

Weekly Health Talks

What Doctor Pierce Has Done For Humanity!

BY DOCTOR CRIPPS.

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed near the top when a list of America's great benefactors is written. He studied and conquered human diseases to a degree that few realize. Whenever he found a remedy that overcame disease, he at once announced it in the newspapers and told where it could be bought at a small price. He did not follow the usual custom of keeping the ingredients secret, so that the rich only could afford to buy the medicine, but openly printed the name of each root and herb he used. And so to-day the names of Dr. Pierce and his medicines are widely known, and they stand for better health and better citizenship.

One of this great physician's most successful remedies is known as Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These are little, sugar-coated pills, composed of Mayapple, leaves of aloe, root of jalap—things that Nature grows in the ground. These Pellets are safe because they move the bowels gently, leaving no bad after-effects, as so many pills do. Very often they make a person who takes them feel like a new man or woman, for they cleanse the intestines of hard, decayed and poisonous matter that accumulates when one is constipated. If you are constipated, by all means go to your druggist and get some of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They may prove to be the very thing your system requires to make you well and happy.

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Tin Peddler & Co.

By BERTHA PORTER

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"Mr. Valentine's late," announced Esther, as Matilda came in with her hands full of arbutus. "Did you see him anywhere? I'm anxious to have that blue gingham."

Matilda, cheeks as pink as the flowers she carried, laughed with all the joy of her twenty years. "I wasn't looking for any old tin-peddler," she replied. "Not even if he is a traveling department store and bringing my dear aunt her new summer gown. I was listening to the robins and the blessed little spring peepers, and hunting for Mayflowers. Why, auntie dear, it's spring—and summer is coming, and anything may happen in summer, even if you do live deep in the woods and have only one old horse to go gadding with."

Esther caught but a part of her words. She was at the window, looking after a great automobile that was thundering madly down the narrow country road, scattering hens and dust impartially.

"I should rather have a horse than one of those destroyers," she declared. "And surely something will happen right now if it meets anything."

Before the machine was out of sight it happened. Old Mr. Valentine, driving his old horse and his box of a peddler's cart up the narrow road had no chance. The horse leaped to escape the monster bearing down upon him, but that did not save the cart from the blow. Freed from hanging splinters, old Peter galloped away out of sight and was not located for several days. In the other direction the car raced as madly, its drunken occupants intent only on escape from what they vaguely realized as a "smash."

When Esther and Matilda reached the wreck they found the wagon less damaged than had seemed possible. Old Peter had swung it mightily, and splinters and scratches were the worst of its hurts. Not so with Mr. Valentine. He lay in the road, unconscious. "It's his hip," said Aunt Esther, stooping to examine his injuries. "We mustn't move him. Run and telephone for the doctor. And bring pillows when you come back. I'll watch in case anybody comes."

Old Mr. Valentine was a relic of the past. Before the days of automobiles, drummers and mail-order houses, he and his peddler's cart had been as regular, if not as frequent, on these country roads, as the mail stage. He was progressive, too, and carried not only the conventional kitchen ware and brooms of the tin peddler, but buttons, thread, cloth, ribbon; anything that the dwellers in the country, far from stores, might want. He was indeed, as Matilda had called him, a traveling department store. Now the advent of automobiles owned by the farmers had almost killed his trade, but there were a few customers who bought from him for the sake of old times. There were some, too, like Miss Esther, who liked the cheery little old man and looked forward to his monthly visit. Whenever he came to Miss Esther's house he timed his arrival to be able to stay to dinner, and she somehow knew his favorite dishes and they always appeared on the table when he came. Remember, Mr. Valentine had been coming for many years. Miss Esther knew about his son, too, who was a commercial traveler, and about the wife, who had died when the boy was born.

Now she sat with his head in her lap, watching the road for the doctor's buggy.

"Broken hip," said the doctor. "I thought it might be when Matilda called up, so I brought Allick along to help me move him. Run ahead and get the room ready, girls. This is no woman's job here—Allick, rip a picket off Miss Esther's fence."

Next day, the old wagon, repaired by Allick and the doctor, stood in Miss Esther's barn, no more helpless than the impatient man that lay in the spare bed.

"He's worryin' about his trip something awful," Esther confided to Matilda. "I know it ain't good for him, but I don't see what to do."

"I'll go in and talk to him." Twenty minutes later she danced out of the room. "Aunt Esther, he's all right now. I'm going to finish the trip for him, and you must get Flora Whipple to come and help you do the work."

"Matilda Peters, what are you talkin' about? And where are you goin' to get a horse? And how do you know where to go? And what if you should meet a drunken automobile, like he did?"

