

**HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?**  
Simple Prescription Said to Work  
Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several winters and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime. Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris Compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesaler house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

**What She Meant.**

"So you think I smoke too much?" he asked, just to keep up a conversation that seemed to be languishing. "Not at all," she answered very skillfully concealing a yawn. "You said you thought so." "Pardon me. I don't think you are smoking too much." "Didn't you say that I'd die if I didn't cut it down?" "Yes—that's what I said." It took him a long time to get it, and then he was quite angry.

**Evening Matters Up.**

Mrs. March took a bite of the cake, and laid it down hastily. "Norah," she said, "did you follow the recipe, or do as you usually do and guess?" "Sure, mum, I follow the recipe, only I put in six eggs instead of four, because two was bad, and I wanted to even 'em up."—Youth's Companion.

**A FREE SURPRISE BOX.**

In another part of this paper you will find a large ad of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Omaha, Neb. They offer to send to any reader a box of assorted biscuits absolutely free. Don't miss this opportunity. Cut out the coupon from their ad and mail it today.

**Jumped the Track.**

"And Zens turned Nioke into a stone." "Did they have motor cars in those days, dad?"

**Evening Gown of Pink Silk  
a Recent Paris Importation**



An evening gown of pink silk with tunic of silver embroidered lace over black net, caught up in a large bow at the back.

**WHY FLOWERS AT WEDDINGS**

Pretty Custom That Has Been Handled Down Through Centuries Has a Real Significance.

Flowers, of course, always have been used at all festive occasions, and so, consequently, at the weddings of practically every nation. They are the symbol of gaiety, and hence their profusion at that most joyous of times—a wedding.

But some of the flowers have more than a general significance. For example, there was long a custom for each guest to dip a sprig of rosemary into his cup of wine before drinking the couple's health. The bride (if she were not a widow) and the bridegroom once adorned themselves with garlands of wheat. This was a symbol of plentifulness and increase and at the present time the bridal wreath of orange blossoms possesses the same meaning.

In "ye olden times" there were garlands, garlands everywhere at a wedding ceremony. Even the rejected suitor sometimes wore a garland of roses.

Besides the flowers, both the bride and bridegroom wore a true love knot, an ornament introduced into England by the Danes in the ninth century and called the "trulofa," the troth. The bride of that time was supposed always to wear three ornaments—a ring for a pledge, a brooch for innocence, and a garland as a crown of victory for temptations resisted.

**COSY FUR BONNET**



Of this description is very useful for days when cold north winds blow; it is trimmed with a single silk rose.

**Mission of 1913.**

If the present year has any particular mission of dress it must be that of adding to the volume of the existing skirt. The year of 1912 had already begun this work, and it will be interesting to see how far its successor will carry it out. In Paris dresses are not worn nearly so exiguously clinging as they were in the earlier part of last year. London is slowly following the example of the city of chiffon. For the rest, who can say? Prophecy is a thankless trade, more particularly concerning matters of dress.

**Like Darning.**

If you wish to embroider silk stockings, try the following plan. Instead of using an embroidery hoop. Place your darning ball inside the stocking and hold it as though you were going to darn, save that you should be very careful not to stretch the stocking; simply hold it smooth over the darning where you are to do the embroidery.

**USEFUL HOOK-AND-EYE BOX**

Simple Contrivance Will Save Time and Frequently Much Wear and Tear on the Nerves.

Have you ever hooted in vain for the special size of hook and eye you needed? If not you are an abnormally neat woman, or one given to buttons or pins.

During that mad hunt through a badly mixed box of sewing utensils you doubtless vowed to have a separate hook-and-eye box. forthwith. Then you promptly forgot.

The next time immediately hunt a number of card envelopes, and on the flap of each one sew a hook and eye to show the size and color within. Put these envelopes neatly in a small box and your miserable fishing days are over. There should be separate holders for cards of hooks and eyes, detached ones that have not been used and for those that have been ripped from a dress, as is the habit of some economical women.

Small boxes with the hook sewed or pasted to the lid may take the place of an envelope, but take up more room and are less easily handled.

**For Evening Wear.**

Evening dress is quite lovely this year, and the tunic as much to the fore as ever, though rather shorter than that of last winter. The bead embroidery is all the rage, and it is almost crowded upon the nylon that composes these tunics. They are of the most vivid colors, and the variety of designs is surprising. There appears to be no end to the inventiveness of the clever brains employed in this interesting if arduous work. The great difficulty must be to differentiate the patterns from each other.

One of the loveliest has two long-stemmed lilies rising from the hem in front, and a border of similar but smaller lilies finishes the tunic. The color is cerise, with crystal beads, and a curiously effective touch is the very narrow, flat piping, in the very palest greenish blue, which finishes the tunic around the shoulders and borders the sleeves. Lovely effects are made by laying these beautiful colors over each other.

**Lace Indications.**

The Dry Goods Economist states that fashion indications in Paris afford ample opportunity for a wide use of laces in garment development for spring. Novel founcing, tunic, drapery and yoking features are incorporated in many of the smartest gowns now being launched, and all of these features are being effectively carried out in laces. While the range of varieties used is exceedingly large, attention continues to focus on the lighter effects.

**Laces Popular.**

Lace and figured chiffons and voiles are daintily wrought into charming evening frocks for girls who need thin dancing and dinner gowns. The berth effect in lace or beaded net is very popular, and, moreover, immensely becomes either a stout or slight person. It hides any unsightly lines and adds charm to good figures.—Harper's Bazar.

**Hand-Run Tucks.**

Lingerie dresses for spring have the fullness of the skirts taken up in hand-run tucks.

**JUST A PROFESSOR**

And He Was a Dry Man, Outside and In, Never Getting Excited.

By BRYANT C. ROGERS.

Professor Bascomb was a dry man—very dry. He wasn't dry for want of water, lemonade, root beer or lager. He could have quenched most any thirst by stepping into a saloon and saying to the barkeep: "Whew! Is this hot enough for you? Set 'em up again, old man." It was that the professor's attitude was dry. He was dry outside and in. He never got excited. A presidential election was no more to him than a local dog fight. He never gossiped. He never took up frivolous questions, such as the tariff on lamb chops. He had few acquaintances, and those he forgot to bow to half the time.

Professor Bascomb was just a professor. He filled the chair of natural history at the state college at Luka and given the leg of a grasshopper he could tell in what period of the world he lived and died and why he never got to be a clam or a con.

On his arrival at Luka the professor was offered board and lodging and all the comforts of home at the Woodbine cottage at what seemed a reasonable rate, and he installed himself there. He didn't care about the name. It would have been the same to him had the cottage been named the Ox Tail Dive. He didn't care much about his room, his food or his bed.

There was one other thing the professor didn't care much about at the Woodbine, and that was Miss Joy Marton. Miss Joy was thirty-seven years old and still heart-free. She and her mother owned the Woodbine. They made it a rule to take one gentleman boarder from the college, and every time the old boarder went and a new one replaced him the town gossips predicted that Miss Joy would succeed in her fall designs. That is, of course, she would lassie him and lead him to the matrimonial altar.

While Professor Bascomb was dry—very dry—Miss Joy was girly and kittenish and romantic. She wanted to read and talk of knights and chivalry and squires and dames and abducted maidens. Professor Bascomb wanted to talk about the dodo and the mammoths. Where was the common ground?

Miss Joy wanted to read and weep over "The Sewing Machine Girl." The professor wanted to catch and examine the hearts and lungs of bats and crickets. Why, if they met on the street the professor was apt to address her as Mrs. Perkins or Miss Schermerhorn as by her right name. They did not lack more than a mile or two of being as far apart as the Poles.

Without admitting that Miss J. ever had any designs upon the professor, it may be stated that at the end of six months the girl mused to herself: "I give him up. He is impossible. He will never come within 40 rods of being a hero. He would see rats eat me up and not come to the rescue."

All of this was very natural in a weary old maid.

Three or four days later at the dinner table, where the professor seldom spoke at all, he suddenly said: "I see that there is to be a circus in town."

Gasps of astonishment from mother and daughter. Gasps that there was to be a circus, and gasps that the professor had referred to it.

"And I think we'll attend." "Gasps of the gasping kind." "Yes, I want you both to go with me."

Had Professor Bascomb suffered a sunstroke? The women turned pale as they looked from him to each other. "I don't care much about the circus part of it, but I should like to study the animals, particularly the lion. Perhaps I shall be able to give you some information you have never acquired."

No, mother and daughter did not know the lion very well. They had heard him spoken of as the king of the beasts, but with eggs at fifty cents a dozen, and butter almost as much per pound, with nine lions in the United States to one truth-teller, they had taken only a passing interest in Leo.

The day and the hour came and as they stood before the cage of the kangaroo the professor musingly said: "Australia is the true home of the kangaroo. He is not a flesh-eating animal, and will not attack man unless driven to the wall. You may wonder at the length of his hind legs. Why wasn't he created to run on four legs the same as a wolf?"

Miss Joy looked at her mother, and her mother looked at her. They had run a boarding house for the last ten years, but it had never occurred to them to ask the question or attempt to find the answer.

"The kangaroo is not a predatory animal," continued the professor. "On the contrary, he is as timid as the hare. Both must depend upon their alertness and fleetness to escape their foes. Thus it comes about that their gait is by leaps and bounds, and that by standing up on their hind legs they can look for their enemies." "Mother, did you ever?" asked Miss Joy as she drew a long breath. "No, daughter, I never did!" was the solemn reply. "The tail of a dog or cat is merely ornamental. Behold the tail of the kangaroo! It is a cushion on which he sits. It assists him to rise in a hurry. It acts as a rudder to steer him when leaping through the air. If driven to defend himself he uses claws

and tail. One blow of the tail will break a man's ribs or leg."

"Just think of that mother!" gasped Miss Joy. "Yes, I am thinking of it, daughter!" "Kangaroo meat is not ranked among the delicacies," said the professor, "but it is very nutritious. In fact, one pound of it has more nutriment in it than a pound and a quarter of Chicago beef, and at half the cost. It is a wonder to me that American capitalists have not arranged to import kangaroo meat."

"If they would only arrange, mother!" sighed Miss Joy as she remembered the price of the last beefsteak. "Perhaps the Democratic party will bring it about," replied the mother.

At this moment a stranger who had been listening to the wise talk butted in by asking the professor: "Did you say that kangaroo could knock a man gally west with a blow of his tail?"

"Yes, sir."

"Gosh all hemlock! Say, don't you think the bird could be taught to use his tail as a pile-driver?"

"Ladies—ahem—we will now pass on to the king of beasts," was the evasive reply.

"Mother, what is a pile-driver?" whispered the daughter.

"It's a machine they use to drive money out of a college student when he's behind on his board!"

"Leo, the lion, has been written about by hundreds of hunters and naturalists," began the professor as they came to the proper cage, "and yet we do not know him as he is. He is a beast of moods. One day he will attack a man with great fierceness. The next he will flee from him. By nature he is carnivorous. Meat is his sole diet, and his appetite demands at least thirty pounds per day. A full grown lion has been known to devour the better half of an ox in one night."

"Suppose we had one for a boarder?" gasped Miss Joy.

"Lord! Lord!" almost wailed the mother.

"Man is the only living thing the lion fears, and not always him," said the professor. "It is asserted that it may will look Leo steadily in the eyes for three or four minutes—"

He broke off there to draw himself up and fold his arms and stare at the beast with a scowl, wrinkling his forehead. Leo stood it for about forty seconds. Then with a growl and a roar he plunged against the bars with such force that they gave way and he sprang down upon Miss Joy.

"Run! Run! The lion is loose!"

There was a wild scattering. Mrs. Morten fainted away and fell to earth, but the professor never turned a hair. The lion crouched down and laid a paw on his victim and growled.

"The tail of a lion is not the tail of a kangaroo," said the professor as he stooped down and clutched it. "Nevertheless, it is capable of sustaining great weight when used—thus!"

And next moment he had lifted the beast from the ground as a boy might a cat and was swinging him in a circle. There were yells and cheers and cries of "hold him!" and presently the circus people came running with ropes and Leo was thrust ignominiously back into his cage.

Miss Joy wasn't hurt, her mother recovered from her faint, and professor Bascomb was a hero. Miss Joy managed to tell him so, and though he called her Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Woodhouse and got things badly mixed up, she understood that he was also popping the question and she replied yes.

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**Foolish Fly.**

This is told for a true story by Tom McNeal. In a certain town in western Kansas, whose name is withheld for obvious reasons, there was a hotel which was as near the limit, perhaps, as any place that ever masqueraded under the name of a place where a traveler could get food and lodging. On one occasion a man who was looking the country over stopped at the hotel for dinner. The meat was a few pieces of fat salt pork swimming in grease; the bread was a batch of biscuits so hard that you couldn't break one with a hatchet, and the butter was as strong as limburger cheese. The stranger was hungry, but not near enough to starvation to be able to eat anything that was on the table. As he sat looking over the board with disgust a fly alighted in the half-melted butter. The stranger carefully helped the fly out of its trouble and, as he watched it crawl feebly away, said: "I know what's the matter with you. You're feeble-minded. Any insect that has wings to fly with that will loaf round this hotel must be a durned fool!"—Kansas City Journal.

**Awful Effect of the New Dances.**

Arnold Bennett, the English author, who frequently blushes parenthetically in his writings whenever he admits having the same failings as other human beings of the domain of the average, is a reminder of a Kansas City girl who admits that the new society dances are enough to make one forget how to blush. When asked the other day if she couldn't blush any more, she replied: "Oh, yes, on a pinch." And then she pinched her cheek to prove it.

**Meet and Remarry on Train.**

John P. Steiler of San Antonio, Texas, met his one time wife, Mrs. Olive Steiler, on a Missouri, Kansas & Texas southbound train at Hillsboro and they were remarried on the speeding train. The couple intended to stop off long enough to get a preacher, but the train was late, so County Judge Stephenson was induced to meet the train and officiate.

**Backache Is a Warning**

Thousands suffer kidney ills unawares—not knowing that the backache, headache, and dull, nervous, dizzy, all tired condition are often due to kidney weakness alone. Anybody who suffers constantly from backache should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of the secretions may give just the needed proof.



Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backache and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

A Minnesota Case. Mrs. Anna Howard, 71 Sprague St., St. Paul, Minn., says: "I suffered terribly and doctor's couldn't help me. I was so helpless with the pain in my back I couldn't turn in bed. I grew thin and had terrible dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and today I am in perfect health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

**BUT SHE DID NOT VISIT HIM**

Little Chance That Voice-Culture Student Attempted to Gratify Old Gentleman's Friend.

Patently the old gentleman had been sitting through the ordeal of hearing the voice-culture student in the hall bedroom below practicing with a zeal which left no room for criticism, but with a talent by no means so kindly described.

Finally he crept down the stairs and rapped at the door of the young woman's room.

"I can't come in," he said in response to an invitation, "but I simply came to tell you of a friend of mine who would, I know, be willing to pay almost any amount of money to hear you sing."

Overwhelmed with joy the young woman begged the kind old gentleman to write his friend's name and address on a piece of paper.

When he had gone upstairs she looked at the slip of paper which he had handed back to her inscribed and neatly folded. It read: "John W. Jones, Asylum for the Deaf."

As to the Wedding Gown. Colonel Watterson occasionally turns his attention from dressing down candidates to dressing up inquiring correspondents. Listen to this advice from the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"There are two reasons for being married in a dress suit, young man. It's fashionable, and it's your last chance to get a dress suit."

This can be considered good advice, founded on observation and experience, even if it is a little pessimistic.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Occasional Visitor. A notable housekeeper of the past generation, before the days of screens, had just announced with decision that she never had any flies.

"But, Aunt Augusta," faltered the timid visitor, "it seems to me that I saw a few in the dining room."

"Oh, those," replied her aunt, with a majestic wave of the hand, "were the neighbors' flies. They will come in occasionally. But I was saying, we never have any of our own."—Youth's Companion.

We've Done Our Share. Woody—is there any money in writing for the magazine? Scribblers—Sure! the postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

Feathered Girl. "Looks rather plain, doesn't she not?" "Well, those are her own feathers. She can't afford anything artificial."—Harper's Bazar.

**Shivery Mornings**

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

**Post Toasties**

These crisp flavoury bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February and taste the delicate true maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk, or fruit, is surprisingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

**YOU "Should Worry"**

if you are neglecting or abusing the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Sickness is sure to overtake you. Be wise in time and get a bottle of

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

It makes the appetite keen, aids digestion, maintains health, strength and vigor and thus makes life a real pleasure. Try it and see. Avoid substitutes.

**Stiff Joints Sprains, Bruises**

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand.

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**

Good for Broken Sinews. G. G. Jones, Baldwin, L. I., writes: "I used Sloan's Liniment for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

Fine for Sprain. Mr. Henry A. Vohl, 84 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes: "A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."



Price 25c, 50c., and \$1.00 Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses & luxuriates the scalp. Restores the falling hair. Keeps the youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.