BACK HURT ALL THE TIME

Mrs. Hill Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Removed The Cause.

Knoxville, Tenn.—"My back hurt me all the time, I was all run down, could not eat and my head bothered me, all caused by female trouble. I was three years with these troubles and doctors did me no good. Your medicine helped my sister so she advised me to take it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and the Liver Pills and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and now I am well, can work heartily and work. I give you my thanks for your great medicines. You may publish my letter and I will tell anyone what your medicines did for me."—Mrs. PEARL HILL, 418 Jacksboro Pike, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accompanied are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

Homely Advice.

"I think I shall go in for art," said the ambitious young woman.

"Which kind?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"I haven't decided whether I shall take up painting or sculpture."

"Make it sculpture, my dear, by all means. Even if you don't make good statues your modeling in clay will at least develop the muscles that will come in breadmaking should you decide to be useful in that line."

LOOK WITH NERVOUSNESS

A Lady Was Flat On Her Back With Terrible Spells, But Her Husband Got Cardui,—And Now She Is Grateful.

McKinney, Texas.—Mrs. Mary Stephens, of this place, states: "About four and a half ago I was down in bed for six weeks, not able to sit up. I was flat on my back and had terrible spells . . . Why, it looked as I would die. At times I didn't know anything. I would get nervous, couldn't bear anyone to talk to me, I would just jerk and shook with convulsions . . . across my back was sore and ached me all the time. I would have a dizzy feeling. My back ached me and I would get cold and feel so weak . . . I told my husband I knew Cardui was good and I believed it had best of all. He got me a bottle of Cardui, and before I had only taken one-half bottle of Cardui I felt stronger. I took half a dozen bottles altogether, then in two weeks after I began taking it I began, in three I was doing my work. Thanks Cardui for I believe it saved my life and I am grateful."

For over 40 years Cardui has been helping weak, sick women back to health and strength. Try it.—Adv.

If it weren't for the few the multitude would still be burning candles and driving ox teams.

NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Backaches, complaints often prove to be anything else but kidney trouble, or the beginning of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be the remedy needed to overcome these conditions.

Either a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Other Candidates.

"The office should seek the man." "Should not altogether overlook the woman many think."

How's This?

We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System.

Druggists for over forty years. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Explained.

"Why do they want to try a play on Broadway?"

"To see if it will be a success."

POISON ELIMINATED

Impurities are among the system's worst poisons and if not effectively eliminated cause constipation, biliousness, allow your system to be poisoned, making you subject to contagious diseases, particularly the "flu."

Dr. King's New Life Pills are intended specially to aid your Liver function naturally, to eliminate the poison in Nature's own way without griping pains or personal inconvenience. A 25c bottle will start you on the road to health. Your druggist can supply you. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Headache will keep your mind on itself more intently than a heartache.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

—13—

"No need to," said Trevor briskly. "I've got these three missionary chaps here for witnesses to the fact that we went up in perfectly good faith, that I was forced to a bad landing and got fearfully cut up and burned and that I was only just backing out of death's door when they turned up and found you intact."

"Why, White Man!" exclaimed Andrea, "how could you get them to tell that awful lie?"

"Easily," answered Trevor promptly. "They wouldn't know it was a lie. You see, these missionary chaps will still believe a native; they can't afford to concede the immutable fact that a black consistently makes only one constant effort in his life—an effort to give always the answer that he thinks it will please you most to hear. Why, I don't even have to fix it up with my people. You'd believe the lie yourself if you could understand half they will say."

Andrea's lips drooped and she shook her head. "No," she said slowly. "No, I wouldn't." She was sitting with her elbows on the table, her cheek against the back of her clasped hands and her eyes following the white man's nervous movements with a sort of wounded wonder.

"So, you see, we can fix it," he concluded. "These clergymen are the only people in this back country that I could have trusted you with and who will strike just the right family note in your precious world-of-the-things-that-aren't-done-you-know. I have worked my best for you. I've made them come a hundred miles through country they have always thought impassable."

Andrea sat back and let her hands fall to her lap; for a moment she bowed her head and looked down at them, then she raised her gaze to his face. Her own, while it had been half-hidden, had suddenly lost its look of exuberant youth. It was so pale that her eyes seemed too large for it. They dimmed its outlines.

"White Man," she said, "do you mean it?"

"Mean what?"

"I have seen you kill beasts and men," said Andrea, "but even so, I couldn't have believed it of you." Her voice grew dulled, like water running over silken moss. "I couldn't have believed that you would hurt me so!" She cast her arms out across the table and dropped her face upon them.

With a self-accusing cry, Trevor sprang to her, picked her up and carried her to the couch. She lay in his arms without resisting; her body had surrendered to a laxity that let him pile furs under her head and arrange her limbs as he would. She was listless; too tired to fight; too broken to weep. He knelt beside her and took both her hands in his. "Now that you are no longer an irresponsible child," he said, "now that your stripped self is here to listen, I will tell you how I love you. The child in you might forget; the woman never. I love you in body and in spirit. I love you so that I am ready to stand up and deny freedom. I love you enough to give you myself and the world—my world of starlit nights and silent spaces that I've worshiped so long alone. Yes, I love you enough for that, and I have to, God help me, for you are in my heart and I can never, never get you out."

Andrea looked as if blood were being transfused into her veins with each word. She felt her youth coming back with the sure surge of an advancing tide. Her eyes grew bright and then frightened. "White Man!" she gasped. "Take me quickly; I feel myself growing young again!"

He leaped to his feet, caught her up in his arms and shook her; then he surrendered. "Young or old," he said, "what difference does it make? I love your youth as I already love your old age. Put your arms around my neck, look into my eyes and tell me you love me, too."

Clinging to him, her head thrown back, her eyes in his, she said, "I love you."

"Again," commanded Trevor.

"I love you."

"And now, my little sweetheart, my own girl, just once more."

"Ah!" begged Andrea, "don't make me say it again; let me kiss you."

Five minutes later Trevor reluctantly opened the door on the crool and cried, "Bishop!"

One of the three white men sprang to his feet. "God bless my soul," he exclaimed, "where did you come from? When did you get here? My dear chap, what's happened to your face?"

Trevor, forgetful of his damaged appearance, put his hands to his lips guiltily, as though he feared that some mark had clung there to betray their recent occupation; then he remembered his singed and bandaged condition. "Oh, that!" he said. "Nothing—nothing to speak of. Won't you come in? I'll see your companions later."

The bishop entered the hut and raised his eyebrows inquiringly as Trevor closed the door. "Mosquitoes?" he murmured and politely didn't wait for an answer. "Charming quarters. Quite the comfortable thing." Then he caught sight of Andrea who was half-sitting on the corner of the table and swinging her free leg. Once more his eyebrows went up but this time with a snap that would have carried them over the back of his head had they not been rooted.

"The bishop of Moma; the Honorable Andrea Pellor," said Trevor in businesslike tones.

"So pleased, my lord," said Andrea with a smile that turned into a rippling laugh. "I—I beg your pardon," she stammered, "b—but s—surprise doesn't go well with your face."

It was true; the bishop's astonishment seemed to have startled his features separately, scattering them over his countenance at grotesque angles. "Andrea," he gasped, "Andrea Pellor!"

"Yes," said Trevor, "that's the name. Now, bishop, if you'll sit down, I'll soon be able to satisfy you that the arguments I used to get you here are more than justified."

"Andrea Pellor!" repeated his lordship.

"You have it correctly, bishop," assured Trevor. "Won't you take this chair?"

The bishop's eyes gradually gathered themselves to a single focus on Andrea's face. "Young woman," he said, "do you know that the entire world has been perturbed for weeks as to your whereabouts? Do you know that your family has been suffering agonies of suspense as to your fate? Do you know that the man to whom you are betrothed has offered a thousand pounds for your discovery alive?"

Andrea glanced triumphantly at Trevor. "A thousand pounds," she murmured.

"Alive," he countered, also murmuring.

The bishop rapped on the table with his knuckles. "Do you know all these things?"

Andrea slipped from the table and stood before her inquisitor. "It's quite natural!" she said in a clean-cut tone Trevor had never heard her use before, "that you should be a little excited. Of course, I'm dying to hear all the news about the world and dear old Aunty Gwen and things in general, but do let's sit down. It always seems so greedy to me to gossip standing."

She turned from him to the chair that Trevor held for her and motioned the suddenly tamed prelate to another. His lips had snapped shut at the shocking aspersion that he came bearing tit-bits on his tongue and he sat down on the extreme edge of the indicated seat as though by his pose he would register a continued but silent protest.

"You wouldn't think to look at him," said Andrea to Trevor, "that in half an hour he'll be taking comfort out of that chair and out of a good cigar and out of a long drink." Her eyes laughed at the bishop in just the way to take the edge off her words.

