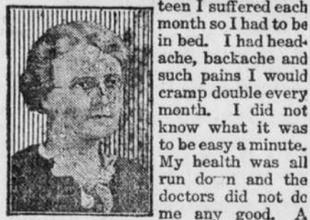


"I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind.—"From the time I was eleven years old until I was seven-



teen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I feel like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

JOKER PLAYS HIS LAST JOKE

Famous Japanese Prepares Surprise for His Friends, Who Gather Around Funeral Pyre.

Ikku, the Japanese joker, author of what are described by Saito Man as "books of immortal humor," lay dying. He called friends and relatives to him, and, addressing them in affectionate phrases, and now that his going was coming, he had a last request—to cremate his body just as it lay. If they did that he would show them his gratitude. They did so, and gathered sadly around the pyre, Ikku in the thin coffin into which he had been lifted.

As the flames crackled there suddenly began a weird tattoo inside the coffin. The crowd was filled with horror. "He's alive, trying to get out!" Just then the coffin took fire, and there was an explosion, scattering red embers in a shower over the mourners, who turned to run, but presently a pillar of fire shot up from the now visible body, and at its shimmering summit they saw a beautiful pyrotechnic flower expand and disappear. It was his last joke. He had hidden the fireworks in his kimono.—East and West News Bureau.

Why He Was Happy.

Peter's father was a shoemaker when he was a young man, and now he is a minister, but never forgets to tell how happy he was as shoemaker. One day at the table his father was talking about the bishop of his church.

Obliging.

Long-Suffering Employer—Good gracious, girl, I sent you to get me fifty post cards nearly an hour ago! What's kept you?

GLASS OF WATER

Upset Her.

People who don't know about food should never be allowed to feed persons with weak stomachs.

Sometime ago a young woman who lives in Me. had an attack of scarlet fever, and when convalescing was permitted to eat anything she wanted. Indiscriminate feeding soon put her back in bed with severe stomach and kidney trouble.

"There I stayed," she says, "three months, with my stomach in such condition that I could take only a few teaspoonfuls of milk or beef juice at a time. Finally Grape-Nuts was brought to my attention and I asked my doctor if I might eat it. He said, 'yes,' and I commenced at once.

"The food did me good from the start and I was soon out of bed and recovered from the stomach trouble. I have gained ten pounds and am able to do all household duties, some days sitting down only long enough to eat my meals. I can eat anything that one ought to eat, but I still continue to eat Grape-Nuts at breakfast and supper and like it better every day.

"Considering that I could stand only a short time, and that a glass of water seemed 'so heavy,' I am fully satisfied that Grape-Nuts has been everything to me and that my return to health is due to it.

"I have told several friends having nervous or stomach trouble what Grape-Nuts did for me and in every case they speak highly of the food."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the bottle letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

GRETA'S GROUCHY GOBLIN.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Greta, Greta," called a weak voice from the bed. Little Greta, who was busy in the kitchen of the cottage, ran to her sick mother with a drink of cool water.

Then she went back to clean up the pots, build a fresh fire, and set the dishes on the stove for supper. When a tiny tray she set a wee teapot, a plate of cakes and a bit of honey, all ready for her mother's evening meal.

"A bunch of wild laurel would look so pretty on the tray," she said to herself. "I think I will have plenty of time to run down in the woods and get a bit before the mush is done."

So she ran down to the grove, which was at the foot of the hill. Then she stopped suddenly, for she remembered that in these very woods and just where the prettiest flowers grew was the magic mound, where, folks said, the goblins played.

"Well, I am not afraid of goblins," said Greta. "Besides, mother says there are no such things. Anyway, goblin or not, I am going to get the laurel wreath and give her at the night. I will take a bunch of the pink blooms. Just as she put her hand up to break a bough, she heard a squeaky voice at her feet exclaim, "Ouch! Get off my toe!" and, looking down, she saw in the grass a little man about a foot high.

He was a very funny looking little man, for he had on nothing but his underclothing, and was shivering with cold. Greta could not help laughing at the sight. "I don't see anything funny in almost freezing to death," exclaimed the goblin, hopping about in his anger.

"Then why don't you put on your clothes?" asked the girl.

"I can't, I can't," he screamed, "my wife has run away and taken them all with her—she says I am to cross she won't live with me any longer."

Now, Greta did not blame the goblin's wife for leaving such a grouch man, but she was a very kind hearted child; so she took off her jacket and wrapped it about the little man, and he was warm again. But he never said even, "Thank you." He just began scolding again. "I am just starving!" he cried, breaking into tears. "My wife locked the cupboard and took the key. Come into my room and see."

