

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winoos, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would ho awake and start so nervous that I would have to get up and walk around in the morning and 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 SUTZKE, 608 Olmsted St., Winoos, 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. Sutzke'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, nervous irritations, periodic pain, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

Tree That Wouldn't Die.

One of the giant redwoods in Mendocino county, California, has shown that in spite of its combined foes, the wind and the forest fire, it has made up its mind to keep right on living in the same spot where it has stood for dozens of years. During a terrible storm on the mountain, the top of this tree was broken off, and later the trunk was nearly destroyed by a forest fire; yet enough vitality remained for a young tree to rise from the roots of the older one and to grow up within the wide trunk which serves as a protection against the wind. The original tree was a magnificent specimen more than 11 feet in diameter, towering high in the air, and its youthful successor should be of goodly size when the old stump is ready to fall away.—St. Nicholas.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of fretting and fuming over your freckles. An Othine—double strength—guaranteed to remove these lovable spots.

Not So Mere. The small boy sometimes sees straight and sees far, says the Christian Science Monitor. John stood high in his examination, but a girl took the highest mark. His father was indignant.

John, I am surprised to find you have allowed yourself to be beaten by a mere girl. "Yes, father," said John, unblushingly. "I have; but I can tell you something—girls are not so very more after all."

She Was Used to It.

Mrs. Patricia remarked to the new servant: "I suppose, Mary Ann, you overheard my husband and me conversing rather earnestly this morning?" "Indeed, I did that, mum," replied Mary Ann.

"I hope that you did not consider that anything unusual was going on." "Niver a bit, mum. I wunst had a husband meself, mum, and over a day passed that the neighbors didn't believe that one or the other uv us would be killt entirely."

Indian Warriors.

A company of soldiers recruited from the Mohawk tribe of Indians was sent to England for training several weeks ago and is now in action on the continent.

A Diplomat is a man who is able to use the truth economically and judiciously.



ECONOMY TALK is all right—ECONOMY PRACTICE is better. INSTANT POSTUM is an economy drink—absolutely no waste. Besides it is convenient, saves fuel and sugar, and leaves nothing to be desired in the way of flavor. TRY A CUP!

TO SHEAR SHEEP BY MACHINE. Inexperienced Person Can Do Work Very Nicely—More Wool Obtained Than by Hand.

To shear sheep by hand takes an experienced man, but with a machine an inexperienced person can do the work nicely. A good machine costs less than \$12, and more wool can be obtained. That is, through shearing by hand. After the fleece has been taken off, all tags and duds should be re-

Tin Peddler & Co. By BERTHA PORTER

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"Mr. Valentine's late," announced Esther, as Matilda came in with her hands full of arbutus. "Did you see him anywhere?" "I'm anxious to have that blueingham." Matilda, cheeks as pink as the flowers she carried, laughed with all the joy of her twenty years. "I was looking for my old tin peddler," she replied. "He's coming, and he's bringing my dear aunt her new summer gown. I was listening to the robins and the blessed little spring peepers, and hunting for Mayflowers. Why, you'd think it was spring—and summer is coming, and anything may happen in summer, even if you do live deep in the woods and have only one old horse to go gadding with."

Esther caught at a part of her words. She was at the window, looking at a great automobile that was thundering madly down the narrow country road, scattering hens and dust impartially.

"I should rather have a horse than one of those destroyers," she declared. "And surely something will happen right now if it meets anything."

Now the machine was out of sight it happened. Old Mr. Valentine, driving his old horse and his box of a peddler's cart up the narrow road had no chance. The horse leaped to escape the monster bearing down upon him, but that did not save the cart from the blow. Freed from hanging splinters, old Peter galloped away out of sight and was no longer to be seen for several days. In the other direction the car raced as madly, its drunken occupants intent only on escape from what they vaguely realized as a "smash."

When Esther and Matilda reached the wreck they found the wagon levelled, damaged than had seemed possible. Old Peter had swung it mightily, and splinters and scratches were the worst of his hurts. Not so with Mr. Valentine. He lay in the road, unconscious.

"His hip's hurt," said Aunt Esther, stooping to examine his injuries. "We mustn't move him. Run and telephone for the doctor. And bring pillows when you come back. I'll watch in case anybody comes."

