

DO IT NOW.

He was going to be all that a mortal should be—Tomorrow. No one should be kinder or braver than he—Tomorrow.

POINT!

A STORY OF MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

"But Timmy lad, you'd run circles around her. You might run with a low head and a dead tail—though your head is high and your tail is none so low as it was in the Derby, when you were a wee puppy, and nervous and frightened—but you'd make the judges notice you, Timmy. You'd show them dash and range and speed and style and brains; steady to flush, steady to shot, steady to command, no false pointing, no roading birds to a flush if you could help it, picking up singles on ground the other dog thought he had covered, marking where the flushed covers settle and picking them up again. Ah, Timmy dog, it's breaking my heart to hide your light under a bushel basket. I give it to you to let men that know and can appreciate a good dog see you work. Of the hundreds of dogs I've owned, of the thousand I've trained since boyhood, you are the king of them all. God help me, Timmy, I gave Martha my word I'd never attend another field trial or handle another dog in one, either for myself or another. We're licked, Timmy. Licked to a frazzle!"

Timmy leaned a little closer and licked the palm of Dan's hand. He was an understanding little dog. Even when Dan finally heaved slowly to his feet and started down the hillside toward home, Tiny Tim followed at his heels, forbearing to follow his natural instinct, which was to frisk ahead of Dan far and wide and attend to the business for which he had really been created.

Arrived at the house Dan's sheepish glance encountered the searching one of his wife. "Where have you been, Dan?" she queried. "Oh, takin' a little walk," he replied. She sat down beside him on the porch and put her arm around his neck. "Hard to be out of it, isn't it, dear?"

"It's hard to think that a dog like Timmy shouldn't have his chance, Martha. Why not make an exception to our agreement in this one case? I'm sure I could win the All Age Stake with him. The entrance fee is twenty-five dollars and there'll be upwards of forty dogs entered. That'll be a thousand dollar purse, divided five hundred, three fifty and a hundred and fifty. Might win first prize and be able to pay the mortgage. Somehow I got a notion the bank won't renew the loan."

Martha's eyes were as wistful as her husband's but hers was a far more resolute nature. She kept her bargains and expected others to keep theirs; she knew the weakness of Dan Pelly. If he should go down to the field trials and enter Tiny Tim, he would meet old friends and old customers. It was four years since he had quit the game—long enough for men to forget those distemper germs and take another chance on Dan, for Dan's fame as a trainer was almost national. Somebody would be certain to ask him to train a field Derby or Futurity prospect for next fall, or to handle a string of dogs in the Manitoba chicken trials.

note on the dining room table for Martha.

Dear Martha: Can't stand it any longer. Timmy must have his chance. It's for his sake, dear. I've robbed you of your egg money, but I know you'll have it back tomorrow.

Your loving Dan.

Dan Pelly felt like a criminal as he coughed down the dusty country lane. But if he could only have seen Martha's face as she read his note! She laughed at first and then her eyes grew moist. "Poor old Dan," she murmured to the cat, "I'm so glad he defied me. It proves he's a human being. I'm so grateful to him for his weakness. He didn't force me to a decision."

Arrived in town Dan Pelly parked his car at the village square, went to the local hotel and engaged a room. He registered "Dan Pelly and his dog, Tiny Tim." Before he could go up to his room he was seen and recognized by the secretary of the field trial club, Major Christensen.

"Hello, Dan, you old fossil. When did they dig you up?" the Major saluted him affably. "Back in the game again?"

"Oh, no," Dan replied. "Just blew in to look 'em over. Got a son of old Keepsake and Kenwood Boy here. Thought I'd start him in fast company and see if he has any class. He's just a plug shooting dog."

"Well," the Major answered, looking Tim over with a critical and disapproving glance, "it'll cost you twenty-five dollars to glean that information, Dan." He took out an entry blank; Dan filled it out and returned it together with the entrance fee. Next he visited the hotel kitchen, where he did business with the chef and procured for Tiny Tim a hearty ration of lamb stew with vegetables, after which he took the little dog up to his room. Tim sprang into bed immediately, curled up and went to sleep.

