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INDIGESTION
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After Others Fail
PETERSON'S OINTMENT
Big Box 35 Cents

The mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment when eczema or terrible itching of skin and scalp tortures you is known to tens of thousands of people the country over.

For pimples, acne, rough and red skin, ulcers, old sores, piles and all blemishes and eruptions it is supremely efficient, as any broad-minded druggist will tell you.

DON'T NEGLECT
Inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE.
HALL & RUCKEL at all New York City druggists.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND
Are your horses coughing or running at the nose? If so, give them "SPOHN'S." A valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eye and Worms among horses and mules. An occasional dose "tones" them up. Sold at all drug stores.

Old Radio Apparatus
Apparatus with which an English scientist first experimented with wireless waves in 1879 has been discovered in a London tenement and placed in a museum.

CORNS

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Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Severe Stroke
Walker—Did you hear of the accident which befell your brother?
Dudley—Accident! No, not serious, I hope?
Walker—Well, rather. An idea struck him and now the entire top of his head is paralyzed.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—aid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

A Raw, Sore Throat
Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole

And Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Just spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It is fine for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Keep it handy for instant use.

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
Better than a mustard plaster

Bob, the Beloved Fiddler

By CLARISSA MACKIE
(©, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Gloom prevailed in Blue Lake camp. There was not to be a Saturday night dance at the hotel this week—the three-piece orchestra which usually played for the tent and cottage colony as well as for the guests of the hotel, had found a better field for their doubtful talents and had taken the early morning boat. Mr. Stokes, the obliging and perspiring host, had telegraphed wildly in several directions, only to meet with defeat; owners of phonographs found one excuse or another for not lending their machines, and the large tuneless one in the hotel parlor had blared itself to death apparently, for it had emitted one last agonizing screech, and refused to go on that very morning. Mr. Stokes, attired in spotless flannels, and looking like a crimson pony, made a canvass of his scattered guests, pleading that someone with musical ability would play for the Saturday night dancers.

"What is a dance without music?" he had plaintively inquired for the twenty-fourth time when he reached Judge Randall's cottage at the edge of the lake. "Miss Betty, of course I know I would be court-martialed if the youngsters knew that I had persuaded you to leave the floor for the orchestra—" he paused with a pleading look in his bovine eyes.

Betty Randall looked thoughtful. She did love to dance!

"Isn't there anyone at all?" she asked, incredulously, at last. "What has become of old Nat, the black fiddler who played for us last year?"

"Died last winter, Miss Betty. You see, if Blue Lake wasn't so far off the beaten track it would be easier to find some one—to get a musician in a hurry—but tucked away off in the hills—"

"Very well, Mr. Stokes, there is no use in my spilling everyone's pleasure—you can count on me to play the piano. I wish it was in tune," she said, with a whimsical little smile curving her charming mouth. "And now, let me bring you some of our good lemonade, you look so warm."

When Mr. Stokes had departed, Betty stole a glance at her mother. Mrs. Randall was sitting placidly and lifted calm blue eyes as blue as her lovely daughter's. "Do you mind, mother?" asked Betty.

"Not at all, dear. I am thinking of you—it will not be very agreeable for you."

"Pooh," said Betty, carelessly. "It will be novel—I will pretend that I'm a poor music teacher glad of the chance to earn money—no, I will not pretend, even to myself. I shall be just Betty Randall, playing for her friends to dance—heigho!" She stretched her arms gracefully and turned her face to the blue lake. But the lake was a blue blur, for tears filled her eyes.

"Who is that man talking to Mr. Stokes?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Randall, pointing toward the pine woods.

"Why, it's a—tramp—warning him away, perhaps," replied Betty, absently. She went into the house to pick out some music—there was a book of jazz music that her younger brother treasured, and there was a dance folio of her own that contained many popular dances.

"I am glad there is not to be a violinist—I could not play with one—after—Bob." Her little tearful whisper was strangled in a sob at the memory of her young lover who had gone away after the war. Bob Ferry had gone to the Northwest "to make a fortune" so that he could marry Betty, who was rich. The Ragdolls would have received him with open arms, poor as he was, for they already loved him as a son, but Bob had a certain stiff pride of his own. Months had elapsed since his departure, and Betty believed that he had forgotten her. Her letters were returned by the Post Office department, undelivered.

So she had closed that door of her life.

INCINERATING HER APPLE PIE

By GLADYS DUNHAIME
(©, 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ANYONE looking through the kitchen window of the lower apartment at 305 Winter street would have been amazed. Not at the window, for its glass was crystal clear—it had been polished only the day before. Not at the room, for neither it nor its furniture was remarkable in any way. He may have felt some surprise that the tiny, drooping geranium in the bracket on the wall could look so dejectedly sick and yet persist in living. If he had known Theresa better he would have known that it was because the corner was gloomy she had most carefully selected the brightest red geranium old Florist Dixon had, and had hung it there to lighten the surrounding gloom. Hard-hearted indeed he would have been if he had experienced no surprise, no flood of sympathetic concern, at the sight of Theresa sobbing in abandonment of grief.

She was kneeling before the gas stove, in the corner, her head buried in her arms on a kitchen chair, her shoulders shaking. From the open oven door came smoke and the unpleasant odor of burned foodstuff. On the projecting rack of the stove sat a black, charred circular object.

The close connection between Theresa's grief and the reeking ruin on the stove shelf would have been instantly apparent to anyone who had looked into the little kitchen a few hours earlier—old Mrs. Plummer, for instance, Theresa's landlady, who had the flat above.

Of the brides who had in succession occupied Mrs. Plummer's lower flat until their finances permitted larger quarters, or their increasing family made it necessary for them to transfer to larger quarters, Theresa was easily her favorite. Intrigued at first by her beauty, almost spectacular in its perfection, by the ebb and tide of the rich color in her cheeks, by the sweep of her feathery dark lashes, by the dimples that played in her cheeks, Mrs. Plummer was held in the thrall of friendship by the younger woman's loyalty, her sincerity, her courage.

"Whatever on earth are you doing, child?" she had asked, as she came in about noon. And Theresa had gayly led her into the befouled pantry.

"I am literally immersed in making a pie, as you see," and the high color of her joyous excitement showed through the daub of flour on her cheek.

"This is my pattern," she explained, gayly. "I bought it at the church food sale yesterday. I had all sorts of trouble hiding it from Walter when we were coming home. Tell me, don't you think he'll be surprised tonight? Can't you just hear him smack his lips? Oh, I'm so glad I thought to get a really successful one to tear up and study. This one is really a masterpiece, and I'm trying hard to equal it."

"Apple pie is Walter's favorite. I did not realize until night before last how much he really liked pie. We were having supper at his mother's and I couldn't help envying her a little when he complimented her pie."

"I'm almost afraid one pie is not going to be enough. I started to make two, but decided it was better for the first time to concentrate on one. Don't you think so?" And Mrs. Plummer thought so.

Having watched the pathetically unskilled movements for a few minutes, the kind old soul had offered to finish the pie for her.

"No, thank you, dear Mrs. Plummer. I am quite determined to make it entirely alone. Thank you just the same." And the old lady had gone away, saying to herself as she climbed the stairs, "Too much excitement ain't good for nobody, and her expecting an addition to the family."

Later she could hear the piano below stairs and concluded from the joyous note in the music that the pie must be cooking satisfactorily. When a body can make music like the very angels' own, she can well be excused from making pies, she thought. Fortunately for her quick sympathies, she could not see the tragic denouement in the flat below. She could not see Theresa yield to the temptation of stretching her tired body out "just for a minute," and return to consciousness only when the fumes of the burning pie had awakened her.

Coming home later, Walter found the apartment strangely quiet and unusually malodorous. Hurrying through the living room and dining room, he rushed apprehensively into the kitchen and found Theresa fast asleep on the floor before the stove. She roused herself drowsily at the sound of his entrance, then consciousness of her swollen eyes and tousled appearance came over her, together with a vivid recollection of the pie's treachery.

"Why, dearest, are you sick—what's the matter?" solicitously.

"I made a wonderful pie for your supper and then fell asleep and incinerated it. Behold!" and the voice wavered very close to the tear zone.

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN

Dye or Tint Any Worn, Shabby Garment or Drapery.

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Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.—Advertisement.

Sarcastic
Milkman—Yes, I'm thinking of putting in some improvements at my dairy in the near future.
Customer—What are you planning upon?
Milkman—Some electric milkers.
Customer—Oh, I thought perhaps you'd buy a cow.

Moa
The moa was a wingless bird found in New Zealand, somewhat like an ostrich in appearance. It varied from the size of a turkey to birds 12 feet in height. They were edible and their extermination more than 500 years ago is probably due to that fact.

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There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

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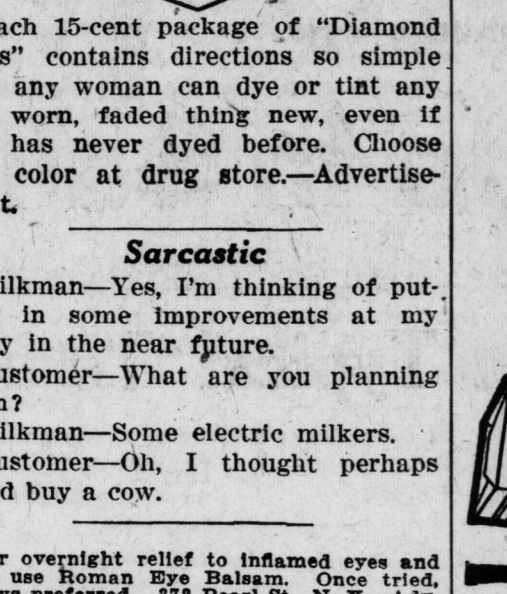
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Last Longer—Look Better

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Earliana, Stone, Red Book, Bonnie Best, Farnel post paid, 100, 200, 300, 500, 750, 1,000, 1,500, 2,000. Charges collect, 1,000, \$1.00; 5,000, \$4.50; 10,000, \$8.00. Four varieties of Cabbage, two of Lettuce, three of Collard, Bermuda Onion, Kale, Brussels Sprouts, Best Kohlrabi plants same price. Pepper plants: Ruby King, Pimento, Tobacco, Egg plants: New York Improved, Farnel post paid—25, 15c; 50, 25c; 100, 40c; 200, \$1.00; 500, \$1.50; 1,000, \$2.50; 2,000 up at \$2.50. F. O. B. Summerville—500 for \$1.50; 1,000 at \$1.75; 5,000 up at \$1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. D. F. JAMISON, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

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"I always use self-rising flour in making biscuits, meat pie paste, dumplings, muffins, noodles, as a part of the dry mixture in corn bread, and all kinds of hot breads and muffins," writes one enterprising housewife. "Odd bits of unsweetened dough I cut in triangles, pop them into the oven, bake a rich brown and serve with soups and broth. . . . I've never experienced an absolute failure when using self-rising flour. It also saves time, material, steps and temper."

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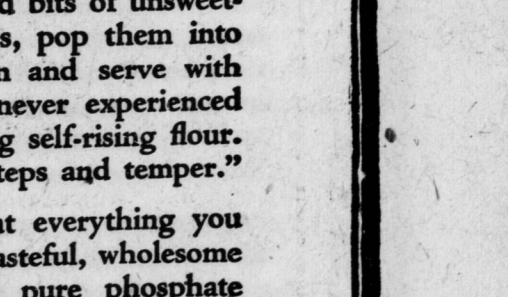
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