

MARY MARIE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

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CHAPTER V—Continued.

But he didn't stop one side. He asked more questions, one right after another.

"Are you sick, Mary?"
I shook my head.
"Did you hurt yourself?"
I shook my head again.
"It isn't your mother—you haven't had any news from her?"

And then I blurted it out without thinking—without thinking at all what I had said. "No, but I wish I had, I wish I had," I said. "I wish I could go to her, and go away from here."

The minute I said it I knew what I'd said, and how awful it sounded, and I clapped my fingers to my lips. But it was too late. It's always too late, when you've once said it. So I just waited for him to thunder out his anger; for, of course, I thought he would thunder in rage and righteous indignation.

But he didn't. Instead, very quietly and gently he said:
"Are you so unhappy, then, Mary—here?"

And I looked at him, and his eyes and his mouth and his whole face weren't angry at all. They were just sorry, actually sorry. And somehow before I knew it I was crying again, and Father, with his arm around me, with his arm around me, that I was leading me to the sofa.

And I cried and cried there, with my head on the arm of the sofa, till I'd made a big tear spot on the linen cover, and I wondered if it would dry up before Aunt Jane saw it, or if it would change color or leak through to the red plush underneath, or some other dreadful thing. And then, some way, I found myself telling it all over to Father—about Mary and Marie, I mean, just as if he was Mother, or some one I loved—I mean, some one I loved and wasn't afraid of, for of course I love Father. Of course I do!

Well, I told him everything (when I got started there was no stopping)—all about how hard it was to be Mary, and how today I had tried to be Marie for just a little while, to rest me. He interrupted here, and wanted to know if that was why I looked so different today—more as I had when I first came; and I said yes, that those were Marie things that Mary couldn't wear. And when he asked, "Why, pray?" in a voice almost cross, I told him, of course, that Aunt Jane wouldn't let me; that Mary had to wear brown serge and calfskin boots that were desirable, and that would wear well.

And when I told him how sorry I was about the music and such a noise he'd be making, he asked if that was Marie's fault, too; and I said yes, of course—that Aunt Jane didn't like to have Mary play at all, except hymns and funeral marches, and Mary didn't know any. And he granted a queer little grunt, and said, "Well, well, upon my soul, upon my soul!" Then he said, "Go on. And I did go on."

I told him how I was afraid it was going to be just like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. (I forgot to say I've read it now. I found it in Father's library.) Of course not just like it, for one of me was going to be bad, and one good. I was afraid, if I didn't look out, I told him how Marie always wanted to kick up rugs, and move the chairs out of their sockets in the carpet, and leave books around handy, and such things. And so today it seemed as if I'd just got to have a vacation from Mary's not gingham dresses and clumsy shoes. And I told him how loathsome I was without anybody, not anybody; and I told about Charlie Smith and Paul Mayhew and Mr. Claude Livingston, and how Aunt Jane wouldn't let me have them, either, even if I was standing where the brook and river meet.

Father gave another funny little grunt here, and got up suddenly and walked over to the window. I thought at first he was angry; but he wasn't. He was even more gentle when he came back and sat down again, and he seemed interested, very much interested in everything I told him. But I stopped just in time from saying again how I wished I could go back to Boston; but I'm not sure but he knew I was going to say it.

But he was very nice and kind and told me not to worry about the music—that he didn't mind it at all. He'd been in several times and heard it. And I thought almost, by the way he spoke, that he'd come in on purpose to hear it; but I guess that was a mistake. He just put it that way so I wouldn't worry over it—about his bothering him, I mean.

He was going to say more, maybe, but I don't know. I had more, but I heard Aunt Jane's voice on the piazza saying good-by to the lady that had brought her home; so, of course, I had to run and hang Marie in the closet and get out Mary from the corner where she was. And I did.

By dinner-time I had on the pink kimono dress and the hot chimney shoes again, and I had washed my face in cold water so I had got most of the tear spots off—I didn't want Aunt Jane to see them and ask questions, of course. And I guess she didn't, anyway, she didn't say anything.

Father didn't say anything, either, but he acted queer. Aunt Jane tried to tell him something about the missionary meeting and the heathen, and a great famine that was raging. At first he didn't say anything, then he said, oh, yes, to be sure, how very interesting, and he was glad, very glad. And Aunt Jane was so disgusted, and accused him of being even more embarrassed than usual, which was entirely unnecessary, she said.

But even that didn't move Father a bit. He just said, yes, very likely, and went on scowling to himself and stirring his coffee after he'd drunk it all up—I mean, stirring where it had been in the cup.

I didn't know but after supper he'd speak to me and ask me to come to the library. I hoped he would. There were lots more things I'd like to have said to him. But he didn't. He never said a word. He just kept scowling and got up from the table and went off by himself. But he didn't go out to the observatory, as he most generally does. He went into the library and shut the door.

He was there when the telephone message came at eight o'clock. And what do you think? He'd forgotten he was going to speak before the College Astronomy club that evening!

The next evening he took me out to the observatory to see the stars. That was lovely, and I had a perfectly beautiful time, and I think Father did, too. He wasn't stiff and polite one bit. Oh, I don't mean that he was impolite or rude. It's just that he wasn't stiff at all. And he was so happy with my new star map and telescope, and so glad to have me, and I told him so, and he looked real pleased. But Aunt Jane came for me before I'd had half enough, and I had to go to bed.

The next morning I thought he'd be different, somehow, because we'd had such a lovely time together the night before. But he wasn't. He just said, "Good morning, Mary," and began to read his paper. And he read his paper all through breakfast without saying another word to me. Then he got up and went into the library, and I never saw him again all day except at dinner-time and supper-time, and then he didn't talk to me.

But after supper he took me out again to see the stars, and he was just as nice and friendly as could be. Not a bit like a man that's only a father by order of the court. But the next day—

Well—and that's the way it's been all the week. And that's why I say he's been so queer. One minute he'll be just as nice and folksy as you could ask anybody to be, and the very next he's looking right through you as if he didn't see you at all, and you wonder and wonder what's the matter, and if you've done anything to displease him.

Sometimes he seems almost glad and happy, and then he'll look so sorry and sad!

I just can't understand my father at all.

ANOTHER WEEK LATER.

I'm so excited I don't know what to do. The most wonderful thing has happened. I can't hardly believe it yet myself. Yet it's so. My trunk is all packed, and I'm to go home tomorrow. Tomorrow!

This is the way it happened: Mother wrote Aunt Jane and asked if I might not be allowed to come home for the opening of school in September. She said she understood quite well that she had no right to ask this, and, of course, if she saw fit, they were entirely within their rights to refuse to allow me to go until the allotted time. But that she could not help asking it for my sake, on account of the benefit to be derived from being there at the opening of the school year.

Well, when the letter came I took it to Aunt Jane myself, and it was crazy to know what was in it, for I recognized the writing of course. But Aunt Jane didn't tell me. She opened it, read it, kind of flushed up and said, "Humph! The idea!" under her breath, and put the letter in her pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Untrimmed.
Louisville Post—"Found, an untrimmed lady's hat." Where has she been to escape the profane?

"Why, Father, I—I don't know," I stammered again.
"Come, come, of course you know," he cried. "You know what you want to do, don't you?"
I shook my head. I was so astonished I couldn't even think. And when you can't think you certainly can't talk.

"Nonsense, Mary," scowled Father. "Of course you know what you want to do. What are you in the habit of doing with your young friends—your Carries and Charlies, and all the rest?"

I guess I just stood and stared and didn't say anything; for after a minute or so he cried: "Well—well—well! I'm waiting."
"Why do we walk and talk—and play games," I began, but right away he interrupted.

"Good! Very well, then, we'll walk. I'm not Carrie or Charlie, but I believe I can walk and talk—perhaps even play games. Who knows? Come, get your hat."

And I got my hat, and we went. But what a funny, funny walk that was! He meant to make it a good one, I know he did. And he tried. He tried real hard. But he walked so fast I couldn't half keep up with him; then, when he saw how I was hurrying, he slowed down, "way, way, way," he looked so worried: "I'll be forgetful and go striding off again," "way ahead of me."

We went up on the hill through the Benton woods, and it was perfectly lovely up there. He didn't say much at first. Then, all of a sudden, he began to talk about anything and everything. And I knew by the way he did it that he'd just happened to think he'd got to talk.

And how he talked! He asked me if I was really glad (and here it is August), and did I have a good breakfast, and how old was I, and did I enjoy my studies—which shows how little he was really thinking what he was saying. He knows school closed ages ago. Wasn't he teaching me himself the last of it too? All around us were flowers and birds, and oh, so many, many lovely things. But he never said a word about them. He just talked—because he'd got to talk. I knew that, and it made me laugh inside, though all the while he made me sort of want to cry, too. Funny, wasn't it?

After a time he didn't talk any more, but just walked on and on, and by and by we were home.

Of course it wasn't awfully jolly—that walk wasn't, and I guess Father didn't think it was either. Anyhow, he hasn't asked me to go again this week, and he looked tired and worried and sort of discouraged when he got back from that one.

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THE PATRON COURIER

The KITCHEN CABINET

Attention! Is the lightning which strikes the home—ours? We can be more clever than one, but not more dear than them all.

MORE GOOD THINGS

Give the children a treat by making them some good home-made candy. The following will be easy to make and pleasant to eat.

Pacific Sea Foam—Take three cups of sugar, one cup of light brown sugar, one cup of water, one-fourth teaspoonful of cream tartar. Cook to the soft ball stage and pour over the well-beaten white of an egg, beat well, adding three-fourths of a cupful of walnuts and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop by teaspoonful on a buttered sheet or pour into a well buttered pan.

Chinatown Almond Squares—Beet together two cups of sugar and one cupful of water, eight minutes, then add one-half teaspoonful of vinegar on a boil until the syrup is brittle when dropped in cold water. Brown one-half pound of almonds slightly in a buttered pan; pour over the almonds the hot syrup, which has been flavored with one-half teaspoonful of almond extract. Press the candy well off evenly in the pan, using the cut of a half a lemon. Cut before it dries.

Baked Corn with Cream—Mix one cup of uncooked corn, one cupful of milk, one cupful of salt, one egg, with one teaspoonful of salt, a speck of onion, salt, pepper and paprika. Place in a baking dish and bake with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Bake one-half hour. Fresh corn may be used.

Potato and Herring Pie—Peel six potatoes, slice very thin, season with white pepper and mix with one cupful of chopped celery and one-fourth of a scraped onion. Put into a baking dish, in which two tablespoonfuls of butter have been melted and toss the vegetables in the butter until well covered with it. Chop two salted herrings which have been soaked in cold water for an hour or two, mix with the vegetables and pour over the whole one cupful of milk or water. Cover with a baking powder biscuit crust and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Brush over the crust with melted butter before it is quite baked.

Honey Oatmeal Bread—To one cupful of rolled oats and three cupfuls of hot water, add one cupful of honey, one cupful of butter and one cupful of yeast cake. When lukewarm add one level yeast cake, stir in flour to stand, let rise over night, mix into two loaves, let rise again, brush the tops with a teaspoonful of honey and bake with two spoonfuls of milk and salt.

"The buttercup bright-eyed and bold, /
/ Held up their chains of gold. /
/ To catch the sunbeams and the dew, /
/ Make sunshine rita of splendor."

WAYS WITH AVOCADO

The avocado or alligator pear, as it is commonly called, is the most delicious of foods, but is not yet grown in such quantities as to make the inexpensive in southern California, where they are beginning to grow them. In season of plenty they can be bought for twenty to thirty cents apiece, but in the east and central states they reach a price which the ordinary pocketbook holder feels prohibitive. Having proved that choice food can be produced commercially in a wide area, we have promised to enjoying them at a more reasonable price.

The avocado belongs to the laurel family and is a native of semi-tropical America, whence it has spread to all other tropical countries. The tree is an ornament with its large leathery leaves of spicy taste and odor, and its fruit is a green or purple in color, weighs often four to five pounds, but the average is much less. The fruit contains a single large seed around which is the thick, buttery flesh of yellowish-green color and a delight in having some varieties has a very thin skin, others a thick, hard shell. These last are best in shipping.

The dietitians tell us that the avocado is alive in a class by itself, as it has a greater mineral content than any of the fruits and contains 50 per cent of carbohydrates, while its fat content is nearly 30 per cent. The olive fruit comparable to it is the only fruit that has less oil and is as now a processed fruit. Measured in calories, the 28 varieties average 384 calories to the pound, more than twice the maximum calories per pound of fresh fruit. Its fuel value corresponds to about 75 per cent of that of cereals and is nearly twice that for every pound of most, according to Professor Jaffa.

Brazilian Paste—Mash ripe avocado and mix smooth with lemon juice serve on bread tomatoes.

Harrisburg—The regimental guidon of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, wrapped about the hickory pole to which it was attached when the flagstaff was shot to pieces in the civil war, has been presented to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by Major Robert S. Magee, of this city. The historic relic has been in the possession of Major Magee's family since the regiment was mustered out.

Easton—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Editors' Association and of the Weekly Association, originally scheduled for Williamsport, will be held at the Penn-Harris Hotel, Harrisburg, on June 23 and 24. It was announced by President C. N. Andrews.

Lewistown—The Viscose company, which built a million-dollar plant at Lewistown last year, will be ground this week for an additional unit.

Lancaster—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Stauffer, of Goodville, this county, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary with a family reunion.

Columbia—Robert Conklin, of this place, was almost scalded when he fell from a swing fifteen stitches being required to close the wound.

McAdoo—Rebecca, 11-year-old daughter of Nathan Gorin, of this place, fell twenty-one feet out of a window while helping clean house, but escaped with a few bruises.

Northumberland—Lightning struck the home of Councilman J. H. Fordy, ripped a hole in the roof, shattered two old guns standing inside and loosened weather boards and much of the plaster on the second floor. The family felt the shock, but no one was injured.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ITEMS

Sanbury—Burglars invaded the home of the Sanbury Elks and stole a small amount of money.

Harrisburg—The board of pardons announced it had recommended to the Governor the pardoning of Walter Yeske and C. L. Evans, the two Reading railway trainmen who were convicted of disobeying orders in connection with the Bryn Athyn wreck. Their case was argued May 19 but held under advisement pending certain queries the board desired to make relative to employment. The pardon was asked on the grounds of mercy for men in an unusual situation.

Ashland—Ralph Weiden, aged 21, sustained a broken back and fractures of both arms while six other persons escaped with bruises when, in rounding a curve, a car driven by William Moeller skidded, turned two complete somersaults and ploned the occupants under it.

Chesler—Howard F. Thynne, secretary of the Chester Business Men's Association, has lost the sight of one eye and is under the care of two eye specialists and two nurses. Less than three weeks ago he contracted what appeared to be a mere cold in the head. Finally it settled in his eye, both of which became infected. When the infection spread to the cornea and he found his sight dimming, the patient awoke to the seriousness of his plight. Every effort is being made to save the other eye, although Thynne has become so weak that he is unable to feed himself.

Blomberg—Council fixed July 17 for a special election on a \$100,000 bond issue for improvements in the Harrisburg yards in the state treasury at the close of May aggregated \$21,805,223.38, of which \$11,000,000 is in the road bond fund. The general fund contained \$200,000.04 and the motor vehicle license fund \$4,822,417.15. May receipts were \$4,222,729.85, and expenditures \$4,774,782.93.

State College—A campaign with the dual purpose of establishing with the aid of the state university and of raising a fund of \$200,000 for health and welfare buildings, was announced by President Thomas. It is proposed to make the present office an institution with facilities for giving instruction to all qualified Pennsylvania boys and girls who qualify to enter. The \$200,000 fund will be devoted to the erection of immediately needed residences for young men and women, physical education buildings for both, a Students' Union, a variety theatre, a hospital. The present hospital is only eight beds for a campus population of more than 3700. The college now has an enrollment of 3700 exclusive of the sum of 5000 students. One thousand qualified applicants were refused admission last year because of the lack of housing and teaching facilities.

Uniontown—Refused a new trial, following his conviction on the charge of murdering his wife at Vanderhill last December, Elmer C. Miller was sentenced by Judge Van Swearingen to be put to death in the electric chair at a time to be set by Governor Spruill. When asked if he had anything to say before the death sentence was imposed, Miller declared in loud and clear tones: "All I have to say is that my children told the worst lies ever told. I did not murder my wife. I am innocent and get possession of my property."

Miller, who pleaded self-defense in a petition for a new trial claimed that his older children deliberately plotted to have him sent to the electric chair in order that they could share in his estate, valued at about \$20,000.

Catawba—Attacked by a bull when she went to the barn to feed the cat, Margaret Miscaron, aged 15, is in a critical condition. One temple was ripped open by one of the bull's horns and an artery was exposed but not punctured.

Sanbury—While his 10-year-old sister looked on helplessly, Alvin, 11-year-old son of C. C. Bauman, was kicked in the face by a horse. Both jaws, his collar bone and ribs were broken, and some teeth were knocked out, but the doctors said he would recover.

Bethlehem—Litigation that has been pending before the public service commission and the courts for some time between the New Street Bridge company, a private concern owning a toll bridge, and the Lehigh Valley Trolley company, on the rate charged for passage of trolley cars over the bridge has been settled. Instead of a rate of one-half cent a passenger heretofore paid by the trolley company, the former has agreed to pay the bridge company a flat rate of \$12,500 a year for three years.

Reading—Ambitions to become a movie star, Mary Lewis, aged 16, of Dick street, left home and was held in California by the Y. W. C. A. She will be returned home by the Travelers Aid Society.

Harrisburg—Arrangements are being made for bids for construction of two two-way to twenty-five sections of highway this year at the state highway department. The bulk of the work will be done for counties.

Milroy—The will of the late William Copeland, a native here, leaves \$500 to each of the churches of the village.

Harrisburg

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Connellsville—Another use has been found for the Connellsville Isobutylene company is to be transformed into a peanut factory. One of the main products will be fried peanuts. Peanut flakes, similar to cornflakes, puffed peanuts and a peanut drink, which is to be used as a substitute for coffee, are also to be manufactured. It is said.

Harrisburg—When paper is waste paper will be decided by expert-paper men for Superintendent of Public Printing Miller. Tons of paper intended for Smith's Legislative Handbook and other state publications were in a fire which destroyed a warehouse some weeks ago in this city and there has been a controversy about the damage done to the paper. The state insures its paper and sells it when it becomes waste. The question has arisen whether the paper is to be damaged to be used and to settle all the knotty questions which have arisen, experts will be asked to make an examination.

Lewistown—Game Warden R. E. McCoy, of this place, reports eleven Goshawk killed in Mifflin county during the past month which were caught in the act of running game.

Altoona—With a continuous service of almost fifty years in various capacities with the Pennsylvania railroad, Thomas F. Carmey, of Altoona, will be retired on a pension June 1.

Pittsburgh—Virgil B. Bennett, a waiter at the Pennsylvania railroad station, was arrested, charged with the theft of a string of pearls from Mildred Harris, a motion picture actress. Captain Frazer, of the railroad police, reported that the pearls had been recovered at Bennett's home. Bennett said that he found them on the floor of the restaurant room. The pearls were appearing at a Pittsburgh theatre last week.

Uniontown—His wife married three women without getting a divorce and failed to remember the name of two of his wives was admitted by George Ashton, of Chicago, when he was arraigned on a charge of failing to support his third wife. He said he married a girl in Pittsburgh shortly after his return from the war, but could not remember her name or address. Later he married Nancy Cope Ashton, of Dunbar township, Fayette county, under the same conditions, and still a third wife in Chicago, whose name he also had forgotten. He told the court that he formerly lived in Chicago, but that his father now lives in Charleston, W. Va. He was sent to the workhouse.

Harrisburg—The highway department has announced the appointment of Carl H. Carlson as superintendent of state highways in McKean county and Robert H. Vought for Union and Snyder counties.

Hazleton—Mayor James G. Harphey ordered arrests for violation of the curfew law as a result of numerous thefts by boys.

Connellsville—Collapsing on the street shortly after she had eaten a dish of ice cream, Mrs. J. J. Perry is critically ill at her home here.

Wakarusa—In ill health for years, Joseph K. Bradley, 47 years old, a prominent farmer here, died a few hours after taking poison.

Hollidaysburg—Postmasters of third and fourth class in Blair county have formed a branch of the National Welfare Association.

Altoona—Mrs. Helen Mason Babb, of this place, was appointed a trustee of the Blair county mothers' pension system.

Lewistown—The chamber of commerce essay contest for pupils of the high school here was won by James W. Hoffman.

White Haven—Frank B. Alexander, aged 28, of Ridgewood, N. J., who was severely gassed by the Germans in France, died at the sanatorium here.

Altoona—Just as Dr. I. G. Dock, a chiropractor, was about to examine William R. Confer, aged 5, a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman, Confer died suddenly of heart trouble. It was Confer's first visit to Dock's office.

CAN NOW WALK AS WELL AS EVER

Esteemed Lincoln Resident Declares Taniax Has Made a Clean Sweep of Her Rheumatism and Other Troubles.

"I couldn't believe all they said about Taniax until I tried it myself, and now I never doubt what I read about it," said Mrs. Anna B. Crawford, 2346 N. 23rd St., Lincoln, Neb., wife of a well-known retired business man.

"I got into a badly run-down condition," she continued, "and suffered greatly from indigestion. I had headache for days at a time, slept poorly and woke up mornings so weak and dizzy I could hardly get up. Then rheumatism set in and made walking difficult and I could scarcely use my arms for the pain."

"But Taniax has made a clean sweep of my troubles, brought back my appetite and enabled me to gain much weight. It is a pleasure to make a statement in praise of this great medicine."

Taniax is sold by all good druggists. There are so many jay walkers and so many jay drivers that it hardly behooves any driver to talk about jay walkers, or any walker to mention jay drivers.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Refresh a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Glycerin, Talcum)—Advertisement.

Next Case. Judge (trying liquor case)—"What is the next case?" Clerk (absent)—"Scotch, your honor. Those who leaf are pretty sure to praise labor."

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BELLANS 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief **BELLANS** 25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

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SWALLOW PILES PILLS

Swallowed like any pill COLCOAT PILE PILLS reach the trouble from within. No surgery, no operations. Quick, sure, harmless. 60¢ at all druggists, or 95¢ by mail from COLCOAT CHEMICAL CO., Inc., Glens Falls, N. Y.

ASTHMA

DR. J. D. 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. Dr. J. D. Kellogg, 1000 Northrop & Lyan Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY RADIO-GENUINE HALHLEN CERTIFIED GALENA CRYSTALS. Sent postpaid in any quantity. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Dr. J. D. Kellogg, 1000 Northrop & Lyan Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Marie Maxwell