

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and every month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before consenting to an operation. I took five bottles of it and I am completely cured. It is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—NELLIE B. BARTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

GARGLE or CAKED UDDER IN COWS can be overcome by feeding cow tonic to purify the blood and applying Dr. David Roberts' **BADGER BALM**. A soothing and healing ointment. Excellent for sore teats and inflamed udders. Read the Practical Home Veterinary. Send for free booklet on ABORTION IN COWS. If no dealer in your town, write Dr. David Roberts' Vet. Co., 100 Grand Street, New York, N. Y.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 6-1918.

Fluid Fuel.

"I want to see alcohol abolished from the face of the earth," remarked the dyspeptic citizen.

"Of course, you mean alcoholic drinks?"

"No. I don't draw the line. If the health of the nation is to be preserved we've got to shut down on the chafing dish as well as the flowing bowl."—Exchange.

OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that, so many people claim, it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Chivalrous Youngsters.

Henry has a large Newfoundland dog named Rex. While at play a frozen and hungry little dog approached. Rex growled and Henry said: "Be a gentleman, Rex. Don't hurt the little dog; he got no home or friends."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

will quiet your cough, soothe the inflammation of a sore throat and lungs, stop irritation in the bronchial tubes, insuring a good night's rest, free from coughing and with easy expectation in the morning. Made and sold in America for fifty-two years. A wonderful prescription, assisting Nature in building up your general health and throwing off the disease. Especially useful in lung trouble, asthma, croup, bronchitis, etc. For sale in all civilized countries.—Adv.

The Softest.

"Why is it," queried the fair widow, "that they always say a man 'pines' for a woman?"

"I suppose," growled the fussy bachelor, "it's because pine is about the softest wood there is."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of **Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Positive Proof.

"Is that a real diamond pin you have on?" "I should say so. My brother did five years for gettin' it."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. In cents at drug stores or mail. Write for Free Book. **MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO**

A TRULY VALENTINE!

by Louise Oliver

LUELLA tramped down to the mail box through snow that had drifted as high as her knees. The postman was late. This was her third trip and it was almost dark. There was no reason for the lateness. Luella knew, for it was Valentine day and more than likely the dozens of pink and blue sentiments he left along his route had caused the delay.

Her own heart was beating hard, not so much with the delicious joy of anticipation—for she hardly expected a valentine from anybody—as with excitement. What if, after all, somebody had thought of her?

As she drew near to the box she stopped for an instant. What if it was empty? Oh, well, she was used to not getting things, and life wouldn't be any different than before. She went on down to the box, lifted the lid and peeked in.

"Oh!" Luella's gray eyes widened with wonder. For there in the box lay another, cubical in shape, violet in color and tied with silver cord. "Oh!" she said again, standing on her tiptoes to get a better view.

She touched it cautiously lest it vanish. "It's a mistake. I know. No one in the world would send me something like that." She thought of all the people she knew and made a rapid retrospective of the one stationer's shop in town and its possibilities in the way of sentimental souvenirs.

There was no one she could think of who would send her anything, and nothing that she could remember that would come in a box like that. And Mr. Marks, she knew, had never seen silver string. He used red and white cord that looked like peppermint candy and since paper was so high he had even charged extra for envelopes.

She laid back the lid of the letter box and took the violet box tenderly in both hands as she would have lifted a sick baby. Yes, the name and address were hers. She had received a valentine.

She laid her cheek against its damp cold top, where the snowflakes were already doing their best to obliterate the address. "You darling," she whispered. "You dear." Then she folded it carefully under her shawl and turned back to the house.

"Well," said Miss Mathilda, looking up from the stove where she was frying eggs for their supper, "was he here?"

Luella shut the door, still keeping her treasure out of sight. "Yes," she answered slowly. Then producing the box, "He left this."

"Hm! Who's it for?"

"Me."

"Who from?"

"I don't know."

"If I catch any of these young sillies hangin' round after you, I'll get rid of them in short order."

"But, auntie, no one is hanging round. And there's no harm in a valentine, is there?"

"It depends," said the older woman grimly. "Open it."

Luella laid the box on the white tablecloth beside her own plate and untied the cord with trembling fingers. Inside in a nest of damp tissue paper nestled a gorgeous bunch of double violets. With a little cry of joy she buried her face in the fragrant mass. "Oh, Aunt Mathilda, aren't they beautiful?"

"I suppose they're from that young fellow in New York," examining the wrapper for the postmark. "Yes, I thought so—New York!"

Luella started and her face went crimson.

"He neen't keep up that gratitude business forever!" her aunt went on. "It was all right after he got hurt in his automobile and we nursed him back to life for him to write a couple of times. But I answered both letters and told him as much as to mind his own business. That should have been an end to it. I know this sinful old world and when I was told to take care of you, I promised to do it and I have. The idea! He must be away up on the top of society in New York

Told Him to Mind His Own Business.

and you a quiet little mouse of a girl away off here in the country. Why, you two haven't got any more in common than a weasel and a settin' hen. He'll marry some rich girl of his own kind no matter what he says, and he needn't be makin' eyes at you. Violets indeed! Is there any card or letter or anything?"

"No, auntie!" Luella's lips trembled guiltily as she said it, for when she had buried her face in the flowers, she had noticed a little white card down among the leaves. But her aunt's words hurt fearfully and she was afraid she couldn't stand any more.

"I'll put them in water on the sitting-room table," said Luella, filling a bowl and going into the other room. She slipped out the card and read. "Dear little girl, I love you. Bob."

Her heart hammering so she was afraid her aunt would hear it, and her face aflame with suppressed excitement, she went back and made an attempt to eat her supper.

But as the evening wore on, her aunt's words got in their effect. "He'll marry some rich girl of his own class." It was true, of course. And the card was only a valentine and it didn't mean anything. He was probably sending similar souvenirs with like sentiments to all the girls he knew.

So she went to bed and cried herself to sleep with the card tucked under her pillow, and dreamed that Bob was flying out in a silver airship with violet wings and waving good-by to a crowd of girls, all of whom, when she looked more closely, had her own features.

She was awakened by the aunt calling, "Luella, oh, Luella. Do you think you could be ready to make the eight o'clock train? I've been thinking I could get those new curtains made if I had the stuff today. You could be back by noon."

"All right, auntie, I'll go!" Luella began dressing rapidly. The touch of the card had brought back everything and she was glad of a chance to get away.

She ate her breakfast and passed the sitting-room without once glancing in at the violets. Perhaps she was foolish to feel so about a valentine sent in fun, but they recalled her aunt's words too keenly.

She went straight from the station to the store and took the elevator to the fourth floor where she was directed for certain goods. She walked through a department of rich oriental rugs, the colors of which glowed wonderfully in the warm lights from skillfully placed lamps. She felt as if she had rubbed Aladdin's magical lamp and had suddenly been transported to the Orient.

A man came forward to ask if he could be of service and Luella, reluctantly turning her eyes away from the scene, gave a little cry, "Bob!"

"Luella! It was dear of you to come! Did you get my note?"

"Yes—but I—I—Will you please tell me where the curtain goods is? Aunt Mathilda sent me in to buy some."

There was a high-backed bench in a secluded corner concealed by palms. He drew her toward it. They can wait, dear, and I can't. Come and sit down and tell me you care enough to marry me, dear! When you save anyone's life, you have to pay the penalty by marrying him, you know."

"Aren't you just grateful?" she stammered.

"Perhaps!" he smiled.

"And don't you think you ought to marry a society girl?"

"I don't know anything about society and don't want to. I want you, that's all."

"Oh, Bob!" cried Luella happily. "Then it was a really truly valentine." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Gettysburg Speech Called Marvel of Poetic Splendor

Lincoln's undying Gettysburg address has been put into the new poetic style by Dr. Marion Mills Miller, who finds that "the speech is as perfect a poem as ever was written, and even in the minor qualities of artistic language—rhythm and cadence, phonetic euphony, rhetorical symbolism, and that subtle reminiscence of a great literary and spiritual inheritance, the Bible, which stands to us as Homer did to the ancients—it excels the finest gem to be found in poetic cabinets from the Greek anthology downward." Dr. Miller's interesting "poetic" presentation of the address follows:

Four score and seven years ago Our fathers brought forth on this continent A new nation, Conceived in liberty, And dedicated to the proposition That all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, Testing whether that nation, Or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, Can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field

As a final resting-place For those who here gave their lives That that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper That we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, We can not dedicate— We can not consecrate— We can not hallow— This ground. The brave men, living and dead, Who struggled here, Have consecrated it far above our poor power

To add or detract The world will little note nor long remember What we say here, But it can never forget What they did here. It is for us, the living, rather To be dedicated here to the unfinished work Which they who fought here have so nobly advanced.

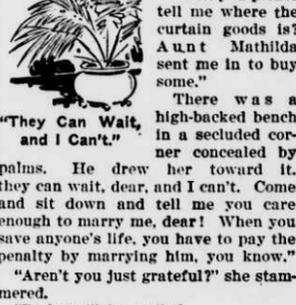
It is rather for us to be here dedicated To the great task remaining before us— That from these honored dead We take increased devotion to that cause For which they gave the last full measure of devotion; That we here highly resolve That these dead shall not have died in vain; That this nation, under God, Shall have a new birth of freedom; And that government of the people, By the people, and for the people Shall not perish from the earth.

PATHOS IN THIS DOCUMENT

Soldier's Leave of Thirty Days, Granted by Lincoln, Was Also His Allotted Time.

Here is a photograph of a memorandum signed by Abraham Lincoln. It is dated March 15, 1865 (in his own handwriting); and, likewise in his own hand, says, "Allow this man thirty days' time."

The indorsement is of an application by a soldier for thirty days' leave. But the most striking point about it is that it exactly named the time that, as the event showed, was left for Mr. Lincoln himself to remain on earth. He was assassinated just thirty days later.



Lincoln's Good Old Friend

Perfect Courtesy of America's Great Son Shown in His Treatment of "Aunt Sally."

After Lincoln's election to the presidency an old woman, whom he called "Aunt Sally," came from New Salem to say good-by to "Abe" before he "went to Washington to be president." The president-elect was standing in the room placed at his disposal in the old state capital talking with two men of national renown when the old woman entered, shy and embarrassed. He saw her at once and walked across the room to meet his old friend. Taking both her hands in his, he led her to the seat of honor and presented his distinguished visitors to her, putting her quite at ease by saying: "Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted, for she has baked them for me many a time."

A Few Facts About Lincoln. He knew the value of a merry jest and a hearty laugh. He was simple in manner, dress and bearing, but was big of heart and brain. He was too great a nature to care one way or another about his ancestry. The living generation was of vital importance to him. He did not advocate war for his own glorification, but to liberate human beings from slavery. All men were his brothers and his equals before his Creator.

Memory's Day. St. Valentine's is Memory's day For some of us who hold A bit of satin put away Engraved in tarnished gold. "From one who gives his heart to you And vows forever to be true."

St. Valentine's is Memory's day; We watch the rising sun. With lips that vainly strive to pray Their Lord, "Thy will be done." Love was so sweet, so brief its state, And it is hard, so hard, to wait.

St. Valentine's is Memory's day, Yet, like to that above, Is blooming by an earthly way. A long-remembered love. And tender are the eyes that shine Tear-gemmed, above a valentine.



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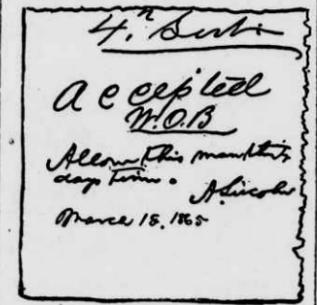
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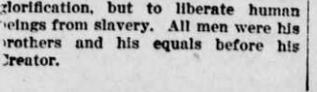
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Nervous Headaches Four Bottles of Peruna Made Me Well

Mrs. Effie Hill, Blanchester, Ohio, writes as follows: "I cannot tell how much I suffered in the past twelve years. I have been treated by physicians and no relief only for a short time. I was in such a condition from nervous headaches, such heavy feeling as if my brain was pressing down, and so nervous I could not get my rest at night. Would have sinking spells and then so weak that I could not do my work. I began to take Peruna. Have taken four bottles of Peruna and have gained in strength and flesh, and can say I am a well

I Cannot Thank You Enough For My Recovery

woman. I cannot thank you enough for my recovery." Those who object to liquid medicines can secure Peruna tablets.



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPOHN'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPOHN'S at 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Mfrs., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Comparative Good Fortune. "Of course," said Jonah, when he found himself in the whale; "I'm a little nervous." "Cheer up," said the whale. "You ought to be glad I'm an innocent, inoffensive whale. A few thousand years later you might have been sighted by a ruthless submarine."

Flatbush—I'm afraid I'll get stale on my garden work during the winter. Bensonhurst—For why? Haven't you got a snow shovel?—Yonkers Statesman.

As long as a man is of a forgiving disposition a woman doesn't care whether he pays his debts or not.

Even if a woman is as young as she claims to be no other woman will believe it.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE

It has been fight or die for many of us in the past and the lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "An-u-ric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, headache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as Bright's disease, diabetes or stone in the bladder.

AT AN END the "female complaints" and weaknesses that make woman's life a misery. They're relieved by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For all the derangements, disorders, and diseases peculiar to the sex, this is the only remedy certain to benefit. It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization, and never conflicting with any of her conditions. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, builds up and invigorates the entire system, and restores health and strength.

To overcome these distressing conditions take plenty of exercise in the open air, avoid a heavy meat diet, drink freely of water and at each meal take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength). You will, in a short time, find that you are one of the firm indorsers of Anuric, as are thousands of neighbors. Step into the drug store and ask for a sixty-cent package of Anuric, or send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial pkg. Anuric is many times more potent than lithia.

Are you weak, nervous and ailing, or "run-down" and overworked? Then it will bring you special help. It's the mother's friend. It lessens pain and insures life of both mother and child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has a record of years of success. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful drugs. Sold in Tablet or Liquid form by dealers. Tablets 60 cents.

Inadvertent Boasting. "Do you believe in heredity?" "Of course I do," replied the gentle egotist. "Why, I've got one of the brightest boys you ever saw."

But Are These Legal Tenders? "Buy your food with thought," says a Hoover bulletin. "Hoover taxes with a smile," runs a revenue slogan.—Boston Transcript.

Some folks learn from an experience; others never recover from it.

His Choice. "Is he making any special claim for exemption?" "No. Says he'd rather die in battle than live the rest of his life as a liar."

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

YOU'LL enjoy this real Burley cigarette. It's full of flavor—just as good as a pipe.

IT'S TOASTED

The Burley tobacco is toasted; makes the taste delicious. You know how toasting improves the flavor of bread. And it's the same with tobacco exactly.

10¢

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED