EVERYBODY SEES A CHANGE IN FATHER

Grateful Son Says His Father Looks Like Different Man Since Taking Tanlac.

"My father has suffered from chronic stomach trouble for over twenty years and has paid out thousands of dollars for medicines and doctors," said G. W. Slayton, a wellknown Cobb County farmer, living a short distance out of Atlanta, Ga.

"We tried nearly everything trying to cure him and he went off to the Springs, thinking maybe the water might help him, but it just looked like nothing would reach his trouble. Then he tried dieting and lived on liquid food until he almost starved, but even that failed to do him any good and he just kept going from bad to worse,

"I don't guess there ever was a case as stubborn as his, and if there ever was a confirmed dyspeptic he was one of them, and I guess he would have been one yet if it hadn't been for this Tanlac.

"The first we heard of this medicine was when my father saw an advertisement in the papers from parties he knew in Tennessee, who were friends of his and he knew what they said about it was the truth, so he got It right away and began taking it. Well, sir, it acted just like magiceverybody notices the change in father. Why, he is just like a different man and sits down to the table and eats like a farmhand. Only yesterday he ate pork and turnips for his dinner and ate so much we were actually afraid he was going to overdo the thing, but he laughed and said nothing hurt him now and that he was hungry and expected to eat and make up for lost time.

"Now, when a medicine will do things like that I think people ought to know about it, and I want to say right now that I would not give one bottle of Tanlac for all the other medicines and health resorts in the country put together."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.-Advertisement.

Quite in Order.

W. B. Trites, who has been living in southern Spain for the last year or two, said the other day:

"Life is very abundant and proific over there, especially insect life. There was a typographical error in one of my stories recently but this error would have escaped notice in Andalusia, though it excited a lot of lisgust here at home.

"The error was in the quotation of hymn, my heroine being made to

"Just as I am without one flea." be quite in order in Spain."

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why ft is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? 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. No other kidney remedy has so large a

According to sworn statements and werified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Xilmer'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 uric acid which causes rheumatism.

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.

Workings of Lie Detector.

When your husband comes home rather late and tells you he had an important business engagement all you have to do is to try it on the sphygomanometer. The sphygomanometer is an invention by William H. Marston of Harvard, by which he asserts a lie can be detected. Professor Marston says that when a person tells a lie, especially if he is under oath, there is an emotional reaction. affecting the breathing and the blood pressure. . . . The breathing of married men is seldom affected by a mechanical lie.-Syracuse Herald.

Every department of housekeeping needs Red Bross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.

English Mercy for Criminals.

In England a sentence of life imprisonment is always reviewed at the end of 15 years, and if the prisoner's conduct has been uniformly good, he is usually released. This is particularly the case where a prisoner has been sentenced for murder, for murderers are said to be usually well-behaved prisoners.

It's surprising what a lot of noise

masquerades as music.

A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

A LONG JOURNEY

Synopsis. — Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Josiah and Betsey, travel by wagon in the summer of 1831 from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. They had read a little book on it, Sagamon was a word of the Pottawatomies meaning land of plenty. It was the name of a river in Illinois draining "boundless, flowery meadows of unexampled beauty and fertility, belted with timber, blessed with shady groves, covered with game and mostly level, without a stick or a stone to vex the plowman." Thither they were bound, to take up a section of government land. Through New York state they camp by the way; often they are invited in by farmers for the night.

CHAPTER I .- Continued.

The man looked around and leaned over the wheel as if about to impart a secret.

"Say, I'll tell ye," he said in a low tone. "A real, first-class idlot never does. You ought to see my

"This land is an Indication that you're right," Samson laughed. "It proves it," the stranger whis-

"Have you any water here?" Samson asked.

The stranger leaned nearer and sald in his most confidential tone, "Say, mister, it's about the best in the United States. Right over yonder in the edge o' the woods-a spring-cold as ice-Simon-pure water. 'Bout the only thing this land'll raise is water." "This land looks to me about as

valuable as so much sheet lightnin' and I guess it can move just about as quick," sald Samson,

The stranger answered in a low tone: "Say, I'll tell ye, it's a wild cow-don't stand still long 'nough to give ye time to git anything out of it. I've toiled and prayed, but it's hard to get much out of it."

"Praying won't do this land any good," Samson answered. "What it needs is manure and plenty of it, You can't raise anything here but flens. It isn't decent to expect God to help run a flea farm. He knows too much for that, and if you keep it up He'll lose all respect for ye. If you were to buy another farm and bring it here and put it down on "A hymn worded like that would top o' this one, you could probably refused to get down. make a living. I wouldn't like to live where the wind could dig my pota-

Again the stranger leaned toward Samson and said in a half-whisper: "Say, mister, I wouldn't want you to mention it, but talkin' o' fleas, I'm like a dog with so many of 'em that he don't have time to eat. Somebody has got to soap him or he'll die. You see, I traded my farm over in Vermont for five hundred acres o'



"Elijah Brimstead Was a Friend o' My Father."

this sheet lightnin', unsighted an' unseen. We was all crazy to go west an' here we are. If it wasn't for the deer an' the fish I guess we'd 'a' starved to death long ago."

"Where did ye come from?"

"Orwell, Vermont." "What's ver name?"

"Henry Brimstead," the stranger whispered.

"Son of Elijah Brimstead?" "Yes, sir."

Samson took his hand and shook it warmly. "Well, I declare!" he ex-claimed. "Elijah Brimstead was a

friend o' my father." "Who are you?" Brimstead asked. "I'm one o' the Traylors o' Vergen-

"My father used to buy cattle of Henry Traylor." "Henry was my father. Haven't you let 'em know about your bad

The man resumed his tone of con- | crossed the river. Odors of balsam fidence. "Say, I'll tell ye," he answered. "A man that's as big a fool as I am ought not to advertise it, A brain that has treated its owner as shameful as mine has treated me should be compelled to do its own thinkin' er die. I've invented some things that may sell. I've been hopin' my luck would turn,"

"It'll turn when you turn it," Samson assured him. Brimstead leaned close to Samson's ear and said in a tone scarcely aud-

ible ! "My brother Robert has his own idiot asylum. It's a real handsome one an' he has made it pay, but I

wouldn't swap with him." Samson smiled, remembering that Robert had a liquor store. "Look here, Henry Brimstead, we're hungry," he said. "If ye furnish the water, we'll skirmish around for bread and give ye as good a dinner as ye ever had

Henry took the horses to his barn and watered and fed them. Then he brought two pails of water from the spring. Meanwhile Samson started a fire in a grove of small poplars by the roadside and began broiling veniboard and the flour and the rolling-pin and the teapot. As she waited for the water she called the three strange children to her side. The oldest was her threadbare clothes, she had a neat and cleanly look and gentle manners. The youngest was a boy of four. They were a pathetic trio.

"Where's your mother?" Sarah asked of the ten-year-old girl. "Dead. Died when my little brother was born."

"Who takes care of you?" "Father and-God. Father says God does most of it." "Oh dear!" Sarah exclaimed, with

a look of pity. They had a good dinner of fresh biscuits and honey and venison and

After dinner, while Brimstead was bringing the team, one of his chil- to resume his seat in the wagon. They dren, the blonde, pale, tattered little girl of six, climbed into the wagon it strange that they had not come sent and sat holding a small rag doll, along. which Sarah had given her. When they were ready to go she stubbornly journey began they came in sight of

"I'm goin' away," she said. goin' aw-a-ay off to find my mother. I don't like this place. There ain't no Santa Claus here. I'm goin' away." cried loudly when her father took her down.

"Ain't that enough to break a man's heart?" he said with a sorrowful look. Then Samson turned to Brimstead and asked:

"Look here, Henry Brimstead, are you a drinking man? Honor bright

"Never drink a thing but water and tea."

"Do you know anybody who'll give ye anything for what you own here?" who offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for my interest."

"Come along with us and get the money if you can. I'll help ye fit up and go where ye can earn a liv-

"I'd like to, but my horse is lame and I can't leave the children." "Put 'em right in this wagon and

come on. If there's a livery in the place, I'll send ye home."

So the children rode in the wagon and Samson and Brimstead walked. while Sarah drove the team to the next village. There the good woman bought new clothes for the whole Brimstead family and Brimstead sold his interest in the sand plains and bought a good pair of horses, with harness and some cloth for a wagon cover, and had fifty dollars in his pocket and a new look in his face. He put his children on the backs of the horses and led them to his old home, with a sack of provisions on his shoulder. He was to take the track of the Traylors next day and begin his journey to the shores of

the Sangamon. They got into a bad swale that afternoon and Samson had to cut some cordurey to make a footing for team and wagon and do much prying with the end of a heavy pole under the front axle. By and by the horses

pulled them out. "When ol' Colonel bends his neck things have to move, even if he is up to his belly in the mud," said

As the day waned they came to a river in the deep woods. It was an tree columns upon the road here and there. Our weary travelers stopped ise. Among them was a rugged, cause they know that, for them, it is

and pine and tamarack came in a light, cool breeze up the river valley. "I guess we'll stop at this tavern till tomorrow," said Samson,

Joe was asleep and they laid him on the blankets until supper was

Soon after supper Samson shot a deer which had waded into the rapids. Fortunately, it made the opposite shore before it fell. All hands spent that evening dressing the deer and jerking the best of the meat. This they did by cutting the meat into strips about the size of a man's hand and salting and laying it on a rack, some two feet above a slow fire, and covering it with green boughs. The heat and smoke dried the meat in the course of two or three hours and gave it a fine flavor. Delicious beyond any kind of meat is venison treated in this manner. If kept dry, it will retain its flavor and its sweetness for a month or more.

They set out rather late next morning. As usual, Joe stood by the head of Colonel while the latter lapped brown sugar from the timid palm of the boy. Then the horse was wont to touch the face of Joe with his big. son, and Sarah got out the bread hairy lips as a tribute to his generosity. Colonel had seemed to acquire a singular attachment for the boy and the dog, while Pete distrusted both of them. He had never a moa girl of ten, with a face uncommonly ment's leisure, anyhow, being always refined and attractive. In spite of busy with his work or the flies. A few breaks in the pack basket had been repaired with green withes. It creaked with its load of jerked venison when put aboard.

Farther on the boy got a sore throat. Sarah bound a slice of pork around It and Samson built a camp by the roadside, in which, after a good fire was started, they gave him a hemlock sweat. This they did by steeping hemlock in pails of hot water and, while the patient sat in a chair by the fireside, a blanket was spread about him and pinned close to-his neck. Under the blanket they put eggs and tea. While they were eating the pails of steaming hemlock tea. Samson told Brimstead of the land of After his sweat and a day and night in bed, with a warm fire burning in front of the shanty, Joe was able spoke of the Brimsteads and thought

On the twenty-ninth day after their the beautiful green valley of the Monwk. As they looked from the hills they saw the roof of the forest dipping down to the river shores and stretching far to the east and west She clung to the wagon seat and and broken, here and there, by small clearings. Soon they could see the smoke and spires of the thriving village of Utica.

CHAPTER II.

Wherein is a Brief Account of Sundry Curious Characters Met on the Road.

At Utica they bought provisions and a tin trumpet for Joe, and a doll with a real porcelain face for Betsey, and turned into the great main thor-"There's a man in the next town oughfare of the North leading eastward to Boston and westward to a shore of the midland seas. This road was once the great trail of the Iroquois, by them called the Long House, because it had reached from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and in their day had

been well roofed with foliage. Soon they came in view of the famous Erie canal, hard by the road. Through it the grain of the Far West had Just begun moving eastward in a tide that was flowing from April to December. Big barges, drawn by mules and horses on its shore, were cutting the still waters of the canal. They stopped and looked at the barges and the long tow ropes and the tugging animals.

"There is a real artificial river, hundreds o' miles long, hand made of the best material, water tight, no sings or rocks or other imperfections, durability guaranteed," said Samson. "It has made the name of DeWitt Clinton known everywhere,"

"I wonder what next!" Sarah exclaimed.

They met many teams and passed other movers going west, and some prosperous farms on a road wider and smoother than any they had traveled. They camped that night, close by the river, with a Connecticut family on its way to Ohlo with a great load of household furniture on one wagon and seven children in another.

So they fared along through Canandalgua and across the Genesee to the village of Rochester and on through Lewiston and up the Niagara river to the falls, and camped where they could see the great-water flood and exquisite bit of forest with the bells hear its muffled thunder. When nearof a hermit thrush ringing in one ing the latter they overtook a family of its towers. Their call and the of poor Irish emigrants, of the name low song of the river were the only of Flanagan, who shared their camp sounds in the silence. The glow of site at the falls. The Flanagans the setting sun which lighted the were on their way to Michigan and western windows of the forest had a had come from the old country three color like that of the music-golden. years before and settled in Broome Long shafts of it fell through the county, New York. They, too; were on their way to a land of better promon the rude plank bridge that freckled, red-headed lad, well along the best way.--Henry van Dyke.

in his teens, of the name of Dennis who were a tall beaver hat, tilled saucily on one side of his head, and a ragged blue coat with brass buttons, as he walked beside the oxen, whip in hand, with trousers tucked in the tops of his big cowhide boots. There was also a handsome young man in this party of the name of John Mc-Neil, who wore a ruffled shirt and swallow-tail coat, now much soiled by the journey. He listened to Samson's account of the Sangamon country and said that he thought he would go

Sarah gave the Irish family a good supply of cookies and jerked venisou before she bade them good-by.

When our travelers left, next morning, they stopped for a last look at the great falls.

"Children," sald Samson, "I want you to take a good look at that. It's the most wonderful thing in the world

and maybe you'll never see it again." "The Indians used to think that the Great Spirit was in this river," said "Kind o' seems to me they were

right," Samson remarked thoughtfully, 'Kind o' seems as if the great spirit of America was in that water. It moves on in the way it wills and nothing can stop it. Everything in its current goes along with it."

"And only the strong can stand

the journey," said Sarah. These words were no doubt inspired by an ache in her bones. A hard seat and the ceaseless jolting of the wagon through long, hot, dusty days had wearled them. Even their hearts were getting sore as they thought of the endless reaches of the roads ahead. Samson stuffed a sack with straw and put it under her and the children on



"Kind o' Seems As If the Great Spirit of America Was in That Water."

the seat. At a word of complaint he

was wont to say: "I know it's awful tiresome, but we got to have patience. We're goin' to get used to it and have a wonderful lot of fun. The time'll pass quickyou see." Then he would sing and get them all laughing with some curious bit of drollery. They spent the night of July third at a tavern in Buffalo, then a busy, crude and rapid growing center for the shipping east and west.

There were emigrants on their way to the Far West in the crowd-men, women and children and babies in arms-Irish, English, Germans and Yankees. There were also well-dressed, handsome young men from the colleges of New England going out to be missionaries "between the desert and the sown.'

Buffalo, on the edge of the midland seas, had the flavor of the rank, new soll in it those days-and especially that day, when it was thronged with rough coated and rougher tongued, swearing men on a holiday, stevedores and boatmen off the lakes and rivers of the middle border-some of whom had had their training on the Ohlo and Mississippi, There was much drunkenness and fighting in the crowded streets. Some of the carriers and handlers of American commerce vented their enthusiasm in song.

They had the lake view and its cool breeze on their way to Silver Creek, Dunkirk and Erie, and a rough way it was in those days.

Enough has been written of this long and wearisome journey, but the worst of it was ahead of them-much the worst of it-in the swamp flats of Ohio and Indiana. In one of the former a wagon wheel broke down, and that day Sarah began to shake with ague and burn with fever. Samson built a rude camp by the roadside, put Sarah into bed under its cover and started for the nearest village on Colonel's back.

> "Now we'll go over and see Abe Lincoln.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Literature Still Produced. Amid the making of many books good literature is still produced, as R was in the days of Thackeray and Dickens, Carlyle and Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning, Irving and Hawthorne and Lowell and Emerson, out of the hearts of men and women who write because they love it, and who do their work in their own way be

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The One Busy Man.

"How's business with you?" "Great," replied the young man. "I'm rushed to death, I haven't had so much to do since long before the

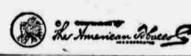
"For Heaven's sake," replied the other, expecting every man he met to wall about the dull times, "what line of business are you in?"

"I'm a bill collector," was the answer. "I'm dunning people for money today that never were dunned before."



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