FARMER'S WIFE NEARLY STARVED

Mrs. Peterson Says She Was Afraid to Eat on Account of Trouble That Followed.

"I weighed just a hundred and three pounds when I began taking Tanlac, but now I weigh a hundred and twenty-two pounds," declared Mrs. Amy Peterson, the wife of a prosperous farmer of Lakeville, Mass., a suburb of New Bedford.

"I had acute indigestion," she said "and no one knows how I suffered. I had cramping pains in my stomach that were almost unbearable, and I suffered no end of distress from gas and bloating. Why, I was actually starving to keep from being in such awful misery, and I lost thirteen pounds in weight. Sometimes I wonder how I lived through it all, and I just thought there was no hope for me. I was restless night and day and was easily irritated, and some nights I slept so little it didn't seem that I had been to bed at all.

"But now I feel as strong and well as if I had never been sick a day in my life, and I just know Tanlac is the best medicine in the world. I haven't a touch of indigestion now, and every time I sit down to the table I can't help but feel thankful for Tanlac. I have a wonderful appetite and have gained back all my lost weight and six pounds besides. I am simply overjoyed to be feeling so well and I just praise Tanlac everywhere I go."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Average Life of Motor Cars.

As highway transportation develops and passenger cars and truck become practically the sole means of road travel, the proportion of first purchasers of cars and trucks in the total of car sales will decrease, and the demand for new cars each year will become more and more nearly equal to the number of cars which drop out of service. For this reason it is becoming increasingly important for the trade to know how many cars will be required for replacement of those withdrawn from service. Analysis of registration, production, export and import figures over a period of years leads to the conclusion that the average life of two million cars retired from service in the last seven years was about 5.3 years.—Scientific American.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

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.

Saved With Dynamite.

A thrilling story comes out of northern Ontario. The women of an Indian encampment were attacked by timber wolves while the men were absent trapping. With the few rifles left in the camp the women defended themselves until the ammunition gave out and their situation became perilous. An Indian boy thought of some sticks of dynamite for use in lakes when fishing was bad. A bundle of them with caps and fuses was thrown among the wolves and the explosion killed 36 wolves and frightened off the remainder.

Cuticura Soothes Itching Scalp

On retiring gently rub spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Make them your everyday toilet preparations and have a clear skin and soft, white hands.

The House of Lights.

"The vast hall was a blaze of dazzling light. From the center of the ceiling, almost touching the heads of the guests, hung a magnificent chandelier, fashioned like a huge rose, bonsting a hundred gleaming electric bulbs which cast a wondrous radiance over the great assembly. Every niche in the ornate walls had a gleaming bulb and every alcove was a miniature of light! It was magnificent!"

At this point the struggling author dropped his pen and called out to his wife: "Rosie, for goodness' sake bring me another candle!"

LUCKY STRIKE cigarette

It's toasted

The American Tobacco Co.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

WATERLOO

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

Erckmann-Chatrian is the joint name of two French writers whose collaborations made their work (that of, so to speak, one personality; the former writing chiefly and the latter editing and adapting for the stage. Emile Erckmann was born on the 20th of May, 1822, at Phalsbourg; and Louis Christian Alexandre Chatrian, on the 18th of December, 1826, at Soldatenthal, Lorraine. They began their work together in 1847 and continued doing so until 1889.

Among their first publications are "Science et Genie," "Schinderhannes" and many short stories. The series of novels to which Erckmann-Chatrian owe in great part their reputation includes "Le Fou Yegof," "Madame Therese," "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813," "L'Ami Fritz," "Histoire d'un Homme des Peuple," and many others.

Their dramatic compositions and adaptations, as "Georgette le Chasseur des Ruines," "L'Alsace en 1814."

Their stories, dealing with the realities of the times, are distinguished by simplicity and a genuine descriptive power, particularly in battle scenes and those of Alsatian peasant life.

THERE was joy unbounded when Louis the Eighteenth returned in 1814.

Yes, everybody was delighted, except the old soldiers and the fencing-masters.

Living with Father Goulden in l'Palatinate, of old Lorraine, I was happy in the belief that conscription was now over, and that at last, I should be able to marry Catherine and live in peace.

So, when the marriage permit came, I rushed at once to her with the news. I kissed her again and again and we both wept for joy.

And then, after the happiness of marrying Catherine, my greatest delight lay in thinking that I should be a tradesman for the rest of my life.

Ah, what a happy life! what satisfaction to be young and to have a simple, good, industrious wife! We shall never be old! We shall always love one another and always retain about us those whom we love.

Thus days and weeks went by. But, later on, we found that the returning royalists, the ministers and the princes, who had rushed back to France after Napoleon's banishment, adopted the most insolent manner toward us, the people. And as to their treatment of Napoleon's former soldiers I can still hear the commandant expostulating, "They are starving us; they are treating us like Cossacks; only they are too cowardly to kill us!"

But, about the beginning of March, a rumor began to circulate that the emperor had escaped from Elba and had landed in France. Quickly his advance toward Paris followed; and the old soldiers, sent out to restrain him, rushed forward to kneel at his feet. Thus it was that Napoleon again came to the throne.

What happened afterward, however, was not so agreeable to me, now a married man, settled as I had hoped for a life of peace. For I was called to the colors. Anne Grethel, who had always been like a mother to me, sobbed aloud. Catherine passed into a deadly swoon.

Yet, in spite of all, I needs must leave for the army with my old veteran soldier friend, Zebede, and at once we were rushed to the front.

One day, as we halted, the emperor came to our lines and the whole division shouted "Vive l'Empereur!"

I had a good view of him as he advanced with his arms crossed behind his back and his head bent. He had grown stouter and more sallow since the days of Leipsig. He looked much older and his cheeks were flabby. Little wonder, also, that he appeared worried—for had he not lost everybody's confidence? The old soldiers alone retained their love for him; they were ready to conquer or to die in his behalf. But for my part I cared much more for Catherine than for the emperor. Of her I thought with greatest tenderness, the more so knowing that she would soon become a mother. And I prayed to God to preserve my life.

At last we came upon the Prussians and, driving them back at Ligny, marched on against the British.

I thought I should drop every moment from weakness, but finally near Waterloo, on mounting a little ridge, we saw the English pickets through the rain.

In a cornfield, under a beating storm, we lay like gypsies, our teeth chattering with the cold—and yet thinking of massacring our fellow men, and esteeming ourselves lucky if we had a turnip, a carrot or anything else to keep up our strength. Is that a life for honest men? Is it for this that God created us? Is it not an abomination to think that a king or an emperor, instead of encouraging commerce and diffusing liberty, should reduce us to this state by hundreds of thousands? I know that this is called glory, but people are foolish to glorify such men who have lost all sense of right and heart and religion.

When I awoke in the morning, the church-bells were ringing and I thought:

"Today is Sunday, a day of peace and rest. Father Goulden, dressed in his best coat and a clean shirt, is thinking of me. Catherine is sitting on the bed and weeping. Aunt Grethel has taken her prayer-book and is going to mass." As I pictured to myself that quiet, happy life, I could have burst into tears.

But the drums began to beat and the trumpets sounded.

The first movement was when our five divisions were ordered to advance. We were about twenty thousand men marching in two lines and sinking up to our knees with every step in the soft mud. Nobody spoke a word.

Face to face with us were the English, in perfect order, their cannoneers with lighted matches in their hands.

On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but cuirasses, helmets, swords, lances and rows of bafonets.

"What a battle!" cried Buche, my comrade-at-arms. "Woe to the English!"

And I thought as he did. I believed that not a single Englishman would escape. But bad luck pursued us that day; though, had it not been for the Prussians, I think we should have exterminated them all.

Down into the little valley we poured, right into the face of the English fire, and shouting all the time "Give them the bayonet!"

The batteries hurled their grape-shot point blank upon us. It was then, for the first time, I saw the English close at hand. They had fair skins and were clean shaven like respectable citizens. They can fight well, too—but we are as good as they. Every shot of the English told; and this forced us to break our ranks, for men are not mere palisades.

And almost at the same moment we saw a mass of red dragoons, on gray horses, sweeping along like the wind and sabring our stragglers without mercy. It was one of the most terrible moments of my life as we were driven back.

What a fearful thing is a battle!

Then out came Marshal Ney waving his sword in the air. Older, thinner and more bony than when I saw him last but still the same brave soldier with the clear eyes that seemed to take us all in.

"Forward," he cried, "I shall lead you myself!" And we rushed ahead, one after the other like a pack of wolves, until we gained the principal outpost of the British.

But suddenly the rumor spread that the Prussians were coming. I felt my courage quake.

At that moment cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from thousands of throats behind us, and looking back I saw all our cavalry of the right wing advancing to attack the solid squares of the English. It was an awesome sight. With waving sabres they rushed pell-mell again and again upon the red-coats. Twenty such charges they made, until the horses of our cuirassiers, exhausted, could no longer even walk—and there still firmly stood the great red lines, steadfast as walls.

Now all that remained for attack was the Old Guard—those wonderful veterans who had fought in Germany, in Egypt, in Spain and in Russia, of whom the Emperor took special care and who no longer knew parents or relations. They only knew the emperor who was their god. When it was said in the ranks "The Guard is going to charge," it was the same as saying, "The battle is won!"

And Ney commanded them!

Upon the Guard fell the concentrated hail of bullets. In twenty minutes every officer had been dismounted and the Guard, reduced from three thousand men to twelve hundred, slowly gave way.

Now the entire English army fell upon us. And, as the remnant of the Old Guard fell backward, across the field fled hussars, cuirassiers, artillery and infantry like an army of savages.

What can I tell you more? It was utter rout. And in the valley old Blucher, with forty thousand Prussians, was looming up.

The end had come—and I wept like a child.

Back we scurried, borne down with fatigue, hunger and despair.

"Keep on," cried Buche, "the Prussians take no prisoners. Look! they are cutting down everyone."

So back, back, even to Paris we fled, and there we learned that hostilities were to be suspended, that the emperor had gone, and that the king was returning to the throne. Deserters began.

I hurried on from village to village and at last reached Pfalzbourg—and my home.

Up the stairs I sprang; Catherine was in my arms. I fell to sobbing so violently that you would have thought misfortune had come upon me.

The first words of Catherine were, "Joseph, I knew that you would come back. I had put my trust in God."

Thus happiness finally reached us.

Now I have lived to see the return of the flag of liberty and to see the marvelous increase in wealth, in education and in happiness. People begin to understand their rights. They know that war only brings increase of taxation and suffering; and when the people, as masters, shall say, "Instead of sending our sons to perish by thousands beneath the sword and the cannon, we will have them taught and made men!" who will dare gainsay them?

In this hope I bid you farewell, my friends, and I embrace you with all my heart.

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THE STORY OF OUR STATES

By JONATHAN BRACE

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OREGON

IT WAS the Spanish who laid claim to the discovery of our Pacific coast. In 1543 Ferrelo possibly sailed as far North as the Oregon boundary. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake explored for England the coast considerably north of this. Other Spaniards made further explorations and Captain Cook, the English navigator, in 1783 landed at Nootka Sound and gave it a name. Thus both Spain and England laid claim to this region.

The American rights to this territory were based on the discovery of the Columbia river in 1792 by Captain Robert Gray, who sailed from Boston in the ship Columbia to open up fur trade. Many American fur traders followed and in 1811 John Jacob Astor, the head of the Pacific Fur company, established a settlement called Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia.

The real opening of the Northwest was the result of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition. These two captains were sent out by President Jefferson to explore the sources of the Missouri river. They continued their explorations, crossing over the mountains to the Columbia river, and traveled down this to the Pacific. Missionaries also penetrated to the coast and started missions. Among these were Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. H. H. Spaulding, who with their wives went to Oregon in 1836. These two women were the first white women to cross the Rocky mountains.

By 1843 a decided flow of emigrants from the East traveled over the Oregon trail from Kansas City to the Columbia river, and thus into Oregon. The trip over this route occupied about three months and the settlers generally traveled in large parties to withstand any possible attacks from Indians.

American settlers became so numerous that the United States actively laid claim to this region. Spain had been forced to withdraw any rights she may have had when Florida was ceded in 1819. This left England and America quarreling over this section of the country. Final settlement, with definite boundaries between the United States and Canada, was made in 1846.

The Oregon territory was formed in 1848 and the State of Oregon was taken into the Union in 1859 with an area of 96,699 square miles.

KANSAS

WAY back in 1541 Coronado, the Spanish explorer, is reputed to have penetrated to Kansas in search of a mythical wealthy Indian tribe. It was not again visited, however, by white men until nearly one hundred and seventy-five years later, when the French in Louisiana sent out an expedition to investigate the remote portions of what was then their territory. Most of the present State of Kansas was a part of the Louisiana Purchase and so passed from French hands to the United States in 1803. A small additional part was later added in 1850, being ceded by Texas.

The Lewis and Clark party traversed this region in 1804, and Lieutenant Pike passed through Kansas two years later.

