

KIDNEY REMEDY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

There is no medicine which we handle that gives such good results as your Swamp-Root. Many of our customers have informed us at different times that they have derived great benefit from its use.

There was one case in particular which attracted a great deal of attention in this neighborhood early last Spring, as the gentleman's life was despaired of and two doctors treating him for liver and kidney trouble were unable to give him any relief.

Very truly yours, L. A. RICHARDSON, Druggist. May 27, 1916. Marine, Illinois. Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

He Was Far-Sighted. An ambitious colored man had quit his job and was being granted a new one with another concern, when his employer asked him if he could be ready to commence work in two weeks.

"How's that?" asked his employer. "Well, in one week I can finish the garden work," was his answer, "but if I am home the one week more de missus would be rushin' me into de middle of house-cleanin'."

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter: wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house.—Adv.

Canal Zone Pioneers Volunteer. Of the hundreds of Americans who went to Panama in 1904, when the Americans took possession of the Canal zone, less than fifty remain on the Isthmus.

Every year on May 4, the anniversary of the American occupation of the zone, they hold a banquet. This year, on the thirteenth anniversary, they passed a resolution to offer themselves, as an organization or as individuals for whatever service the government should desire them, in the zone, in the United States, in France or elsewhere.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A New Measure for Distance. Some mud-bespattered autolists were attempting to reach Nashville, Brown county. Even with chains on their wheels, they were wasting lots of gasoline in investigating a washout or a valley which they had left triumphantly only a few minutes before.

Three times in three hours they had asked the distance and each time had received the same answer. "Bout three miles to Nashville."

It is true that in those three hours they had had one blowout and once they had to get a team of horses to pull them out of the mud. But even so, it seemed as if they could not be more than a half mile away. Finally they met a man on horseback.

"How far to Nashville? Three miles, I suppose?" But the fine sarcasm was not lost on him. He grinned and said in a soft voice:

"You're 'most there. It's jest two hoops and a hollar away."—Indianapolis News.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eyes FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Kin Hubbard Essays

PROF. ALEX TANSEY ON "THE MODERN COLLEGE EDUCATION"

While posin' fer his annual haircut yesterday, Professor Alex Tansey, o' Tharp's Run School, Number nine, wuz lamentin' th' unusually poor quality o' intellect bein' turned out by our schools an' colleges these days o' athletics an' cigarettes. He says he reckons th' haint two students in th' middle West that knows th' difference between specific an' advalorem. An' th' worst o' it is, he says, they don't seem t' care. He says it's little less'n remarkable how gracefully a student kin glide thro' college these days without bein' infected—without even absorbin' somethin' thro' daily an' constant contact. A boy'll come out o' college with sunburnt arms an' a chubby briar pipe an' pose around fer

Some time ago a Princeton professor said that he had only found one student in three hundred that claimed t' know anything about Aristotle, an' he said it wuz some kind o' a specially prepared paper that wuz used by ferretographers. Ther's lots o' Yale men movin' around t'day in th' best circles that think Portugal is a minin' town in West Virginia an' that hominy in th' chief food o' th' crowded inhabitants of Indanny.

It would be fun t' know jist what percent o' th' big, robust ex-students o' th' average college know that th' United States has t' import beans an' that ther's two R's in February.

Anybuddy would think that a young man who struggles fer a education by



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a year or two an' then start in t' find somethin' that jist suits him.

Professor Tansey says a college career is a mighty pretty thing t' look back on in after years, but that it don't git you nothin' unless ther's somethin' in your noodle that wuz already there. This thing o' sayin': "Father got by without knowin' nothin'" won't do. If father wuz successful he must o' had somethin' besides a standin' broad jump record an' a diploma. It's true lots o' merchant princes don't know what altruism is, but they know how t' add an' subtract.

You'd naturally think that a boy er girl that tries t' graduate from a school er college without knowin' how t' spell would be detected an' detained by th' professor, but somehow they gain their liberty.

cleanin' wall paper an' weedin' onions in th' summer time t' git his tuition money would finally come out o' th' battle with a little dash o' information, but they seem t' be immune too. I asked one th' other day what initiative an' referendum meant an' he said it wuz unheard of when he went t' college.

When Miss Maize Bud was writin' her graduatin' essay this spring she asked her teacher who th' Pilgrim Fathers wuz, an' her teacher said, "I don't know, dear. I only heard they come over."

I don't know which is th' most useful in makin' a livin' these days, a planner er a education. Th' more folks are supposed t' know th' poorer they seem t' be, but you kin mortgage a planner.

HONEYMOON DAYS

Weddin' couples are beginnin' t' return t' ther ole stampin' grounds—t' th' scenes o' ther engagement days, th' happiest days they'll ever know agin. They are tired an' grimy and disillusioned. Some have bathed in th' crystal waters o' Cedar Point, some have walked solemn-faced thro' th' historic precincts o' George Washin' ton's ole home at Mt. Vernon, some have crawled thro' th' mud o' Mammoth Cave, some have mingled in th' gayety o' Atlantic City, while some have returned sun-browned from th' croquet grounds of inland resorts.

A hot, sticky weddin' trip in mid-summer must be a beautiful experience—all th' way t' Niagara Falls in a yellow day coach, half embedded in egg shells an' spillin' baked beans on th' red plush seats at ever' lurch o' th' train. A groom dressed in a tight fittin' black forced sale suit covered with cinders an' a big brown derby hat that

a feelin' o' security as he notices, hidden between two ones, a five that hasn't been broken.

Long before they strike th' state line on th' return trip th' groom falls into a meditative state an' begins t' realize fer th' first time that he'll have t' be some contortionist t' make both ends meet on his weekly wage. He begins t' feel that he should have held off fer another year—till he had another suit o' clothes. He wonders if his bride is stocked up on clothes an' if her teeth are plugged. As he enumerates th' extra added features o' married life th' fear that he'll be reduced t' stogies seizes him an' th' scenery along th' route loses its charm. Then th' ole happy past looms up—when he boarded at home fer nothin' an' didn't have anything on his mind but his hair an' a little dash o' violet water. How he used t' lean agin th' courthouse fence in th' evenin' an' smoke long,



Then Comes th' Photo Studio an' They Git Took T'gether Settlin' in a Dummy Airplane, th' Groom With a Se-gar in His Mouth an' His Hat Tilted Back.

won't hang anywhere an' a high one-ply La Verdud collar an' a unmanageable necktie. An' a bride pinned t'gether in a travelin' suit o' blue serge that turns red on th' shoulder next t' th' window an' a hat o' her own creation. They spend th' first day at th' Falls among th' souvenir pustal booths an' ice cream cone bazars. Then comes th' photo studio an' they git took t'gether settlin' in a dummy aeroplane, th' groom with a se-gar in his mouth an' his hat tilted back. Th' bride places her left hand on his shoulder (ring showin') an' in her other hand she clutches a red goblet bearin' th' inscription, "From Cecil t' Myrt, Niagara Falls, 1917." How happy they are!—She can't see th' Falls fer her new ring, while his breast swells with

fragrant La Zarus till it wuz dark enough t' set on her verandy among th' sweet smellin' honeysuckles an' talk o' love. How he whistled "Sweet Marie" all th' way home, an' how his dear ole mother's voice called down t' him not t' strike matches on th' ball wall paper. How he crept int' his chamber an' put his tuberoses button-hole bouquet tenderly between th' well thumbed pages o' "Which Loved Him Best." Then he looks at th' bride. She is fast asleep an' a half eaten wedge o' custard pie reposes among th' banana peels in her lap. Her little feet are cocked up on ther pasteboard suitcase an' a sweet smile lights up her girlish face. She is dreamin' o' th' future. (Copyright, Adams Newspaper Service.)

HANGING BOY WINS FIGHT WITH BUZZARD

Tormented to Frenzy and About Exhausted When Bird Gives Up Battle.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—A battle between a giant buzzard and a fifteen-year-old boy clinging to the root of a shrub 250 feet up a straight ledge of rock was won by the boy, who is now recovering from an experience that rivals Poe's fictional terrors.

The boy is Hans Mierbach and he hung high above a pile of jagged rocks for four hours. He was walking on the brink of a precipice when his foot slipped and he fell over.



Was Tormented to a Frenzy.

Twenty feet below he caught a root and hung on. With his handkerchief he tied his left wrist to the root and then wrote a note to a boy friend, bidding him farewell and saying that no one was responsible for his predicament.

Just as he finished writing a huge buzzard flew down upon him and started to peck at his head and body. The hungry bird inflicted deep wounds in the boy's flesh. Young Mierbach fought the buzzard with his free hand for over an hour. He had been tormented to a frenzy and was about exhausted when the bird gave up the fight.

At nightfall a searching party found the boy and rescued him. He had nearly lost consciousness from his experience and loss of blood.

INDIAN CAPTIVE IS FOUND

William Barnhart Sees Cousin Whose Mother Was Seized Seventy Years Ago.

Pendleton, Ore.—William Barnhart, a Umatilla Indian, returned home the other morning from Fort Hall reservation in Idaho, where he found the daughter of his aunt, whose mother was captured 70 years ago by the Bannock Indians and held in slavery.

The woman was captured in the early forties on a camp of his father's between La Grande and Welsch. His father, whose name was also William Barnhart, escaped in the raid, but his father's mother and several relatives were killed and his father's sister was taken.

Young William Barnhart had often heard his father tell of the raid, and expressed a great desire to trace his aunt. Handicapped because of lack of familiarity with the Bannock tongue, he finally found an interpreter. After a three-day search, he ran across an old Indian, who informed him that his aunt had died 11 years ago, and that her daughter, Nannie Bell, was married and living on the reservation. Other Indians remembered the events of the capture of Nannie's mother.

ALWAYS CARRY A LOAF, MORAL OF THIS TALE

Canton.—When two holdups robbed Charles Sells here they overlooked a loaf of bread he was carrying and so missed getting a \$5 bill.

When Sells saw the two men loitering in his path, he thought they looked like highwaymen, so stuck the currency in the wrapping paper covering the bread.

He didn't have time to hide \$7 more, so they took that.

TURTLE HAS SNAKE'S HEAD

Japanese Fishermen in California Puzzled Over Strange Catch During Fishing Trip.

Los Angeles.—When is a turtle not a turtle?

Or, what is an animal that has the look of a turtle, the head of a snake, the mouth and beak of an eagle and the claws of a ferocious member of the wolf family?

This is the puzzle that Japanese fishermen are trying to solve at the fishing village north of Santa Monica following a strange catch brought in from a deep-sea fishing trip.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Carter's Little Liver Pills Make you feel the joy of living. It is impossible to be happy or feel good when you are CONSTIPATED This old remedy will set you right over night.

PALLID PEOPLE Usually Need Iron in the Blood. Try CARTER'S IRON PILLS

Vanished Attitude. "Do your constituents indorse your attitude?" "I don't know yet," replied Senator Sorghum. "Attitudes are not as easy as they used to be. I can remember the time when all I needed in the way of an attitude was an Ajax-defying lightning pose while I mentioned George Washington and the American eagle."

Nothing pleases a little man more than an opportunity to act big. It's hard for the girl who throws herself at a man's head to make a hit.

Certain-teed Everywhere under the sun—wherever roofs are laid—Certain-teed stands for these two things: Efficiency, Economy CERTAIN-TEED roofing is the most efficient and economical type of roof for factories, farm buildings, garages, etc., because the first cost is less than that of metal, wood shingles or tar and gravel.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta 160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre