

Hoarseness

Have you got hoarseness that continues? Or do you get hoarseness once in a while, whenever you get the slightest cold?

Hoarseness means a catarrhal condition of the vocal cords. The vocal cords are way down in the larynx and when affected by hoarseness should cause serious concern.

Peruna has been found to be an excellent remedy for such cases. We have received testimonials from responsible people who have been relieved of hoarseness by Peruna. Should you want to read a lot of excellent testimonials on all subjects write for the

"ILLS OF LIFE"

sent free by the Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Peruna can also be obtained in tablet form. Ask your druggist, or send to us direct.

NOT STIRRED BY ROMANCE

Extremely Practical Errand Had Brought Young Man Out So Early in the Morning.

He was as Irish as the bells of Shannon. And by the true-blue eyes of him any girl could tell that he would love a woman till death did them part. Of course, you can't always go by eyes, and girls haven't much sense anyhow—about men—but never mind that.

He was bringing along the avenue early of a Monday morning. At least it must have been early for him, for—

"Hello!" calls out a big, boomy chap who looks as if he had arisen with that lark we all know about, but never expect to meet.

"Hello, Frank! What brings you out this time of day?"

And Frank answered as virtuously as if he were in church saying his prayers:

"Oh, I always turn out first thing Monday mornings to pay my rent and alimony."

Another ideal gone to smash! Still to pay a gone-wrong marriage debt means a whole heap if you look at it from the alimony lady's point of view.—Exchange.

The Tenor's Adventure.

Enrico Caruso, the tenor, said at a recent dance at the Brevoort in New York:

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is. I was motoring on Long Island recently. My car broke down, and while the chauffeur was repairing it I entered a farmhouse to get warm."

"The farmer and I chatted in the kitchen before the wood stove, and when he asked my name I told him modestly that it was Caruso."

"At that name he threw up his hands."

"Caruso!" he exclaimed. "Robinson Caruso, the great traveler! Little did I expect ever to see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!"

Untouched Subject.

In L'Esprit des Français is an instance of the sharp biting wit for which Alexis Piron, the French epigrammatist, was famous.

A young author whose ability was by means equal to his conceit was discoursing at length upon the merits of his work.

"I am tired of writing of that which others write of," he said. "I want to create an original work, something that no one has ever written about or ever will write about."

Piron turned quickly to the speaker.

"Why not write your own eulogy?" he said.—Youth's Companion.

Literally Correct.

The teacher had noticed something queer about the rendering of a certain line of a hymn frequently used in morning school. One morning she determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. Listening intently, she traced the peculiarity to Johnny.

"Sing it by yourself, Johnny," she commanded. Johnny did so, and instead of the line "Weak and sinful though we be," he gave as his rendering, "We can sing, full though we be."

His chubby appearance might be taken as evidence of the probability of his assertion.

The Limit.

"They say he is extremely stingy."

"Yes; he wouldn't even entertain other people's opinions."—Town Topics.

Prudent Denial.

He—Let's have a tete-a-tete, dear.

She—Oh, I'm afraid of these new tricks.

LIFE'S ROAD

Smoothed by Change of Food.

Worry is a big load to carry and an unnecessary one. When accompanied by indigestion it certainly is cause for the blues.

But the whole trouble may be easily thrown off and life's road be made easy and comfortable by proper eating and the cultivation of good cheer. Read what a Troy woman says:

"Two years ago I made the acquaintance of Grape-Nuts and have used the food once a day and sometimes twice, ever since."

"At the time I began to use it life was a burden. I was for years afflicted with bilious sick headaches, caused by indigestion, and nothing seemed to relieve me."

"The trouble became so severe I had to leave my work for days at a time."

"My nerves were in such a state I could not sleep and the doctor said I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I saw an adv. concerning Grape-Nuts and bought a package for trial."

"What Grape-Nuts has done for me is certainly marvelous. I can now sleep like a child, am entirely free from the old trouble and have not had a headache in over a year. I feel like a new person. I have recommended it to others. One man I knew ate principally Grape-Nuts while working on the ice all winter, and said he never felt better in his life."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Screaming of Parrot Upsets Dignity of Station

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—A common parrot assisted the weather man the other day in making life miserable for terminal station attaches, and made entertainment for waiting passengers at the station until Doss Shaffer, actor and station police force, took a hand and relegated "poll" to the deep, dark recesses of the basement.

The parrot was a verbose "critter" with a tendency to butt in on all the conversation he heard, and he came near getting the goat of George Stout, train caller.

He came into the station with Calvin Bookaw, who was waiting for a car to New Albany. The cars were running irregularly and Bookaw was compelled to wait for some time. Poll voiced displeasure at the delay until he tired himself out with squawking at nothing in particular.

Then he cocked his head on one side and took an interest in Stout, who was calling the cars in a big, booming voice.

Stout was shouting "Aw-l-a-board fr Greenwood, Whiteland, Franklin, Amity, Edinburg, Taylorsville, Columbus," etc., when poll took offense.

"Ark! Squawk!" he screamed in a shrill mezzo-soprano.

Stout gave him a look of cold disgust. Poll cocked a glassy eye in Stout's direction and screamed, "Hallo, hallo!"

Stout started another spiel—"Aw-l-a-board for Car-mel, Noblesville, Clergo, Arcadia, Atlanta, Tip-ton, Jackson, Sharpsville, Fair-field, Kokomo"—

"Ko-ko-mo," yelled polly. "Awk—hallo."

Stout started to call an Anderson car. He got half way down the list when poll saug out, "Kokomo!"

"Awk, hallo—and Kokomo," chirruped the bird. The passengers giggled. Stout grew hot under the collar and started another spiel. He was fairly well along when poll butted in again with—"and Kokomo."

Stout became "fustered." He called Doss Shaffer and ordered him to subdue the bird.

"Hallo," said poll to the cop. Doss knows how to get a dog and handle a drunk, but he couldn't do anything with the parrot. It screamed every time Stout started to call a car, until finally Doss, as a last resort, took the bird and its cage to the basement. The last thing it said as it started down the stairs was—"and Kokomo."

Smallest Policeman Is Arrested by a Woman

CLEVELAND, O.—With all the dignity of a London bobby or one of Kaiser Wilhelm's schutzmannen, Charles William Long, who is six years old, and who can walk under a dining room table without bumping his head, started to arrest all the customers in a downtown department store the other day.

He was dressed like a "sure nuff" policeman, badge, club, pistol, brass buttons and all, and when he waved his cap pistol at a woman she ran.

"Wait a minute," called Charles William. "Stand still and be treated. How'm I goin' to rest you if you run?" and he tapped the shield on his swelling chest.

The attention of Mrs. Sarah Dunleavy, store detective, was attracted by the commotion and she picked Charles Williams up in her arms and carried him over to the old court house. There she turned him over to Probation Officer Lewis.

Charles William shied at the camera, but the promise of a box of caps for his pistol won him and a smile.

"Why did you let this woman arrest you if you are a policeman?" he was asked.

"Hub, she jest picked me up an' lugged me over here. I did think of 'restin' her, but she's too big, an' besides I don't 'rest women. I jest 'rest bad men."

The little policeman said that he did not know where he lived, but could find the house "if you'll turn me loose."

The boy was taken to the detention house by Patrolman Harry Morgan of the juvenile court after he had escorted him into different streets and had asked him if he could tell where he lived.

Pleading for his mother and tired from trying to keep step with the patrolman, the boy fell down on the sidewalk at East Ninth street and Euclid avenue and wept.

When a passer-by remarked that real policemen do not cry, the boy replied: "Well, I want to go home to mother, but nobody can find her for me."

The child's parents were finally located.

Cat Shower Is Big Feature of Fire in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Merowrr, ps-se-ss-t, scat, thud!!" Owow-wr-wr, ps-sat, spit, spit, thud!!" These sounds, which cause neighbors to heave a boot at the back fence simply through force of habit, though it was broad daylight, combined with the arrival of fire apparatus, startled residents in the vicinity of Farwell avenue and Kenilworth place shortly after three o'clock on a recent afternoon.

A fire in an exciting thing, anyway, and even paterfamilias, enjoying the day of rest with a pipe and the Sunday paper on the davenport, gets up to see the apparatus go by.

This particular fire was not only exciting; it was unique. Miss Sarah Hathaway, a kindly old lady living at 421 Farwell avenue, conducts a home for cats at her house. She feeds and takes care of about 100 felines of all descriptions. Accordingly, when an oil stove in the cellar set fire to rubbish collected in the basement, and smoke filled the upper rooms, pandemonium reigned among the cat lodgers.

With the arrival of engine company No. 27 and truck company No. 5 the work of rescue was started. It was unnecessary to carry the rescued down a ladder. Firemen simply grabbed the tabbies and toms by the scruff of the neck and heaved them out of the window, thereby being responsible for the noises referred to above.

Miss Hathaway wished to have one big Maltese cat saved in preference to all the rest, and offered a dollar to the fireman that would bring it out. The cat was obdurate, however. She was in no danger and didn't want to be saved. Of the hundred or more cats in the building only one was suffocated, although the fire caused a damage of approximately \$100.

Man Plays Horse in Street and Lands in Cell

CHICAGO.—"Ghdap!—whoa!—geel!—haw!" yelled John P. Quin, thirty-eight years old, 921 Wells street, as he galloped and pranced up and down Hill street early the other morning with a harness over his shoulders. Crowds gathered, wondering what sort of vehicle Quin thought he was drawing. He did not seem to mind spectators in the least, however. He trotted, ran and shied.

"Come on, you Silverheels! Come on, you Silverheels!" called a couple of spectators.

In a moment bets flew. One man staked 100 to 1 that Quin would beat his shadow by a nose, another laid a 10-to-1 shot that he could beat his coat-tails. The man who wagered that he soon would beat a retreat won all the bets.

Just then police of the Chicago avenue station arrived and for a moment did not know what to make of it. Finally deciding that the man should be arrested, they took him to the station, and he was charged with appearing in public disguised as a horse.

"I guess he had been playing with the kid," volunteered somebody, "and thinks the small boy is still driving him."

What Saves Them?

Husband—Do you think, my dear, that you are dressed warm enough for a cold day like this?

Wife—Oh, yes; I'm going to carry my muff.—Puck.

Merely Prudence.

Hub—How could you go and order that expensive necklace? Don't you know how I'm fixed?

Wife—Yes, but I don't want other people to know how you're fixed.

A Liar's Reward.

"Do you understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent looking negro took the witness stand.

"Yessah, Ah does. Ah'm to swear to tell de truth."

"Yes," said the judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the truth?"

"Well, sah," was the hesitating answer. "Ah expects ouh side'll win de case, sah."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Troubles come disguised, as well as blessings. Many a chaperon has developed into a matchmaker.

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is now electrically sealed with a "SEAL OF PURITY" so absolute that it is damp-proof, dust proof, impurity-proof—even air-proof!

Give regular aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion. It's the safe besides delicious and beneficial confection!

BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents—at most dealers. Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

It's clean, pure, healthful if it's WRIGLEY'S.

Look for the spear

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

REALLY NOTHING OF MOMENT

Pathetic Message From Mrs. Young—husband Stirred No Feeling Within Messenger Boy.

He was fretful and lonely, for his wife had taken her first post-nuptial trip away from him. She would be away a whole week—a whole week of loneliness and anxiety. He pictured her equally—even more—distressed at the separation. Outside to accustom his misery, the rain streamed down in an unending torrent. The wind whistled a lugubrious wail as an accompaniment to his feelings, and the thunder put in a few well-chosen orchestral effects. The door bell began to ring violently just as the clock struck two. Mr. Younghusband listened with mixed joy and fear. His wife, perhaps, his eager ear heard the janitor, sleepy and grumbling, open the door. A messenger boy, dripping and soaked, stood without the portal as the janitor unbolted the door. He handed a saturated envelope to the janitor: "Mr. Younghusband?" "Anything important?" "Naw, 't ain't nothin'! A woman says her heart is breakin' for him in Boston."

Had It Concealed.

As a reward for good behavior Johnny was allowed to come to the dinner table when company was expected. He wanted to appear big, too, so he chose a low chair which brought his mouth just to the top of the table. But he didn't mind this because it was on a line with his plate and he was not so likely to drop anything while eating. He ate ravenously of everything, having nothing to say to the guests, as his mother had told him to remember that good children are seen, not heard. Finally, after dessert, when there was a lull in the conversation, he exclaimed:

"Say, pop, you can't guess what I've got under the table?"

"No, my son," said his father with an indulgent glance, "what is it?"

"Stomach ache!" shouted Johnny gleefully.

Talked Enough in Life.

An agent called on Mr. Hoolihan one morning and asked for a photograph of the lately departed Mrs. Hoolihan.

"You just let me have that photograph about two weeks," said the agent, "and I'll send you a life-size portrait of Mrs. Hoolihan that'll be a speaking likeness."

An expression of considerable apprehension appeared in Mr. Hoolihan's dim blue eyes, and he passed his hand twice across his mouth with a nervous gesture.

"Well, now, O! don't know as that'd be annyways necessary," he replied, in a whisper, "O! I'll have a picture that shows her looks, without anny mechanical contrivance to reproduce her vice."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Necessary Hours of Sleep.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, who attained the age of eighty-eight and who could command sleep on horseback, says, in some curious remarks which he has left upon sleep, that no one measure will do for all, nor will the same amount of sleep ever suffice for the same person at all times. More sleep is necessary when the strength and spirits are exhausted by illness, hard labor or severe mental efforts. Whatever may be the case with some few persons of a peculiar constitution, it is evident that health and vigor can scarcely be expected to continue long without six hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty.

Motes and Beams.

George Ade, over a cup of afternoon tea with a group of cynical bachelors at the Chicago Athletic club, said:

"Married men declare that their wives can't keep a secret, but these men themselves are just as bad."

"A married man buttonholed me in the billiard room an hour ago and told me a frightful scandal."

"Don't let this go any further, George," he ended.

"No, certainly not," said I. "But how did you happen to hear it?"

"Oh, the wife, of course," he answered. "She's just like all women—can't keep a secret."

Easiest Way.

Mrs. Newlywed—That table seems awfully rickety. Why, it creaks if you put your hand on it.

Shopkeeper—Well, that's all the style, ma'am. It's built that way on purpose. You can't read an account of fashionable dinner parties without noticing how the tables groaned under the weight of the delicacies. Better take this one, ma'am.

We feel sorry for the rich woman who has poor taste. Everybody sits up and takes notice.

No man is so fast that trouble can't overtake him.

STOMACH HAS LONG MEMORY

But Here Is Proof That There Are Other Things Which Some People Consider of Moment.

It's the full dinner plate and the glad hand that makes the assimilation of the foreigner a hasty matter in American, according to Prof. E. A. Steiner.

"The stomach has a long memory," said he. "Given a condition in which three squares a day are furnished and the assimilation problem is nine-tenths solved."

But it isn't all a matter of appetite and supply, Steiner says. The other tenth of the solution lies in America's manners.

"I saw some immigrants on a pier in Italy waiting to take the steamer for this country," said he. "They had been here before. That was evident at a glance. So I asked the man why he was going back?"

"In Pittsburg," said he, "de boss he knock-a me on da should."

"Hello, Mike," he says, "how's Missus Mike and all da littla kids, hey?"

"Now I gotta gooda home here. But no one he knocka me on da should' and ask about my wife and da kids. So I go back to Pittsburg."

Couldn't Think.

There had been a slight earthquake which had been plainly felt by the inhabitants. Pat and Mike met the following morning.

"Pat," said Mike, solemnly, "what did ye think whin first th' ground began to trumble?"

"Think!" cried Mike, scornfully. "What mon that had th' use of his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'?" Tell he thot!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Give and Take.

"A good answer," said Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, president of the National Association Opposed to Women's Suffrage, in a suffrage argument. "As good an answer as Brown gave Mrs. Brown."

"George," said Mrs. Brown, with a nasty smile, "you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me."

"Well," said George, "maybe I was."

Occasionally a woman is so contrary that she will not fall in love until she discovers that the fellow isn't worthy of her.

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Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—digestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

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Banish the "Blues!"

If you have that depressed feeling it's more than likely that your blood is out of order—impoverished or poisoned.

There is only one thing that will alter your present condition—that's to restore your stomach to normal health and strength. For a weak or diseased stomach cannot make good blood. If your digestion is bad your food will not make the good blood which nourishes body, brain, heart and nerve.

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helps the stomach to do its work naturally and properly. Stimulates the liver. The system is freed from poison. The blood is purified. Every organ is rejuvenated. Instead of the "Blues," you feel fit and strong, equal to any task or up to any pleasure.

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