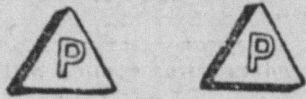


EAT A TABLET! DYSPEPSIA GONE

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES SOUR, GASSY OR ACID STOMACHS.

When meals hit back and your stomach is sour, acid, gassy, or you feel full and bloated. When you have heavy lumps of pain or headache from indigestion. Here is instant relief!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Over-Polite.

A correspondent tells of a neighbor, one Farmer Brown, who is not well educated. His daughter has attended a boarding school and lately they resolved to have a party of the neighboring farmers and their wives. A revolver to the party she instructed her father that when speaking of anything, for fear of offending, he should add: "The present company always excepted." He was late for dinner, so Jane invited the guests to begin operations. They had not long commenced when he rushed Mr. Brown, covered with perspiration.

"Why are you so late, papa?" asked Jane.

"The fact is, Jane, I've been visitin' neighbor Smith's pigs, and they are the finest lot of pigs I ever seed, the present company allus excepted."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Placing the Goat.

A boss barber, who has a shop in a downtown skyscraper and a caustic tongue, but who is a poor memory for faces, "got his" the other day, to the delight of his assistants and the amusement of several customers.

He had just shaved a man whom he had not recollected having ever seen before, and with an eye to more business said:

"Don't you want your hair trimmed? It looks in spots as if it had been chewed off by a goat."

"I kinder think so myself," replied the customer, "but I didn't expect to hear you say so. You cut it yourself."—Detroit Free Press.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Sense of Humor.

Mrs. Fethered could hardly contain herself until her husband came home, to tell him the exasperating joke on the janitor.

"He's just found out why we had no heat in the flat last winter," she chirruped as she met her husband at the door.

"Why?" asked Fethered.

"He wanted to burn some papers this morning and discovered there's no furnace in the building."

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes.
That itchy and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

The Peasimist's Dream.

"He's an awful pessimist."
"What's the matter now?"
"Growling about the pleasant winter we are having."

"What does he see in this winter to find fault with?"
"Says he can't help worrying about what the price of ice is going to be next summer."

Patience and Kindness.

"The tricks that man taught his little dog required a great deal of patience and kindness."
"Unquestionably," answered Miss Cayenne, "I can't understand what a kept little dog from biting him."

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic restores vitality and energy by purifying and enriching the blood. You can soon feel its strengthening, invigorating effect. Price 60c.

Perpetual motion seems to be a success as a perpetual failure.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Adv.

It is easier to recover lost money than lost time.

IN EVENING GOWNS

Formal Apparel Shows Tendency to Sheath Draping.

Silver Motifs and Jade Tulle Over Satin—Tunics Are Edged With Fur.

Brilliant we must be if we are to dress for the evening in any of the new frocks. The only choice left us is that between two manners—that is the brilliancy of color or brilliancy of light reflected from spangles and metal cloths.

A few of the more conservative women still wear the browns and blacks of the early season, and these serve as a background to make the other frocks appear still more brilliant. With the amount of spangles, sequins and metallic tissues used this would hardly appear necessary, but the lively shades of rose and purple are decidedly charming. A genius at scenic effects could hardly select a medley of colors with better results than was notable one evening lately at a small affair where the rose color and silver tissue frocks flashed up as vivid notes in contrast to the brown and black velvet gowns worn by the majority of the women.

One cannot help but note that most of the formal evening gowns show a decided tendency to the sheath draping, and so closely is the hem drawn in that it would not be possible to use lace in this manner. Heavier materials serve as foundations and overdraperies of tulle or chiffon may or may not exist. One thing is evident, and that is a complete lack of anything bordering on the quaint or unsophisticated. Frocks of this type are strictly reserved for the jeune fille.

Among the tight, sheathlike gowns is one described as of green jade tulle over a satin foundation, the tulle embroidered in motifs of silver and tufts of feathers. Another is of black tulle embroidered in gold and black. This model also makes use of the feather trimming in black.

Callot's evening gowns, recently exhibited in Paris, are described as altogether wonderful. One of black silk muslin is shrouded in embroidered tulle. A long piece like a stole trails from the back of the neck to the hem of the skirt, although part of it is lost from sight underneath the skirt. Low and round at the neckline, it is edged with jet embroidery and strings of the jet fall from each shoulder.

Cheruit is sponsor for long evening gowns, longer than Callot shows hers, who, however, modifies the shortness by a narrow panel-like train.

Paquin's evening gowns are also long, an effect produced by elongated panels on irregular lengths of material.

FOR AFTERNOON OR STREET



This charming frock of blue serge with black satin fringed sash and very stylish embroidered panel, is a beautiful model for afternoon or street wear.

ROSES TO ORNAMENT FROCKS

Posies Being Used to Decorate Many Kinds of Gowns—Revival of Old Elizabethan Fashion.

There is much about the latter end of the eighteenth century that is coming back into fashion. The deeply square décolletage with the high line at the back, the tight elbow sleeves with their deep ruffles of precious lace, the ornamental bow of faint blue ribbon in front, and the garlands of lit-

BEADS WITH BAG AND TURBAN



As the popularity of beads is growing constantly among well-dressed women, dealers are showing strings of oriental beads which combine gracefully with the beautifully-colored bags and smart little turbans.

tle roses appear daily among smart society and in the salons of those exclusive dressmakers who claim that they never become slaves to any one mode of dressing.

There are two designers in New York who use pink roses to ornament various kinds of frocks and coats. They both draw inspiration from the eighteenth century, but they are not in accord with the house of Callot, which chooses roses that are full-blown, soft and becoming.

The roses which we see on these new frocks that come from certain exclusive houses have the appearance of being covered with shellac. Some are tawdry and smack of the Christmas tree; others appear to be cut from porcelain. They represent a certain era in dressing, and they are faithful to type.

There are evening gowns which have rows of these glittering, stiff little roses to outline the décolletage and the armholes as well. There are other gowns that have a garland of these roses arranged like a looped chain of pearls across the front of the corsage, and another row at the top of each deep ruffle of lace that hangs pendant from the elbow sleeves.

Strange to say, in connection with this rococo style of ornament, there has arisen a revival of the old Elizabethan fashion of ornamenting velvet gowns. This shows itself in the use of pearls to catch up the hem of skirts and sleeves, and these pearls are often a part of a fine latticework done in gold thread.

LATEST IN VICTORY DESIGN

Combines Fleur-de-Lis of France, the English Rose and the American Golden Rod.

There has come out a fabric, and also a new embroidery, which combines the fleur-de-lis of France, the English rose, and the American golden rod. It is called the victory design, and those who exploit it are trying to make it among the accepted ornaments of the season.

It may be that women will not care for the grouping of these three national flowers, but there seems to be every reason to believe that the French fleur-de-lis, which has gone through the history of that country and has been the symbol of so many of its victories, will be the leading design in the fabrics which will be worn during the great celebrations abroad.

There is no talk of America's launching new gowns for whatever celebrations may come. The eyes of our buyers, manufacturers and dyers are turned toward Paris, and each is making a great effort to get over there, despite the scarcity of passports given out in this country.

Hair Ribbon Economy.

Little daughter's hair ribbons should be made to do duty as long as possible. When soiled they may be thoroughly cleaned by shaking for a few seconds, say half a minute, in a solution of soda—a teaspoonful baking soda to one quart of boiling water. Rinse the ribbon in cold water, dry for two or three minutes in a towel and press with a hot iron. This process removes all dirt, as suggested, but does not injure the color.

Javelle Water.

This is used in Chinese laundries to whiten their linen. It will remove most any kind of stain. One-fourth cupful to a boiler of clothes will make them very white. One gallon of water, four pounds washing soda, one pound common soda. Heat all together, add two pounds slaked lime. After it has stopped foaming pour off and bottle.

Skirts Are Ankle Length.

The shoe-top dress has been viewed with disfavor by fashionable women. Ankle length, with high-heeled Oxfords, or pumps, or about two inches above the shoe tops with sturdy boots for sports wear, seem to be the lengths decided upon.



The rain was pouring down outside our room on the fourth floor of the Zendine, and O'Grady and I sat playing twosome bridge with dummy hands. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. I was dealing to O'Grady, who sat facing the windows. "I never knew an Irishman in my life who wouldn't try to lick everybody, even the worst animal that delirium tremens ever—"

O'Grady stopped short. I looked up. He was staring at the window behind me, and slowly and carefully he began to pull out the drawer in the table in front of him. We kept our revolvers in that drawer.

I stopped dealing. "Keep on. Don't move," he commanded softly.

The rain seemed to have stopped. I found later that I dealt all the cards in the middle of the table. Behind me, through the open window, I heard the clang of chains and a sort of scraping on the brick wall. There was no fire-escape there and the ground was four stories below. I thought I heard a low growl.