So Greta unlocked the door and led her into a beautiful room, hidden in the mound. Its sides were of pink coral and the furnishings in emerald green velvet, with silver trimmings. Then Greta saw

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Almost everyone knows of the funny little mice that whirl about every few moments in a waltz, but few have heard of a dancing bird that lives far away in the wilds of Australia, that wonderful country on the other side of the world.

Back in the depth of the jungle there has lived for hundreds of years a race of people who are called Bushmen, as the forests they inhabit are called the Bush. They are brown in color and have long, black hair, while their only clothing is a mat tied around the body.

These Bushmen have always been fond of dancing, and every week they would hold a feast, at which the girls and men would dance around a blazing fire from sunset till dawn, whirling about in the moonlight to the music of the tom-tom and native drums.

Among the maidens of the olden times were two daughters of a mother who had great power in doing strange things, and some even said she gathered poison from the plants and put it in the food of her foes. The girls were not at all alike. The oldest, whose name was Oba, was a dark beauty, but with flashing eyes and a fiery temper. Sura, who was slight and quiet, had a gentle nature and was not at all striking in appearance. Both were beautiful dancers, but the steps of Sura were said to be more graceful than those of her sister, which made the older girl very jealous. Besides, the girls both loved a young man who was devoted to Sura.

One night Sura and the young man were walking in the forest down a path bordered by thick bushes, and in the tangled weeds they stopped. Here they planned to have a wedding feast and a great dance the following week. Oba, who was seated in the bushes, heard every word and her face darkened with anger.

"Never shall my sister marry the man I love," swore Oba under her breath. "I will show her how she can insult her older sister."

So Oba went home, and finding the mother asleep, she asked questions of her and received replies, for the woman did not know to whom she was talking.

"Is it possible to turn anyone into a bird?" she whispered into her mother's ear.

"Oh! yes," said the mother, still dreaming, "if one will gather the root of the yucca and boil it down, the juice will turn anyone into a bird that will continue to act in most ways as if it were a mortal."

"But where can I find the yucca?" whispered Oba again in her mother's ear.

"Down by the green pool," returned the woman. "The water there is full of the plant."

Oba ran out of the house, and as she did so, brushed past her sister coming back to the hut singing in her happiness. In a few minutes the wicked girl had reached the pool, gathered a handful of root and was home again. Then she sat till dawn to boil it down.

The next day the coming marriage was announced and great preparations were made. When the night arrived, Oba opened the feast with her dancing, which she kept up for an hour, whirling about in 1,000 fantastic ways.

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"You are weary with the feasting," he said. "Drink and refresh yourself." Oba turned up the cup and drank thirstily. But hardly had she swallowed its contents when she uttered a scream—the charm was beginning to work and she realized that she had made a mistake.

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Murdocks Still Expounding.

From the Christian Science Monitor. Forty years ago an advertisement of T. Murdock reading, "I will bore wells or drain cellars, or saw wood for cash or stock, or expound the scriptures at any time for a price when wanted, free." appeared in the Fort Scott (Kansas) Tribune, and the editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Press, Marcus and Alice Murdock, Brock and the editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Pioneer, enterprising and versatile western pioneer the grandfather of Victor Murdock, former progressive member of congress, Marcus and Alice Murdock, Brock and Murdock Pemberton, Will Stoller and Mrs. Frances Woods—all newspaper people in active service. The Murdocks are still expounding.

THE WHITE HORSE.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

In a town across the seas, which bordered on a forest, the people were frightened by seeing a very large, white horse, with flying tail and mane, dash through the streets and across the fields and gardens, trampling the vegetables or whatever grew in his path.

After a while some of the young men in town decided to put an end to his visits by catching him, but he was no sooner caught and mounted than he dashed away with his rider into the forest, until seven young men had been carried into the forest and never returned.

At last the people were filled with terror and the burgomaster of the town offered a large bag of gold to the one that should capture the white horse and hold him.

One day a horseman rode through on a beautiful black horse, and, hearing the story of the white horse, he volunteered his services.

The people warned him of the fate of the seven young men, but when night came he rode to the edge of the forest and waited.

The white horse came out, and he

let him go on his wild dash and waited for his return, and when he entered the forest he caught at the flowing mane and mounted him. The white horse plunged and pranced, but the stranger held him, and, taking the bridle from his black horse, he threw it over the head of the white horse and rode into the forest.

The white horse knew that a master hand held him now, and he walked along quietly until he came to a very large tree, and there he stopped and knocked three times with his hoof.

From the top of the tree came a voice, saying "Enter," and the tree opened and the horse and the rider entered. White horse carried his rider to the dark road, and after riding a long distance the stranger found himself in front of a castle, and out

of the tower came a voice, asking, "What brings you here?"

The stranger looked up and saw a large head looking at him with fiery eyes. "Run with him, white horse," commanded the voice, but the stranger held the reins tight, and the white horse did not move.

The castle door opened, and out came a giant so tall that he reached the top of the castle.

"Where are the seven youths that you and your white horse carried away?" asked the stranger.

The giant laughed and the horse trembled, but his rider patted him, and he grew quiet.

The stranger raised his sword and struck at the giant's arm, and it fell limp at his side. The giant raised his other arm and the stranger struck at that.

"Now show me where the seven youths are kept," he said to white horse. The horse walked back of the castle and there the stranger saw seven rocks in a row and a dragon watching them.

The stranger drew his sword and after a hard battle he slew the dragon. The horse then led him to a cave under each rock came a youth. They were very fat and could hardly walk.

"You have saved us," they said to the stranger. "The giant was fattening us for his feast. We were given all kinds of nice things to eat that we might grow fat and then he intended to eat us."

"Why did you not hold the horse?" asked the stranger. "Why did you let him carry you into the forest?"

"We could not hold him," replied one of the youths, "and we did not think to take a bride as you did. He dashed away with us and when he reached the castle he obeyed the giant and brought us here behind the castle and threw us into a hole which had been made to receive them. The giant sends this horse through the country to gather youths from each place that he visits."

When they went to the front of the castle the giant had disappeared. "He has run away," said the stranger, "but his power is gone, for I have killed the dragon and have tamed his white horse. It was as you thought. If you had thrown a bride over his head you could of tamed him as I have.

Everyone in the town had given up the stranger, and thought he had fared as the others. Your chair tips back. There! A castor has given way. You must have it repaired. You wonder whether the castors in the tool box will do or whether you had better buy new ones. And so you worry on. You have almost forgotten what it means to relax in your own home.

You don't need to be told that this is a wrong state of affairs. You know it. And you probably resent being told that it is absolutely useless. Still, why should you let the men of your family enjoy this health giving relaxation when you don't have it yourself? Just try for a day or so, to call a halt to the activities of your housework, at a certain time in the evening, just as your husband closes his worries in the roll-top of his desk. In the daytime it is the work you do, and in the evening it is the work you do for your own home.

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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Crafty Nature.

"Nobody seems to know just where our congressman stands on preparedness."

"Can't you tell by the way he votes?"

"No. You see, he's a politician first and a patriot afterward."

FITS, EPILEPSY, FALLING SICKNESS Stopped Quickly. Fifty years of successful success of Dr. Kline's Epilepsy Medicine insures lasting results. LARGEST BOTTLE FIVE DOLLARS. KLINE'S COMPLY, Electric Apparatus, N. J.—Adv.

High frequency electric apparatus for massaging and shampooing has been invented.

Bumper Grain Crops

Good Markets—High Prices Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses

The winnings of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats and sweep stake on Alfalfa.

No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle feed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good markets, splendid schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect climate and other great attractions. There is no war tax on land and no conscription.

Send for illustrated pamphlet and ask for reduced railway rates, information as to best locations, etc. Address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or J. M. MacLACHLAN, Deaver 197, Watertown, S. D.; W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb., and R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents

Asking Too Much for It. "Do you advocate peace at any price, Mr. Dubwaite?"

"I do not," replied the eminent pacifist.

"Then I have misunderstood your attitude."

"So you have, sir. There is a disposition nowadays to make the price of peace prohibitive."

CUTICURA COMFORTS BABY

Suffering From Itching, Burning Rashes, Eczema, etc. Trial Free.

Give baby a bath with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of Soap. Dry lightly and apply Cuticura Ointment gently to all affected parts. Instant relief follows and baby falls into a refreshing sleep, the first perhaps in weeks. Nothing more effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Leap-Year Observation. "Leap year doesn't attract the attention it used to."

"No," replied Miss Cayenne; "with all our progress, we women haven't managed to strike the courtship pace of the men when it comes to giving away candy, flowers and matinee tickets."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Well Paired. "You and Grump seem to get along pretty well."