

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Easily Quieted.

"This socialist brother doesn't seem able to get America's 'blood-soaked traffic with Europe' out of his mind."

"I know an easy way to cure him of that."

"How?"

"Give him a few shares of stock in a manition concern."

WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC! LIFT OUT ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.



Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness. A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it Freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of Freezone, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off.

Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't Freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Seeking a Publisher.

"Is Scribison still engaged in the pursuit of literature?"

"No. Scribison thinks he has ground out enough literature to make him famous, and he is now engaged in the pursuit of editors."

Keep Young

Just as well be young at seventy as old at fifty.

Many people past middle age suffer lame, bent, aching backs, and distressing urinary disorders, when a little help for the kidneys would fix it all up. Don't wait for gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease to get a start. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands, young and old. They are the most widely used remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys in the whole world.

As soon as the armor was fully melted, they gave the word. The workmen poured the metal into a mold that stood ready, and instantly the laughter ceased, to be replaced by bitter cries of remonstrance, rage and menaces.

Then came whimpers for mercy; and the next moment, as the metal chilled, a scream of intolerance, utter agony. That was the last sound from the wicked mass—for the wise men had cast it into a cross. The curse had been banned.

For many a generation the cross did faithful service at a wayside shrine, until its story was forgotten. A new generation wanted a bell for a convent in Madrid, and the bell-founders took down the cross and melted it into a beautiful bell. On the very first night after it was hung, Madrid was startled from sleep by such a din from the belfry that everybody rushed out, thinking that the authorities were ringing alarm to arouse the citizens.

They found the belfry door locked. The priests brought the key and opened it boldly. Nobody was there; but the bell-ropes were lashing to and fro, and the bell above sent out its peals, not ceasing until cock-crow.

Night after night this continued, while the churchmen and scholars held council. They traced the history of the cross from which the bell had been made, and ordered that it be lowered to the ground. After a solemn trial they ordered that its tongue be torn

out, and that it be banished to Mexico. The maimed bell was carried to the coast amid the insults and curses of the people, and when the great silver flota sailed to the Spanish Main that year, one of the galleons took the bell and carried it to Vera Cruz, where it lay for many years, properly leaved and loathed by all.

Again years passed, and again men forgot the tale. After a century, a new viceroy asked why so beautiful a bell was not used, and directed that it be set in the clock tower of the palace. As it had no tongue, the workmen, luckily for the peace of Vera Cruz, put it solidly into place and adjusted a hammer that struck the bell from the outside. This hammer, being made from perfectly honest Mexican metal, had no curse on it and as a natural consequence the bell remained perfectly sedate and never alarmed Vera Cruz by striking anything but the hours.

It would, no doubt, be there yet, had the French soldiers not arrived. They took it down and melted it, intending to cast it into a cannon.

Then the curse made itself manifest again, for the last time so far as anybody knows. The iron refused to run. It "turned sour" as is testified by voracious chondrioles who saw it. And it chilled suddenly into a monstrous shape that was so assuredly not of this earth that even the fearless soldados of Napoleon were frightened. Hurriedly they took the gruesome thing away and cast it out, beyond the city.

There it lies to this day and every good man must pray that it never shall be found again.

This tale has served as foundation for prose and verse stories by such authors as Don Louis Gonzales Obregon, Juan de Dios Peza and Angel R. de Arellano.

MORE AMERICANS GO TO SEA

The Number Has Increased Two and One-Half Times Since Start of War.

That the United States will be well supplied with native sailors in the event of war with any other country is the statement made by Dr. George S. Webster, secretary to the American Seamen's Friend society of New York, an exchange says. Doctor Webster says that the European war is responsible for many thousand Americans becoming sailors. He states that his society within the last half year has added more than 100,000 American sailors.

Doctor Webster says that there are approximately two and a half times as many American sailors now shipping for foreign ports as at any time previous to the war. He attributes this increase partly to the increased wage being given seamen and partly to the improved conditions under which they are working.

In announcing the six months' report of the society, Doctor Webster says: "The past three years have marked an almost unbelievable increase in the number of Americans who are shipping as sailors from our own ports. At our sailors' home on the North river water front the men we have previously cared for were almost entirely British, Swedish and German. If an American-born sailor should have mingled in with this company, he would have been more or less conspicuous.

"Today we frequently lodge American sailors, and they are practically all men who have not seen service in the merchant marine prior to the outbreak of the war. It is a very fair estimate to say that fully two and a half times as many Americans are now seafaring men as prior to the war. We can no longer say that the American is a 'landlubber.'

"We venture to predict at the American Seamen's Friend society that the proportion of American-born sailors to those of other nationalities will immensely increase after the war. In case there is a slight lapse in industrial activity, the seafaring life will doubtless be an attraction to many who have not heretofore considered its desirability."

Whittling Judge of Alabama. "I have heard of 'whittlers' and have seen a few in my day, but the most consistent 'whittler' within the range of my memory was Judge Samuel Henry Sprout of Tuscaloosa, whose whittling proclivities while on the bench made him known throughout Alabama," said John W. Altman. "He also was known widely for his great knowledge of law and the administering of it. I will remember that whenever and wherever Judge Sprout was holding court, always there would be two or three long, clear strips of white pine resting on the desk beside him, and when he started on a case he also would start whittling. The more interested he became in the arguments of the lawyers the faster he would whittle. It was very interesting to watch him wield the knife, and whittling appeared to be almost second nature to him."—Birmingham Ledger.

Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

The Accursed Bell of Vera Cruz

By J. W. MULLER

Copyright by J. W. Muller

Copyright by J. W. Muller

Troubled Mexico's story-tellers love the story of the accursed bell and tell it in many versions and with innumerable additions and fanciful changes. It is one of their stories that are derived from Spanish sources and some of its forms have a distinct Moorish atmosphere.

Somewhere in Vera Cruz, or near it, there is a mass of old iron that will be well to leave untouched if anybody should be so unfortunate as to find it. It has made trouble for Spanish authorities and the church, and the last people to have unprofitable dealings with it were the French soldiers when they occupied Mexico.

They tried to cast the piece of iron into a cannon, and they did not like the result. Indeed, brave soldados though they were, they liked the result so little that they made haste to get rid of it. This is why nobody knows today where it is.

The story of this iron goes back to old Spain in the days of chivalry. One day in that period a band of outlaws and robbers sacked a castle near Madrid. As they were feasting in its great vaulted banquet hall at dusk, a suit of armor that had been hanging on the wall suddenly got down and stalked into their circle, empty as it was.

Most of the band immediately ran away, urged by commendable prudence. Some, however, were drunk enough to possess a boldness which would not have been theirs in a chaste state of sobriety. Several among them even addressed the armor politely, begging it to be seated.

There was a dissolute nobleman among them, more intelligent than the rest. He suspected at once that this was a certain famous armor that had been forged by the devil himself. Tempted by the thought, this degraded cavalier, by name Don Gil de Marcadante, bowed low to the armor and offered to sell his soul for the possession of it.

Evidently the offer was accepted at once, for Don Gil had no trouble whatsoever about getting into the suit of mail. Indeed, it seemed to his companions that the armor adjusted itself to the cavalier's person with a celerity that looked suspiciously as if invisible hands were extending excellent assistance.

Incensed in the satanic armor, Don Gil became the scourge of the country. It turned swords and axes, and it seemed that none could overcome the man. At last, however, a wise priest counseled the police, and they caught the robber in a noose of rope previously blessed by the church. Tying him up with painful care, they bore him to Madrid.

There they put him into a strong cell high up in a tall tower. Unfortunately they released him from the rope before they locked him up. That was the last that any human eye ever saw of Don Gil de Marcadante. When the jailers entered his cell next morning, they found the empty armor sitting calmly on the bench, with its arms folded.

Madrid's most learned men were called together hastily and they fell on a clever stratagem for outwitting the devil. Under their orders the armor was seized by bold workmen and carried to a smelting furnace.

A wild laugh of diabolic mockery came from the accursed thing as it was tossed in. The hotter it grew, the more did the laughter increase until finally, when the mass was red and fluid, the jeering and merriment were so clamorous that all Madrid resounded with it.

The learned men, however, smiled grimly. They were preparing a tid-bit for the devil that was to make laughter choke in his demonic gullet.

As soon as the armor was fully melted, they gave the word. The workmen poured the metal into a mold that stood ready, and instantly the laughter ceased, to be replaced by bitter cries of remonstrance, rage and menaces.

Then came whimpers for mercy; and the next moment, as the metal chilled, a scream of intolerance, utter agony. That was the last sound from the wicked mass—for the wise men had cast it into a cross. The curse had been banned.

For many a generation the cross did faithful service at a wayside shrine, until its story was forgotten. A new generation wanted a bell for a convent in Madrid, and the bell-founders took down the cross and melted it into a beautiful bell. On the very first night after it was hung, Madrid was startled from sleep by such a din from the belfry that everybody rushed out, thinking that the authorities were ringing alarm to arouse the citizens.

They found the belfry door locked. The priests brought the key and opened it boldly. Nobody was there; but the bell-ropes were lashing to and fro, and the bell above sent out its peals, not ceasing until cock-crow.

Night after night this continued, while the churchmen and scholars held council. They traced the history of the cross from which the bell had been made, and ordered that it be lowered to the ground. After a solemn trial they ordered that its tongue be torn

out, and that it be banished to Mexico. The maimed bell was carried to the coast amid the insults and curses of the people, and when the great silver flota sailed to the Spanish Main that year, one of the galleons took the bell and carried it to Vera Cruz, where it lay for many years, properly leaved and loathed by all.

Again years passed, and again men forgot the tale. After a century, a new viceroy asked why so beautiful a bell was not used, and directed that it be set in the clock tower of the palace. As it had no tongue, the workmen, luckily for the peace of Vera Cruz, put it solidly into place and adjusted a hammer that struck the bell from the outside. This hammer, being made from perfectly honest Mexican metal, had no curse on it and as a natural consequence the bell remained perfectly sedate and never alarmed Vera Cruz by striking anything but the hours.

It would, no doubt, be there yet, had the French soldiers not arrived. They took it down and melted it, intending to cast it into a cannon.

Then the curse made itself manifest again, for the last time so far as anybody knows. The iron refused to run. It "turned sour" as is testified by voracious chondrioles who saw it. And it chilled suddenly into a monstrous shape that was so assuredly not of this earth that even the fearless soldados of Napoleon were frightened. Hurriedly they took the gruesome thing away and cast it out, beyond the city.

There it lies to this day and every good man must pray that it never shall be found again.

This tale has served as foundation for prose and verse stories by such authors as Don Louis Gonzales Obregon, Juan de Dios Peza and Angel R. de Arellano.

MORE AMERICANS GO TO SEA

The Number Has Increased Two and One-Half Times Since Start of War.

That the United States will be well supplied with native sailors in the event of war with any other country is the statement made by Dr. George S. Webster, secretary to the American Seamen's Friend society of New York, an exchange says. Doctor Webster says that the European war is responsible for many thousand Americans becoming sailors. He states that his society within the last half year has added more than 100,000 American sailors.

Doctor Webster says that there are approximately two and a half times as many American sailors now shipping for foreign ports as at any time previous to the war. He attributes this increase partly to the increased wage being given seamen and partly to the improved conditions under which they are working.

In announcing the six months' report of the society, Doctor Webster says: "The past three years have marked an almost unbelievable increase in the number of Americans who are shipping as sailors from our own ports. At our sailors' home on the North river water front the men we have previously cared for were almost entirely British, Swedish and German. If an American-born sailor should have mingled in with this company, he would have been more or less conspicuous.

"Today we frequently lodge American sailors, and they are practically all men who have not seen service in the merchant marine prior to the outbreak of the war. It is a very fair estimate to say that fully two and a half times as many Americans are now seafaring men as prior to the war. We can no longer say that the American is a 'landlubber.'

"We venture to predict at the American Seamen's Friend society that the proportion of American-born sailors to those of other nationalities will immensely increase after the war. In case there is a slight lapse in industrial activity, the seafaring life will doubtless be an attraction to many who have not heretofore considered its desirability."

Whittling Judge of Alabama. "I have heard of 'whittlers' and have seen a few in my day, but the most consistent 'whittler' within the range of my memory was Judge Samuel Henry Sprout of Tuscaloosa, whose whittling proclivities while on the bench made him known throughout Alabama," said John W. Altman. "He also was known widely for his great knowledge of law and the administering of it. I will remember that whenever and wherever Judge Sprout was holding court, always there would be two or three long, clear strips of white pine resting on the desk beside him, and when he started on a case he also would start whittling. The more interested he became in the arguments of the lawyers the faster he would whittle. It was very interesting to watch him wield the knife, and whittling appeared to be almost second nature to him."—Birmingham Ledger.

MARDIE'S EFFICIENCY

By JANE OSBORNE.

The sight of one of those collapsible kitchen cabinets always filled Martin with strange, inexpressible longings. There was just enough of the housewifely in his thoroughly masculine make-up to make him feel convinced that, were he a woman, there would be deep content in making biscuits and bread and cake and pies in front of one of those devices, with the neat little rows of spice boxes all ranged most conveniently to hand, where sugar and flour could be measured out in cupfuls and sifted at the simple turn of a lever and where all the dishes that anyone might need for cooking for two were within easy reach. And at the department store that Martin passed every night on his way home from business, there was a whole window full of those tempting, soul-disturbing cabinets, ranging from little oak ones at \$19.74 to white enameled affairs at \$89.00. A woman stood beside him looking longingly at them, too, and as Martin saw her he sighed. If Mardie only liked kitchen cabinets.

After Martin had indulged his dream for housewifely joy in this fashion, dinner at the boarding house, to which he always brought a strong, brave appetite, seemed less sufficient and less satisfying than ever.

That night as Mardie was sitting reading—re-reading, of course—one of Ibsen's plays Martin, as usual, was buried in the evening paper. But his longings pursued him even there. For there, spread over a half page of the evening paper, was an advertisement of those tantalizing kitchen cabinets with cuts almost as tempting as the cabinets themselves and a column of description of all their virtues.

He felt Mardie's eyes on him and, he heard just the suggestion of a sob. "What's the matter? Aren't you happy?" Martin soothed. After Mardie's sobs there had been the tempest of Mardie's tears and then came the soothing of them. "I'm so glad you asked that," Mardie brightened, "because I'm not just exactly happy and I didn't want to have to tell you. I've been making plans—and you are always so busy with that horrid old paper and the stock quotations and the real estate reports—I saw you reading those reports this very minute—that I never get time to tell you. Even if I am a woman," she went on, "there is no reason why I should not be an industrial factor. There is no reason why I should not become efficient; there is no reason why I should be a parasite—" To Martin all this sounded deadly familiar. He had heard it lots of times before and he could endure no more.

"I know," he murmured. "I've heard that dope before."

"But not just this," Mardie persisted. "You see industrial conditions have changed woman's position—"

Martin dropped his head in his hands peevishly. "Oh, don't," he was almost fierce as he spoke. "Don't go into details. What put that sort of thing into your head, anyway?"

"Yesterday I went to a conference of the Woman's College club."

"Lord!" Martin was one of the men who believed that he disliked all college women on principle. "Cut that out. I don't want to hear it."

Mardie's tears were dry. "Well, since you won't listen to explanations," she said with hauteur, "there won't be any. I want to take a course at college. I feel that my education has been neglected. I want to become efficient. I want to—" She was trying to explain again.

"Not with my money you can't take a college course," was Martin's verdict. "You know my prejudice."

"Nobody said anything about your money," snapped the wife. The fact that she had never spoken in that tone before made it all the more cutting, now that it came. "I may be poor, but I'm not a pauper. I've got a few hundred dollars in the bank and I'll use that and ask no questions. I was going to explain—but you wouldn't understand."

This took place one evening in September just when the law classes at the university were forming. And because Mardie was gone from home five or six hours every day, Martin knew that she had kept her threat. If she ever staid at home, the books were always well concealed in the evening and Mardie's conversation betrayed nothing of the subject on which her mind must be dwelling during the hours of the day. One day in May he found a letter on his desk. He opened it. "Department of Household Arts" was the heading on the folded sheet within. "The honor of your company is requested at a luncheon to be given Saturday at one o'clock by the graduating class in household management. The luncheon is to be prepared and served entirely by members of the class."

When he reached the domestic science laboratory at the university five minutes ahead of time, no Mardie was to be seen.

The instructor of the class was there to greet the guests.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Stone. So glad to meet you," she was saying after he had inquired for his wife. "She will be in presently, but she is so capable that she is in charge of the luncheon. That is what delays her in the kitchen. Did she tell you that next year we are going to make room for her as a part-time lecturer? Mr. Stone, you are such a fortunate man to have a wife who is so home-loving."

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Old Looks?

(BY DR. L. H. SMITH)

Persons suffering from too much uric acid in the system frequently look older than they should. They age faster and the appearance of gray hair or bald-head in early years is, indeed, often a sign of uric acid. The face appears lean and haggard, lines and wrinkles appearing in young men or women.

The best way to combat this premature age and the obstruction to the arteries and faulty circulation is of the simplest: Drink copiously of pure water between meals. This will not make you fat, as it is only the water taken with the meals that fattens. Obtain at any drug store a package of Anurie, double strength, which is to be taken before meals, in order to expel the uric acid from the system. The painful effects of backache, lumbago, rheumatism, gout, due to uric acid in the blood should quickly disappear after treatment with Anurie.

HOME FOLKS TESTIFY

Delphos, Ohio.—"I saw an advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Anurie Tablets and sent for a trial package. I had doctored a good deal for ten years. I often took different kinds of medicine for kidney or bladder trouble, but I never got any better. Sometimes I was disturbed 3 or 4 times at night. I had a soreness in my back and an awful weak back, so I wanted to see if the trial package would benefit me. I felt better from the first, so I got a 50-cent box of the tablets and took all of them and never had any more trouble. After that I can say Anurie is just as recommended."—MRS. C. L. CRAMER.

Send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cent for trial package.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearers protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.



W. L. Douglas President of W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Defined. "What are asteroids, pa?" "What they cut out of little children's noses, son."

Good health depends upon good digestion. Safeguard your digestion and you safeguard your health. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills provide the safeguard. A medicine as well as a purgative. Adv.

The "Multicun and Divider." Clara had come home from school hungry and very cross.

"If I had been away all day haying a good time," said her mother, "I should come home in a better humor."

"Having a good time," sniffed Clara, "and teacher fussing with you because you can't tell which is the multicun and which the divider?"

The acetum or vinegar of the Romans was a thin sour wine drunk by soldiers.

If you can't get over a matter, get under it, for that may be the only way of getting around it.

Does Cuticura Ointment—Assisted by Cuticura Soap—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring smear the affected surfaces gently with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. When the skin is clear keep it so by using Cuticura for every-day toilet and nursery purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Good-By. "Say, boss, it's a shame the way I work."

"I agree with you. You're discharged."

Wimple is an old English word for hood or veil.

Nicknaming Royalty. "Edgar?" "Yes, mother—"

"What are you children-a doing?" "Playing royalty."

"Indeed." "Yes. I am a Knight of the Garter."

"I see—"

"And Edwin is Saturday."

"That is an odd name for royalty."

"Oh, it is just a nickname on account of his title."

"What is his title?" "Night of the Bath."

Hardships of Oratory. "Why do you refuse to make any more speeches? Won't your people listen to you?"

"The difficulty is," replied Senator Sorghum, "that they listen too closely. When I tell 'em something new they rush off to have it verified and hold me responsible for the facts."

No Eggs, Milk or Butter

The following recipe shows how an appetizing, wholesome cake can be made without expensive ingredients.

In many other recipes the number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more by using an additional quantity of ROYAL Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

EGGLESS, MILKLESS, BUTTERLESS CAKE

1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cups water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron
3/8 cup shortening

1 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

The old method (fruit cake) called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS—Put the first eight ingredients into saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool, add the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake in moderate oven in loaf pan (round tin with hole in center is best) for 35 or 40 minutes. Ice with white icing.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 125 William Street, New York.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes, adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum No Phosphate No Bitter Taste