

CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS FULLY RECOVERED



Mrs. Maria Gogoll, Mayer, Minn., writes the following: "I had suffered with catarrh of the kidneys and bowels, but now I am much better and feel real strong."

Her Tribute.
Randall—How did you like the military parade, Ida?
Miss Rogers—Glorious! I never saw enough men in all my life before.—Harper's Bazar.

"SPOHNS."
This is the name of the greatest of all remedies for Distemper, Pink Eye, Heaves, and the like among all ages of horses. Sold by Druggists, Harness Makers, or sent to the manufacturers, \$5.00 and \$10.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Send for free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

No Hurry.
"What are you in such a rush about?"
"Promised to meet my wife at three o'clock down at the corner."
"Well, there's no hurry. It isn't four o'clock yet."

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. Ayer*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

At the First Try.
"What do you think of my doughnuts, George?"
"Dear, you are a wonder!"
"Do you think so really, darling?"
"I certainly do. Scientists have been trying for years to produce artificial rubber, and here you do it the first rattle out of the box."

Easy for Her.
An extremely corpulent old lady was entertaining her grandchild at luncheon when she found occasion to reprimand the little girl for dropping some food on the tablecloth.

"You don't see grandma dropping anything on the table," she said.
"Of course not," replied the child; "God gave you something in front to stop it."

Fable of Pan of Biscuits.
A Vassar girl married a Kansas farmer.

Two weeks later a cyclone made the happy pair a friendly call.

It cavorted around the premises, ripping up the fences, scattering the haystacks and playing horse with the barn, but when it looked through the open window it drew back in alarm.

There lay the bride's first pan of biscuits.

"I ain't feelin' very strong this mornin'," murmured the cyclone.

And with another glance at the terrible pan it blew itself away.

Money for Tuberculosis Work.
The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis gives forcible illustration of the way in which a small sum spent in education has secured large appropriations from state, county, and municipal officials.

The New York State Charities Aid association in the three years, 1908, 1909, and 1910, has spent in the separate portion of New York about \$5,000 in arousing the people to the dangers of tuberculosis. As a direct result of the public sentiment produced by this outlay, the state, county, and municipal authorities have already appropriated for tuberculosis work \$1,500,000 and appropriations for hundreds of thousands of dollars are pending. Hundreds of hospital beds have been provided, and the association already aims for "No Uncared-for Tuberculosis in 1915."

Thus, the National association says if \$1,000,000 is realized from the sale of Red Cross seals, millions more will be added to it from the public treasures. Last year 25,000,000 stamps were sold. It is aimed to sell four times as many this year.

WISE WORDS.
A Physician on Food.

A physician, of Portland, Oregon, has views on food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it."

John Henry's Courtship

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.'s affections, when I determined to get out of my saw and do some heavy ice-cutting.

The other six were society shins, and every time I dropped into Clara J.'s brownstone I found one of these pale boys draped over a sofa, making gurgles with his voice, and handing out fit glances to my own particular Pattern of Dress Goods.

It was cruel.

Something kept whispering: "John, get your brush and paint a finish for these polishes!" so finally I went after them.

Percy Acton Jones was my pet aversion.

Percy was short and fat, and when he talked he used a blonde voice.

Percy used to be a dramatic critic on one of the mail order journals, and he had the reputation of being able to throw the hammer farther than anyone else in the "Knockers' Union."

Percy rejoiced in the fact that he was safe from the retributive slap, because when an actor or an author whom he had toasted went after him for the purpose of handing him one, Percy would always pull a frown down over his fat little forehead and exclaim: "Aren't you the rude thing!" in coprano—then it was all off.

Clara J. rejoices in a small brother whose company name is Thorndyke, but the family call him Tacks for short. Tacks is eight years old, sharp, and hard to sit on. I was his hero, and it only cost me four dollars, mostly in nickels.

So, with the aid of Tacks, I formulated a finish for Percy Acton Jones that was beautiful to the limit.

I had often noticed that the parlor of Clara J.'s was threatened with a rush of sofa pillows to the ceiling, and one of these saffron-colored sit-down-easys gave me an idea.

I took Tacks into my confidence and explained my plan. Tacks didn't like Percy. In his estimation the Jones party was a stout parcel of heated air, and Tacks was eager to be up and doing him.

At a candy cave I bought a pound of saffron-colored molasses taffy and had it rolled out flat and square, so that it would just about cover the top of a sofa pillow.

Tacks, with me, going and coming, and when we reached home he went through the basement and let me in the front door. I felt as nervous as an unopened jackpot, but we finally introduced the saffron-hued taffy to the yellow sofa pillow and placed it carefully in the chair most affected by Percy.

Then I left Tacks on guard and gumshoed away like Raffles, the busy burglar.

When Percy rang the bell that evening the door was opened with a suddenness that made him gasp, and Tacks, with a heavenly smile on his innocent face, led Little Saucer-eyes straight to the taffy-covered sofa pillow, like a lamb to the mint sauce.

Percy sat carefully down on the sugar-coated pillow, and Tacks, hardly able to suppress his emotion, shrieked hoarsely: "I'll tell sister you're here!" and went madly on his way.

But Tacks didn't tell "Sister." He ran out in the dining room, put his head under a rug on the floor, and choked for five minutes.

When "Sister" entered the parlor, Tacks was among those "also present."

The taffy had taken kindly to Percy's lavender pants.

Percy arose to Greet Clara J., and with him arose that yellow soft pillow, clinging tremulously to a background of outraged lavender trousers.

Clara J. was a brave girl. She longed to take the lid off a laugh that would startle the neighborhood, but she was polite enough to renege. So she stood there, biting her lips, while Percy bowed and bobbed, and every time he bobbed the soft pillow went up in the air like the wash on a line on a windy day.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Jones?"

Clara J. was painfully embarrassed, and Tacks was busy taking care of a series of internal spasms.

Percy began to back up. Presently he hit a small table on which rested a costly bit of brica-brac, and over went the whole plazzasus with a smash on the floor.

Percy gave Clara J. the frightened-fawn eye and started to gather up the shells from the floor.

When Percy's shoulders went down, quite naturally the pillow went up in the air, and then Clara J. collapsed.

Tacks was under the sofa biting holes in the carpet.

Attracted by the crash, Mamma and Papa cut in. They stood in the door and watched Percy digging for broken brica-brac with a sofa pillow clinging gaily to his southeastern extremity. He looked like an animated Japanese lantern.

It was too much for Papa. He gave Percy the boot and ducked.

Mamma teetered over to Percy and said: "Oh, it doesn't matter, Mr. Jones," and then she took a puff at the pillow.

As she did so Percy sat down on the floor with a bump that shook the block, and it was even money who was the most surprised, Mamma or Percy.

Clara J. had left the scene of battle, and Tacks was out in the hall praying for power to laugh just five minutes longer.

Percy arose painfully. So did the sofa pillow. Mamma eyed them both suspiciously.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vanviver!" said Percy, and with both hands behind his back he took another yank at the evil.

"R-r-r-r-r!"

Percy stood up and Mamma exclaimed: "Mercy on us!"

"It's a mere nothing, I assure you!" said Percy.

"Won't you re-seat yourself?" asked Mamma, politely.

"I'm afraid I'll have to when this comes off," answered Percy mournfully.

"I fear I don't quite catch your meaning," said Mother, and now her signals were out for a cold wave.

Percy blushed and said: "The fact is, Mrs. Vanviver, I'm making a collection of sofa pillows—new fad, don't you know. Awfully jolly sport! Miss Clara said I could have this one, so—er—that is, I took it. Fad of mine, don't you know."

"Indeed!" said Mamma. "Well, it must be rather awkward to carry the bottle of mulligan that goes with that. Good night, Mr. Jones," and with this she brushed by and left him on the floor.

Percy stood there a living picture entitled "Down and Out."

He hadn't a friend in the world except the soft pillow, and that stuck closer than a brother.

His checks were all in, and he had just made up his mind to lead through a window, drive a cab, and say: "To the morgue, drive fast!" when Tacks jolted him back to life by saying: "Here's Pop's old pillow. On your way, quick. Send the pillow home by express and all will be forgiven."

With something akin to joy in his heart, Percy dug up a dollar, gave it to Tacks, and said: "Little man, you've saved my life—bless you, bless you! Tell your sister I leave town tomorrow morning very early and may be gone for seven years!"

Then Percy and the sofa pillow went under the overcoat, and the whole package made a rush for the door and freedom.

He never came back.

When I sauntered in a half hour later I overheard Clara J. saying to Tacks: "Here's a dollar, you little imp. Now, don't you dare tell John Henry."

The next day I gave Tacks another dollar for not telling me.

There was only one way to get rid of the other five saucy ones who sat around and spilled words in Clara J.'s parlor, and that was to induce her to walk down the church aisle with me until the minister stopped us.

So I framed up a line of talk that I thought would be strong enough to make her look up the market quotations on freshly picked orange blossoms.

I figured it out that all I had to do was to talk my lines and the girl would swoon at my feet. With a speech like that the part would play itself—there was nothing in it!

Then something ripped. It wasn't the sofa pillow.

cross and my hoodlodo was working overtime.

For two weeks I was out on a side-track with my strong speech locked up in a cold storage car.

The trouble was that the old folks looked upon me as one of the family to such an extent that every evening Clara J.'s Papa used to float in the parlor and cut ice for hours at a time, while Mamma sat in the rocking chair and made faces at herself in the mantel mirror.

It was a fight, and there was a tie-up in the wedding bell business, but I won out.

Clara J.'s father is a Wall street broker—retired. Every morning for 20 years he went into the street and came home at night with a hat full.

He used to throw what he made in the cellar, and when the cellar wouldn't hold any more he got mad and quit bringing it home.

One evening I brought Papa a book entitled "An Inexpensive Way to Get Rich," written by a chap who is visiting friends in the poor house. Father went out in the dining room and started to read the book to Mother, and she went to sleep.

Here was my golden opportunity and I cashed in.

I led Clara over to a dark corner and began to talk fast.

"Clara J.," I said, "for weeks and weeks I've been waiting for a chance to place your tiny mitt in mine and give it the silent squeeze—take that! Through all the waking hours of the day and through the lonely stretches of the darksome night I think of you, only you, beloved—look into my lamps and you'll see I'm not kidding you! Are you next, little one?"

Clara J. nodded.

This was the opening scene from my strong speech, and it seemed to be a bit all right; but perhaps I wasn't swallowing my palate and getting nervous! Well, maybe!

"Listen, Clara J.—I braced and began to push the lawn mower again—since time immemorial men have knelt at the feet of beauty and—er—I say, since time immemorial men have knelt at the feet of—er—er—"

The wheels were slipping and I had no sand.

"I say, Clara J., since time immemorial men have knelt at the feet of—er—er—"

"Back up!" said she very softly, and my life was saved.

It was the first time I ever heard her use a fancy phrase, but she had timed it just right. It brought me back to earth as no other words could. Isn't she the wise little gazaboine, though?

I discarded my strong speech and got right down to cases.

"Clara J.," I said, "months and

THE ONLOOKER BY WILBUR D. NESTLE

HOW SISTER HOBBLED THEM



When sister got her hobble skirt The family assembled.

Papa's remarks were very curt: With high disdain he trembled, Aunt Julia sniffed and raised her hands, Grandmother almost fainted

And said: "Be seen in that! My lands! I'd rather that she pained!"

Then mother shook her head and sighed And said: "Disgraceful, surely! It isn't fifteen inches wide, Besides, it fits you poorly. No child of mine shall walk the street in such a bold invention— Why, look! It calls your—well, your feet—"

To every one's attention."

Then each took turns while sister stood And heard how they condemned it: They said the style was far from good— O, how they hawed and hemmed! When they were through then sister took An album from the table

And showed them in that album book Such things—believe me, Mabel!

First, grandma in her widespread hoops— The style of 1850. When Gretchen bonds and soulful droops Were thought to be quite dainty.

Then with a smile that seemed to say: "One more, I'm glad to fool you." A "pull-back" costume, tight and gay, She showed on good Aunt Julia.

Dear mother rose to seize the book And had quite a tussle. But sister held it and cried: "Look— Here's mother with her bustle! Then father in spruce-bottom pants! My sister's wise selections, O' father's, grandma's, ma's and aunt's Old styles hushed their objections.

In Plain English. "Woodman, Spare That Tree" is a highly idealized version of an attempt at applied conservation. The principal character comes upon a man who is chopping down a tree, and says to him:

"Don't cut down that tree." "What?" asks the lumberman. "You let that tree alone. I knew it when I was a little boy. I used to play mumblebees under it and I have a sentimental attachment for it, so I would kindly request that you let it stand as it is."

"Do you own this timberland?" "No, but I—"

"Well, don't pull any of that Gifford Pinchot talk around here, young feller. The big root for yours, see?"

Which shows us that conservation and conversation are entirely different propositions.

Two of a Kind.

"Must be something wrong with the organ bellows," whispered the man to his wife at church.

"What?" she asked. "The organ bellows," he repeated. "Hump! So does the frump who is trying to sing soprano."

Those Dear Women. "When my husband won't buy me what I want," confides the first woman. "I cry. Then he will agree that I may have it, just to get me to stop crying."

"I have a better plan than that," says the second woman. "When my husband thinks I shouldn't have a new hat or dress, I smile. That works better than tears in my case."

"But," sweetly says the first woman, "my husband thinks I am so pretty when I smile that he will not do anything to get me to stop."

After thinking the matter over that evening the second woman concludes that the first is a hateful thing.

His Misfortunes. "But why are you incarcerated here?" asks the sympathetic lady of the prisoner.

"Ah, madam, I had four wives living and was wooing a lady who was to be my fifth, when No. 4 exposed me."

"Wretch! So you are being punished for bigamy?"

"No, lady. I am being kept here until I can satisfy a judgment for breach of promise obtained by the prospective No. 5."

Sensational to the Extreme. "Yes, I'm going to start a new magazine," says the man with the fat purse, "but there won't be the least bit of sensationalism about it. It will be utterly different from all others."

"What's your program?" asks the man with linked fingers. "Not going to expose anything, not going to—"

"Hub! Right there you've outlined one of the most sensational plans for modern magazines I ever heard."

Michael Rabbit

NATURAL ACT FOR MOTHER

Women Understand That Not Heroin but Simply Love Prompted Self Sacrifice.

A few days ago, in a somewhat squalid neighborhood, a house caught fire. The flames shot quickly through the litter on the floor and the untidy array of clothing on the walls. A woman talking with a neighbor ran screaming to the house and without an instant's hesitation sprang through the smoking doorway into what already seemed an inferno. A moment later she staggered out, her hands and face blackened and blistered and her clothing on fire. In her arms she bore her baby, safe from harm.

The afternoon papers came out with the story, printed under headlines extolling this mother's heroism. Men read it on street cars, and as their eyes gleamed with the stirring of the spirit which leaps to greet noble deeds they said: "That woman dared to do what most men would be afraid to do. But the mothers who read it at home did not think that way. Perhaps the danger to the baby, the wrecking of the home and the burns the woman suffered brought moisture to their eyes, but to them the act was not one of heroism—it was simply what any natural mother, no matter how timid, would do under the same circumstances.—Cleveland Leader.

REST AND PEACE

Fall Upon Distracted Households When Cuticura Enters.

Sleep for skin tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers is found in a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment. This treatment, in the majority of cases, affords immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, and crusted humors, eczema, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings, of infancy and childhood, permits rest and sleep to both parent and child, and points to a speedy cure, when other remedies fail.

Worn-out and worried parents will find this pure, sweet and economical treatment realizes their highest expectations, and may be applied to the youngest infants as well as children of all ages. The Cuticura Remedies are sold by druggists everywhere. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free 32-page Cuticura Book on the care and treatment of skin and scalp of infants, children and adults.

The Most Noticeable Change. "So you have lived in Europe for 25 years? That's a long time for a man to be away from his own country."

"Yes, it is, and I'm mighty glad to be home again."

"I suppose you notice a great many changes?"

"Yes, many."

"What, if I may ask, is the greatest change that has come to your notice?"

"The greatest change, it seems to me, is to be found in the fact that the vice-president of the United States succeeds in getting his name in the papers nearly as often as he might if he were a baseball player or a promising lightweight prizefighter."

Now He Knows. "On what grounds does your father object to me?" he asked.

"On any grounds within a mile of our house," she answered.

Pettit's Eye Salve Restores. No matter how badly the eyes may be diseased or injured. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

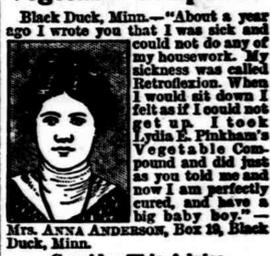
When a man dresses like a slouch it's a pretty good sign that he either ought to get married or get divorced.

Lewis' Single Binder, the famous straight 5c cigar—annual sale 9,500,000.

Anything left to be done at your leisure seldom gets done.—S. Martin.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year ago I wrote you that I was sick and could not do any of my housework. My only resource was called Retroflexion. When I would sit down I felt as if I could not get up. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and did just as you told me and now I am perfectly cured, and have a big baby boy."

Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 10, Black Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice. No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial.

This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ills, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Five times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Dear Mother, please send me a box of your Little Liver Pills. I am suffering from indigestion, flatulence, and distress after eating.

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine name and Signature.

Know the World Over.

MEN AND WOMEN

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet. Address, Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerative Ointment, Rheumatism, Burns, Ulcers, Scalds, Erysipelas, Varicose Veins, Eczema, Itch, Herpes, Scabies, White Swellings, and all other skin diseases. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists.

PATENTS

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W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

Do you realize that my shoes have been the standard for over 30 years, that I make and sell more \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that I sell LAR FOR DOLLAR. I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$2.50, \$3.00 or \$4.00 shoe you can buy? Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time to change your shoes, you will be more than pleased because my shoes are made to last. I guarantee my shoes to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$2.50, \$3.00 or \$4.00 shoe you can buy. Name and price stamped on my shoes. CAUTION! TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog.

That Cold Room

on the side of the house where winter blasts strike hardest always has a lower temperature than the rest of the house. There are times when it is necessary to raise the temperature quickly or to keep the temperature up for a long period. That can't be done by the regular method of heating without great trouble and overheating the rest of the house. The only reliable method of heating such a room alone by other means is to use a



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless which can be kept at full or low heat for a short or long time. Four quarts of oil will give a glowing heat for nine hours, without smoke or smell.

An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not screw on; it is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached by a chain and cannot get lost.

An automatic-locking flame spreader prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back so that it can be cleaned in an instant.

The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Has a cool handle.

Standard Oil Company