Old Mr. Valentine was a relic of the past. Before the days of automobiles, drummers and mail-order houses, he and his peddler's cart had been as regular, if not as frequent, on these country roads, as the stagecoach. He was progressive, too, and carried not only the conventional kitchen ware and brooms of the tin peddler, but buttons, thread, cloth, ribbon; anything that the dwellers in the country for miles around might want. He was indeed, as Matilda had called him, a traveling department store. Now the advent of automobiles owned by the farmers had almost killed his trade, but there were a few customers left. Run along with him for the sake of old times. There were some, too, like Miss Esther, who liked the cheery little old man and looked forward to his monthly visit. Whenever he came to Mrs. Esther's house, he tucked his arrival to be able to stay to dinner, and she somehow knew his favorite dishes and they always appeared on the table when he came.

Remember, Mr. Valentine had been coming for many years. Miss Esther knew about his son, too, who was a commercial traveler, and about the wife, who had died when the boy was born.

Now she sat with his head in her lap, watching the road for the doctor's buggy.

"Broken hip," said the doctor. "I thought it might be when Matilda called up, so I brought Alice along to help me move him. Run ahead and get the room ready, girls. This is not a woman's job here—Alice, tip a picket of Miss Esther's fence."

Next day, the old wagon, repaired by Alice and the doctor, stood before Esther's door, no more helpless than the impatient man that lay in the spare bed.

"He's worried about his trip because of his awful," Esther confided to Matilda. "I know it's not good for him, but so upset in his mind."

"I'll go in and talk to him." Twenty minutes later she danced out of the room. "Aunt Esther, he's all right now. I'm going to finish the trip for him and you must get him up. Whistle to come and help you do the work."

"Matilda Peters, what are you talking about? And where are you going to get a horse? And how do you know where to go? And what if you should meet a drunken automobile, like he did?"

"I'm going to take your horse, darling. And I've got a little brown buck here that tells me just where to go. And I'm going to take my chance on a drunken automobile—and everything else. It's going to be the greatest fun!"

And it was. Everywhere she loved the queer-looking old boy of a cart, all homebaked with drawers and closets, packed full of good reliable merchandise, she met with welcome. She had only to produce the little brown book which gives the names and addresses of her customers, and she had the interest and sympathetic inquiry about Mr. Valentine. And while Miss Matilda was gathering Mr. Valentine's harvest of dollars, a letter she had written for him before starting was having almost as varied travels

as she. It was following Mr. Robert Blaisdell on his annual trip through Virginia. At last it caught up with him and told him very briefly that his father, Mr. Valentine Blaisdell, had met with an accident, but was being cared for by an old friend, Miss Esther Peters, while the writer was endeavoring to carry on his business to the best of her ability. On his Mr. Robert's return—he would be pleased to furnish him with a statement of the financial situation. It was signed "Matilda Peters."

"Holy cats!" gasped Robert Blaisdell, "poor old pa—paid up in the country of two old maids, who will probably run up a pretty bill of expense—financial situation, indeed." And another and worse thought flashed over him, "Lordy, perhaps they'll marry him!"

A delayed schedule on the railroad brought Robert Blaisdell's train to the station nearest the village where his father was still confined just three hours late. As he was inquiring about a conveyance to take him to Miss Esther Peters' house, a peculiar-looking man, who was wearing a hat that he did not see it, and his mental state precluded his hearing anything so common as wagon wheels or horse's hoofs. The station agent, who did not like the lively man, saw it.

"What makes you have a hat on your head?" he suggested. "Save your three dollars and ride up along if you want to see Miss Esther. That wagon you see up ahead is going to the very house. Before it reaches the village, Mr. Valentine. He got a terrible fall about six weeks ago and he's been laid up at Esther's house ever since. She's taking care of him—and well. He didn't waste much time taking that advice," he finished.

For Robert Blaisdell was racing up the dusty road after his father's wagon, now in the hands of that money-grabbing old hen; he'd lose no time telling her where she got off. This was not good chance to lose.

Matilda, driving contentedly homeward, heard the horse shivers, "Hi—hi—here—you, wait a minute."

