

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Times Change.
"What? You need new clothes again? When I was a boy I wasn't ashamed to wear garments that were patched."
"Yes, dad, but you know you didn't associate with such refined people as I do."

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

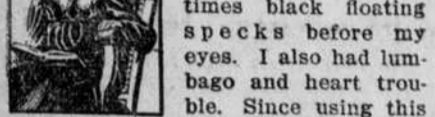
Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Admission Applied.
"Young man, don't you know that it's better to be alone than in bad company?"
"Yes, sir. Good-by, sir."

A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemens, West Alexander, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suffered for a number of years with backache, also tender spots on spine, and had at times black floating specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been relieved of my suffering. It is agreeable to me for you to publish this letter. I am glad to have an opportunity to say to all who are suffering as I have done that I obtained relief by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.—Adv.



Woman's silence signifies more than a man's because it is much less frequent.

Not Gray Hairs Set Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies Murine Eye Remedy. Don't tell your age. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

Speaking of educated snakes, the adder is a class by himself.

LOST AND WON.

"Then that is your final decision, Alice?"

"It is. I will not be circumscribed in my choice of acquaintances by any man's approbation or aversion, even though I am betrothed to him."

Alice Thornton loved society, and, like all its lovers, had a strong propensity for the admiration of its most popular devotees of the opposite sex. Laurence Gerald a few weeks previous made his appearance in that town, and being reputed wealthy, and possessing an elegant manner, with a handsome form and countenance, had gained an easy access to the fashionable circle.

Henry Clifford, the lover of Alice, had marked the particular attention bestowed on his betrothed by the newcomer, and had made special inquiries in regard to his character. He could learn nothing definite, but was convinced that Laurence Gerald was not what he was represented to be. A number of times he had warned Alice to be careful how she encouraged his attentions.

Wayward and willful, Alice had disregarded his caution, and now the wily tempter began to wind his coils around her heart—not that the love of Alice for Henry Clifford was on the wane, but there was a fascination about the other which seemed irresistible.

Many of both sexes, even when united by a bond held sacred by the law of both God and man, have come in contact at some time with one who has charmed the thoughts away for a season, from loyalty to their companion and the attachment of home.

"If you are not jealous," continued Alice, "you would have no objection to my accompanying Mr. Gerald for a ride to-morrow. You did not interpose any objections last week, when I accompanied Mr. Walsh in his drive. Besides, there is always a man servant present."

"Alice," replied the lover, "I do not wish to trifle in this matter. If I should permit you to receive the attentions of one whose character is, to say the least, suspicious, I should not be doing my duty to either you or myself; and that Mr. Gerald's character is suspicious I have no doubt. From what I have heard he is no fit companion for a lady of my love."

"Only a stratagem of yours," lightly replied Alice, "to have me discard him from my train. But it is of no avail. I must have more than hearsay to convince me."

"Then you are going to-morrow?"
"Yes," was the pettish answer, "and, more than that, shall henceforth consider myself free. I shall not be hampered by a promise that confers a right on any man to dictate what I shall or what I shall not do."

"Alice," said her lover, "think of what you are doing. I do not wish you to deprive yourself of the pleasure or confine yourself to my society. I have never been an exacting lover, and I have now only your welfare at heart."

"You are very considerate," was the reply; "but my intellect is not comprehensive enough to appreciate it. I hope the next time you call you will be in a less contradictory mood."

"I imagine that is a hint that my presence is no longer endurable?" answered her companion, in return to the last sentence.

"If you wish to interpret my meaning so," was the unfeeling rejoinder.
"Good evening, Alice."
"Good evening, Henry; call the day after to-morrow, and I will give you a description of to-morrow's entertainment."

He made no reply, but departed. Alice saw him pass down the walk, returned to the room, threw herself on the sofa, and was lost in thought. She felt that she had been hasty in dissolving her engagement; for, in truth, she really cared more for her lover than she had been willing to admit. Her feeling for the other man she knew was similar to the emotion with which we listen to a new piece of music—charming while the novelty lasts, but no sooner is that gone than the power of attraction is over. Her willfulness had caused little breaches between them before, but she had never failed, when they met, to bring him to her side again and effect a reconciliation. She trusted that the present breach would terminate the same way.

The next day Alice went with Mr. Gerald but did not enjoy herself as much as she anticipated. On returning home she resolved that a note should be sent to her discarded lover the next day inviting him to call, when she would make a clean breast of it and break off her connection with Mr. Gerald. The note had been dispatched but half an hour when the evening paper arrived. Opening it she ran her eyes down the columns and came to the following notice:

"Sailed this morning, at 11 a. m., the steamship Morning Light, for San Francisco. Several residents from this town were among the passengers. Mr. Henry Clifford, very unexpectedly to his friends, resigned his position in the Custom House and left passage. May fortune attend him on his voyage to the West."

Ten years passed. The spacious salons of Mrs. Rexford were filled with the elite of the town. The hostess was promenading the room, leaning on the arm of a tall man with a bronzed complexion. By her attention she appeared to be very much interested in an account he was giving of a narrow escape from a band of robbers while passing between one of the mining districts and a city of California.

Another arrival—a rather late one—announced. The gentleman paused at the appearance of the newcomers, and bent a quick, searching glance toward one of the ladies of the company, but seemed disappointed at the utterance of the name, as he immediately resumed his narrative, the hostess, after the reception, returning to his side.

The recital of his adventure ended, and the party last arrived having recognized and spoken to their acquaintances, Mrs. Rexford noticed her way to where the lady, who she wanted, had been followed by the eyes of her companion, was standing.

"Miss Burdenott, permit me to introduce to your acquaintance my friend—recently from California—Mr. Clifford," said Mrs. Rexford, present-

ing the latter.

"Miss—Miss Burdenott," mused Henry Clifford. "If Mrs. Rexford had said Mrs. Burdenott, I should say she was the once Alice Thornton."

Miss Burdenott took Mr. Clifford's arm. "Miss Burdenott," said the latter, by way of opening the conversation, "you remind me of a friend I had some years ago, and, were it not for your name, I should believe you were the same, allowing for changes wrought by time."

He felt a slight quivering of the hand resting on his arm, but did not attribute its origin to what he said. Without waiting a reply, he continued, "However, in features the likeness is complete; but in the expression I can see some difference."

He ceased speaking, and receiving no answer, he cast his eyes towards her countenance, and noticed that it was pale. Surprised, he changed the subject. Soon after he surrendered her arm to an acquaintance; but his eye still wandered in her direction, and his mind recurred to the effect of his observations. Once or twice her eyes met his, but she would instantly drop them, or turn some other way.

He retired from Mrs. Rexford's house, bewildered. During all of his years of absence he had not heard from Alice Thornton, and he supposed that she had long since become the wife of another. Miss Burdenott's resemblance to his early love recalled the past, and, but for the name, he would have addressed her as his yet loved Alice.

Moved by conflicting thoughts, he entered his own room and threw himself in a chair.

"What if Alice repented of the course she was pursuing when I left? What if she has waited all these years, hoping for my return? But no, it cannot be. Ten years is a long time. The thought is a chimera, and I will dismiss it as such," were the reflections that coursed through his brain.

The next day snow was falling. Accustomed to exposure and tired of his confinement, after dinner he sauntered forth. Everywhere enterprise had produced change. Dwellings had been changed into huge warehouses.

He was thinking of the change when a little hand was put before him and a childish voice said: "Please give me something to buy some coals and something to eat. Ma hasn't had anything to eat since yesterday."

Casting down his eyes he beheld a slight, frail figure scantily clothed. Having a taste for adventure he inquired: "Where does ma live?"

"Being informed, he told the little one he would accompany her. Pleased with his readiness, she moved off briskly. He was conducted to a narrow street, through a short alley, up two flights of stairs, and ushered into a room. Scanning it hastily he saw that the meagre furniture was tidy, and that a woman, wasted by disease, was lying on a bed in one corner. No fire was burning, and the room was cold and cheerless.

Taking out a piece of money, he asked his little guide if she could go to the nearest shop and order some wood and coal, and something to eat, and have them sent in immediately. Waiting a few moments, the needed articles arrived, and taking the wood, with his own hands, he soon had a cheerful fire blazing in the grate. He was on the point of starting out in quest of a physician when the door opened, and another girl, evidently a couple of years older than the one with him, entered, accompanied by a muffled lady bearing a basket. The lady on beholding a man bending in front of the grate, at first drew back; but as he rose, she recognized him, moved forward, and, throwing off the hood of her cloak, exclaimed, "Mr. Clifford!"

"Miss Burdenott!" was the response. A few words sufficed to explain that the sick woman was one with whose circumstances Miss Burdenott had become familiar, and had employed as a seamstress. Miss Burdenott having been away from the town some time, and having returned only the day before, had not learned until that morning of the woman's helpless condition.

Mr. Clifford, with alacrity, procured a physician, and when he returned the sick woman was drinking a cup of tea.

After the departure of the physician, and when the woman was comfortable, they took two of the four rickety chairs, sat down by the fire and talked as familiarly as if they had been acquainted for years, instead of having met only the night previous.

Two hours glided away and at last darkness began to set in. Miss Burdenott rose hastily, saying that she must return home or search would be made for her. Mr. Clifford proffered himself as escort, and was accepted. He offered to obtain a fly, but as the snow had ceased to fall, the lady said she preferred walking. Arriving at her residence, she invited him to enter. Passing to her room a few moments, on her return he was struck more than ever with her resemblance to Alice.

Alice—for Miss Burdenott was no other than Alice Thornton—noticed his perplexed gaze, and then tendered an explanation. Her mother's only brother was opposed to his sister's marriage with her father, and at his death, her mother and father both being dead, had made a will leaving his wealth to her, with the proviso that she should adopt the maiden name of her mother. She told him of the note she had forwarded the day he started for California; her surprise, mortification and sorrow when she learned he had gone; her hope that he would return at some subsequent time; her patient waiting, determined to live single until she either heard of his death or that her place in his heart had been filled by another.

"Our experience in the past," he said, folding her in his arms, "will qualify us the better for enjoyment in the future."
Her eyes, beaming with love and happiness, were raised towards his, and lips touched hers as she softly whispered, "Lost and won."—N. Y. World.

CAUSE OF HIS DOWNFALL.
The Bargain Counter Was Responsible for the Pink Shirt.
Washington Star: He went to his desk in the treasury department one day wearing a violently pink madras shirt. It was solid pink, without a break anywhere. It is true that he had tried to hide it all under a big black necktie, but some of it shone through the openings of his waistcoat at the neck. Even the littlest of his friends, who had curiously kept aloof from him, except to edge around and ask one of these apparently silly questions: "I don't play the races, and you know it," he said, "and why all this fool business among you people?"
Nothing more was said for a while, and then a fourth friend walked around and inquired:
"Promoting pugilists now, keeping a pawn shop or living a double life?"
This question was sufficient for him to demand an explanation, and then his friends gathered and explained to him that this terrible pink shirt had caused those who knew him to fear that he was either losing his mind or had at last become a sport in the fullest sense of the word.

Then for the first time he felt the degradation that had fallen upon him. With tears in his eyes, and gathering himself together, he made this statement:
"My downfall is due to bargain days in the stores. These bargains are the cause of womankind and mankind. I saw where a certain store was selling \$1.50 shirts for 39 cents. That was too tempting, and I went to see the shirts. The salesman demurred when I told him they were too red. 'They just suit your complexion,' he said, 'and they are the best bargains we ever offered. We are selling them merely because they are broken lots and because their color is a little strong. But all fashionable men wear them.' All this had nothing to do with it, however. The thought of getting \$1.50 for 39 cents was too much, and I bought something I didn't need or want. Then I concluded to wear the shirt just to get something out of it. I realize that I have done wrong, and I ask my friends to remember the cause of this downfall."

When he finished a great splash of tears fell down on his table of figures on treasury appropriations and he sobbed aloud.

SEASON OF PERIL.

Of course everybody knows that a grip year is a season of peril for old people and drunkards. Is it a season of truce for babies? No. The Chicago health department bulletin, dated Christmas day, 1915, tells us what killed the babies in 1914.

Leading the list was diarrhoea. Rather a close second was congenital defects and accidents of birth—the babies who died before they had well begun. A close third came cold and pneumonia.

Colds and pneumonia killed 1,336 babies in 1914, while all such forms of contagion as whooping cough, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria only killed 235.

At this season of the year colds and pneumonia kill more babies than does diarrhoea, teething, or anything else. Diarrhoea is the summer terror to the mother of a young baby. Colds and pneumonia are her winter terrors.

Is this death rate necessary? No. The mothers who take courses on infant care in the public schools, in Live-a-Little-Longer leagues, who attend the Infant Welfare stations, or who study the subject in books, know how to prevent summer complaint in their babies.

There are parts of every city where there is practically no baby death rate from summer complaint.

The next step is to get mothers equally interested in preventing colds and pneumonia in babies. Grown people get much of their pneumonia from crowds, babies, except hospital babies, do not get pneumonia from crowds. Babies do catch colds from other people. The older children come home from school with colds or the father gets a cold at the office. The chance is excellent that the susceptible baby will have a cold a few days later.

The first lesson for the mother to learn is that colds should be quarantined out of the nursery. No easy job. I admit, where there are several children and the house is small and the servants few.

Babies catch colds from overheated rooms. If a young baby develops a cold the chance is that the cause is something other than a common infection. A physician should be called at once, as the probability is that the baby has a serious congenital disease.

After the first week in the summer time and after the first month at other seasons of the year the baby should have some open air during every day that is at all fit.

The temperature of the nursery should be several degrees lower than adults permit. Temperatures over 70 which adults stand for months without serious disadvantage cause babies to get a cold within a few days. Perhaps the reason is that every adult not a shut in gets a bit of open air every day. The baby is a shut in unless somebody makes it a business to see that it is not. The windows of the nursery should be opened and the air flushed out at short intervals.

RECIPES FOR USE OF COCOA.

To the housewife who must rack her brains every day to think of something new to make in the line of desserts, it will prove something of a pleasant surprise to learn that the introduction of cocoa, instead of chocolate in certain desserts not only brings a new taste into the product, but is often of greater convenience to the maker. For what kitchen has not a supply of cocoa? Cut out these recipes and give them a fair trial—and you'll be as much surprised as pleased.

Cocoa Bread Pudding.
Use two cups of milk, one cup of dried bread broken into small pieces, 12 teaspoons (one and three-fourth ounces) of pure cocoa, two eggs, one-third cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon vanilla and four tablespoons of powdered sugar. Soak the bread in the milk until very soft, then press through a colander. Dissolve the cocoa in a little of the milk and mix with the bread. Stir well, beat the yolks of the eggs with the granulated sugar; add the milk and mix these with the bread, milk and cocoa. Pour into a pudding dish in a pan of warm water. Bake in a moderate oven about half an hour—until firm in the center, or, if tried with a knife, the knife comes free from milk or eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, and slowly add the powdered sugar. Place this meringue on top and brown slightly. Serve hot or cold and with or without whipped cream that has been flavored and sweetened.

French Cocoa Pudding.
The ingredients for French cocoa pudding are: One-half box of gelatine, six teaspoons (1 ounce) of pure cocoa, one-half cup of cold water, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoon of vanilla, four teaspoons of sugar, one-half cup of seeded raisins, one-fourth cup of currants, one tablespoon of citron; cut in small squares. Soak the raisins, citron and cleaned currants in boiling water for half an hour. Soak the gelatine in cold water for half an hour. Melt the cocoa in hot water. Heat the milk in double boiler and, when it is hot, add the cocoa, sugar and gelatine. Remove from the fire and stir stiffly in a bowl; add the fruit and, when cool, add the vanilla; stir from time to time until the mixture begins to stiffen, then turn into a wet mold. Allow it to stand in the refrigerator for several hours, then turn it out and garnish with whipped cream and a few candied berries. It may, of course, be served without cream.

Cocoa Bavarian Cream.
Use one-half cup of milk, one-half pint of cream, two eggs, one-fourth box of gelatine, one-third cup of sugar, six teaspoons (one ounce) of pure cocoa, one-third cup of cold water, one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Soak the gelatine in the cold water half an hour; melt the cocoa; heat the milk in a double boiler; beat the yolks and sugar together; pour the warm milk into these and mix well; return to the double boiler and stir until it thickens—no longer. Remove from the fire, add the gelatine, cocoa and vanilla; then strain and let it cool. When it stiffens, add the whipped cream and mix gently, but thoroughly. Turn into a wet mold and set in the refrigerator for several hours. Turn out and serve; or, garnish with more whipped cream, flavored and sweetened.

Art Criticism.
From the Kansas City Star.
Among those visiting an art exhibition held recently in town was an old fellow who wandered about looking at the paintings with interest. Finally he stopped before a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. Tacked to the frame was a small white placard reading: "A portrait of J. F. Jones, by himself."
The aged man read the card and then chuckled sarcastically:
"Not fools is desecart peoples, he mutter. 'Anybody dot looks at dot picture would know dot Jones is by himself! Nobody else is in der picture!"

Some Seed Demons.
From Judge.
"What did you think of the motor car, Pat?"
"I didn't see it."
"You didn't see it? Why, I saw you at the track."
"Yes, I was at the track, but I had to wink just at the wrong time, and while I got through the race was over."

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat if Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores, so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.

Test.
"What is a square meal?"
"It's one when you kin feel the corners stickin' you."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Too Many Such "Customers."
Montague Glass, the creator of Potash and Perimeter, says an acquaintance of his, a clothing manufacturer on the East side of New York, received a call from a city salesman representing a notions, trimming and button house. The visitor began to spread out his samples.

"Put 'em up! Put 'em up!" said the manufacturer in a tired business man tone. "I wouldn't care to look at nothing what you got."
"But, Mr. Cohen—"
"S' nough! I won't look. Please go away!"

The salesman gazed at him admiringly.
"Mr. Cohen," he said, "I only wish one thing—I wish I had only fifty customers like you."
"I told you I didn't wish to see nothing what you got."
"Sure you did; and that's why I say! I wish I had only fifty customers like you. Instead, I got two hundred!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Safety.
Johann, a soldier in a Bavarian Landwehr regiment, seemed to have something on his mind. Finally he spoke up. "If I only knew what sort of humor the captain was in," he said, "I would ask him for a furlough."
"Well," remarked Fritz, "there's one thing about it. If you go to him now, at least he will not eat you. This is one of the days when nobody ain't allowed to have meat."

A GOOD CHANGE.

A Change of Food Works Wonders.
Wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change is first aid when a person is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Mo. was brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with her.

She says:
"For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began using Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me."

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until the nervous trouble had disappeared. I feel that I owe my health to Postum and Grape-Nuts."

"Husband was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. After he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He never went back to coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.
"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.



GAVE MAMMA A WAX.
Caller—Won't you walk with me as far as the car?
Tommy (aged 7)—Can't.
Caller—Why not?
Tommy—Cos we've goin' to have lunch as soon as you go.