

ONE-WHIZ.

At every motion of his body or limbs he cried, "Gee-whiz." If he raised his arm or crooked his elbow, or when he got up or sat down or bent over, if he bent his knee or turned his head, he said "Gee-whiz." "Gee-whiz" was his way of expressing astonishment, surprise, or when he had his pick of it. Thousands do as he had done and have hundreds of it. He simply did a very foolish thing. He took off his coat at the wrong time and in the wrong place. The time was when he was overhauled and the place just where a cold draft struck him. He woke in the morning with soreness and stiffness from head to foot. If he had thought him of the right thing to do, as most men do, he would have gotten a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and rubbed it over his body. Use it on going to bed and you'll wake up, open your eyes and say, "Gee-whiz!" the soreness and stiffness are gone.

Floating Up a River.

It was a vexed question in 1890 whether the Piconayo river, which flows for hundreds of miles from the Bolivian Andes to the Paraguay, might be used as a commercial highway from Bolivia to the ocean. Our countryman, Captain Page, settled this question conclusively that no further effort to utilize the Piconayo is likely to be made, and in this work, cost him his life, for he died of his privations after being hemmed in for months by hostile Indians, he devised a plan for steaming up river when the water was so low that his vessel was stuck in the mud. He was determined to go still farther, though his little steamer, which drew only 18 inches, rested on the river bottom, so behind the boat he threw up an embankment of earth clear across the channel, backed it with palm trunks and brushwood, and before long the water had risen a couple of feet, and the little Bolivia was able to go on her way four miles before she stuck again. Then another dam was built, and this process was repeated seven times, and with the aid of the dams the vessel advanced about 35 miles above the highest point she could reach at the natural low water stage.—Harper's Round Table.

ECONOMY IN BUYING SEEDS.

Economy is not paying less money for what you expect to pay. True economy is good management, and about the worst management is that of a farmer who buys cheap seeds and then cuts the value of his crop in half. It is better to buy a little higher than his source, and a crop cannot be any better than its seed. Real economy in buying seeds that bear the stamp of a name is known to be reliable; then the planter is absolutely sure that he gets what he wants and what he pays for. In every part of the country dealers sell the absolutely reliable seeds of J. M. Ferry & Co. of their "Ferry" brand, which have given uniform good results for the last 42 years. Ferry's Illustrated Seed Annual for 1929, containing information that no farmer or gardener can afford to be without, will be sent free to anyone making application to the firm.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," I. Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does bear the facsimile signature of CHAS. H. PLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. PLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1927. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

The amusements offered to the public in the past meetings of the California Jockey Club have been far in excess of their expectations. In view of the fact that its management has the personal attention of its General Secretary, Mr. F. H. Green, who is qualified to satisfy the lovers of equine sport in securing the best-bred running stock to fill the daily programmes and please the visitors at the Ingleside racetrack, which has been so liberally patronized during their past meetings, and will continue for two consecutive weeks, beginning January 24th, till February 5th, inclusive, visitors from the interior should visit these beautiful grounds, which are superior to any in these United States.

My doctor said I would die, but Pina's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Keiner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '06.

MONEY... FOR YOU

If you plant our new Vineliss Bush Yam Potatoes and get on the market 4 weeks before your neighbors, you will be the Largest, Sweetest, and Most Productive known. Postpaid 50c. per pound, by express not paid in advance. For large catalogue of 30 seed over the Union, and a large starting package of new home grown Special which costs only 25c. a pound and a large catalogue of new in the south. Special Prices to Agents who make \$2.00 to \$5.00 A DAY selling this wonderful product.

THE WESTERN NOVELTY SEED CO., BUCKNER, MO.

KLONDIKE SUPPLIES

San Francisco's 30 Outfitting Headquarters.

The Opium Golden Rule Bazaar

Everything needed at lowest prices.

Send for our Outfitting Price Lists

CHILDREN TEETHING. Use WITCHAMLIE. It soothes the child, helps the gums, brings all runny noses and teething troubles to a speedy end. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best.

SEEDS Garden & Flower with a world-wide reputation. Free to all.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SONS, Marblehead, Mass.



THE LIE JOE SAVAGE TOLD.



LD settlers in the southern part of Baylor County, Texas, still make occasional reference to the Savages, or the Savage brothers, as they sometimes call them. This does not refer to the time when the Indians were in the country, although that time is by no means so far distant as to be beyond the memory of living men; nor does it imply anything especially wild and ferocious about the character of the men in question. It merely goes back to the first half of the '80s, when two brothers of that name were among the prominent inhabitants of that sparsely settled district. In some countries events of that period would be considered comparatively modern, but in Western Texas they are ranked as strictly ancient history.

It seems, from a careful survey of the facts in the case, that neither of the brothers was really a bad man at heart, notwithstanding the fact that a great many people who ought to know are strongly inclined to think otherwise. It is certain that one of them is as true a man as ever trod the soil of Texas, or any other State, for that matter. All who knew him agree that the final year of his life, at any rate, was a year of such courage and self-sacrificing heroism as one reads of in books, but seldom looks for in real life. The people of West Texas are not much prone to hero worship, and whenever they agree that a man of their acquaintance is above the average of mortality there is very likely to be some basis for the belief. Judging merely from physical appearance, one would have had little trouble in deciding which of the two men would be more likely to prove of heroic mold. Bill, the younger, was a man of magnificent physique, not unduly large, but with muscles of such herculean strength as perfect air and the free life of a Western cowboy are apt to impart. He was light-complexioned and is said to have possessed a vigorous, manly countenance, such as ought to have made him more successful in his love affairs than he really was. Joe, on the other hand, was as much a picture of weakness and deformity as his brother was of health and strength. He was not only a peaked-faced, slender slip of a man, but he was a cripple as well. When he was 5 years old and Bill was only 3, a cyclone had struck the log house in which the boys and their parents were living, but when the neighbors came to look through the ruins of the cabin they found Joe crouched out in such a manner as to protect his baby brother. A heavy log had fallen across his right foot and right wrist, crushing them both very badly, but Bill was still sleeping in absolute unconsciousness of the existence of any such disturbing affairs as cyclones. As a result of his injuries at the time, Joe was "club-footed" through the whole of his life, and his right forearm had a big knot on it, and a crook that made his right hand turn out when it should have turned in. It is said that Joe was proud of his deformities rather than otherwise, presumably because they had been incurred in the defense of his baby brother, and that Bill was, for the most part, tenderly regardful of the brother who had sacrificed health and almost life for him.

Naturally enough, Bill was the more prosperous of the two. Before he was 30 he owned a considerable "bunch" of cattle, and leased quite a body of land in the eastern part of Baylor County as a ranch. Joe was his line rider, and in that capacity was able to do a great deal of such work as did not require any very great amount of mere muscular strength. Everything worked smoothly with them until May Conley came to live with a married brother of hers who lived only a few miles from the Savage ranch. She was not a highly educated girl, by any means, and it is doubtful if she was more than fairly intelligent; but she was pretty, and she was broke—and that tells the whole story. In this case Joe was the first victim. He met May at one of the big camp meetings that are common in that country in the fall of the year, and after that he was very pronounced in his attentions to her for several months. Then his attentions ceased suddenly and abruptly as they had begun. People noticed this and that time Bill began going to see her.

"Bill took it up just where Joe laid it down," remarked one cowboy to another during one of the intervals in a dance on one occasion.

"Now, that ain't it," responded his friend. "I think Joe laid it down just where Bill took it up."

One day as the two brothers and one or two others were engaged in branding some of Bill's yearlings the subject was brought up.

"Sure enough, Joe, whatever made you quit going to see that Conley gal so sudden?" asked Jim Smith, one of the hangers in a loose way.

"I stopped so's to give Bill a chance," said Joe, with what was evidently a forced attempt at gaiety.

"Shucks!" ejaculated his brother. "You needn't a stopped for that. If I couldn't beat you I'd better quit."

There was just the least bit of contemptuous emphasis on that word "you," and Joe noticed it. A slightly shamed, pained look came over his poor, thin face as he faltered:

"N—well, I didn't keep much for her, no way. I was just a fooler' from the first."

My very deliberate opinion is that this statement was a lie. It is my opinion, furthermore, that in this single, ungrammatical, mispronounced, mutilated lie there was a loftiness of thought and purity of purpose such as an angel in heaven might well aspire to. Bill did not take any such view of the matter, though, for he only looked up and retorted angrily:

"My opinion of anybody that would go foolin' round a woman when he didn't care nothing for her is that he ain't much man."

"He's pretty small potatoes—he shore is," put in Tom Jackson, the fourth man at the branding. Nobody noticed the remark particularly at the time, but subsequent events caused them to think a great deal about it later on.

"I'm surprised at you, Joe," said Bill. The ghost of a forced smile hovered pitiously on Joe's lips for a moment, but he merely rubbed his forehead with the knob on his wrist in the nervous way peculiar to him on such occasions, and said nothing.

Aside from one or two little incidents like this—which are hardly worth counting as exceptions—Bill's courtship was an illustration of the fact that, notwithstanding a certain very evident authority to the contrary, the course of true love does occasionally run smooth—for awhile. In this case it ran smooth down to the very day set for the wedding. The ceremony was to be performed at what was known as Pinn Creek school house, and early in the morning Bill went with a number of his friends to get ready for the festivities. In some countries it might not be considered as a part of the groom's duties to make these preparations, but in Texas it is etiquette for anybody to do anything provided there was not some one else to do it.

The ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock. Perhaps half an hour before that time Joe and his friend Jim Smith were riding through the timber, which always abounds around creek bottoms in Texas, and were much astonished when, at a sudden bend in the trail, they came across the supposed prospective bride. She was on horseback and unaccompanied.

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "Are you lost?"

"Yes," answered May, with a nervous laugh. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. This here creek bottom timber's so thick a wildcat would mighty nigh get lost in it—let alone a woman."

"I should think you and Bill had been to Pinn Creek schoolhouse often enough to know the way by this time?" "Ain't you goin' to Pinn Creek," said May, with a foolish giggle.

"What! Ain't you goin' to get married?" "Yes."

"Well, Bill's at the schoolhouse now, a waitin' for ye."

May tossed her head and then giggled again.

"I ain't waitin' for him none," she said. "I might as well tell you now as any time. I'm goin' to be married to Tom Jackson this morning at Round Timbers. I've lost my way there and I want you to tell me how to go."

At the mention of Jackson's name Joe's face hardened for a moment. He was the man who had helped to break the Bill's part in the quest with his brother. Then Joe began to reason with Mary as to her conduct, but a very few moments sufficed to show him the futility of the attempt. Promptly changing his plans, he gave her a detailed account of the way to Round Timbers.

"Say?" interrupted Jim Smith, who had listened in profound astonishment to the whole conversation, "you're mistaken about—"

"No, I ain't," retorted Joe. "The trail's been changed lately. That's all right, May. Come on, Jim."

"I still think you were mistaken about that trail," said Jim, as the two men rode on together.

"No, I wasn't mistaken," said Joe. "I just lied—that was all. I did it for Bill's sake. If May goes the way I sent her she'll not get to Round Timbers this morning."

After they had ridden a few moments in silence, Joe began again:

"Jim, old fellow, for God's sake don't let on that you've seen or heard nothing this morning. It'll be plenty tough on Bill, anyway."

"I shore won't," said Jim. There was quite a crowd assembled around the door of the little log school house when these two men rode up. The groom was there and so was the preacher; so also were the people. The house was decorated within and without with flowers and leaves and other ornaments more or less appropriate to the occasion. However, there was one ornament generally considered necessary on wedding occasions which was still missing—namely, the bride.

"See anything of May lately?" asked Bill, stepping to the front as the new comers rode up. There was just a trace of anxiety in his voice as he spoke.

"Naw," answered Joe promptly. His face looked perfectly unconcerned as he spoke, but in a very few moments a cloud began to rest upon it. I suspect, though, that instead of grieving over the lie he had told—as of course he should have been—he was merely wondering how he might spare Bill the mortification which a public discovery

of the real facts in regard to May might occasion. He was now sitting with one leg thrown over the horn of his saddle. Suddenly his face lighted up with its old sickly smile, and in a voice that trembled a little in spite of the bravado he tried to throw into it, he began:

"Say, Bill, that was the devil of a lie I told you about May just now. I saw her not over half an hour ago."

"You did, did you? When will she be here?"

"She won't be here at all." Bill's face grew stern and white.

"Why won't she?" he demanded. "Because I directed her in the wrong road. Jim tried to tell her right and I wouldn't let him. Ain't that so, Jim?"

Jim nodded grimly. With faces that now began to grow drawn and anxious, the spectators glanced from one speaker to the other in turn. Bill's face was fairly livid with rage, and his voice trembled with the awfulness of repressed fury as he asked the next question:

"What did you do it for?" The expectant silence that followed was deathlike, but even then Joe's voice was hardly audible as he answered with the same sickly smile hovering about his white lips:

"Because I use'er court her myself and you cut me out!"

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth Bill sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast. With all the force of his mighty arm he struck and the blow descended upon the arm—the crippled, knotted arm—which Joe had interposed to ward it off. Some say it descended upon the very knot itself. He fell from his pony as if he had been shot, and lay for several moments on the turf where he had fallen.

"Which way did you send her?" asked Bill, in the same awful tones he had used before.

"I won't tell," gasped Joe. "Then get off that ground!" Joe meekly obeyed.

"Get on your pony—no, I see it's got away from you. Then saddle up mine yonder and go after May and bring her back to me, sir! Do you hear?"

Joe meekly took the huge Texas saddle in his left hand and carried it to where the pony was grazing, tied by a long rope to a tree. His right arm hung limp by his side. After some ineffectual efforts to throw on the saddle with his left arm he gave up the attempt.

"I can't get the thing on," he said. "Use your right arm, sir!" called his brother.

"I think you've broke his game arm, Bill," said Jim Smith.

"It's a lie!" shouted Joe, "that arm's as good as ever it was."

To prove the truth of this assertion he made a mighty effort and managed to lift his arm to his shoulder, though the wrist still dangled loosely from his elbow. Even then he could not restrain his face from winching and his teeth from clenching with the pain. Dropping the saddle he turned abruptly and flung off into the woods without a word.

Jim Smith afterward said that only a few moments before that time he had been telling the whole truth at this juncture just as he knew it to be, and that he had to grit his teeth hard and say such words under his breath to do it then. As to the rest of the crowd, it must be remembered that they knew nothing but Joe's own statement about the matter, and consequently they all sympathized with Bill. After some moments of condolence and consultation with the crowd, Bill, with some four or five others, started out to find Joe.

"Get that rope off your saddle there and bring it along," he said to one of the men.

"You ain't goin' to string him up, are you, Bill?" was the rather anxious reply.

"No; just want to skeer him a little. Come on."

In a very short time they found the man they were looking for.

"Are you ready to tell where May is, or to go after her?" Bill demanded.

"N—no," faltered Joe, with a distrustful glance at the little group of attendants.

Again his brother sprang at him. This time he threw him to the ground and held him there with his grasp firm upon his throat.

"Don't, Bill, old fellow, for God's sake," gasped Joe, as his brother somehow relaxed the grip on his throat. "I didn't mean no harm by it—honest, I didn't. I won't do it no more. What are you going to do with that rope, no-account brother, are you, old boy?"

Without a word Bill and his attendants continued wrapping the rope around Joe. Then they stood him up

beside a tree and tied him to it, so that his club foot touched the ground, while the other, the strong one, was doubled back in the coil of rope.

"Now, you ungrateful whelp," said Bill, as he started to leave, "I'll be back in thirty minutes to see if you're ready to tell me."

"I didn't kiss your hand as you was tying him," asked some one as they walked away.

"Dogged if I know," said Bill. "Did he?"

Hardly had they left when Jim Smith came up and at once began to untie the ropes.

"Don't!" said Joe. "Bill will be back in a few minutes. Just unslip this loop here. Thank you! The strain was on my right arm, and it hurt, because it was sore. Jim, this is hard—but I guess I can stand it, for Bill's sake. I ain't hurtin' so much now, though, as I was. It's mostly all a joke. Bill was always a powerful fellow to joke. I wish you'd tell him when he comes back please not to bring anybody else with him."

At the appointed time, Bill saddled his pony and rode off to where Joe was. "I'll take the loss, so that if Joe's ready by now he can start off after

May and bring her back. I rather guess he's ready by now, too. Maybe we'll get to eat a wedding dinner today, yet—only a little late, of course."

