirable quality."

Peterson's glance rested on the disheveled man still standing by the door, and after a moment's thought he leaned forward and pressed a bell.

"Take that man away," he said abruptly to the servant who came into the room, "and put him to bed. I will consider what to do with him in the morning."

"Consider be d—d," howled Mullings, starting forward angrily. "You'll consider a thick ear, Mr. Blooming Know-all. What I wants to know—"

The words died away in his mouth, and he gazed at Peterson like a bird looks at a snake. There was something so ruthlessly malignant in the stare of the gray-blue eyes that the ex-soldier who had viewed going over the top with comparative equanimity as being part of his job qualified and looked apprehensively at Drummond.

"Do what the kind gentleman tells you, Mullings," said Hugh, "and go to bed." He lit a cigarette, and thoughtfully blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Stop this fooling," snarled Peterson. "Where have you hidden 'otts?"

"Tush, tush," murmured Hugh. "You surprise me, I had formed such a charming mental picture of you, Mr. Peterson, as the strong, silent man who never lost his temper, and here you are, disappointing me at the beginning of our acquaintance."

For a moment he thought that Peterson was going to strike him, and his own fist clenched under the table.

"I wouldn't, my friend," he said quietly, "indeed I wouldn't. Because if you hit me, I shall most certainly hit you. And it will not improve your beauty."

Slowly Peterson sank back in his chair, and the veins which had been standing out on his forehead became normal again. He even smiled; only the ceaseless tapping of his hand on his left knee betrayed his momentary loss of composure. Drummond's fist unclenched, and he stole a look at the girl. She was in her favorite attitude on the sofa, and had not even looked up.

"I suppose that it is quite useless for me to argue with you," said Peterson after a while.

"I was a member of my school debating society," remarked Hugh reminiscently. "But I was never much good. I'm too obvious for argument, I'm afraid."

"You probably realize from what has happened tonight," continued Peterson, "that I am in earnest."

"I should be sorry to think so," answered Hugh. "If that is the best you can do, I'd cut it right out and start a tonga farm."

The girl gave a little gurgle of laughter and lit another cigarette.

"Will you come and do the dangerous part of the work for us, Monsieur Hugh?" she asked.

"If you promise to restrain the little fellows, I'll water them with pleasure," returned Hugh lightly.

Peterson rose and walked over to the window, where he stood motionless, staring out into the darkness. Hugh realized that the moment was critical. There were in the house probably half a dozen men who, like their master, were absolutely unscrupulous. If it suited Peterson's book to kill him, he would not hesitate to do so for a single second.

For a moment the thought crossed his mind that he would take no chances by remaining in the house; that he would rush Peterson from behind and escape into the darkness of the garden. But it was only momentary, gone almost before it had come, for Hugh Drummond was not the manner of man to gone even before he noticed that Peterson was standing in such a position that he could see every detail of the room behind him reflected in the glass through which he stared.

Both Hugh and Peterson narrowly escape death in the dark.

TO BE CONTINUED

HEART CAN FEEL NO PAIN

But Vital Organ Sends Out Its Message of Warning When Physical Danger Threatens.

The heart has no nerves of sensation, Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D., writes in the Saturday Evening Post. If the surgeon could get to it without cutting through the sensory nerves on the surface of the body he could operate on the heart itself without causing pain. And yet pain is sometimes a symptom of heart disease, but it is produced in a roundabout way.

If the heart cannot feel, how can there be pain in heart disease? Remember of the heart nerves go to certain subworkers in the spinal cord, and there they connect with the superficial nerves of sensation. Continued irritation of the heart nerves is thus communicated to the surface nerves and there is reflex or referred pain, not in the heart, but in the chest wall over which the sensory nerves are distributed.

True heart pain is always due to exhaustion of the heart muscle and may be recognized by the presence of other symptoms. It is made worse by the slightest exertion, by anything that increases the rapidity of the heart's contractions. And nearly always the respirations are labored and deep, expressing the desire of the sluggish blood stream for more air. But the pain is in the chest wall, never in the heart.

More significant than pain is a feeling of contraction, of tightness in the chest behind the breastbone, which may be experienced by those of middle age. It is especially noticeable after a full meal, after smoking or during exertion. It is a warning of nature's quiet warnings. It usually accompanies high blood pressure, with or without hardening of the arteries. The more often the sensation recurs and the more easily it is induced, the more attention it demands.

Let Your Faith Be Justified.

It's folly to take for granted all that's told you about the straight road. Most of the time you can follow the travel, but where divisions come and the travel is about evenly divided you are compelled to ask for information or guess. The best way is to get a chart of the route you expect to follow before you start out. That will give you the general lay out, and full instructions as to where to find turns and branches in the road. Then when you do inquire you can check up with the authority in your possession. And when you ask information you must be careful to note the intelligence of the one you talk with. Besides, he may never see you again, so he just makes a bold guess and you, by following, will soon be wondering where you are at. Guess not but don't be credulous.—Exchange.

Washington's Religion.

There has been considerable controversy over the extent to which religious belief entered into Washington's character. His own chronicles show that most of his Sundays, except during the presidency, when he felt obliged to set an example, he spent in answering letters, going over his accounts, hunting or doing any business that those with whom he was negotiating had no scruples. In choosing people to work for him he set up no barriers of creed, judging men from the standpoint of honesty, industry and ability.

How Kisses Came.

Of course it doesn't really matter who invented kissing—the legend of the Grecian shepherdess who found an opal on one of the hills near Athens and, wishing to give it to a young shepherd whose hands were occupied, let him take it from her lips with his own, is one of many stories which give Greece the honor of the very first kiss.

Fat incomes of some men are due to the judicious use of writing pen

THE STORY OF OUR STATES.

By JONATHAN BRACE

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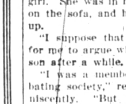
WASHINGTON



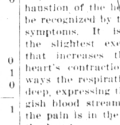
THE story of Washington the forty-second state of the Union, is tied up with two of our Presidents. The first is obvious, for it was in honor of our first President, George Washington, that the state was named, as a lasting memorial to this great soldier-statesman! But the actual fate of this region was due to President Polk, and formed the main issue in his campaign for election in 1844.

Previous to that time, the country north of California and extending to Alaska, which was then owned by Russia, was called the Oregon territory. Claim was laid to this region by both Great Britain and the United States as has been seen in the story of Oregon. In 1818, when the boundary between Canada and the United States was settled, this line was definitely placed from the Atlantic coast to the Rocky mountains. But no agreement could be reached west of that, and it was left under an arrangement whereby this territory was to be jointly occupied by the British and Americans.

Settlers from the United States began to come into the Northwest in such numbers that the United States felt that they had their own in this section, which included the present states of Oregon and Washington, and British Columbia, through the right of possession. Agitation in favor of actively pushing our claims became so strong that when Polk was nominated by the Democrats in 1844, one of the main planks in the party platform was the famous slogan popularly called "Fifty-four forty or fight." This meant that the United States was determined to annex this territory as far north as Parallel 54 degrees 40 minutes, which was the lower boundary of Alaska, or fight for its possession. Like many party planks, this one was not followed, although Polk was elected. Instead in 1846 a peaceful settlement was made with England on a compromise basis, which made the boundary run along the 49th parallel, and thus was added to the United States an area equal to six times the size of New York state.

In 1853 Washington territory was separated from Oregon. It did not, however, become a state until 1889, and then only after thirteen years petitioning for admission.

IDAHO



THE year 1889 saw the stars in our flag increased from thirty-eight to forty-two, for four states were added to the Union in that year.

In 1890 two more states were admitted, the first of which was Idaho, so that during these two years the manufacturers must have been kept busy turning out new flags with the proper number of stars.

Idaho is very mountainous and the name is derived from the Shoshone Indian word meaning "gem of mountains."

The first white explorers were undoubtedly Lewis and Clark on their memorable trip in 1804-5.

