

Why That Lame Back?

Morning laziness, slumped shoulders when bending over an all day back ache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney complaint. If you feel tired all the time and are annoyed by dizzy spells, headaches and irregular kidney action, you have additional proof and should act quickly to prevent more serious kidney trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is recommended everywhere by grateful users. Ask your neighbor!


A South Dakota Case

C. O. Sundquist, carpenter, Webster, S. D., says: "My kidneys acted irregularly and I had dull, heavy pains in my back, my back sharp twinges shot through me when I tried to straighten after stooping. I was bothered with headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions passed very irregularly. A neighbor advised me to take Doan's Kidney Pills and they permanently cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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



Wretchedness OF Constipation Can Be Quickly Overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act sure and gently on the liver. Relieve biliousness, headache, dizziness and indigestion. They do their duty.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price



ALWAYS REMEMBER

When considering your health, purity and freshness should be your supreme aim. We do not know of any medicinal preparation that can equal the power and effectiveness in regulating the bowels, stimulating the liver, flushing the kidneys, sweetening the stomach, or cleansing and enriching the blood, than

BULGARIAN BLOOD TEA

This pure all-herb preparation taken steaming hot at bedtime kills a cold overnight and guards against influenza, grippe, and pneumonia. It is the favorite Family Medicine in millions of happy homes; physicians and druggists heartily recommend it. Sold by all druggists and grocers everywhere.

Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum

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

We Have FARMS of All Sizes in MINNESOTA, WISCONSIN, DAKOTA.

Customers for all prices. CONSULT US before buying or selling.

LARSON LAND AGENCY
450 Temple Court - MINNEAPOLIS

Teamster's Life Saved

"Peterson Ointment Co., Inc. I had a very severe sore on my leg for years. I am a teamster. I tried all medicines and salves, but without success. I tried doctors, but they failed to cure me. I couldn't sleep for many nights from pain. Doctors said I could not live for more than two years. Finally Peterson's Ointment was recommended to me and by its use the sore was entirely healed. Thankfully yours, William Haase, West Park, Ohio, care P. G. Heitz, Box 199."

Peterson says "I am proud of the above letter and have hundreds of others that tell of wonderful cures of Eczema, Itch and Skin Diseases."

Peterson's Ointment is 60 cents a box. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo.

FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Isaac Freckle's Ointment. 75c a box. 297 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

HUMPHREY The Dry Cleaner and Dyer

Expert Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing. Hata Cleaned.

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ZIMMERMAN BROS., EASTMAN KODAK CO.
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Female, golf and all kinds of sporting goods. Guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, etc. Catalog sent free.

OISON SPORTING GOODS CO.
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Electric Spark Laundry Soap

Trilby Toilet Soap

We have added a new and very useful premium to our 1919 list. Write us for it.


HASKINS BROS. & CO.
Sioux City, Iowa

CONDENSED CLASSICS

JANE EYRE

By CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Condensation by T. L. Hood of Harvard University



Charlotte Brontë, sister of Emily and Anne Brontë, was born April 21, 1816, and died March 31, 1855.

Their father was an Irishman, a poor health and eccentric ways. Their mother died when the children were young, and they were left to bring themselves up in a bleak and solitary house, close to the churchyard, their only solace an intense enjoyment of the world of make-believe. Deaths in the family, sorrow and tribulations of all kinds, the struggle to make a way in the world by teaching and serving as governess, the necessity of acting as mother to the family, all were a part of the intense life of Charlotte.

In 1846 the three sisters issued a small volume of poems under the names of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. The book was hardly noticed at the time. The three sisters each began a novel. Emily's "Wuthering Heights" and Anne's "Agnes Grey" found publishers, but "The Professor" of Charlotte remained unaccepted until she had made her name famous with other works. She threw herself into the composition of "Jane Eyre," which was published in 1847. It took the reading public by storm; the literary sensation of the day was "Who is Currer Bell?" The answer did not come till "Wuthering Heights" had been published in 1849, when the author became a part of the great world of letters. "Villette," her last book, came in 1853. The next year she was married to the Rev. Mr. Nicholls; she died the year after, when success and happiness should have crowned her life.

Beginning with the life by Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Gaskell, the three sisters have been the subject of innumerable books and articles.