After some time had elapsed and neither brother had "showed up," as the phrase goes in Texas, Jim Smith walked to the place where he had left Joe. There the poor fellow was, still tied to the tree—but dead! The thirty minutes' strain had been too much for his crippled leg to bear, and it had gradually given way, and this had allowed the poor fellow to choke to death. Of course, Jim lost no time in rousing the quasi wedding guests, and in telling the real facts about May. It is not the first instance in the history of the world where a man has had the truth told about him too late to do him any good. A pursuing party was out after Bill at once, but all was to no avail. Some say he committed suicide shortly afterward in San Antonio; others say he is still alive in New Mexico; still others, that he is to-day in the insane asylum at Terrell. I do not know what the truth about it is. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson still live in Cottle

County, Texas. Jim Smith is the man who first told me this story. Joe Savage is buried on the banks of Pinn Creek, and on his wooden headboard you will still decipher the inscription: "He Loved Mutch."

The Scripture had to be misquoted to suit the gender of the pronoun and the spelling is slightly peculiar, but I can not help thinking the inscription a good one. Many people consider love a very good thing, and Prof. Drummond has written a book to prove that it is the Greatest Thing in the World. If these estimates are correct Joe Savage was certainly a great and good man; for greater love bath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend—Utiea Globe.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PRAYING. Parrots and Prayer Wheels Among the Kalmuck Tartars.

Finally, if you spend most of your time, as I did, among the natives on the hurricane deck, your attention will be attracted by a third class of worshippers, namely, the Kalmuck Tartars, who live in felt tents or khilbits (tee-hee-kah) along the lower Volga, and who wander, with great herds of cattle and camels, over the steppes of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. These flat-faced, ill-looking nomads are all Buddhists; and not only do they pray, but they may fairly claim the credit of having reduced devotion to a science. Praying five times a day, as the Mohammedans do, or even twice a day, after the custom of the fire worshippers, seems to have been too severe a tax upon the energies of the original Buddhists, and they set their ingenuity at work to devise some means of lessening the labor.

The first expedient that occurred to them was teaching parrots to pray and then claiming the credit of the prayers thus said by proxy. This answered the purpose very well at first; but teaching parrots is troublesome, and besides that, the parrots, in spite of all precautions, would occasionally pick up scraps of profane learning, which they intermingled with their devotions in a manner not at all edifying. So the Buddhists finally abandoned the instruction of parrots and calling in the aid of applied science invented the prayer wheel. Nobody, it seems to me, but the laziest of Asiatics would ever have thought of introducing labor-saving machinery into the realm of the spiritual; but the Buddhists not only thought of it, but put the idea promptly into execution. The prayer wheel used by the Kalmuck Tartars on the Lower Volga is a small wooden cylinder six or eight inches in length and about two inches in diameter, turning upon a vertical axis, the lower end of which is extended and thickened to form a handle. This cylinder is stuffed full of short, written prayers, and every time it is turned upon its axis all the prayers that it contains are regarded as duly said. Could anything be more simple or satisfactory? There is no shutting of the eyes, no getting down on the knees in uncomfortable positions, no facing in any particular direction. All that the prayer has to do is to give his wheel a twist and it grinds out prayers with a rapidity and fluency which leaves nothing to be desired. But from an Occidental point of view the whole performance is, of course, an absurdity. I could feel some respect for the prayers of the Mohammedans and of the fire worshippers, but the wooden wheels of the Kalmuck Tartars excited only contemptuous amusement.—Independent.

Borrowing Trouble. Borrowing is poor business at the best; but of all the unsatisfactory "no return-for-your-pains" occupations, the very worst in the world is borrowing trouble. To begin with, it is based on fancy, crankiness, undue nervousness, or the mental or moral lycanthropy that should have been trained out of the individual long before the years of childhood were passed. There are few people in the world more depressing and disheartening than those who are always seeing some shadow of coming evil. The world is sombre enough even at the best, and it is scarcely worth while to go out seeking for shadows or to conjure up purely imaginary ones.

Belief of the Carletons. Willie—Pa, what do the Indians mean by "happy hunting grounds?" Pa—they are the grounds on which they take the scalps of the other football players.

People sometimes weep witnessing a death scene upon the stage, but it is usually because they realize that it is only a sham and that the actors will live.



STILL TIED TO THE TREE, BUT DEAD.

Reports of maritime disasters along the coast come in thick and fast. People who go down to the sea in ships should bear in mind one thing in particular, namely, that it is highly probable that along a ship's route there is a remedy for sea sickness. Sickness, dyspepsia, constipation, neuralgia, nervousness and dizziness, all succumb to its beneficent and speedy action.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION. Buyer—Is this dog affectionate? Dealer—I should say so! I have sold him four times, and every time he's come back to me!

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE. It's the quality that's high in Tea Garden Drips, TONGKAT'S HAZEL PEPPY and PAIN EXPELLER. For sale by first-class grocers in every city. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is printed on every wrapper. THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON, CREMLIN CO., P. O. BOX 37, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHERNEY, makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHERNEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHERNEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1926.

REAL: A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill to provide for the construction of a telegraphic cable from this country to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan, China and Australia. The bill grants a subsidy of \$125,000 a year for twenty years on the service to Hawaii, and an additional \$75,000 a year for the same length of time for the extension of the line to Japan or Australia. A survey by the Secretary of the Navy to ascertain the most feasible route is authorized.

YOUR LIVER Is It Wrong? Get It Right. Keep It Right. Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

What Type to use is a question of taste; we carry all the latest and best standard faces.

The only complete stock of Printers' and Bookbinders' needs, from tweezers to perfecting presses. No other house can supply your wants so completely for so little money.

Send for specimen book.

American Type Founders' Company, 405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco, California.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver Ore. Lead or buried treasure. M. D. FOWLER, Box 57, Southington, Conn.

BEWARE OF MORPHINE.

Special forms of suffering lend many a woman to acquire the morphia habit. One of these forms of suffering is a dull, persistent pain in the side, accompanied by heat and throbbing.

Mrs. LYDIA PINKHAM, Derby Center, Vt., says:—"I was very miserable; was so weak that I could hardly get around the house; could do nothing without feeling tired out. My monthly periods had stopped and I was so tired and nervous all of the time. I was troubled very much with falling of the womb and bearing-down pains. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I have taken five bottles, and think it is the best medicine I ever used. Now I can work, and feel like myself. I used to be troubled greatly with my head, but I have had no bad headaches or palpitation of the heart, womb trouble or bearing-down pains, since I commenced to take Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman. The use of one bottle will prove what it can do."

On her arrival in Kabul she was given the title of sirdar, or chief, and was made the harem messenger. She comes both by night and day, and no one, even in slandering Kabul, has ever breathed a word against her fair fame.—New York Tribune.

The English of It. The lady lawyer, Miss. Chauvin, seems likely to gain her heart's desire and to be allowed to practice. Lady barristers will certainly be a novelty, and there seems no particular reason why they should not be a successful novelty. "The gift of the gab" has always been a woman's attribute, and when to this she adds discretion, knowledge and good looks she bids fair to prove a formidable rival to her male competitors. Whether her prudence will be equal to her zeal, her tact equal to her enthusiasm, remains to be proved, but in cases where women have conducted their own cases they have generally done it efficiently, as those who remember Mrs. Weldon and other ladies versed in the law must acknowledge. A fresh career will now be open to women, who are already running a neck and neck race with their male rivals.—London Graphic.

DESTRUCTIVE STORMS ALONG THE COAST. Reports of maritime disasters along the coast come in thick and fast. People who go down to the sea in ships should bear in mind one thing in particular, namely, that it is highly probable that along a ship's route there is a remedy for sea sickness. Sickness, dyspepsia, constipation, neuralgia, nervousness and dizziness, all succumb to its beneficent and speedy action.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION. Buyer—Is this dog affectionate? Dealer—I should say so! I have sold him four times, and every time he's come back to me!

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE. It's the quality that's high in Tea Garden Drips, TONGKAT'S HAZEL PEPPY and PAIN EXPELLER. For sale by first-class grocers in every city. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Don't accept an imitation. See that the manufacturer's name is printed on every wrapper. THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON, CREMLIN CO., P. O. BOX 37, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. FRANK J. CHERNEY, makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHERNEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHERNEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1926.

REAL: A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill to provide for the construction of a telegraphic cable from this country to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan, China and Australia. The bill grants a subsidy of \$125,000 a year for twenty years on the service to Hawaii, and an additional \$75,000 a year for the same length of time for the extension of the line to Japan or Australia. A survey by the Secretary of the Navy to ascertain the most feasible route is authorized.

YOUR LIVER Is It Wrong? Get It Right. Keep It Right. Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your