That night Dan attended the banquet. Old friends were there, fellow trainers, trainers he had never met before, with dogs from Canada to the Gulf, from Maine to California. It was an exceedingly doggy party and poor old starved Dan revelled in it. He was living again, and under the stimulus of the unusual excitement and a couple of snips of contraband Scotch whiskey he made the speech of his career, ripped the Fish and Game Commission up the back and ended by going up stairs and bringing Tiny Tim down in his arms to exhibit him to those around the festal board as the only real dog he had ever owned.

"He'll win every heat in which he's entered," Dan bragged, "and he'll win in the finals. He looks like a mutt, but oh boy, watch his smoke!" When the drawings for the next day's events took place, Dan discovered that Tiny Tim had been paired with a famous old pointer from Nevada, known as Colonel Dorsey. Dan knew there were better dogs than Colonel Dorsey, but they weren't very plentiful, and under the able handling of a veteran trainer, Alf Wilkes, Dan knew Tiny Tim would have to extend himself to center the attention of the judges on his performance. To have Tim paired with Colonel Dorsey pleased Dan greatly, however, for if Tim merely succeeded in running a dead heat with the Colonel, that meant that Tim and the Colonel were fight it out together in the finals; for Colonel Dorsey was, in the opinion of all present, the class of the entries; he was in excellent form and condition and as full of ginger and go as a runaway horse.

A gentleman who had arrived too late for the banquet came shouldering his way through the crowd in the hotel lobby just after the drawing. Dan recognized in him the gentleman who had offered him a thousand dollars for Tiny Tim that day in the patch of cowards by the side of the road. He came smiling up to Dan Pelly and shook his hand heartily.

"I'm the owner of Colonel Dorsey," he announced. "It'll be a barrel of fun to run my dog against Tiny Tim. A sporting dog owned and handled by a sportsman. Mr. Pelly, we're going to have a race."

"I hope so, sir," said Dan simply. "I want Timmy to have a foeman worthy of his steel, as the feller says."

"He will," the other promised. He did. They were put down in a wide flat with a little watercourse running through the center of it. The cover was low, stunted sage, affording excellent cover for the birds and opportunities for them to sneak away from a dog without being seen, for there was much open space between the sage bushes. They were away together, headed for the watercourse, Colonel Dorsey in the lead.

Suddenly Tiny Tim stopped dead and commenced to read at right angles, coming up into the wind. The Colonel pressed eagerly on and flushed, but was steady to flush. So was Tiny Tim. A moment later the Colonel pointed and Tiny Tim, standing in the open, honored the Colonel's point beautifully, but broke point after a minute of waiting and scouted off on a wide cast. The Colonel held his point and his handler, coming up, attempted to flush. The point was barren. Undoubtedly the bird had been there but had run out.

The Colonel's owner, who had been following the judges in a buckboard with Dan Pelly in the seat beside him, looked at his guest. "I own a Colonel, but you own a general, Mr. Pelly. Your dog is handling his birds better than mine."

"Point!" came a hoarse shout from the direction in which Tim had gone. He had come back on his cast and was down in the watercourse on point. Dan Pelly got out of the buckboard and flushed a double, at the same time firing over the birds. Tim was absolutely staunch to shot and flush. He looked disappointed because no dead bird rewarded his efforts, but immediately pressed on up the gully. Dan Pelly thrilled. He knew the birds would lie close in this cover and that Tim would run up a heavy score. He did. Point after point he scored and awarded a single was flushed. When he had made nineteen points on single birds the whistle blew and the dogs were taken up.

Colonel Dorsey ranging wide, had shown speed, style and dash but had found no birds. Tim had made but one cast but it was sufficient to show that he, too, had speed and range, albeit his style was nothing to brag about. But he had performed the function for which bird dogs are bred. He had found game and handled it in a masterly manner. The dogs were down forty minutes and both were fresh when taken up. The judges awarded the heat to Tiny Tim.

Colonel Dorsey's owner slapped old Dan Pelly on the back. "I came a long way for a splendid thrashing," he admitted gallantly. "However, the Colonel was out of luck. He got off into barren territory and rather wasted his time. We'll meet again in the finals."

And it was even so. Three days later Tiny Tim again faced the Colonel, who in the succeeding heats had given marvelous performances and disposed of his antagonists in a most decisive manner. But likewise so had Tiny Tim.

It was a battle from start to finish. Both dogs got on birdy ground at once and worked it thoroughly, and at the finish there was little to choose between them. Tim had two more points to his credits and no flushes; the Colonel had one flush, due to eagerness at the start, and he had failed to honor one of Tim's points. These errors appeared to offset Tim's lack of style, but the latter's marvelous bird work could not be gainsaid; and remembering the decisive manner in which the little setter had disposed of the Colonel in the initial heat, the judges awarded the All Age Stake, which carried with it the Pacific Coast championship, to Tiny Tim and Dan Pelly retired to the hotel richer by five hundred dollars and a silver loving cup. That afternoon he paid two hundred and fifty dollars on the mortgage and had it renewed for another year. Then he wrote a letter to Martha, bought a nest crate for Tiny Tim and started down the field trial circuit.

In some ways—notably dog ways—Dan Pelly was a weak vessel. He lacked the moral courage to come home and be good forever after. Timmy was so much better in big company than he had anticipated that should it mean death to both of them, Dan Pelly simply had to try him out in Oregon on pheasant. Poor Timmy had never seen a pheasant, and it was such a shame to deny him this great adventure.

So the next Martha heard of Dan was a wire to the effect that Timmy had taken second place in the trials on pheasant at Lebanon, Oregon. A week later came another telegram, informing her that Timmy had taken first money in the Washington field trials, handling Hungarian partridge for the first time. A letter followed and Martha read:

Dear wife: I don't suppose you will ever believe me again now that I have broke my word to you and run away. I don't seem to be able to help myself. Timmy is wonderful. I've got to go on to try him on chicken in Manitoba and then International and the All America. I enclose \$500. With love from Timmy and Your devoted husband, DAN PELLY.

Timmy was third on prairie chicken. Everybody said his performance was marvelous in view of his total ignorance of this splendid game, so Dan Pelly did not think it worth while to advertise the fact that he had introduced Timmy to two crippled chickens the day before in order that he might know their scent when he ran on to it. The International in Montana was won by Timmy, and Dan's cup of happiness overflowed when the judges handed him his trophies and a check for a thousand dollars. Colonel Dorsey gave him a stiff run but the best the Colonel could do was second place.

And then came the never to be forgotten day down in Kentucky when Timmy went in on bobwhite quail for the Western Hemisphere. Timmy was at home again on quail. He had some bad luck before he learned about bobwhite's peculiarities, but he had enough wits to put him in the finals, and at the finish he was cast off with a little Libby's lard which whose performance made Dan Pelly's heart skip a beat or two. Nothing except Timmy's age and years of experience enabled him to win over her; up until the last moments of the race predictions were freely made that it would be a dead heat.

But just before the whistle blew, Timmy roared a small cover to a staunch point—the sole find made during the heat—and Dan Pelly went home with Timmy and more money than he had ever seen before in his life except the bank's, although better wistful little Dan was the knowledge that he had bred, raised, trained and handled the most consistent winner and the most spectacularly outstanding bird dog champion in North America. Old Keepsake and her wonderful consort, Kenwood Boy, had transmitted their great qualities to their son, and Dan knew, in view of Tiny Tim's great record over the field trial circuit, how much in demand would be the puppies from that strain. Praise God, Timmy might live long enough to perpetuate his great qualities in his offspring.

Dan's return was not a triumphal one. He felt like anything except a conquering hero. Indeed, he felt mean and low and untrustworthy; he had to call on a reserve store of courage in order to face Martha and explain his dastardly conduct in appropriating her fifty dollars, breaking his promise and running away with Timmy. Martha was sitting on the porch in her rocking chair as Dan and his dog came up the lane. Tiny Tim romped ahead and sprang up in Martha's lap and kissed her and whimpered his joy at the homecoming—so Martha had ample opportunity to brace herself to meet the culprit.

"Hello, Martha, old girl," Dan cried with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "Timmy and I are home again. Are you going to forgive me, Martha?" Martha looked so glum and serious that Dan's heart sank. "Oh, Martha!" he quavered and came slowly up the steps and tossed

into her lap a huge roll of banknotes. "I know I done wrong, Martha," he declared. "I've been gamblin' on the side—you know, honey—side bets on Timmy. I'm afraid we're never going to be real poor again. We've got the mortgage paid off and three thousand in reserve, and I'm going to sell Timmy for seven thousand five hundred dollars, with a half interest in his size fees for three years—"

Martha stood up, her eyes ablaze with scorn and anger. "Dan Pelly," she flared at him, "how dare you?" Dan hung his head. "Oh, Martha," he pleaded, "can't you realize how terrible it is to keep a good dog down?"

"Who offered to buy Timmy?" "Mr. Fletcher, the owner of Colonel Dorsey." "Tell him to go chase himself," Martha suggested slyly. "If you expect to make your peace with me, Dan Pelly, you'll give up all idea of selling Timmy." "But Martha—seven thousand five hundred dollars! Think what it means to you. No more worry about our old age, everything settled fine and dandy at last after twenty-five years of hard luck!"

"Do you really want to sell Timmy, Dan?" "No, Martha, I don't. It'd break my heart. Bu-bu-but—I'll do it for your sake."

Dan came and flopped awkwardly on his old knees while Martha's arms went around him.

"Sweet old Dan," she whispered. "What a glorious holiday you two have had. I've been so happy just realizing how happy you have been. Dan!"

"Yes, Martha," "Perhaps we can get back into the dog business again. Don't you think you'd like to buy about half a dozen really fine blood bitches? Timmy's puppies would be spoken for before they were born. The least we could get would be a hundred dollars each for them." She stroked his old head. "I'm afraid, Dan, it's too late to reform you. Once a dog man, always a dog man—"

What else she intended to say remained forever unsaid, for little, weak, foolish, sentimental old Dan commenced to snifle, as he had the night old Keepsake was poisoned. He wasn't a worldly man or a very ambitious man; he craved but little here below, but one of the things he loved was clean sportsmanship and love and understanding and a small, neat, field type English setter that would be just a little bit better than the other fellows. And tonight he was so filled with happiness he just naturally overflowed. Tiny Tim, observing that something was wrong, came and leaned his shoulder against Martha's knee and laid his muzzle in her hand and rested it there.

It was a big moment—By Peter B. Kyne, in The Cosmopolitan.

Information for Sportsmen—1922 Hunters' Licenses Necessary.

As a matter of information, attention is called to the fact that the season on birds commonly known as blackbirds opened August 1st and will run continuously until November 30th, Sundays excepted. In 1921 it was not possible to secure the hunters' licenses before the opening of the blackbird season, but every county in the State has received its 1922 quota of hunters' licenses and all persons must secure hunters' licenses before hunting for blackbirds, except on lands on which they reside and cultivate as either the owner or lessee, or as a member of the family of such owner or lessee, also residing upon and cultivating lands, or on lands immediately adjacent upon securing permission from adjacent owners. The hunters' license law will be enforced strictly.

The law relative to training dogs does not permit training until September 1st. On and after that date it is legal to train dogs on any game except deer, elk, and wild turkeys until the 1st of March next following, Sundays excepted, so long as firearms usually raised at arms length and fired from the shoulder are not carried while so training and no injury is done to the game pursued. The penalty for permitting dogs to chase game prior to September 1st is \$10.00 for each day and \$5.00 for each bird or rabbit killed.

The sportsmen throughout the State took a deeper interest in caring for their dogs this year during the breeding season than ever before. This is very encouraging, and we are confident that thousands of rabbits, game birds, and song and insectivorous birds have been saved from destruction because of this interest taken by dog owners. Help conserve wild life; it is yours.

SETH E. GORDON, Secretary Game Commission.

Punished at Last.

When the late General Horace Porter was manager of the Pullman company an army officer wrote him saying that the Pullman car that had carried him from Jersey City to Long Branch had not been properly swept and dusted.

General Porter waste-basketed the letter also the second, the third and the fourth. But the fifth was so violent that General Porter dictated the following reply.

"Sir—We have run the train off the track, burned the cars, shot the conductor, hanged the porter and discontinued the line. Hoping that this will be satisfactory, I remain, etc."

Had a Good Reason.

Thomas Fiddle was a very learned young man. At school he shone like all the stars and planets lumped together. A sixty candlepower lamp wasn't in it beside the burning flame of his genius.

But his friends were frightfully disappointed when he refused to accept the degree of doctor of divinity. One of them tackled him on the subject. "Oh, well," replied the genius, "it's bad enough to be named Fiddle without being Fiddle, D. D."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT. RECIPROCALITY.

She sewed a button on my coat, For I was far from mother. "This such a thing," she said to me, "As I'd do for my brother."

She looked so pretty sitting there, I quickly stopped and kissed her. "This such a thing," I said to her, "As I'd do to my sister."

—Olive Balfour, in Smart Set.

You have doubtless noticed that every other frock you meet is collarless. And with rather an unusual sort of neckline, too, as though it had started out to be the popular bateau, but not finding this quite low enough at the front either for becomingness or the hot weather, had continued on past the Flarentine and stopped just short of the 1830.

Women with scrawny necks, who have no business to think of anything of the sort, have adopted its perfect freedom with the utmost serenity, and their more fortunate sisters order its graceful charm on even their tail lears.

The ease with which it is accomplished has gone far toward gaining its rapid rise to popularity. In any number of the softer materials one simply joins the shoulder seams, shapes the sleeves to fall where they will and either binds the upper edges for the neck or finishes them with any one of the smart braids or ribbons which are sold for this very purpose.

Children will sleep if the room is darkened. The nervous system is more completely relaxed, sleep more sound and restful in a dark room. Children are so sensitive to all impressions that eyes and brain need the complete rest which darkness affords. The habit of sleeping in a dark room is easily acquired if children are trained from birth to go to bed in a dark room, and later, as they reach the age of understanding, they may be taught that the darkness of night as well as the light of day has a beneficent purpose.

It is always best from earliest infancy for a child to sleep in a separate bed, and if possible in an adjoining room from the parents. There are sound reasons for such training; children will sleep better more quietly.

No reformers are after the children. Happy and lucky are they. They can wear their skirts as if they were skirts, and no one rises up to punish against them.

The world recognizes that extreme youth must have its fling. It may fight the flapper, but it doesn't flatter the infant. Without reform except in the matter of hygiene, without limitations in cut and color of clothes, babes may riot through life from nursery to school-room.

Once upon a time there were limitations thrown about their tiny garments. Over the world went a wave of reform, which bore on its crest matrons, rich and poor, good and bad, young and old. The exclusive attention of the health specialists appeared to be directed toward children's apparel.

White was the color to be worn. Pastel shades in the block design were the alternatives. Anything with wool or silk was taboo. Velvet and fur were used for coverings. Socks and sandals covered the feet. Legs were bare after centuries of being covered. Rompers were substituted for slips. Minute attention by powerful people was paid to hosiery and eyes, to buttons and buttonholes, most of which were eliminated in favor of strings.

Thus in those days nursery occupants lived by rote and rule. Even a kiss, unless guaranteed as sanitary, was not given or received. Women thought this type of dressing which the reformers had outlined was settled for this generation and those to come. Human nature has such a delightful trick of believing that the creed of the moment is eternal. They forget that all creeds are like weather-vanes. Witness the change in children's clothes in the last five years.

France constantly makes juvenile changes. Paris is responsible for many revolutions in children's clothes. She starts an idea. We develop it. Yet Paris never worshipped at the altar of hygiene as American mothers have in the last two decades.

The wash frock was not considered essential in France. Over here it is; but France has insisted upon a degree of nakedness for youngsters that America found impossible to indorse. Even now we do not accept the amusing and extraordinary brevity of the French child's garments. It is a pity we do not. There is no reason against it, not even that of modesty. The last two years have brought shortened hems and wider back openings—both here and in France.

What France has done recently to American children is to reinstate frocks of fabrics that do not go to the tub. Taffeta, crepe de chene, velvet are some of the accepted weaves that go to the making of the clothes so abbreviated that they provoke laughter.

In these clothes the French child presents a comical appearance. One feels it is done with a purpose, that the peculiar humor which pervades French life likes to turn its infants into something amusing, something to cause a happy smile, a desire to pick up the bunch of roguish femininity and kiss it.

French children must know that they present this appearance, for they have a roguish expression in their faces. Our children give the same effect when they wear pink and white checked rompers, their fat little feet in white sandals, their cropped hair on end. Illustrators of children catch this idea of mischief and roguishness; this beguiling clown-like effort to look irresponsible. It's the way for an infant to look.

The French tilt their tiny frocks upward in the front, a trick which gives a certain bravado in itself. They do not allow the hems to touch the knees; they flitter about the legs halfway between hip and knee. The socks are caught but tiny wrinkles of fine fabric about the ankles. Half of the time there are no socks.

PURE DRINKING WATER THE BEST SAFEGUARD AGAINST TYPHOID FEVER.

From State Health Department.

With 207 cases of typhoid fever in June, 1922, as against 165 in the same month of 1921, and 164 in 1920, special effort should be made for early diagnosis of this disease and for the location of the source of infection. The commonest source of infection is drinking water.

In Mount Lebanon, Allegheny county, a spring used for drinking purposes more than 60 years, according to old residents, was purchased by a business man because of its abundant flow of pure water. Shortly thereafter his two daughters fell ill, but he refused to accept a diagnosis of typhoid fever, insisting they had pneumonia. The attending physician, his daughter, and two other children became ill and laboratory tests proved typhoid fever.

The spring water was tested and found to contain sewage germs. The owner was requested to close the spring for public use. This he did, placing a padlock on the spring-house door, but continued using the water himself, claiming that since it had been used for sixty years it was good enough for him. He joined the victims of typhoid developing a most severe case made worse by intestinal hemorrhages.

Dr. J. Moore Campbell, of the State Health Department, said the immediate closing of this spring prevented a wide-spread epidemic, but that such a measure is only possible when the physician recognizes early that he is dealing with typhoid fever, thus making possible prompt location of the source from which the infection comes. "Many epidemics of typhoid could have been prevented had the first cases been promptly diagnosed," he continued. "Early diagnosis makes early search for the cause possible and the sooner it is located and eliminated the fewer people will be exposed to it."

"Any case of continued fever without evident cause should be looked upon as a probable case of typhoid fever, and the physician should employ every means for reaching quickly a definite conclusion. There are three laboratory tests which help him to decide. A blood culture is the most desirable one because it gives the earliest information. Nine times out of ten the typhoid germs can be found in the blood during the first week of illness. In the stool they cannot be found with any certainty until the second or third week, and the Widal test is not positive until the 10th day of fever or later. Since during the first week, the patient presents no symptoms exclusively pertaining to typhoid fever, blood culture is the only means of diagnosing without delay."

Dr. Edward Martin, State Health Commissioner, is urging blood culture as a means for early diagnosis in typhoid fever, and at the recent instruction camp at Mont Alto the county medical directors of the State were drilled in blood culture technique, not only that they may take these specimens themselves but that they may be able to instruct physicians in their county who may apply for their assistance.

When the blood is taken and sent to the state laboratory, prompt examination and report will be made. Tubes for taking the blood can be had by applying to the Division of Supplies, State Department of Health, Harrisburg.

\$700 a Year Cost of Education at Penn State.

The average cost of acquiring an education at The Pennsylvania State College is \$700 a year, according to an announcement made on the basis of the amount reported as spent in the past four years by 120 representative students. The lowest amount spent by any student was \$300, an amount reported by two students. The highest amount reported was \$1200, a return filed by one student. Since the college makes no tuition charge to residents of Pennsylvania, the expenses are for board, room, books, and general living.

Result of an Examination.

Pat had been hurt. It wasn't much more than a scratch, but his employer, with visions of being obliged to keep him for the rest of his life, sent him to a hospital for examination. The house surgeon looked him over and then pronounced: "As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound." "Ah," said Pat in relief, "ye took the very words out of my mouth."

MEDICAL.

Keep the Kidneys Well

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Bellefonte People Know How to Save It.

Many Bellefonte people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Weak kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health—the slightest delay is dangerous. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a remedy that has helped thousands of kidney sufferers. Here is a Bellefonte citizen's recommendation:

Mrs. H. W. Raymond, Reynolds Ave., says: "About a year ago my kidneys began to weaken and I had a dull aching and soreness across my kidneys. I could hardly sweep the floor. I tired easily and had nervous headaches. My kidneys acted too often and annoyed me a great deal. I read of Doan's Kidney Pills and got them at Runkle's drug store. They were the right remedy and after I had used two boxes I was relieved of the backaches and my kidneys were in good order."

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

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