

CALOMEL!

It's Mercury! Quick-silver! Shocks the Liver—Danger!

You're bilious, but take "Cascarets"! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, your dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched, your bowels are constipated. No wonder you feel foggy, mean and ill-tempered. You need Cascarets tonight. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are ended by morning with gentle, harmless Cascarets—they work while you sleep, never gripe, shock, sicken or inconvenience you. They're grand! Adv.

His Occupation Gone.

X—That burglar client of yours doesn't seem very grateful to you for getting him acquitted.
Y—He says I proved him so innocent that his pals aren't trust him with a big job.—London Answers.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch.* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Never Thought of That.

A lover of the cranberry says it is a fine antiscorbutic. Now, we had never thought of that.—Arkansas Gazette.

Ask for "HILL'S"

FIVE MILLION PEOPLE USED IT LAST YEAR

HILL'S

CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Backache

The intense pain from a lame back is quickly alleviated by a prompt application of Yager's Liniment.

Sufferers from rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, sprains, etc., should always keep a bottle of "Yager's" handy as its penetrative qualities quickly bring relief from pain.

At all dealers. Price 35 cents. The large bottle of Yager's Liniment contains twice as much as the usual 50c bottle of liniment.

YAGER'S LINIMENT RELIEVES PAIN

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLES. Worthrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

WANTED

Black Walnut Logs

We pay highest cash prices for logs 12" and up, 8 to 16 ft. long, in carload lots, f. o. b. cars at loading points.

ADDRESS

Lock Box 18, St. Bernard Branch CINCINNATI, OHIO

FROM HEAVEN VIA CAROLINE

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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Down on their knees before the bed, their scant front hair twisted in grotesque curls, the two Nelson sisters were saying their prayers. To be accurate, it was Sarah who was doing the actual petitioning, but her words found an ardent echo in Fanny's heart.

"Dear Lord, send us a sign. We're at the end of our rope. O Lord, you know we must decide tomorrow. If it be meant that we keep our little place, send us a sign from heaven. Let it be that the money we take in over the counter comes to five dollars—was it five, Fanny? If we don't get that much we'll know that it was best for us to sell. Amen."

Solemnly arising, they climbed into their high four-poster, and without a word, folded their withered hands beneath the patchwork comfortable and sought refuge from their worries in fitful slumber.

The last of their line, except for an errant, harum-scarum nephew "out West in Kansas," the Nelson sisters had been facing for some years a steadily decreasing income. So far they had managed to hang on to the old homestead by closing up the main portion of the house and living in an ell, one room of which they had turned into a tiny shop, the proceeds of which seldom averaged four dollars a day, but served to pay their taxes and very semi-occasional repairs.

Not many people nowadays in Farmingdale remembered when the "Nelson girls" were young. To the newer generation they were just two old maids, who kept a little store "where you can buy anything you want, my dear, from little cakes and souvenir spoons to Chinese lily bulbs that grow in stones set in water."

School children stopped in on their way to school to buy a penny's worth of candy, out-of-town visitors drifted in and poked around, and—there was Caroline.

The sisters often said they would have had to go out of business long ago had it not been for Caroline. Ever since she was a brown-curled little thing of five she had been a regular customer. And she was the only one who heard at all regularly from Billy, the harum-scarum nephew.

To Caroline, and indeed to everyone, the two women often declared it was a great trial to them to keep the shop. It was not right that women, particularly of their bringing up, should have to "work."

As a matter of fact, interest in their little store was the one thing life held to color their gray days. Without it, they could have done nothing but sit in the windows of the big house and watch life go by—go by without ever turning to wave a hand at them. No—there was one other thing they could do besides that, and it seemed more than likely that that was just what they would have to do. They could sell the old house, and with the proceeds take out a lease until death of a brightly furnished, utterly unindivisible room in the Home for Aged Women.

For several years, Charlie Wallace, Farmingdale's very up-and-coming real estate agent, had pestered the life out of them with offers for the house—not very large offers. As long as the meager earnings of the little shop had been just sufficient to carry them by, they had refused. But recently, since thrift campaigns had swept the country, people hadn't been so desirous of buying their wares—not even the Chinese lily bulbs guaranteed to bloom by Easter.

Letters to Billy, whom they had brought up as their own son until he had grown old enough to seize a wild opportunity to go West and make a "pile," had not been answered. Earnestly and often, the aunts assured each other that the letters had never reached him. Yet deep in their old hearts, each felt that the only man in the family to whom they could go, even for advice, had failed them.

And now the day of decision was at hand. Charlie Wallace was coming around at eight o'clock that morning to get their final word as to whether they would sell. And true to their New England tradition, they had laid their burden in the hands of the Lord.

In the morning, Sarah arose an hour earlier than usual to take down the shutters. A passing milkman, fortifying himself with a cruller, might make the very difference between five plus and five minus.

Little by little during the day, trickled in the pennies and dimes and occasionally quarters. Along about three o'clock, the tin box held nearly three dollars. At five, Jimmy Williams' purchase of crackers and cheese brought the total up to three-fifty. A few minutes later, a neighbor paid up a small account of one dollar. Four-fifty! Then came Caroline.

Her purchases came to 30 cents. Then she decided on a bottle of fountain pen ink—she bought a great deal of that—that made 45 cents. The two old women watched her as she tucked her packages under her arm and started slowly for the door, her eyes sweeping the shelves for something she might have forgotten. They looked upon her as holding in her small chain-purse the very mandate of the Lord; yet not by word or sign would they influence her.

"I guess that will be all," she said brightly, one hand on the door. At that moment the six o'clock whistle from Farmingdale's one factory broke shrilly on the air. That meant closing time. The shop never had an evening trade.

As Caroline went out, Sarah looked at Fanny and Fanny looked at Sarah, and in that brief interchange of glances was expressed all that they saw descending upon them—the final putting up of the shutters, the last sight of the filled shelves, the locking of the door, themselves on the outside.

"Oh, I forgot," sounded the voice of the Lord's emissary on the doorstep. "Dad said to bring him home an apple pie, if you had one. Have you?"

"Thank the Lord, yes!" almost sobbed Fanny. "Here it is!"

When Charlie Wallace came at eight, he had a very short conversation with Sarah; who as the elder by two years transacted all business. Quite confident that there was nothing else for the "old girls" to do than to meet his price, he was astounded to get a refusal, and left with a slightly sarcastic comment as to their folly in refusing such an eminently remarkable offer.

And the two sisters themselves figuratively drew down in their belts as he went out.

"Hello—hello!" Who was that tall bronzed youth just blown in like a breeze?

"Billy?" cried the aunts; then, sure of it "Billy!"

"It's me," he said. "Just dropped off the old sixty-five. I got your letter and decided it was quicker to answer in person."

Much excited conversation followed. And at the end, while Billy made way with the mate to Caroline's apple pie, he said quite casually: "I'll buy the house, Aunt Sarah. It's just what I want."

"Why—why, you sound as if you had made your pile," said Fanny shyly. "I sure did," he said, "and then some."

"But will you want so big a place?" asked Sarah.

"I think we will—Caroline and I," said Billy.

"Caroline?" "Who else?" asked Billy, indignantly. "I always said I'd come back to her, and I just stopped now on my way up from the station to ask her to marry me very soon. She said 'yes.' And you needn't work in this old shop any more."

Sarah and Fanny each gave a little gasp. They would have said it was a sign of relief.

But Caroline, some days later, discussing the matter with Billy, said: "Don't take the shop away from them, darling. It will be wonderful to buy the house and have them make their home there—but they would miss the little store, even if they don't admit it."

"Whatever you say, goes," said Billy.

And as Fanny remarked one day to Sarah, as she gently dusted a Chinese bulb: "You can't go against Providence."

IN EVERYTHING TOSPY TURVY

Dress, Manners, and Customs in China Are Direct Opposites of Those of the West.

Men wear gowns and women trousers in China, which is one of the customs that makes the land tosy turvy. Upon meeting a friend, the Chinaman shakes hands with himself, not with the friend. In hot sunshine he shades not the nape of his neck, but the front of his head, while returning home he refreshes himself with a cup of tea, putting the saucer on top of the cup and not under it.

It is not unknown in China to kill one's enemy, but it is more common form of revenge to heap shame upon an enemy by committing suicide at his doorstep. Many other instances can be mentioned which make the Chinaman different from the Westerner. Thus, he likes eggs not hewed laid, but those that have been buried for several years. He drinks his wine hot instead of cold. Books are printed to begin at the end and work backward, with the lines reading from the top of the page downward, and from right to left.

The most unusual Chinese way in rowing a boat is to "yuloh," with one long oar at the stern. When two oars or sculls are used, the Chinaman, contrary to the European's method, stands and pushes instead of sitting and pulling. If he sits he leaps back against the stern and thrusts on the handle of the oar with his feet.

Dickens' Appreciation of Himself.

That Dickens was fully cognizant of the reception his writings would receive from many persons is shown by the following quotations from his Charles Dickens edition of "Martin Chuzzlewit": "What is exaggeration to one class of minds and perceptions is plain truth to another." And "I have never touched a character precisely from the life, but some counterpoint of character has incredulously asked me: 'Now, really, did I ever really see one like it?'" And "All the Pecksniff family upon earth are quite agreed, I believe, that such a character as Mr. Pecksniff is an exaggeration and that no such character ever existed."

Sometimes Happens.

"A man that's too set on havin' his own way," said Jud Tunkins, "is mighty liable, along towards nightfall, to find himself ringin' doorbells and inquire 'how to get back to the main road.'"

EXCELLENT TASTE IN YOUNG GIRLS' FROCKS



THE professional designers of children's clothes have put this country at the head of the procession in their line of business. Their products rank with those of the maker of tailored suits and shoes; at least no country outclasses us in these articles; comparisons show that we excel in them; keeping in mind the essentials of good taste, our designers have revealed inexhaustible ingenuity in making practical as well as picturesque things for children of all ages, from babyhood up.

For girls from nine to fifteen there are frocks that make one wonder that these years were ever designated "the difficult age." It takes the cultivated sense of the professional to fashion clothes that make us forget these terms and professionals succeed in doing just this. They translate and emphasize whatever of charm nature has bestowed upon the growing child and they make frocks that have their own charm to lend to young wearers.

Something New in Silk Frocks



JUST how much and just how little one requires in the way of new clothes for the coming summer is a matter that must be decided by each individual for herself. Women feel that they are being "held up" on the prices of some things and, even when quite able to pay for anything they want, they object to playing into the hands of profiteers. Therefore many women, especially among those who have always had money and who understand values, are leaving it to the newly prosperous to buy extravagantly rich and high-priced apparel, contenting themselves with simpler and less costly things. They are selecting practical frocks that will serve a variety of purposes and buying only what they actually need—which is more or less—according to circumstances. Lovely washable dresses of fine cottons, that will continue to look fresh as long as they last, simple taffeta frocks, durable satins and reliable woolsens, attract them.

Every woman knows how practical

Julia Bottomly

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers—No pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic!

A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

Excess of Oil Production.

Conditions in Oklahoma when the great Cushing pool came in illustrated another aspect of the oil situation. The flush production, for a time was far in excess of storage and transportation facilities, so that oil was stored on the ground, behind earthen dikes, and run into dry creeks that were intended up to form reservoirs.

From sheer excess of production over local demand, the price fell to 40 cents a barrel, not because that was the value of the oil to the refinery at Chicago or Bayonne, but because there was no way at the time to get it there, and new wells were coming in by the dozen day after day.—Ray Morris in the World's Work.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Brigand Met His Match.

A certain English financial journal, which had a short life, published in one of its issues a most scathing but at the same time nonactionable and amusing stricture on a member of the stock exchange who had a somewhat shady reputation. The subject of the stricture had a double-barreled name, which we will call Jones-Smithson, and the paragraph about him was as follows: "We understand that Mr. Jones-Smithson has been spending his holidays among the Italian lakes. Last week he was attacked by a brigand and in the course of the encounter the brigand lost his watch and chain."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschree's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Arctic Advantage.

"An Eskimo will stay in his house for months at a stretch."

"That's his luck," replied Mr. Growcher. "It's too cold up there for the landlord to travel around and serve notice that the rent has been raised."

RECIPE 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. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Comparative Values.

"Don't you think the starlight is so romantic?" "Yes, but moonshine is more substantial."

Pure blood is essential to good health. Garfield Tea dispels impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease.—Adv.

Public schools can teach the speaking of good English, but environment teaches better.