

The CAMPAGNA of ROME

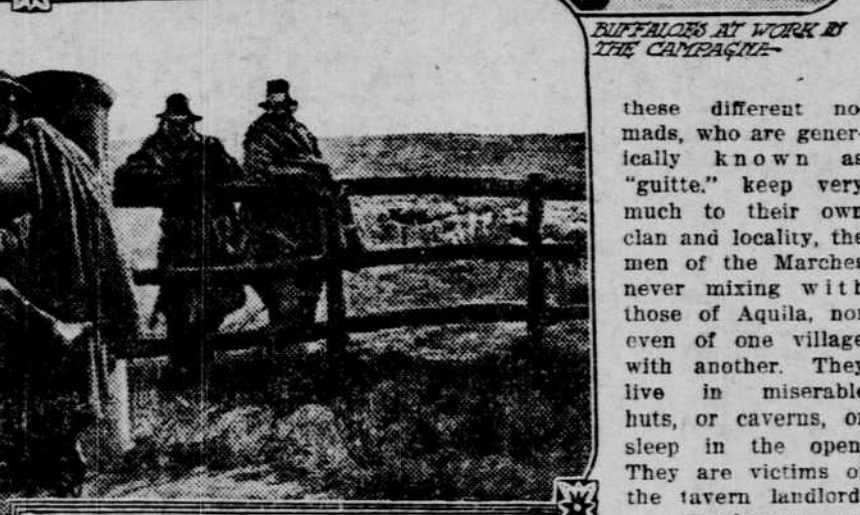
THE Roman Campagna has a quality which is unique, which differentiates it entirely from any other scenery of plain or mountain upon our world's surface. It stirs the imagination; it either uplifts or depresses us according to our mood, and very much too, I think, according to our race and inherited instincts and traditions. It has something of the mystery of the sea, even where it is bounded by that surging line of Sabine mountains; above all, it has the immense, the eternal tradition of that world-city of past empire and present faith, which reaches us so intensely when, looking from the high ground of Tivoli or the Alban Hills, we see the mighty dome of St. Peter's, a misty mass in the far distance, brooding as it were, over the city which lies scarcely distinguishable at its feet.

"The Campagna of Rome," said Gregorovius, "is nothing else than the land of Latium, which is separated from Tuscany by the Tiber. From the time of Constantine the Great the name of Latium has fallen into disuse, and that of Campagna has been used in its place; and in the middle ages this name indicated a great part of the so-called Ducatus Romanus." Since the middle ages the district has been divided into two parts, the Campagna, which comprises the inland district, and the Maritima, which extends along the sea coast as far as Terracina. Nature herself has divided it by mountain and plain into distinct compartments. It is divided into three plains. First, the Campagna around the city, watered by the Tiber and the Anio, and hemmed in by the Alban and the Sabine mountains, the hills about Ronciglione, and the sea-coast; secondly, the great plain in which the Pontine Marshes are situated, bounded on the one side by the Alban and Volscian Hills and on the other by the sea; and, lastly, the valley of the Sacco, which runs down between the Volscian and the Equian and Hernian hills.

A glance at any good map, such, for instance, as even the one given by Baedeker in his "Central Italy and Rome" (page 380), will help us to follow out the geographical divisions given as above by the great historian. We shall see there Bracciano with its lake on the northwest, Subiaco to the far east, on the west the sea line, and in the very center Rome herself, with the Tiber winding down to her from the Umbrian uplands. And the same identification of the Campagna with the old Latium, the Latina Tellus ("Latin Land"), extending along the front of the Mediterranean for 120 miles, as with a superficial area of 1,245 square miles, has been followed by Signor Cervesario in his work on "The Roman Campagna," though he uses the Argo and the Palude (the cultivable land and the marshes) as expressing two essential and very important divisions of this vast area.

"The general color of the Campagna," says this writer, "is a tawny red, paler where it undulates over the terraces of the slopes, greener in the flats where it expands into broad meadows, and the whole wide plain from one horizon to another is bathed in a glorious sea of light. It is that wonderful, mysterious light, the 'color of the air of Rome' of which foreign writers speak; overhead, depths of sapphire blue which towards the horizon melt into a limpid opalescent haze, where every color, every vapor is etherealized and transmuted by the dreamy transparency of this fairy light. Under it the silent plain, starred by asphodels, to the Greek emblems of Hades, and flooded by pearly reflections, seems an Elysian field, where time is naught, and where every reality becomes only the fleeting aspect of an ever-vanishing illusion. . . . The sapphire light that enfolds it, enables it indescribably, seeming to widen the horizon, and to open up mysterious, unfathomable distances behind its transparent veil. Dreams take shape and grow in this air."

Chateaubriand, too, had written of this Campagna. "From its barren soil rises the shadow of the great city. It is more than difficult, it is impossible to describe what one



OXEN PLOWING IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

feels when Rome bursts on one's sight in the midst of her lost dominions; she seems to rise from a tomb in which she had been laid to rest. . . . A host of memories press in, overwhelming and thrilling the soul at the sight of this Rome which twice assumed the dominion of the world."

And, not to dwell too insistently on this side of our subject—the mystery of space and light, blended with the past sense of a tremendous destiny, "which destroys the weak, incites the hero to greatness, and is fateful to all"—who has expressed in any language more tersely or more intimately the emotion it inspires than our Robert Browning, in his "Two in the Campagna?"

The champaign with its endless fleece Of feathery grasses everywhere! Silence and passion, joy and peace. An everlasting wash of air,— Rome's ghost since her decrease. Such life here, through such lengths of hours. Such miracles performed in play. Such primal naked forms of flowers. Such letting Nature have her way While heaven looks from its towers!

It was natural that these qualities, pictorial as well as artistic, of the Roman Campagna should prove an irresistible attraction to the painters of landscapes; and, in fact, without going back so far as the days of Claude de Poussin, within our own age and in my own experience Poingdestre and Arthur Strutt, both of whom I knew in my student days at the British Academy of Rome; Henry Coleman, who, only a few months before his recent and lamented death, had described to me with the words of the same academy his own experiences of the romance of life among the herdsmen of the Campagna; Onorato Carlandi, who happily is still among us in Rome, a genial figure in her art life and one of the famous "Twenty-five of the Campagna" to whose excursions in that magic district I have been invited; Nardi, who is well known in this country, and Pazzini, who deserves to be better known; and, lastly, that master of every branch of his art, Aristide Sartorio, whose kindness has placed at my disposal a superb set of reproductions from his own studio of the Campagna to illustrate this article—all these have been under this wide desolation with an intensity which no beauty of foliage, or sea, or snow-peaked mountain can seem to equal.

The population of the Campagna is largely nomadic, though there is a permanent settled race, not very numerous, using a language which is a mixture of Roman dialect and Abruzzese—the word "buttero" (cattle-driver), for instance being a corruption of "boun doctor." The nomadic people who come down to the field work differ very much among themselves according to their "provenance," but are largely recruited from the Abruzzi. Among them the Aquilani (Aquilani) are prized as good hedgers, the Rieti men, for sowing; the huntsmen and olive-pruners come down from Umbria and Sabina; and

a few hours before, and being in something of a hurry, he tried to beam up on the grip juggler that he stacked up against.

"Look here, old pal," he earnestly pleaded, "my train leaves in just three minutes. Can't you get that suitcase of mine?"

"You are not the only man on earth," was the grouchy rejoinder of the grip juggler. "You will get your suitcase when your turn comes."

Whereat the traveler subsided. He saw what he had collided with and

prepared to pay the penalty of his rashness. One long exasperating minute the grip juggler loathed: Then another! Finally the suitcase was produced.

"Thank you!" freely remarked the traveler as he faded away. "If you ever lose your job here, come to me. I need a man to chase snails."

So He Keeps at Work. When a man does not want to take a vacation it is a sign that he fears that he will not be missed at the shop.

Revenge. It is possible to heap "coals of fire" upon the head of one who has offended us, and do it with such vicious intent that there is no merit in the treatment so far as we are concerned. The kindness that springs from a generous and forgiving spirit is one thing, and the seeming kindness which is secretly intended to humiliate the foe, and to place ourselves on a pedestal is quite another matter. Revenge is the same spirit whether it hurls benefits or brickbats.—Selected.

His One Rival. "One or the other of us," muttered the young man who awaited his beloved in the front parlor, "is going to be turned down tonight!" And he glanced ferociously at the solitary parlor lamp glowing near the piano.

Cheerful News. The eminent physicians had been called in consultation. They had retired to another room to discuss the patient's condition. In the closet of that room a small boy had been concealed by the patient's directions to listen to what the consultation decided, and to tell the patient, who desired genuine information.

"Well, Jimmie," said the patient when the boy came to report, "what did they say?"

"I couldn't tell you that," said the

RUINS OF MEXICO

Republic Full of Wrecks of Historic Cities.

Mitla, "The Place of Death," is Near Town of Oaxaca, on Southern Railroad—Occupies Center of an Arid Plain or Valley.

City of Mexico.—The ruins of ancient cities, remnants of dead civilizations, have a fascination for most people. Be they scientists of great repute, or mere mortals of more common clay, somehow something stirs within them at the touch of antique things. The average tourist seeking succor from the daily grind, whether of the college lecture room or of the constant chase of the elusive dollar in trade and traffic, who finds himself in some strange city and learns that not far off are the weather-beaten walls of an ancient temple, shrine or place whose history is a mystery and whose builders are unknown, hies himself at once to that place. He touches the crumbling stones, traces the grotesque figures and queer designs, and marvels that such things could have been so many years before he came on earth, perhaps even before the very civilization of which he is a boastful part came into existence.

Mexico is full of such ruins as these. In Yucatan alone there are some seventy or more. Approach to some of these is too arduous for most tourists, but on the southernmost shore of the republic lies the state of Oaxaca, whose capital is easily accessible. "Oaxaca City is reached from Puebla by the Mexican Southern," according to a statement in the latest pamphlet on Mexico, issued by the Pan-American Union of Washington. "The distance is 228 miles and the trip takes 12 hours. It is 288 miles from Mexico City and the same distance from Vera Cruz. Its population is 40,000. It was the early home of both Porfirio Diaz, former president, and Benito Juarez, the patriot and national hero. Its age makes it very attractive, but it is quite modern in many ways, possessing tramcars, electric lights, telephones and other factors of comfort. Another feature connected with Oaxaca is the fact that from the city the excursion is made, about twenty-five miles to the southeast, to the ruins of Mitla, some of the best preserved prehistoric remains of all Mexico."

Mitla is a contraction or corruption of the word Mictlan, meaning "The place of Death." The modern village and the ancient ruins occupy the center of an arid plain or valley, surrounded on all sides by equally arid hills, on the highest summit of which are the well-preserved remains of a great fortress, whose walls are of a rough construction and without ornament of any kind. Nearly in the center of the plain five great groups of buildings stand out completely exposed. Many of them are now nearly shapeless mounds and masses of ruins. Two great groups, however, are in compar-

atively perfect preservation, a third is incorporated with an old church, and a fourth, the great sacrificial mound, is surrounded by the ruins of a very ancient church. The principal buildings are of stone masonry. A condensed description of one will give an idea of the others.

The Hall of Pillars, the northernmost building of the north group, is a great room 125 feet long and 23 feet wide. Interior measurements, the height of the walls is about 12 feet, the thickness varying from 3 feet 2 inches on the sides to 4 feet 6 inches for the front wall. The entrances are three doorways nearly 8 feet wide, each composed of three members, two enormous monolithic door jambs about 7 feet high, 6 feet wide, and 2 feet thick. The most striking feature of the room is a row of six monolithic columns running lengthwise of the room, each column standing 11 feet 1 inch above the floor, which is covered with cement. Their circumference is each 9 feet 6 inches. They are slightly tapered at the top, which is perfectly flat. The interior walls are perfectly plain, while the exterior are covered with a rich decoration of panels of mosaic work, surrounded by large squared and sometimes incised sculptured stones.

His Clams All Right. Lady—Once, last summer, I saw some boys "treading for clams," as they called it. They were very dirty looking boys; they were barefooted—feet unwashed, most likely—and they were walking through the mud at low tides. When they felt a clam at their feet, they pulled it out with their toes. It just made me sick. I hope your clams are not caught that way.

Waiter—Of course not, ma'am. The man you furnishes clams to this restaurant fishes for 'em with a silver spoon.

Appendicitis Insurance Higher. The Lloyds of London have recently issued a form of insurance against appendicitis. The claims have become so numerous that they have found it necessary to double their premiums.

Switzerland is a heavy importer of American apples.

HE CATCHES BIRDS AT SEA

Barber on Ocean Liner Uses Whistling Brown Linnet Most Successfully as a Decoy.

The barber of the Atlantic liner Minnetonka finds a new and profitable pastime in catching wandering birds during the vessel's voyage across the ocean—his profit arising from the selling of the birds on his arrival in port. All sorts of birds come on board, he says, and he finds a ready sale for many of the rarer specimens.

His chief assistant in capturing the birds is a whistling brown linnet, which lures the wanderers aboard from its cage in an open port. The vagrant flyers alight on hearing its whistle, and presently flutter inside. Then the port is closed, and the strange birds are soon made prisoners.

"I have caught hundreds of them, and I supply the London zoo regularly," said the bird catcher. "On a recent homeward voyage the linnet lured a snowbird. It was the first one the zoo had been able to secure in 16 years. What the birds require when they first alight on a ship is not food, but water, and it must be boiled.

"Gulls follow a ship all the way across the Atlantic. American gulls are regular convoys as far as the English channel, where they desert us, and follow a westward bound home again. The English gulls follow a liner over and back in the same way. The gulls like emigrant ships best, because the more passengers there are the greater the quantity of scraps thrown overboard."

A Mind Reader. "What makes you sure your congressman is not speaking his mind frankly and freely?"

"The weather," replied Farmer Comtossel. "If he spoke frankly and freely he wouldn't offer any remarks except motions to adjourn."

Baltimore, Md.—While catching raindrops from a second-story window of her home at Catonsville during a storm Cora Sauter, two and one-half years old, daughter of Patrolman Wilham H. Sauter, of Catonsville, fell from the window, but was not seriously injured.

At the time of the accident the child was playing with her two brothers, Carl and Norman, and when the rain began to fall she leaped out of the window to catch the drops. She lost her balance and fell so a cellar door. The force of the fall broke the door, but the child was only slightly bruised. Dr. Marshall B. West was called to attend her.

UNDISTURBED BY THE CLAMOR Sudden and Deafening Noise Had No Effect on Occupant of New York Park.

He was lost in dreamy contemplation of the busy thoroughfare with its hurrying throng, unmindful of the grime and stains that marked and marred his old-fashioned garments, when suddenly there resounded upon the air an ear-splitting roar, a terrific clangor, a stifled shriek from some frightened woman, a babel of voices and a rush of scurrying feet.

He stood transfixed, rooted to the spot, without power to move a muscle, an expression of unconscious agony upon his noble face. Breathlessly he waited, unmindful of the curious glances bestowed upon him, and the little newsboys crouching at his feet, his gaze fixed rigidly upon the spot from whence had arisen that cry of terror. The crowd parted, a heavy truck moved lumberingly aside and a Broadway surface car went on its way. Still he did not move, nor did the stern expression upon his bronzed features relax.

For he alone of all that crowd had nerves sufficiently hardened to withstand the terrifying clamor and confusion. He was the statue of Nathan Hale.—New York State.

Baby Yearned for Raindrop Little Tot's Effort to Grasp Elusive Moisture Plunged Her From Window.

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All for America.

Last year the United States imported knit goods to the amount of \$5,671,863 and this year will have to get along without the imported goods. It is now the fashion for women to "sacrifice" themselves for their countries and what better sacrifice could American women make than cheerfully to wear American-made clothes during the next few years? Let every one declare for American goods.

The Size of It. "Was your husband on his high horse last night?"

"No, just an ordinary bat."

Be happy. Use Red Cross Ball Blue; much better than liquid blue. Delights the laundress. All grocers. Adv.

The Korean postal savings bank system has 420,000 depositors.

Minnesota's population is now 2,250,900.

