

# ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monacoeleandriester of Salicyleneid.—Adv.

For Giving.

Betty, who is three, is always picking up words and phrases she hears nine-year-old John use. One morning she said, "Mother, will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you for what, dear?"

Betty was worried, but only for a moment.

"Forgive me a nickel," she suggested, brightly.

Tough Going.

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

"Yep, and lined with motor cops."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Failings Ignored.

Mrs. Hodge—How do you write references for your cooks?

Mrs. Hiram Daly—Oh, epitaph style.

It sometimes happens that a law student gives up the law business to engage in the son-in-law business.

One of the things we can't buy on credit is experience.

## Back Lame and Achy?

Do you get up mornings tired and achy? Evening find you "all worn-out"? Likely your kidneys are to blame. Hurry and worry, lack of rest, and eating too much meat, throw a strain on the kidneys. Your back gives out; you are tired and likely suffer headaches and dizzy spells. Take things easier and help the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have brought new strength to thousands. Ask your neighbor!

### A South Dakota Case

Iver Iverson, Brookings, S. D., says: "I had quite an attack of backache. My back was stiff and lame and when I got up in the morning I found it almost impossible to straighten up. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they did me of that trouble entirely and I haven't had a pain or an ache since, thanks to Doan's."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## We Have FARMS of All Sizes

in MINNESOTA, WISCONSIN, DAKOTA  
Customers for all prices.  
CONSULT US before buying or selling.  
LARSON LAND AGENCY  
X460 Temple Court - MINNEAPOLIS

## HEADQUARTERS for Northwest Travelers

**West Hotel**  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
Sensible Prices—Service our Watchword

## Cuticura Soap The Velvet Touch For the Skin

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by James B. Connolly



It is doubtful whether any other books of modern times have won such widespread and immediate popularity as Victor Hugo's great romances. America and England thrilled to Dickens but it was not until later that he captured continental audiences. Hugo's "Les Misérables" was published simultaneously in Paris, London, Brussels, Milan, Madrid, Rotterdam, Leipzig and Budapest. And across the seas, in the darkest moments of our

Civil War, soldiers pored over the English translation by their campfires and debated about Jean Valjean and the good Bishop Myriel.

Four years later appeared "Toilers of the Sea," that amazing epic of the deep, and again the world almost halted its daily work to read about a simple sailor and his Titanic hazards amongst monsters of the sea. This tale swiftness pronounced "summa" passed even among the works of its author for splendor of imagination and of style, for pathos and sublimity of truth.

Hugo was an exile from his native land when these novels were published. When Napoleon III, mounted the throne, the novelist, a fiery republican, found it wise to turn his back upon Paris. He fled to Brussels, disguised as a laborer, and then settled in the Channel Islands. There he lived for nearly 20 years, although each summer he traveled on the continent. He did not re-enter France until the downfall of Napoleon following the disaster at Sedan.

What France thought of him was evidenced at his funeral. More than 1,000,000 people lined the streets of Paris as the procession moved to the Pantheon, where he was buried in that last resting place of the great men of France.

ONE Christmas morning, Deruchette, a charming young girl, wrote the name of a man, Gilliatt, in the snow. Gilliatt, seeing the name and knowing who wrote it, never forgot.

Gilliatt was a young man of doubtful birth and unpopular disposition who lived by himself in an old wreck of a house in St. Sampson in the Isle of Guernsey. He was a fisherman; also a carpenter, a wheelwright, a sort of engineer when need be. He was also a dreamer of dreams.

Deruchette lived with her uncle, Mess Lethierry, a man at once good-natured, intolerant, superstitious and progressive. In his wandering days Lethierry had befriended Rantaine, an adventurer who repaid this kindness by running off with 50,000 francs of Lethierry's, the savings of forty years and intended for Deruchette's dowry.

However, Lethierry had still his steamboat, the Durande. She at least would not fail him. Other steamboats failed, but not his Durande—this because of her wonderful engines. The master of the Durande was Sleur Clubin, who had built up a reputation for high respectability. He was a capable, prudent seaman and a wonderful swimmer. Also he was a man who knew how to bide his time.

In one of his trips to the main land Clubin encountered the thief Rantaine, as he was about to leave the country with a fortune of 75,000 francs. At the point of a revolver Clubin took from Rantaine the 75,000 francs, and at once, although it was foggy, set sail in the Durande for St. Sampson.

The Durande was wrecked on some rocks in the channel. Clubin disembarked his passengers and crew in the long-boat. For himself, he would go down with his ship. The passengers and crew, arriving safely in St. Sampson, were loud in their praise of the heroic captain.

All Lethierry's hopes for Deruchette had lain in the Durande. He besought men to go out to the wreck to see if there was hope for her or if Clubin remained alive. They went, Gilliatt first of all, and returned to report that no Clubin was there and that the Durande was hopelessly wrecked. Only her engines remained intact.

Her engines! The word roused Lethierry from his despair. Her engines! His engines, which he had designed himself! They were the real value of the ship! If he could but recover the engines! But how? What man could devise the means to save them? The superhuman being who could do that, why—he should marry Deruchette.

A man pushed his way through the crowd surrounding Mess Lethierry and his niece. "You would marry him to Deruchette?" said the man. It was Gilliatt.

Mess Lethierry raised a solemn hand. "I pledge myself to it in God's name!"

Next day Gilliatt set sail. With extraordinary skill he maneuvered to the one spot near the wreck where it might be possible to moor his sloop. This nook was 400 yards from the wreck, too far for the sleeping place of a man who had not minutes to waste. Yet he could not bank on the

head of the Durande—a sea might come in the night and sweep him away.

He discovered a little plateau on the top of one of the Douvres pinnacles. He ascended the pinnacle by means of a knotted cord; every time he made his way up or down he risked his life, but there his bed must be, for time was everything. And for weeks he lived on the Douvres rocks at his work—work that demanded the knowledge of a sailor, a carpenter, an engineer, a blacksmith.

Incredible toil! To repair pulley blocks and construct hoisting tackle; to reshape broken joists and make old sails into twine; to cut iron bars into files and long spikes; to take apart and stow the paddle wheels, to resharpen hatchets and renew saw teeth—these were but the beginning of his preparations.

And more than toil. Part of the food which he had brought with him was washed into the sea, and he dared not leave the wreck unguarded to sail to Guernsey for a fresh supply; so he gathered the tiny shellfish from the rocks and hunted the crabs which ran in and out of crevices.

One day he pursued a crab into a cave. While peering about, up to his waist in water, he felt something rough, cold, slimy coil itself around his right arm. Its pressure was like a tightening cord; its steady persistence like that of a screw. A second cold coil wound itself around his body; a third, a fourth, a fifth lashed themselves around him. He could scarcely breathe.

Suddenly a round slimy mass darted toward him. It was the head of the devil-fish.

Gilliatt had his knife; his left arm was still free. The monster stretched out a sixth tentacle for the free arm; which would mean Gilliatt's sure death; but with one superb circular stroke Gilliatt whipped off the slimy head. The tentacles relaxed, fell away; he was dead.

Gilliatt had still to get his crab. He looked into the deeper recesses of the cave; and found the skeleton of a man. Around the ribs was a leather belt. On the belt was a name: Clubin. Attached to the belt was a flat, tightly-sealed little iron box. Within the box were three sheets of paper, Bank of England notes of 1,000 each; in all, 75,000 francs.

But the engines were what he had come for. He toiled on, and one evening he sailed into St. Sampson and tied his sloop, weighted down with the Durande's engines, to Lethierry's wharf. He hummed a plaintive air which he had once heard Deruchette play on her piano.

It was five years since Gilliatt had first seen Deruchette. In all that time he had never spoken to her. He knew her as men know the morning star, at a distance. Once, seeing her with her uncle, he had dared to pass quite near. He fancied that she smiled.

He walked noiselessly now toward Lethierry's house. He saw above him the windows of Deruchette's room. In the garden he saw Deruchette herself. A nightingale was singing. The night was inexpressibly silent.

There was someone with Deruchette. It was a man, the young Episcopalian curate whose life, Gilliatt recalled, he had once saved from the high tide of the Gild-Holm-Ur rock. The curate had offered him a sovereign, which Gilliatt had refused, saying it was no matter. The curate had then pressed upon him a Bible.

The curate had the beauty of a pale head and face of a pictured angel. He spoke a language which echoed the rhythm of the sacred psalms. He spoke now, Deruchette spoke. Their speech was of love. They embraced. Gilliatt stole off in the night.

Lethierry was transported at the recovery of his wonderful engines. "I will build a hull around them," he said. "I shall have to borrow, but my credit is good. Only for that villain of a Clubin—see, here is a note from Rantaine. He gave Clubin for me, he says, 75,000 francs, equal to what he stole from me with interest."

"Here," said Gilliatt, "are the 75,000 francs." He handed Lethierry the little iron box with the three 1,000-franc notes.

Lethierry embraced him. "You more than man!" he exclaimed. "You shall marry Deruchette at once!"

"I shall not marry Deruchette," Lethierry insisted. He stormed. Gilliatt was like iron. Lethierry grew redder. Gilliatt paler. Gilliatt had his way. Deruchette and the curate were married. They set sail for England on the packet Cashmere.

Gilliatt crossed at low tide on the stones which led to Gild-Holm-Ur rock to see the Cashmere pass. The tide was coming in, but the Cashmere was coming out. She moved slowly in the light breeze. The tide crept up on Gild-Holm-Ur, but Gilliatt's eyes were for the Cashmere. The tide crept higher—to Gilliatt's knees—but in a spot of sunlight on the Cashmere were Deruchette and the curate. Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her waist. There was a silence like the calm of heaven on the sea.

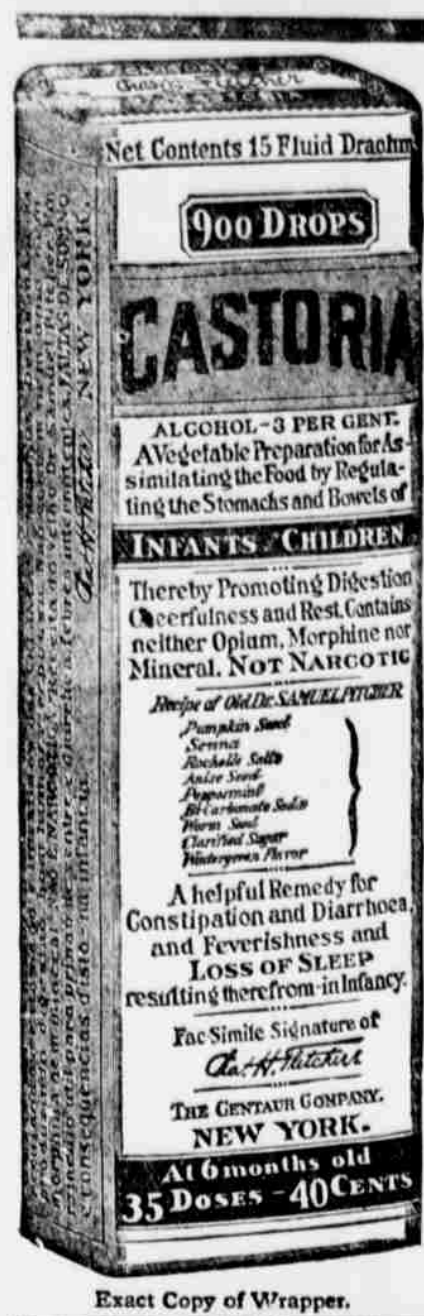
The packet passed on. She was beyond the waters of the harbor. The tide was then at Gilliatt's shoulders, but the packet was still within sight. She became a spot in the haze. The spot dwindled, disappeared. As she vanished the head of Gilliatt was engulfed.

Nothing was visible but the sea. Copyright, 1912, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post).

Just So.

"The senate still maintains snuff boxes, although nobody ever uses snuff nowadays."

"When the women break they can fill 'em with chocolate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

If a man is smart he can always catch on, and if he is wise, he will always know when to let go.

Some animals are so fretful that captivity in zoological gardens shortens their lives considerably.

## Father and Daughter Get Relief by Eatonic

R. J. Powell, Sweetwater, Texas, says, "Eatonic helped me at once, but it was my daughter who got the marvelous benefits. She could not even take a drink of water without awful misery, but it relieved her; she is feeling much better. All this from one box, so send me four more at once."

Hundreds of people now take eatonic; one or two tablets after each meal keeps them in good health, feeling fine, full of pep. Eatonic simply takes up the excess acidity and poisons and carries them right out of the system. Of course, when the cause of the misery is removed, the sufferer cannot help but get well.

You will find it a quick, sure relief for heartburn, indigestion, sour, acid, gassy bloated stomach. It costs but a trifle and your druggist will supply you. If you don't feel well, you give eatonic a test. Adv.

**After Using.**  
The woman was the author of a cookery book that had been published at her request with wide margins and occasional blank pages for notes and additional recipes.

Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the book and find to what use the blank spaces had been put. One day in a second-hand book store her husband unearthed an old volume. Noticing that it had been annotated freely, he bought it. After a day or two he said:

"How about the notes in that cookery book? Were they interesting?"  
"No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything."

When he got a chance he looked through the book himself. Every note the book contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and kindred ailments!—Dallas News.

**Forests to Pay Country's Expenses.**  
A scheme has been outlined for the county of Otsego in New York by which forests now existing and those to be planted will pay the operating expenses of the county in the near future. Each of the twenty-four townships in the county will undertake to plant 100 acres of trees and the profits of these tracts will soon be sufficient to take care of the running expenses of the county, so that taxes will be lowered to the minimum point.

There are more than 90,000 trained nurses in England.

Not a Bit Curious.  
Mrs. Smith was all dressed up, and that piqued Mrs. Rogers' curiosity as she met her on the road.

"Going to town, I suppose?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"No," answered Mrs. Smith. "Oh to see your sister at Blagesville."

"No," was the sententious answer. "Going to see Cy's sister at the Corners, perhaps?"

"No, I'm not," came the positive answer.

"Well, my gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers impatiently. "Do you think I care a rap where you are going?"

## The High Price of Sugar makes one welcome foods which are rich in natural sweetness.

# Grape-Nuts

—the ready-cooked cereal  
requires no added sweetening, for it contains its own pure grain sugar, developed from wheat and barley by twenty hours' baking.

Sprinkle Grape-Nuts over ripe fruit or berries and you'll save sugar.

## Facts for Sick Women



### Reliable Information

All American women know of the great success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in restoring to health women who suffered from ailments peculiar to their sex, yet there are some who are skeptical and do not realize that all that is claimed for it is absolutely true—if they did, our laboratory would not be half large enough to supply the demand, though today it is the largest in the country used for the manufacture of one particular medicine.

The Facts contained in the following two letters should prove of benefit to many women:

Buffalo, N. Y.—"I suffered with organic inflammation and displacement. When lifting I had such pain and bearing down that I was not able to stand up, and it hurt me to walk or go up or down stairs. I was going to a doctor without any results and he said the safest thing would be to have an operation. I met a lady who told me she had three operations and was not well until she took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I felt relief. Got taking two bottles of Vegetable Compound and I kept on with it until I was cured. I always use Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and they are fine. Everything used to turn sour on my stomach and the Liver Pills relieve it."—Mrs. A. ROCKMAN, 593 Fargo Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sacramento, Calif.—"I had organic trouble and had such terrible pain and swelling in the lower part of my side that I could not stand on my feet or even let the bed clothes touch my side. I gave up my work thinking I would not be able to go back for months. My mother advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it had saved her life at one time, and it put me in a wonderful condition in a couple of weeks, so I can keep on working. I work in a department store and have to stand on my feet all day and I do not have any more pains. I surely recommend your Vegetable Compound to all my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—BETTY J. PARKER, 3320 M St., Sacramento, Calif.

The fact is, the Best Medicine for Women is

# Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

## Millions of Tiny Germs Cause Your Catarrh

Real Relief Comes Only by Cleansing the Blood of the Germs.

You must realize that your blood is loaded down with catarrh germs, and these germs must be removed from your blood before you can expect real, rational relief from the disease. And of course, you know that you cannot reach these germs in your blood with

sprays and douches. S. S. S. will cleanse your blood of the cause of Catarrh, and give real relief. It has been in constant use for more than fifty years, and is sold by all druggists. Buy a bottle of S. S. S. today and lose no further time in getting on the right treatment. Valuable advice regarding your case will be furnished free. Address Medical Adviser, 103 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.