"I'm going to take your horse, darling. And I've got a little brown book here that tells me just where to go. And I'm going to take my chance on a drunken automobile—and everything else. It's going to be the greatest fun!"

And it was. Everywhere she drove the queer-looking old box of a cart, all honeycombed with drawers and closets, packed full of good reliable merchandise, she met with welcome. She had only to produce the little brown book with orders given the month before, to find eager interest and sympathetic inquiry about Mr. Valentine. And while Miss Matilda was gathering Mr. Valentine's harvest of dollars, a letter she had written for him before starting was having almost as varied travel

as she. It was following Mr. Robert Blaisdell on his annual trip through Virginia. At last it caught up with him and told him very briefly that his father, Mr. Valentine Blaisdell, had met with an accident, but was being cared for by an old friend, Miss Esther Peters, while the writer was endeavoring to carry on his business to the best of her ability. On his—Mr. Robert's return—she would be pleased to furnish him with a statement of the financial situation. It was signed "Matilda Peters."

"Holy cats!" gasped Robers Blaisdell, "poor old pa—laid up in the clutches of two old maids, who will probably run up a pretty bill of expense—financial situation, indeed." And as another and worse thought flashed over him, "Lordy, perhaps they'll marry him!"

A delayed schedule on the railroad brought Robert Blaisdell's train into the station nearest the village where his father was still confined just three hours late. As he was inquiring about a conveyance to take him to Miss Esther Peters' house, a peculiar-looking wagon drove by. He was standing so that he did not see it, and his mental state precluded his hearing anything so common as wagon wheels or horse's hoofs. The station agent, who did not like the livery man, saw it.

"What makes you hire a rig, anyway?" he suggested. "Save your three dollars and ride up along if you want to see Miss Esther. That wagon you see up ahead is goin' to the very house. Belongs to the tin-peddler, old Mr. Valentine. He got a terrible spill 'bout six weeks ago and he's been laid up at Esther's house ever since. She's takin' care of him—and—well, he didn't waste much time takin' that advice," he finished to the empty air.

For Robert Blaisdell was racing up the dusty road after his father's wagon, now in the hands of that money-grabbing old hen; he'd lose no time telling her where she got off. This was too good a chance to miss.

Matilda, driving contentedly homeward, heard the hoarse shouts. "Hi—hi—here—you, wait a minute."

She stopped. Robert Blaisdell, red and hot from his pursuing race, leaped to the front of the cart. He, too, stopped, and said not another word. He took off his hat and panted. Matilda waited, politely. She could see that he was quite disturbed. "Don't hurry," she said. "You're awfully out of breath."

"I beg your pardon," he gasped at last. "But the station agent said this wagon was going—said it was—said—oh, darn it—I'm Robert Blaisdell—may I ride up to see my father with you?"

He wondered who this pretty girl was that was helping out that old Matilda thing as they drove along the shady roads. Not that he knew the roads were shady—he knew only that the girl had yellow hair—real hair, not bleached stuff—and brown eyes that were straightforward and friendly, and a lovely white skin—and, oh, yes, there were three little freckles right by her nose. And he hoped she lived near Miss Esther Peters.

She was telling him about the accident. She seemed to know a lot about it. "So Miss Esther's taking care of him, is she?" he replied at last. "I'm sure that's very kind of her. And shall I see Miss Matilda, too? She wrote me this letter."

The girl turned and looked at him. She laughed. "You're looking at her now," she said. "Mr. Matilda."

Robert could stay only two days that first time. But he went back to the main office and told them about the crying needs of his wares in a certain neglected rural district. And they told him to go there in pity's name and sell his goods, so he came back very soon. And again and again—for a broken hip does not mend easily—especially when the bones are not as young as they once were.

When, in July, Mr. Valentine was able to sit on the porch, Robert came again, and found the three engaged in the "financial situation."

"Bob," said his father, "this girl has enlarged the business. Her receipts for the last three months are more than mine were a year ago. I don't know but what I'll retire and turn the cart over to her."

Miss Esther blushed at the look he gave her. "I'm going to tell him, Esther," Mr. Valentine went on. "If he's got any eyes in his head, he knows it already. Yes—Bob, she's going to take care of me all the rest of my days, and with Esther for a wife, I don't much care whether the old leg gets well or not. I shan't want to run very far away from her. So, Bob, give your mother-to-be a kiss, and perhaps you can kiss your new cousin as well."

"Oh, Mr. Valentine!" And Matilda was off the porch in a flash, down among the rose bushes. But not too far away to miss what Robert was saying.

"Cousin? Not on your life! Don't you know first cousins can't marry in this state?"

The Usual Thing.

"I have never, during my somewhat extended career, been any more industrious than I was obliged to be," confessed old Timrod Tarpy. "I usually scamped and slighted every disagreeable duty as much as possible. I used no particular intelligence in my business operations, but generally took the line of least resistance and trusted to luck to come out all right. So now, having made practically a failure of my own affairs, I am ready to sit in my easy chair for the balance of my life and complain about the lack of business sense, the utter shiftlessness and the abysmally trifling ways of the present generation. In short, I am now about to become a perfectly normal old boy."—Kansas City Star.

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots of It in Emmett, but Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed; Not one more important to health. The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous. There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble. It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Emmett people. Mrs. Earl Stickney, Walnut avenue, Emmett, says: "I have great faith in Doan's Kidney Pills because of the good they have done right in my family. When my back has been weak and lame and I have had pains across my kidneys and my kidneys have been acting irregularly, I have found Doan's Kidney Pills fine. They always give me good results and I know I can rely on them."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Stickney had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Separate Fat From Water.

The recovery of valuable fat remaining in water used in washing wool is now being accomplished by means of a new machine resembling a cream separator, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In the past various attempts to do this have not proven satisfactory. The wash water runs directly into a bowl making 8,000 revolutions per minute, and the fat is separated almost instantly.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Before using this preparation for a cough or cold you may wish to know what it has done for others. Mrs. O. Cook, Macon, Ill., writes, "I have found it gives the quickest relief of any cough remedy I have ever used." Mrs. James A. Knott, Chillicothe, Mo., says "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cannot be beat for coughs and colds." H. J. Moore, Oval, Pa., says "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy on several occasions when I was suffering with a settled cold upon the chest and it has always brought about a cure."

Fighting Doors.

All the doors should swing high enough from the floor to clear any rugs placed near them. And they should be placed so that they will not jam against one another. I know of two doors in a house that persist in locking knobs just as two angry bulls lock horns in mortal combat—or is it deer that do this? And when these doors are in that position, you can't get out but have to back out, go around another way, and separate them. We don't intend having any doors like that in this house.—Harry L. Shumway, in the House Beautiful.

Chamberlain's Tablets.

When you are troubled with indigestion or constipation, take Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Indigestion is usually accompanied by constipation and is aggravated by it. Chamberlain's Tablets cause a gentle movement of the bowels, relieving the constipated condition.

Obstacles in Every Path.

Most of us who work for a living have to contend with a full measure of the day's cares and setbacks. We have this obligation to meet, that difficulty to master, and so on. Yet in fairness to ourselves and in justice to the persons with whom we touch elbows, during business hours, we should, the minute we come into their midst, put all "our own business" into the background.

A Guess.

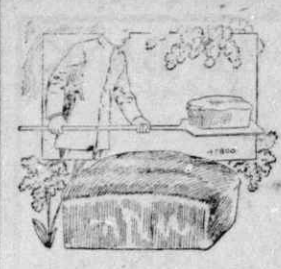
An exchange says that the three-ball sign in front of certain shops is of Indian origin. From the Pawnee, we suppose.—Boston Transcript.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Estrays

Notice is hereby given that the sheriff of Gem County, Idaho, will on the 19th day of February, 1919, at 2 o'clock P. M., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the ranch of James Bell, about two miles south of Letha, Idaho, the following described animals taken up as estrays as provided by chapter 192 Session Laws of Idaho, for 1911, said animals being described as follows, to-wit: One black mare about 12 years old weight about 1150 pounds, branded with S on left shoulder, has four white feet, is shod in front, has white spot in forehead and foretop cut. One bay horse weight about 1300, about 14 years old, small white spot in forehead, foretop cut, is shod all around, branded E on left shoulder. Dated this 8th day of January, 1919. DAVE NICHOLS, Sheriff.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of John W. Martin, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Albert Martin, administrator of the estate of John W. Martin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the law office of Finley Monroe, in the City of Emmett, county of Gem, state of Idaho, this being the place fixed for the transaction of the business of said estate. Dated December 27, 1918. JOHN ALBERT MARTIN, Administrator of the Estate of John W. Martin, Deceased. First publication Jan. 2, 1919.



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Insane Pretend Insanity. A rather paradoxical message comes from the Paris Medical. In general, it seems, the doctor is not lightly to dismiss insanity which is obviously simulated. A pathological basis should be sought. There are cases where the patient is insane to pretend to be insane.

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