

A DOG IN THE PROFESSION

By Lovett De Wolfe

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The call of fifteen minutes had been given long ago, and Jimmy must be tied up. The girl who was going to be an actress looked doubtfully about the small dressing room in quest of an immovable piece of furniture. Jimmy had an impetuous disposition which had not yet adapted itself to the limitations of the stage, and the girl felt that therein existed a bond of sympathy between them. She had received her name of the "girl who was going to be an actress" from the leading man. It was somewhat surprising, coming from him, for the title was flattering and sounded clever, and the leading man, being a decided genius, was euphemistically the reverse of clever.

The girl finally concluded that the water faucet was the only thing in the room to which she could safely attach the dog's chain, and she picked Jimmy up in her arms to explain the matter to him. She was invariably courteous in her dealings with animals and the prompter, though at times offhand with others.

"I'm afraid you won't like it, Jimmy, dear," she said. "You never do like being tied, for some reason or other, and the worst of it is that if you jump and pull, as you generally do, you will turn on the water, and that will worry you, because you won't understand it. In many ways, Jimmy, you are a very human dog, you see." She put him down gently and fastened the chain to his collar, while he licked her hand.

"But I shan't be gone long, Jimmy, dear. This is a short act, and you can enjoy yourself thinking of how glad you'll be when I come back."

The girl fastened the other end of the chain to the faucet, and as she did so came the call of "Orchestra!" Glancing at herself in the glass, she laughed. "I worship you, Jimmy, but I can't conscientiously say that you're a help when one's making up."

Jimmy stared up at her in wrapt adoration as she gave her chin a saucy touch with the powder puff. This accomplished, she stooped and kissed him on the nose. Then she hurried out of the dressing room, forgetting with proper artistic negligence to pull the door to.

The leading man was surveying the house through an eyehole in the curtain. By and by he came over to her. The leading man was Jimmy's owner.

"Jimmy," he remembered it the responsibility of most imposing. He looked up at him. She looked up at him. She was sitting in the approved ingenue fashion on a footstool in front of an electric light.

"Quite safe," she answered, "since he is tied to the water faucet. But he is probably in a state of active rebellion by this time, having been alone fully five minutes."

The leading man nodded like Hamlet at the skull, "Jimmy's a social being." Then the orchestra began the curtain raiser, and he slipped into the wings. His entrance was not until later. The girl began to think of her first lines, for she opened the act. She also opened the next and was always afraid she would begin the play at the second.

As the girl was standing on the plain deal side of a purling fountain during the second scene, listening for her cue, the villain came up to her. She knew the cue would be given in a moment and therefore did not wish to engage in conversation, so she smiled at him vaguely and not encouragingly. But it was no use, because he was not a polished villain, but a villain of the deepest dye. "I'll tell you a joke," he whispered. "Jimmy's loose!" The girl listened for her cue no more.

"What?"

The villain nodded. "Be funny, won't it, if he follows Penfold on at his next entrance? It's that tragic one of his."

The villain laughed a wicked laugh, twisted his black mustachios and stalked away, his own entrance being from the other side.

The girl looked around. There was no one near to search for Jimmy or get word to the leading man. The latter was on the stage, happily unconscious of the impending canine anticlimax. Suddenly she realized that her cue was being given. She pulled herself together mentally and went on.

During the scene her mind worked double. The only person she had to act with was the villain, and she knew it was useless to appeal to him. Her one hope lay in finding Jimmy during a five minutes' exit she had later, when she would reappear in hat and coat. Her scene with the villain never seemed so long, and she made her exit with a more exuberant sense of relief than even on the opening night, when every scene finished was bliss unspoken.

my. No, he was not there, but the chain was. The girl clinched her teeth angrily. Some one had unfastened him. She ran down again and stopped at her entrance door, and while she listened to see how far off her cue was she looked for the basket which she was to carry on. Yes, there was the basket, and her cue was easily three minutes away. The leading man had not yet begun his famous business of walking up the stage in silence, flinging open the center doors and holding that position for the applause which always followed his picturesque calliope effort. After this he would deliver a sentimental speech preparatory to the girl's entrance.

She ran across behind the stage again. Jimmy might have wandered into the property room, Props being a particular friend of his. The property room, however, held nothing more interesting than Props himself, who was smoking a peaceful pipe, with his feet elevated against the sign, "No Smoking Here." Props had a sardonic sense of humor and no respect for the manager of the house, who had had the sign placed there.

On her way back the girl stopped for a last despairing little whistle at the leading man's door and as she did so noticed that all was still on the stage. The leading man must be—yes, just at that moment the doors were flung open, and she could see him standing before the opening, his shoulders heaving with the agitation of high class melodramatic emotion. The girl caught her breath in alarm. As the applause came she started to cross behind the "road drop," which backed the open doors. She would just have time to reach her entrance, but as she turned she saw that another admirer of the leading man had seen him and that the grand catastrophe was at hand, for Jimmy was trotting from the other direction straight toward the actor and the sentimental speech was just beginning.

The girl was back across the stage behind the "road drop" in a flash. The leading man was pathetically declaiming that life was not worth living and that he would seek death in a foreign clime by the very next steamer. Jimmy was already coming down the little passage formed by the drop and the back of the set before the big doors were reached. She knew she could not call, for to do so effectively she would be obliged to pitch her voice above the actor's.

There was but one way, and if she missed the cue!

She made a step into the passage and, setting down the basket, threw herself as quietly as possible at full length on the ground. She had not missed. She clutched Jimmy as his nose was within four inches of the door.

And the next moment she realized what she had entirely forgotten—the speech was the last before her entrance and that her cue was near.

With Jimmy locked in tightest amorous embrace she picked herself up and got round to her entrance. Although she did not express her hopes in language, she had a conviction that drop had selected some one to drop down and take Jimmy.

arm. She slipped gloriously captured him and looked round in a basket on her side she observed that eyes and as on the stage but herself. Surely, was by some stray scene shifter would. And then she heard her cue being given. The girl who was going to be an actress lifted the lid of her basket, thrust Jimmy in and walked on.

The leading man saw her liberate Jimmy after the act, and so she had to tell him the story. He was furious with wrath of elaborate eloquence.

Next night he came to her again when she was sitting on her stool before the electric light fire and made the solemn announcement:

"I've given Jimmy away."

The girl had loved Jimmy, but perhaps it was for the best. "Poor little Jimmy!" she said softly. "I'm afraid a dog is out of place in the profession."

"Perhaps because there are so many of them there already," said the leading man, his eyes shooting lightning in the direction of the villain. And the girl nodded.

The curtain raiser was beginning. The leading man slipped into the wings, and the girl who was going to be an actress began to think of her opening lines.

Staggering the Lecturer.

In a certain village schoolroom last winter a lecturer from a neighboring town was holding forth on matters astronomical.

His audience was inclined to be skeptical, and there was quite a flutter when the lecturer spoke of the distance between the earth and the moon.

THE QUEEN OF SPICES

CINNAMON, DELICIOUS AND SUGARY, AROMATIC AND PUNGENT.

The Discovery of Its Valuable Properties Antedates Recorded History. Something of Its Uses and the Way in Which It is Produced.

Cinnamon is in itself unquestionably the most delicious of all spices, being sugary as well as aromatic and pungent. Many thousands of pounds are consumed annually in every civilized country, and it is also highly appreciated by even semi-civilized and barbarous nations where culinary art and medicine have as yet made little progress.

Its uses in sweet cookery are innumerable. There are very few fruits which are not improved in preserves, pickles and pastries by the addition of more or less of this delicate bark. It is an essential flavoring in all spice cakes and in many varieties of pies and puddings. In chocolate, confectionery, candies, cordials and liqueurs cinnamon contributes an incomparable flavor.

Its medicinal value is well known as an antispasmodic and carminative and tonic. Its use is recommended as a preventive and remedy for cholera, and in seasons when stomach troubles prevail cinnamon drops are recommended as the most wholesome form of candy for children.

The discovery of the valuable properties of cinnamon antedates recorded history, as it is mentioned in the Bible, in the book of Exodus, as one of the ingredients of the sacred oil with which the priests were anointed. So highly was the sweet bark esteemed by the ancients that even a small piece was considered a fit gift for a king. It is always mentioned as an especially choice substance by Greek writers previous to the Christian era. It is said that the Arab traders, who first brought it to Egypt and western Asia, surrounded its history and production with special tales of mystery and magic.

The cinnamon tree is a member of the laurel family, which in the tropics is represented by a large number of aromatic and medicinal trees and shrubs.

There are several closely allied cinnamon trees, but the finest bark is produced from a species native to the island of Ceylon, distinguished by botanists as *Cinnamomum zeylanicum*. In a state of nature this grows to be a tree from twenty to thirty feet in height, with rather large, oval, entire margined leaves and yellowish flowers succeeded by small, brown drupes resembling acorns in shape. The grayish brown bark is internally of an orange color, which changes upon drying to the characteristic brown which is the recognized name of a particular shade. Almost every part of the tree yields some choice substance and is especially rich in oil. The roots yield camphor and the leaves an oil resembling the oil of cloves and often substituted for it, while from the fruit a substance called cinnamon nut is manufactured, which is highly fragrant and from which in former times candles for the exclusive use of the king were made.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, while England was for a time in possession of the spice islands, cinnamon plants were among the choice ones that were imported into various West Indian regions, including several other islands, where in Cuba and considerable articles it is summered. Ungrow into a tree, as the rich wood is taken from shoots of from two to six years' growth. The young tree is therefore, cut and shoots from the root are encouraged to grow. The majority of these are cut when about ten feet in height and the bark is detached in ten or twelve inch lengths. After lying in bundles for a few days the bark is scraped by hand, both outside and in, until reduced to a thin sheet. These sheets are then made up into composite "quills" by placing the narrower and shorter pieces inside and rolling tightly, forming firm rods, which after further drying are made into bundles weighing about eighty pounds and wrapped for shipping. Grocers divide, assort and very neatly combine portions of these quills into small packets for the convenience of their customers.

The oil of cinnamon is made by grinding the coarser pieces of the bark and soaking them for two or three days in sea water, followed by the process of distilling. Two oils, one heavier and the other lighter than water, are the product, both possessing similar properties. The color varies from cherry red to pale yellow, the latter being preferred by most purchasers.

The work of distilling is light, and an oil equal to the best Ceylonese is now produced in Trinidad and various other localities in Cuba and other West India islands.

As cinnamon commands a good price and its uses are continually multiplying, there is every inducement for extending the area of its cultivation, both in the eastern and western hemispheres.—St. Louis Republic.

A Crisis Met Half Way.

There were strict orders in the Philippines regarding looting, and one day a lieutenant's suspicions were aroused by a private whom he saw peering eagerly under the piazza of a house on the outskirts of Manila, writes Dixie Wolcott in Harper's Magazine.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded in his gruffest tones.

"Why, sir," said the soldier, saluting. "I'm only trying to catch a chicken which I've just bought."

Lieutenant K. stooped and caught sight of a fine pair of fowls.

"There are two chickens under there," he exclaimed excitedly. "I bought the other one. Catch 'em both."

Raising His Salary.

"You told me last week that you would try to raise my salary," said Briggs.

"Oh, yes," replied his employer. "Well, I did. I raised it after some trouble. Believe me, I had a very hard time raising it this week."

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right and condemn what is wrong when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.—Hazlett.

An easy way to soften hard water delightfully is to throw orange peel into it just before the water is used.

Roast Pig in a Lamb in China.

A correspondent of the North China Herald writes this dissertation upon roast pig: "How little western writers understand the Chinese! Who has not read and rejoiced over Lamb's 'Dissertation Upon Roast Pig'? It is not everybody who has the chance of seeing Lamb's fascinating story worked out in real life. In the beginning of the present Chinese year I passed through a busy market village where the people kept many pigs. In the middle of the night a fire broke out in the market village and destroyed the whole place. No lives had been lost, but most of the pigs had been roasted, especially those too fat to run quickly. Roast pigs! Burning houses! Lamb's story in real life! Quite naturally I remarked that some folk must have had a splendid meal of roast pork in those days. To my surprise the natives asked with disgust: 'A splendid meal! Who would eat that stinking, smoky stuff? The palate of the Chinaman absolutely rejects smoky roast pork! All that magnificent epicurean description culminating in the one word 'crackling'—a detestation, a yawn, a lie! I gloated over that yarn when a boy and grew excited as the story went from one page to another. Now to find the whole thing go up in smoke!"

Solving It.

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, the story goes, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend, but he was nevertheless as good a man at the making of an Irish ball as any who lived between Bantry and Ballycastle.

Having one day occasion to send a letter to a place some distance, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance.

"It'll be a shillin'," said the man.

"Twice too much!" said Patrick. "Let it be sixpence."

"Niver," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd niver go it under a shillin'."

"Lonely, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're right. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do; make it sixpence, an' I'll go wid ye to kape ye company!"

Curran Met His Match.

Curran, the famous Irish advocate, was a master of repartee, but he did not always score, though he enjoyed an encounter none the less if he was fairly beaten. One day, in a gay mood, he stopped and chatted with a certain Father O'Leary. "Ah, father," said the advocate, waiting for an opening, "how I wish when I die that you had the key to heaven!"

"Why?" said the priest, for he guessed a trap was laid.

"Because you could let me in."

"Ah," said Father O'Leary, "it would be better for you if I had the key of the other place, for then I could let you out."

The Rose.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans reveled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers, after the battle of Cirrha, refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses, while at the regatta of Bala the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn with flowers.

It Muddled Him.

"It gets me," confided the intoxicated individual who was gazing into the "dris's window—"It gets me! I know like a ch'ch'ch'zammum looks terrible like a ch'ch'ch'zammum."

Sought Bargain in War.

Edward III. had just announced his intention of beginning the Hundred Years' war.

"But," sobbed Queen Philippa, "can't you reduce it to ninety-eight?"

Maddened, however, by this request for a bargain, he rushed out at once and pawned their crowns to pay the troops.—New York Tribune.

Difference of Opinion.

"How did that poem of yours turn out?"

"Oh," answered the author, "there was the difference of opinion that usually attends the production of a masterpiece. The postmaster insisted that it was first class matter and the editor insisted that it was not."—Washington Star.

Scorched.

Cannibal Chief—What was that I had for dinner?

Cannibal Cook—He was a bicycle rider, your excellency.

Cannibal Chief—I thought I detected a burned taste.

Cannibal Cook—Yes, your excellency. He was scorched when we caught him.

What's in a Name?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witt's in the name when it comes to Witt's. Hazel salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. The Kiesau Drug Co.

A Timely Topic.

At this season of coughs and colds it is well to know that Foley's Honey and Tar is the greatest throat and lung remedy. It cures quickly and prevents serious results from a cold.

When comes the mighty far-reaching power that enables Rocky Mountain Tea to make such wonderful cures? Try it and see. A. H. Kiesau.

Coughs, Colds, and Constipation.

Few people realize when taking cough medicines other than Foley's Honey and Tar, that they contain opiates which are constipating besides being unsafe, particularly for children. Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates, is safe and sure and will not constipate.

Rounds out the hollow places: smoothes out lines that creep about one's face; wows roses back to faded cheeks. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35 cents. A. H. Kiesau.

A Million Voices

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and writes—"It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 pounds." It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and lung troubles. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Kiesau drug store.

160 acres three and one half miles from Norfolk, price \$2500, 1/2 cash.

330 acres 8 miles from Norfolk, \$23 per acre, well improved.

160 acres 6 miles from Norfolk, bottom land, well improved, \$40 per acre.

\$400 buys house and lot at Junction.

\$550 buys a large lot with 8-room house two blocks from government building.

\$250 buys two lots on South 10th street three blocks from Congregational church.

\$850 buys 7-room house six blocks from business center of town.

GARDNER & SEILER.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

One fare for the round trip between all stations on the Union Pacific within a distance of 200 miles, minimum 50 cents.

Dates of sale: December 24, 25 and 31, 1932, and January 1, 1933.

Return limit: January 2, 1933.

A Thousand Dollars Worth of Good.

A. H. Thurnes, a well known coal operator of Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pain. I got Foley's Kidney Cure, then the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust like fine stones and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. It done me a \$1000 worth of good."

Report from the Reform School.

J. G. Gluck, Superintendent, Pruntytown, W. Va., writes: "After trying all of the advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find the most effective and absolutely harmless."

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeable to use. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsum, of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of indigestion, waterbrash, stomach and bowel dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For indigestion, loss of appetite, stomach, liver and kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50 cents at the Kiesau drug store.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach troubles and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds without tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va., says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends. The Kiesau Drug Co."

A Cold Wave.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures coughs, colds, laryngitis, bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals a nd soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. The Kiesau Drug Co.

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Boy's life saved from Membranous Croup.

C. W. Lynch, a prominent citizen of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My little boy had a severe attack of membranous croup, and only got relief after taking Foley's Honey and Tar. He got relief after one dose and I feel that it saved the life of my boy." Refuse substitutes.

A kidney or bladder trouble can always be cured by using Foley's Kidney Cure in time.

If you feel ill and need a pill Why not purchase the best? DeWitt's Early Risers Are little surprisers, Take one—tho' do the rest. W. H. Howell, Houston, Tex., writes: "I have used Little's Early Risers Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family."

Felis a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache, 25 cents at Kiesau drug store.

The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for scratches, bruises, cuts, wounds, corns, sore feet and stiff joints, Bucklen's Arnica salve is the best in the world. Same for burns, scalds, boils, ulcers, skin eruptions, abscesses. It cures or no pay. Only 25 cents at Kiesau drug store.

It's the well spring of joy. The center around which happy home life centers. Rocky Mountain Tea. That great family remedy that makes home happy. A. H. Kiesau.

CALIFORNIA

with its lovely seaside resorts, orange groves, beautiful gardens and quaint old mission towns is visited every year by thousands of tourists who travel over the Union Pacific, because it is the best and quickest route and the ONLY LINE running THROUGH TRAINS FROM OMAHA TO CALIFORNIA. It is also the only line running four personally conducted excursions to California from Missouri River every week.

These Excursions can be joined at any point en route . . .

Full information cheerfully furnished on application to

J. B. ELSEFFER, Agent.

KIDNEY DISEASE

are the most fatal of all cases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best Kidney and Bladder trouble.

PRICE 50c. and \$1.00.

SOLD BY A. H. KIESAU.



REVIVO

RESTORES VITALITY

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Weak men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Falling Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or over-exerted indiscretion. It not only cures but restores strength, energy, and vigor. It is a great nerve tonic, and builds up the system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity, restores the vitality of the brain, and cures all other. It can be carried in your pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 10-20 3rd Street, N. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale in Norfolk, Nebraska, by Geo. B. Christoph, druggist.

Nasal CATARRH

It is all stages there should be eliminated.

Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drugists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitutes.

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