

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Mysteries of Golf.

Josephus Daniels, secretary of the navy, was invited the other day to go out and play golf.

"I can't play it," said Daniels; "I made up my mind some time ago not to go in for golf until they change the rules."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, until they change the rules and make it as good a game as shabby."

That recalls the tale they tell about the time Franklin K. Lane, now secretary of the interior, first undertook the mastery of golf.

Two enthusiasts over the game lent a large set of clubs to Lane and they played a round. When they had reached the last hole, Lane walked over to the nearest teeing place and began attempts to drive off with each club in his sack, one after another.

"The game's all over," they explained.

"Well," asked Lane, picking up another kind of club, "can't I play my hand out?"—New York Sun.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

The Bore.

"I hate to ask Jinks about his health."

"Why?"

"He promptly tells me all about it."

Poor Fido!

Knicker—Do they lead a cat-and-dog life?

Bocker—Yes, only the dog is muzzled.

The Exception.

Payton—Are all the children bright?

Parker—No; one's level-headed.—Life.

The Soft Coal Question.

"Is she blonde or brunette?"

"I don't know; I met her in Pittsburgh."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Every girl vows when she marries that she will not stand for neglect from her husband the way her poor old mother does.

The Natural Kind.

"What kind of ships do they have dog watches on?"

"Why, barks, of course."

A new coffee strainer can be fastened inside any pot by wires inserted in the spout.

Being sorry for yourself doesn't enlist the sympathy of your neighbors.

Man is made of dust—which may account for his wanting the earth.

SINNED FOR HIS FATHER'S SAKE

Romantic Story of the Downfall and Discovery of Jim Parker.

KENYON'S FIRM AFFECTION

How the Political Boss of Grasmere Protected and Advanced the Lad Whose Mother He Once Had Loved.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

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Kenyon, who was the political boss of Grasmere, backer of the principal bank, owner of the largest general store, and richest man in the country, never unbent to any one but Parker's boy Jim. To Parker, senior Kenyon showed little courtesy. When they met in the street Kenyon nodded if so disposed, but usually passed without noticing him. If Jim was with his father, it was different. Kenyon would stop, joke with the youngster, buy candy and toys for him and never seemed to tire of his company. The first watch Jim ever had was a gift from Kenyon. The money that put the boy through college was supplied by the rich man.

Parker protested weakly against the college matter, but Kenyon, who was rough and insistent, had his way. Parker was self-opinionated, a bit soured by his failure to do better in a worldly way and firmly believed if he had a fair chance he would make his mark. He resented Kenyon's manifestations of regard for Jim, but as Jim had real affection for Kenyon and liked the big man's company almost as much as Kenyon liked his, he could do nothing.

When Jim came out of college Kenyon put him in the store. Within a year the young man was made the manager. There wasn't a lazy bone in the young fellow's body. He was bright, genial and enterprising. Kenyon, who was a bit old-fashioned, frowned when Jim suggested changes within and without the store that were little short of revolutionary, but Jim argued so ardently that the big man consented. It cost a lot of money for new floors, new shelves, new counters, plate-glass windows, new lighting and ventilating systems and strictly modern equipment, but when the work was done Kenyon, although he only grunted, secretly was proud. Everything was displayed to advantage. Everything was classified and arranged to make the most attractive display. From a material standpoint, it soon was evident that Jim's judgment was good. The business increased. People found Jim's store more and more of a magnet.

Jim's Progressive Methods.

Jim not only knew how to sell, but how to buy. He purchased prudently and never allowed the store to get cluttered up with old stock. Now and then he shocked Kenyon by selling goods below cost rather than keep them until the following season. Jim argued that there was no profit in giving store room to stuff when the space could be used to better advantage for goods the public would buy. This was not the old method, but as each year showed an increased profit Kenyon came to accept Jim's view of business.

For a young man with so much authority and responsibility, Jim's pay was small. Kenyon never was noted for extravagance toward his employees. Each Christmas he remembered Jim and once a week he had Jim dine with him. That weekly meeting was the one the big man seemed to enjoy the most and he never permitted business or politics to interfere with it.

Jim never asked for more pay. He never asked for a favor but once and then it was in a halting, hesitating voice. There had been a change of administration at Washington. There would be a change in the postmastership at Grasmere.

"Father was talking about the postmastership the other day," Jim remarked. "I wish he could get it."

Kenyon scowled. "Did he ask you to speak to me about it?" he inquired.

"No; not exactly."

Kenyon was silent for a minute or more. Then he said, "Well, I will see what I can do about it."

A few months later Chauncey Parker assumed office as postmaster at Grasmere.

The town was growing, the country around was developing, business was good and the trade of the store broadened year by year. It outgrew its old quarters and took on quite a metropolitan aspect.

Kenyon no longer paid much attention to it. He had plenty to engage his attention at the bank and with his many other affairs.

About two years after Parker senior had been made postmaster, people began to remark that Jim Parker was getting thin and seemed to be ailing. He was overworked. Some of his friends suggested that he ought to take things easier or he would break down. Jim, usually the most kindly of persons, showed irritation when this idea was put to him. He never felt better, he insisted. People were mistaken. Hard work never hurt anyone.

But a few months later there was



"Your Father Married the Woman I Loved."

no disguising the fact that he was run down. He went to Kenyon and told him he had been to see the doctor, who advised him to go away for a few weeks.

"Good idea," said the big man. "I was going to suggest it to you myself. Want some money?"

"No, thank you," said Jim, his face suddenly growing red.

Jim was to go to Hot Springs, Ark.

At the end of two weeks a letter was received from him, saying he had improved a little, but not enough to warrant his return at that time. He thought he would remain a week or ten days longer. A week, ten days and a full two weeks passed and nothing was heard of Jim. Kenyon sent a message to the postmaster asking if he had heard from the young man. Parker, senior had not. Kenyon waited a few days more and then telegraphed to Hot Springs. The telegraph company reported the message undelivered, that no such party was there. Kenyon telegraphed the hotel manager. That gentleman replied that Jim had departed several weeks before, leaving no word as to his destination. Kenyon waited a few more days and hearing nothing from Jim or Jim's father, he sent one of the young men from the bank over to take charge of the store. The bank clerk was a shrewd, close-mouthed individual. Naturally, from his bank training, he paid more attention to the books than to any other detail of the store management.

A few days after the bank clerk had gone to the store, he had an interview with Kenyon.

"So far as I have gone I found a shortage of a trifle less than eight thousand dollars," he said. "The peculations began about a year ago. The total cannot be more than eleven thousand dollars. I am inclined to think it does not exceed ten thousand dollars."

"You needn't search further," said Kenyon. "Never mention this matter to anyone. Understand?"

The bank clerk understood.

To every one who inquired about how Jim was progressing, Kenyon shook his head mournfully. He was very much worried, he acknowledged. Jim had been seriously ill. It would be weeks, perhaps months, before he was restored to health. He had broken down completely.

How Jim Came Back.

On the quiet, Kenyon had a detective agency searching for trace of Jim. On the quiet, too, he did a thing he never did before. He went to Parker, senior.

"Do you know where Jim is?" he asked.

The father did not. He was in much distress.

"If you hear from him tell him to come back," Kenyon ordered. "Tell him nobody knows and I say for him to come back. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the postmaster.

For six months Grasmere wondered about Jim Parker. The town accepted Kenyon's statement and the statement of Jim's father, but thought it strange that more details were not forthcoming about how the stricken young man was progressing. He was in a sanatorium, it was understood, but no one knew what sanatorium.

It was after twelve o'clock one night when the bell of the bachelor apartment in which Kenyon lived over the bank rang. The night caller was Parker senior.

"He's back," said the father.

"Tell him to come here," said Kenyon.

The following day Jim appeared at the store. It was a different Jim from the one Grasmere knew. He was haggard and worn and there were streaks of gray in his hair. He was very

out and subdued and had little of the air of the buoyant Jim of old. His old friends asked him many questions about his illness. The subject distressed him so much that they didn't press him. After a time the town, accepting the fact that Jim had been very ill, and that the illness had made him much older, ceased to talk about him. Something else developed to engage the attention of the people and things moved on in their old grooves.

Jim applied himself to business even more earnestly than before. Kenyon was more kindly than ever in his attitude toward him. They didn't dine once a week as formerly, but once a day. Kenyon wandered into the store and chatted with the young man. Jim was much embarrassed at first by these visits, but gradually he became accustomed to them. Once he suggested rather timidly that Mr. Kenyon should have the books examined.

"No, Jim; that's all right," said the big man.

If ever man worked to show his appreciation of another's consideration, Jim did. The only way he could make good his defalcation was by making the business pay more. And the business did. The profits increased steadily. With each increase Kenyon increased Jim's pay despite Jim's protest. He did more. When an electric light and power company was organized and a trolley line was built, he put some stock in Jim's name and made Jim a director. He made him an officer of a new land company and one day astonished Jim by telling him he was going to make him a director of the bank.

Kenyon Explained It All.

There came another change in the administration at Washington. A new party came into power. Parker senior lost his job. He didn't live long after that. Kenyon showed more respect to Parker dead than to Parker alive. He went to the funeral. As they were leaving the cemetery he asked Jim to dine with him that night, as Jim's own home would be sad and cheerless. After the meal Kenyon and Jim sat and smoked in silence for a long time. Kenyon was the first to speak.

"Jim," he said, "your father's death is a great sorrow to you no doubt, but it is better so."

There was something about Kenyon's manner that told more than his words. Jim started to speak but Kenyon checked him.

"I know the whole story," he said. "I know how he speculated with the postoffice funds, and how to save him from jail and disgrace you juggled things in the store. You should have come to me, but I suppose you realized that I never sympathized with your father. I wish I could have saved you from all the bitterness you underwent. I searched high and low for you while you were away. I may be rather hard, but I never could forgive your father for letting you bear the burden."

"No, don't interrupt me. I have held this thing in long enough. What I want you to know now is, that when you took that money you took your own and not mine. What I have is yours. I haven't chick or child. Everything I have accumulated is for you, but I didn't want to let you know this while your father lived. You had a hard lesson. Maybe it will all be for the best."

Jim, wet-eyed and confused, tried to express half a dozen ideas in the same sentence. He couldn't understand what he had ever done to warrant such regard as Kenyon had shown him all his life. The big man stopped him.

"There's a reason for everything, my boy," he said, as he put his arm around Jim's shoulder. "Maybe it is just as well that you should know this one. Your father married the woman I loved."

BEST OF SANDWICHES

SOME NEW IDEAS EVOLVED BY CLEVER COOKS.

Improvements in the Popular Tit-Bit Known as the "Club" Have Been Made—Oysters Used in Place of Chicken.

Tea rooms in the big city shopping districts are serving some new varieties of the always popular club sandwich. While the principal ingredients remain the same each style of club sandwich differs from its fellows in some detail which makes it distinctive.

What is known as a French club sandwich is served with a toasted English muffin substituted for the usual slices of toasted bread. It is set down before one garnished with a few sprays of parsley pressed deep into the yielding surface of the half muffin which tops the substantial filling of chicken, bacon, mayonnaise, lettuce and sliced tomato. Watercress is used in similar fashion, the spray of green in either case being embedded in the toasted muffin so firmly that it seems to be a little flower holder. Two halves of crumpet are used for a similar sandwich and filled with the same combination, making a sandwich still more hearty.

Where toasted bread is used variety is given to the club sandwich by reason of some other meat or fish being substituted for the usual foundation layer of breast of chicken. Thinly sliced duck is delicious with the bacon and other ingredients, and turkey is also another good substitute. Strips of rare beef, either cold or freshly cut from a hot roast and moistened with horseradish may also be used, and strips of rare steak are equally appropriate.

An oyster club sandwich has for its distinctive feature two or three large fried oysters. These are laid on the under slice of toast, sprinkled with lemon juice and then topped with two strips of bacon, two lettuce leaves, a spoonful of mayonnaise and then the second slice of toast.

For those who do not care for fried oysters the oyster club sandwich comes in still a different form, the oysters being poached in their own liquor until the gills curl, when they are drained of moisture and used for the foundation of the sandwich. If preferred oyster club sandwiches may be served with Russian dressing instead of mayonnaise, as the addition of the tomato flavor in the chili sauce is particularly agreeable with oysters, either fried or poached.

Sardine club sandwich is made of large boned sardines sprinkled with lemon juice and arranged as usual and finely cut lobster, either hot or cold, offers still another variety.

The egg club sandwich is usually served with a basis of an egg fried on both sides, and seasoned well with salt, pepper and paprika before the other materials for the sandwich are added. Hard-boiled eggs, sliced or chopped, result in a sandwich less rich. In both cases the eggs should be served hot.

Economy Helps.

In most households greater economy of time and energy can be practiced by cooking larger amounts of food at one time, and this means a saving in the fuel bills as well.

Enough mayonnaise dressing for all the salads you will make in a week can be made on one day. It is just as easy to cook a kettleful of potatoes that will last two days as it is to prepare only enough for the midday meal.

There is hardly a vegetable one can think of that cannot be cooked in large quantities to advantage and that will not lend itself readily to warming over in a variety of ways. And on those days when the oven is being used for baked dishes in which the vegetables play an important part, double portions of puddings should be baked.

What is not required that day can be served a few days later, steamed over the vegetable pot, and it will be just as appetizing, if not more so, as if freshly made.

Fruit Cream.

Cook the juice of three lemons and three oranges with two cupfuls of sugar, set aside to cool. Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin with milk, then heat over hot water until dissolved. Whip two cupfuls of cream, add the fruit juice and gelatin, stir until well blended, then pile high in a deep dish or mold if preferred.

Steamed Dried Beef.

Here is an unusual recipe, but a very good one. Prepare a spiced vinegar as for fruit pickles, only less highly seasoned. Cut very very thin slices of dried beef in narrow strips, diamond or any fancy shape, and cut with scissors. Steam the beef in the vinegar for one hour. Serve hot with toasted wafers.

Stuffed Celery.

Wash tender celery hearts and put them into cold water to become crisp. Mash fresh cream cheese, then add chopped nuts and chopped olives to taste. Stuff the celery just before serving and serve with toasted crackers.

For Removing Machine Grease.

To remove machine grease from delicate fabrics use cold water, amonla and soap. This will not cause the color to run.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. Rescni, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.



Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Parson Knew Better.

Uncle Jim Sugarfoot killed a fine rabbit for the entertainment of Parson Heavegrace, who was expected to dinner, but as rabbits were out of season he thought to avoid what might prove an embarrassing situation by making the parson think it was chicken he was eating.

"Brother Heavegrace," said Uncle Jim, when it came time for a second helping, "what part of the bird would you like now?"

With a merry twinkle in his half-closed eyes, Parson Heavegrace replied:

"If you all don't mind, Ah think Ah'll take de gizzard."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Younger! Try Grandma's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Adv.

A Celebrity.

"You say he's the man who put this town on the map?"

"That's him, stranger. He just finished serving his sentence about six months ago."

To quickly cool burns and take the fire out use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Some of the would-be uplifters are really depressing.

Stop That Backache

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you wake. Pain pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story.

Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ill. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

An Arkansas Case

Mrs. A. E. Clanton, Warren, Ark., says: "I was afflicted with a steady, dull ache in the small of my back and could hardly stoop or lift. Morning I was stiff, lame and worn-out. I had terrible dizzy spells and headaches, too. After everything else had failed, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and three boxes removed the pain, weakness and other ailments."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.