Kansas history really becomes interesting in the middle of the century, when the slavery agitation gave it the name of "Bleeding Kansas." It had been an unorganized territory since 1821, at which time it had been considered a portion of the Territory of Missouri. According to the Missouri Compromise, if Kansas became a state it could not be a slavery state. The opposition of the South was so strong the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed in 1854, making this vital question optional with the inhabitants in each proposed state. With this law in force, the two factions actively started colonizing Kansas. Immigrants from the slave states of Arkansas and Missouri immediately founded Leavenworth. The Massachusetts Emigrant Aid society sent out anti-slavery settlers, who founded Lawrence, Topeka and other towns. Conflict between these two parties broke out at once, and it was only put down by the intervention of federal troops. The Northern settlers came in such numbers that they soon were in the majority and in 1861 an anti-slavery constitution was adopted. So Kansas was admitted to the Union in that year.

The political dispute over Kansas was the cause of the formation of the present Republican party.

About Pigs.

An eight-year-old boy recently asked his mother to tell him the meaning of the word "canine," which he had found while reading. The mother explained the meaning of the word, as connected with dogs, then broadened her information by telling him of the words "feline," "bovine," "equine," etc., as pertaining to other animals. The youngster was apparently impressed. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Oh, yes, mother, I understand. And porcupine means something about pigs, doesn't it?"

Mark Twain's Old Cabin.

In a lonely gulch in Nevada's desolate desert region stands one of America's most interesting literary relics—the old cabin of the late Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. It is situated in a place called Aurora, and there Mark Twain lived and toiled and starved while he evolved "Roughing It." But for the cheerful spirit of the humorist, who originally helped to put it on the map, its entire population would doubtless long since have wandered away into oblivion.

DEFECTIVES IN THE ORIENT.

There are 1,000,000 blind and at least 400,000 deaf in China. India has 500,000 blind. Nearly 5 per cent of the population of Cairo is said to be physically defective, usually blind or half blind. The natives of the African jungle, instead of being the lusty savages of imagination, are for the most part physically below par. The majority of them are malnourished and diseased and marked physical defects are common.

Decisive in Refusal.

When you do not intend to pay a bill there is nothing like being decisive in your refusal. The other day a bookseller had an "account rendered" returned to him with the following reply scrawled across the billhead: "Dear Sir: I never ordered this beastly book. If I did, you didn't send it. If you sent it, I never got it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't I won't. Now go and hang yourself, you fathead. Yours very respectfully, John Jones."

The American Legion

(Copy for This Department Supplied by the American Legion News Service.)

LEGION OFFICER KNOWS NAVY

Edward Spafford, Chairman of Committee on Naval Affairs, Has Climbed the Ladder.

Edward Elwell Spafford, newly appointed chairman of the American Legion's committee on naval affairs, knows the United States navy on land and on sea as few other men do.

Born in Springfield, Vt., Mr. Spafford was educated in the public schools. He received an appointment to the United States Naval academy in 1901. Assigned to the ship Washington, he became gunnery officer at that time he was the youngest officer in the navy to hold this position.

While the Washington was lying off Cape Hatteras a sailor was washed overboard in a heavy sea. Risking his life in the waves, Mr. Spafford plunged overboard and succeeded in rescuing the seaman. His bravery was recognized in a letter of commendation from the secretary of the navy. He rose to the rank of lieutenant commander.

In 1914 Mr. Spafford resigned from the navy to study law at Columbia university.

With the start of the war Mr. Spafford offered his services to his country and he was made a lieutenant commander in the navy reserve corps. He served for a time as a member of the board of inspection and survey, which was in charge of the selection of ships to be purchased by the government. He directed the fitting out of the first 25 110-foot submarine chasers built for distance service and established a submarine chaser base at New London, Conn.

When the American navy became active in the Straits of Otranto, Mr. Spafford was sent to establish a submarine chaser base at Corfu, Greece, and later became chief of staff of that station. He was in charge of all operations and was on the first American submarine chaser which destroyed an enemy ship after locating it by the process of sound contact.

When the Austrians surrendered two battleships and two destroyers to the United States, Lieutenant Commander Spafford took them over. Later, he investigated the situation along the Dalmatian coast and made a special report on France to the American peace delegation at Paris. He received the Distinguished Service Medal. Mr. Spafford is a member of Manhattan naval post of the American Legion in New York city.

SAYS NO MAN HER SUPERIOR

Bright-Eyed Sergeant and Vice Commander of Post Bluffed Mr. Silver-Eagles.

