

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lazy liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger. Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

The Better Man.

"In his palmy days the highway robber was a picturesque individual," said the admirer of the good old days.

"Yes, and not grasping in his methods, either," said the hater of the present times.

"No?"

"Unlike the present profiteer, he merely took what the passengers happened to have at the time. He didn't try to stake a claim on what they expected to earn for the next five years!"—London Answers.

HER FADED, SHABBY APPAREL DYED NEW

"Diamond Dyes" Freshen Up Old, Discarded Garments.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

Cautious.

The other morning as an old negro boarded a Capitol car in Oklahoma City, Judge Pitchfork of the supreme court, who was sitting in the colored section of the car, got up and gave the old darkey his seat.

"Who is yo?" inquired the surprised negro.

"I'm just a plain, common kind of a man," replied the Judge.

"Yassah, I kin see that," replied the old uncle, "but I means, what's yo' name?"—Ada (Okla.) News.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

Complicated Accounts.

"I can see 17 cents' worth of milk and sugar in an ice cream soda," exclaimed the man who persists in talking about what he can't help.

"Remember," said the store manager, "you must pay for labor, as well as material."

"The labor of drawing the soda isn't so much."

"No. But think about the labor of making change."

NEGLECTING THAT COLD OR COUGH?

Why, when Dr. King's New Discovery so promptly checks it

IT'S natural you don't want to be careless and let that old cold or cough drag on or that new attack develop seriously. Not when you can get such a proved successful remedy as Dr. King's New Discovery. Cold, cough, gripe, croup does not resist this standard reliever very long. Its quality is as high today as it always has been—and it's been growing steadily in popularity for more than fifty years. 6c. and \$1.20 a bottle at all druggists.

Constipated? Here's Relief

Not that often harmful, always violent and temporary help that comes from harsh purgatives, but the comfortable, gratifying, corrective regulation of stubborn bowels so pronounced in Dr. King's New Life Pills.

Tonic in action, they promote free bile flow, stir up the lazy, thoroughly but gently cleanse the system of waste matter and fermenting foods, and give you keen zest for hard work and healthful recreation. All druggists—25c.

ITCHY

Money back without question if EUCY'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, BURNING, NETTLE, or other skin diseases. Price 7c. at all druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

COUGHING

It is annoying and harmful. Relieve throat irritation, tickling and get rid of cough, cold and hoarseness at once by taking PISO'S



ANDREA AND WHITE MAN GO ON HUNTING TRIP. Andrea Pellor, handsome daughter of Lord Pellor, impetuous aristocrat, is doomed to marry an illiterate but wealthy middle-aged diamond mine owner...

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Andrea reached for a fresh cigarette. "Don't be absurd," she said. "I'm not going to bed for hours." She glanced at him with a sort of defiant look, as though she were about to give away a secret.

"When I yawn, I'm tired. You know."

"I—your society tricks," remarked the man. "I'm going." He arose and turned his back on her.

Before he had taken three strides her voice came to him and in it was a new quality, a sure maturity. "Go if you like," she said evenly, "but I shall sit here until you come back."

He turned at once, a flush in his cheeks. "Forgive me," he said simply, struck a match and held it for her.

"Now health," said Andrea. "Don't you think I'm reasonably healthy already?"

"No," said the man, "until you've wolfed a whole meal and grabbed chicken with your fingers, you don't really know what bodily health means. God has given you such beauty of skin that you owe it to every eye that caresses itself with a sight of you to keep it without blemish, and yet you sit there and ask me if you're not reasonably healthy, with a spot on your cheek."

"Oh!" cried the girl. A sea of sudden color swirled about her neck, up into her face and down over one-half the length of her bare arms. She threw up a hand to her cheek and pressed it there. Her eyes were aflame.

"If ever I can hurt you—" she said slowly, "if—ever—I—can—"

The man looked surprised; then contrite and finally grave.

"Let me assure you," he said, "that you will inevitably have it in your power."

"I'll not forget when that day comes," she said and arose. With her hand still pressed to her face, she hurried from him across the kraal into her room and slammed the door behind her.

She went straight to the mirror and took her hand away. Such a trifle that tiny spot had seemed last night, the night of a party—just an excuse for a beauty patch of black plaster—and tonight it was immeasurably ugly!

With bed so near she could not stop to cry just yet. She went about her preparation deliberately, subconsciously secure in the thought that she could soon sink her pillow in aching comfort.

"I'm Not Going to Bed for Hours."

fort. Throughout her maneuvering she was aware of a presence in the room, inanimate but terrifyingly personal. However she turned, it still lurked in the corner of her eye, accused her of dallying and almost said aloud, "Eventually! why not now?"

Finally she slipped off the rest of her dainty clothes and with eyes screwed tight, groped for the presence, seized it and put it on in two parts.

"Oh!" she gasped in a rage, "that I should have to wear that beast's silk pajamas!" She put out the light, hurried herself at the cot, curled up like a kitten, drew the sheet over her head, cuddled into the pillow and sobbed. "Poor Andrea! Poor Andrea Pel—"

There is no telling when Andrea would have awaked had it not been for Bathub, who thundered on her door at the scandalously late hour in that clime of eight in the morning.

"Bath ready, Missis! Bath ready, Missis!" he was chanting monotonously. She arose, put on her cloak, opened the door and rubbed her eyes at the shock of a noonday glare.

The boy grinned from ear to ear. "Bath ready!" he exclaimed with a happy finality and bearing towels and soap led her to the newly constructed little tub in the yard. He placed the paraphernalia on a chair set close to a collapsible canvas tub and from a neighboring smoldering fire fetched a big tin of water.

"Hot water!" cried Andrea. "Why, I'm boiling myself. Bring me cold water."

"Cold water no good," affirmed Bathub as he emptied the tin.

"But I wish cold water," said Andrea.

"Cold water plenty no good for white Missis," reaffirmed Bathub and withdrew, carefully closing the door behind him.

Andrea enjoyed the bath and learned in ten minutes the soundness of the tropical rule that it had taken some old-timer ten years to evolve: The hotter the day the hotter the water. Feeling refreshed, almost cool, she started back to her room, but stopped on the veranda, her eyes held by sundry things on the table, a man's soft shirt, freshly ironed, a roll of khaki cloth, scissors, a thimble and one of those pepper-pot tins of assorted needles. She stared at them long and helplessly, her lower lip trembling; then she went in, put on her things except her frock and covered its back with her cloak. She did her hair last of all, by way of change, and just as she finished heard Bathub's call to breakfast.

Neither white man nor black was in evidence, but even so the day passed swiftly, so many were the new features of the craal's changing scene. She chose a book at random; had her hammock-chair dragged into the shade of the dining tree and stretched out to her first lesson in lazy content. Gradually she grew drowsy with the heat, but not so sleepy that she failed to hear from away off the far-carrying report, six times repeated, of a high-powered rifle.

Bathub, squatting near by, looked up with a beatific smile. "Master," he stated.

It was two hours later when the incident was repeated in every detail save that the shots came from still farther away; and about three hours after, once more the thing happened. Bathub rolled his eyes and hugged himself in gormandizing anticipation as he breathed the word, "Master!"

Andrea was vaguely interested until the sequel to those eighteen shots began to arrive and then she was stunned with horror. Amid the shouts of men and the shrill ululating of the women they began to come in, bent over, each trussed to a pole and borne by six, sometimes eight, naked and straining blacks.

First to arrive were five sable antelope, beautiful even in death, the proud sweep of their glorious horns inverted, thick tongues dragging in the dust. The bearers did not stop within the kraal, but passed through it, chanting wildly as though they were engaged in a perverted Bacchanalian pageant of blood. Women and children streamed after them, and even Bathub looked longingly in the direction they had gone.

Scarcely had the hullabaloo of their passing died into the distance when a new contingent arrived. "M'sungo, M'sungo," the one word she knew, cropped out from their jabber with the steady recurrence of a haunting fugue. What they bore were six wildebeest, male and female, buffoons of the plains, still pitifully grotesque, their horse-like tails trailing like discouraged funeral plumes.

"Oh, White Man," gasped Andrea, covering her eyes. "oh, M'sungo!"

And then it came again, four loads this time, but every one as big as a horse. Eight men strained under each carcass of eland, largest and gentlest of all the hundred varieties of antelope that swarm over the length and breadth of Africa.

Andrea arose, but her knees trembled so that she quickly sat down in one of the wicker chairs, clutching its arms with hands gone white as though all the blood in her body had hidden in shame. Then came the white man, followed by gunbearers, water-bearers and trackers. His face and his bare arms were streaked with sweat and dust. His shirt and trousers clung to him in great dark blots of moisture. He nodded to Andrea as he made straight for his hut.

Suddenly her strength came back

to her. She sprang up and rushed to cut him off. "You are a murderer," she gasped as she faced him.

The man stopped in his tracks and stared at her. Gradually he took in her meaning. "You think I do it for—for fun?" he exclaimed.

"Murderer," she repeated tensely. The man glanced at his hat and turned his back on it with a sigh. "Come with me," he said.

"I shall never go anywhere with you," replied Andrea.

The man faced her quickly. "You will come with me or be carried. Take your choice."

Their eyes met and held in one of those struggles that measure not so much the contending characters as the strength of the opposing purposes.

The man's purpose won out. Andrea dropped her eyes and followed him. He passed swiftly through the kraal and along a well-trodden path that led to the fringe of the forest.

Under an enormous mafata tree the butchers were at work, four to each carcass, skinning, cutting, heaping with practiced hands. The meat was being piled in heaps, and at each heap was stationed a black captain. Under his direction a host of helpers were cutting the flesh into minute portions.

Beyond the limits of the tree's far-flung branches squatted a black army—men with assegais in their hands; women and children with queer conical baskets in their laps. Physically these people were, without exception, a joy to the eye, but beyond them, grouped together under another tree and hopelessly staring, was a small band that brought sudden tears to Andrea's eyes.

Never before had she seen human bones and skin without flesh, live eyes staring from the skeleton emblem of death.

At last the division of the sanguinary spoil was completed. The well-fed army lined up, each and every man accompanied by woman or child as beast for the small burden. These men were also provided with individual brass checks, which they cast into the baskets at the feet of the captain upon receipt of their portion of meat.

At the end, to Andrea's amazement, the tally was exact except that it left the starving group out of the count.

Through it all the white man had stood grimly by, uttering not a word and leaving her to the assistance of her own intelligence. She began to understand; the possessors of the brass checks had worked for them. But her eyes lingered pitifully on the starving.

She turned to the man with a gesture of pleading—pleading for pardon for herself, mercy for the silent suffering. "What about these?" she asked.

"They will receive a ration of millet," he answered. "Tomorrow the men will crawl to the forests, twice a week they will get meat checks. In a month they and their families will be fat and sleek. We refuse no one who wishes to work."

He turned to lead the way back to the kraal and, once there, promptly disappeared into his hut. Half an hour later Andrea was nervously moving about her room, wondering whether to put on her frock or not, when Bathub arrived with a message. Did she wish to dine alone or with M'sungo?

"Tell your master," she answered. "I will dine with him with pleasure."

During the meal, the white man talked, giving her listlessly certain explanatory information. "Eight months ago," he said, "I struck this country. It was desolation. In spite of the big river, which is quite near by, the whole district was in famine. I passed through ruined kraal after ruined kraal, and in some of them dead bodies lay about, too dried out in life even to rot. The game swarmed as it does only in dry seasons, and thrived."

Andrea held both hands out toward him as though to stop him. "Don't," she cried, "don't think I haven't understood!"

"Upon my word," remarked the man dryly, "you're getting sincere!"

She sank back in her chair with a look of reproach, but he did not notice it. "I'm telling you," he continued, "I came to hunt and recover—" He paused.

Andrea could not keep her eyes from glancing toward the airplane. It was as though she had followed his hidden thought. He flushed slightly, changed his sentence and finished, "And for another purpose. But almost on the day of arrival I made a discovery in the forest. Out of it has grown an industry that employs hundreds of natives and never refuses a new recruit. I am working absolutely without title and should you return to civilization, my ruin would be quite within your grasp."

"And that is why I must stay," said Andrea.

"No," said the man reading her face. "If I could drop you back tomorrow there on the beach where I found you, I would do it."

She took on a look of mixed fear and mischief. "Bathub's wife M'sungo one time plenty long ago and never forget. M'sungo try it."

She looked at the lax figure, bone-thrashed, plunged miles deep in slumber, but even from those depths exuding a sense of compelling latent power, and hesitated. Getting up, her courage she smothered twice quite loudly, but ineffectually, and then, feeling almost relieved that nothing happened, side away on tiptoe.

CHAPTER V.

The seven days that followed were much as the first; when the white man was not shooting for the pot he was away overhauling his army of laborers. He ate but twice a day, at half past five in the morning, and twice hours thereafter. To the latter end Andrea was invariably and formally invited.

At each successive invitation she hesitated a little longer before accepting, and on the seventh night she refused. Any woman can easily understand why, but the surprising thing was that the man seemed to know just what was happening to her spirit. No stomach living can stand pigeon fourteen days in succession, nor is there a maid that can put on the same identical clothes for half that time without feeling demeaned. She knew he knew, for twice during the week he had told her bluntly to hand her lingerie to Bathub at night, and she had found it at her door in the morning, miraculously washed, dried and more or less ironed.

There was nothing in the dawn of the eighth morning to indicate that it was ushering in a day of days, nor did Andrea more than turn her head when



she sprang up and rushed to cut him off.

shortly after noon two bearers staggered into camp with a steamer trunk slung on a pole between them. There was no reason in the world why she should connect that trunk in any way with herself, even when, an hour after its arrival, she beheld approaching the magnificent and unforgettable specimen of black manhood she had last seen on the morning of her ravishment.

The new-comer dismissed the two bearers, making them take the pole and its lashings with them. They departed after one long, disconsolate look. He then seated himself beside the trunk and never moved until, late in the afternoon, the white man appeared, when he arose, saluted and then made a solemn gesture toward the load others had carried.

The white man's eyes lighted up; he seemed more cheerful than he had been in days.

He spoke to the black in dialect.

MORE THAN MERE CHAUFFEUR

New York Merchant Has Driver Who Knows Business Methods and Aids His Employer.

"I don't believe in having too many carefully worked-out methods for preventing errors in an organization," writes L. Wertheimer in System, the magazine of business. Mr. Wertheimer is president of a concern which operates five big department stores in the northern part of New York city. He goes on to tell the plan he uses:

"One of the best checks that I get on my business is through my chauffeur. I have to keep a machine at call all the time, so that I can get from store to store without delay. My driver is not simply a driver; he is a high-grade man who knows a good deal about my ideas of merchandising—a man who conceivably may some day be manager of one of my stores."

"While he is waiting for me he does not simply sit outside in the machine. He wanders around the store, looking at displays, noticing how salesgirls deal with customers, whether our prices are by chance higher on this item or on that than they should be. Every morning his written observations are placed on my desk; from them I have time and again gleaned pieces of information that made a big difference in the profits of the store."

Kitchener's Dog.

Lord Kitchener's favorite dog, which he left in the hands of Admiral Grant before embarking on the cruiser Hampshire, is believed to have become a good Australian. Admiral Grant, who has been appointed first naval member of the Australian naval board, brought Kitchener's pet to the Commonwealth on board the battle cruiser Australia. Ordinarily the Commonwealth does not encourage the landing of cats and dogs from overseas, but Australia holds Kitchener in such dear memory that one may safely conjecture that exception will be made in this instance.

Common sense tells us that the boy "with the scouling" develops into a far more competent journeyman than the youth who did not go through the grammar grades. Therefore, the parents who would fit their children to face life, and at living wages, will strain many points—in fact, will gladly make the sacrifices—in order to keep their children at school, and thus give them something better than a mere fighting chance.—New York Evening Telegram.

whereupon he grasped a single handle of the trunk, and with one smooth movement passed it over his shoulder right side up to the crown of his head. He then marched with it into Andrea's cabin.

She sprang up. "Why?" she exclaimed and then, seeing her heart sinking within her, "You don't think that's one of mine, do you? Because it isn't."

She watched to see his face fall, but it didn't. From his pocket he took a bunch of keys, quickly slipped one from the ring and handed it to her. "Please open the trunk. It's certainly yours, as is all that it contains." He turned from her and added, "By the way, I'm dining in khaki tonight."

As Andrea walked slowly to her room, clutching the key tightly, she confessed to herself that she was being eaten alive by curiosity. "If only," she breathed, "there should happen to be one whole pair of stockings!"

Half an hour later, when every last thing the trunk had contained was piled upon her cot, she went to the door and closed it softly; then returned to drop on her knees, throw her arms wide across the accumulation, bury her hot face against one article after another and kiss each in turn!

There is every reason to enumerate that pile of dry goods if only to put on record for the benefit of the sporting world in general a list that it took many years to compile; two to decide what was necessary; eight to determine what of that wasn't. To begin at the bottom, there were two pairs of stout, brown, high, laced walking boots; then, in rapid succession, six pairs of lisle thread stockings to match; one pair of boys' pig-skin puttees; six dainty but sensible one-piece undies of softest and whitest woven cotton; three pairs of khaki breeches (youth's size); three khaki skirts, knee-length, buttoned with real buttons and buttonholes all the way up the front and all the way up the back; four suits of pajamas, white madras, with silk frogs and knobs; six khaki shirts (two breast pockets each); one belt; three brown ties; one khaki-colored woolen sweater; one mackintosh, with hood; two khaki jackets (enormous pockets); two khaki hair ribbons and one nut-brown tam-o'-shanter!

There were also a few assorted packages, one or two of which even this frank chronicler refuses to open, but no harm can attach to the mention of a well-stocked housewife, an equally complete toilet case, a bathrobe, a pair of bedroom slippers, and a long, flat cardboard box that had been at the bottom of the trunk, and which Andrea had as yet refrained from exploring. On it was written in a strangely masculine hand: "The Return of the Native."

She opened it now and disclosed one of those adorable filmy hybrid frocks, a double cross between afternoon, evening and elf-hand wear; one set of crepe de chine lovelies; two pairs of silk stockings, one pair of satin slippers. "And he said he's going to wear khaki tonight," she moaned.

It is necessary to state that she presently got up off her knees and beginning at the head of the bed, started to try on every last thing? She did, and she was only half through when Bathub knocked on the door and announced, "Scarf ready." No invitation this time—an order.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed and rushed for the utterly inadequate mirror.

Five minutes later her door opened and she stepped out, slowly, like some shy thing of the forest. Flushed with cheek, brilliant of eye, she walked toward the man. Oh, big black bow! Oh, hair starting one way and going another, leaping a squared shoulder to come to rest and rise and fall against the rounded face of a firm young biceps! Oh, vision! Oh, youth! Oh, day and hour of the gay heart! The man looked and saw that her knees were round, her legs straight. "Thank God," he murmured.

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Go after it with Sloan's Liniment before it gets dangerous

Apply a little, don't rub it in too hard, and—good by twinges! Some external aches, pains, strains, sprains of joints or muscles, lameness, bruise, instant relief without medicine. Sloan's liniment year after year. Economical by reason of enormous sale. Keep a big bottle ready at all times. Ask your druggist for Sloan's Liniment. 35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment Keep it handy

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"It Has Made Me Strong and Well Again."—Says J. R. Martinez.

He writes: "Rich-Tone is a wonderful remedy for people who are weak and lacking in vigor, and all those who desire to gain strength and energy should take this truly famous medicine. It has given me perfect health, cured me of ailments from which I long suffered."

Take RICH-TONE and gain new energy

Rich-Tone makes more red corpuscles and purifies the blood, contains all of the elements that are needed most in maintaining strength and vigor. Rich-Tone rests the nerves, restores appetite, induces healthy sleep—it gives you all the things which mean energy and being. Get a bottle today—only at all drug stores.

A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

Knew Where He Came In. Avery was wearing his new hat, when one of the neighbors called. After admiring it he turned to Donald, who was busy building a house on the floor. "I suppose you will be having a new suit of clothes next," he remarked.

"Huh," grunted Donald. "I won't buy