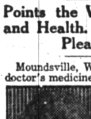
Idaho was a part of Oregon territory, which was jointly occupied by British and Americans until the Treaty of 1846 definitely turned over to the United States the country south of the 49th parallel. In 1863 Idaho was organized as a territory, with an area three times the size of the present state, as it included Montana and part of Wyoming. The next year Montana was set off for a territory by itself, and in 1868 Wyoming was organized so that in 1890 when Idaho was admitted as the forty-third state of the Union, its area was reduced to 83,888 square miles. Even so it ranks as the eleventh state in size.

The rapid settlement of Idaho was due to the discovery of gold, the same cause which so rapidly built up the adjacent states. It was in 1862 that gold was found at Coeur d'Alene in the northern part of the state, and miners immediately flocked to the state in great numbers. In fact, both placer and quartz gold mines are found in every county of the state, and in addition, the lead-silver district in Shoshone county is considered one of the richest in the United States. There was serious labor trouble in the Coeur d'Alene section in 1892 and again in 1899, when martial law was established until peace between the miners and mine owners was effected.

Idaho is fifth from the end in the list of states according to population, and accordingly has but four presidential electors. But the state is developing rapidly.

ONE NEIGHBOR TELLS ANOTHER

Points the Way to Comfort and Health. Other Women Please Read



Moundsville, W. Va.—"I had taken doctor's medicine for nearly two years because my periods were irregular, came every two weeks, and I would suffer with bearing-down pains. A lady told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and how it cured her daughter, so I took it and now I am regular every month and have no pain at all. I recommend your medicine to everyone and you may publish my testimonial, hoping that the Vegetable Compound does some other girl the good it has done me."—Mrs. GEORGES TEGARDEN, 915 Third Street, Moundsville, W. Va.

How many young girls suffer as Mrs. Tegarden did and do not know where to turn for advice or help. They often are obliged to earn their living by toiling day in and day out no matter how hard the pain they have to bear. Every girl who suffers in this way should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if she does not get prompt relief write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts, about her health. Such letters are held in strict confidence.

ASTHMA

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Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

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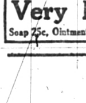
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.



GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

Probably Not.

Jimmy was playing in a neighbor's yard with other children.

In the midst of their fun, Jimmie's mother came out and said: "Jimmie, what did I tell you to do? Didn't I tell you to mow the lawn?"

Jimmie's face fell in a gloom then, because he hated that kind of work. As he came into his own yard, with his hands in his pockets, he remarked disgustedly: "Aw, gee, ma, you never was a boy."

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treating it at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Effective Toothbrush.

To eliminate a great number of petty inconveniences that generally go with washing the teeth in the morning, a fountain toothbrush is a practical recent invention, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Within the brush handle is a narrow compartment designed to carry a tube of paste. To wash the teeth, the bristles of the brushes are wetted and the paste from the inner tube introduced to them by turning a knurled collar at the end of the handle, which forces it out.

EASY TO KILL RATS and MICE
By Using the Genuine
STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE
READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS
Directions in 16 languages in every box.
Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Ants and Waterbugs disappear and property and premises are rat-proof when Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for air and fresh food.
25c and $1.00. "Money back if it fails."
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U. S. Government buys it.

Modena Cathedral.

The cathedral at Modena, Italy, consecrated in 1184, is a well-designed Romanesque structure. The west facade is one of the best of its date in Italy. The three-aisled interior contains sculpture and tombs. The Ghirlandina tower, the campanile of the cathedral, finished to the spire in 1315, is 315 feet high. The massive square lower stage, about 200 feet high, bears the slender spire, which springs from an octagon of two arcaded tiers and is pierced with flower-like openings.

Enjoy the Sun and Prolong Life.

Once upon a time people worshiped the sun. It would help all of us city folks, and country folks, if we acquired some of that respect for sunlight. Scientists may say this or that about the sun. They may agree or disagree with regard to certain theories of light, but the common everyday people are satisfied with the simple fact that sunlight is healing, that it breeds life, that it is the source of great beauty. People who live in the country do not appreciate sunlight, because they have so much of it.