Who else but a bright-eyed, smiling American girl could have gotten away with it?

Sergeant Minnie Arthur of the United States marine corps was on duty in the recruiting office in Indianapolis, Ind., during the war. The major in charge was nervous; a colonel from Washington was coming to inspect; everyone brushed up on rules of military conduct. In walked the austere colonel. Sergeant Arthur remained working at her desk. Silver-eagles walked over to her desk and frowned.

"Un—ever get up when an officer comes in the room, sergeant?" he growled.

"Yes, sir, sometimes," Miss Three Stripes replied.

"Um—and I suppose you salute your superiors, too, eh?"

Sergeant Arthur smiled sweetly—and then her eyes snapped.

"Sir, I've never seen a man yet who was my superior!"

And the colonel passed it off without a reprimand.

Miss Arthur, now vice-commander of Robert Kennington post of the American Legion in Indianapolis, enlisted for four years and served 18 months. She is still in the reserve, drawing $1 a month with which she buys hair nets. She is authority on Liberian golf and plays a good hand at "blackjack."

On the Square.

"We had quite a game up to the boarding house last night."

"Poker?"

"No. The landlady was going to lick one of the boys for not paying his board. I tried to check her, she jumped me, crowned him and told us both to move."

"Did you do it?"

"Chess."—American Legion Weekly.

Burial Plots for Members.

Fifty plots in Irving Park cemetery, Chicago, have been purchased by Irving Park post of the American Legion for the burial of ex-service men who die in Chicago without relatives or friends to bury them properly.

To Erect Post Building.

The Rotary club of Olympia, Wash., has begun a campaign to raise $25,000 to erect a building for the American Legion posts of that city. On the first day of the movement $4,000 was contributed.

IS BUSY LEGION ORGANIZER

Vice Commander of Body in New York Perfects One of the Most Powerful Units.

Believing that the county organization is a vital part of the American Legion, William F. Deegan, first vice commander of the Legion in New York, has perfected in Bronx county one of the most powerful Legion units in the country.

Among the accomplishments of the Bronx county organization is the placing of bronze plaques on 950 trees as a memorial to the World war dead; employment provided for hundreds of ex-service men by the employment committee, and relief to sick and wounded veterans in New York city hospitals from the Legion's welfare committee.

Mr. Deegan, when asked to give some of his working principles, said: "I insist upon every post being represented at a county meeting held once a month. I visit every post at least once or twice a month and for the benefit of Legionnaires have arranged for a legal committee to take up the principal troubles of the boys, without cost. I find that Legion men have absolute confidence in their officers, provided they know that they do not seek political office at their expense. To that end I make every effort to keep the organization free from men holding appointive offices.

"Personal contact with your post is absolutely necessary—telling them what is going on, listening to complaints and abolishing wherever possible parliamentary procedure, because delegates oftentimes will come to meetings and fear to speak on a subject which is vital to the interests of the organization, because they do not know whether they are in order."

During the war Mr. Deegan was attached to the staff of Gen. George W. Goethals and was assigned to inspect the army bases along the Atlantic coast and inland aviation depots. He was discharged a major in 1919.

LEGION MAN ON LONG HIKE

Sergeant Sylvester of Indiana Is Scheduled to Walk 737 Miles to Boost Training Camps.

Former doughboys will reflect long upon the sad case of Sergt. Harley C. Sylvester, who likes the walking branch of the service so well that he voluntarily agreed to hike an average of 15½ miles a day for 49 days to tell the careless ful citizenry why they should learn to fight.

When officials of Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., looked about for the representative type of American soldier to advertise the citizens' military training camps to be held during the summer, they found Sergeant Sylvester, overseas veteran and member of the American Legion at the military post, still in the service.

Sergeant Sylvester is scheduled to cover 737 miles during the 30 days. He is visiting towns and cities in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. He carries light marching equipment and is the guest of his buddies in the Legion posts along the dusty route.

The American Legion will assist in obtaining recruits for the citizens' military training camps, according to a resolution adopted by the military policy committee of the ex-service men's organization.

TRANSFERS PAY TO LEGION

Permanently Disabled Yank, Propped Up in Bed, Signs Over Bonus Check to Post.

A striking example of the gratitude of the nation's disabled veterans for those who have aided them in their hours of suffering has come to the attention of Lee C. Prentice post of the American Legion in Fairmount, Minn.

Cletus Lappin, a young soldier severely wounded on the battlefields of France and now in hospital, rated totally and permanently disabled, received a check in payment for the state bonus while taking treatment in a sanitarium at Fairmount.

Asking to be propped up in bed, Lappin indorsed the slip, good for several hundred dollars, to the Prentice post of the Legion. "When I needed help," said the boy who had given the best of his life to his country, "the Legion boys stood by me. Now I'm going to do my little bit to help them get those clubrooms they are after."

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

"If you read more you would know more."

"Yes, and miss all the sensational cases by getting rejected for jury duty."—American Legion Weekly.

Outings on Ferry Boats.

Staten Island ferry boats will be used to provide outings for New York sick and disabled veterans of the World war this summer. Weekly excursion trips will be conducted under the auspices of the American Legion and its Women's Auxiliary.

Post Buys Church Building.

West Seattle (Wash.) post of the American Legion solved the housing problem by purchasing a church to be used as clubrooms.

SYMPTOMS WOMEN DREAD

Mrs. Wilson's Letter Should Be Read by All Women

Clearfield, Pa.—"After my last child was born last September I was unable to do all of my own work. I had severe pains in my left side every month and had fever and sick dizzy spells and such pains during my periods, which lasted two weeks. I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would give it a trial. I have been very glad that I did, for now I feel much stronger and do all of my work. I tell my friends when they ask me what helped me, and they think it must be a grand medicine. And it is. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish."—Mrs. HARRY A. WILSON, R. F. D. 5, Clearfield, Pa.

The experience and testimony of such women as Mrs. Wilson prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct such troubles by removing the cause and restoring the system to a healthy normal condition. When such symptoms develop as backaches, bearing-down pains, displacements, nervousness and "the blues" a woman cannot act too promptly in trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound if she values her future comfort and happiness.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, and will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 5 by EXPRESS, prepaid, $1.25. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOULDN'T TAKE ANY CHANCE

Girl Had Little Confidence in Young Man's Courage, and Apparently With Good Reason.

He had been keeping her company eight years and had never even mentioned marriage and she had decided to give him a strong hint the first opportunity she had. It came during one of the early spring days. As they started for a walk into the country she caught up a bright red sweater to wear. He touched her arm. "I wouldn't wear that if I were you, Grace," he said. "The field in which the violets grow best has a Jersey bull in it and—"

"Oh, then I won't wear it," she said emphatically, throwing the red sweater on the rack. "If in eight years you haven't got enough courage to rescue me from an approaching spinsterhood I know you wouldn't have enough in a few minutes to save me from an approaching bull."—Indianapolis News.

Ancient Relic to Harding.

A theater ticket not made of paper but of a stony substance that has stood the test of two thousand years has been presented to President Harding by Dr. John Copstas, assistant surgeon at Georgetown university hospital.

Doctor Constas stated that the theater ticket was probably used during the earliest period of Grecian drama. It bears on one side the engraved head of a gorgon and on the reverse the head of a fox. It is believed to be of Athenian origin.—New York Times.

The Advantage Was His.

"Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much."

"You oughn't to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage."

"What's that?"

"You can see my face without looking into a mirror."

PALMER'S LOTION
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY FOR BURNS, CUTS, CURTS, ECZEMA AND EVERYONE SKIN AND SCALP TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS.
GUARANTEED BY SOLOMON SUMER NEW YORK
PALMER'S LOTION
REMOVES ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

ASTHMA
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for 25 Cents and one DOLLAR. Write 25 Cents for SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.
Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

KILLS PESKY BED BUGS P. D. Q.

Just think, a 35c box of P. D. Q. (Pesky Devils Quietus) makes a quart, enough to kill a million Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas or Cootles, and stops future generations by killing their eggs, and does not injure the clothing. Liquid fire to the Bed Bugs is what P. D. Q. is like; Bed Bugs stand as good a chance as a snowball in a justly famed heat resort. Patent spout free in every package of P. D. Q., to enable you to oil them and their nest eggs in the cracks.

Look for the devil's head on every box. Special Hospital size, $2.50, makes five gallons, contains three spouts. Either size at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

EARN A WEEKLY INCOME COLLECTING NAMES, spare time. Full particulars free. E. Needham, 76 Sylvan, New Haven, Conn.

AGENTS—TRY THESE red hot summer sellers. Workers make huge profits. Write W. T. HENNING, Box 242, SULPHUR, LA.

KREMOLA Keeps the skin soft and smooth after shaving. Sold by druggists everywhere.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 30—1921.