AT HER very birth Jane Eyre was left in the cold lap of charity. Her aunt-in-law, Mrs. Reed of Gateshead Hall, kept the orphan ten years, during which she was subjected to such hard, fixed hatred that she was glad enough to be packed off to Lowood school, a semi-charitable institution for girls.

Her career there was very honorable; from a pupil she became a teacher. She left it to become governess of Adela Varens, the ward of Mr. Edward Rochester, at Thornfield Manor. There she thoroughly liked her situation: The grand old house; the quiet library; her little chamber; the garden with its huge chestnut trees; and the great meadow with its array of knotty thorn trees, strong as oaks.

If Mr. Rochester had been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, Jane could never have felt at ease with him. But he was a sombre, moody man, with broad and jetty eyebrows, decisive nose, and grim, square mouth and jaw; and in his presence the plain little governess felt somehow happy. Yet his character was beyond her penetration; she felt a vague sense of insecurity.

He confided to her that Adela Varens was not his child, but the daughter of a Parisian dancer, who had deceived him, and deserted the little girl. So much he told her; but of the strange shadows that passed over his happiest moments, of his apparent affection for Jane Eyre along with his withholding from her some secret grief, she could make nothing.

Then there came most mysterious happenings to Thornfield. One night Jane Eyre found the door of Mr. Rochester's room open, and his bed on fire. She managed with great difficulty to quench the flames, and rouse him from the stupor into which the smoke had plunged him. He advised her to remain silent as to the affair.

Later a Mr. Mason, from Spanish Town, in Jamaica, arrived at Thornfield while Mr. Rochester was entertaining a large party. That night Jane was awakened by a cry for help. When she reached the hall, the guests were aroused.

Mr. Rochester, candle in hand, was descending the stairs from the third floor. "A servant has had a nightmare," he said.

Thus he persuaded the guests back into their rooms. But all night Jane was obliged to attend Mr. Mason, who lay in a bed on the third floor, badly wounded in the arm and shoulder. From scattered hints Jane gathered that a woman had inflicted the wounds. A doctor was summoned, and before morning Mr. Rochester had spirited the wounded man away in a coach, with the doctor to watch over him.

Then Jane was suddenly summoned to Gateshead, to her aunt, Mrs. Reed, who lay dying. Mrs. Reed gave her a letter. It was from John Eyre, in Madeira, asking that his niece, Jane Eyre, come to him, that he might adopt her, as he was unmarried and childless. It was dated three years back. Mrs. Reed had never attempted to deliver it to Jane Eyre, because she disliked her too thoroughly to lend a hand in lifting her to prosperity.

When Jane returned to Thornfield, Mr. Rochester proposed to her; and because she loved him and believed in him, she accepted.

A month later, at the wedding, when the clergyman's lips were closed to ask, "Will you have this woman for thy wedded wife?" in the gray old house of God, a distinct and near voice spoke in the silence of the empty church:

"The marriage cannot go on; I declare the existence of an impediment."

Asked by the clergyman for the facts, the speaker showed a document to prove that Mr. Rochester had married Bertha Mason, fifteen years before, in Spanish Town, Jamaica; and produced Mr. Mason to witness that the woman was alive and at Thornfield.

Edward Rochester confessed hardly and recklessly that he had married, as the lawyer asserted; that his wife was still living; and that he had kept her secretly at Thornfield for years. She was mad; and she came of a mad family; idiots and maniacs for three generations. He had been inveigled into the marriage by her family, with the connivance of his father and brother, who had desired him to marry a fortune. He invited the clergyman, the lawyer, and Mr. Mason to come up to Thornfield and see what sort of a being he had been cheated into espousing, and judge whether or not he had a right to break the compact.

At Thornfield he took them to the third story. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. A trusty maid servant bent over the fire, apparently cooking something. In the deep shade, at the further end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, at first sight, one could not tell; it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal; but it was covered with clothing; and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"That is my wife," said Mr. Rochester. Then all withdrew.

That night Jane stole away from Thornfield. The few shillings that she possessed she gave to the driver of the first coach she saw, to take her as far as he would for the money. Thirty-six hours later he let her off at a crossroads in the moorlands. Into the heather she walked. That night she ate bilberries, and slept under a crag. Two days later, famished and drenched, she was taken into Marsh End, the house of Rev. St. John Rivers, a young and ambitious clergyman in the neighboring village of Morton. His two sisters, Mary and Diana, were more than kind to Jane. They were soon to return to their work as governesses in a large south-of-England city.

St. John secured employment for Jane as mistress of the new girls' school in Morton. His plan was to become a missionary in India. He asked Jane to become his wife and go with him. But something kept her from consenting; he did not really love her; he felt the call to missionary work, but she did not.

Then he discovered for her that her uncle had died, leaving her £20,000. This was confirmed by Mr. Briggs, the solicitor in London. She discovered, too, that the mother of St. John and Mary and Diana had been her father's sister, so that they too should have been heirs to her uncle in Madeira. She insisted on a division of the legacy with them.

One night St. John was pressing her for her final decision. The one candle was dying out; the room was full of moonlight. She heard a voice from somewhere cry—

"Jane! Jane! Jane!"

Next day she was on her way to Thornfield. In thirty-six hours she arrived at "The Rochester Arms," two miles away. With much misgiving she walked up to Thornfield—to find only a blackened ruin.

Back at the inn she learned that Thornfield Hall had burned down about harvest time in the previous year. The fire had broken out in the dead of night. Mr. Rochester had tried to rescue his wife. She had climbed onto the roof, where she had stood, waving her arms, and shouting until she could hear her a mile off. Mr. Rochester had ascended through the skylight. The crowd had heard him call, "Bertha!" They had seen him approach her; and then she had yelled, and given a spring, and the next minute she had lain dead on the pavement.

Mr. Rochester had been taken from the ruins, alive, but sadly hurt; one eye had been knocked out, and one hand so crushed that the surgeon had had to amputate it directly. The other eye inflamed; he lost the sight of that also.

He was now at Ferndean, a manor house on a farm he had, about thirty miles off; quite a desolate spot. There Jane found him, sad, helpless and crippled. She married him. Eventually the sight returned to his eye so that when his first-born was put into his arms he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were—large, brilliant and black. On that occasion, with a full heart, he acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy.

Diana and Mary Rivers were both married soon after, and alternately, once a year, came to visit Jane and Mr. Rochester. St. John Rivers left for India, to labor until called at length into the joy of his Lord.

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Wireless Telephone.

A new wireless telephone apparatus, employing a small aerial, a wave length of 375 meters, and one-third kilowatt of power, can be used to talk to points within a radius of 300 miles.

SPEED IN NEWS SENDING

Recent Invention, Called the Teletype, Delivers 50 Printed Words a Minute.

The fastest machine ever invented for transmitting news events is called the teletype.

While news by ordinary telegraph in the Morse code came in at the rate of thirty-five words a minute, the teletype printed the messages at the rate of fifty words a minute.

The teletype is a simple, compact instrument which prints the messages on a strip of paper one-half inch wide, similar to the ordinary ticker "tape."

Its inventors assert it will operate for long periods without adjustment or attention beyond supplying it with paper and ink. It is said to be so simple it can be operated by any one with an elementary knowledge of electricity and mechanics.

Any reasonable number of receiving stations may receive news by its use from one central transmitting station. These may either be connected all on one wire or a number of wires radiating from a central station may be used.

The same principle is used in the teletype as in the simple Morse telegraph, only by omitting a series of clicks the movement of the keys causes the machine at the other end of the wire to print proper letters. Instead of sending out dots and dashes, which require skill and training in transmission, the operator merely presses a typewriter key and the receiving machine prints the required letter.

A small motor, such as is used to supply power for many modern office appliances, operates the teletype. The rolls of "tape" on which the news is printed are large enough to receive from 15,000 to 16,000 words before replacement.

Flattery.

It is impossible to tell the whole truth to an average human being and still to remain on terms of friendship with him. There is little friendship without make-believe. If two men are close friends, you may take it that they have been pretending to a considerably higher estimate of each other than they would set down in a perfectly honest diary.

It is not necessary that they should deliberately lie to one another, but they must discreetly conceal a certain amount of the criticism that is going on all the time behind the bones of their skulls.

What is said in a spirit of truth is set down to malice. Can a man be your friend if he steals the crown from your head? Can he be your friend even if he steals a single jewel from your crown—especially the paste jewel? We have all—the greatest and the meanest of us—paste jewels in our crowns. Will a true friend point them out to a world that is already over-much inclined to scoff? Or will he not rather organize a clique that will pretend to be dazzled by diamonds?

Man is not only a realist. He is also a lover of romance. He dreams of what he would be quite as often as he deplores what he is. He cannot help being attracted by people who make his dream appear true. There are some men who are such intense egoists that they can believe in the truth of their dreams without any assistance from other people. Southerly agreed that his "Maddo" was "the best English poem since 'Paradise Lost.'" There was no need to tell him so; he knew it already.—New Statesman, London.

Unconquerable Souls.

The soldier who sent his people the tunic he had worn in battle and wrote from the hospital, "You will observe that there are nine bullet holes in it, but I was awfully lucky, only five of 'em hit me," has a rival in an Ohio boy of nine, whose cheerful acceptance of the "bludgeonings of chance" are thus instanced:

"My life has been a very lucky one," he wrote in a "composition." "When I was three years old I fell downstairs and cut my head. When I was five years old I was looking at some hens and a dog bit my leg."

"When I was eight I went with my brother in a carriage, and the horse fell and threw us out of the carriage; my brother lit on his feet and I lit on the horse's back."


"Last year I was playing and ran into a wagon and cut my eyebrow, and it has left a mark."

"One day I went into a slaughter house in Chicago and a big sheep ran after me and knocked me down and broke my arm."

"I have had a very happy life."

"ASPIRIN"

WARNING! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 20 years and proved safe by millions. Name "Bayer" has same meaning as 14 Karat on gold.



SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and for pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacochief of the Reichsverband.

Appropriate Name.


"But why do you give this recipe you have confided to me the title 'I. W. W.'?"

"Because," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop, "it sounds interesting, but has never been known to work."

USE "DIAMOND DYES"

Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.



MADE HIS POSITION PLAIN

Visitor Bound to Notify Big Game Hunter That He Would Not Accompany Him.

He was a big-game hunter and he had inserted an advertisement in a morning paper asking if any man would accompany him to central Africa to shoot lions, rhinos, hippos, etc., the said companion to bear half the cost of the expedition.

Late that night or, rather, at 2 o'clock the next morning, his household was awakened by a violent ringing of the front-door bell and a man was admitted who, to put it mildly, appeared to have been wining.

"Look here," explained the visitor, "I read your 'advertisement this mornin' and I was bound to come to you."

"Well?" queried the hunter. "It's a bit late to talk business, but will you accompany me?"

"Company you?" retorted the visitor. "No, shir. I called to tell you I'd shce you hang'd first."

Persuaded.

The flower seller and Mr. Kariker engaged in conversation.

"Buy a flower, sir?"

"No, thanks."

"Buy one for your wife."

"Haven't got one."

"For your sweetheart, then."

"Haven't got one."

"Well, buy one to celebrate your good luck."

He bought.

HOLY CITY AS IT IS TODAY

Redeemed But Waiting to Be Clothed in Raiment That Is But Her Just Due.

It is well, as we leave the gentle allurements of flowers in the Garden of Gethsemane and turn toward the city, that our hearts have first been filled with serene joy, writes William D. McCracken in Asia magazine. We regard the fearfully tried city with something of the compassion that the Master felt for it. Seventeen times destroyed—bitterly hated— anxiously sought—how desperate a history since Nebuchadnezzar captured it more than twenty-five centuries ago. And only the other day, it seems, at Christmas time in 1917, Jerusalem was captured again, this time by its friends, the British, after an agreement with the Turks that the city itself should not be bombarded. There was some fighting on the Mount of Olives, and reconnoitering airplanes dropped a bomb or two in and about the Garden of Gethsemane. But Jerusalem had been captured for the last time, and the last offensive was devoid of evil.

Redeemed today, but in her nakedness, Jerusalem waits to be clothed. She has as yet no grace, no covering for her ugly wounds. Some day her sides will glisten with the brightness of a heavenly radiance; she will be washed and anointed like a bride waiting for the bridegroom.

The cost is small The benefit is great

Those who feel ill results from tea or coffee drinking soon profit by a change to **INSTANT POSTUM**

Its pleasing flavor ease of preparation, healthfulness and practical economy commend this table beverage.

Sold in 50 and 100 cup tins. A purchase from your grocer soon proves "There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

