

DRUGS EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers, Drink Lots of Water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract.

Drink lots of water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys will act fine.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; does not injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water, drink which everyone should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean and active.

The Answer. "Pa, what is sympathy?" "Sympathy, my boy, is what you usually give to another when you don't want to lend him any money."

CALOMEL!

It's Mercury! Quick-silver! Shocks the Liver—Danger!

You're bilious, but take "Cascarets"! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched, your bowels are constipated.

Over 6,000,000 acres of land are under tobacco cultivation throughout the world.

OUCH! MY BACK! RUB LUMBAGO PAIN AWAY

Rub Backache Away With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!—Adv.

Tenacity of purpose is characteristic of all men who have accomplished great things.

NEW DRESS FOR OLD WITH DIAMOND DYES

Women Can Put Bright, Rich Color in Shabby, Faded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

The silk industry of China employs, it is estimated, from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 people.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade.

Salt used to be the ordinary money of the Abyssinians.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems" Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Irene," said Mrs. Hardy, "what way is that to speak to Mr. Conward? You are out of your head, child! Such a scene, Mr. Conward! That cow puncher! I always knew it would come out some time. Oh, if the papers should learn of this!"

"That's all you think of," Irene retorted. "A scene, and the papers. You don't trouble to even wonder what was the occasion of the scene. You're afraid of the papers. I'm not. I'll give the whole story to them tomorrow. I'll tell that you insulted him, Conward, and how you stood there, a grinning, gaping coward under the muzzle of his gun. How I wish I had a photograph of it!" she exclaimed, with a little hysterical laugh.

In the morning she was very sober and pale, and marks of distress and sleeplessness were furrowed in her face. She greeted her mother with cold civility and left her breakfast untouched. She gave part of her breakfast to Charlie; it was a saving balm to her to have someone upon whom she could pour affection.

"Hello, is that the office of the Call? Will you let me speak to—"

Her mother interrupted almost frantically: "Irene, you are not going to tell the papers? You mustn't do that. Think of what it means—the disgrace—a shooting affair, almost, in our home. Think of me, your mother!"

"I'll think of you on one consideration—that you explain what happened last night and tell me where Dave Elden is."

"I can't explain. I don't know. And I don't know."

In a few words she explained Dave's sudden disappearance, stripping the incident of all but vital facts. Bert Morrison was all sympathy. "It's a big story, you know," she said, "but we won't think of it that way. Not a line, so far as I am concerned. Edith Duncan is the girl we need. A sort of adopted sister to Dave. She may know more than any of us."

But Edith knew absolutely nothing; nothing except that her own heart was thrown into a turmoil of emotions. She spent the day and the evening downtown, rotating about the points where Dave might likely be found.

In spite of all efforts at self-control she trembled as she pressed the bell. She had never met Irene Hardy; it was going to be a strange experience, introducing herself to the woman who had been preferred over her and who had apparently proved so unworthy of that preference.

She had difficult things to say, and even while she said them she must fight a battle to the death with the jealousy of her natural womanhood. And she must be very, very careful that in saying things which were hard to say she did not say hard things. And, most difficult of all, she must try to pave the way to a reconciliation between Dave and the woman who stood between her and happiness.

Irene attended the door, as was her custom. Her eyes took in Edith's face and figure with mild surprise. Edith was conscious of the process of a quick intellect endeavoring to classify her—solitico, music teacher, business girl? And in that moment of pause she saw Irene's eyes and a strange commotion of feeling surged through her. So this was the woman Dave had chosen to love!

No; one does not choose whom one will love; one loves without choosing. Edith was conscious of that; she knew that in her own life. And even as she looked this first time upon Irene she became aware of a subtle attraction gathering about her; she felt something of that power which had held Dave to a single course through all these years. And suddenly a great new truth was born in Edith Duncan. Suddenly she realized that if the steel at any time prove unfaithful to the magnet the fault lies not in the steel but in the magnet. What a change of view, what a reversion of all accepted things came with the realization of that truth which roots down into the bedrock of all nature!

"Won't you come in?" Irene was saying. Her voice was sweet and musical, but there was a note of sadness in it which set responsive chords a-tremble all through Edith's heart. "I am Edith Duncan," she managed to say. "I—I think I have something to say that may interest you."

There was a quick leap in Irene's eyes; the leap of that intuitive feminine sense of danger which so seldom errs in dealing with its own sex, and is yet so unreliable a defense from the dangers of the other. Mrs. Hardy was in the living room.

"Won't you come up to my workshop?" Irene answered, without change of voice, and they ascended the stairs together. "I draw a little," Irene was saying, talking fast. "Oh, yes, I have quite commercialized my art, such as it is. But I haven't lost my soul altogether. I daub in color a little—yes, daub, that's the word. But it keeps one's soul alive." She trembled, and her voice choked; she put out her arm to a chair. When she turned her face there were tears on it. "Tell me—Edith," she said. "You know—"

"I know some things," Edith managed to say. "I know, now, that I do not know all. Dave and I are old friends. My father took a liking to him and he used often to be in our house. And we got to know each other very well, and he told me about you long ago. And last night I found him at his rooms, almost mad and swearing to shoot Conward. And then he told me that—that—"

"Yes? Yes? What did he tell you? I am not afraid!"

Edith turned her eyes to where the white crests of the mountains cut like a crumpled keel through a sea of infinite blue. "He told me he saw Conward here . . . upstairs . . . and Conward made a boast. And he would have shot him, but you rushed upon him and begged him not to. He said you would have taken the bullet yourself rather than it should find Conward."

"Oh! oh!" the girl cried, in the pain of one mortally hurt. "How could he think that? I didn't care for him— for Conward—but for Dave. I knew there had been a quarrel—I didn't know why—and I knew if Dave shot him—it wasn't in self-defense—what ever it was, he couldn't plead that—and they'd hang him, and that was all I saw. Edith, that was all I saw, and I would—yes, I would rather have taken the bullet myself than that that should happen—"

"You poor girl!" said Edith. "You poor girl!" And her arms found the other's neck. "You have been hurt, hurt." And then, under her breath, "more than me."

"What has he done?"

"He had already been convinced that he should offer his services to his country, in these times. He said he couldn't remain here, and he has already left for England. I am afraid I encouraged him to leave at once. You see, I didn't understand."

Irene had taken a chair, and for some minutes she sat in silence. "I don't blame you," she said, at length. "You gave him good advice. There remains only one thing for me to do."

"What?" said Edith after a moment's hesitation.

"Follow him! I shall follow him and make him understand. If he must go into battle—with all that that means—he must go in knowing the truth. You have been very kind, Miss Duncan. You have gone out of your way to do me a great service, and you have shown more kindness than I have any right to claim from a stranger. . . . I feel, too, the call for vengeance," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "but first I must find Dave. I shall follow him at once. I shall readily locate him in some way through the military service."

She accompanied her visitor to the door. They shook hands and looked for a moment in each other's eyes. And then Edith burst away and hurried down the street.

Irene had searched London for two weeks. The confidence of her earlier inquiries had diminished with each successive blind trail, which, promising at first, led her into a maze of confusion and disappointment. Her little store of money was fast dwindling away; she looked into the face of every man in uniform with a pathetic earnestness that more than once caused her to be misunderstood.

The organizer of the military service commanded less enthusiasm than she felt a month before. She saw

it struggling with the apparently impossible; it was as though she, in her little studio, had been suddenly called upon to paint all the portraits in the world. . . . In some degree she understood the difficulties; in equal degree she sympathized with those who were striving to overcome them, and she hung on from day to day in her search with a dogged determination which set its teeth against admitting that the search was hopeless.

At last one great fear had settled on her heart. Suppose Dave should not enlist under his right name? In such a case her chance of finding him was the mere freak of accidental meeting; a chance not to be banked upon in a country already swarming with its citizen soldiery. . . . And yet there was nothing to do but keep on.

She had sought a park bench where groups of soldiers were continually moving by. The lights shone on their faces, and her own tired eyes followed them incessantly. Always her ear was alert for a voice that should set her heart a-pounding, and more than once she had thought she heard that voice; more than a score of times she had thought she had seen that figure with its stride of self-reliance, with strength bulging in every muscle. And always it had been to learn that she had been mistaken; always it had been to feel the heart sink just a little lower than before. And still she kept on. There was nothing to do but keep on.

Often she wondered how he would receive her. That cold look which had frozen his features when she seized the revolver in his hand, would it still sit there, too distant and detached to be even scornful? Would she have it to break down? She could not know; she could only hope and pray and go on.

As she turned her eyes to follow a group of men in uniform she became aware of a soldier sitting alone in the shadow a short distance away. Some quality about him caught her attention; his face was not discernible, and his figure was too much in the shadow to more than suggest its outline, but she found herself regarding him with an intentness that set her pulses racing. Should she dare risk it again? And yet there was something. . . . She had a sudden plan. She would make no inquiry, no apology; she would walk near by and call him by name. If that name meant nothing to him he would not even notice her presence, but if it should be—

"Dave," she said.

He turned quickly in his seat; the light fell on his face and he saw her; he was on his feet and had taken a step toward her. Then he stopped, and she saw his features harden as they had on that dreadful occasion which now seemed so long ago.

"Well?" he said. His voice was mechanical, but in it was something which quickened her hope; something which suggested that he was making it mechanical because he dared not let it express the human emotion which was struggling for utterance.

"Let me talk to you, Dave," she pleaded. "I have followed you around the world for this. Let me talk. I can explain everything."

He stood still so long that she wondered if he never would speak. She dared not reach her hands to him; she could only stand and wait.

"Irene," he said, "why did you follow me here?"

"There is only one answer, Dave. Because I love you and would follow you anywhere. No one can stop me doing that; no one, Dave—except you." And again he stood, and she knew that he was turning over in his mind things weightier than life and death, and that when he spoke again his course would be set. Then, in the partial shadow, she saw his arms slowly extend; they rose, wide and strong, and extended toward her. There was a quick step, and they met about her, and the world swooned and went by. . . .

"I can explain everything," she said, when she could talk.

"You need explain nothing," he returned. "I have lived the torments of the damned. Edith Duncan was right; she said if it were real love it would never give up. Endureth all things," she said. "All things," she said. . . . There is no limit."

"But I must tell you, dear," she said, "so that you may understand." And then she patched together the story, from what she knew and from what Edith Duncan had told her, and Dave filled in what neither had known, including the incident earlier on that fateful evening. She could see his jaws harden as they pieced the plot together and she knew what he was thinking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Moving Picture. The first real moving picture was produced by C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer at the treasury department, Washington, and shown by him at Richmond, Ind., his home town, on June 6, 1894. The picture portrayed a butterfly costume dance performed by a vaudeville artist named Annabelle, who received \$5 for her work.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. W. D. FIZVALLER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR MARCH 14

THE UNVEILING OF JESUS CHRIST TO JOHN ON THE ISLE OF PATMOS.

LESSON TEXT—Rev. 1. GOLDEN TEXT—Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.—Heb. 13. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—John 21:25; Rev. 2:13; 22. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Appears to John on a Lonely Island. JUNIOR TOPIC—What John Saw and Heard on Patmos. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—A Vision of the Glorified Christ. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Glorified Christ the Center of the Book.

The next two lessons are from the Revelation, the book which contains Christ's last message to man. The author is John the Apostle, the son of Zebedee. The book was written from Patmos, a small rocky island in the Aegean sea, about 90 A. D.

I. The Introduction (vv. 1-3).

1. The title of the book (v. 1)—"The Revelation (Unveiling) of Jesus Christ." This does not mean the making known to Jesus Christ some secret, but the unveiling of his person. The revelation of Jesus Christ, then, refers to his personal appearing in glory to judge the world and establish his kingdom. The word Apokalypsis, translated Revelation, signifies, according to New Testament usage, the unveiling of a person (II Thess. 1:3-10; I Peter 1:7). The theme of the book is Christ's second coming, his personal, visible appearance in glory (v. 1, 7, 10).

2. To whom made known (v. 1, 2). To his servant, John, to show unto Jesus' servants things which must shortly come to pass.

3. Benediction for those who read, hear, and keep the sayings of the book (v. 3).

II. The Salutation (vv. 4-8). Grace and Peace.

1. To whom (v. 4). The seven churches in Asia. These were historical churches then existing in Asia Minor.

2. From whom (v. 4). (1) From him which was, is, and is to come; (2) from the seven spirits which are before the throne (v. 4). By the seven spirits is meant the Holy Spirit in his sevenfold plenitude.

III. The Vision of Glory (vv. 9-18).

1. The sevenfold lamp-stands (v. 17). These lamp-stands, or candlesticks, are the seven churches (v. 20). The churches are presented under this figure because they are the light-bearers in this time of the world's darkness.

2. The Son of Man in the midst of the churches, indicating that the church only gives forth light when Christ is made the central figure.

(1) Clothed with a garment down to the foot (v. 13). This is a robe of royalty as well as of the priest (see Isa. 62:21), and signifies his right to judge and to rule, as well as to offer sacrifice.

(2) Head and hair white as wool (v. 14; cf. Dan. 7:9, 20). This has a twofold significance, purity and eternity.

(3) Eyes a flame of fire (v. 14). This suggests his infallible knowledge; he is able to see through and through, even detecting hidden thoughts.

(4) Feet like burnished brass (v. 15), indicating that as Judge and King he comes with irresistible power.

(5) His voice as the sound of many waters (v. 15). This suggests that all excuses of man will be swept aside by his resistless Word.

(6) Seven stars in his right hand (v. 16). According to verse 20, stars means the angels or messengers of the churches to comfort John in his lonely exile. The stars are in his right hand, indicating the high honor given to the minister; he lies in the right hand of Jesus Christ, hears his message and then speaks it out.

(7) Out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword (v. 16). Observe that this is not a hand sword, but a mouth sword—"The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him" (John 12:48); "The word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword" (Heb. 4:12). The sword has two edges, condemning the evil and approving the good.

(8) His countenance was as the sun shined in his strength (v. 16). The effect of sunshine is healthful and joyful to some things, while it is death and hardening to others. The Gospel message converts some and hardens others.

IV. The Command to Write and the Interpretation of the Vision (vv. 19, 20).

In this command are indicated the divisions of the book.

Giving Comfort.

Giving comfort under affliction requires that penetration into the human mind, felicitous to that experience which knows how to soothe, how to reason, and how to ridicule, taking the utmost care not to apply those arts improperly.—Fielding.

Good Weather.

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather.—John Ruskin.

BACK HURT ALL THE TIME

Mrs. Hill Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Removed The Cause.

Knoxville, Tenn.—"My back hurt me all the time, I was all run down, could not eat and my head ached, all caused by female trouble. I was three years with these troubles and doctors did me no good. My medicine helped my sister so she advised me to take it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Liver Pills and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and now I am well, can eat heartily and work. I give you my thanks for your great medicines. You may publish my letter and I will tell everyone what your medicines did for me."—Mrs. PEARL HILL, 418 Jacksboro St., Knoxville, Tennessee.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and arterial troubles since 1895; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteen years of age who have had at least one year in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address

Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium, Lincoln, Neb.

STOP CATARRH! OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! How good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more headache, snuffling, blowing; no more hawking, dryness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.—Adv.

Same as Now. "Where did you first meet your wife?" "I don't remember now, but I'll bet I had to wait for her."

WATCH THAT COLD!

Colds and coughs leave thousands with weak kidneys as aching backs. The kidneys have to do most of the work of fighting off a cold and they weaken—slow up. You feel dull and irritable and have headaches, dizziness, backache, and irregular kidney action. Give the kidneys quick help with Doan's Kidney Pills! Doan's are used and recommended the world over for weak kidneys and bad backs. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. P. S. Brinkman, Eleventh and Pearl Sts., Plattsmouth, Neb., says: "For several years I had been bothered by my kidneys. My back often pained me severely. Headaches and dizziness were common and my sight became affected so badly that I couldn't read during these attacks. I was also troubled with the action of my kidneys which caused me much annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills and they benefited me greatly in a short time."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Irritating Coughs

Promptly treat coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and similar ailments and irritations of the throat with a tested remedy

PISO'S