

Father John's Medicine For Colds and Coughs No Alcohol or Dangerous Drugs

Life Man Leads. Nip—Do you believe men are disciplined from animals way back? Tack—Not so sure about that, but lots of us seem to have a dog's life here, all right.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

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.

Problems in Agriculture

The state agricultural experiment stations are studying 4,750 specific problems relating to the agricultural industry of the country. The country is grouped, there are 1,000 projects dealing with agronomy subjects, including field crops, soils and fertilizers, on about one-third of the total.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELLANS Hot Water Sure Relief

BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Head the first warning they give that they need attention by taking LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL CAPSULES.

The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Thrice as effective. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Gray Hair

AS SURE AS DAWN BRINGS AN EVENING CASCARA QUININE

In College. "Is your son in college?" "Technically, yes." "He is leaving the country with the glue club last now?"

MIRINE Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear—Healthy

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

HAMILTON SWIFT, JR.

RYNOPSIS—Newcomer in a small town, a young newspaper man, who while the very first of the unaccountable actions of a man who, from the window of his house, apparently has converse with invisible personages, particularly his neighbor, one "Simplex."

III—Continued.

"Poor David!" outside of his labors, I don't believe he ever read anything but 'Robinson Crusoe' and the Bible and Mark Twain. Oh, you should have heard her talk about it!

"I expect I was thought 'em up!" said Dowden, chuckling. "Well, well," he flicked his cigar with a smothered ejaculation that was half a sigh and half a laugh; "it's a mighty strange case. Here they keep on living next door to each other, year after year, each going on none when they might just as well—"

"I mean a particular instance," I began, meaning to give my attention to give you any clue to Bill Hamnersey and Simplex, but at that moment the gate clicked under the hand of another caller. My cousin and I greeted him, and presently I took my leave without having been able to get back upon the subject of Beasley.

"I think, 'Poor Ann Apperhwaite!'" retorted my cousin. "I'd like to know if there's anything nicer than just to sit and sit and wait as well as if by a man as that—a man who understands things, and thinks and thinks and smiles—instead of everlasting talking."

"As it happens," I remarked, "I've heard Mr. Beasley talk."

"Why, of course he talks," she returned, "when he's coming and going. And he talks to children; he's that kind of a man."

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IV. Finding that I had still some leisure before me, I got a book from my room and repaired to the bench in the garden. But I did not read; I had but opened the book when my attention was arrested by sounds from the other side of the high fence—low and from various croonings of distinctly African derivation.

"She 'ud not make a mistake in a moment," she "ud a-waagin' 'ud de hill so slow; 'Slah, you miss' get a maste in doo time, 'ud de levelling 'ud de choice!"

It was the voice of an aged negro and the simultaneous slight croaking of a small blue and axle croaking in indignation that he more than returned to the child's wagon or perambulator up and down the walk from the kitchen door to the stable. Whiles, he professedly nothing more than a mere repetition of the chant, though with variations; encountering in turn his brother, his daughter, each of his parsons and uncle, his cousin, and his second-cousin, one after the other ascending the same slope with the same perfunctory leure.

"I say, honey," he interrupted his injunctions to the second-cousin, "Dea keep on a nappin' an' a-breadin' dee fish air. Dese what's go' mek you good an' well again."

Then there spoke the strangest voice that ever fell upon my ears; it was not like a man's, neither was it like a very old person's; and it had been a grasshopper's. It was so thin and little, and made of such tiny wavers and quavers and tranges.

"I want—Bill—Hammersey!" The shabby cur that had passed my cousin, she came on in a twinkling, and she was fearful lest she would forget to order the chickens in time for dinner. Throughout the forenoon she kept repeating to herself, "Chickens—chickens—chickens."

I had just now overheard demanding "Bill Hammersey."

"No! I expect you must have delected," he observed when I concluded, "that David Beasley has gone just plain insane."

"Not a bit of it. Nobody could look at him and not know better than that."

"You're right there," said Dowden, heartily. "And now I'll tell you what it is to it. You see, Dave grew up with a cousin of his named Hamilton Swift; they were boys together; went to the same school, and then to college. I don't believe there was ever a high word spoken between them."

"Nobody in this life ever got a quarrel out of Dave Beasley, and Hamilton Swift was a mighty good sort of a fellow, too. He was fast to live after they got out of college, yet they always managed to get together once a year, generally about Christmas time. You couldn't pass them on the street without hearing their laughter ringing out louder than the sleigh-bells, maybe over some of the water to the river, or some folk thing they did, perhaps, when they were boys. But finally Hamilton Swift's business took him over to the other side of the water to live, and he married an English girl, an orphan without any kin. That was about seven years ago. Well, sir, this Christmas he and his wife had a very nice trip down in Switzerland, and he had a high word spoken between them."

"Some day I want to take you over next door," he said, cordially, as I came up. "You ought to know Beasley, especially as I hear you doing some political reporting. Dave Beasley's going to be the next governor of this state, you know." He launched an offer me a cigar, and we sat down together on the front steps.

"I ought to know what he's got in it," said Dowden, cheerfully. "It was said in town that Dowden would 'some pretty near having the nomination in his pocket.'"

"I expect you thought I shifted the subject pretty briskly the other day?" He glanced at me quizzically from under the brim of his black felt hat. "I meant to tell you about that, but the opportunity didn't occur. You see—"

"I understand," I interrupted. "I've heard the story. You thought it might be embarrassing to Miss Apperhwaite."

"I expect I was pretty chummy about it," said Dowden, chuckling. "Well, well," he flicked his cigar with a smothered ejaculation that was half a sigh and half a laugh; "it's a mighty strange case. Here they keep on living next door to each other, year after year, each going on none when they might just as well—"

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FINE JOB FOR HUSBAND AND COOK

Mrs. Smith's Somewhat Exceptional Order Must Have Caused Grocer to Doubt Her Sanity.

There is a certain young matron of Philadelphia who is a bit absent-minded and, consequently, apt to concern matters at times. On one occasion she was fearful lest she would forget to order the chickens in time for dinner. Throughout the forenoon she kept repeating to herself, "Chickens—chickens—chickens."

Finally, when the hour approached at which she was accustomed to call the grocer, she took up the phone and asked:

Substitute for the Word "Obey." Well, so a gauger of our acquaintance thinks you might as well omit "obey" from the marriage service. The oldest young folks got to it he says, is "Oh, yes."—New York World.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once cleared your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

Tuberculosis Reduces Average Life. According to recent statistics prepared by the National Tuberculosis Association, two and one-half years would be added to life of each individual in the United States if tuberculosis were eliminated as a cause of death. During the past 17 years the death rate from the disease has been reduced exactly one-half, but there are still more than 400,000 cases of tuberculosis in the country. Tuberculosis workers, encouraged by the results of their efforts, are planning to continue the campaign in 1920 by lifting or lowering the chair to the desired height, and an adjustable steering wheel. It contains foreshocks that may be external or contracted by lifting or lowering the chair to the desired height, and an adjustable steering wheel. It contains foreshocks that may be external or contracted by lifting or lowering the chair to the desired height, and an adjustable steering wheel.

Automobile barber chairs have recently been installed by a large Brooklyn department store to interest jobbers in having their hair cut. This chair is a miniature of a genuine automobile even to the lever on the inside to open the door. There is a steering wheel, a dashboard, a steering wheel, and an adjustable steering wheel. It contains foreshocks that may be external or contracted by lifting or lowering the chair to the desired height, and an adjustable steering wheel.

Freedom from Laxatives. Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them. Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority. Science has found a newer, better way to mean as simple as Nature itself.

Clear as Mud. "Did he tell you the way?" "No; he only gave me directions."—New York Sun.

More Potent. "Influence is what counts in politics." "Yes, but not nearly so much as influence."—Kansas City Star.

In the language of a get-rich-quick investor there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing.

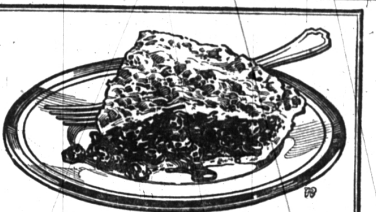
Link Measure. "Stranger—big pardon, sir. How far is it to the North station?" "Golf Bag—I should say about a full drive, three brasses and a putt.—Boston Evening Transcript.

And Each a Day's Work. Young Housekeeper—And these eggs, are they real country eggs? Grocer—Yes'm, genuine hen-made.

"I'm glad there's somebody in that house at last with a little imagination."

"Have you any new young grocers?" "Why, yes, man," came in a surprised tone from the other end. "This is Mrs. Smith talking," she went on, "and I want you to send me a couple dresses!" "And you a couple dresses!" "Well—no; you had better send them undressed, and then when my husband comes home he'll swing their necks and the cook can dress them."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

It isn't when a woman looks daggers that she looks killing.—Boston Transcript.



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SAVE the trouble and the time of baking pies at home, yet give your men folks pies that are exactly to their taste.

Master bakers and neighborhood bake shops in your city are making luscious raisin pie fresh every day. Your grocer, or these bake shops can supply them.

Taste them and you'll know why there's no longer need to bake at home.

SUN-MAID RAISINS The Supreme Pie Raisin

Your retailer should sell you Sun-Maid Raisins for not more than the following prices:

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Nine-tenths of the mince pie is ready in every package

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For Over Thirty Years

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10 Cents

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