

# It's Neuritis! Not Rheumatism

That sharp, stabbing pain in the upper arm, about the shoulder blade, in the space of the neck, along the forearm or down the thigh and leg is of ten Neuritis—not Rheumatism.

If you have severe frontal headache with a feeling that something is twitching or pulling at the eyeballs—dull, aching pain in the back, accompanied by an occasional shooting pain in the fingers or "stitches" of pain here and there, the chances are that your trouble is Neuritis.

No matter where your pain is located, you can get prompt relief without taking bromides, narcotics or other dope. Apply Tysmol over the part that hurts, and you will be rid of the torture. Tysmol is guaranteed harmless. It helps to soothe and heal the weak, inflamed nerves.

Don't suffer any longer. Get a \$1 package of Tysmol. Obsolete from Pearl Drug Company.

Tysmol Co., Mfg. Chemists, 400 Sutter St., San Francisco.

# SERGEANT POWELL



The American Expeditionary force, tells how he became "Fit to Fight" for his country, and won his war against Rheumatism.

Popular Sergeant Powell is today a well man, and feels so happy and thankful that he wants every one suffering with rheumatism to hear his story so that they in turn will follow his example and be restored to health.

Could Not Work for Two Years

"I had rheumatism as bad as anyone could and had not worked for two years. May, 1917, was the blackest month of my life. Both my legs and arms swelled to double their size and I was taken to the Hospital. I got no better; doctors and medicines had no effect.

Enlisted at Camp Deyers

"No one knows how I suffered, until I read about Neutrone Prescription 99 and got a bottle. Right away I improved; the swellings all left my arms and legs. What a relief after all the pain and misery I had gone through. Fully recovered in August. I enlisted, and served to the end of the war, with never a return of Rheumatism.

No One Need Give Up Hope

"Neutrone Prescription 99 cured me where doctors and hospitals failed and I do not want any one to give up hope until they have tried this wonderful preparation. I am a living proof of what it will do for others."

There is no excuse why anyone should suffer with Rheumatism. Go to your Druggist today, and get a bottle of "Neutrone Prescription 99" and your system of rheumatic poisons forever.

"Neutrone Prescription 99" now comes in tablet as well as liquid form, whichever is preferred. Leading Druggists everywhere.

Gibson Drug Store.

# 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.

# SAGE TEA DANDY TO DARKEN HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old-fashioned Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, say well-known druggists here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

# Ouch! Lumbago Pain! Rub Backache Away

Instant Relief with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil"

Kidneys cause Backache? Not! They have no nerves, therefore can not cause pain. Listen! Your backache is caused by lumbago, sciatica or a strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on your painful back, and instantly the soreness, stiffness and lameness disappears. Don't stay crippled! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist and limber up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache or lumbago pain.

Rub old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" whenever you have sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism or sprains, as it is absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Old Newspapers For Sale, 5 Cents a bundle. Tribune and Times Office.

USE PENNY COLUMNS—IT PAYS

# And Yet a Fool

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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THE exchanges that come to a country newspaper like ours become familiar friends as the years pass. One who reads these papers regularly comes to know them even in their wrappers, though to an unpracticed eye the wrappers seem much alike. But when he has been poking his thumb through the paper husks in a certain pile every morning for a score of years, he knows by some sort of prescience when a new paper appears; and when the pile looks odd to him, he goes hunting for the stranger and is not happy until he has found it.

One morning this spring the stranger stuck its head from the bottom of the exchange pile, and when we glanced at the handwriting of the address and at the one-cent stamp on the cover we knew it had been mailed to us by someone besides the publisher. For the newspaper "hand" is as definite a form of writing as the legal hand or the doctor's. The paper proved to be an Arizona newspaper full of saloon advertising, restaurant cards, church and school meeting notices, local items about the sawmill and the woman's club, land notices and paid items from wood dealers. On the local page in the midst of a circle of red ink was the announcement of the death of Horace P. Sampson. Every month we get notices like this, of the deaths of old settlers who have gone to the ends of the earth, but this notice was peculiar in that it said:

"One year ago our lamented townsman deposited with the firm of Cross & Kurtz, the popular undertakers and dealers in Indian goods and general merchandise, \$100 to cover his funeral expenses, and another hundred to provide that a huge boulder be rolled over his grave on which he desired the following unusual inscription: 'Horace P. Sampson, Born Dec. 6, 1840, and died ——. And is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's good at anything and yet a fool!'"

