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GRAND PUBLIC

RAM SALE

Union Stock Yards

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WESTERN STOCK SHOW ASSOCIATION

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Let Cuticura Be Your Beauty Doctor

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. R, Boston."

Every Woman Wants
Paxtine
ANTISEPTIC POWDER
FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE
Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c. all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

THEN "WILLIE" LEFT HASTILY

Remembered an Engagement After Learning Just Who the "Fresh Old Guy" Was.

It was at a dance at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, when some candles dripped and made quite a puddle of grease on the floor. A gentleman standing at the door immediately took out his knife and his handkerchief and began scraping up the congealed grease, when a very fresh young gentleman in our "set" tapped the gentleman on the shoulder and said: "Say, old gentleman, you're interfering with our Paul Jones. Suppose you cut that out."

"I was afraid some of the young ladies might slip," courteously answered the "old gentleman."

"Well, they won't," answered "Freshie." "Besides, you're not running the hotel." The "old gentleman" had gathered up all the grease by this time and, giving no answer to the last remark, left the room.

"Fresh old guy," continued "Willie" after the dance—"that old man."

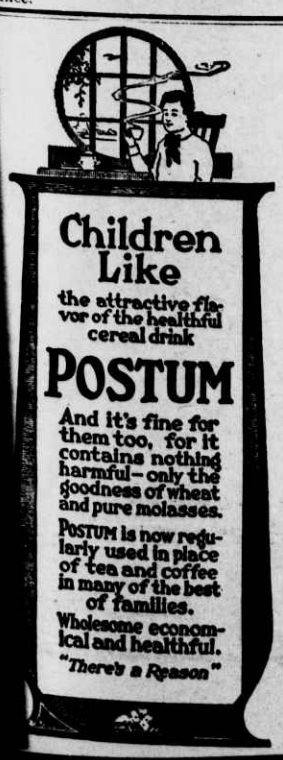
"Not exactly fresh, but careful of his guests; that's all," answered a friend.

"His guests?" repeated "Willie."

"Yes," answered the man; "that happened to be Mr. Boldt, the owner of the hotel."

And then didn't "Willie" fade away!—Young Ladies' Journal.

There are several ways to pay debts, but most of them are paid with reluctance.



WIT and HUMOR

That Toul Weather.

There are places in the world where the weather has been better the last few weeks than in the American sector northwest of Toul, but the prevailing dampness never even tarnishes the American sense of humor.

The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of the trenches, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"Who's there?" said the sentry.

"Friend!" replied his colonel.

"Welcome to our mist," said the sentry. And the most serious thing the colonel did was to laugh.—From Stars and Stripes, France.

MEAN ADVANTAGE OF HIM.

Lord Algy—Why did you accede to your valet's demands?

Lord Arthur—He threatened to strike and quit just when I was half dressed, you know.

Undoubtedly True.

A new horror of war is indicated in the following bit from an English publication:

First Tommy (in front line trench)—Hark, Bill! I can hear Fritz advancing. Hear it—squish-squash all the time.

Second Tommy (after listening for a second)—You're wrong, Jim. That's only the Americans chewing their gum.

A Patriot.

Little Dorothy's uncles are both at the war, and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street car she was sitting on her mother's lap when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor.

"Here, soldy," she offered, "you can sit on mamma's lap."—Harper's Magazine.

Patriotic.

"He's certainly patriotic."

"That so? In what way?"

"He's spending as little money as possible on himself."

"Economizing, eh?"

"Yes. He's even brought himself to the point where he'll wear the neckties his wife's relatives gave him instead of buying new ones."

WITH THE HOBOES.

"Pete, dere's a farmer up de road dat says he'll give you $2 for a day's work!"

"What's de use of temptin' me when you know I ain't got de time. You orter understand dat out o' practice like I am, it 'ud take me at least six weeks to do a day's work."

The Reason.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?

Maid—Because the lady's husband kissed me.

Lady—And didn't you like it?

Maid—Oh, I didn't mind, but the mistress didn't like it.

Not So Mean.

"Did the bride's father give her away?"

"No; on the contrary, he told the bridegroom she would make a very economical wife."

Sugar Shortage

By BERTHA CURRIE PORTER

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I don't see what you said we'd give them tea for, when you know we haven't any sugar!"

"What difference does that make? Some of our best families don't have sugar nowadays."

"Well, I'll bet the Clarkson girls are rolling in sugar!"

"If they are, all we need to do is to shake them over the cups, and there you are!"

"You needn't joke about it, Anne. I have some pride if you haven't, and I'm not going to have those rich Clarksons coming here and thinking we're not as well able to have things as they are, even if they do carry fifteen dollar knitting bags, all covered over with pin-cushion fruit, and tassels."

"I don't know how you're going to get it. I've telephoned to every store I can think of and they all say the same thing—'no sugar.'"

"Telephoning and asking face to face are two different things. I'll run out and see what I can do."

"Josephine Bruce, not in this bad weather?"

But Josephine had vanished into the bedroom of the little flat.

It was the worst day of that "never-remembered-such-a" winter. There had been a heavy snow fall, a thaw and then a sudden freeze, with thick, black ice over everything. And in the night the weather had moderated and rain had fallen in torrents on the ice. This morning it was still raining, with a heavy wind. It was a day when sensible folk wore creepers over their rubbers, and other people lost their pride in the good old Biblical way.

Josephine appeared, clad in a very becoming brown raincoat and little tan hat. She wore brown boots and ridiculous low rubbers, and carried a brown umbrella.

Sister Anne stood at her tower window and watched Josephine slip down the hill, using her folded umbrella as a staff. Anne began to chop nutmeats for sandwiches, wondering what her erratic sister might be doing. The reality was this:

In the nearest store, Anne marched bravely up to the counter.

"Two pounds of sugar, please," she said, with her sweetest smile.

"No sugar in the store," growled the harassed clerk for the one hundred and thirty-seventh time that day.

"There's no sugar in the store," the next grocer told her, "and more than that, there's no sugar up to my own house, and I'm in the grocery business. What was yours, madam?" to a sleek-haired Italian woman in a red shawl.

Josephine went out on more ice.

For an hour she slipped and slid from one store to another, and heard the same story in fifty-seven varieties. Josephine paused on a corner to collect her forces and decide where to attack next. This particular corner was at the foot of a hill—this city was built on more than seven hills—and the sidewalk sloped at an unpleasant angle; also the building on that lot projected in such a way that pedestrians coming down the side street were completely hidden from those on the main thoroughfare. Josephine had seen so many people fall that day that she now mechanically watched them all. Perhaps that was why she noticed the gray raincoat behind the big market basket.

"New style coat," she thought, and looked again at the basket. She gasped! Not for months had she seen a sight like that. She looked again. It was absolutely true. In that basket, camouflaged by a flapping paper covering, but with tell-tale little yellow sharp corners sticking out, were six two-pound cartons of sugar! And the food commissioner had ruled that no dealer should sell more than ten pounds to any one person. And she, Josephine Bruce, had not one single grain!

She looked above the basket to see who this plutocrat might be, and met a pair of serious blue eyes staring straight into her brown ones. She had only time to realize that this lawbreaker was young and very good-looking when his feet appeared where had been his face—he bounced up and down, landing on the woman who had slid down the side street, and vanished, in the midst of arms and legs and bodies that came faster and faster until they piled up in a slipping, slopping snarl of humanity. And high in the air, flying merrily toward the blue sky before descending to the soaking sidewalk, went the six packages of sugar.

Josephine dodged. She escaped the pedestrians because they all slid into the gutter, but a couple of pounds of sugar landed on her stylish little tan hat and bounced down into her yawning knitting bag. Josephine had no recollection of opening her bag, but she knew exactly when she closed it. And then, with the most outrageous politeness, she stooped and picked up two of the other packages. She handed them to the young man in the gray raincoat, crawling out from the chaos.

"Your sugar, sir," she said, smiling, and went on her way, entirely unrepentant.

Perhaps the precious ballast in her bag preserved her equilibrium. She hurried toward home, and after dinner Josephine and Anne awaited the Clarkson girls. In the little kitchenette a teapot waited, with a fat little red jug of cream and a plate of nut and cheese sandwiches. And four cheerful little red Chinese cups and saucers. And a sugar bowl that didn't match, but whose glass sides displayed proudly its white and glistening contents.

"The walking isn't a bit better," observed Josephine, looking out the window. "I suppose they will come in the machine. I'll bet the chauffeur has a hard time getting up this hill."

But no struggling automobile preceded the ring at the bell. The Clarkson girls called up from the door. "Just a minute till we take off our creepers. We don't want to scar your stairs—take your's off, Jim—hurry."

There was a deep tone among the voices in the lower hall. Anne peeped over the railing.

"Jo," she whispered, "hustle out another cup. They've brought a man."

"May Jim come to the party, too?" said Norah Clarkson. "He held us up all the way over, and I know he is exhausted."

"Certainly," replied Anne, shaking hands with big, good-looking blue-eyed James Clarkson, "but I'm afraid it will be rather stupid for him, because we are going to knit."

"Perhaps I could learn—you might start me on a nine-inch square, isn't that what they call them?"

"Maybe Josephine will teach you. She's the instructor," said Anne, as Josephine came in from the dining-room. "My sister, Mr. Clarkson."

"How do you do?" bowed Mr. Clarkson, gravely unaware of Josephine's hesitant hand.

"Brother is daffy over everything concerning the war," explained Gladys. "I suppose that makes you wonder why he isn't in uniform. He's doing all sorts of especially important government work. This morning he had to get after some grocers who weren't living up to the regulations of the food commissioner—sugar shortage, you know. Don't mind if I tell, do you, Jim?"

"No, you can't have too many warnings."

Josephine was frantically casting on stitches.

But it was really a very pleasant afternoon, Anne thought. Mr. Clarkson held four skeins of yarn for her to wind, and didn't mind at all when she began at the wrong end of one and got it all snarled up.

At last came tea—and the transparent sugar-bowl!

"Help yourself to sugar," urged Anne. "Jo got two pounds this morning. Wasn't it lucky?"

"Very," solemnly agreed the aide of the food commissioner. "Anyone who ventured out on this treacherous walking deserved to pick up some sugar. It is exceedingly hard to find just now."

Norah pulled Josephine aside while the others were saying good-by. "I hope you don't care because we brought Jim," she whispered. "He insisted on coming when he found out it was you. He's been asking about you ever since he brought those bundles to the Red Cross rooms. He's all right, Jim is, even if he is my brother!" And she gave Josephine a hurried little kiss.

Next day a package arrived for Miss Josephine Bruce. It bore the card of Mr. James Clarkson, and it was a five-pound box of perfectly good granulated sugar! Josephine was furious.

"I don't see anything to be cross about," remonstrated Anne. "That's a valuable present in these times."

"I won't have him buying me sugar," stormed Josephine.

But he did, just the same, and later he bought her flour and grapefruit and coal and summer and winter coats—for years and years and years—but not until a long time after the wedding did Anne learn the real reason why her brother-in-law's favorite name for his wife was—"Sweetness."

Canned Ostrich Eggs.

Signs reading "Newly canned ostrich eggs for sale" may soon meet the eyes of the housewife looking into the windows of grocery stores in London. This statement is based on the fact that ostrich eggs are being packed experimentally in South America for shipment to England in liquid form. One ostrich egg is equal to about two dozen hen's eggs. If the canning of these eggs proves successful, it will mean the salvation of the ostrich-growing industry, which has suffered considerably as a result of the war. It will take a large family to consume one breakfast egg.—Popular Science Monthly.

Snake's Reputation Undeserved.

The beginning of all religious ceremonial is magic. Thus Aaron with his rod. He turns it into a snake.

Most surprising, but not wholly novel. "Old stuff!" say the priests of Pharaoh. "Watch us!" They, in like manner, transform sticks into serpents. But Aaron's snake gobbles up the snakes of Pharaoh's clergy, and that settles the argument.

The snake is nearly, if not quite, the least intelligent of animals. To speak of the "wisdom of the serpent" is a joke. Yet, through all the ages this stupid and almost mindless reptile has been credited with a sagacity approaching the supernatural.

New York "Draft Riots."

The "draft riots" occurred in New York city during the Civil war. In July, 1863, pursuant to orders by the national government, a general draft was begun to re-enforce the army. At the commencement of proceedings a great riot broke out in New York city, and for three or four days raged uncontrolled. Buildings were burned, stores and houses were looted, colored persons were killed on sight and anarchy prevailed until troops arrived and restored order. A thousand persons were killed and injured.

Wouldn't Have to Go Abroad.

A big marine sergeant stood on the front steps of the Star building to take a look at the busy avenue before going up to the "Devil Dog" recruiting station.

While he stood there along came soldiers, sailors and marines. They streamed by. The sergeant came to salute time after time. His arm began to grow numb. As husky as he was, saluting at machine-gun rate became tiresome.

The sergeant grinned as he saluted for the steenth time.

"If salutes would win this war," he said, pleasantly, "we would win it right here in Washington."—Washington Star.

Why Bald So Young?

Dandruff and dry scalp usually the cause and Cuticura the remedy. Rub the Ointment into scalp. Follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. For free sample address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Patriotic Youngster.

An officer at the civic center in San Francisco saw a little girl loitering around one of the fountains, apparently reluctant to leave. He investigated and found that the girl had thrown several expensive dolls into the water. The officer rescued the "unconscious" victims, and found a German trademark on every one. Then he understood.

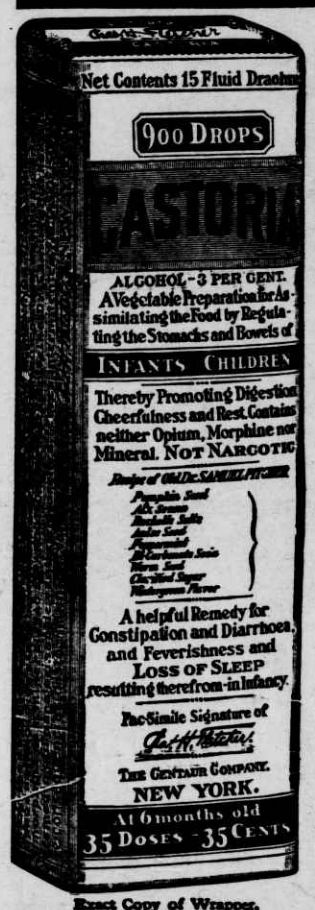
A wooden leg is an amendment to the constitution.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.



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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

More Ferocious.

"By gad!" pridefully ejaculated a prominent resident of the Rumpus Ridge region of Arkansas. "The way them American soldiers fight the Germans is a sight on earth! They are reg'lar ring-tailed catamounts in battle, and then some!"

"Uh-huh!" returned Gap Johnson. "But you ort to see my fourteen children fight amongst theirselves over a sack of mixed candy when I bring it home from town for 'em!"—Kansas City Star.

Benedict Preferred in Army.

"I suppose you always prefer to enlist men who are not married?" remarked Jones to a sergeant at the recruiting station.

"No; you're mistaken there," the latter hastened to reply. "I prefer married men every time. You see, we don't have to go to the trouble of teaching married men to obey."—London Tit-Bits.

Owing to the increased cost of all kinds of material the retail selling price of

KOVERALLS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Excellence of quality and workmanship guaranteed as heretofore.

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The Kind.

"They say the people in Saxony are eating dog meat." "It must be a sort of whine-er-wurst."

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Begin Treatment NOW
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KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in large and medium size bottles. Sample size by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

JUDGE DECIDES STOMACH REMEDY A GREAT SUCCESS

Commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation Board Tries EATONIC, the Wonderful Stomach Remedy, and Endorses It.

Judge William L. Chambers, who uses EATONIC as a remedy for loss of appetite and indigestion, is a Commissioner of the U. S. Board of Mediation and Conciliation. It is natural for him to express himself in guarded language, yet there is no hesitation in his pronouncement regarding the value of EATONIC. Writing from Washington, D. C., to the Eatonic Remedy Co., he says.

"EATONIC promotes appetite and aids digestion. I have used it with beneficial results."

Office workers and others who sit much are martyrs to dyspepsia, belching, bad breath, heartburn, poor appetite, bloat, and basement of general health. Are you yourself, a sufferer? EATONIC will relieve you just as surely as it has benefited Judge Chambers and thousands of others.

Here's the secret: EATONIC drives the gas out of the body—and the food does with it. It is guaranteed to bring relief or you get your money back! Costs only a cent or two a day. Ask druggist for Eatonic.