Her Daughter and His Son

A Great Married Life Story by
IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

GRACE HALSEY'S CONFESSION.

...e came quickly to my chair, and ...ed my shoulder with a grip that ...
"You won't tell, Ann? You cannot ... Surely, if you did not tell the ...nt you found it, you will not tell ...now. You cannot be so cruel. I ... Ken would never speak to me ...—at least he would never forgive ... I could not look him in the face. ... has always been so kind and gen... to me. He has never let me feel ... I persuaded him to marry me when ... intoxicated."
"And did you?" I asked.
"Oh, what is the use of cavilling?" she ... impatiently. "You know I did. Ken ... really loved me. I am not the kind ... woman men love and marry. They ... and commit crimes for women ... but they never marry us if they ... get us in any other way. I cannot ... Ken or his father about the money. ... would ask me what I did with ... And in the end Ken would probably ... me. I know that his father is just ... for me to do something so Ken ... rid of me decently."
... was beside herself with remorse ... fear. Her grasp on my shoulder ... a mark I carried for days.
... wrenched myself from out of her ... and in turn pressed her into a seat. "Let me the whole story," I demanded. "... you will help me out of it, Ann. ... You are the only friend that ... to. I am utterly, wretched... miserable. Caught like a rat in a trap! ... the whole world in which to enjoy ... and I gave it up for a 'moment' ... Ann, I will not live if ... disgrace comes to me. If you do ... care enough for me, surely you care ... for Mr. Halsey and Ken to keep ... name out of a hot bed of ...
"... and compose yourself, Grace. Un... I know exactly with what you are ... I cannot help to ward off the ... you can! Yes, you can! All ... would have to do would be to destroy that check."
"But Mr. Halsey's account would still be a thousand dollars short, Grace, and the payment of the check could be found on the books of the bank."
"Oh, then we must get the money some way. Can't you borrow it from Mr. Halsey? I thought that you had a large income from your father."
"I haven't any money from my father as yet. I don't even know yet whether my father will acknowledge me."
"But you can tell Mr. Halsey that you need some money. He will let you have any amount, charging it to your father's account whether your father acknowledges you or not. You can make him support you according to his wealth."
"I have already refused any such arrangement, Grace."
"Think, think, surely you can think of something to do," she said despairingly.
"What did you want the money for?" I asked.
"It was a gambling debt," she faltered. "You see, if Ken knew that I, for one moment, stepped into that notorious gambling club which has been opened here lately, I think that he would never live with me again. Truly, I didn't intend to go. It was just an impulse, Ann, and I will never, never do anything like it again. But Mr. Sellers looked at me so queerly when he said, 'Never mind, Mrs. Halsey, your I. O. U. will do,' that I knew that I must not put myself in his power. And so I said, 'I will send you the money tomorrow.'"
"Did you lose the money to Sellers?" I asked.
"No," she answered. "You see, I was out driving, or rather I was just going home from the theatre, and I saw Mr. Sellers standing on the curb as I was about to enter my car.
"I asked him if I could put him down somewhere. He thanked me and got into the car.
"'Where shall it be?' I asked as he closed the door."

Tomorrow—Grace Halsey—Penitent.

BEDTIME STORIES

BY HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LAME DOG

(By Howard R. Garis)

"Do you want anything from the store, Nurse Jane?" asked Uncle Wiggily, the funny rabbit gentleman, of Miss Jane Wuzzy, his muzzled lady housekeeper, one morning.
"Are you going to the store?" she inquired.
"Well, not exactly to the store," Uncle Wiggily made reply. "But I am going to Jack Be Nimble's shop to have my crutch, white and blue-striped crutch, fixed. And as long as I am going there I might as well do a little shopping for you."
"You are very kind," spoke Nurse Jane. "I need some soup bones. Please give me a few. But what is the matter with your crutch?"
"It is my old one," Uncle Wiggily answered. "Some of the red, white and blue barber pole stripes are worn off. I want to use my Sunday crutch for every day, though I'll take it with me while I leave my old one to be painted."
"All right," agreed Nurse Jane. "Then you can get me the soup bones."
So Uncle Wiggily started out from his cozy stump bungalow with two crutches, one old, every day one and his nice new one.
"Hey, Jack Be Nimble fixes my old crutch and paints it, why, I'll have two fine crutches," spoke the bunny rabbit gentleman.
A little while he was at the shop of the little Mother Gooke chap who did some of odd work for the Woodland People.
"Hello, Uncle Wiggily! Glad to see you!" cried Jack, as he jumped over a stump. "Yes, he was that same chap Jack Be Nimble, Jack Be Quick, Jack Jump Over the Candlestick."
He sat down a moment, Uncle Wiggily said the lively little fellow, "and then put fresh paint on your old crutch and fix it like new."
The funny gentleman sat down, and he got out his box of colors. In a little while Uncle Wiggily's every day crutch was as bright and shiny as a stick of peppermint candy.
"This is fine, Jack!" said the bunny rabbit as he paid the nimble chap and thanked him. Then Uncle Wiggily left the soup bones for Nurse Jane.
Uncle Wiggily was hopping along with the soup bones in his pocket, leaning on his newly painted crutch, and with his handkerchief one over his shoulder, when, all of a sudden, as he passed a sassafras bush the bunny heard a sad voice saying:
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"
"That's three bears," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if any of them are the reindeers of Santa Claus? But I'd better be careful! It may be the Fox, the Weasle Wolf or the Black Bear!"
Then when the bunny looked around the corner of the bush he saw only a dog lying in the snow.
"What's the matter, my poor chap?" asked the bunny, for he saw that the dog was good and kind, and also in pain.
"Oh, I am a lame dog," was the answer. "I stepped on a piece of glass, and my foot and I can't walk, hop or run."
"That's too bad," said Uncle Wiggily. "Do you think you could hobble along if you had a crutch?"
"Oh, I have one, but I have none," sadly remarked the dog.
"Well, but I have two," spoke the bunny. "You may hop on one and I'll hop on the other. And when you get to my stump bungalow we'll send for Dr. Possum to cure your sore paw."
"Oh, that will be fine!" said the lame dog. So Uncle Wiggily let him take his best Sunday crutch (the dog being sort of company, you see), and together the two friends skipped along.
The lame dog hooped very well on Uncle Wiggily's nice Sunday crutch, and soon they had reached the hollow stump bungalow. There Nurse Jane gave the dog one of the soup bones, and soon Dr. Possum came to fix the dog's sore foot.
And it's a good thing Uncle Wiggily helped the lame dog, for that night the bad old Fox tried to get in the bunny's bungalow, where the lame dog was staying. But the dog barked so loudly, and growled so fiercely, that the bad Fox was frightened and ran away.
So you see it is sometimes a good thing to have two crutches. And if the foolish doctor forgot his rubbers (as it goes for a saying with the tooth brush, and so catch cold in its tail, I'll tell you next time about Uncle Wiggily and the stick on plaster.

—oo—

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

HAPPINESS

It's all in what we're striving for, all
in what we hope to do.
There isn't any happiness that life can
bring to me or you.
Just watch the ways o' men an' see th'
joys they daily pick an' choose.
You'll see some frown although they win,
an' others smile although they lose.
Some search for joy in hoarded gold,
some find it in a modest way.
But real contentment's of the soul in
spite of what the cynics say.
An' happiness is not the house—the palace
is no happier then
The cottage on the simpler street where
peace awaits the humbler man.
It's all in what we think we need, an'
what we feel we must endure.
That makes us failures here on earth or
stamps our labor with success.
He who can walk the quiet lanes an'
glory in the friendly trees,
Shall know as many happy days as those
who travel over seas.
What difference shall it make at last to
me or you if we can say,
In looking back across the miles, that
happiness has strewn our way?
The joy of life lies in ourselves—the poor
man romping with a child
Is just as rich in happiness as he whose
gold in stacks is piled.

—oo—

Walt Mason

MIDWINTER SORROW

Alas, there's trouble everywhere, according to the daily news, and countless cupboards now are bare of pumpkin pies and oyster stews, and children wail and tear their hair because they haven't any shoes. And we might preach to those who lack the pies that human critters need, reminding them how, some months back, they cut a gorgeous swath, indeed, and how we urged them then to pack in brine the kopeck and the seed. But preaching is an empty graft when human innards medly ache; there always is a mighty raft of sermons when kids call for cake, when poor folks yearn to sit aloft a large and luscious sirloin steak. And so we'll brighten up the lives of those who walk knee deep in woe, and stake the poor gents and their wives from our abundant stack of dough; the Christmas spirit still survives in all of us, we'd have you know. We'll spring our platitudes when next prosperity around is seen, when workingmen are not perplexed by absence of the good long green; a pie is better than a text when meals are few and far between.

(Copyright by George Matthews Adams.)

THE SURE FOUNDATION:—The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever. The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.—Psalm 37: 29 and 31.

Pay ⅓ of a cent for a cup of fine tea, and you get—

The exquisite fragrance, charming taste, invigorating, calm restfulness, and power.

Pay less per pound, but more per cup, and you get a harsh tasting tea with none of these delights.

So why not pay the right price per pound, and enjoy your tea?

Schilling Tea

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

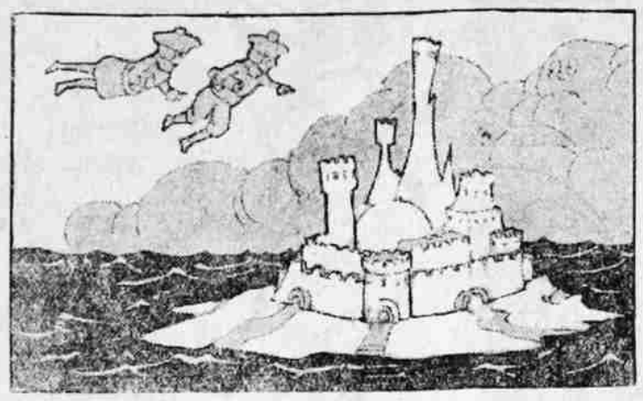
"THE ICEBERG PALACE"

At last the twins were about to escape from the undersea palace of the wicked Jinn. With the aid of their friends, the lobster, the crab and the sea-cucumber they had found their box of charms and the Magic Shoes.

Nick was looking at his wonderful Map which showed him the road to the South Pole, when suddenly the lobster cried, "There comes the Jinn for his supper and lobster and crab scurried away just in time) and the lava turned to rock, which piled higher and higher until it reached the top of the waves and made a very safe little island.

The twins lost no time clambering up and before the Jinn could follow, they had wished themselves far away in their Magic Shoes.

An iceberg had broken away from its moorings in the Arctic Sea and was floating slowly southward. As the twins were



The iceberg beneath had turrets and towers and chimneys and windows exactly like a castle.

I haven't it ready. I didn't know it was so late."

Yes, it was getting dark and the Jinn was sliding down from his ice palace in the North on the Northern Lights.

"Oh," cried Nancy, "what shall we do, Nick? He'll take us prisoners again."

But something happened. Sam swift, the bird messenger, knew where the children were and told the Fairy Queen. What did she do but cause a volcano to appear at that very moment. Up it boiled from the bottom of the ocean, the whizzing, through the air, above. It. Nancy's sharp little eyes spied something—in fact, two somethings on the moving mass.

"Nickie, let's wish ourselves down on the iceberg!" she said. "It looks very interesting."

"All right," agreed Nick, who had noticed something himself. He had seen that the iceberg beneath had turrets and towers and chimneys and windows exactly like a castle.

(Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

Little Benny

I had a grate idear for a invention and wen Puds Simkins came arround I sed, Hay Puds, do you want to go in on a swell invention with me? and he sed, Sure, wat? and I sed, its a invention so wen people wash their teeth it will taist like lemonlade and everybody will be washing their teeth all the time on account of the taist and jest think how meny bottles we can sell, holey smoaks.

Jest plain lemonlade? sed Puds, and I sed, Certeny not you poor fish, its regular tooth stuff with some lemonin jooce squeezed in it.

And I went and got a lemonin out of the ice box and we went up in the bath room and squeezed half of it in the bottle of red stuff pop uses for his teeth, and then we taisted it and it dident taist jest like no I got some sugar and put it in, being a grate improvement, and Puds took the other half of the lemonin home to put in his redder tooth stuff, and arter supper pop went in to clean his teeth and I stood outside the bath room door thinking I mite hear something wich I did, being pop cawffing and saying, wo! of all the blamed confounded taists I ever taisted this the blamedested confoundedest, this tooth wash must of gone crazy.

Not sounding as if he ment it complimentary, and I thaw, Gosh, holey smoaks. And I was jest wondering wether to slide down the bannisters or go down the back stairs wen I herd pop say, Lemonin seeds, by all thats impossible, lemonin seeds. And the bath room door opened quick and pop looked out holding the bottle of red stuff in one hand, saying, So heer you are, are you? Meaning me, and I sed, Wats the matter, pop?

O, youre jest as innocent as a bergler cawt in the act, how dare you try to poison me? sed pop, and I sed, No sir, pop. I did not. I was jest trying to make it taist like lemonlade to test a invention and some of the lemonin seeds must of got in wile I wasent looking.

40 cents worth of tooth wash gone to bigses, tern arround, sed pop. Wich I did, and pop gave me a hearty knock some place, saying, There, my hand must of slipped wile I wasent looking.

Wich I haverd herd wat happened to Puds yet.

—oo—

Uncle Sam, M. D.

Drowning frequently results from skating over thin ice.

In reviving a person who has been submerged in water, the aim is to restore the respiration and stimulate the action of the heart. The first thing to do is to bring the rescued person's body entirely out of water, and remove the mud, water, sand, etc., from the mouth with a handkerchief or the fingers.

Wipe the mouth and nostrils dry, turn the face toward the wind if any is blowing, rip the clothing so as to expose the chest and give it several quick, smarting slaps with the open hand, to try to make the patient gasp.

If the patient does not revive, he should immediately be turned on his face and then raised by the middle and placed across the knee of the rescuer, and his tongue drawn out and held. He should be kept in this position for a short time in order to allow the water to flow out of throat and lungs.

Next lay the patient on his belly, turning his head to one side, pull out the tongue by passing a finger to the back of it, and, if anyone else is present, have him hold it, or, if the rescuer is alone, tie it in this position by passing a cloth around the tongue and under the chin, thence to the back of the neck where it should be tied, and start artificial respiration.

As soon as the patient begins to breathe of his own accord, but not before, the arms and legs should be rubbed toward the heart, to help restore the circulation. The wet clothing should be removed and the patient rubbed dry and wrapped in a dry blanket as soon as possible, but if the rescuer is alone, nothing should be done until respiration has been started.

When the patient can swallow, give him stimulants and hot drinks in small quantities at a time. It may happen that after respiration has been restored the patient may suddenly stop breathing. For this reason the patient should be watched, and, if this occurs, artificial respiration should be resumed immediately.

If necessary artificial respiration should be continued for as long as four hours, or until the rescuer is exhausted.

Sister Mary

When planning a menu with cheese as the central dish there are several things to be kept firmly in mind. Cheese is a concentrated food and bulky food must be added to satisfy hunger and aid digestion. A coarse bread should be used in place of white and a vegetable containing little starch. A salad or fresh fruit lightens the heaviness of the cheese. Tea or coffee and never chocolate should be served with a luncheon or supper in which cheese figures as the main dish.

MENU FOR TOMORROW

BREAKFAST—Cereal, cooked with dates, cream, hot baking powder biscuits, marmalade, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Minced ham on toast with cheese sauce, French endive, baked apple dumplings, tea.

DINNER—Cream of tomato soup, baked fish with stuffing, buttered beets, banana and peanut salad, squash pie, coffee.

MARY'S OWN RECIPES

When dates are cooked with the cereals less sugar should be used with the "sugar and cream." Rolled oats or a bran porridge will keep the balance in the meal since the baking powder biscuits are made of fine white flour. The marmalade furnishes the enlivening touch.

MINCED HAM WITH CHEESE SAUCE

1½ cups chopped ham (cold boiled or fried)
¾ cup flour
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
salt and pepper
¾ cup grated cheese
¼ cup minced pimento
triangles of toast

Cook rice till tender and fluffy. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add salt and pepper and cheese and cook until the cheese is melted. Add pimentoes. The amount of salt will be determined by the saltiness of the ham. Put a layer of ham on the toast, add a layer of rice and pour the sauce over the whole. Serve very hot.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon lard
milk to make a soft dough
four apples

Pare and core apples and cook in a slight syrup until about half cooked. The apples must stay whole. Make a biscuit dough of the first five ingredients and roll about half an inch thick. Cut in squares large enough to wrap an apple in. Put a little butter in the cavity of each apple and wrap in the dough. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, basting with the syrup in which the apples were cooked. Serve warm with sugar and cream.

(Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

Resinol relieves dandruff

Dandruff is one of the most frequent causes of baldness and too much care cannot be exercised in getting rid of it. The Resinol treatment is an easy method. Shampoo with Resinol Soap working the lather well into the roots of the hair. Rinse thoroughly and when wholly dry spread the hair apart and gently rub into the scalp a little Resinol Ointment. If carefully done little Ointment will get on the hair. *Resinol Soap and Ointment at all druggists.*

Dorothy Dix Talks

DON'T ARGUE

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

Have you the arguing habit?

If you have, break yourself of it, for it is as deadly a vice as the hope habit, and just as sure to ruin your happiness for life, and balk you in your struggle to succeed. Nor is the drug fiend any more to be avoided socially than the arguing fiend.

You know the kind of people I mean. They feel that it is their special duty to disagree with everything that is said by anyone else, and to oppose everything that anyone else wants to do. You can't make any statement, however simple, without having to go to the mat with them over it.

If you opine that it is a pleasant day, they find it too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry. If you praise the food at dinner, they find a hundred faults with it. If you voice your admiration of a friend, they tear his or her character to tatters. If you indiscreetly mention that you are going to do a certain thing, they prophesy dire disaster. If you say you are going to a place, they throw a million obstacles in your way.

And if you give in to these arguing hounds, as you often do through sheer exhaustion, they turn right around and take the opposite side of the question. All they want is the pleasure of the row, and the malevolent joy they get out of irritating you, and spoiling all of your pleasure in the thing you like.

For a man or woman to be afflicted with this arguing mania is a fatal handicap in business. No man wishes to do business with a partner whom he will have to fight to a standstill over every proposition that comes up. It takes too much strength and energy that should be given to pushing the enterprise. No employer wants to employe who tries to indulge in a gab-fest over every detail of every order before carrying it out, and then does it under protest and with an air that says as plainly as words: I'll do it because I have to but I know it's wrong and I told you so.

No customer ever goes back the second time to the clerk who forces the thing she doesn't want on her, instead of the thing she desired, and disputes with her over her taste and knowledge of the fitness of things.

I have known plenty of capable business men who could never get on because they argued themselves out of every desirable place they got into. The finest stenographer I have ever known cannot make a living, because she is one eternal, never-ending argument with her boss and those about her, until she gets fired, for the peace of the office. One of the most brilliant actresses of our day is always seeking a job, because she is unendurable in a company. She would argue with Shakespeare over the text of his plays. She argues with the stage manager over the business, and when she gets to heaven she will argue with Saint Peter about the way he keeps the golden gates.

Look about you, and you will never find an arguer who has made a success of life. The people who preach anarchy, and discontent, and rail at the government and society from the tails of carts, and from the cracker boxes around the stoves in country stores, are the arguers who have made failures of their own affairs. They were so busy opposing other people, they had no time to do anything for themselves.

Socially, the arguer is the chief among ten thousand bores, and we would go as far as avoid meeting one, face to face, as we would a leper. One person addicted to disputation, can spoil the jollest party for a score of other people, or turn the most carefully planned dinner into cinders, ashes and dust. For the arguer has an uncanny instinct that makes him or her go for pet enthusiasm, tear your heroes to pieces, and asperse every faith that is sacred and holy to you.

It is in the family circles, however, that the arguer gets in his deadliest work. There let two of these be left together, and warfare rages from the coming up of the sun to the going down thereof, and back again. No subject is too small and insignificant to fight over, and there is no peace, nor rest, nor happiness under that roof.

Such husbands and wives soon come to hate each other. Their children have no respect for them, because, in the heat of the argument they have heard each make horrible accusations against the other, and they themselves become little guerillas who fight first on one side and then on the other, when they are not battling among themselves. If you want a recipe for making marriage a failure just argue. It's all that is necessary.

And to what end is the argument? Do you ever know of anybody who was convinced by an argument, or who changed his or her point of view because of one? Never. The only result of an argument is to bore every listener stiff, and to leave everyone thinking of the arguer with a bitter taste in his or her mouth.

Nobody loves an arguer. They people we like, and whose society we enjoy, are those who are congenial with us, who like the same things we like and hold the same views that we hold.

And what egotism it is to try to force our ideas and ideals on others! How can we be so sure that the mantle of Solomon has fallen upon our shoulders, and that we are wiser than our fellow creatures? How can we presume to know that our way is better than their way?

And even if we do know better, what right have we to deprive another of his individual freedom to live his own life in his own way, and have, and do, the things he desires, without being badgered about them?

The moral of all of which is, that it is the part of policy, of good sense, of kindliness, and fair play, never to argue, and when we do not agree with others, to keep our opinions to ourselves, unless they are asked for. Of course, to ask the arguer to deny himself the pleasure of hearing his own voice, is to ask him to make an heroic sacrifice, but it pays.

The most important thing that any human being ever learns, is when to quit talking.

DANDERINE

Stops Hair Coming Out; Thickens, Beautifies.

A few cents buys "Danderine." After a few applications you cannot find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and abundance.

For Irritated Throats

take a tried and tested remedy—one that acts promptly and effectively and contains no opiates. You get that remedy by asking for

PISO'S

Genuine

BAYER

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Always say "Bayer"

Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound" is Quickest Relief Known

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks any cold right up.

The very first dose opens clogged nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—Insist upon Pape's!

HUNGRY BUT DAREN'T EAT

Take "Pape's Diapepsin" and eat favorite foods without fear

Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.

Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress caused by acidity ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores.—Advertisement.

LOGICAL ADVICE!

Strike at the root of weakness is logical advice to those rundown in vitality.

Scott's Emulsion

nourishes the body, tones the blood and helps build strength.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

ALSO MAKERS OF

KI-MOIDS

(Tablets or Granules)

FOR INDIGESTION

20-4-k

CHEST COLDS

Apply over throat and chest—cover with hot flannel cloth.

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

BETTER THAN WHISKEY FOR COLDS AND FLU

New Elixir, Called Aspironal. Medicated With Latest Scientific Remedies, Used and Endorsed by European and American Army Surgeons to Cut Short a Cold and Prevent Complications.

Every Druggist in U. S. Instructed to Refund Price While You Wait at Counter if Relief Does Not Come Within Two Minutes.

Delightful Taste, Immediate Relief, Quick Warm-Up.

The sensation of the year in the drug trade is Aspironal, the two-minute cold and cough reliever, authoritatively guaranteed by the laboratories; tested, approved and most enthusiastically endorsed by the highest authorities, and proclaimed by the common people as ten times as quick and effective as whiskey, rock and rye, or any other cold and cough remedy they have ever tried.

All drug stores are now supplied with the wonderful new elixir, so all you have to do to get rid of that cold is to step into the nearest drug store, hand the clerk half a dollar for a bottle of Aspironal and tell him to serve you two teaspoonfuls with four teaspoonfuls of water in a glass. With your watch in your hand, take the drink at one swallow and call for your money back in two minutes if you cannot feel your cold fading away like a dream within the time limit. Don't be bashful, for all druggists invite you and expect you to try it. Everybody's doing it.

When your cold or cough is relieved, take the remainder of the bottle home to your wife and babies, for Aspironal is by far the safest and most effective, the easiest to take and the most agreeable cold and cough remedy for infants and children.—Advertisement.

"They WORK while you sleep"

Cascarets

FOR THE BOWELS

Do you feel bilious, constipated, headachy, upset, full of cold? Take one or two Cascarets tonight for your liver and bowels. Wake up with head clear, stomach right, breath sweet and feeling fine. No griping, no inconvenience. Children love Cascarets, too. 10, 25, 50 cents.—Advertisement.

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BLISS NATIVE HERBS

Over 1 Million Tablets Taken Daily. Since 1885 have been a proven herb remedy for CONSTIPATION, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, LIVER and KIDNEY ills. BLISS NATIVE HERBS TABLETS are a great aid in restoring a general healthy condition, bringing back that ruddy glow of youth to the complexion. They act gently but firmly, they tone up the system, create appetite, regulate the BOWELS and assist the KIDNEYS. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE in each box.
A. O. BLISS CO., WASH., D. C.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

The Duffs

It Sounds Like an Alibi

(By Allman)