The next instant a brown human skull fell on the table before me, rolled over and stopped, staring with empty eyes at my throat.

O'Grady fired past my head. I turned quickly, and out of the window, where it had crouched I saw a big, dripping, hideous, one-armed, hairy figure, from whose breast a long horn protruded.

And it had no head!

We rushed to the window. O'Grady first, carrying the revolver. The huge beast was several feet below our window, hanging to the water-pipe, its feet on a brick cap over the window below ours. Chains hung from its body, and by the light from the street we could see that its long hair was matted with mud.

Horrified, we watched the thing struggle a moment to get a firm footing and to hold with one arm, which, I noticed now, was attached to its side instead of its shoulder. Then in a muffled growl, the headless giant spoke!

"Can't you give a guy a lift?" it said.

We couldn't tell where the voice came from.

"What are you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Talk up or I'll shoot again," O'Grady commanded.

"I'm the Headless Hottentot of the Himalayas—the Blood-Sweating Kiosk of the Holy Writ, and my name is Bill Klank. You missed me the first time, but please don't shoot again. All I want is somebody to undo me and let me get at the pie-eyed rat that got me into this."

"Who? Us?" asked the ever-cautious O'Grady.

"No," granted the Headless Hottentot, and with remarkable agility, considering that he had only one arm, he began to crawl up the water-pipe.

We helped the wet, muddy giant into the room. On his instructions we unhooked him down the back, and Bill Klank—a whole man—stripped off his skin and sank into a chair. His head and one of his arms had been inside the padded covering, which was so devised as to make the top of his head level with the shoulders of the headless animal he represented. To see, he had been forced to look out two slits in the chest of the skin.

The porter was called from the bar, cigars were put at the side of the Blood-Sweating Kiosk, and he told us this story:

"I was a high-wire man, doubling in a trapeze net with the Bingley Brothers' circus until a month ago, when I met that heathen, sneaking yeggman that—"

"Have another drink," interrupted the diplomatic O'Grady.

The Kiosk swallowed the liquid with a toss of his head, and continued: "Tom Hanks was ballyhoos man at the side-show. He framed up the scheme where we were to have so much money that the price of a motor-car would be small change. The only thing about this plan that makes me hesitate," Tom says to me, "is that somebody might murder us so as to steal our act." We took the chance—rather I did. Tom, the yellow-hearted, cheese-brained—

"Thanks. This is good liquor. The plan was to make a Headless Hottentot, and take him round the Rube route—country fairs, you know. I was to be the Hottentot, and Tom was to be ballyhoos. We bought us an old lion's cage from the circus and got us a lot of chains, and I made that suit. It's a great suit," he said proudly; "made it out of mule-skin and horse-hair and a cow's horn. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it. It hooks up so good you can look all over me when it's on and not find how I got into it."

they caught me—the cage would nearly fall over."

"But what did you do with this?" I asked, pointing to the skull which still lay on the table.

"That was my head. It was cut off in the jungles of Hanky-Poo, where I tried to murder a gang of the world's most famous scientists. Oh, you got to give it to Tom. He was a big top speller. This was his stuff, I know it by heart:

"Look! Look! Look!" he'd yell and hold up that skull.

"The crowd would come on the gallop. After a couple or three women had fainted in the crush of people who were afraid they'd miss a free pike at something, he would begin:

"Upon the inside, ladies and gentlemen, is the mar-vel-us zo-o-log-i-cal spess-i-man brought here this week for your approval by your own government—the United States of America."

"Then he'd wave the head."

"While searching for orang-utangs in the Himalayan jungles of Hanky-Poo, where the most mammoth species of the beasts abound, a party led by Prof. Jules Le Pax, the noted French scientist, of whom you all have heard, came upon a huge, hairy being, the largest orang-utang the scientists ever had seen."

"Like the enraged monster it was, it leaped from a tree with murder in its heart. After a bloody battle in which two men were struck dead with trees which the brute uprooted and hurled at the members of the party, Prof. Le Pax, with one swoop of his machete—the only weapon ever used with success in battling with orang-utangs—severed the beast's head from its body."

"Never have the chains been removed. It is feared that once released it might rush among the people, killing hundreds in its blind flight."

"Prof. Le Pax presented it to the French government, which turned it over to the French Society for Scientific Research, and after the influence of our greatest diplomats was brought to bear, it was leased by the United States. A bond of half a million dollars was deposited by the treasurer of this nation, guaranteeing the safe return of the monster, and the beast is now being displayed to certain favored communities."

"The Headless Hottentot is securely caged; loaded with chains so there is no danger, and any little child may view with safety this marvelous educational exhibit in the amphitheater behind me. It's a government exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, and just to cover the traveling expenses the government authorizes us to charge only a dime—ten cents—for every admission ticket which you can purchase from the lady at my left. Here's his head. Go in and see the living, breathing body."

"And the way they would fight to get up to pay a dime to see me was enough honor to last me all my life. Tom would come inside and give another lecture. I'd try to batter down the bars, tear round the cage just as if I could strangle a bull with one hand."

"At night Tom would unlock the padlock that held the chains on me, unhook me, and we'd go to our hotel and count our money. We saved nearly a thousand dollars in three weeks. We landed here three days ago, and have been playing to all the Rubes in the world. It looked like to me."

"About four hours ago, after the show was closed, Tom came round. But he didn't unlock the cage. He stood in front and laughed."

"What's the joke?" says I.

"It's on you," he answers, sort of pert. "I'm going to leave town with the capital stock."

"And, laughing it to kill, he turned out the gasoline lights and walked out of the tent."

"I thought he was fooling, but he wasn't. I waited about an hour for him to come back. There I was chained in the cage in that dark tent and nobody round. I yelled and tore and fought the chains and shook the wagon—it wasn't any put on. I was a raving brute for sure. I woke up all the people in the neighborhood, but nobody would come within a block of me until the town marshal arrived. He stuck his head in the tent."

"What you want?" he says, speakin' timid like.

"I want out," I answers, and tears out a couple of bars.

"He ran off and got the whole police force. The police force wanted to shoot me for fear I might get loose and kill everybody in town; but the marshal shook his head, bless him, and said if they did the French government might get after 'em. So they all went home and locked their front doors and went to bed."

"Finally I pulled the chains loose from where they were fastened to the cage and got away. I couldn't get out of the skin, and I was in a fine fix. The only valuable property I could find round the show was the skull, and I thought I might want to start the show again and brought it along."

"I've been sneaking through alleys in this rain all night, carrying my 'head' in my one hand or hung on my horn."

"Every time I'd start toward a fellow to ask him to unhook me he'd yell, and he'd block away before I could say 'good evening.'"

"Finally I saw your light and decided to climb up the water-spout, get you in a corner where you couldn't run, and make you unhook me, even if I got killed first."

"But how were you supposed to be fed?" O'Grady asked.

The Headless Hottentot's face was blank.

"Darned if I know. Nobody ever thought of that before. That's the only thing that Tom overlooked."

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.



Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 15 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Regular Champion.

"I hear that old Bill Simpkins is the most no account fellow in your town," remarked the city cousin. "Not good for anything, is he?"

"Wall, I don't want to be too hard agin the old fellow," responded the man who had something good to say about everybody. "He raises some of the likeliest lookin' weeds in this part of the kentry."

RECIPES FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 3/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

The Superbeing.

The Commandant—Implicit obedience to those in authority is demanded of all, even the highest among us. The Cadet—I get you, sir. The commandant in chief is a married man.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drug cathartics and take instead Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea. Adv.

PHYSICIAN WAS IN SERIOUS CONDITION

Dr. Farnsworth Gives Doan's Credit for His Wonderful Recovery.

Dr. T. G. Farnsworth, 75 S. Kanawha St., Buckhannon, W. Va., retired physician of over forty years' experience, ex-State Congressman, ex-City Mayor and ex-County Health Officer, praises Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is Dr. Farnsworth's experience as he tells it:

"It was just a few years after my retiring from practicing medicine that I found I was afflicted with severe disorder of the kidneys and bladder. I grew steadily worse, and sometimes I was unable to get around at all. The kidney secretions were retarded and so painful in passing I would cry out in misery. I was in a frightful condition. After I had lost hope in other remedies, Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I tried them. I soon noticed a change for the better. I used several boxes and they cured me completely. Never in my practice did I know a remedy that would accomplish what Doan's Kidney Pills did, and I give them my heartiest endorsement."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Home Remedy

for coughs, colds, hoarseness; pleasant to take and sure to help when needed.

Hale's Honey

Of Horehound and Tar
A tonic, expectorant and laxative. Contains no opium nor anything injurious. Sold by all druggists.

Try Hale's Toothache Drops

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists, Soap Co., Ointment & B. L. Talcum Co. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Soap, E. Boston."

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 9-1919.