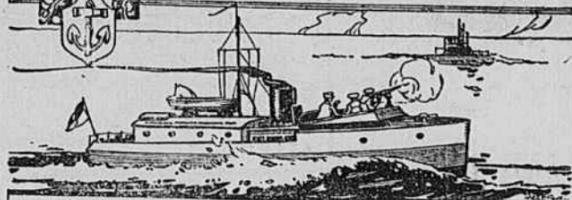


SEA SLUG STORIES



Thrilling Tales of U Boat Hunting, Told by an American Boy Who Served For Months With the British Patrol and Who Did the Thrilling and Perilous Work That Is Now Being Done by Hundreds of Other American Boys.

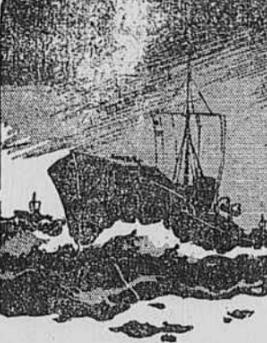
No. 3
A Motor Launch Raid on the Belgian Coast
By
A SEA SLUG,
British Service Name For Crews of Submarine Chasers.
Copyright, 1917, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.

PROLOGUE.

The author of this series of four articles is a young American, who has spent most of his time since the war started with the British patrol fleet, taking an important part in helping to organize that branch of the service known as the Sea Slugs.

He has accumulated a remarkable collection of anecdotes incident to this exciting branch of the service, and many of these were personal adventures in which he took part and which make one of the stirring narratives to come out of the war.

It is better that I do not mention the name of the Sea Slug who conceived the idea of a motor launch raid on the coast of Belgium—that part of the coast held by Germany, bor-



There is No Moon. We Dash Along Full Speed Ahead.

dered by a maze of mines, girt by a moving belt of gunboats and patrol craft and freckled with a series of land batteries which make the experts say it would be mathematically impossible to smash into the naval bases from the sea side.

The British government prefers to keep his name secret for the present, so it would not be policy for me to divulge it. When he put the idea up to the commander of the base he said right away:

"I don't want to lose more than six boats. If you can get six crews to volunteer for the service go ahead. I won't order anybody on a raid like that."

Six times six crews volunteered, but only six were allowed to go. We chug-chugged out of Dover just before sundown, every man with a lifebelt strapped under his shoulders, petrol tanks filled to the last drop, ammunition in every available space and every motor thoroughly inspected down to the last screw.

We were thinking only of what a time we were going to give the Boches. The boys that wigwagged "Goodby" to us believed they had seen us for the last time, but wished they were with us just the same. Straggle for a certain selected spot on the Belgian coast we laid our course, and when night fell we couldn't even see our own boats. There wasn't so much as a pin point of light showing on any of the craft. Every one wore dark uniforms, and every one in-awhile when we'd crowd on a little more speed there would suddenly loom up right ahead the dark hull of the boat we were following and we'd almost be aboard her.

The men at the wheels had to have their nerve with them.

Over the Mine Fields.

The chap who had proposed the raid—we might as well call him Jones, which is not his name—had figured out the tide conditions to a nicety, and on this particular night we were having the fullest high water of the autumn. Just before we ran into the mine fields we passed a British monitor, about which I will have more to say later, and then began the real work of the expedition.

As every one knows, some mines are set so that they rise and fall with the tide and remain always a certain distance below the surface of the water, and if we didn't hit one of these it would be merely a matter of luck. There were thousands of mines all around us, and there was no earthly way of telling where any of them were.

As for the mines which are anchored always the same distance above the bottom of the sea, we were counting on the extra high tide to take us over

(these. At least Jones had figured that it would.

There is no moon. We dash along full speed ahead, for we must run in, accomplish our task and run out again before that tide ebbs enough to make it next to impossible for even our light draft craft to escape because of the anchored mines coming to the surface.

The men in each crew have been carefully selected. They are all in the best physical condition, good swimmers, and the Brass Hats (officers) have even made certain that none of them has a cold. A sneeze or a cough might betray us. Despite this, the damp, chilly night air makes one of the men in our boat sneeze suddenly. It sounds to us like the crash of a mine. I don't see why it didn't take the top of the fellow's head off. Our finely made motors, of course, were muffled until you could not distinguish their purr ten feet away.

"A thousand yards or so and we'll be across the fields," says the Brass Hat in our boat. He has it figured down pretty fine. Now we are skimming over a bar, where a heavier boat could not go.

Discover Enemy Destroyers.

We strain our eyes ahead to catch the white gleam of the wake of our leading craft and stare behind to make out the white bow wave of the one following us. It is the only way we can keep ourselves in line.

Presently I pick up out of the blackness of the night a patch of something that is even blacker. A ripple runs down my spine. The great moment has arrived. This is not like chasing a submarine which is trying to hide and which you can almost run circles around. It is more like six mosquitoes tackling a band of giants. If ever they can hit us a slap we will be crushed to jelly.

I point out the black patch to the Brass Hat. He strains through his night glasses, then hands them to me. "Destroyer!" he says.

The term is well applied, and I realize for the first time what destructive power one of these sleek sea fighters has. She is running without lights.

We wonder in whispers whether the other craft have sighted her. There is no way for us to signal them. The man standing at the wheel throws her over a little to starboard, following the white wake of the boat ahead of us.

"They see her," says the Brass Hat next. "They're circling in."

A glance astern shows us that our followers have observed the change in our course. I do not know how far we are from that destroyer. In the dark she looms so big that it seems we must be going to graze her.

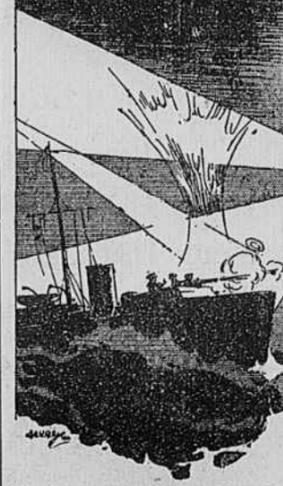
There is a lurid stab of red in the darkness ahead—a menacing roar—the small of battle is in our nostrils. The leader's three incher has barked. Ours barks at almost the same time. Ours has bitten, for we can see the flash of the explosion as the shells fall on board the destroyer. That is better luck than we had looked for.

The Searchlights Scour the Sea.

The flashes have shown us other craft—destroyers, patrol boats and gunboats. No hope of concealment now. We wait just long enough between shots to make it hard for the Germans to locate us from the flash of the guns. Our engines, with the mufflers open to give us all possible speed, are roaring almost as loudly as the cannon it seems.

The Boches must be confused. They haven't fired on us yet. Searchlights are darting everywhere across the water and in the sky. Their one object is to find and destroy us, but they can't figure out what to look for. They of course think we have come in through the channel, and their powerful rays sweep the entrance to the harbor and the waters just inside, while others play over the surface from whence we fired our first shots. They don't expect craft of our size to attempt such a daring raid.

How much damage we have done we do not know, but we cease firing.



The Gunner Fires into the Source of the Light.

and double back, waiting until we are out of the zone from which we started to fight.

A NERVOUS WRECK

From Three Years' Suffering. Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Texas City, Tex.—In an interesting statement, Mrs. G. H. Schill, of this town, says: "For three years I suffered untold agony with my head. I was unable to do any of my work.

I just wanted to sleep all the time, for that was the only ease I could get, when I was asleep. I became a nervous wreck just from the awful suffering with my head.

I was so nervous that the least noise would make me jump out of my bed. I had no energy, and was unable to do anything. My son, a young boy, had to do all my household duties.

I was not able to do anything until I took Cardui. I took three bottles in all, and it surely cured me of those awful headaches. That has been three years ago, and I know the cure is permanent, for I have never had any headache since taking Cardui.

Nothing relieved me until I took Cardui. It did wonders for me."

Try Cardui for your troubles—made from medicinal ingredients recommended in medical books as being of benefit in female troubles, and 40 years of use has proven that the books are right. Begin taking Cardui today. NC-134

ever thought of the little motor launch, judging by the way they handle the searchlights. Probably they think some new engine of warfare is attacking them, like the tanks which so surprised them in the trenches one fine day.

Umph! Suddenly I am blinded. I think for a hundredth of a second that I am shot, and my head is splitting. It is a searchlight, the rays fall and square in my eyes. The gunner fires into the source of the light. It seems to be coming from a gunboat. If he hits her he will be lucky, for it is impossible for us to see anything.

We can hear the "woomph-woomph" of shells dropping into the water around us. We have made up our minds that it is all over, but two of the other boats, not being blinded by the searchlights, turn their fire on our tormentor. If the Germans hold on us we are gone, but they seem to be in a frenzy, and while they sweep round, trying to pick up the other craft, we change our course, and they do not seem able to find us again. They fire on every stick of driftage and spar that darkens the surface of the illuminated water.

Out Over the Dangers of the Mines.

When the rising sun began to streak the sky we were safe. Way off to port lay the monitor we had passed the night before, and the Brass Hat, in command of the expedition, signaled us to run over to her and take account.

The monitor was one of a type much in evidence during the first years of the war, mounting heavy guns forward in an armored turret. The guns were made in America, and most of the monitors were named after American generals.

They were used on work that took them constantly into the mine fields, and for that reason they must have special protection against mines and torpedoes. Just how this is accomplished I do not feel at liberty to tell, but because of it an amusing incident occurred. The first motor launch was running at rather low speed in toward the monitor, so as to come alongside. All of a sudden we saw her sort of climb out of the water, bow first, heel over and lie there as though she had run up on a bar.

A couple of "mattoes" (sailors) on the deck of the monitor began swearing at the crew, and every man in the M. L. was thrown off his feet by the shock which stopped the boat. The swearing was not confined to the monitor's men. The M. L. had run high and dry on to the shelf which forms a part of the more or less intricate protection against torpedoes and mines that modern monitors carry. They had to use a crane to get her off.

Well, we had roll call and found only one man slightly hurt. A bit of shell had struck him in the shoulder. A piece the size of a man's palm was imbedded in the side of one of the M. L.'s. We had got off mighty lucky.

I might say here that later six other boats made the experiment again, and only one got back to England, so it isn't such a soft assignment. In that single craft were all the men from the five launches who had survived the hell they ran into. And there was plenty of room, for those who had been lost were many.

Under orders the survivors of that raid refrained from telling what actually happened, but in general it is true that the Germans must have realized what occurred on the first expedition, and they were ready. The element of surprise, which saved us all from going to kingdom come, was absent.

The officer in command of the one which was not destroyed cruised around in the glare of the searchlights until he had gathered in every living thing that still struggled in the water—a man's job in that searching glare of light and hail of shells.

The Hero.

"The sky was red over his head," said one of the men he picked up, "because of the vast number of illuminating bombs and rockets the Huns were using, besides the searchlights and the shells that were bursting. There was light enough to take a moving picture of the scene.

"Any human being would have run, but that chap's a devil or a god. He shouted orders to his men as though he were at maneuvers and flashed us out of the water with a boat hook as coolly as if he were merely picking up a buoy and couldn't understand what all the racket was about.

"After he got me on board I saw him fall with the blood spurting from his leg. He grabbed a bit of rope, made a tourniquet himself, using the barrel of his revolver to twist it tight, and directed the work until he had all of us on board.

"How we ever penetrated that barrier of fire and lead and steel I don't know, but we came through and limped into port under our own power."

As I say, was not on this expedition, and what few details other than those I heard I am not at liberty to tell.

Well, to go back to the monitor. We all went aboard and were given breakfast. In the ward room one of the officers told us some interesting things about her work.

"These tubs," he explained, referring to the monitors, "are not armored. We carry heavy guns forward, and the barrette is the only part of the craft that is protected by armor plate.

"All along the coast we have buoys anchored to mark fire positions. We cruise along, pick up one of the buoys and let go a few shells. Of course we know the range and where the German forts and batteries are, although we can't see them. Sometimes we have hydroplanes observing for us, so that we can tell whether we're on the target, but we have been doing it so long and we have the coast so well plotted and the buoys so carefully planted that it's mostly a matter of mathematics.

"It's all very impersonal. We drop a few shells into a harbor or fort, then move on to a new position and drop a few more.

"The Germans don't seem to have any planes along the coast here, and they aren't able to reply with any accuracy whatever, for they can't see us, as we always pick a day with a slight mist or haze or operate at night.

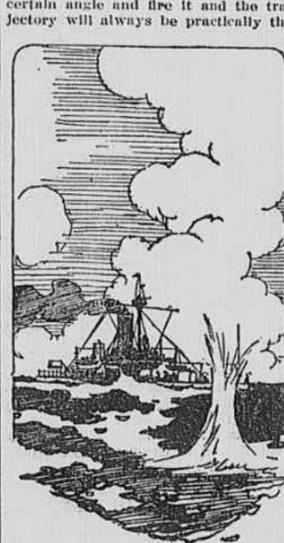
"But the other day we dropped down the coast for a little party, when all of a sudden, after our mast shot a shell plumped into the water just beyond us. We let go another, and the second German shell fell just a little short. Both were in line.

"We thought it was luck, so we moved to a new position. The same thing happened, only this time one shell came on board and did some damage and hurt some of our crew. Of course we thought the Huns must have some planes up giving the batteries our range, but we couldn't spot one anywhere. This sort of thing kept up all morning until it became positively uncanny. The day was heavy with fog, making aerial observation difficult.

How the Germans Got the Range.

"Then an officer who had been an observer in the Russo-Japanese war explained it. The Japanese had used a system at Port Arthur to locate some hidden Russian batteries that his chap said the Germans must be employing, and I guess he was right. In fact, we know now that he was. How we confirmed our original opinion I cannot tell.

"Every one familiar with the principles of artillery fire knows that a shell does not travel in a straight line. It travels in a curve called the trajectory. Elevate a gun of a given caliber to a certain angle and fire it and the trajectory will always be practically the



After Our First Shot a Shell Plumped Into the Water Just Beyond Us.

same. The curve varies constantly, becoming steeper as the velocity of the shell decreases and it begins to be affected more and more by gravity.

The Mathematics of It.

"Now, what the Germans had done was this. They erected a series of gauze screens—at least three—between us and a battery which we were accustomed to shell. To hit the target our shells must pass through these screens. Electrical timing devices indicated the length of time the projectile required to travel between the screens, and of course the distance was already known.

"This gave the Germans the velocity of the shell when it reached the screen. The holes it made in the screens gave them three or more points in the curve. This enabled them to plot a section of the curve. They could tell from the explosion the size of the shell approximately. This would enable them to know the velocity with which the shell would leave the gun.

"With these elements—a section of the trajectory, the velocity of the shell when it reached the screens and a knowledge of the initial velocity of a certain sized shell—they had more than enough data to figure out exactly where the projectile came from.

"In fact, they could check themselves on it, because they could plot the whole curve from the section they had with their knowledge of the velocity, and they could figure the straight distance from the velocity of the shell when it reached the screens and the velocity they knew it must have when it left the muzzle of the cannon on board the monitor.

"The best proof that the system worked was the fact that, no matter where we moved to, their shots straddled us, and besides the one which came on board us one of our other ships got a shell in the boiler room."

Well, somebody's always taking the joy out of life, as we say in America. After mess we left the monitor, the little damage which had been done the M. L. that ran up on the shelf having been repaired. Before we went down over the rim of the horizon we saw our friend the monitor steaming as fast as she could go toward some vessels flying the Dutch flag.

"D—! all neutrals anyway," said the Brass Hat. He didn't mean that there was anything particularly rep-

rebeatable in being neutral, but if there were no neutrals we'd always know who to fire on and who not to. The trouble is that a lot of ships are cruising around under neutral flags and scattering mines in their wake.

"We're always nervous when we're in water's neutral has just traversed. Down at Dover—But I'm getting ahead of myself. I will tell about what happened at Dover in my next article.

The fourth and concluding article of this series will appear soon. It is entitled

No. 4.—The Dangers of Dover.

Aeroplane board the barracks and town. German submarines laying mines in the harbor channel. What happened on a destroyer the day after I had dinner on her with the officers when later I saw crushed and torn to death.

DRAFT SYSTEM HAS BEEN MATERIALLY CHANGED.

Washington—The provost marshal, General Crowder, has solved the problem of getting registered men without cause for exemption first in the army and calling last those with dependents or industrial need for them at home.

All the men in the second draft will be divided into five classes.

Those in the first class will be called dependents or industrial demand for them at home.

Those in the fifth class will be called dependents and others who could not serve under any circumstances.

In the second third and fourth class will be those who are needed at home or in the trenches in varying degrees. The second class will not be called until the first class is exhausted; the third class will not be called until the second class is exhausted, etc.

This will not only simplify the draft machinery but meet the objections of farmers and munition workers.

Provost Marshal Crowder announced today with the completion of the draft of the first army of 687,000 men a new system will be installed for the creation of succeeding armies which will greatly lessen the labors of the local and district boards. So far has this been accomplished that it is believed that under the new system 80 per cent of the work will be eliminated while the forms to be used will not exceed twenty in number as compared with approximately 182 forms which the present system requires.

"Along with the reduction of labor," says General Crowder's statement, there will be provided a system which will classify each one of the millions of men who have not yet been given his place in the national scheme of defense.

"To do this it has been determined to obtain from each man complete information of a character which will definitely fix his economic worth as compared with his fellow registrant, and from the information thus obtained, to place him in one of the five classes, each to be called in turn as these arise.

To Collect Data From Registrants.

"The method of obtaining this information is through a 'questionnaire,' a series of questions calculated to produce the information required. This document will be mailed to every registrant not yet in the service on a date to be fixed, seven days being given to each registrant to complete and return the same. Every opportunity will be offered to each man to complete his questionnaire fully and without error.

"The local board will then examine each questionnaire and assign each registrant to one of the five classes.

"These classes will be based upon every conceivable condition, from the family or occupation standpoint that should properly be advanced from military duty. Class I will be the first called for physical examination and when it is exhausted if the national needs are such as to make it necessary class 2 will follow, and thus each man registered will ultimately take his place if needed.

"Every opportunity for appeal from such classification by the local board has been retained and perfected, but proceedings have been greatly simplified.

Foundation of New System.

"The tedious work of local boards has been practically eliminated by the production of form known as No. 1000, which will be the foundation stone of the new system. Through its use all the laborious work of making and posting lists has been eliminated. All of the old dotted sheets and records will be made unnecessary and by the arrangements of its columns the work of the local board will be reduced to a minimum.

"On this new form the complete history of each man's case will appear at a glance, beginning with his order number and ending with his induction into a military camp, while at the close of each ray's work the local board is enabled to complete in a few minutes with a rubber stamp what has hitherto taken hours to complete. The system is such that it will present each case almost automatically to the local board.

"The completion of the new system will solve the problem which has confronted the provost-marshal general and caused much concern.

"One of the most serious of these has been keeping together the great organization of the local and district boards, which from a numerical viewpoint is of the strength of an army division. Any of these officials have been clamoring for relief on account of the drain on their time, and the new system will make it easily possible for them to continue their duties, for which they have proven themselves eminently fitted.

"Another problem solved was the question of expediency of continuing the examination of the entire registry, thus fixing each man's status. This would have evolved a medical examination of the man, whose physical condition might change from day to day, thus making this great undertaking valueless.

"I'll Show You How Corns Peel Off!"



Ever Peel a Banana Skin? That's It!

"I should worry about those corns—I just put some 'Geta-It' on." Corns used to bother the world's slickest toes, tinkering with plasters.

"Geta-It" Puts Your Feet in Clover—It Ends Corns Quickly.

and tape, trying to fix a corn so it wouldn't hurt. But now no one in the world "dreads" a corn or callus. The moment you put "Geta-It" on, it means the end of a corn.

Get a bottle of "Geta-It" today from any drug store, you need pay no more than 25c, or sent on request of price by Dr. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Worth Their Weight in Gold.

No man can do his best when suffering from backache, rheumatic pains, swollen joints or sore muscles. B. H. Stone, 840 N. 2nd St., Reading, Pa., writes: "For months I was unable to attend to business. I used Foley Kidney Pills and soon the pains and aches were gone. They are worth their weight in gold to me." Sold everywhere.

TWO FARMS THAT ARE GOOD PROPOSITIONS.

No. 1.—14 acres, seven room cottage in nice little mountain farm. Some level land, all productive.

No. 2.—A nice little home near station of 3 acres, new house, for only \$1600.

These farms are less than ten miles from town, and are offered at very reasonable prices for quick sale. Particulars, etc., given on request. J. A. Leslie, Tazewell, Va.

162 Acres, \$12,500.00 MARYLAND FARM FOR SALE.

Having located at Washington, D. C. I will sell my farm located in Howard County, Maryland, twenty two miles from Washington, and twenty miles from Baltimore, Md. One mile from State Pike leading from Washington to Baltimore, also one mile from Village stores, churches, and high school, and fronting on two good public roads, ten miles from electric line leading to Baltimore, this farm contains 162 acres most all cleared and in a very high state of cultivation, high level and slightly rolling, not any waste land or brush, splendidly watered, and has fruit for family use. The improvements consist of an eleven room stone dwelling, situated in a large lawn with beautiful grove, also one of the best barns in this section, extra large, also other outbuildings necessary, all buildings are in good condition, water in house and at barn by run from fine spring, this is considered a very fine farm and has made as high as 42 bushels of wheat per acre, and 70 bushels corn, very fine grass farm, it is in one of the best sections of Howard County, if not the best in the state. Will take a reasonable cash payment and give terms. If you are interested in a good and well located farm it will pay you to look this one over. Will meet you at the Union Station any day and go and show you over the farm.

H. L. AKERS, 517 4th Street, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sour Stomach.

Eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, abstain from meat for a few days and in most cases the sour stomach will disappear. If it does not, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. Red meats are most likely to cause sour stomach, and you may find it best to cut them out.

GIRLS! LEMON JUICE IS SKIN WHITENER.

How to Make a Creamy Beauty Lotion for a Few Cents.

The juice of two lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quartier pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one man pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a no. 10 cloth, and wash the fresh in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, wrinkle and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white a any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quartier point of his sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the neck, face, arms and the hands.

MARBLE AND GRANITE.

can both be had from the Mountain City Marble Company, of Mountain City, Tenn., at quite reasonable prices.

We handle first-class marble material and our designer is an expert in his line, therefore, we guarantee both work and material to be number one. Satisfied customers at reasonable prices is our motto, and if you should doubt this just give us a trial and we will convince you. We also handle IRON FENCING. If you are in need of anything in this line just drop me a card and I will be at your service. Let me at least give you prices and show you designs before you buy. J. NEWTON RHODY, TAZEWELL, VA. Agent for Mountain City Marble Co.

MILITARY SALUTE'S ORIGIN.

(From London Chronicle.) The military salute, which some of our sailors and soldiers are occasionally accused of omitting, had a curious origin, if tradition is to be believed. It is said that it originated in the days of the tournament, at which a Queen of Beauty was chosen to preside. The knights and their squires and all who took part in the tournament presented themselves before the Queen, lifted each one a hand level with the brows as though dazzled by the light of her presence.

A nicely thought out compliment this, and though significant, is now forgotten, the natural dignity of the gesture has preserved it as an everyday mark of recognition of a superior in rank.

Extravagance rots character; train youth away from it. On the other hand, the habit of saving money, while it stiffens the will, also brightens the energies. If you would be sure that you are beginning right, begin to save. —Theodore Roosevelt.

CROUP.

If your children are subject to the cough get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and when the attack comes on be careful to follow the plain, printed directions. You will be surprised at the quick relief which it affords.

FOR SALE: A number of well located farms in Harford county, Maryland; also a creamery and two or three good business stands; good roads, good schools, transportation facilities fine. One of the best cream-raising sections in the United States. H. A. WHITAKER, Attorney at Law, Bel Air, Md. Sept. 21-6.

Norfolk & Western R.R.

DAILY. Schedule Effective Nov. 22, 1914.

Lv. Tazewell for Norton— 3:04 p. m. Lv. Tazewell for Bluefield— 10:42 a. m. 6:42 p. m. From Bluefield, Eastbound: 9:16 a. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk and points on Shenandoah division Pullman sleeper and cafe car to Roanoke, Pullman to Norfolk, Park car Roanoke and Richmond, and Roanoke and Hagerstown, Sleeper Hagerstown and New York.

6:45 a. m. daily for East Radford, Lynchburg and intermediate stations. 2:25 p. m. daily Roanoke, Lynchburg and intermediate stations and the Shenandoah Valley, Pullman sleeper daily to Williamsport, Roanoke and New York. Dining car.

9:15 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk; Pullman sleeper to Norfolk and Roanoke to Richmond.

WESTBOUND. 3:30 p. m. for Kenova, Portsmouth, Columbus, St. Louis, and the West. Pullman sleeper Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago. Cafe car to Williamsport. 8:10 a. m. for Kenova, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Columbus, West, Norfolk, Va.; Pullman sleeper to Columbus, Cafe car.

11:30 a. m. for Williamson and intermediate stations. 1:25 p. m. for Rich and intermediate stations, Pullman sleeper and 7:42 p. m. for Gary.

Write for rates, maps, timetables, descriptive pamphlets, to any station agent or to W. B. Bevil, Passenger Traffic Manager, W. C. Saunders, General Passenger Agent, Kenova, Va.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN

Cincinnati authority tells how to dry up a corn or callus so it lifts off with fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that newly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezezone cost very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin. If your druggist hasn't any freezezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

Nice 8 room house and large lot for sale at North Tazewell. For particulars write, F. H. FORBES, North Tazewell