


# WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZE, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.




**SHILOH**  
30 DROPS COUGHS  
30 STOPS COUGHS

**Dr. Kellogg's**  
**Asthma**  
**Remedy**

For the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Why Bald So Young**  
Rub Dandruff and Itching with Cuticura Ointment  
Shampoo With Cuticura Soap



It takes two to make a bargain, but 9th of 'em seldom get stuck.

**REW THIS TEA FOR BILIOUSNESS**

Costs next to nothing, yet keeps bowels in fine order and ends constipation.

The head of every family that values its health should always have in the house a package of Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea.

Then when any member of the family needs something for a sluggish liver, sick headache, or to promptly regulate the bowels, simply brew a cup and drink it just before bedtime.

It's an old remedy, is Dr. Carter's K. and B. Tea, and has been used for years by thousands of families, who get such good results from its use that they have no desire to take anything else.

Give it to the children freely—they like it and it will do them good.

Cultivate patience; it wins.

**Refused Insurance**  
Mr. Dunning Left Service in Bad Shape, But Doan's Soon Corrected His Trouble.

Geo. Dunning, ex-Chief Boatswain Mate of the U. S. Navy, 470 Medford St., Somerville, Mass., says: "Every bit of trouble I suffered from my kidneys was a result of exposure at sea. I was retired practically an invalid. My kidneys became more irregular all the time and some nights I was forced to get up every half hour. The kidney secretions burned like fire and were filled with brick-dust-like sediment. My joints were swollen and were inflamed. I couldn't bend over to lace my shoes and had to be helped up and down. Right after my retirement from service I tried to get insured, but was turned down because of kidney trouble. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and used sixteen boxes. By that time every sign of kidney trouble left me and my back was like iron; not an ache or pain left. I tried for insurance again and was declared a good risk. I give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for putting me in perfect health. Subscribed and sworn to before me."

GEORGE L. DOHERTY,  
Notary Public.

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

**Baby Coughs**  
require treatment with a remedy that contains no opiates. Piso's is mild but effective, pleasant to take. Ask your druggist for

**PISO'S**

# The Horror in the Car

By J. E. HUNGERFORD

Bananas! Bananas everywhere! Dozens of 'em! Hundreds of 'em! I leaned against the wall of the car and sighed contentedly. I pinched myself to see if it was me—me in a car of bananas. It was me, and there were the bananas, sack upon sack of them, piled three-fourths of the way to the ceiling.

It was kind of close quarters for solid comfort, but as long as I could eat—eat bountifully, luxuriously, un stintedly, I sure didn't have any kick coming. Then I thought of the seal clerk with the spectacles, and I laughed as I reflected how I'd crawled under the car from the off side, with him not ten feet away. Well, I had beat him to it. I was sealed in, and hobbling had its soft spots after all.

Everything was so comfortable that I began to cast around for objections. I found one. It was cold in that car, darned cold, and I proceeded to turn up my coat collar and snuggle cozily between two sacks. I must have laid there at least three minutes before it occurred to me that I was hungry.

Think of it, three whole minutes in a car of bananas, and not realize you're hungry! Well, anyhow, I got my knife to work and ripped open a sack in a jiffy. I was a pirate all right. Who wouldn't have been a pirate?

It was hours later, and I'd transferred my attention to another bunch. No, I hadn't finished the first sack—it was mostly green, but I'd made a pretty good-sized aperture in the second when my knife slipped from my fingers.

I fished around in my pockets and dug up a match. It was the last match I had. I lit it with some reluctance and held it far down, but the knife had clean vanished.

As I was transferring the burnt end to my left hand to prolong its life, I happened to glance at the rent I had made in the gunny sack, and, as I did so, I sat bolt upright, nearly butting a hole through the roof. There—not two feet from my face—was a big, hideous, hairy creature, about the size of a silver dollar.

For a second I sat staring at it, transfixed. The match seared my fingers, flickered, and went out, and then suddenly I came to my senses and began to crawl. I fled, terror-stricken, to the doors and threw my weight against them. I bumped and tore around over those sacks like a man bereft of reason, and then, as the full realization of my position forced itself upon me, I screamed at the top of my voice.

I thought of all the stories I had heard and read of tarantulas, and as they stood out vividly, every miserable, soul-racking detail of them, I was wild with horror. I didn't have a chance against that thing there in the dark. It might even now be making its way stealthily toward me.

I pulled myself together and rolled over into a corner, weak and shivering. Then the thought that there might be others—others right where I was lying, brought me to my knees again with a groan of despair. There must be others! There were others! A cold sweat stood out on my body, and I knelt there bereft of every atom of manhood, quaking and covering in the dark.

Through the vortex of my emotions there came suddenly a new impression—the sensation as of something crawling. It was nothing definite, but it was intensely real. Something was crawling! Crawling slowly and methodically up my left leg! No, it was my right leg! Again it was my left leg! I started to reach for it, then suddenly stopped, my arm poised rigidly. If I did reach—it! touched it, it would sting—sting quicker!

I sat there in an agony of suspense, waiting for it to strike. Waiting—waiting—waiting for an eternity, but it didn't strike! It had even ceased crawling.

I chuckled softly, then I laughed. I was going insane. I reached down suddenly and clapped my hand over the spot where the crawling had ceased, but there was nothing. I ran my hand over my entire body, still there was nothing.

I felt sick and faint, and leaned wearily against the cur wall. As I did so, my face touched something cold—cold and clammy and soft. I started back screaming, then I laughed again—I was insane—I had leaned against my own hand.

To assure myself of this, for I was sure of nothing, I ran my palm slowly along the splintered surface of the wall, and then with a howl of terror I rolled over on the sacks.

I had touched something hairy—something soft—something—I sat up with an impelling desire to reach out again. I could stand the torture no longer. I wanted to know where I stood. I wanted a fighting chance.

I had wanted a fighting chance of fear. My nerves were strung to the snapping point. I groped my hand along the wall, up and down and sideways. There was nothing—nothing!

It was another prank of the imagination—it was—My fingers tightened! My blood seemed to congeal! I fell it! I had hold of it! It gave easily under my fingers! Why didn't it utter? Why didn't it even hiss? I couldn't let go—I was riveted to the spot—

# COAT SEASON IS BIG PARIS CARD

Sometimes it is the separate dress and coat and sometimes it is the suit that holds the sway of style during a season. In Paris, without a doubt, declares a fashion writer, it is the coat this season.

Such attention as has been shown to morning and afternoon dresses in Paris would be hard to equal, and instead of their having declined in popularity after several seasons of attention, quite the contrary has happened. They are more in the limelight than ever.

In spite of the fact that there is so little conspicuous change in the line of the gowns, it is upon these "little dresses" that some of the most artistic touches have been lavished. The inconspicuous, unassuming gown for morning or for afternoon can have about it much genuine feeling. At each of the couturiers the same story is true; each one has outdone himself in presenting new reasons for the continued life of this popular garment.

Materials have for their leader one that has the sanction of ages behind it—blue serge. Then there are all of the soft surfaced fabrics—duvety, rusella, burella, and the allied fabrics. For afternoon there are charmeuse, of which there are a great many models to be seen, taffeta, and velvet which has lost none of its vogue. There was nothing smarter than a black velvet gown and there is nothing smarter now.

The trimmings and touches on these dresses for daylight wear are fascinating in their variety. It is not so much the thing that is done as the way it is done. When one sees the clever little bits of hand-made braid and the inserts of bead work, the facings and the edgings, one wonders how there can grow so many new ideas in the course of a single season. But there they are, to be copied indifferently by less ingenious Americans.

Not so much hand work is to be seen about these dresses as was the case in former seasons. The little girls who used to do this work have learned by their connection with the war-time munition factories that a female is entitled to more of daily sustenance than it was possible for her to attain by doing embroidery. So the new frocks show the strain. But the Parisian designer gives us something quite as lovely even though it has but one-fourth its former embroidery for adornment, yes, even though there be no hand work at all and the decoration is found to be a product of the good old American machine.

Rows of braid and bits of bright rib-

bons you will wonder, if you have not seen it, how this could possibly be and what would be the effect produced. Well, it was as pretty as anything that could be imagined. The leather was used as a wide edging for the full peplum and it was worked into the bodice as well as making cuffs on the ends of the flowing sleeves. Not a little of the charm of this gown lay in the fact that the whole was built over a lavender foundation.

Some of the neck lines on the new fall gowns are interesting because they are quite different from anything we have seen for some time. I mean those which are cut in a V and which are finished with frilled or shaped collars standing up quite high at the back of the neck, graduating in width as they reach the front, and gradually tapering off into nothing in a point somewhat below the bust. These are sometimes made of silk or satin to match the material of the gown in color and sometimes they are composed largely of lace or organdie in a platted fall.

There are many varieties of blue serge. One has a platted waistcoat made of crisp white organdie and a high collar tied with a pert black bow under the chin. This frock, for a very young person, has a little flat apron effect at front and at back and the panels are edged all around, with the serge done into a knife plating about two and a half inches in width. The panels, it may be added, are extensions of the waist and the skirt is a tight and short by itself.

Black Velvet Gowns.

A black velvet gown which attracted attention was made with a round neck and cut practically in one straight piece. For trimming there ran up the back in a straight line at either side, from hem to neck, rows of little white crocheted roses. They were continued round the neckline. By this method all of the trimming was confined to the back, the only hint in front being the inconspicuous neck edging.

A black velvet gown was made with two puffs over the hips. They were not overly sumptuous in appearance, just large enough to show that paneliers were in fashion. From these the gathered skirt dropped straight to the hem, and the bodice was slightly fitted.

Many of the afternoon dresses show a strong Louis XIV influence. There are upstanding collars and frills, and even high necks with platings that stand out underneath the chin. The frills often form themselves into a fichu line.

Curling Feather Boa.

A boa may be curled by simply taking a sharp instrument, such as a knife, scissors or a batpin. Curl the same way as one does when making a paper rose. Use light, quick strokes.

# INGENIOUS TRAP FOR WOLVES

Device Employed by Eskimos Results Frequently in Practical Wiping Out of Entire Pack.

Wolves are a plague in Alaska, where the natives are commonly obliged to store their food supplies on platforms erected seven or eight feet above the ground, thus putting them beyond the animals' reach.

Most ingenious of all wolf traps is one of extreme simplicity used by the Eskimo. It consists merely of an iron spearhead—or a suitably shaped blade of chipped flint will serve—which is set point upward in the ice, so as to be frozen securely in position. A chunk of seal blubber is wrapped about the spearhead or flint blade and tied fast.

Alaskan wolves are marvelously keen of scent. It does not take them long to find the attractive bait, about which a snarling pack of them will gather, licking and chewing at the blubber. Presently one and another of them cut their tongues on the sharp edges of the flint or iron. Blood runs. They do not know that it is their own blood, and the taste of it drives them crazy.

Presently they begin to attack each other, the weaker being overcome by the stronger. Blood flows in streams over the ice, and soon all are killed or badly wounded. The pack is nearly destroyed, only a few perhaps being able to limp away and nurse their hurts.

**Christening Customs.**

The rural English people have some curious superstitions regarding the christening of infants. The manner in which a child is carried into the church is supposed to affect the character and disposition in after-life. The nurse, or whoever carries the baby, should enter the church with the right foot, stepping briskly and dancing the baby in her arms, so that the little one shall grow up cheerful and light-hearted.

Another old-fashioned theory is that if a boy is baptized in the water previously used for a girl he will grow up feeble and effeminate; while if the case is reversed the baby girl will grow up lacking in womanly attributes. In every country white is employed for all baby garments, but where a little color is introduced the superstitious mother takes care that it is a lucky shade. Red is said to be a lucky color, pink and blue are also favorable, but green, the color of jealousy, and yellow symbolize strife.

# Things You Simply Cannot Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving, if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both your feet lengthwise touching the wainscoting.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward, or putting your feet under it; that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair, and not on the edge of it.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand, and passed under the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

You can't stand with your heels against the wall and pick up something from the floor.

You can't, unless you are quite a clever person, return to an upright position when placed two feet from a wall with your hands behind your back and your head against the wall.

# Use for Distilleries.

Recently a distillery at Rome, Pa., was sold and is to be turned into an ice-making plant. Now announcement is made that a distillery on the outskirts of Lancaster has been purchased by a chemical company of Delaware county dye manufacturers, who will remove their entire plant to the Lancaster location. This dye manufacturing company is a war development. It has been proved that America can manufacture just as good dyestuffs as the Germans made.

# GET READY FOR "FLU"

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

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

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

The world's most crooked river is the Jordan. It wanders nearly 230 miles in order to cover 60 miles.

**BIFF!**

Stop jolting Liver and Bowels with violent drugs, but take "Cascarets."

"Dynamiting" bile out of your system with calomel and other sickening purgatives is all wrong. Salts, Oil, and Cathartic Waters act by flooding the bowels with the digestive juices which are vital to the stomach. Cascarets are different. They act as a tonic to the bowel muscles, which is the only sensible way to relieve a bilious attack, a sour, acid stomach, or constipated bowels. There is no griping or inconvenience. You naturally return to regularity and cheerfulness. Cascarets cost very little and they work while you sleep.—Adv.



Buildings ought to be so arranged with reference to each other that the fire hazard is as low as possible.

# ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacilic acid ester of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Say, what a world we could have, if everybody would stop hunting for the bed in folks and try to find the good.

# STRENGTHENS KIDNEYS—PURIFIES BLOOD

You can't expect weak kidneys to filter the acids and poisons out of your system unless they are given a little help. Don't allow them to become diseased when a little attention now will prevent it. Don't try to cheat nature.

As soon as you commence to have backaches, feel nervous and tired, GET BUST. These are usually warnings that your kidneys are not working properly.

Do not delay a minute. Go after the cause of your ailments or you may find yourself in the grip of an incurable disease. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney troubles. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will do the work. They are the pure original Haarlem Oil Capsules imported direct from the laboratories in Haarlem, Holland. Ask your druggist for GOLD MEDAL, and accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Three sizes, sealed packages. Money refunded if they do not quickly help you.—Adv.

It is folly to tell a man who has the toothache that misery likes company.

A single application of Roman Eye Balsam on going to bed will prove its merit for inflammations of the Eyes, external and internal. Adv.

Always wipe the mud off your shins before kicking a gentleman.

**MURINE** Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Red. Scissors, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Write to: Murine Eye Co., Chicago

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