He slowly smiled and just as slowly slid back into the depths of the chair; his hands, without the aid of his eyes, found the box of cigars that Trevor held out to him and his lips formed, in reply to a murmured inquiry, the following words, "A small one, please—not at all mahogany." Then he turned to Andrea and said in a louder voice, "Now tell me all about it."

"There really isn't much to tell," said Andrea. "I was tired of dancing and climbed down the cliff from the hotel. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning. I found this white man—his real name is Robert Oddman Trevor—tinkering with an airplane and I asked him to take me with him and he did." She dropped her eyes. "Now he's agreed to marry me."

Trevor turned white-lipped from the door where he had been giving an order to Bathtub. "Andrea," he said, his eyes blazing with anger, "you will please keep out of this conversation until you are called upon for a few responses." He turned to the bishop "Please overlook Miss Pellor's flippancy," he continued. "There is only one reason why I should marry her and she me and that is that we love each other beyond the power of the words to express."

"But, my dear man," said the bishop. "I know who Lady Andrea is, only too well; the question is who on earth are you? I take it I'm not wrong in thinking that you have got me here with the idea of persuading me to perform a ceremony which will shower me with lime-light for the next six months."

"Nine days is the accepted limit," murmured Andrea and added hastily, "I was just speaking to myself."

Trevor ignored her. "Your question," he said to the bishop, "is a natural one." He went to the high desk, took certain papers and, flushing slightly, handed them to the bishop, who glanced over them with undisguised interest.

"So," he said finally, "you are a retired officer of the Royal Flying Corps, a D. S. O. and you also hold the croix de guerre!" He tapped a devil's tattoo on the arm of his chair and gradually the furrow on his brow cleared and he smiled. "Unexceptional credentials; but as I am in peril of becoming a very much interested third party, I can not refrain from asking if you are in a position to render such financial comfort to this young lady and to her family as I believe it has reason to expect from her original betrothed."

"I am not buying Andrea," said Trevor quickly. "Millions for herself if she needs them; not a cent of tribute for the family. Not to waste your time further," he continued, "I wish to say that I consider you entitled to the thousand pounds' reward offered for her discovery alive and am prepared to hand you the sum in gold at once. If you have any scruples as to taking it personally, there is surely no reason why you should not accept it for your mission. In return you will marry us immediately by the rites of your church, which you doubtless know will be accepted as legally binding in my own country.

"If you refuse," said Trevor grimly, "you and your companions will be detained, forcibly if necessary, as witnesses to a ceremony performed in accordance with native custom."

"What!" exclaimed the bishop, aghast.

"This isn't an argument," said Trevor dryly; "it's a proposition, quite fair and above-board. You take it or leave it—inside of five minutes."

The bishop turned to Andrea. "Would you—" he stammered and stopped.

"I am quite indifferent as to method," said Andrea quietly. "No ceremony can add to the pledge that I have made in my heart. He has my love. He can have my body and soul for the asking."

The bishop was silent for a moment, his eyes fixed on the sudden glow that illuminated Trevor's face; then he said, "Well, my dear, that settles it—settles it finally, in fact, that I can't help but perceive that you are both equally in haste to repent at leisure."

He arose with a resigned sigh. "Five minutes are soon up," he said to Trevor. "Will you agree to take time out while I talk to my associates?"

"Most certainly," answered Trevor gravely and opened the door for his lordship.

In ten minutes the associates were persuaded; in half an hour, with the assistance of the diamond magnate's engagement ring, Andrea and Trevor were made man and wife according to the ancient usage of the Church of England; and just five minutes after that, Bathtub announced dinner. It was high time, for in spite of the toast that she had had with her tea, Andrea was faint and pale with hunger. Nothing short of the stimulus in the excitement of being married for the very first time in her life could have saved her from collapse.

That was a great and merry dinner. The toasts that were drunk to the bride were many, some hearty, some witty; but the one that stood out above all others was that in which she pledged herself. She stood, glass in hand, and looked down at the kindly, encouraging faces of the four men.

"This, the swan-song of the Honorable Andrea Pellor," she said in a voice that started a bit gaspingly but soon steadied to a clear flow, "who worshiped false gods flippantly during twenty-five years of her life, who traveled blindfolded through a beautiful world to the feet of a Calf of Gold and mercifully died on a certain beach at four o'clock of a morning. She drinks with you to Andrea Robert Oddman Trevor, the happiest woman—the happiest wo—the—"

Trevor leaped to his feet, put his arm around her and patted her on the shoulder. "There, there!" he soothed desperately, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Kiss her, you duffer!" roared the three divines in one voice.

CHAPTER XIV.

They were all early to bed, the word having gone out to break camp at dawn for safari. The bishop and his companions were northward bound. Andrea and her man headed for the south and the coast. In the cold mist of the morning they parted with tight handclasps and earnestly murmured "God-bless-you's."

Incidents, following rapidly one after the other, kept Andrea's mind off the coming encounter with her old world until she was actually on its verge. Late one afternoon they came upon the bay and Trevor waited expectantly

"You Will Marry Us Immediately by the Rites of Your Church."

for her to recognize the scene of her ravishment. He was disappointed, for the thin, insignificant strip of yellow sand tucked under the red cliff diminished by distance to the proportion of a railway embankment, meant nothing to her inexperienced eyes.

At last he pointed it out to her. "Behold," he said, "the beginning and the end of all things."

"Why," exclaimed Andrea. "Is it really the beach—our beach? How it's shrunk!"

"It has," said Trevor solemnly. "The erosion on this bit of coast is a foot for every hundred years. We'd better hurry if we want to make a landing."

He chartered two sailing boats from a Greek fisherman and in an hour the beach had broadened, the cliff had risen to almost imposing heights; while they were still well off the shore they shot into its shadow. The boatman chose a landing at the foot of the Cliff road, a quarter of a mile away from the steep path by which Andrea had made her descent. As the safari began to form on the beach Trevor turned to Andrea. "We're going to your old hotel, you know. It's really the only one. If you prefer, I can send for a motor-car for you and myself; but we'd have to wait half an hour."

Andrea caught her breath as she realized that it was only minutes before she would be in collision with a world. Her eyes ran down the line of their marching column already on the edge of an incongruous setting, but still impressing with that subtle dignity which the free and half-naked black takes with him everywhere and which is born of his absolute indifference to standards not his own.

"Let us go down at the head of our men," she answered.

"You are right," said Trevor, pleased at her shrewd judgment. "We mortals," he added, "don't always recognize the importance of fighting an atmosphere with an atmosphere. To go in as cock of our own walk is a thousand times better than a motor-car and the back door."

Andrea nodded. "I felt it but I could not put it in words like that."

As Trevor, the white head of a quarter-mile-long and glistening black serpent of humanity, swung in between the gateposts of the hotel's imposing portals, the ever-opportune Marguerite stretched his neck, raised his barrel-head and brayed. Above that raucous cry sounded the spontaneous and uncontrollable peal of Andrea's silver laughter.

The groups of men and women—all but one—on the hotel veranda stopped in their various occupations as though paralyzed; drinks paused halfway to thirsty lips, cigarettes burned unconscious fingers, knitting needles poised instantaneously—all but one pair. The manipulator of the exception was a dear but very proper old lady wearing a cap of filmy lace on her plentiful white hair and enough filmy lace on her person to make the porch chair, in which she sat, look like a stall at a Red Cross bazaar. She was knitting a vast khaki-colored sweater and at the sound of Andrea's laughter she gave no sign beyond pursing her withered lips while she methodically finished off the stitch upon which she had been engaged.

That done, she raised a pair of beady black eyes so wonderfully alive that it seemed impossible they belonged to her wrinkled face and flashed one look at Andrea and one at Trevor. "Well, my dear," she said calmly, presumably to the former, "it's a relief to have you back apparently alive and well."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than she was swept into Andrea's impetuous embrace. "Oh, Aunty Gwen! Oh, you old dear!"

The lady defended herself with considerable energy and was heard to grumble that even kissing had degenerated into a rough pastime. Having rescued herself from Andrea's arms, she said, "Now that that is over you will please go to your room and change from that outlandish circus costume; you'll find everything as you left it except for a new lock on the door."

Andrea glanced at Trevor and leaned over to whisper imploringly in her aunt's ear.

"Your husband?" enunciated the old lady clearly. "Well, that's a relief, too; but I prefer to meet him elsewhere and after you have presented documentary evidence. By the way," she added with ominous emphasis as she resumed her knitting, "Harry is still here."

"I should say I am," exclaimed a youth in the trim uniform of the Flying Corps, as he stepped out from the hotel door. "Hello, Sister Andy." Then his eyes fell on Trevor. A slow smile of happy welcome spread over his face. "Well, I'll be d——!" he exclaimed fervently. "D' you know, Trevor, I've been saying from the first, 'Cherchez the flying-machine.' Come in and let me watch you have a drink."