We handed the paper to Alphabetical Morrison, who happened to be in the office at the time, pawing through the discarded exchanges in the wastebasket, looking for his New York Sun, and, after Colonel Morrison had read the item, he began drumming with his fingernails on the chair seat between his knees. His eyes were full of dreams and no one disturbed him as he looked off into space. Finally he sighed:

"And yet a fool—a motley fool! Poor old Samp—kept it up to the end! I take it from the guarded way the paper refers to his faults, 'as who of us have not,' that he died of the tremens or something like that." The colonel paused and snuffed just perceptibly, and went on: "Yet I see that he was a good fellow to the end. I notice that the Shriners and the Elks and the Eagles and the Ho-hoos buried him. Nary an insurance order in his! Poor old Samp; he certainly went all the gaits!"

We suggested that Colonel Morrison write something about the deceased for the paper, but though the colonel admitted that he knew Sampson "like a book," there was no persuading Morrison to write the obituary.

"After some urging, and by way of compromise," he said, "I'm perfectly willing to give you fellows the facts and let you fix up what you please."

Because the reporters were both busy we called the stenographer, and had the colonel's story taken down as he told it—to be rewritten in an obituary later. And it is what he said and not what we printed about Sampson that is worth putting down here. The colonel took the big leather chair, locked his hands behind his head, and began:

"Let me see. Samp was born, as he says, December 6, 1840, in Wisconsin, and came out to Kansas right after the war closed. He was going to college up there, and at the second call for troops he led the whole senior class into forming a company, and enlisted before graduation and fought from that time on till the close of the war. He was a captain, I think, but you never heard him called that. When he came here he'd been admitted to the bar and was a good lawyer—a mighty good lawyer for that time—and had more business 'n a bird pup with a gum-shoe. He was just a boy then, and, like all boys, he enjoyed a good time. He drank more or less in the army—they all did 's far as that goes, but he kept it up in a desultory way after he came here, as a sort of accessory to his main business of life, which was being a good fellow.

"And he was a good fellow—an awful good fellow. We were all young then; there wasn't an old man on the town site as I remember it. We used to load up the whole bunch and go hunting—closing up the stores and taking the girls along—and did not show up till midnight. Samp would always have a little something to take under his buggy seat, and we would wet up and slig coming home.

"He made a lot of money and blew it in at Jim Thomas' saloon, buying drinks, playing stud poker, betting on quarter horses, and lending it out to fellows who helped him forget they'd borrowed it. And—say in two or three years, after the chicken hunting set had married off, and begun in a way to settle down—Samp took up

# Alphabetical—What's the Matter With Me, Anyway?

he continued to soak up a little—no much, but a little. He never was drunk in the daytime, but I remember there used to be mornings when his office smelled pretty strong. I had an office next to his for a while and he used to come in and talk to me a good deal. The young fellows around town whom he would like to run with were beginning to find him stupid, and the old fellows—except me—were busy and he had no one to loaf with. He decided, I remember, several times to brace up, and once he kept white shirts, cuffs and collars on for nearly a year. But when Harrison was elected, he filled up from his shoes to his hat and didn't go home for three days. One day after that, when he had gone back to his flannel shirts and dirty collars, he was sitting in my office looking at the fire in the box stove when he broke out with:

"Alphabetical—what's the matter with me anyway? This town sends me to congress; it makes Supreme court judges of others. It sends fellows like me to Kansas City as rich bankers. It makes big merchants out of grocery clerks. Fortune just naturally flights with everyone in town, but never a wink do I get. I know and you know I'm smarter than those jays. I can teach your congressman economics, and your Supreme judge law. I can think up more schemes than the banker, and can beat the merchant in any kind of a game he'll name. I don't lie and I don't steal and I ain't stuck up. What's the matter with me, anyway?"

"And of course," mused Colonel Morrison as he relighted the butt of his cigar, "of course I had to lie to him and say I didn't know. But I did. He all knew. He was too much of a good fellow. His failure to get on bothered him a good deal, and one day he got roaring full and went up and down town telling people how smart he was. Then his pride left him, and he let his whiskers grow frowny and used his vest for a spittoon, and his eyes watered too easily for a man still in his forties.

"He went West a dozen years ago, about the time of Cleveland's second election, expecting to get a job in Arizona and grow up with the country. His wife was mighty happy, and she told our folks and the rest of the wom-



# SAYS YEAR SATISFACTORY ONE FOR EQUAL RIGHTS

(By the Associated Press.)

Chicago, Jan. 8.—Legal disabilities of women in the United States have been reduced to "a few slivers in the body politic which can be extracted by a fine needle," according to Mrs. Catherine Wangh McCulloch, a member of the Chicago bar and chairman of the committee on uniform legislation of the National League of Women Voters.

"The needle was applied to many disabilities through laws enacted in 1921, and although 1922 was not regularly a legislative year in most states, considerable legislation to establish equal rights was enacted," Mrs. McCulloch stated.

The legislation of 1922 which was regarded as conforming with the program of the League, has been tabulated for the League by Mrs. Corina C. Warrington, an attorney at Wayne, Ind., and may be summarized as follows:

Federal act providing independent citizenship for married women; Georgia, removal of common law disabilities relative to holding office or performing civil functions; Kentucky, act facilitating jury service by women, age of consent raised to eighteen, wife abandonment made felony for which extradition may be demanded, women made eligible to office; New Jersey, mothers' pension law amended; Rhode Island, committee created to determine to what extent statutes abridge women's rights; Virginia, property rights act passed, mothers' pension act amended, suffrage act amended to provide that for purposes of voting the residence of a married woman shall not be controlled by residence of her husband; commission on simplification of state and local government authorized.

The League opposes blanket legislation.

A coal miner in England has retired after working in the pits for sixty-one years without once being away even on sick leave. When he broke a finger he came to the surface to have it set, and then went down and finished his shift.

Among the Taurens of Tripoli, by all the laws of the country, the men have to obey the women. Descent is traced through the mother, and the men go veiled.

# WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT WORK

Gained Strength, Weight and Now Doing Own Work, by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Marion, Ind.—"I was all run-down, nervous and bent over. I could hardly drag around, let alone do my work. I read some letters in the papers telling what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and I thought I would try it. Then a man told his wife and what good it had done her and wanted him to have me try it. I took one bottle and could see what it did for me in a week's time, and when I had taken three bottles I had gained both in strength and weight and was doing my own work. I took it before my last baby was born and it helped me so much. I sure am glad to recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who suffers from female ailments. For I know by experience what it can do. I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, also the Liver Pills, too, and think them fine."—Mrs. Wm. Eldridge, 620 E. Grant Street, Marion, Indiana.

A record of nearly fifty years experience should convince you of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.



TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright

KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and elimination. Used for over 30 years.

Get a 25¢ Box

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs—One-third the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then sandy coated. For children and adults.

Gibson Drug Store.

# WON'T YOU HOPE THAT SANTA'S COMING— WITH SOME SATISFACTORY PLUMBING

Will the house be warm when St. Nicholas calls or will the Christmas tree room be properly heated for the kiddies when they come down to pay their nightgown respects to what the Christmas tide has brought them? Let us suggest that you make the whole family a Christmas present of perfect plumbing.

E. B. GRADY

Plumbing and Heating Contractors

11 Corbin St. Office Phone 8347

We have just received a mixed car of Dairy and Poultry Feeds, the best on the market.

Good Dairy Feed at \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per sack.

Best Laying Mash in 25, 50 and 100 lb. Sacks.

Scratch Feed in 50 and 100 lb. Sacks.

Give us your order for the Best Feeds.

Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co.

Phone 571W.

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TONIGHT AT 8:45 IN TOWN HALL

**Job Printing**

Remember that this office is fully equipped to do every kind of pub-printing from the handbill to the dainty calling card—and do it neatly, promptly, efficiently and well.

Our prices are as moderate as the quality of our work is high.

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