She stopped. Robert Blaisdell, red and hot from his pursuing race, leaped to the front of the cart. He, too, stopped, and said not another word. He took off his hat and panted. Matilda waited, politely. She could see that he was quite disturbed. "Don't hurry," she said. "You're awfully out of breath."

"I beg your pardon," he gasped at last. "But the station agent said this wagon was gone—said it was—said—oh, darn it—I'm Robert Blaisdell—may I ride up to see my father with you?"

He wondered who this pretty girl that was helping out that old Matilda thing as they drove along the shady roads. Not that he knew the ponds were shady—he knew only that the girl had yellow hair—read hair, not bleached stuff—and brown eyes that were straight and bright, and a nose and a love white skin—not, oh, yes, there were three little freckles right by her nose. And he hoped she lived near Miss Esther Peters.

She was telling him about the accident. She seemed to know a lot about it. "I'm sure that's very kind of her. And shall I see Miss Matilda, too? She wrote me this letter."

She turned and looked at him. She laughed. "You're looking at her now," she said. "I'm Matilda."

Robert could stay only two days that first time. But he went back to the main office and told them about the crying needs of his wires in a certain neglected rural district. And they took him to go there in pity's name and set his goods, so he came back very soon. And again and again—for a broken hip does not mend so promptly when the bones are not as young as they once were.

When, in July, Mr. Valentine was able to sit on the porch, Robert came again, and found the three engaged in the "financial situation."

"Rob," said his father, "this girl has enlarged the business. Her receipts for the last three months are more than mine were a year ago. I don't know but what I'll retire and turn the care over to her."

Miss Esther blushed at the look he gave her. "I'm going to tell him, Esther," Mr. Valentine went on. "If he's got any eyes in his head, he knows it already. I see Bob's going to take care of me all the rest of my days, and with Esther for a wife, I don't much care whether the old leg gets well or not. I shan't want to run very far away from her. So, Bob, give your mother-to-be a kiss, and perhaps you can be your new cousin as well."

"Oh, Mr. Valentine!" And Matilda was out of the porch in a flash, down among the rose bushes. But not too far away to miss what Robert was saying.

"Cousin? Not on your life! Don't you know first cousins can't marry in this state?"

The Usual Thing. "I have never, during my somewhat extended career, been more astonished than that I was obliged to be," confessed old Timrod Tarpy. "I usually scamp and slighted every disagreeable duty as much as possible. I used no particular intelligence in my business operations, but generally took the line of least resistance and trusted to luck to come out all right. So now, having made practically a failure of my own affairs, I am ready to sit in my easy chair for the balance of my life and complain about the lack of business sense, the utter shiftlessness and the abysmally trifling ways of the present generation. In short, I am now about to become a perfectly normal old boy."—Kansas City Star.

moved and the wool tied in a neat bundle with wool tied. The wool should then be packed in wool sacks and either shipped to a reliable commission firm or sold to buyers.

Many Small Potatoes Wasted. There are nearly 120,000,000 bushels of small potatoes raised in the United States every year, all of which could be used in making bread.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.—James Montgomery.

WASHINGTON SIDE LIGHTS

Washington Expert Tells All About "Jazz" Music

WASHINGTON—Meyer Davis of this city, who has been dubbed the "king of the jazzers," is quoted by a Boston Post reporter who interviewed him as having said that jazz music, while having Wagner been a mile for harmony, cannot be written because it is never played the same way twice in succession.

"The jazz originated in a section of New Orleans known as Congo place, and has been transported to glided hostilities, the homes of the rich and to all places where the concert-music machines give voice," said Davis.

"Will the jazz craze last?" questioned the newspaper man. "Like the music they imported from the wave-washed shores of Honolulu, and that is all. A jazz player takes a piece of music and plays what ain't there. The good jazz can take any sort of a melody and jazz it up by putting all sorts of 'blues' in, with a generous sprinkling of ragtime variations. A typical jazz band is composed of instruments of greatest noise-making power. Let me explain. You must have the slide trombone, with a little of old handy. Then a drummer, with a complete assortment of kitchen utensils, and a cornetist, who must have finished execution and technique, as the ragging of the melody depends on him. Clarinet? Sure! He plays all the convolutions, evolutions and variations. And then the pianist. That will do for a sufficient bunch of jazzers."

"What effect does jazz music have on human beings?" asked the reporter. "It will make a man dance, and cause an octogenarian to feel like a boy of sixteen," he replied.

Wanted to Keep Promise He Made the Children

A FARMER man wanted peppermint stick candy, pink and white. You can't find old-time sweets like that these days, except in back-street shops that don't count, but the clerk could give him caramels, conserves, glacés, marshmallows, fudges— But the farmer was set on peppermint stick candy, pink and white. He had promised the children the last thing before starting for the city. They were going to help him out with the crop—and he had to get them what they asked for. His disappointment had put a real worry line between his eyes and in his voice was a dejection which would have been ridiculous except that you can't laugh at genuine feeling—not if you are the right sort yourself. The clerk, a helpful young person with seemingly no aspiration to throw down her job for war work at one thousand per cent, suggested every juring substitute in stock.

"Why, little miss, those young ones will be waiting for me a mile up the road—I just can't bear to think of it." Foolishness to make such a fuss over nothing, of course. Of course! All the same, it is right refreshing to meet up with a man with a Gibraltarish sense of honor like that, because you must admit— There are others.

Couldn't Believe Gorgeous Being Was Her Father. A TINY girl out southeast way lived with an uncle and aunt because her mother was in heaven and her father at sea. Being old enough to play with other tiny children, she wondered why it was that she had no papa to come home from work every afternoon so that she could race down the pavement and hug him around the legs. She longed for that dolly coming papa with a yearning that no grown-up could ever suspect, seeing that she somehow forget what goes on in childhood land after we are turned out of it and the gate locked between—except, of course, when the lonesome years come along and Father Time, who is a whole lot kinder than we give him credit for, lets us peek backward through his memory glass to show us how beautiful it used to be. After so long, the father—an officer in the navy—returned from a cruise and came to the southeast home for a first glimpse of his baby daughter.

The child took in the brass buttons and gold braid with rapt wonder, leaning back. This girl, gold-shining man was not like the papas who came home from work every afternoon to have their legs hugged. The blue cloth arms were open to receive her, but she hung back fearfully. She had to be sure.

"Are you my father?" The arms folded the tiny girl and assurance was given which settled every doubt. And the child voiced rhapsodic relief. "I thought you were God."

Rather Rough on Waiter, but "Orders Is Orders". THE manager of a Washington hotel has insisted upon strict observance of the food administration's rules from the beginning, so that two men, apparently of the class that are in Washington on business just now, who did not seem to care anything about food conservation, were responsible for the discharge of a waiter the other day.

The two had ordered a hearty luncheon, after the meal had progressed somewhat they summoned the waiter and told him to bring some more bread. He hesitated. "Well, prospect you. Bring the bread," said one of them, and the waiter hurried off. He came back with a plate of biscuits. At the next table, however, sat an official of the food administration. He beckoned to the head waiter, said something to him in an undertone, and in a few minutes the waiter who had served the forbidden bread rushed back to the table where the two men were and said agitatedly: "You gentlemen have cost me my job—serving that bread was against orders."

They called for the head waiter of the room and protested that the waiter was not at fault, but they followed. "We have certain rules in this establishment, gentlemen, which must be followed," said the head waiter. "These particular rules are the result of a pledge made by us to the food administration."

"But this is our fault," protested one of the two men. "The head waiter didn't deny it. We can only punish the waiter who disobeyed our rules," he said.

Things That Impress One in National Capital. SOMETHING of the old air of leisure still clings to Washington's amusements, particularly regarding baseball. One writer observes: "One day last summer the score was 14 to 2, in favor of Detroit, which was out of the game."

Washington is full of the Athlete Young Man. He speaks of aviation and datta and SUSPECTS and the jungle corps; and everybody but the president, the secretary of war and the speaker of conationements. But our athlete young men, heaven bless them! are the soldiers, and the fire against the enemy is no less effective because the men sending it call it barroodge. What will win the war I am not prepared to say, though I do read the advertisement; but nobody has advanced that dietion and enunciation will win the war."

Where His Doubt Lay. Mr. George Hobbey dearly loves a joke. Recently a certain well-known brother comedian who he met casually in the street remarked to him that he had a great mind to write a book.

"I doubt it," replied George. "Doubt what?" said his friend in an injured voice; "that I can write a book?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "that you have a great mind." Knowing G. H.'s reputation for being a bit of a wag his friend readily forgave him.

Practical. "Why give candy to June? Bob has all her love." "Young Dentist—Yes, but I have all her dentistry. Bob's only a lover."

A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tones up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently. Write for free literature. STEWART WALKER WATER SYSTEM, INC., Concept, North Carolina.

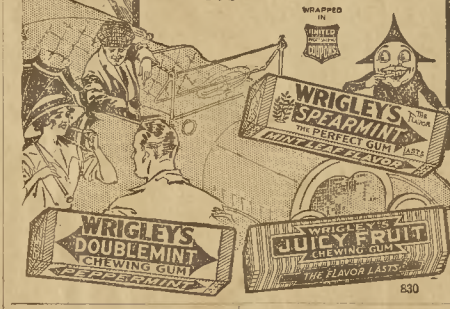


WRIGLEY'S

"After every meal" Spring is in the air—the fields and woods and waters call—

And to add to the zest of outdoor pleasures nothing affords the long-lasting refreshment of WRIGLEY'S—

So carry it always with you. The Flavor Lasts



LET HIS GERMAN BLOOD OUT

Patriotism Shown by Would-Be Fighter Sure Entitled Him to a Place in the Rank.

"I thought I had a few drops of German blood in my veins, so I picked up my rifle and let them flow out. Now I'm ready to take the oath."

So saying, William Strussburger, an applicant for enlistment in the United States marine corps at Newark, N. J., removed his shoe and displayed to the astonished gaze of Sgt. Thomas Green a bandaged "little pig" that went to market.

"How do you know that the blood you let out was German and not some other kind?" asked Green. "I pricked at a point furthest from my heart," returned Strussburger, who is American-born and pugnatically anti-Tonic.

But Strussburger can't be a United States marine. He lacked the weight and height necessary.—New York World.

AN ATTACK OF GRIP USUALLY LEAVES KIDNEYS IN WEAKENED CONDITION

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles.

Dr. Strussburger is on Dr. Kilmor & Co.'s Swamp-Root which so many people say tones up and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Regular medium and large size bottles, for sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

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Rheumatism Relief—25c.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), Are Helping Thousands Who Tried Excessive Treatments Without Result. It's Guaranteed.

There are three vital processes of human existence—the taking of food, the extraction of nourishment from it and the elimination of waste. Poor digestion and assimilation means failure to derive full nourishment from food and that in turn means impoverished blood, weakness, anemia, etc. Poor elimination means an accumulation of waste matter which poisons the body, lowers vitality, decreases the power of resistance to disease and leads to the development of many serious ills.

Rheumatism—due to some interference with the process of elimination, failure to get rid of certain body poisons—cannot be expected to yield to any medicine that fails to correct the condition responsible for it. Could any reasonable person expect to rid his body of rheumatism as long as the rheumatic poison is allowed to remain in the body?

Think of this. It explains the success of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) in so many cases. Thousands are cured who have tried every medicine that fails to correct the condition responsible for it. You pay five or ten times as much for other things? (NR Tablets) containing enough to last twenty-five days—must help you. Must give you prompt relief and satisfactory result or cost you nothing.

Nature's Remedy is not only for rheumatism, but also for indigestion, constipation, kidney troubles, etc. It is a powerful purgative, tones the liver, regulates the kidneys and bowel action, improves the circulation, cleanses the system. You've tried the expensive medicine and doctors, now make the real test. Your ad- results this time. Just try it. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is sold everywhere and recommended by your druggist.



THREE TIMES AS MUCH FOR EVERYTHING Now is the time to Clean Up! ECONOMY IN EVERY CAKE



Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c & 50c

Write Us for Information Concerning the Most WONDERFUL WATER SYSTEM Ever Offered for the Country Home. STEWART WALKER WATER SYSTEM, INC., Concept, North Carolina.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Irritation. No Pain. Comfort. No Cost at All. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO