

## "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.

### Not Guilty.

May was taken down South to visit her relations. For the first time in her young life she was thrown in contact with little darkies. Her admiration was great. Meeting a little negro boy one day, she screwed up courage to ask him his name.

"I is dun called David," said the boy. "Oh!" exclaimed May, he face lighting up with surprise and pleasure, "are you the David that killed Gollath?"

The little black boy gave a frightened glance around, and, beginning to whimper, he shrieked: "Naw, I ain't nebber teched him."

## Oklahoma Man Tells About Kidney Remedy

Several years ago I was taken with severe pains in my back, due to diseased kidneys and was forced to give up my daily labors. I heard of your great kidney remedy and resolved to try it. I did so with wonderful results.

Since taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root I have had no trouble from my kidneys. I am giving this testimonial of my own free will to let others know the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root.

If you should care to, you are at liberty to publish this testimonial whenever you choose.

Very truly yours,  
J. A. PARRISH,  
Stillwater, Okla.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 8th day of March, 1912.  
H. S. HAUSSDER,  
Justice of the Peace.

### Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Adv.

Not an Original Remark. "Ah, my dearest Angelina!" exclaimed Ferdie, as he slowly settled to his knees at the feet of his adored one, after having imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips, "a kiss from you is indeed a taste of heaven on earth."

Placing her gentle hand upon his contracted brow, she remarked in a low, soulful tone of voice: "Bah! Can't you say something original? Forty different young men have got off that same stereotyped remark."

## TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

### A Tip.

"How can I keep my hair from falling out?"  
"Don't do anything that annoys it."

## PAMELA'S VALENTINE



THE sales division of the Hutchinson company occupied the entire length of the building. It was well lighted and well ventilated, but every inch of space had been so utilized that the desks and tables were almost uncomfortably crowded. Hundreds of girls sat busily working with every appearance of industrious application, and above the whirl and click of the typewriters came the noise of their ceaseless conversation.

The man who had immediate charge of this assortment of femininity was tall and thin, with keen dark eyes, a pleasant voice and an air of alert patience not easily described. His quick, restless movements and the manner in which he continually walked up and down the long aisles proved the possession of an intensely nervous temperament, but his unvarying patience and the even character of his quiet voice spoke of self-control. He looked not unlike an amiable but absent-minded brownie, as with his hair all ruffled up he walked between the rows of smiling girls, peering through his glasses in a nearsighted way.

It is no easy matter for any mere man to gain and hold the good will of several hundred girls of varying tempers and dispositions, but Mr. Miller had accomplished this. He was sincerely liked and respected by all the girls, who were accustomed to refer to him as "that darling old angel," while with equal candor, but much less enthusiasm, they described Mr. Morris, his assistant, as "an old stiff, as handsome as a prince, but as cold as a lemon sherbet."

"Mr. Miller has an awful cold," said Elizabeth, as the tall manager passed up the aisle snuffling and sneezing with an incipient attack of influenza.

"Yes; he's had it for several days," replied Margaret. "I saw him taking tablets yesterday."

"He's taking them again," returned Elizabeth. "See there, he's taking them again."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the unconscious manager.

"He'll be down with the grip presently," said Alice.

"He has it already," said Elizabeth. "Why," said Pamela, innocently, "why doesn't his mother give him a hot mustard foot bath and a hot lemonade and put him to bed and cover him up warm; then he would soon get well."

A general smile greeted this naive suggestion.

"Maybe he hasn't got a mother, kiddo; why don't you suggest it to him yourself?" said Elizabeth.

"I couldn't," said Pamela, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Don't mind me, Tutts," said Elizabeth. "I'm just teasing you. Listen, tomorrow is St. Valentine's day. I believe I'll send Mr. Miller a valentine, poor dear, just because he's sick."

She scribbled busily away for a few minutes and then handed over the following screeled adorned with a circle in inky-red hearts.

Love is such a funny thing. It's something like a lizard; It winds itself around your heart, And nibbles at your gizzard.

"Well!" said Miss Ellsworth in disgust. "If you are going to send a valentine, send one; don't send a thing like that. It isn't even decent."

Elizabeth sat nibbling her pen handle pensively as the verse was passed around among the girls. It was at this psychological moment that one of the errand boys came around the table and placed in front of Pamela a small, square box neatly wrapped in white paper and tied with a gilt cord. Elizabeth's eyes widened with excitement.

"A valentine! Oh, kiddo," she said enthusiastically, "some one has sent you a valentine."

"Oh, no," said Pamela, quite positively.

"Oh, yes," said Elizabeth. "Open it. Let's see!"

Sure enough when the box was opened it disclosed a very pretty valentine, all pink roses, flying doves and gilt arrows. The heart in the center bore in fancy script the following sentiment:

Without thee, dear, 'tis summer without sun, Or springtime with no fair and fragrant flowers, But with thy love, dear heart, my life doth run In golden streams and through bright fairy bowers.

The expression of surprise on Pamela's face deepened into amazement as she read the neatly typewritten note which accompanied the valentine:

Miss Pamela Alderson,  
Care of the Hutchinson Company.  
Dear Miss Alderson:

I think you are the most beautiful girl in the world, and I love you with all my heart.

Your faithful friend,  
Arthur Eustace Henderson.

"Oh, Pamela," whispered Elizabeth gleefully, "it is from your sweet heart!"

But Pamela shook her head very positively.

She was entirely in the dark as to the identity of Arthur Eustace Henderson. She had not a single young man acquaintance in the city, and was quite free from the usual entanglements of youth. Hardly more than a child, her life had been hedged about with peculiar carefulness, and until this moment she had not met with the tiniest whisper of romance.

It seemed like an age before she was free to hasten to the shabby little apartment, so poor in its appointments, so rich in its unpurchasable atmosphere of love.

Who Arthur Eustace Henderson was indeed was a mystery. The Aldersons were acquainted with few people in the city. He did not belong to the church they attended; there was no young man of that name employed in Mr. Miller's division. His name was not even in the city directory. Who was he? Whoever he was, he evidently preferred to remain a mystery, for as the days passed by he made no sign, which in itself was surprising.

For a short while Don kept up his teasing remarks about Pamela's unknown admirer, then he dropped the subject. The incident was soon forgotten—that is by all except Pamela.

Her imagination had been touched and her family would have been surprised had they known how large a part of her thoughts was occupied by the unknown sender of her valentine. In these girlish dreams to which all maidens are prone a handsome young gentleman now figured. He had dark, soulful eyes, a graceful, manly form and patrician features. His name was Arthur Eustace Henderson.

The Hutchinson company did little night work; the girls were seldom required to work overtime. Occasionally a few girls were asked to remain and help rush through an accumulation of business matters. On one of these occasions some of the workers of Mr. Miller's division were asked to stay, and Pamela was among them. It was a few minutes past nine when she passed through the storm doors to join her brother, who she knew was outside waiting for her. There was no real reason for Don to come down to walk home with her when she worked late, for several of the girls went her way, and Billiken, the office boy, always went in that direction.

"Billiken," she said pleasantly, as the boy would have fallen to the rear at sight of her handsome escort, "this is my brother Don, who knows you quite well already, for I have often told him how kind you are to me."

"Young man," said Don, with a cordial grip of his hand, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, and to thank you for your courtesies to my sister."

Billiken's face opened into a tremendous grin.

"Ah," he said, twisting with embarrassment, "that ain't nothin'. Anybody would be nice to her."

"Yes," said Don, with a smile, "I think anybody with good judgment would."

They walked down the street together, Donald holding fast to his sister's arm to prevent her slipping on the icy pavement. "Your young friend's cognomen," said Don, presently, "is highly descriptive but rather confusing. What is your patronymic, young fellow?" he said, turning to Billiken.

"Sir?" said Billiken confusedly.

"Your name," said Don pleasantly, "your real name."

"Oh," said Billiken, his face brightening, "my name? Arthur Eustace Henderson. That's my name."

For a second Don stopped stock still in amazement, but he recovered himself immediately.

"A very nice name," he said agreeably.

"Yessir," said Billiken.

Donald stole a look at his sister's face. She was crimson with confusion. Her lids were downcast and he could see nothing of the expression of her eyes.

They walked a few blocks farther in silence. The Alderson rooftop was reached at last. Then Billiken passed up the street, whistling as he went.

Donald managed to keep silence until the door was closed on the youthful cavalier. Then he broke into a hearty unrestrained laugh that was good to hear. There was a faint smile on his little sister's face, but a suspicion of tears in her eyes. She stared at him a moment in silence and then she, too, laughed uneasily.

"Well," said Don, taking her into his brotherly embrace, "aren't you glad we've found out who he is?"

"Yes," said Pamela faintly.

"Well," said Don, giving her a great bear's hug, "I am certainly relieved to know it was only the office boy."

But Pamela made no reply.

But Pamela made no reply.

But Pamela made no reply.

## SEEMED HARD LUCK

That Man of Much Experience Should Hunt Job.

It Was So, However, and Manager to Whom He Applied Finally Was Driven to Necessity of "Helping Him Out."

The manager looked up suddenly from his desk as a rather intelligent but seedy-looking individual closed the door softly behind him.

"Good morning," the stranger nodded. "If you are needing help of any kind, sir, I respectfully submit myself for your consideration. I have had experience in many lines, particularly in the office, sir. I have a comprehensive knowledge of the keeping of books, from that of the most simple stage entry form to the books of a large corporation. I can also operate the typewriter, if necessary. In fact, I won several prizes in contests of speed. In connection with this I might say that I take shorthand dictation accurately, having long experience as a court reporter."

"I am not needing any office help now," said the manager severely; but the stranger held up his hand for silence.

"Then an outside position, sir. Perhaps as salesman. I have sold automobiles in New York, stocks and bonds in Chicago. In New Orleans I introduced 'ice-ine,' the only perfect summer drink, where our sales reached the million mark in three weeks. From Denver to Frisco I carried and sold the line of one of the biggest jobbers in the country; and during the 1908 season I was one of the barkers for a circus. As the sales manager of the—"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I do not need a salesman," cut in the manager, somewhat nettled.

"Then anything else, sir? I am well educated, broad-minded and I could adapt myself to anything. I have been press agent, newspaper reporter, drug clerk, chauffeur, stealer-jack, in turn. I have hunted llamas in South America, and suppressed international disturbances over in Europe. I had full charge of a South African diamond mine. In Siberia I just escaped from exile by assuming a disguise and through the kind aid of the Archduke Basil, I dined with the shah of Persia as the Blue mosque, and was kicked out of a Honolulu literary society."

"I edited an encyclopedia, sir, and wrote the words and music to the national air of the new Chinese republic. Surely you have some need for me, sir. I have been everything from printer's devil to a director of a railroad. In the year 1911 I was official weather prophet for Patona, and the city of Memphis sent for me to stop a leak in one of the Mississippi levees."

"As official government chemist, I did much to exterminate the boll weevil, and as consulting engineer I successfully superintended the erection of the municipal bridge that spans the Desplaines river. I have an intimate knowledge of electricity, and Edison once said to me that if—"

Here the manager broke in. "Please, I'm a busy man. I really don't need anyone today."

The stranger looked rather crestfallen. He shifted from one foot to the other.

"Very well, sir," he said finally. "But, could you—could you help me out with a dime?"

The manager helped him out. But it wasn't with a dime.—Chicago Herald.

## SHOW SUPREMACY OF SOUL

Bright Spots in Dark Incidents of the Great Conflict Going on in Europe.

Courage is the universal possession of the German, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Belgian, the Austrian, the Russian and the Japanese. The stories of individual coolness and daring are so many that they have almost ceased to attract special attention. The other day, when the British dreadnaught Formidable went down in a storm, crushed like an egg shell by torpedoes or mines, its captain—Loxley—was on the bridge as it sank; and his last words were: "Steady men; it's all right; keep cool; do not get in a panic; be British."

Every officer was at his post; many of them had lighted cigarettes. This stirring exhibition of the fact that the man does not die when his body falls in the trenches or sinks in the ocean can be matched in every navy and army. All Europe is fighting for invisible things. There never was such universal and commanding evidence that the soul of humanity is supreme and invincible.—From the Outlook.

## HIS PRESENTS ALL PAID FOR

But Mr. Jones Was Not Quite the Model Citizen the Statement Seemed to Make Out.

Referring to the promptness of some people in settling their accounts, Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan recalled a little incident about a party named Jones.

A few days before Christmas Mr. Jones was talking with his neighbor, Brown, when the subject of interchanging presents entered into the conversation.

"Do you mean to say," declared Brown, in response to a statement made by Jones, "that all of your Christmas presents are paid for?"

"Why, yes," was the easy rejoinder of Jones. "I settled for the last of them yesterday."

"You are nothing short of a wonder!" enviously returned Brown. "I haven't even begun to buy mine yet."

"Neither have I," answered Jones, with a look of enlightenment. "I was referring to last Christmas."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Breaking It Gently. Maid—Thieves got into a house in this street last night and stole all the silver.

Mistress—What stupid people to leave doors unlocked! Whose house was it?

Maid—It was at number 7.

Mistress—Why, that is our house!

Maid—Yes, ma'am, but I did not want to frighten you.

Beginning the Day. Oh, God, give me freedom. Loose me from the shackles of fear and hate and all sin. Break my cage and lead me out. Let me feel the wings which I have dreamed about. Tame the heights for me. Give my soul its proper air. Show me the fullness and the far reaches of life. In Christ's name. Amen.—H. M. E.

Among the Elite. "Then they never have a family jar?"

"They occasionally have what might be termed a family jardiniere. As aristocratic people they only quarrel in a very refined way."

Wedded Life. "Did your wife ever get the best of you?"

"Yes. Didn't she marry me?"

## A STRONG DEFENSE

against general weakness can only be established and maintained by keeping the digestion good and liver and bowels active.

## HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

will help wonderfully in restoring the "inner man" to a strong and normal condition.

It is easy for a shiftless man to tell what wonderful things he would do if he only had a million plunks.

One sign that we are growing more humane is that men blanket their motor car engines.—Nashville Banner.

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 *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Masters. Flatbush—You know he's got a picture of one of the old masters at his house.

Bensonhurst—Which wife is it?

So He Got Wet. Mother—Why didn't you run for home when you heard that a shower was coming up?

Willie—Cause I knew I wouldn't get wet unless it came down.

Put It Up to Father. "I'm going to thrash you soundly," said Mr. Washington to little George.

"Do as you please," responded the infant father of his prospective country, "but if you do the American people will never forgive you."

Easily Mislead. "I'm afraid Johnson hasn't much of a vocabulary."

"No!"

"If you should happen to speak of bas relief he'd probably think you were referring to something in the nature of a highball."

Crowning Achievement. "Was the inventor of the destroyer rewarded?"

"They knighted him."

"And the inventor of the destroyer-destroyer?"

"He was created a baron."

"But the destroyer-destroyer-destroyer's inventor—what was done for him?"

"He was made an earl."

"One more question, if you please—what reward, if any, fell to the author of the book which proves that war is a biological necessity?"

"He was created a duke."

"A duke!"

"Yes. We are a cultivated nation, and but for his grace's work we should never have had the face to make use of the inventions of the others."



More Nourishment—  
Weight for Weight  
—in a package of Grape-Nuts than in a roast of beef.

Grape-Nuts is meat—the meat of wheat and barley—a rich, sweet, appetizing food, ready to eat direct from the package with cream or milk.

All the bone-making, blood-making, muscle-making values of choicest wheat combined with malted barley are afforded in this famous pure food.

Grape-Nuts being partially pre-digested by long baking, gives quickly a wonderful power to "do," in return for the small energy required to digest it. Better and more complete nourishment than Grape-Nuts and cream is difficult to find; and with the price of meat way up there's true economy, too.

This sturdy food is sold by Grocers everywhere, in wax-sealed packages. Thousands make it a part of their daily breakfasts.

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**