

## SUFFERING OF A LIFETIME ENDED

"Words Can't Express Gratitude I Feel Toward Tanlac," Says Mrs. Burrington.

"From childhood until I got Tanlac, I suffered from indigestion and stomach trouble," said Mrs. J. A. Burrington, 540 Stanford Ave., Los Angeles.



MRS. J. A. BURRINGTON  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Calif., "and that's been a long time, for I'm now in my sixty-eighth year. I remember when I was a child I was kept on a strict diet of lime water and milk for weeks and I have been in constant distress all these years. I suffered terribly from bloating and had to be very careful of what I ate. I became so weak and nervous I could hardly go about my housework and was in a miserable condition.

"About two years ago my husband got such splendid results from Tanlac he insisted on my taking it and the medicine wasn't but a little while in ridding me of my troubles. It gave me a splendid appetite, and I could enjoy a good hearty meal, even things I hadn't dare touch before, without any fear of it troubling me.

"Then I had the influenza and became dreadfully sick and weak, but my stomach kept in good order and it only took four bottles of Tanlac to build me up again to where I'm now feeling better than at any time I can remember. I have gained eleven pounds in weight, too, and words can't express the gratitude I feel toward Tanlac. I keep Tanlac in the house all the time now, for I know it is a medicine that can be depended upon."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

**Decorative Splendors.**  
"Riches have wings."  
"True," replied Miss Cayenne. "But the effect depends on the intelligence with which they are utilized. The most beautiful ostrich feather is likely to look a trifle shabby on the original bird."

**Important to Mothers**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Parke* in Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

People who seldom attend church frequently register a protest when the pastor desires a vacation.

### Catarrh

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the system, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

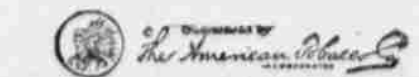
Fifty years ago it was an uncommon thing in England for women to attend funerals.



**Lucky Strike Cigarette**

To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

**It's Toasted**



W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 20-1921.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

LITTLE DORRIT

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by Charles E. L. Wingate

"AFFERY, what girl was that in my mother's room just now?"

"Oh, she? Little Dorrit? She's nothing; she's a whim of—hers."

And thus Mrs. Flintwinch, wife of the crafty, crablike walking footman of the household, introduced to Arthur Clennam the name of the poor little seamstress of the paralytic Mrs. Clennam.

He had noted her pale, transparent face, quick in expression though not beautiful in feature, except for its soft hazel eyes. A delicately bent head, a tiny form, a shabby dress—it must needs have been very shabby to look at all so, being so neat—were Little Dorrit as she sat at work.

A strange presentiment came into Arthur's mind that, in some way, this gentle maiden was connected with his history.

For 20 years young Clennam had lived in China with his father, only to return now, puzzled over a mysterious watch which that father, in the very last moments of his life, had given to his son, murmuring faintly and indistinctly at the time: "Your mother." Naturally Arthur had assumed that it was intended for Mrs. Clennam, whom he and the world supposed to be his mother.

Inside the watch casing was an old silk paper with the initials D N F worked into it in beads. It was a message—but the young man could not fathom it and the old woman would not enlighten him. Was Little Dorrit, to whom the stony Mrs. Clennam paid such strange, unusual kindness, connected with the mystery?

They grew to see more of each other—the girl and the young man—and Arthur learned that the generous little Amy Dorrit was supporting not only her poor old father, who had been condemned to a debtor's prison, but also her pretty, frivolous sister, Fanny, and her wild, lazy brother, Tip. Under the then existing English laws they were, all allowed to live with their father in that dreary prison.

Little wonder that Clennam often spoke kindly to her and that he helped the family. But love had not yet come to him—though it had to Little Dorrit. He heard the thrill in her voice, he saw the quickening bosom, and yet the remotest suspicion of the truth never dawned upon his mind.

It must be added here that Little Dorrit had innocently won the love of another man, the sentimental son of the prison turnkey, small of stature, with rather weak legs and very weak eyes, gentle but great of soul, poetical, faithful. If one were to doubt his devotion he need only read the inscription for his own tombstone, which the romantic youth had composed when Little Dorrit said "No" to him. It ran thus:

Here Lie the Mortal Remains of

JOHN CHIVERY

Never Anything Worth Mentioning Who Died of a Broken Heart Re-questing With His Last Breath That the Word

AMY

Might Be Inscribed Over His Ashes Which Was Done by His Afflicted Parents.

But, at last, the tables turned for our little heroine. A queer, kind-hearted rent collector, Pancks—a panting little steam-tug of a man, with his puffing and his pauses—had learned to value the friendship of the motherless girl, and so, having accidentally discovered that her father was the probable heir to an enormous estate, had run down the clues until finally the great wealth was turned over to old Mr. Dorrit.

Then away from the dreary prison hurried the entire family.

Yet riches brought slight pleasure to Little Dorrit. The much-changed father became ashamed of his debtor life, and with the now richly dressed sister and the gambling brother, put on many airs. The father even employed a chaperon named Mrs. General to teach Little Dorrit society manners.

"Don't say 'father,'" declared this lady, "papa is a preferable word; it gives a pretty form to the lips. 'Father' is rather vulgar, my dear. You will find it serviceable in the formation of a demeanor if you say to yourself, on entering a room filled with company, 'Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism!'"

At this juncture the wealthy Mrs. Merdle took an active part in the Dorrits' lives. The chuckle-headed son of the Merdles fell in love with Fanny, and after their marriage Mr. Dorrit put all his wealth into Mrs. Merdle's schemes—for had not this wonderful Merdle, through various mysterious movements, made tremendous fortunes for himself and others?

By a strange fatality Arthur, too,

was led to invest his firm's money in the famous Mrs. Merdle's schemes.

And then the bubble broke. Merdle committed suicide. The Dorrits' money was gone. Arthur's firm was ruined and Arthur himself was thrown into prison—the same poor debtor's prison that had, for so long, been the home of Little Dorrit.

The days dragged wearily on.

At last Arthur, despondent and crushed, haggard from brooding and stricken with fever, one day saw, as in a vision, kneeling before him the figure of dear Little Dorrit. She had hastened to make happier the lot of the man who had helped her family in the same gloomy surroundings and whom she loved. She nursed him in his sickness. She offered him all her money to help him overcome his distress. And then, as he refused the money, he realized, for the first time that she loved him—and that he, too, loved her.

A feeling of peace comes over his mind.

The clouds begin to break.

And strange to say it is a rascally adventurer, Rigaud, a murderous jailbird with drooping nose and ascending mustache, who opens the rift still further for the sunshine. He has discovered Mrs. Clennam's secret, having stolen the strong box that Flintwinch had smuggled into Holland and in which lay a page of the will of Arthur's uncle, a page which Mrs. Clennam had concealed for years.

Rigaud visited the strange old lady. Leaning over the sofa, poised on two legs of his chair and his left elbow, coarse, insolent, rapacious, cruel, he reveals to her his knowledge.

Then, torn by the explosion of her passion, the old lady vehemently tells her own story.

She had learned, after Mr. Clennam's marriage to her (a marriage commanded by his overbearing uncle), that her husband had loved and gone through a sort of ceremony with a beautiful young singer whom Frederick Dorrit, a kind-hearted musician (the uncle of Little Dorrit), was befriending and giving an education. She had obtained the first clue from those initials in her husband's watch which she found years ago, signifying "Do Not Forget." She accused both her husband and the woman, who put the initials there.

Instantly Rigaud, seeking to blackmail the old lady, declared he had deposited with the niece, Little Amy Dorrit, then at the prison with Arthur, a packet containing the suppressed section of the will with instructions to open it at a certain hour unless reclaimed by him. What would Mrs. Clennam pay him to reclaim it?

To the astonishment of all, the paralytic old lady rises to her feet and rushes from the house to the prison; seeks Little Dorrit; calls for the packet, and then bids Amy read it, at the same time begging her to forgive the past.

"I forgive you freely," cried the generous girl.

"God bless you!" was the fervent and broken response.

And then came the good news that Arthur's firm had re-established itself and that he would be able now to leave the debtor's prison.

So they were married—but not before Little Dorrit had handed to Arthur a folded bit of legal paper asking him not to open it but to burn it in her presence.

"Is it a charm?" he asked, smilingly. "And does the charm want any words to be said?" he added as he held the paper over the flames.

"You can say (if you don't mind) 'I love you!'" answered Little Dorrit.

So he said it and the paper burned away.

With it died the secret of Arthur's birth, never to be known to him; with it, also, Little Dorrit had voluntarily destroyed the evidence of her own legacy.

And they were married with the sun shining on them through the painted figure of Our Savior in the window.

Then they went quietly down into the roaring streets, inseparable and blessed; and, as they passed along in the sunshine and shade, the noisy and the eager and the arrogant and the froward and the vain fretted, and chafed, and made their usual uproar.

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### From Coal Gas.

An English engineer, Ernest Bury, claims that he has succeeded in extracting ethylene alcohol from coal-oil gas on a commercial scale, says the Scientific American. The practical working of the process at the Skinningrove works, where 5,800 tons of coal are carbonized per week, reveals an average yield of 1.6 gallons of alcohol per ton of coal. The total weight of coal reduced to coke in this country during 1918 was 14,625,000 tons, so that the application of Mr. Bury's process to this quantity of coal would yield 23,416,640 gallons of alcohol, which would be available as liquid fuel. Coal treated at gas works would yield a further 27,000,000 gallons, or, taking alcohol and benzol together, 114,000,000 gallons of liquid fuel per annum could be produced from the carbonization of coal in this country toward meeting the total requirement of about 100,000,000 gallons.

### Ancient Iron Column.

There is in Delhi a wrought iron column which was placed there nearly 1,300 years ago, and at the present time shows practically no signs of deterioration.

## THE SHADOW FOLK OF TAHITI

Pretty Legend Full of the Peculiar Romance of the Fascinating South Seas.

We were in the land of the Little People of the Shadows. We had been told that we must offer them all our possessions, but that they would take for themselves only the shadows of the things they wanted. So we put slender sticks on the ground, all along the open side of our room, between the high tree-roots, and hung on them our tapa garments, our necklaces and ornaments of feathers and of pearl and of green jade-stone. One precious thing we could not offer them, and that was the bracelet of iridescent pearl-shell set with cat's eyes of the sea. It had been put on my sweetheart's arm when she was a little girl, and now she could not take it off.

We hoped the Little People of the Shadows would understand that the bracelet also would have been offered them if it had been possible. I feared—and resolved to stay awake, to protect my sweetheart if they did not understand, but I was tired and soon fell asleep on the soft mesa beside her warm body.

Suddenly I awoke. The Ribbons of Light were all about, going and coming, rolling and unrolling, lighting up the open spaces, where hundreds of the Little People were carrying off the shadows of all the ornaments we had hung on the slender sticks. They were dancing in the light of the Rolling Ribbons, and the place where my sweetheart had been lying was no longer warm.

She was dancing in the midst of the Little People. . . . I saw my sweetheart—my full-bodied woman, my beautiful one, the Flower of the Mountain—becoming smaller and smaller. . . . She became as a little child. As the bracelet of shining pearl slipped from her tiny wrist, the Little People picked it up and hung it on one of the slender sticks, where its cat's eye glowed. Soon, as they danced, my sweetheart, was no larger than the other Little People and was among them.

The Ribbons of Light rolled away among the trees and all was dark again. The Shadow Folk were gone; my sweetheart was gone to be with the souls of all the other people who have been lost in the forests of purple Orohena.—From the Shadow Folk: A Tahitian Legend, by E. Lloyd Setchell, in Asia Magazine.

### Has Own Idea of "Progress."

A different idea of progress from that usually held is given by A. Edward Newton, who, in the Atlantic Monthly, writes: "I was dining once in London, quite informally, with a great electrical engineer, a very trig maid in attendance. On the table near my host's right hand was a small block of white marble and a tiny silver mallet. When he wanted the mallet he struck the marble a resounding blow. I was somewhat amused and asked him if he had ever heard of a push-button for the same purpose. 'My boy, I have,' was his reply, 'but I get enough of electrical devices in the city; I don't want a single one of them in my own home. I've not yet come to using gas; I prefer candles; they are not so likely to get out of order. I hate this pushing a dimple and waiting for something to happen. When I make a noise myself I begin to feel a sense of progress—that's what we stand for in this country—with a knowing wink—'progress.'"

### "Safety Net" Worked Well.

The thrilling rescue of a four-year-old boy occurred in Brooklyn a short time ago. The boy had his tonsils and adenoids removed and was on the third floor of a hospital. The nurse left the ward for three minutes and when she returned she missed the child. The little patient had climbed to one of the windows, squeezed through the bars and was hanging outside. The flutter of the child's nightgown attracted the attention of passers-by. Two young men stripped off their coats, knotted them together by the sleeves, and stretched them out as a makeshift safety net. A moment later the boy's grasp on the window ledge relaxed and he went hurtling down. But the safety net proved effective and he dropped into it unharmed.

### Old Almond Trees Bear Well.

That age is one of the assets of an almond orchard in point of bearing is claimed by Edward Wyckoff, pioneer resident of the Woodland district, who has on display in the board of trade rooms limbs from almond trees on his place planted in 1857 by his brother, David Wyckoff, former sheriff of Yolo county, writes a Woodland (Calif.) correspondent. Though 64 years of age, the orchard is the best bearing in the valley and the trees are strong and virile. Records of the production are being kept for grandchildren that they may make some comparisons of crops when the orchard reaches the century mark.

### People Lacking Curiosity.

If there is a skeleton in your closet, rest assured that the few inhabitants of Easter Island, 2,300 miles off the coast of Chile and the easternmost inhabited Polynesian island, will make no effort to bring it forth into the light as one traveler says of them that they are not curious enough to turn around on the dock to look at the boat that calls there about once in eighteen months. Gigantic statues, stone houses and sculptured rocks, relics of an ancient people, are found on the island.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

## ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

### Bound to Be Saved.

Hazel—Aren't you afraid of going in beyond your depth?  
Helen—No; all the men here think I'm an actress.—Portland Express.

## Get Ready for Hot Weather By Purifying the Blood

Many people simply melt in summer. They can't work or enjoy life. They lack vitality. Ten to one their blood is impoverished.

Rich, wholesome blood is the basis of vitality. If you have it, you sturdily withstand summer temperatures. But if your blood is poor, loaded with poisons that should be cast out, you are limp and useless in "shirt-sleeve" weather.

To avoid this, get from your druggist S.S.S., the famous vegetable blood tonic and alterative. It is just the thing for poor blooded people. After starting S.S.S., write us about your condition and we will send you expert medical advice free. Address Chief Medical Advisor, 839 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.

USED 50 YEARS

**S.S.S.**  
AS A TONIC  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



## Spohn's Distemper Compound

to break it up and get them back in condition. Twenty-seven years' use has made "SPOHN'S" indispensable in treating Coughs and Colds, Influenza and Distemper with their resulting complications, and all diseases of the throat, nose and lungs. Acts marvelously as preventive; acts equally well as cure. 50 cents and \$1.15 per bottle. At all drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, IND.

### REALLY FLOWERS OF SPEECH

Sayings, Witty and Wise, That Are Worth Being Preserved in an Anthology.

Professor Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in the course of his lively lectures "On the Art of Reading," gives some examples of Irish peasants' sayings with the large simplicity, the cadence, the accent of Scriptural speech. The best is the benediction bestowed upon one of the two authors of the incomparable "Irish R. M." by an old woman in Skibbereen: "Sure ye're always laughing! That ye may laugh in the sight of the Glory of Heaven!" The writer once thought of making an anthology of such wild flowers of wayside speech. He would have included in it some far-traveled sayings, such as that of the freighter in the alkaline districts of Alberta, who said, pointing with his whip to an intensely blue lake on the horizon, "Bitter as a dyng man's sweat is that same water," and the perfect definition of a ghost implied in the words of a Newfoundland fisherman, "There I sees 'em warnin'g themselves in the moon-light."

### Very Absent.

Maid—"Mum, the garbage man is here." Mrs. Newlywed—"Tell him I don't want any this morning."

As a rule worthless people have the best dispositions.

### BOBBY WANTED THAT AGATE

If Persistency Could Have Got It for Him, We Must Admit He Deserved It.

The older boys were playing marbles. Three-year-old Bobby wished some agates like his brother had and asked father for two cents to buy one with. The money was given to him and he immediately wished to go to the store to make the purchase. So persistent did he become that father said:

"If you don't keep still about that agate I will take those pennies away from you."

"What will you do with the pennies if you do take them away?" he asked.

"Why, I'll put them back in my purse."

"Will you take them uptown when you go to the office?"

"Yes; I will."

After a few moments' reflection, Bobby came back with:

"And will you buy me an agate with them?"

### Undoubtedly.

Old Man—"And if you had \$500 and multiplied it by two, what would you get?" Little Boy—"A motor car."

About half of the residents of Lower California are Indians.

The man with a lobster appetite has often a prune income.

## Let the Children in, too!

It's no longer necessary to maintain a dividing line at the breakfast table—tea or coffee for grown-ups—no hot cup for the youngsters

Serve

**INSTANT POSTUM**

to each member of the family, and all will be pleased and benefited by this pure, wholesome cereal drink.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Sold by all grocers

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan.