Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only-look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California." -Adv.

The Cause.

"What caused your dyspepsia, old

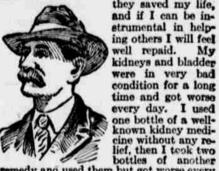
"My wife disagreed with me so much, I guess,

Genius may not be infinite attention to details, bu? business is.

Once accumulate a big fortune and if it lasts a century it lasts forever.

What Neighbors Say

Walden, Colo.:—"I am glad to add my testimony in regard to what Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets have done for me. I am sure they saved my life,



bottles of another remedy and used them but got worse every day. I was in terrible shape, was disturbed eight to twelve times in a night and suffered exeruciating pain and there would be a thick brownish sediment. I was despondent. At last I saw 'Anuric' advertised in a Kansas City paper and I thought it just suited my case so I sent to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package, which was ten cents. I took two tablets at night and felt much better in the morning and by the second morning I didn't feel any pain at all when voiding the kidney secretion. In a week there was no sediment in the water, and it has been mormal ever since. That was eighteen months ago, therefore it would be hard to make the claim for 'Anuric' too strong.' -G. L. BUNDY.

When Run-down and in Need of a Tonic

Kansas City, Kans. - "About the only medicine I have ever given my little boy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He never was very strong, and being delicate would become run-down very quickly; would suffer loss of appetite. I would give him the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it always built him up in good health. I have also given this medicine as a spring tonic; for such 'Golden Medical Discovery' has no equal. I do recommend its use."—MRS. GEO. MAUL, 1942 N. 13th St.

BELCHING Caused by

Let EATONIC, the wonderful moders stomach remedy, give you quick reliefrom disgusting belching, food-repeating indigestion, bloated, gassy stomach, dyspeppia, heartburn and other stomach miseries. They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from which about nine people out of ten series in one way or another. One writes as follows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not eat a bite without belching it right up, soul and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble since the first tablet."

Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak fax alling, have poor digestion, bodies improperly nourished although they may eat heartily. Grave disorders are likely to follow I an acid-stomach is neglected. Cirrhosis of the liver, intestinal congestion, gastritis catarrh of the stomach—these are only a few of the many allments often caused by Acid-Stomach.

A sufferer from Catarrh of the Stomach of 11 years' standing writes: "I had catarrh of the stomach for I1 long years and I never found anything to do me any good—juse temporary relief—until I used EATONIC. Is

found anything to do me any good—just temporary relief—until I used EATONIC. It is a wonderful remedy and I do not want to be without it."

If you are not feeling quite right—lact energy and enthusiasm and don't know jus-where to locate the trouble—try EATONIC and see how much better you will feel it

At all drug stores—a big box for 50c and your money back if you are not satisfied. (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

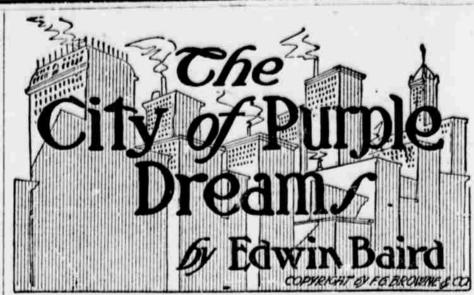
Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteer years of age who have had at least one year in high school to take Nurses' Train-ing in general hospital Our graduates are in great demand. Address

Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium. Lincoln, Nebr.

Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c

WRINKLES — Scars, freckles, superfluou hair, smallpox pits, etc., removed; crooked noses straightened. If you have facial dis figurements, any kind, write Dr. Bailey, 22-Empire Bidg. Denver. Colo. Inclose 7c stamp

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 13-1920.



"TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OR-"

Synopsis.-Typical tramp in appearance, Daniel Randolph Fitz-hugh, while crossing a Chicago street, causes the wreck of an auto. whose chauffeur disables it trying to avoid running him down. In pity the occupant of the auto, a young girl, saves him from arrest and gives him a dollar, telling him to buy soap, and wash. His sense of shame is touched, and he improves his appearance. That night, in a crowd of unemployed and anarchists, he meets Esther Strom, Russian revolutionist.

CHAPTER I .- Continued. -2-

"Fel-low cit-i-zens!" His deep-toned bass boomed up and down the street. "The time has come for revolt. The rich and the mighty have ground us in the dust long enough. We must turn. We must claim our own. We are the pro-ducers-the backbone of this pow-er-ful nation. Who shall control it-the capitalists or the workingmen?"

His voice, deep and sonorous, pronouncing each word very fully and very distinctly, rang out over the disordered crowd like a foghorn cutting through a misty night.

It was the old story of noise being mistaken for wisdom, and it inflamed his hearers like fire to dry twigs. Nothing could have more aroused them. When after several minutes of thunder and bombast he brought his address to a whirlwind close and bowed and turned to climb down, there was a rumbling, mumbling, confused outcry that arose, one solid roar of approbation, and lasted until the givers thereof were hoarse. He fought his way through his newly made admirers and returned to the woman. whom he saw standing in the doorway, waiting for him.

She pulled him inside and stood with her back against it, looking at him with shining eyes. "I-I want you to speak for us tonight. Won't you, please?" She leaned nearer him, resting her hand on his arm, and her eyes as well as her lips said "please." He felt a peculiar impulse to put his arms around her, and conquered it just in time. "There's a side entrance. I have the 'open sesame.' I will take you on the platform with me. You will come, won't you?" Again that pleading of mouth and eye. She stepped into the street. "Are you

coming?" she called back. "Coming?"-he hurried after her and took her arm, the better to protect her from the jostling throng. "You bet I'm coming. With you!"

CHAPTER II.

Smulski's hall was a vast, barnlike structure of one floor. Every inch of floor space was occupied by sweltering humanity, and when Fitzhugh rose to make his address he faced an audience of fully three thousand. He walked to the edge of the platform and stood looking out over that silent sea of upturned faces, with scarcely an idea of what he was to say. Yet he felt a tingling thrill of pleasure that for a moment was as wine to his senses. He knew what he could do, and he exulted in his gift. Many times before he had moved men with it, but never so large a gathering as this.

At the back of the platform, seated among her "comrades," Esther Strom leaned forward in her chair, her lips slightly parted, her dark eyes sparkling. From that moment until the close of his address her gaze never left his face.

Fitzhugh charged into his address. His voice, very low at first, swelled fuller and louder and clearer as he spoke, until its resonant ring thundered and echoed through the mammoth hall. The crowd became as a single body with a single mind, which drank in his words thirstily. He swayed and moved it this way and that with the apparent ease of the wind swaying a field of wheat. It was not what he said, for he said nothing great, but the way he said it that so stirred his auditors. Those who had gone before spoke to the mind. He spoke to the heart.

There was a moment's calm before the storm of applause broke. It roared in upon him, wave upon wave. and he stood up, smiling and bowing. to meet it. He was immediately surrounded by a group of men and women, who, in their own way, showered him with congratulations, heaped flat-

tering eulogies upon him. Turning to greet a fresh delegation who had just joined the group around him, he saw Esther standing a short way off. As their eyes met she beckoned him and he went to her.

"You must let me have him now." she said, smiling upon the admirers who had followed him. "He is my discovery, you know, and there are many things I want to say to him."

"Bring him back soon, Esther," called one of the men-a blotch-

skinned, yellow-haired giant called Nikolay, "I want to give him literature."

She nodded brightly over her shoulder, and led her captive from the stage and into an adjacent room. Once alone with him she seized his hands and raised her face, eager and radiant, to his.

"I knew you could do it-I knew it! And there's something else I know." "Well, let's have it," he said a trifle

brusquely. "What else do you know-

about me?" "I know that you can be a great man." She had waxed suddenly very earnest. "You have it in you. You must take what is yours! You owe it to yourself!"

"Give me your address," said he, and I'll come to you."

She hurriedly wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to him. "Come-any time," she told him, and turned toward the door.

"Isn't there another way out?" he asked, detaining her. "I don't care to run the gantlet of that hand-shaking brigade again."

She unbolted a door at the end of the room and disclosed a rickety wood-He pressed her hand, murmured a word about a future meeting and was

On a fine spring day the finest promenade in Chicago and the loneliest is the Lake Shore drive. Theoretically It is the Champs Elysees of the western metropolis; ordinarily it is as silent, as deserted as an isolated country road. On this particular morning it was very attractive and very desolate. The only sign of life in the nabobs' thoroughfare (if one excepts the sparrows) was a penniless young man. Under his arm he carried a newspaper parcel. There was a singular glint in his eyes, a singular expression on his face, as well there might be, for, indeed, it was a preposterously reckless thing he was contemplating. Subconsciously his thoughts were of the darkhaired Russian woman and an early sight of her; and it was this, no less than his inordinate passion for the theatrical and spectacular, that gave birth to the extravagant notion that occupied his mind.

"In any event," he told himself, "I can do no worse than lose. And look



"Ten Thousand Dollars, or I Hurl It at Your Feet!"

what I stand to win! Because it has never before been successfully done is no reason why I cannot do it."

He stopped before a gray stone mansion of flamboyant architecture surrounded by a twenty-foot castiron fence, both of which plainly exploited the idiosyncrasy of some millionaire. One of the lower windows was raised, and through the shrubbery he saw silhouetted therein an elderly man, white of hair, patrician of aspect, lean of face, reading a newspaper. Fitzhugh, peering between the iron rails of the Brobdingnagian fence, regarded him a minute, walked on a few paces, returned, and watched him again, not unlike some Indian chieftain gloating over a helpless captive.

Of a sudden, as one who plunges into a cold shower on a frosty morning, he laid hold of the mammoth gate. which seemed to weigh tons, swung it back on its huge hinges, walked to the front door and vigorously worked the knocker.

After an appreciable wait the door was opened. "What is it?" inquired the butler, who in one brief glance seemed to appraise the caller's financial status and social standing.

"Many things. First the name of the gentleman who is sitting in the room to my right engrossed in the morning news."

"What is your business?" "Answer me first!" ordered Fitzhugh sternly, and with such an air of hauteur and authority that the sa-

for fear he had misjudged his man.

to tell him so." "Who shall I say, sir?" Fitzhugh hesitated a moment, and,

"That is Mr. Symington Otis, sir."

"I wish to see him. Be so good as

like a lightning panorama, there flashed across his mind telegraphic pictures of myriad hands applauding him, of the warm-blooded Russian, whose eyes bespoke her love for him, of the dark-skinned "reds" voicing their iconoclastic views. And a whimsical idea came.

"Tell Mr. Otis," said he, "that an emissary of the Cause desires to speak with him.

The butler, though not understand-

ing, was instantly suspicious. "I am afraid," he demurred, with a firm shake of his head, "that Mr. Otis is very busy and will be unable to see you."

Fitzhugh thrust his foot between the closing door and the wall; and at that moment Mr. Otis stepped into the hall,

"Well, Noonan?"

"This man, sir, is trying to force his way in. I am just about to eject him,

Fitzhugh laughed merrily, "Oh, no, you're not. Noonan." And before the corpulent Noonan could say a word or move a muscle he was seized in a grip of steel and thrust speechless against the wall.

The master looked on as though uncertain whether to be amused or indignant. While he was deciding Fitzhugh confronted him.

"Mr. Otis," said he, "I want a few minutes' talk with you."

Otis smiled. "I think you've earned an audience with me. Nerve like yours should not go unrewarded." They entered the shadowy room, ostensibly a library.

"What can I do for you?"

"Just a moment." Fitzhugh drew the sliding doors, which led to the hall, together and fastered the clasp. having first deposited his newspaper en staircase leading to a back alley. parcel very carefully upon the floor. He looked around the room, and, satisfied they were free from interruption, picked up his parcel and took a seat opposite his host, who watched all these movements with a frown of suspicion and annoyance.

When Fitzhugh spoke his voice had the deep, resonant ring it always acquired whenever he was "acting" a part or exercising his oratorical gift. "Mr. Otis," he began, leaning forward in his chair and looking his auditor steadily in the eye, "you are a millionaire, are you not?"

Otis' frown deepened. He glanced impatiently at his watch. "I can spare you but little time this morning," he said, with polite curtness. "I must ask that you state your business as briefly as possible."

"But you are a millionaire?"

"Yes, yes. What of it?" "And I am a pauper. At this moment I could not buy-this newspaper." He took from the library table the morning paper Otis had been reading. It was folded in such wise that a large flashlight photograph immediately caught his eye. He recognized it instantly-recognized the tall. straight figure in the white sweater standing above the blur of faces, arms thrown upwards and outwards, head back, eyes closed. He lived over again that brief moment of glory, and the exaltation he had felt returned twofold. He cast the paper aside and threw himself into the role he was playing with redoubled zest.

"Mr. Otis"-and he pointed two rigid fingers within an inch of his hearer's face-"you must lend me ten thousand dollars!" He seized the newspaper parcel, which had been resting on his knees, and stood up. holding it high above his head. "Mind. I say must!" His voice rang out ominously. His eyes were cold, merciless. "In these hands, Mr. Otis, I hold sufficient dynamite to blow this house and all it contains to ten million atoms. Quick, sir!" he thundered. and made a terrible gesture with the parcel. "Ten thousand dollars, or I hurl it at your feet!"

Although Otis' face had turned deathly pale he had not grown excited or betrayed a sign of fear. He sat quite still, his thin hands resting lightly on the arms of his chair, his gray eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the black ones above him, his mind working with the cool precision of a perfect mechanism. "He's either mad or an assassin," ran his thought-"probably mad; and the only way to deal with a madman is to humor him. Perhaps, though, he's only bluffing. In any event I'd best take no chances."

Otis made a caressing movement with his fingers along the arm of his chair; his head rested on the back of it the better to keep his eyehold on the supposed maniac.

"Ten thousand. Er-won't you please sit down?" "I will not. I could not explode the

dynamite sitting down." "Quite so, quite so!" The caressing movement increased. His voice was silky. "Ten thousand-h'm. You do not, of course, suppose I have that much money in the house?"

"No. You must write me a check." "Very true, so I must. "But"-he held a finger beside his eye and smiled waggishly-"might I not stop payment on the check?"

The pretty girl again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proper View of Peace.

Peace is our proper relation to all men. There is no reason why, as far as we are concerned, we should not be at peace with everybody. If even they are not at peace with us, we may be at peace with them. Let them plent mental was almost in a panic look to their own hearts, we have only to do with our own.-J. B. Mosley.

YOU'LL SOON LOOK OLD FROM HERE UP

Let "Danderine" check that nasty



Get a small bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications often remove every bit of dandruff and stop falling hair. Every hair on scalp shortly shows more life, vigor, brightness, thickness and color.-Adv.

Too Much for Her.

Four-year-old Harold was going away on a visit. His mother had been giving him final instructions in table etiquette and the general impor-

tance of being polite. His six-year-old sister listened with increasing disdain. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, she said:

"Now, mother, if Harold's going up there to act a d-n sissy, I'm not going."--Home Sector.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are ex-tensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain-the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it. A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify.

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the urio acid which causes rheumatism.

No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

Beginner's Luck.

"Stranger," said Plute Pete, "you've won quite a little money since we began to teach you this game known as draw poker."

"I've had what might be called beginner's luck." "You sure have. And me and Three-

Finger Sam here has decided it's about time to change the entertainment to some kind of a game that you know and we don't."

RUB RHEUMATISM OR SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.-Adv.

Depends.

"Are you going to have any outings this summer?"

"Yes, if I have any innings this spring."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE ment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.

Druggists 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

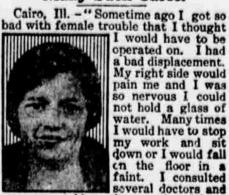
Some men enjoy chronic laziness as much as others enjoy a well earned

"O Happy Day" sang the laundress as she hung the snowy wash on the line. It was a "happy day" because she used Red Cross Ball Blue.

Jonah was a conundrum, and whale had to give him up.

ESCAPED AN OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many Such Cases.



every one told me the same but I kept fighting to keep from having the opera-tion. I had read so many times of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped my sister so I began taking it. it helped my sister so I began taking it. I have never felt better than I have since then and I keep house and am able to do all my work. The Vegetable Compound is certainly one grand medicine."

—Mrs. J R. MATTHEWS, 3311 Sycamore Street, Cairo, Ill.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letter, and many others like it.

the above letter, and many others like it, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many

cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.



PETROLEUMJELLY

A convenient, safe antiseptic for home use. Invaluable for dressing cuts and sores. A time-tried remedy.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street

Teacher's Spiendid Record. Miss Jennie Fish, placed on You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv. three generations of at least one famlly. In all the 52 years she was never late in reporting for duty and has been absent only once, when there was

a death in the family. 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 clear keep your skin clear by using them for

clude Cuticura Talcum.-Adv. Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart .- Samuel

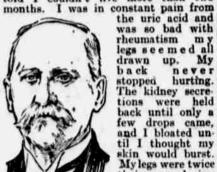
daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to in-

Adam must have been swift-footed. inasmuch as he was first in the human

AFTER 6 YEARS--STILL WELL

Now Strong and Hearty Though

Case Looked Hopeless "Six years ago I was in awful condi-tion," says E. K. Chase, 36 E. Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich. "My family was told I couldn't live more than two



rheumatism my legs seemed al drawn up. My back never stopped hurting. stopped The kidney secre-tions were held back until only a few drops came, and I bloated until I thought my My legs were twice "The water seemed to fill my

against the heart. For three months never moved out of the chair and I choked and gasped for breath like a dying man. All the doctoring failed, and my weight went from 185 to 125 pounds. "Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. Eleven boxes cured me of every com-plaint. I have been well six years and able to work as hard as any map."

Sworn to before me. FLOYD E. DAGGETT, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S RIDNEY

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Coughing is annoying and harmful. Relieve thros irritation, tickling and get rid of cough colds and hourseness at once by takin PISOS