

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Acute Suffering.

"I wish you'd ask somebody else to collect this bill from Mr. Wadleigh," said the new collector.

"What's the matter?" "I've had some experience in calling on Mr. Wadleigh for another firm. He pays, but his groans are so heart rending I'm unfit for work the rest of the day."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Those who are in a "run down" condition will notice that Catarrh bothers them much more than when they are in good health. This fact proves that while Catarrh is a local disease, it is greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the body, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

It Pays to Advertise.

"Just look at that rooster," remarked the duck; "since he's begun crowing he's had his statue placed on the top of the barn."

All the world loves to laugh at a lover.

ABLE TO DO HER WORK

After Long Suffering Mrs. Siefert Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Pottsville, Pa.—"I suffered with female trouble for four or five years and was very irregular. I was not fit to do my work at times and took medicine from a doctor and got no benefit. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and took it and got all right. I gained twenty pounds or more and am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. SALLIE SIEFERT, 313 W. Fourth Street, Pottsville, Pa.

The everyday life of many housewives is a continual struggle with weakness and pain. There is nothing more wearing than the ceaseless round of household duties and they become doubly hard when some female trouble makes every home and muscle ache, and nerves all on edge.

If you are one of these women do not suffer for four or five years as Mrs. Siefert did, but profit by her experience and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL.

HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1855. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Bad Stomach Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Antonio Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Antonio helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Antonio helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Antonio for each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

Deep-Seated Coughs

develop serious complications if neglected. Use an old and time-tried remedy that has given satisfaction for more than fifty years

PISO'S

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ROMOLA

By GEORGE ELIOT

Condensation by William Fenwick Harris



"Romola," which may be called a historical novel, a story which owes its power of attraction and its vitality to its superb presentation of the character of Tito Melema, who belongs not to any one period but to every generation.

"ROMOLA mia," said the blind scholar, "thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing upward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy?" "And me too, Romola—if you only let me say, I love you—if you only let me say, I love you—a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as even, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know now what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the book shelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

When they told her father, he wanted time for reflection. "Be patient my children; you are very young."

"No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrongdoer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on her parting that evening the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as anything but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into the danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingled with that fountain of sweets."

George Eliot's magnificent study of character concerns itself with Florence at the time when Christopher Columbus was discovering America, when Savonarola was prior of Saint Mark's and ruled the city by his moral energy and his fanaticism, when his pious frenzies, his visions, and his predictions of heavenly wrath seemed to the majority of his fellow citizens as coming from a more than mortal source; when Charles the Eighth of France invaded Italy; when the plague brought dire dismay; when the city was distraught by the struggles of the austere devotees of Savonarola and the gay partisans of pleasure; when the mighty ones of the land were united against poor distracted Florence; when Piero de' Medici was conspiring to regain the power once held by Lorenzo the Magnificent; when finally Florence turned against Savonarola, and he met his death in ignominy or martyrdom, as one viewed it as foe or partisan. Across the scene there flit the figures of Pico della Mirandola, of Fra Bartolomeo, of Domenico Ghirlandajo, of Cosimo di Piero, of Poliziano, of Bernardo del Nero, of Strozzi and Tornabuoni, of Niccolo Machiavelli, of a "promising

youth named Michelangelo Buonarroti" and many others. All these make the setting for the lives of a woman and a man and the progress of their souls, the one upward and the other downward, as wonderfully drawn as ever human lives were portrayed by pen of man or woman.

Florence saw Tito Melema ever making his way upward from the day when he found himself adrift after shipwreck, and was carried to the market, by the omnipresent Bratti merchant and huckster, and introduced to breakfast and a kiss from pretty little Tessa, and passed under the deft hand of the wonder-working barber-philosopher Nello. That shrewd craftsman with edged tools—razor or tongue—introduced him to the bright and powerful folk who frequented his shop as if it were a club, and brought him to the notice of the blind scholar Bardo, who needed just such a clever young student as Tito for a helper.

From that his path was easy to the confidence of the great; Latin secretary to the state, embassies to Rome, everything was his, even to the envy of Niccolo Machiavelli. The world saw only the dazzling success; there were a few who marked "the change that came from the final departure of moral youthfulness," who saw the perfidies and desertions of the dextrous and facile Greek, the baseness that smiles and triumphs; who knew how he had left to slavery the adoptive father who had rescued him and made him what he was, how he proved false to the memory of Romola's father, who set him on his way to triumph in Florence, how he betrayed his great patrons, how he deceived poor Tessa, that "sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing," how he threw away the great treasure of Romola's love, and how his only bitter thought was that a timely, well devised falsehood might have saved him from every fatal consequence.

Over against the figure of the man she married stands Romola, "fair as the Florentine lily before it got quarrelsome and turned red," as the rhapsodic Nello described her. Her contempt of all injustice and meanness, the noble serenity with which she accepted, though not without inward struggle, all that life and duty brought her, the willing service she rendered her father, her husband, the poor, the sufferers in the plague, Tito's abandoned father, even Tessa, her rival to the title of wife, the mother of Tito's children, the majestic self-possession which at the slightest touch on the fibres of affection or pity, could become passionate with tenderness—all this justified her godfather, Bernardo del Nero in his exhortation to her father, "Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a little sleekness about him that seems marvellously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his eyes upon."

But he that smiles and triumphs does not always triumph to the end. He is sometimes found out. So it was with Tito. He had made the last preparation for departure to a larger field of action. Pursued in the night by a crowd of angry men, he barely had time to leap from a bridge into the Arno. A long swim in the darkness—in the tumult of his blood he could only feel vaguely that he was safe and might land. But where? The current was having its way with him; he hardly knew where he was; exhaustion was bringing on the dreamy state that precedes unconsciousness.

But now there were eyes that discerned him—aged, strong for the distance. Baldassarre—his father—looking up blankly from the search to which his poverty had led him, had seen a white object coming along the stream—could that be any fortunate chance for him? He looked and looked till the object gathered form; then he leaned forward with a start as he sat among the rank green stems, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a new light—yet he only watched—motionless. Something was being brought to him.

The next instant a man's body was cast violently on the grass two yards from him, and he started forward like a panther, clutching the velvet tunic as he fell forward on the body and flashed a look in the man's face.

Dead—was he dead? The eyes were rigid. But no, it could not be—justice had brought him. Men looked dead sometimes, and yet the life came back to them. Baldassarre did not feel feeble in that moment. He knew just what he could do. He got his large fingers within the neck of the tunic and held them there, kneeling on one knee beside the body and watching the face. In his eyes there was only fierceness.

Rigid—rigid still. Those eyes with the half-fallen lids were locked against vengeance. Could it be that he was dead? Surely at last the eyelids were quivering; the eyes were no longer rigid. There was a vibrating light in them—they opened wide.

"Ah, yes! You see me—you know me!"

Tito knew him; but he did not know whether it was life or death that had brought him into the presence of his injured father. It might be death—and death might mean this chill gloom with the face of the hideous past hanging over him forever.

But Baldassarre's only dread was, lest the young limbs should escape him. He pressed his knuckles against the round throat and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame. Let death come now!

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Home Town Helps

USE OF TREES AND SHRUBS

Effectively Employed, They Are of immense Importance in Improving Appearance of House.

It sometimes happens that barns are necessarily of greater size than the dwelling, and so have the appearance of being more important. Yet



Unightly Barns.

the building of chief importance always is the home. That fact can be made plain by manifesting special regard for the appearance of the house. Trees and shrubs will hide the encroaching but necessary service buildings and emphasize the true center



With Trees and Shrubs.

of interest—the home. The illustrations show how the scheme may be carried out to the best advantage.

EASY TO GROW GRASS LAWN

Perfect Greensward May Be Quickly Realized by the Use of Novel English Method.

It is proverbially a slow business getting a good grass lawn in a garden, but a new English idea makes it possible to secure a fine stretch of verdure just as one would buy a carpet at the stores. Grass seed is sown thickly on strong canvas and, when this is thickly covered with growth it is ready for making the lawn.

The site is well prepared, being made perfectly level, and special attention is given to getting the soil so that it is a favorable rooting medium for the little plants. Then the grass mats are put down on sections, these being closely fitted together. As time goes on the roots push down through the canvas and, in this way, establish a permanent lawn. Ultimately the material will rot. The value of this lies in the fact that an immediate effect can be secured. It is quite easy to have a splendid grass lawn in a situation where, a few hours before there was nothing of the kind. Thereafter the grass will go on improving and the little plants speedily take a hold on the soil.—Scientific American.

Trees Beyond Valuation. Ten million dollars' damage annually is done to the shade trees and hardy shrubs of the country by shade tree insects, according to estimates made by the bureau of entomology, United States Department of Agriculture.

It is very difficult to estimate the money value of the shade trees and shrubs of the country, but a very conservative estimate would place their value at \$1,000,000,000. These figures were reached after extensive correspondence with the forestry and other authorities of states and municipalities. A more definite census is aimed at, but the figures are taken as dependable for general purposes. They are based on the value of trees to cities, parks and private property, and have no reference to the bare intrinsic value of wood or lumber. An old oak tree which, because of its condition is not worth \$2 for lumber, may add \$500 to the value of the city lot on which it is located.

City Has Right Idea. A campaign to beautify school surroundings has been started by the architectural-engineering department of the public schools. About \$35,000 will be spent this year. It is announced.

A. D. Weeks, director of the department, says that from a landscape standpoint Detroit schools rank poorly in comparison with eastern cities though they compare favorably in architecture.

In the past, work of this sort has been largely assumed by the pupils who performed the labor and bore the expense.—Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of J. C. Hathorn In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. The Centaur Company, New York City.

The Iron Hand. "Of course there is no such thing as woman's supremacy." "Think not? From the time a boy sits under a street-light playing with toads until he is blind and old and toothless he has to explain to some woman why he didn't come home earlier."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Big Drop in JELLO 2 packages for 25¢ The Genesee Pure Food Company, Le Roy, N. Y.

RICE BROTHERS Cattle Live Stock Commission, Sioux City Stock Yards Cattle Hogs GUARANTEES SATISFACTION Hogs Sheep A Reliable Firm to Ship to Sheep Accurate market reports gladly furnished free. Write us. Also Chicago, Ill., Sioux Falls, S. D.

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA QUININE FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe Neglected Colds are Dangerous Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT