

EXPOSURE BROUGHT IT ON.

Thousands of Soldiers Contracted Kidney Trouble in the Civil War.

John T. Jones, Pauls Valley, Okla. says: "The hardships and exposure I endured in the Civil War and when serving as a scout under Bill Cody, brought on my kidney trouble. I was confined to bed for days and the pain through my back and limbs was the worst I ever experienced. The kidney secretions were profuse, filled with blood and burned terribly. I became weak and debilitated. Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I improved and it was not long before I was a well man."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

No Place to Put It. Knobby—What makes you so sure that the old Roman senators were honest? Lobby—Simple enough. Toga didn't have pockets.—Puck.

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Afflictions. A scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores

Unfraternal.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for the market," said the Chicago girl.

"I know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat it does seem a little unfraternal."

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 *Wm. C. Little*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Where He Fell Down.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—I see Budapest has a school where the students are taught the art of eating.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You ought to arrange to go there, John.

"What for?" "And take a course in spaghetti eating."—Yonkers Statesman.

Easy Marks.

"Talk about your easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geshaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teww chaps."

"Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks Silas?" queried old Daddy Squash neck.

"Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial fob—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed of th' chump didn't buy it fer th' real thing, b' grass!"

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its bombs, there is always something stimulating in the occult line going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 45 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed and met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. It is worth while to live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicine—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON Illustrations By RAY WALTERS

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Thomas Ardmore, bored millionaire, and Henry Maine Griswold, professor in the University of Virginia, take trains out of Atlanta, Griswold to his college, Ardmore in pursuit of a girl who had winked at him. Mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, Griswold's life is threatened. He goes to Columbia to warn the governor and meets Barbara Osborne. He remains to assist her in the absence of her father.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"You understand, of course, that this discussion is painful to me, extremely painful. And yet, so much has been published about my sister's domestic affairs—"

"Exactly, Mr. Ardmore. What we want is to print your side of the story."

"Well, the fact is—but please never mention it—the fact is that his grace owes me four dollars. I gave it to him in two bills—I remember the incident perfectly—two crisp new bills I had just got at the bank. His grace borrowed the money to pay a cabman—it was the very day before he married my sister."

The reporter stared a moment, then laughed. He abandoned the idea of getting material for a sensational article and scented the possibilities of a character sketch of the whimsical young millionaire.

"If you don't mind saying where you are going, Mr. Ardmore?"

"I'd tell you in a minute, only I haven't fully decided yet; but I shall probably take the 'Sambo Flyer' at 9:13, if you don't make me lose it."

Ardmore looked the reporter over carefully as they shook hands. He was an attractive young fellow, alert and good humored, and Ardmore liked him, as, in his shy way, he really liked almost every one who seemed to be a human being.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you. If you'll forget this rot we've been talking and come up to Ardsley as soon as I get home, I'll see if I can't keep you amused for a couple of weeks. What did you say your name is? Collins, Frank Collins? I never forget anything, so don't disappoint me."

The young man laughed outright. "I'll remember; I really believe you mean for me to come."

"Of course I do. It's all settled; make it next week. Good-by!"

Ardmore ate his dinner oblivious of the fact that people at the neighboring table turned to look at him. He finally waved away his plate and called for coffee, and at that moment a middle-aged man appeared at the door, scanned the room for a moment and then threaded his way among the tables to Ardmore.

"I heard you were here and thought I'd look you up. How are you, Ardy?" "Very well, thank you, Mr. Billings. Have you dined? Sorry; which way are you heading?"

The new-comer had the bearing of a gentleman used to consideration. He was, indeed, the secretary of the Bronx Loan and Trust Company, whose business was chiefly the administration of the Ardmore estate, and Ardmore knew him very well.

"I'm looking for a man, and I'm not good at the business. I've lost him and I don't understand it, I don't understand it," and the secretary seemed to be half-musing to himself as he sat down and rested his arms on the table.

"You might give me the job. I'm following a slight clew myself just at present."

The secretary, who had no great opinion of Ardmore's mental capacity, stared at the young man vacantly. Then it occurred to him that possibly Ardmore might be of service.

"Have you been at Ardsley recently?" he asked.

"Left there only a few days ago."

"You haven't seen your governor lately, have you?" "My governor?" Ardmore stared blankly. "Why, Mr. Billings, don't you remember that father's dead?"

"I don't mean your father, Ardy," replied Billings with the exaggerated care of one who deals with extreme stupidity. "I mean the governor of North Carolina—one of the American states. Ardsley is still in North Carolina, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; of course. But bless your soul, I don't know the governor. Why should one?" "I don't know why, Ardy; but people sometimes do know governors and find it useful."

"I'm not in politics any more, Mr. Billings. What's this person's name?"

"Dangerfield. Don't you ever read the newspapers?" demanded the secretary, striving to control his inner rage.

"No; I quit reading newspapers after the noble duke of Ballywinkle didn't break the bank at Monte Carlo that last time."

"You mustn't be so thin-skinned. You pay the penalty of belonging to one of the wealthiest families in America," and Billings' tone was paternal.

"So I've heard, but I'm not so terribly proud of it. What about this governor?"

"That's what troubles me—what of the governor?" Billings dropped his voice so that no one but Ardmore could hear. "He's missing—disappeared."

"That's the first interesting thing I ever heard of a governor doing," said Ardmore. "Tell me more."

"He's had a row with the governor of South Carolina at New Orleans. I was to have met him here on an important matter of business this afternoon, but he's cleared out and nobody knows what's become of him. His daughter, even, who was in New Orleans with him, doesn't know where he is."

"Ah! the daughter! She remains behind to guard his retreat."

"The daughter is still here. She's a peppery little piece," and Billings looked guardedly around the room. "That's she, alone over there in the corner—the girl with the white feather in her hat who's just signing her check. There—she's getting up!"

Ardmore gazed across the room intently, then suddenly a slight smile played about his lips. To gain the door the girl must pass by his table, and he scrutinized her closely as she drew near and passed. She was a little girl, and her light fluffy hair swept out from under a small blue hat in a shell-like curve, and the short skirt of her tailor-made gown robbed her, it seemed, of years to which the calendar might entitle her.

"She gave me the steadiest eye I ever looked into when I asked her where her father had gone," remarked Billings grimly as the girl passed. "She said she thought he'd gone fishing for whales."

"So she's Miss Dangerfield, is she?" asked Ardmore indifferently; and he rose, leaving on the plate, by a sudden impulse of good feeling toward the world, exactly double the generous tip he had intended giving. Billings was glad to be rid of Ardmore and they parted in the hotel lobby without waste of words.

Ardmore's effects had been brought down and were already piled on a carriage at the door. In his pocket was his passage to New Orleans and a stateroom ticket. At the cashier's desk Miss Dangerfield paid her bill, just ahead of him.

"If any telegrams come for my father please forward them to Raleigh," said the girl. The manager came out personally to show her to her carriage, and having shut the door upon her, he wished Ardmore, who stood discreetly by, a safe journey.

"Off for New Orleans, are you, Mr. Ardmore?" asked the manager courteously.

"No," said Ardmore. "I'm going to Raleigh to look at the tall buildings," whereat the manager returned to his duties, gravely shaking his head.

At the station Ardmore caught sight of Miss Dangerfield, attended by two porters, hurrying toward the Tar Heel express. He bought a ticket to Raleigh, and secured the last available berth from the conductor on the platform at the moment of departure.

Ardmore did not like to be hurried, and thus sudden change of plans had been almost too much for him, but he was consoled by the reflection that after all these years of waiting for just such an adventure he had proved himself equal to an emergency that required quick thought and swift action. He had not only found the girl with the playful eye, but he had learned her identity without, as it were, turning over his hand.

The stateroom door stood open, and from his seat at the farther end of the car Ardmore caught a fleeting glimpse of Miss Dangerfield as she threw off her jacket and hat; then she summoned the porter, give him her tickets, bade him a smiling good night and the door closed upon her.

Ardmore went back to smoke and plan his future movements. For the first time in his life he faced tomorrow with eager anticipations, resolved that nothing should thwart his high resolves, though these, to be sure, were somewhat hazy. He did not know why Billings was so anxious to find Miss Dangerfield's father, but as between a man of Billings' purely commercial instincts and the governor of a great state like North Carolina Ardmore resolved to stand by the Dangerfields to the end of the chapter. He was proud to remember his estate at Ardsley, which was in Gov. Dangerfield's jurisdiction, and had been visited by the game warden, the state forester, and various other members of the governor's official household, though Ardmore could not remember their names. He had never in his life visited Raleigh, but far down some dim vista of memory he saw Sir Walter covering a mud-puddle with his cloak for Queen Elizabeth.

Ardmore smoked many pipes and did not turn in until after midnight. The car was hot and stuffy and he slept badly. At some hour of the morning, being again awake and restless, he fished his dressing-gown and slippers out of his bag and went out on the rear platform. His was the last car, and he found a camp-stool and crouched down upon it in a corner of the vestibule and stared out into the dark. The hum and click of the rails soothed him and he yielded himself to pleasant reveries.

Ardmore was half-dozing when the train stopped so abruptly that he was pitched from the camp-stool into a corner of the entry. He got himself

together and leaned out into the cool moist air.

The porter came out and stared, for a gentleman in a blue silk wrapper who sat up all night in a vestibule was new to his experience.

"What place is this, porter?"

"Kildare, sah. This place is what we go from South C'lina into North C'lina. Ain't yo' be' th' comfort'ble, sah?"

"Perfectly; thank you."

Kildare was a familiar name, and the station, that lay at the outskirts of the town, and a long grim barracks-like building that he identified as a cotton mill, recalled the fact that he was not far from his own ample acres which lay off somewhere to westward. He had occasionally taken this route from the north in going to Ardsley riding or driving from Kildare about ten miles to his house. In this way he was enabled to go or come without appearing at all in the little village of Ardsley.

The porter left him. He felt ready for sleep now, and resolved to go back to bed as soon as the train started. Just then a dark shadow appeared in the track and a man's voice asked cautiously:

"Air y'u the conductor?"

The questioner saw that he was not, before Ardmore could reply, and hesitated a moment.

"The porter's in the car; you can get aboard up forward," Ardmore suggested.

"Be Gov'nor Dangerfield on this train?" asked the man, whom Ardmore now saw dimly outlined in the track below.

"Certainly, my friend. The governor's asleep, but I'm his private secretary. What can I do for you?"

"Well, hveh's somethin' fer 'im—it's confidential. Sure, air ye, th' gov'nor's in there?"

The man—a tall bearded countryman in a slouch hat, handed up to Ardmore a jug—a plain, brown, old-fashioned American gallon jug.

"It's a present for Gov'nor Dangerfield. He'll understand," and the man vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared, leaving Ardmore holding the jug by its handle, and feeling a little dazed by the transaction.

The train lingered, and Ardmore was speculating as to which one of the Carolina commonwealths was beneath him, when another figure appeared below in the track—that of a bareheaded, tousled boy this time. He stared up at Ardmore sleepily, having apparently been roused on the arrival of the train.

"Air y'u the gov'nor?" he piped.

"Yes, my lad; in what way can I serve you?" and Ardmore put down his jug and leaned over the guard



"It's a Present for Gov'nor Dangerfield. He'll Understand."

rail. It was just as easy to be the governor as the governor's private secretary, and his vanity was touched by the readiness with which the boy accepted him in his new role. His costume, vaguely discernible in the vestibule light, evidently struck the lad as being some amazing robe of state affected by governors. The youngster was lifting something, and he now held up to Ardmore a jug, as like the other as one pea resembles another.

"Pa ain't home and ma says hveh's yer jug o' buttermilk."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Soldier Yarn.

Sir William Arbuckle is a capital speaker, a quality which has made him exceedingly popular at society dinners. He once told an amusing story, at an annual South African dinner, about Sir Harry Smith, who, in days gone by, was commandant and governor at the Cape. The supply from home, and necessities of all kinds for the soldiers, was generally sadly deficient, and the men were often in a pitiable plight in the way of clothing. There was, consequently, much discontent. So Sir Harry had them on parade, said some pleasant things to them, complimented them on their soldierly appearance, told them what splendid fellows they were, talked of the service they had seen together, and so forth. When he had finished, an old sergeant stepped forward, saluted, and remarked: "Thank you Sir 'Arry, beg pardon, Sir 'Arry, but we don't want no gammon, we want boots."

Thus Begin Each Day.

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life; repelling every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, self-control, and the habit of beautiful silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service and fidelity in every trust.—Bishop Vincent.

Pessimism.

A pessimist is a man who never makes good resolutions because he fears he won't be able to stick to them.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line.

There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries.

He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter.

All consultations are held strictly confidential. Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Can be handled very easily. The sticks are cured, and all others are same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPORN'S COLT DISTEMPER. Gives the tongue of its feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for market. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c an 8 1/2 bottle; \$1 and \$10 doses of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express by registered mail. Cut shows how to position throat. Get free booklet giving everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling home remedy in existence—write for nearest agent of the

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere. STANDAND OIL CO. (Incorporated)

MADE HIS APOLOGY AMPLE

Irish Legislator Even Withdrew the Words That He Was About to Utter.

There is in congress a western representative of Celtic origin who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.

On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly.

"Order, order!" exclaimed the speaker, pounding with his gavel.

Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of willful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails.

Now, it's a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-natured member recognized the command of his party and sat down after delivering this Parthian dart:

"I obey the ruling of the House, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole House by storm.—Lippincott's.

A Very Good Guess.

Footie Lighte—I understand there were several dozen bad eggs in the possession of persons in the audience last night and not one was thrown.

Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

Its Advantages. "There is one appropriate use of a good poker hand."

"What is that?" "It will shovel in the money."

Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

MORE THAN EVER Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of ordinary coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Read the little book, "The Road to Well-Being, in pgs. 'There's a Reason.' Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

44 Bu. to the Acre

is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 44 acres of Spring Wheat in 1914. Reports from other districts in this province show other excellent results—such as 44 bushels from 120 acres, or 63 1/2 bushels per acre, or 50 and 40 bushels per acre. As high as 123 bushels per acre were also reported from the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1914.

WESTERN CANADA FREE

its exhibit of grain, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1914 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption of 160 acres (at \$3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest districts.

Schools, convenient climate excellent, soil the very best in price, water easily procured, mixed farming, and other advantages.

Write us best place for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptive literature "Last Best West" sent free on application and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

E. T. Holmes, 315 Lakes St., St. Paul, Minn. J. M. MacLachlan, Denver 137, Waterman Bldg. (Use address nearest you.)

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine with Signature.

Its Advantages. "There is one appropriate use of a good poker hand."

"What is that?" "It will shovel in the money."

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Electrotypes

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Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

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ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR John Deere Plow Company, Omaha

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IS THE NAME OF THE BEST REMEDY FOR COUGHS & COLDS