Out of Pan.

The small boy's sister came in from play on the first day of her visit and asked for a drink.

"There's the water pail," said her grandmother.

"But what shall I use to drink with?"

"Use this," said the old lady, handing the child a tin dipper.

"Honest?" cried the little girl. "Do you want me to drink out of this pan?"

—New York News.

Poorer Girls Grade High. Records of the University of Wisconsin show that the average grade for young women working their way through college is higher than that of girls of the leisure class and whose expenses are paid for them.

Not in Sight. Mudge—I never see you sitting in a hammock with a young man.

Marjorie—I should say not. My hammock is out of sight.—Puck.

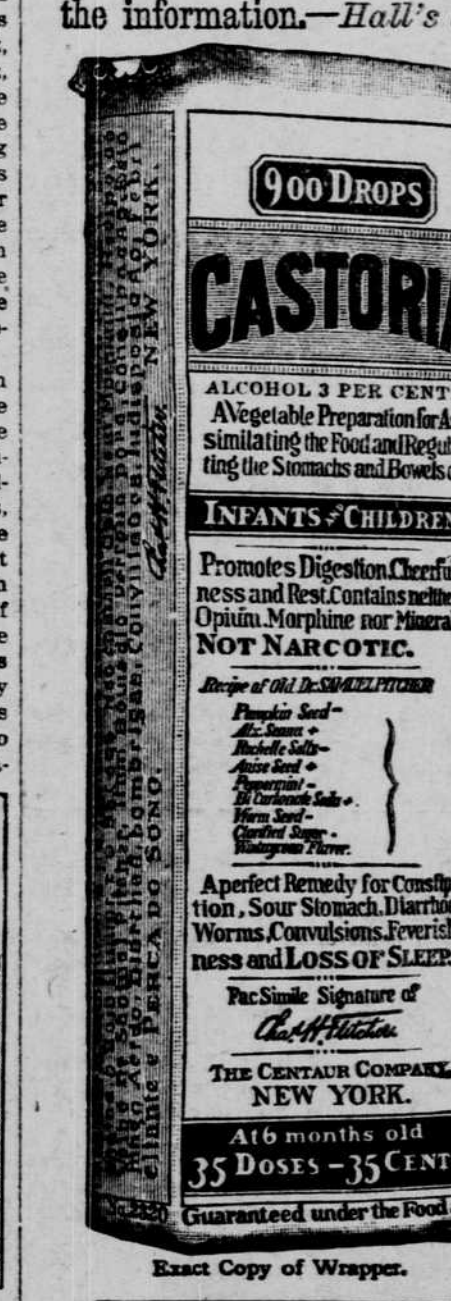
A MINISTER'S WIFE Always Speaks a Good Word For Peruna. A Splendid Woman

A MINISTER'S WIFE

Mrs. O. F. McHarrue, 147 W. 9th St., Jacksonville, Florida, writes: "I had catarrh and throat trouble. Three bottles of Peruna cured me. As a minister's wife I come in contact with all classes of people, and should always speak a good word for Peruna. I have given trial bottles to a few friends. Wishing you abundant success, I remain, yours truly."

Physicians Recommend Castoria

CASTORIA has met with pronounced favor on the part of physicians, pharmaceutical societies and medical authorities. It is used by physicians with results most gratifying. The extended use of Castoria is unquestionably the result of three facts: First—The indisputable evidence that it is harmless; Second—That it not only allays stomach pains and quiets the nerves, but assimilates the food; Third—It is an agreeable and perfect substitute for Castor Oil. It is absolutely safe. It does not contain any Opium, Morphine, or other narcotic and does not stupefy. It is unlike Soothing Syrups, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, etc. This is a good deal for a Medical Journal to say. Our duty, however, is to expose danger and record the means of advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge, Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health, by regulating the system—not by stupefying it—and our readers are entitled to the information.—Hall's Journal of Health.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. B. Halstead Scott, of Chicago, Ills., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria often for infants during my practice, and find it very satisfactory."

Dr. William Belmont, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Your Castoria stands first in its class. In my thirty years of practice I can say I never have found anything that so filled the place."

Dr. J. H. Taft, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria and found it an excellent remedy in my household and private practice for many years. The formula is excellent."

Dr. R. J. Hamlen, of Detroit, Mich., says: "I prescribe your Castoria extensively, as I have never found anything to equal it for children's troubles. I am aware that there are imitations in the field, but I always see that my patients get Fletcher's."

Dr. Wm. J. McCrann, of Omaha, Neb., says: "As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have in my years of practice found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Dr. J. R. Clausen, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "The name that your Castoria has made for itself in the tens of thousands of homes blessed by the presence of children, scarcely needs to be supplemented by the endorsement of the medical profession, but I, for one, most heartily endorse it and believe it an excellent remedy."

Dr. R. M. Ward, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Physicians generally do not prescribe proprietary preparations, but in the case of Castoria my experience, like that of many other physicians, has taught me to make an exception. I prescribe your Castoria in my practice because I have found it to be a thoroughly reliable remedy for children's complaints. Any physician who has raised a family, as I have, will join me in heartiest recommendation of Castoria."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher's The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

UNDISTURBED BY THE CLAMOR

Sudden and Deafening Noise Had No Effect on Occupant of New York Park.

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Shoes for Soldiers.

A study of the orders given by Napoleon indicate the care he exercised to have a sufficient supply of shoes provided. On one occasion he wrote: "You know that shoes are always needed in war, and at another time he said to Baron Lejeune: 'Shoes help on marches, and marches win battles.' To Sir John Burgoyne's question addressed to Wellington: 'What was the first requirement of a soldier?' 'A good pair of shoes,' he replied. 'And the second requirement?' 'A good pair of shoes for a change.' 'And the third?' 'A pair of soles for repairs.'—Scientific American.

Tommie's Guess.

"What is the meaning of the word purchase, Tommie?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Oh, yes, you do. Suppose your father gave your mother enough money to buy a new dress, what would your mother do?"

"Have a fit, I guess!"

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Watery, Itchy and Granulated Eyes; No Stinging, No Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by Mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Kind.

"What flowers would you use for this patriotic design?"

"Why not try flags?"

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Ball Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

Glasgow now forbids the opening of saloons earlier than 10 a. m.

More than forty-six hundred Germans settled last year in Canada.

Of the 176 aeroplanes owned by the British war department, 136 are of native make.

Keep Down Uric Acid

Uric acid is a poison formed inside our bodies in digesting certain foods, especially meat, and by the burning up of nerve and muscle cells during exertion.

Uric acid is harmless as long as the kidneys filter it promptly from the blood, but people who overeat and overwork, make too acid a diet that it overloads the blood, weakens the kidneys, and attacks the nerves, causing rheumatic pains, it forms gravel, hardens the arteries and brings down dropsy or Bright's disease.

By restoring the kidneys to normal activity Doan's Kidney Pills help to overcome excess uric acid.

A Nebraska Case

"My Father Told a Lie" Mrs. W. M. Klinger, 326 E. Lincoln St., Blair, Neb., says: "I had rheumatic pains in my right arm and I suffered from a constant, boring-down ache in the small of my back and hips. My heart often palpitated, I tried several remedies, but nothing gave me relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They removed the pain in my back and improved my health wonderfully. Whenever I have used Doan's Kidney Pills since, the results have been satisfactory."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FRESH PECANS

"THE NUT SUPREME" Only the largest and best varieties. By insured parcel post 10 pounds \$5.00 5 pounds \$3.00 Returns if not satisfied. Southwestern Bee Co., Dept. G, San Antonio, Tex.

Get the Molting Over Quickly

Molting time is lost time—there are no eggs with which to pay the feed bills. Get it over—Feed a good full ration and be sure to include

Pratts Poultry Regulator

It's a gentle, invigorating tonic—just what the hens need. Pratts Lice Killer 25c. to \$1.00. and all Pratts Products are guaranteed—satisfaction or money back. Write for Book of the Pratts Poultry Regulator 160 pages Poultry Book is a complete guide, handsomely illustrated. Be sure to get a copy. Sent postpaid for 10c. PRATT FOOD CO., PHILA., CHICAGO, TORONTO.