Trevor, quivering under the pressure of the control he had summoned to carry him through the trying moment and filled with an immediate love and admiration for Aunty Gwen, paused to direct his following to a nearby vacant lot.

"Is that marriage tip straight?" asked Harry.

"Straight as the good bishop of Moma and two other missionary Johnnies could make it," replied Trevor.

Harry was thoughtful for a moment, then he said, "Well, Trevor, I don't know how you're fixed for proof but you know that through lean years and fat, I'm for you from the break in balk. As one sportsman to another, I congratulate you on putting one over on that up-country animated leather-sack of vintage wines. By the way, you realize I've got to wire him."

"Of course," said Trevor. "The sooner the better. Don't worry about Andrea's food and raiment," he added flushing. "The truth is, I'm pretty well heeled with the needful."

"You Americans generally are," said Harry admiringly. "Sort of jolly national tradition."

Twenty-four hours later the diamond magnate, perennially flushed as to face and heavy of paunch made his impressive arrival.

When he had washed and otherwise attempted to freshen his perspiring person he sent out a call for a family conference. It took place in the Trevors' sitting room. Harry was there resentative of the house of Pellor vor and his bride. The sole male representative of the house of Pellor opened the proceedings with the following speech: "Hammar," he said, "on the part of my sister I wish to offer you an unqualified apology. It seems that she was—er—suddenly carried away by an impulse in conjuction with a flying machine, but you will be glad to know that Trevor here has—er—has played the man all through and you are permanently relieved from any further responsibility in the matter. I don't think there's another bally thing to say beyond repeating the apology due you from my entire family."

"Not a thing to say, you young sycophant of a whipper-snapper!" thundered the red-faced magnate. "Do you think I came down here to listen to your maiden speech, accept a dirty apology and get out with my tail between my legs? Well, I didn't. I came down here to show this interloping vagabond of a scavenger where he and his—wife—don't get off."

A gleam crept into Trevor's eyes the same gleam that had shone there when he had shot MacCloster, but it turned into his slow assuring smile as his gaze met that of Andrea and took note of her alarm. He remembered that only ten minutes before he had promised on the honor of a lover to be seen only and not heard.

"Aren't you a bit late for that?" asked Harry, unperturbed. "They seem to be running before the wind already and with a fair lead." He lit a cigarette and snapped the dead match through the open doorway.

"You think so, do you?" said the magnate, his eyes snapping malignantly. "You've probably never heard of the shipping ring, but I'll tell you this—the line that takes these two—two—two whatchumay-callums as passengers is ruined. They'll stay in Africa till they rot."

Andrea stifled a yawn. "Robert," she said in her coolest and best society voice, "if Sir Hammar is going to force

She Felt a Welling Within Her of All the Major Emotions.

us to wait here for one of your own steamers to put in—I think you'd better collect that thousand pounds reward."

It was the end. The magnate gasped, sprang up and fled, pursued by a smoke arrow propelled from Harry's rounded mouth. Aunty Gwen pursed her lips but kept on knitting; she could not, however, altogether hide the laugh that was in her snapping eyes. Andrea dropped on her knees beside her.

"Oh, Aunty Gwen," she begged, "won't you please let me introduce Robert? He's the dearest, most thoughtful, strongest and weakest man that a lucky girl ever loved."

That night when all the hotel was in darkness and silence reigned Andrea and Trevor stood together by the coping at the edge of the cliff and looked across the moonlit bay to the far-away line of the sea. Behind them was the dark, massed shadow of the Bougainville trellis; at their feet and before them stretched an open world, bathed in kindly and opalescent light

Andrea's eyes started at the top of the zigzag path and followed it deliberately down the cliff-side until they reached and swept the gleaming crescent of the beach; then they rose and stared at the placid moon. Nine weeks, no more, had passed since last this scene had held her, yet into them was packed the germ of all her life almost to the exclusion of preceding memories. She felt a welling within her of all the major emotions and frightened, turned from them to hide her face against Trevor's shoulder. Her arms slipped up around his neck and clung to him.

"Oh, White Man," she whispered, "my Wonder Man, plunderer of my heart, if desire to give is any measure, how far you have led me along the shining road!"

(THE END.)

TOO TIMID TO BRANCH OUT

Thousands of Really Capable Men Are Handicapped by the Absence of Initiative.

"Afraid to branch out!" Would this not make a fitting epitaph for thousands of people who have made a botch of their lives? They didn't dare to branch out; they were afraid to attempt the thing they felt they could do best, and so they postponed doing it until the habit of putting off had become stronger than the determination to get ahead.

Think of the millions of people in the world who are satisfied to go through life carrying out other people's orders, who are underlings instead of masters simply because they have never had the courage to branch out for themselves. Instead of developing their individuality and standing for something on their own account, they are carrying out other people's ideas.

Think of the men of marvelous ability who are today plodding along in mediocrity, dissatisfied with what they are doing, but who have not dare enough in them to break away and enter wider fields of endeavor!—The New Success.

Very Good or Very Bad.

J. Fuller Gloom—A son is either a comfort to his parents in their old age, or he turns out so that they do not have any old age.—Kansas City Star.

First Pennant Racers.

The first official "world's championship" series of the baseball games was played in 1884 between the Providence team and the Metropolitans.

SOUTH IS TURNING AGAINST CALOMEL

Mr. Dodson, the "Liver Tone" Man, Responsible for Change for the Better.

Every druggist in town has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it." Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle doesn't cost very much, but if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, just ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day.—Adv.

Qualified.

"Cholly assures me that I am the prettiest girl in town."

"How does he know?"

"Well, he's been helping take the census."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WATCH THAT COLD!

Colds and chills leave thousands with weak kidneys and aching backs. The kidneys have to do most of the work of fighting off a cold and they weaken—slow up. You feel dull and irritable and have headaches, dizziness, backache, and irregular kidney action. Give the kidneys quick help with *Doan's Kidney Pills!* Doan's are used and recommended the world over for weak kidneys and bad backs. *Ask your neighbor!*

An Arkansas Case

Mrs. A. H. Jones, 505 N. Elm St., Harrison, Ark., says: "I had an attack of kidney trouble. My kidneys didn't act right at all. My back ached constantly and I also suffered from headaches. I had dizzy spells and could see little black specks before my eyes. I was very nervous. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they relieved me in a few days. I am glad to recommend Doan's to anyone suffering from kidney trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR COLD

The quick way is to use Dr. King's New Discovery

DON'T put off until tonight what you can do today. Step into your druggist's and buy a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery. Start taking it at once. By the time you reach home you'll be on the way to recovery.

This standard family friend has been breaking colds, coughs, grippe attacks, and croup for more than fifty years. It's used wherever sure-fire relief is appreciated. Children and grownups alike can use it—there is no disagreeable after-effect. Your druggist has it. 60c. and $1.20 bottles.

Bowels Begging for Help

Torpid liver pleading for assistance? How careless to neglect these things when Dr. King's New Life Pills so promptly, mildly, yet effectively come to their relief!

Leaving the system uncleaned, clogged bowels unmoved, results in health-destructive after-effects. Let stimulating, tonic-in-action Dr. King's New Life Pills bring you the happiness of regular, normal bowels and liver functioning. Keep feeling fit, doing the work of a man or woman who finds relish in it. All druggists—25c.

FOR WOMEN

Constipation is women's worst enemy. DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS regulate and cleanse. The great remedy for women's special ills.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

NEURALGIA

The powerful, healing warmth of Hunt's Lightning Oil gives instant and positive relief from throbbing, nerve racking pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, etc. At your druggists, 30c and 70c a bottle.

PRICE 30¢

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

Bad Sickness Caused by Acid-Stomach

If people only realized the health-destroying power of an acid-stomach—of the many kinds of sickness and misery it causes—of the lives it literally wrecks—they would guard against it as carefully as they do against a deadly plague. You know in an instant the first symptoms of acid-stomach—pains of indigestion; distressing, painful bloat; sour, gassy stomach; belching; food repeating; heartburn, etc. Whenever your stomach feels this way you should lose no time in putting it to rights. If you don't, serious consequences are almost sure to follow, such as intestinal fermentation, auto-intoxication, impairment of the entire nervous system, headache, biliousness, cirrhosis of the liver; sometimes even catarrh of the stomach and intestinal ulcers and cancer.

If you are not feeling right, see if it isn't acid-stomach that is the cause of your ill health. Take EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy. EATONIC Tablets quickly and surely relieve the pain, bloat, belching, and heartburn that indicate acid-stomach. Make the stomach strong, clean and sweet. By keeping the stomach in healthy condition so that you can get full strength from your food, your general health steadily improves. Results are marvelously quick. Just try EATONIC and you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands who have used it and who say they never dreamed anything could bring such marvelous relief.

So get a big 50-cent box of EATONIC from your druggist today. If not satisfactory return it and he will refund your money.

EATONIC

FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH