

THIS MAN DREADED TO SEE NIGHT COME

Was So Restless He Couldn't Sleep and Daylight Was Always Welcome.

"With the exception of a little milk toast, which comprised my diet for more than eight weeks, I could not eat anything," said Capt. Geo. W. Womble, residing at 105 Jennings St., Knoxville, Tenn., a highly respected citizen of that city.

"I am now able," continued Captain Womble, "after taking two bottles of Tanlac, to eat practically anything. I had a bad form of stomach and intestinal trouble for a long time and for months my condition had been such that I suffered agony. I got so I could not eat the simplest food. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine, but nothing that was prescribed for me seemed to do me any good. I had a terrible pain in my breast just over my heart and for weeks and weeks I got no relief.

"I finally got so nervous that I actually dreaded to see night come, as I could not sleep, and was always so restless that I would rejoice to see daylight come. I was also constipated all of the time. In fact, life seemed a burden and I was so miserable that I was almost on the verge of despair. Several of my neighbors told me about Tanlac and advised me to try it.

"I am personally acquainted with Mr. Dan M. Chambliss, of the firm of Kuhlman & Chambliss and when I told him of my condition and how I suffered he advised me to begin taking Tanlac without delay and that it had relieved hundreds of the best people in Knoxville. I have now taken two bottles of Tanlac and am giving you this testimonial in the hope that it may induce others to take it. Since taking this medicine I actually feel like I had been made all over again with the youth, energy and ambition of a sixteen-year-old boy."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Drawing a Distinction.

"I don't believe you know the difference between classical music and jazz."

"Yes, I do," exclaimed Mr. Cumrox. "In classical music the members of the orchestra sit still and in jazz they jump all over the platform."

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.

World Loves Sweet Smells.

War discourages the international sale of perfumes, cosmetics and all toilet preparations, but such articles come quickly back to their own in foreign trade. This appears in the fact that in 1920 exports of these articles from this country were valued at \$8,739,593 which is over five times the value in the pre-war year of 1914. Our largest buyer was England; our next, Cuba; third, Australia; and fourth Brazil.

Are You All Worn Out?

Do you suffer daily backache and stabbing pains—feel worn out and dispirited? You shouldn't! You want to be well and the best way to get well is to find what is making you feel so badly. You should look, then, to your kidneys. When the kidneys weaken you suffer backache, rheumatic pains and urinary irregularities; your head aches, you are tired, nervous and depressed. Help the weakened kidneys with **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

C. O. Sundquist, carpenter, Webster, S. D., says: "I had dull, heavy pains through my back and sharp twinges about through me when I tried to straighten after stooping. I was bothered with headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions raised very irregularly. I was feeling badly when a neighbor advised me to take Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's permanently cured me."

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

No More Misery After Eating

Just Takes An Eatonie

"The first dose of Eatonie did me wonders. I take it at meals and am no longer bothered with indigestion," writes Mrs. Ellen Harris. Thousands of people, like this dear lady, gratefully testify about Eatonie, which does its wonders by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases which bring on indigestion, heartburn, bloating, belching and food repeating. Acid stomach also causes about seventy other non-organic ailments. Protect yourself. A big box of Eatonie costs but a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. "Henry's" Freckle Ointment—Year Druggists or by mail, 25¢ a tin, 50¢ a box. 257 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 27-1921

CONDENSED CLASSICS

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Condensation by John Kendrick Bangs

IT WAS in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service found himself torn from wife, home and children, transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio river, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and fearing to involve him in further difficulties he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a fairy-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys drew to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, Missy," said Tom. "Reckon I'm gwine to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black wren little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite of her years envying and depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heart-broken over his loss St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heart-broken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disconcerted him.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be so glad to leave me," he said sadly.

"Tain't leavin' ye, Marse St. Clare," said Tom, "it's bein' free that I'm a-joyin' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare. A brute, and a drunkard. A beast whose glance was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed to all who would look, his knuckles calloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit, and his unalterable faith in divine guidance,

and protection. Furtively he watched him at work, hoping to find a flaw, but in vain; but one day he found the way. He ordered Tom to flog a woman-slave who was guiltless of the shortcoming attributed to her, and for the first time in his career Legree was denied. Tom refused. Legree's answer was a blow upon Tom's cheek.

"What?" he roared in his rage. "Ye dare tell me ye won't, ye blasted black beast?"

"I'll die first," Tom replied, simply. "Well, here's a pious dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree. "Didn't ye ever read in your Bible, Servants obey your Masters? And ain't I your Master? Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marse Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it. Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in common with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of these fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emmaline, an attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wraithful appearances and weird sounds in the garret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house, and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and blood hounds sought the missing women in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marse Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marse," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I know, Marse," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. I can die."

"Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice. "This time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye, or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till you give up."

"Marse," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and if takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave his for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, yours won't never end."

For a moment Legree stood aghast awed into silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but only for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with seven-fold vehemence. Foaming with rage he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to manhood, appeared to fulfill his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

"Ye've come to take you home," said George, tears falling from his eyes as he bent over his old friend.

"Bless the Lord—it's Marse George!" cried Tom, as he opened his eyes, bewildered. "They haven't forgot me! They haven't forgot me! Now I shall die content."

At this moment Legree sauntered in, and looked on carelessly.

"The old Satan!" cried George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the Devil will pay him for this some of these days."

"Hush, Marse George," said Uncle Tom. "Don't feel so. He ain't done me no real harm—only opened the gates of heaven for me—that's all."

The sudden flush of strength died away. A sense of sinking came over him, and he closed his eyes. His broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

"Witness, Eternal God," said George Shelby, as he knelt beside the body of his departed friend, "O, witness from this hour, I will do what one man can do to drive this curse of slavery from my land."

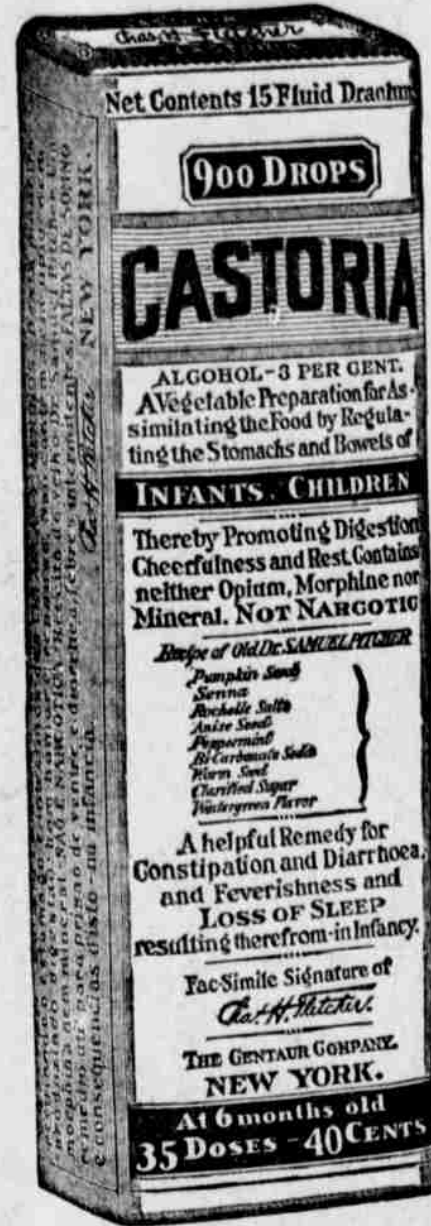
Are You Human?

A little baby. A little child. Don't they appeal to you? Doesn't your heart yearn to pick them up, to cuddle them close to you, to shield them from all harm? sure it does else you're not human. Being human you love them. Their very helplessness makes you reach out in all your strength to aid them. In health there's no flower so beautiful. In illness there's no sight so black.

Save them then. Use every precaution. Take no chance.

When sickness comes, as sickness will, remember it's just a baby, just a child and if the Physician isn't at hand don't try some remedy that you may have around the house for your own use.

Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for babies' ills and you can use it with perfect safety as any doctor will tell you. Keep it in the house.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Do the People Know?

Do you know why you are asked to call for Fletcher's Castoria when you want a child's remedy: why you must insist on Fletcher's? For years we have been explaining how the popularity of Fletcher's Castoria has brought out innumerable imitations, substitutes and counterfeits.

To protect the babies: to shield the homes and in defense of generations to come we appeal to the better judgment of parents to insist on having Fletcher's Castoria when in need of a child's medicine. And remember above all things that a child's medicine is made for children—a medicine prepared for grown-ups is not interchangeable. A baby's food for a baby. And a baby's medicine is just as essential for the baby.

The Castoria Recipe (it's on every wrapper) has been prepared by the same hands in the same manner for so many years that the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and perfection in the product are synonymous.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

His Busy Day.

A solemn-faced individual wandered into the office of Mr. Dubwalte, who was up to his eyes in work.

"My brother," said the solemn visitor, "I come to you with a message."

"Hand it to one of my clerks," answered Mr. Dubwalte, as his pen continued to trace his signature at the bottom of business letters. "He'll sign for it and bring it to my attention if it contains anything that—them—requires my attention."—(Paul Cook in the Birmingham Age-Herald.)

The Proper Audience.

"Life in the suburbs means fresh air, sunshine, health, happiness—"

"Don't tell it to me," interrupted Mr. Crosslots. "Come around and give the new cook and furnace man a lecture."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic acid.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Rivington, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Both Sea and Land Tank.

The sea tank which has been under test at Marseilles is built in the form of a heavy launch, but in addition to a screw it has caterpillar wheels, and it is otherwise adapted to serve as an amphibian. Often carrying out its evolutions on land, it slips gracefully into water, where it is propelled about like any motor boat, and when required it crawls up the bank and becomes a land tank once more. In the trials made, this specimen of the new machine type carried five persons besides the inventor.

Oh How Glorious to Be Free From Rheumatism's Tortures!

Just suppose you could be free from your deep-seated, agonizing rheumatic aches and pains, your stiff joints and unsightly swellings! Wouldn't you give anything to get rid of them?

You have doubtless rubbed on outside treatments; most rheumatism sufferers have. Some of these take the edge off the terrible pains for a few hours, but they do not strike at the cause, which nearly always lies

in the poisoned, impoverished blood. When this is so, you need an internal remedy, one that will take out the impurities that are torturing you, one like famous S.S.S., which has relieved thousands of cases of rheumatism all over the country just this way.

Get S.S.S. from your druggist today, and after starting with it write us a history of your case, addressing Chief Medical Advisor, 877 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Georgia.



A Windfall.

A couple of Chicago youths met on the street one day when one made the following announcement:

"Well, Harry Harkins' uncle has just died and left him a lot of money. Harry always said that his ship would come in some day."

"Yes," said the other youth, "but he didn't expect an heirship!"

He Must Be Board to Death.

He—Where does Sir Oliver Lodge live? She—Where Oulja boards.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take



The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Western Canada Offers Health and Wealth

and has brought contentment and happiness to thousands of home seekers and their families who have started on her FREE homesteads or bought land at attractive prices. They have established their own homes and secured property and independence. In the great growing sections of the prairie provinces there is still to be had on easy terms

Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Beautiful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages for **Dairying, Mixed Farming and Stock Raising** make a tremendous appeal to industrious settlers wishing to improve their circumstances. For certificate entitling you to reduced railway rates, illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, etc., write **G. A. COOK, Drawer 107, Watertown, S. Dak.; R. A. GARRETT, 811 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.** Approved Agent, Dept. of Agriculture, Government of Canada.

126 MAMMOTH JACKS I have a bargain for you, some quick W. L. De-Low's JACK FARM Cedar Rapids, Iowa