BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy. Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lee had.

A Texas Case

J. H. Lee, 419 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Tex., says: "For four years I endured misery from gravel. Morphine was my only relief. I had terrible pains in my back and it was hard for me to pass the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me quickly, and I have been well ever since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 28–1913.

WOULDN'T CAUSE A SCANDAL

Old Negro Woman Had Lost Her Hogs, But Refrained from Pointing the Finger of Suspicion.

A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five hogs," said the old woman; "but dat's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" "I nebber talks 'bout my neighbors, an' doan' nebber makes mischief, I doesn't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't gwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't gwine to say nuthin' agin' him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter say nuthin' agin' him, but lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin', he was a powerful stumbling block ter hogs."

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Best Ever.

"This 'Ad' affair ought to feel itself set up."

"Yes, and in diamond type, too."

Its Advantage

"In a railroad wreck, there is one provision made for people seeing stars."

"How so?"

"When the cars are telescoped."

Stung.

The two men who occupied the seat directly in front of the little man in the passenger coach were chuckling over a mysterious pamphlet. They would read a few paragraphs and say: "Gee, ain't this hot stuff!" Then they would turn a page and laugh.

"This is the spiciest stuff I ever read," said one of the readers.

The little man's curiosity got the best of him, and he quietly stood up so he could get a glimpse of the spicey reading matter. He took a look and sat down and kicked himself. The legend on the pamphlet read:

"Normal Composition of Various Red Peppers, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C."

Source of Strength.

We do not flatter ourselves that the intellect of our time, judged by the power of individuals, is exceptionally great. No doubt, men of commanding genius are still with us, but they are not more numerous or more original than in former times. What then is the peculiarity that has produced such great results? In my opinion what has been accomplished is due in great part to the spread of higher education, which has evolved an army of competent investigators possessing enthusiasm for research which now, for the first time, is led into useful paths by the few great minds, whose powers thus receive a wider range and become more productive. It is in this that our great strength lies.—Prof. Arthur Schuster in Science.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE ADVENTURER KING

CZAR NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

COPYRIGHT BY RIDGWAY CO.

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY SHELLS AT SCUTARI

NICHOLAS GOING TO THANKSGIVING SERVICE

KING NICHOLAS AND SOME OF THE WIDOWS OF SOLDIERS

HE HAS always seemed to me the prince of all adventurers: a man whose nostrils sniffed the breath of battle as eagerly as most of us sniff a flower; a man whose virile person delighted in the zest of danger, who was invariably willing to stake his all on the right; a man hardy, determined, daring, resourceful, bold, yet never reckless; withal a man who knew when to let well enough alone and steer the middle path of caution.

He happened to be born with royal blood in his veins; but that is of small account. Every inch of territory, every subject he owns, he has fought for, and it is to his credit that the domains handed to him by his predecessor, fifty-two years ago, have been rather more than doubled in extent and population through the might of his sword and the agility of his brain.

Nicholas Petrovich Niegoch, czar of Montenegro, prince of the Zeta, voivode of Brda, and gospodar of Tchernagora, Europe's last feudal ruler, was born at Niegoch, the ancestral home of his house, on September 25, 1841. He came of the wonderful line which has given rulers to Montenegro for more than two hundred years and which was one of the foremost families of the ancient principality for centuries before that. The Petrovich dynasty has reigned in Montenegro since 1696, when the rule of the hereditary vladikas, or prince-bishops, was inaugurated. But for hundreds of years before that date, even before the time of the first Black Prince, Stephen Chrnoievich, the Petrovich were an honored family, who boasted the rank of voivode or lord.

All of the men of this line have been men of great personal prowess, exceptional military ability, statesmanship and political cunning, and possesed of marked personal magnetism. Living, for the most part, lives of strictest celibacy, quaint mixtures of the warrior and the monk, they presided over the destinies of their tiny nation with a sense of responsibility that you will not find equaled by the standard of any ruling dynasty in Europe.

At the beginning of its existence, Montenegro was ruled by successive dynasties of princes, of which the last was the Chrnoievich. In 1516, however, the system of government was changed, and what were known as elective vladikas were installed.

One ruler of the Petrovich was succeeded by his brother's son. Strangely enough, there was never any jealousy among the nephews who were passed over.

For instance, the father of Czar Nicholas, Mirko, known as the "Sword of Montenegro"—the most famous warrior the little land can boast and a stalwart bulwark against the invasions of the Turks which threatened Montenegro until 1878, when Russia put a stop once and for all to Moslem aggression in Europe—was twice passed over for the throne, the second time in favor of his own son. Yet he fought cherefully both for his brother and his son and never showed a trace of ill-feeling, although, as has been said, he has always been regarded as the best leader the Black Mountain men ever had.

To tell the story of Czar Nicholas, the first of the Montenegrin rulers to wear a kingly crown, means the telling of the story of his country throughout his reign.

It is not a story which can be lightly told, either, for it involves description of several of the most stirring combats which have taken place since the days of the Crusades.

In the first place, it is necessary to give a brief sketch of the land of Montenegro, or Tchernagora—"the Black Mountain," to call it by the name its inhabitants love best. Montenegro was colonized in the last decade of the fourteenth century by noble families from Macedonia, Servia and Bulgaria, the pick of the old Slav aristocracy, who fled from their upland castles in the Rhodope hills after the battle of Kossovo in 1389, when the Turks completely crushed the Christian power in the Balkan peninsula, and the great Bulgar-Serb empire, which had been numbered among the mightiest in Europe, went down to everlasting defeat.

From that time on, the story of Montenegro is the story of endless battles, wars, sieges, raids, forays and encounters with the Turks, varied occasionally by combats with the Venetians, who made several abortive attempts to scale the impregnable road known as the "Montenegrin Ladder,' which runs from the Bocca di Cattora up to Cettinje, and, later, combats with the French and Austrians.

Time and again the Turkish Sultans and their viceroys, the Pashas of Albania, Bosnia and the Herzegovina, endeavored to conquer the tiny land. For four hundred and fifty years, army after army, led by the Janissaries and best generals Turkey could produce, attempted to conquer Montenegro and failed. During the first half of the last century the warfare between the little principality and its great enemy was almost unceasing. In the reign of Danilo II., uncle of Nicholas, a number of tremendous battles were fought.

Five years before the time came for Nicholas to ascend the throne, his destiny had been determined upon, and as his uncle was a man of considerable foresight and no small intellectual attainments, it was determined that the heir-apparent should be given a first-class western education in preparation for his assuming the responsibilities of leader of his people.

Accordingly, after a preparatory course in the home of his aunt in Trieste—where he imbibed principally hatred of the Austrians, who were becoming almost as dangerous enemies of Montenegro as the Turks—he was shipped off to Paris, where he studied at the Academy of Louis-le-Grand, and obtained some proficiency in French, Italian and German, besides Serb history and other more usual branches of knowledge.

Even if Nicholas had not been a king he would have deserved commendation and a distinctive place in the history of his country through his literary endeavors. Besides a volume of poetry, he has written several poetic dramas, including "The Empress of the Balkans" and "Prince Arbanit," all dealing with Serb history, and declared to possess unusual merit.

He was not quite nineteen when he was called to take his uncle's place. Two months later he married Milena Voukovich, daughter of one of the principal voivodes, who had been a brother-in-arms of his father, Mirko. The Czarina Milena is still one of the handsomest women in Europe. She stood shoulder to shoulder with her husband throughout all the trials and adversities of his eventful reign, at times when he was driven from pillar to post by the Moslem hordes that were poured through the defiles of the Lovchen range in wave after wave, so that even the brave Black Mountain men qualled under the attack and sought safety on the impausable mountain heights.

They had peace of a kind for a year, and then war broke out with redoubled violence. The insurrection of the rayahs, or Christian peasants of the Herzegovina, aroused the sympathies of the Montenegrins, and young Prince Nicholas found his hands full trying to obey the injunctions of the great powers to refrain from hostilities and keep his fiery subjects in check.

For some months he held out against the wishes of the nation, with somewhat dubious success. He honestly did his best to remain neutral; he even consented to allow the Turks to send their convoys across Montenegrin territory.

A series of "frontier incidents"—"frontier incident" is the designation for any fracas along the Montenegrin border which results in fatalities—followed close upon one another's hels. The Turks grasped eagerly at the chance they had been looking for. Omar Pasha, viceroy of the western provinces, one of the bitterest foes of Montenegro, threw a huge army across the frontier, undeterred by his previous defeats at the hands of Mirko. It was reasoned in Constantinople that young Nicholas had earned the dislike of his subjects by his peace policy, and that now, while there was turmoil in the Christian camp, Turkey might find it easy to crack the nut which had resisted so many efforts for so many hundreds of years.

But things did not turn out exactly as Turkey had anticipated. A great part of the principality was overrun, most of the villages were destroyed and ruin stared every one in the face. Omar's army had entered the country in three divisions, aiming to comb it from side to side, and making their principal effort against the valley of the Zeta, which might be called the highroad of Montenegro, the main artery of its life. But, led by the giant fighter, Mirko, and their boy prince—in whom they trusted implicitly, once he had sanctioned war—the Montenegrins took up unflinchingly the struggle of their fathers. The Turks were assailed from every height, from the sides of every pass.

True, the valley of the Zeta fell into the invaders' hands, but on little else could they keep their grip for long. The war was fought with a fierce, unrelenting fanaticism which is all but incomprehensible to the western mind. After sixty battles, the Montenegrins were glad to meet their foes half-way.

They conceded some unimportant points and won a breathing spell.

Cholera followed in the wake of famine, and despite the assistance of France, which sent shiploads of corn to arrest the ravages of hunger, many who had survived the bullet and steel of the Turkish armies were carried off by the scourge of disease, among them Mirko, "the Sword."

The loss of his father was a great blow to young Nicholas, who had often relied upon his judgment and advice. But no man, however young, could have gone through the experiences which had been the prince's lot during the few years of his reign without learning much thereby.

Nicholas realized that it was as certain as such things could be that sooner or later he would have another war with Turkey on his hands. He set out to prepare for it almost before hostilities had been concluded. He secured large quantities of modern rifles and artillery—an arm in which the Montenegrins had been sadly crippled—and instituted a systematic plan of military organiaztion, on the model of the greater European nations.

The result was that Turkey feared to wring from Montenegro all the privileges the sultan had really gained under the last treaty.

During the next fourteen years there were many covert outbreaks along the frontier. In fact, such affairs have always been regular topics of gossip in Montenegro up to the present time.

It came in 1876, when Servia declared war all by herself against Turkey, and Montenegro threw in the whole force and weight of her 190,000 inhabitants with Servia's 2,000,000. There had been some rumor of a Russian declaration of war against the sultan. But Montenegro did not wait for this. That was not the Montenegrin way. "Fight for your brothers against any odds," that is the Montenegrin creed, and Prince Nicholas acted upon it. The blood of Tchernagora ran as hotly as of old. But there was more than hot blood and desperate courage to throw into the balance for the principality this time. There was the result of all the scientific preparations Nicholas had been making for fourteen years.

His increased standard of efficiency told right at the start, when he was able to rally 20,000 men to his standard—the largest army Montenegro had ever put in the field. Instead of waiting for the Turks to attack, he pressed the war into the enemy's country.

By means of a series of combats that he afterward loved to style "Homeric" in his moments of reminiscence, the prince compelled Niksic to capitulate, an achievement which, in his people's opinion, overshadowed all the others of the war, for Niksic had stood for centuries a threatening outpost of the Moslem power at their very gates. Then, unwearied by the months of steady fighting, the prince countermarched his army to the south, pressed on to the sea coast, and for the first time in the centuries of Montenegro's existence, the Montenegrin eagles bathed in the brine of the Adriatic. Antivari and Dulcigno both fell, and Skutari—the "bloody Skutari" of the Montenegrin ballads—was besieged, when news of peace came.

Well might Nicholas sit back content. In a succession of campaigns that had met with unbroken victory, he had pushed forward his frontiers in every direction. He had reduced every Turkish fortress within striking distance of his frontiers, save Skutari.

So passed more than thirty years—eventful they would have been called in any other part of Europe, but somewhat dreary for Montenegro.

So long ago as 1868, of his own free-will and without any pressure—indeed, in the face of the opposition of many of his advisers—he voluntarily granted the country a constitution and abrogated his despotic powers, in form at least—for as a matter of fact so long as Nicholas lives the government of Montenegro will be a benevolent despotism, by and with the glad consent of the people.

Since then he has granted other reforms and has done everything possible to promote the individuality and talent for self-government of his subjects.

It is as fierce, ruthlessly fanatical crusaders that I like best to think of Nicholas and his people; such crusaders as followed Richard the Lion-Heart to within sight of the walls of Jerusalem; of the same caliber as the Franks of the Fourth Crusade, who, under Dandolo, Count Baldwin and Montserrat stormed Constantinople and set up on the shores of the Bosphorus a Latin empire that might have checked the Moslem tidal wave had Europe backed them up.

POWER FROM WASTE HEAT

Electricity Is Made From Exhaust Steam by Municipal Plant at West Hartlepool, Eng.

West Hartlepool, which can claim to be the first municipal authority to produce electricity by means of waste heat, will open its new generating station in the course of two or three weeks. The two turbo-generators, each of 1,500 kilowatts, will be driven by exhaust steam from the furnace-blowing engines of the Seaton Carew Iron company, adjacent to whose works the station is built. In return for their exhaust steam, which has hitherto been blowing to waste in the air, the Seaton Carew Iron company will receive free from the corporation the supply of electric current they need at their works.

Expenditure on coal will practically be eliminated. The coal bill for the present electricity station is about $20,000 a year, and, as it is anticipated that the consumption of current will largely increase under the cheaper rate now possible, the ultimate saving by the use of waste heat will be very considerable. Should the supply of exhaust steam not be available, either through a breakdown of the blowing engines or through the iron works being idle, a supply of high-pressure steam will be obtainable from the Seaton Carew Iron company.

The total expenditure involved in connection with the new scheme is $188,500, the plant alone having cost $150,000. The old generating station will be maintained as a stand-by, and also as a town substation. There the current from the new station will be transformed to the voltage required for distribution to the town.

Keep Things Clean.

All over the country cities are having clean-up days in imitation of the old-fashioned housecleaning period. Give the men twenty years or so and they will learn from up-to-date housewives that the best way is to keep things clean all the while.

The Best Beverage under the Sun—

Coca-Cola

A welcome addition to any party—any time—any place.

Sparkling with life and wholesomeness.

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes

Send for Free Booklet.

At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in bottles.

53-A

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

CAME AT THE RIGHT MOMENT

Nature Added Her Quota to Complete the List Given Clergyman by Proud Father.

It was children's Sunday, and the father of a growing family proudly led his assorted offspring up the aisle and to the baptismal font to have a long-neglected ceremony performed.

'Aha!" said the clergyman, rubbing his hands in delight, "a fine family, sir, and what will be their names?"

The proud father drew in a big breath and began:

"Clarence Wood Burst, Helen May Burst, Frederick Otto Burst, Oscar Will Burst and Mary Kant Burst."

While the clergyman was fanning for air the patter of rain was heard on the church roof.

"I think sir," said the father, "we're going to have a cloudburst."

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill.—"My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and from the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning.

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

All Is Clear Now.

The old farmer was making his usual weekly call on Mrs. Wiggins.

"P'taters is good this mornin', ma'am," he said, casting an admiring look at the basketful he had brought.

"Oh, is they?" retorted Mrs. Wiggins. "That reminds me. I wants to have a word with you about them you sold me last week. How is it that them at the bottom o' the basket is so much smaller than them at the top?"

"Comes about like this," replied old John, a knowing look on his face. "P'taters is growin' that fast now, that by the time I get a basketful dug, the last ones is about twice the size of the first!"

As Mrs. Belmont Saw It.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, meeting Winston Churchill in London just before the young first lord departed on his Mediterranean cruise, scored well in an exchange of banter.

"At least, Mrs. Belmont," said Mr. Churchill, apropos, of course, of votes for women—"at least you'll admit that man has a great deal more will than woman?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Belmont replied, "he's only got more won't."

Chafing Hives.

This troublesome skin affection is difficult to diagnose at the outset. Be on the safe side, therefore, and whenever the skin is irritated use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder immediately and avoid further trouble. 25c. at druggists. Sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

High Praise.

"Well, Joe, how did you like the speeches last night at the meeting?"

"Dey was puffickly gran'dilerkent, sah."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.Adv

Cupidity is what enables the get-rich-quick promoter to remain in love with his profession.

Early Wall Paintings.

It is probable that the earliest wall paintings were those of the Egyptians. Those people employed a distemper containing dissolved gum and their principal pigments were white chalk, a vegetable yellow ochre. Ethiopian cinnabar, blue powdered glass stained with copper and charcoal black. The walls of Assyrian and Babylonian dwellings were treated in much the same way, and the practice was certainly in vogue in Assyria. It has been believed that the Greeks understood true frescoe work, apporently on the strength of a phrase occurring in Plutarch, "to paint on a wet ground." Vitruvius also speaks of a wet ground and says that colors placed on a surface so prepared are teristic of true frescoe work.

Said It With a Snap.

Her Cousin—Maud is always very positive in her assertions.

Rejected Suitor—Yes, she was even positive in her negative.

Some people will allow you to take their part, and then expect you to return it.

ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF CATTLE.

For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) was the Big Ranching Country. Many of these ranches today are immense grain fields and the cattle have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax; the change has made many thousands of Americans, settled on these plains, wealthy, but it has increased the price of live stock.

There is splendid opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the newer districts and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, markets splendid. In either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to

J. M. MacLachlan, Drawer 576, Watertown, S. D.

R. A. GARRETT, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

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. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or 6 sent express paid for $1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. No.1. No.2. No.3.

THERAPION Used in French Hospitals with great success, cures chronic weakness, lost vigor & vim, kidney, bladder, diseases, blood poison, piles. Either No. druggists or mail $1. Post 4 cts. Fougera Co. 90, Beekman St. New York or Lyman Bros. Toronto. Write for FREE book to Dr. Le Clerc Med. Co. Haverstock Rd. Hampstead, London, Eng. Try new dragee (tasteless) form of easy to take

THERAPION safe and lasting cure.

See that trade marked word "THERAPION" is on Brit. Govt. stamp affixed to all genuine packets.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

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RICE BROTHERS

Live Stock Commission Merchants at

SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City

Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's

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