Suffered Several Years. PERUNA MADE ME WELL Its My

Mrs. Elizabeth Reuther, 1002 11th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. writes: 9 "I am pleased to endorse Peruna as a splendid medicine for catarrh and stomach trouble, from which I suffered for several years. took it for several months, and at the end of that time found my health was restored and have felt splendidly ever since. I now take it when I con-tract a cold, and it soon rids the system of any catarrhal tendencies,"

for a Cold. Those who object to liquid medicines can now procure Peruna Tabllets.

Standby

Injured Pride.

out into the town to see what damage

had been done. In the darkness he

dropt in our yard, an' a bobby's gone

and took it away-never even give

Biliousness, / Sour Stomach, Bad

Breath-Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stom-

stipated waste matter and poison

10-cent box from your druggist will

Oaks Impoverish Soil.

As an Italian investigator has given

considerable time to the investigation

of the reason for the failure of olive

trees in the presence of oaks, and he

has concluded that it is due to the im-

poverishment of the soil by the oak

rather than by transmission of any spe

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET.

A well known actress gives the follow-

cies of infection.

the fence in the dark.

The Quinine That Does Not

Cause Nervousness or

Ringing In Head

Because of its Tonic and Laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMC

OUININE can be taken by anyone without causing nervousness

or ringing in the head. It removes the cause of Colds, Grip and

—but remember there is Only One

That is the Original

Laxative Bromo Quinine

"Bromo Quinine

Headache. Used whenever Quinine is needed.

Manchester Guardian.

Cripple Who Forgot "Can't." Twenty-eight years ago F. R. Biger, who is familiarly known as Bob 'o hundreds of his friends and admirers in Kansas City, Mo., was conductor on a Western railroad. One day on duty he suffered an accident that | ly, and judging them a clue not to b€ resulted in the loss of his right arm | neglected he followed them along at

just below the elbow and his left foot just above the ankle. Instead of bending or breaking unfer the blow Bigler straightway began of the women—the most eloquent—ap

i most remarkable uphill fight-one that was destined to be of great import to cripples all over the world. Let him tell you the story of that light just as I persuaded him to tell

The first thing a cripple should make up his mind to do," said Bigler, 10 CENT "CASCARETS" 'is to forget there is such a word as can't. The key to all doors is not I will,' but 'I must.' "-American Magazine.

A MINISTER'S CONFESSION

Rev. W. H. Warner, Myersville, Md., ach or bowels; how much your head writes: "My trouble was sciatica. My aches, how miserable you are from back was affected and took the form constipation, indigestion, biliousness of lumbago. I also had neuralgia, and sluggish bowels-you always get

cramps in my mus- relief with Cascarets. They imme cles, pressure or diately cleanse and regulate the stomsharp pain on the ach, remove the sour, fermenting food top of my head, and foul gases; take the excess bile and nervous dizzy, from the liver and carry off the conspells. I had other symptoms show- from the intestines and bowels. A ing my kidneys

were at fault, so I took Dodd's Kidney keep your liver and bowels clean; Pills. They were the means of saving stomach sweet and head clear for my life. I write to say that your months. They work while you sleep .medicine restored me to perfect Adv. & health." Be sure and get "DODD'S," the name with the three D's for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys; just as Rev. Warner did, no similarly named article will do .- Adv.

Latest Improvements.

"I'll bet you do some cranky thing to make your wife begin the tirades you complain of."

"Nothing in the cranky way doing. She's a self-starter."

The Same Old Course.

"I am going to quit smoking for-

"Forever? What a lie!" "I think so, too."

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel,

Buffalo, for large trial package of Anuric for kidneys—cures backache.—Adv.

of life most men subtract what they the most decided utterances while on

The Man Who Forgot

By JAMES HAY, JR.



GARDEN CITY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

PROLOGUE.

The door shook, and there was the full thump of heavy impact, as if the After a recent Zeppelin raid, wher panels had been struck by a sack of the worst was over, a resident wen meal. Old Sullivan, reading his paper behind the flat desk in the far corner, behind the flat desk in the far corner, did not look up. That was the manner in which most of his guests came in. Simpson, who had signed the register and was on his way to the sleeping quarters, paused and turned his purplish face toward the door that had been shaken by the blow. Keener witted than most of the derelicts who drifted into this house of refuge he wondered. heard a group of women talking loud entry into the back yard of a house The debate never ceased, but he was into this house of refuge, he wondered whether the place could furnish him amusement. Also, he was making a mental bet that there could come in nobody more wretched looking than he. unable to get the hang of it until one pealed directly to him. "'Ere," she said, "do you call it fair? T' bomb After a short, dead silence outside, there followed the sound of hard flesh and rough finger nails scraping and clawing on the woodwork. The door swung in very slowly, and that which had sounded like a sack of meal stood wavering in the opening, like a spectre, his right shoulder against the door jamb, his left hand still on the knob. He trembled visibly, and, without removing his shoulder from the wood she a receipt for it. It's our bomb."-FOR LIVER AND BOWELS moving his shoulder from the wood against which he leaned, passed his right hand wearily across his forehead, Cure Sick Headache, Constipation right hand wearily across his forehead, the long, pale fingers moving loosely against his coal black, tangled hair. He wore no hat. His beard, a week old, completed the dark, circular frame for his dead white face, made all the ghastlier by the big, fever lit eyes.

The eyes were terrific. They had in them the flame of terror. It was as if the fierceness of it lighted up all the

the fierceness of it lighted up all the badges of misery that he wore. His badges of misery that he wore. His collar was gone, showing the neckband of his shirt fastened with a bone collar button. The rusty coat hung open, exposing a tear in his shirt just over his heart, and from the right cuff of his coat sleeve, as he moved his hand with coat sleeve, as he moved his hand with that peculiar, crawling motion, dangled a long piece of cloth. His trousers, baggy and shapeless, flapped slightly as his knees knocked together. His clothes, too big for him, made him look like a draped skeleton. His torn shoes spread out as if they had been filled with mush

with mush.

The terror that was in his eyes was also in his heart. It was more apparent, more real, than any terror that had ever faced Simpson the bum, or old Sullivan. It was something superwith mush. natural—something ghostly. Simpson shivered.

Sullivan, who had let his paper slide noisily to the floor, got to his feet. "Hello!" he said, trying to make the word a mere greeting. In reality it was a command to the stranger to speak, to

a command to the stranger to speak, to banish the spectral impression.

The trembling man sprang into the room with the agility of a cat, slammed the door shut, and fell hard with his back against it. He looked like one who has run a great distance and makes one last effort to escape pursuit. His burning eyes glanced at Simpson and then at the few articles in the barely furnished room, but they took no knowledge of what they saw. The flame of them, brilliant and steady, went toward Sullivan.

Whips cracked narmiessly against in yeyeballs—so high that escaping souls went by me like thin, white flames!"

He stood a moment rigid, his ardent glance holding Sullivan.

"Old man," he swept on, "I've come up from the blackest depths of deepness, where there was no life, not a bit, and yet worlds crawled in slimy, sickly motion, forever—here there was no light, and yet millions of miseries swelled into my eyes—where there was no sound, and yet the passing of every thought was a screaming curse. Ah!

A well known actress gives the following recipe for gray hair: To haif pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv. went toward Sullivan.
"What can we do for you?" the old man asked brusquely, disliking the bril-

The stranger, a grotesque flattened against the door, licked his lips twice and tried to speak. When he did so, it was in a rattling whisper, and he moved his neek curiously as it his theat thoughts have tongues—shricking tongues that the subject of the stranger. The stranger is the stranger in the stranger is the stranger in the stranger is the stranger in t his neck curiously as if his throat hurt I've been. I've seen dead souls shroud-

The visitor trembled as if invisible, irresistible hands had hold of him, and again his burning eyes surveyed the room blindly. He came away from the door with an infinity of caution, his breath audible in his nostrils. He came slowly, his knees half giving way beneath him. As he walked, half of the sole of his right shoe fell away from his foot and flapped against the floor. His arms hung loose at his sides.

"Will you"—he said, whispering, when he almost had reached the desk—when he almost had reached the desk—is a look caught him up again, straining his limbs and making curious patterns on his face.

"And I've come back—come back long corridors that lead to nowhere." he mourned, flinging his arms wide. "I came because they drove me with fear. They scourged me with terror. They whipped me with shane. A million bayonets always within a hair's breadth of my back—swithin a hair's breadth of my back—the sole of his right shane. A million bayonets always within a hair's breadth of my back—the sole of his right shane he almost had reached the desk.

"Will you"—he said, whispering, when he almost had reached the desk—

breezily.

The stranger lurched against the desk and fell forward, the hardness of his bony elbows making a knocking noise. With his head bowed, his nose mashed against the hard wood, he flung up his right arm, his hand shaking, the fingers maying through the air with the slow.

right arm, his hand shaking, the fingers moving through the air with the slow, crawly motion, and screamed aloud, one prolonged note.

"Ee-ee-ee!" he lamented shrilly.

"I'm afraid of it!"

He lifted his head so that it was flung far back on his shoulders, and stared at Sullivan.

"I've run through the streets" he

stared at Sullivan.

"I've run through the streets," he said in a whisper, "through the streets and through the fields—1,000 miles! And it was always—always behind me. It held on to my shoulder."

He clapped his left hand to his right shoulder, hesitated a moment, and grinned sheepishly, trying to cover up his failure to capture that which threatened him.

"Nearly got it then!" he declared.

The whisper, more than the burning

rinned sheepishly, trying to cover up his failure to capture that which threatened him.

"Nearly got it then!" he declared.

The whisper, more than the burning eyes, made Sullivan all sympathy. He held forward a pen and spun the register around.

"Can you sign your name?" he inquired kindly.

The stranger took the pen and pushed the torn piece of coat sleeve out of the way, preparatory te writing. He paused, the pen wobbling in his hand, while a new and grayer horror spread over his face. Then, with the new ugliness upon him, he began to laugh in a silly, searcely nudible, fashion.

"My name?" he giggled. "Somebody's stolen it!" Then slowly, the words tooming one by one through his vacuous laughter: "I—don't—know—my—name. Sort of joke. I don't know who I am."

"All right," Sullivan said lightly, taking the pen from the other's paised fingers. "I'll sign for you". He wrete in the fighters stand, and whip some other blighter, to music by the band. The fighter's life is sunny, when he has reached the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets not in tinhorn sparring bout. The most of us are striving, each day, the whole earl long that we may be surviving, and dodge the poorhouse throng. We must be most adroit, sir, and siave the livelong day, if we would earn a kreutzer, or salt a yen away. Great men of skill and knowledge, can hardly earn their slaw, professors in the college, and people learned in law; and scientists and thinkers, and eminent divines must feed their children clinkers—but how the fighter stand, and whip some other blighter, to music by the band. The fighter's life is sunny, when he has reached the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets with the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets with the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets with the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets with the top; some forty kinds of money, at intervals, he'll cop. He gets with the top; some fort

all right, Suinvan said lightly, taking the pen from the other's palsied and so, as hungry writer, I'll serve my fingers. "I'll sign for you." He wrote it down and spoke it: "John Smith There you are. That all right?"

A device called a detectature has been invested to report to the result of the result of the result.

John Smith laughed vacantly and began to look around the room furtively. The tramp Simpson, who had been watching him with absorbed interest, thought that every bit of the man's boat on Highland lake 44 years.

personality had been concentrated into the uncanny fire of the terror stricken eyes. But, apparently, they saw n.thing. They entirely ignored Simpson's steady, searching glance.

steady, searching glance.

"Here, you, Simpson!" old Sullivan suddenly called out. "Get to your bunk! Don't bother this man!"

The tramp went out through the other door; but, as he went, he looked back over his shoulder at John Smith, and whistled softly to himself, expressing his amazement.

The stranger had let his head go down against the desk again. Sullivan, watching the shaking shoulders, saw

watching the shaking shoulders, saw that he was sobbing.

"How about you now, John Smith?" he asked, cheerily. "Feel better?"
"Do 1?" the other returned, bewildered, and lifted his head, resting his chin in the cup of his hands.

He kept that attitude while Sullivan,

recognizing the extremity of the man's suffering, unlocked a small cabinet back of the desk and brought forth a flask of whisky and a glass. Smith, watching him, sobbed once or twice convulsively, while terror made new furrows in his features. His eyes grew in brilliance. Sullivan, pouring some of the whisky

into the glass, extended it toward him, with the pleasant invitation:
"Take this drink. It's medicine now."

Smith, his face writhing, his whole body jerking and contorted, fought against the agony of his fright. Then, by a supreme effort, he drew himself to his full height, like a man about to to his full height, like a man about to be shot, and put out a tremulous hand toward the glass. He tried to grin, but succeeded only in drawing his lips away from his teeth, as if they had but succeeded only in drawing his lips away from his teeth, as if they had been moved by strings manipulated from the back of his head. "Go ahead!" urged Sullivan. Smith took the glass in his right hand and immediately transferred it to his left

"Look," he said timidly. "I've got it—right here—right here in my hand." He spoke now in a hoarse, deep voice, and put engerness into his tone. "I've got hold of it—haven't I?"

"Sure!" agreed Sullivan. "Drink it!"
From somewhere strength came back to John Smith. There was in his eyes force enough to compel the gaze of Sullivan, and there was in his backbone strength enough to hold him erect. His big, bass voice boomed like thunder. "Old man," he said, the glass entirely steady in his left hand, "I've come down from high, awful piaces—places so high that the peals of thunder sounded no louder than a robin's call—

sounded no louder than a robin's call—so high that the pale ends of lightning whips cracked harmlessly against my eyeballs—so high that escaping souls went by me like thin, white flames!"

thought was a screaming curse. Ah! that's a thing you'll know some day, that thoughts have tongues—shricking

him.

"Help me," he said, and there was in the whisper something that sounded unpleasantly like a whine.

"All right!" Sullivan, having pulled himself together, assured him. "Come over here."

The visitor trembled as if invisible, irresistible hands had hold of him, and again his burning ever surveyed the

1,000 swords, heavy as horror, dangling in the sunlight at the end of a silken thread—just above my ears!"

The strength returned to his back-

when he almost had reached the desk—
"will you help—help me?"

Although the whine of appeal was still in the whisper, there was, back of that, something which sounded like a new definition of despair. It announced that he had no hope of finding help.
"Sure!" Sullivan answered him breazily.

The strength returned to his back-one. He stood erect.
"They show me no mercy," he explained, the ghost of pride in his voice, "I asked none. I did not look back or up. Without looking, I could see the bayonets and the swords. Old man, for at ets and the swords. Old man, for at least 1,000 years I've fled—fled with all the furies of hell at my heels."

He crumpled up on the desk, his misery-marked face in the cup of his two hands, and fixed the flame of his eyes on the wondering Sullivan.

"For God's sake!" the old man cried

out. "Drink the whisky! Here!"
Smith began to laugh foolishly, a sound devoid of mirth or cheer, and, his shoulders sagging, backed away from the desk and the drink. He sood so a long moment, pointing a weak hand at the glass.
"And," he giggled, "I've arrived—after 1,000 years—I've arrived at that!"

I'd like to be a fighter, and with the

fighters stand, and whip some other

invented to permit a man in one room

(Continued Next Week.) High Ambition.

When two women get wound up, an-

other is usually run down.

(BY J. H. WATSON, M. D.)

under the eyes in bag-like formations. As a remedy for those easily recog-As a remody for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation caused by uric acid—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused cheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful, in large and used by an empent.

Step into any drug store and ask for in bearing-down sensations, periodical Anuric, many times more potent than ithia and eliminates urie acid as hot water melts sugar.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drach For Infants and Children. **Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria** ALGOHOL-3 PER GENT Always AVegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Bears the INFANTS CHILDREN Signature Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARGOTIC Recips of OldDr.SAMUELFITTER Constipation and Diarrhoea and Feverishness and For Over resulting therefrom in Infancy. Thirty Years At 6 months old 35 Doses 35 Cent

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A helpful Remedy for

LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac-Simile Signature of

Cath Hatcher.

THE GENTAUR GOMPANY.

NEW YORK.

900 Drops

Jack's Substitute.

Jack attained his fifth birthday last for the first time, wearing kilt skirts. Some of the larger pupils plagued him about wearing dresses, and it was not long before his plendings for a real boy's suit were granted. He was very proud indeed when he went to school a few days later arrayed in his knickprbockers. One of the girls wrote him a note saying he looked like a little man. That night he was telling his mother about it.

"Mother," said he, "Frances Wright wrote me a note telling me I looked like a little man, and I wrote her one and told her she looked like a daisy, only I couldn't spell daisy, so I spelled

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF. HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now-Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff-that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which If not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die-then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-any time-will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and loss of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try it!-Adv.

Rabbit's Rise in Importance.

When we used to go hunting down in the country, quail had to be mighty scarce before we would waste any ammunition on a rabbit. Sometimes, late in the day, we would kill three or four rabbits to give to the watchdogs on the way home to amuse them while we operated in the persimmon orchards, but that was about the extent of our interest in the rabbit. But times have changed. Fried rabbit nowadays has assumed a place alongside of liver and sirloin and prime ribs au jus.-Kausas City Star.

Garfield Ten was your Grandmother's Remedy for every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach Ils and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in evengreater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day .-- Adv.

A man may be the architect of his own fortune, but he can't induce the sun to shine in every room.

A Great Discovery

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or

and Anuric to flush the kidneys.

Effect of Privilege.

Senator Sutherland of Utah 'was summer and in the fall attended school | talking about certain "privileged" per-

"I'm a fee to all 'privilege,' " he sald.
"Privilege means trouble. It's like the steamboat captain who had the bar privilege.

"This captain, to whom all the profits went, shouted through his telephone to the engineer:

"'For heaven's sake, Mike, slow her down. We got 'em drinkin' fine.' '

Only about one-tenth of the vast amounts of iron ore mined in Spain annually are utilized at home because of the scarcity of native coal.

> The first sneeze is the danger signal. Time to take-



The old family remedy-in tablet form-safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates, no unpleasant after effects. Cures colds in 24 hours-Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it-25 ceats. At Any Drug Store



Marjorse.—"What do you think John said, Daddy, n I told him that when we were married I wanted a city fence, a country place, as autos and a lot of servantiat" Daddy.—"Well, what did the paragon say?"
Marjories.—"He said that if I would sleep more on my

Bad dreams are a good sign of poor digestion, when the hard worked stomach begins to complain the whole system suffers and we have constipation, offensive breath, dyspepsia and all sorts of similar disorders every one of which, if you did but knew it, cries aloud for

Green's **August Flower**

Which for 51 years has contributed to the health and well being of countless thousands everywhere. 25c. and 75c.





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A WOMAN'S BURDENS are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made medicine. If her existence gloomy by the chronic weakness ful how quickly Annric acts; the pains and stiffness rapidly disappear.

was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years, in all cases of "female complaints" and weaknesses. For Take a glass of hot water before meals young girls just entering womanhood; and Anuric to flush the kidneys.







