GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.--Adv.

Insulated. "Gobbs is rubbering for the nomination." "Then how he can expect the

The forceps, or pincers, is an instrument that dates back into the times of antiquity.

lightning to strike?"





COLD ON CHEST AND SORE THROAT **ENDED OVERNIGHT**

You Get Action with Mustarine-It Drives Out Pain in Half the Time it Takes other Remedies - It's the Quickest Pain Killer on Earth.

Stops coughing almost instantly; ends sore throat and chest colds over night. Nothing like it for neuralgia, lumbago, neuritis and to speedily drive away rheumatic pains and reduce swollen joints. Mustarine is the original non-blistering prescription that takes the place but is 10 times as efficient as Grandmother's old-fashioned mustard plaster. Use it for sprains, strains, bruises, sore muscles. stiff neck, swellings, sore, painful or frosted feet and chilblains. Be sure it's Begy's Mustarine in the yellow box. S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

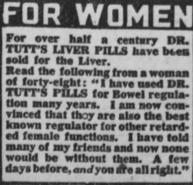


16799 DIED

in New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every boy and accept no imitation



THE GHOST AT THE PHONE

By GERTSON SCHAEFFER

\$-\$55555555555555555555555555555555 (Copyright.)

The end of the busy day had come at last, and H. Miller Virry found the headache still with him.

All during the rush hours of the day, as he had watched his assignments and ideas develop into stories under the deft work of the reporters, he had waited for this hour.

Away back there, somewhere, never quite hidden by the thousands of ideas that whirled through the streets of his mind, there had been the one thought that when the day was over he would write a letter.

But about the headache-lately It had never left him. The malady seemed to be seated in the very dome of

Now it was time to write. It was Saturday evening, and he was alone. A furtive look came into Virry's eves. He even crossed the room and looked behind a locker door that was standing open. Somehow it did not seem strange to him that he should do this. He wanted to be alone.

He walked over to the police reporter's desk. The typewriter there was the best in the office. MacDonald always kept his machine clean.

The steady hum that rose from the sidewalk told him that it was six

The thought of the letter he would vrite came forward and waved away that other consciousness-that he had not eaten since breakfast-and he scated himself at the typewriter

He drummed with his long fingers contemplatively, looked about the room a moment with a nervous glance, and then began writing, using his index tingers only, as they write who are elf-taught operators:

"The Town Where You Are Not. "The Day When I Miss You Most. "The Girl Whom I Love; "I Don't Know Where.

"Sweetheart:" That cracking sound made him ump again. He began writing:

"This letter, sweetheart, will surely est your love, for I have so much rouble to put into it that you will hardly be able to read it. I'm hardly able to write it."

He jumped from his chair and hurried to the telephone. "Hello," he said. "Hello-hello."

He was annoyed, but courteous. He listened a moment. "Why, I don't want

ought you rang. All right, Central." He returned to his letter: "Sometimes I think perhaps you know all about it. Then it seems

senseless for me to want to write to "At other times it seems as if you

had forgotten all about me. Then I yearn to tell you. "If you do know, perhaps you can

ilmost look over my shoulder now and see me writing. That wouldn't be senseless, though-would it, milady? "It would be just like talking over old times that we both knew all about, but love to hear each other mention. If you don't know"-

He went over to the telephone again. "Hello," he said in his businesslike minner.

There was always a note of expectsncy in Virry's telephone "Hello;" the ing of a telephone in a newspaper of-Ace may mean a great sensation. His left hand was on the top of his

head, where the ache was beaviest. "I didn't ring," he heard Central say. A puzzled expression came over is face, and he went back to the spewriter.

-you would be interested to read his, I thought.

"I've been thinking about you every day. And here it is Saturday night. Saturday nights I am loneliest. "When I first met you, we used to

have our six o'clock Saturday dinners at the cases, didn't we? And then I would take you home. "After a while, I used to come to

our home every Saturday night. You sald you liked that better. "So many Saturday nights have

passed since I last saw you." He smiled. As he drew away from the desk the noise of his chair on the floor and the sound of his footsteps resounded through the room. Long ago the presses had stopped their vibration, and the building was deserted and dark.

His letter had been written slowly, for it required much thinking-a letter of that sort.

"Hello," he said as he took down the eceiver. "Why-why-why!" There vas an astonishment in his voice, and his eyes widened almost irrationally. "This can't be you !- Central, keep off, please.

"Tell me, dear-sweetheart-what's the matter? I don't want a number! Now she's off the line! Quick, Central! Get her for me. I'll give you matinee passes, if you do. What's that? No one on the line!-That's strange!-Can't get her? No one to get? You didn't ring?"

Virry hung up the receiver and hurried back to the typewriter, with a mile on his face.

"You have just called me up, but something was the matter with the line. You'll call again, and so I'll go on with the letter and hand it to you as soon as I see you.

"I was writing about the lonely Saturday nights. Somehow I don't seem | \$10,000 for it.

so lonely since I began to write to-

night. "I have decided to write, anyhow, Now, as I write, I feel happier-excuse me. Telephone again. Hope it's you." "Central!" he fairly roared this

'That girl is on the line again. "You can't tell me she isn't. I know her voice.-Yes, dear, this is I. Sweetheart, where are you? Tell me quickly. I'll come right there. Tell me quickly! Hurry, before she shuts us

He spoke so rapidly that his words formed one long, incoherent yell that echoed wildly through the big room. "Central, I want that number! I

want that girl who was talking! God! I must talk to her! Get her! Some one did ring. Didn't I hear it? And I heard her voice. Now, there she is .-Yes, now I can hear you, darling.

"Now, Central, steady a moment until I find out where this girl is. Where, dear? Where? Where? Louder! She's gone, Central! She's gone! She's gone!"

But suddenly he was talking over a dead wire. At the other end, a badly frightened little telephone girl was reporting to the chief operator the strange calls from the Telegram of-

Virry walked back the typewriter and wrote: "It was you again, but I couldn't

hear you.

"If I only knew where you were, I'd come to you right away. If I only knew in what direction to go, I'd start out. But perhaps you'll call again, and so I'll go on with my letter.

"There are other nights than Saturdays that are lonely. "Sunday nights you used to go to

the theaters with me. We always had the same pair of seats, you remember. "How many songs I can remember

that you and I have heard together! 'I Shall Never Forget My First Meeting With You'-remember it? "Then there was 'A Woman's Just a

Woman, My Boy, but a Good Cigar Is a Smoke.' I remember you didn't like the song, until it came to the last verse where it runs, 'A woman's still a woman when a cigar's gone up in smoke'-I don't know about that, though; I can always get another

"Then there was that song, 'Dearle.' How that word echoed and pulsed and beat through that magnificent chorus, just as it echoes and pulses through my mind! "Oh, there were so many songs, so

many plays, so many hours, so many events, so many thoughts, so many experlences, so many pleasures! How do you suppose I can write them all

here you are again. If I don't get you this time I'll-"

The telephone really rang this time. In two bounds he reached it.

"Hello," he said. "Now, Central, be more careful this time. If you only knew how much I want to talk to her !-- Why, it's I! Why, Virry, the city aditor! Keep off the line, sir!

"Yes, dear, I hear you. I'll talk to you when this man gets off the line. Hurry up and tell me where you are before he bothers us again. I'll come right to you .- The chief? Yes, But keep off the line, chief. I'll talk to you

"What am I doing here? It's eleven o'clock? Well, what of that.-Get off the line, sir! By God, get off the line! You've got a story for me? No, I won't come downstairs .- Wait a moment, sweetheart .-- You'll send somebody up here? Well, I don't want to be bothered."

A dogged tone was creeping into Virry's voice. Somehow it didn't seem strange that the chief of police should be asking him to come down to the sidewalk.

He was determined to stay at the telephone until he talked with the

The pain in his head suddenly became sharper; he thrust his long fingers through his hair, right over the place where the ache seemed the greatest.-If she could only hear

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" he shouted frantically. Suddenly he became silent. His eyes turned to one of the doors that opened into the hall-

Suddenly he rushed toward the door, his arms extended. "Darling!" he cried.

All the longing of his man's heart sounded in that pleading, ecstatic cry. He folded his arms, and embracednothing!

His right hand went to the top of his head. He staggered and fell, face forward, against the door. His head struck the glass, which, breaking, made a rattle and crash that echoed and reechoed through the hallways of the great deserted, ten-story building. Virry fell to the floor, miraculously

uncut. But he did not try to rise. A big policeman carefully broke away the remaining jagged pieces of glass, so that they might not fall on the prostrate form within. Then Hennessy, the little police surgeon, climbed through the aperture.

"Hemorrhage of the brain," he said shortly. "He stopped me on the street only last Saturday and told me that his head never stopped aching. "I told him he was working too hard.

But that wasn't it. "He's never stopped worrying since his girl died."

Bought a Town for \$10,000. The entire town of Moneta, Wyo., on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, is owned by one man, who paid

Rivals for Our Favor



Waiting for Summertime

To introduce new ideas in women's Even though they are gathered about apparel of any kind. In the displays the waist on an elastic band, the silks of new underthings we find knicker- are so light and soft that they are not bockers likely to supersede petti- bulky, and the same is true of batiste. coats and petti-bockers-their rivals A petticoat and a pair of knickerfor favor with women. All three are bockers in dark colored satin, shown In the race, the time-honored silk pet- in the picture above, are among the ticoat for street wear, the newly popu- practical things for street wear that lar knickerbockers and that compro- are interesting women just now. The mise that stands between the two-the skirt fits smoothly about the hips and petti-bocker-which is merely the is bordered at the bottom with a knickerbocker with flounces at the band of ribbon, which can hardly be bottom to simulate a petticoat.

silks, to take the place of the chemise, accumulate dust. In dark colors they replace petticoats, "They are crowding by the thou- and when worn with camisoles make sands up into the front of my brain, It possible to dispense with the chedemanding a place on this paper-but mise altogether. This is a point that are the latest thing in window shades, carets work while you sleep. Adv.

T TAKES less time than formerly is worth considering by stout women.

called a flounce because its fullness is The knickerbockers have arrived at so scant. It is wide enough to be that point of popularity where their comfortable. But it suffers a little by name is abbreviated to "knickers," comparison with knickerbockers. There and they are shown with camisoles in is no question of width in them, and wash satin, crepe de chine and wash they do not fray out at the bottom or

Day Shades,

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dulf misery in the kidney region, severa headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulates them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithiawater drink which everybody should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious compli-

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble .- Adv.

Accounting for the Weight. "So you are playing with your soldiers, Willie?" said the caller.

"Yes, ma'am." "You handle them as if they were quite heavy."

"They are heavy just now, ma'am." "What makes them so heavy just now?

"Why, they're on their way back from the war, and they've got a lot 🔫 ead in 'em, ma'am."

UP A SINGIN'!

Tomorrow will be slear and bright, if you take "Cascarets" tonight

Feeling half-sick, bilious, constipated? Ambition way below zero? Here is help! Take Cascarets tonight for your liver and bowels. You'll wake up clear, rosy, and full of life. Cascarets act without griping or inconvenience. They never sicken you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or nacty, harsh Lace day shades of beautiful designs pills. They cost so little too-Cas-

> Still Frivolous. "The war sobered some people." "Yos?"

"But not Mrs. Gadder." "No?" "She's going to Europe soon and she is asking everybody what would be the proper costume to wear when viewing a battlefield."-Birmingham Age-Her-

\$------CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds, It's Splendid!

harron harron harron harron In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold

or catarrh will be gone. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic. healing cream in your nostrils. It penertates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh-Relief comes so quickly .- Adv.

A Number of Them. Horace-Did any man ever kiss you befere I did? Helen-Yes, dear.

Horace-Tell me his name so I can beat him up! Lielen-I'm afraid that he might be too many for you.

WOMEN WONDER AT HER MANY CLOTHES

"Diamond Dyes" Make Faded, Old, Shabby Garments New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,-dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers-everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card .-- Adv.

Nothing is made in vain except the extremely fashionable girl-she is a maiden vain.

A cup of Garfield Tea before retiring will next day relieve your system gently and thoroughly of all impurities .- Adv.

Mistakes of the past should be made over into guideboards of the future.

What is to be? A yerb, of course.

ulia Bottomley

N the showing of spring and sum- | made by using heavy embroidery silk mer clothes for very little girls we in white or a light color, and couchare distracted between the contempla- ing it on in different designs, with the

tion of sheer little frocks that be- mercerized cotton floss in black. speak "dress up" wear and numerous | The most interesting thing about ingeniously designed rompers that these clothes for play is the variety foretell good times both in and out of and ingenuity of cut in rompers, doors, Fashion smiles on hand sewing Some of them have the "peg top" of and as a result we find hemstitching, trousers, some of them look just like fancy stitching and fine hand-run "Dutchman's breeches," and others tucks. Black and white stitchery is look much like skirts. As ingenious used for decorating little frocks and and pleasing as any are romper rompers and by way of adding an suits in which knickerbockers and other charm, tiny figures of animals waists are cleverly made together, as done in cross-stitch in colors often ap- in the example shown above. This is

pear on the belt. white waists worn with colored knick- little girl's affair. ers. Checked gingham is combined with plain chambray both in dresses bonnet that tops off these rompers! and rompers, the body being of the It should never be banished, for it is plain material and the skirt or knick- washable and cool. ers of the check. The small checks are very popular and pretty and show all the different spring colors combined with white in checks. One of the simplest and most effective decorations on children's clothes is easily

made more attractive by a little frill A good many of the rompers are about the neck and on the cuffs and made with waists and knickerbockers a tucked panel at the front ending separate and buttoned together. By under a belt that slips under the this management two pairs of knick- plaits at each side. These extra furers may be allowed each waist, and belows make the garment distinctly a

Thrice welcome to the pretty sun-