THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

Most elderly people are more or less troubled with a chronic, persistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent belching of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recominending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin 's the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, withal, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in equally as valuable for children as for

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldsend your name and address to _r. W. ground. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial

Lamb's Tenure of Life Not Long. A party of privileged sightseers were admitted to a private view of a menagerie between performances, and among other things were shown what was called a "Happy Family," that is to say, in one and the same cage there was a toothless lion, a tiger, somewhat the worse for wear, and a half-famished wolf. Beside these wild animals, curled up in one corner, was a diminutive lamb which shivered as it slumbered.

"How long have the animals lived together?" asked one of the party. "About twelve months," replied the showman

"Why," exclaimed a lady, "I am sure that little lamb is not as old as

"Oh," said the showman, quite unmoved, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

Tetterine Cures Itching Piles Quickly. least on one side. "One application of Tetterine cured me a case of Itching Piles I had for five

of a case of Itching Piles I had for five years."

Baynard Benton, Walterboro, S. C.
Tettorine cures Eczeni, Tetter, Ground Itch. Ring Worm, Infants' Sore Head.
Pimples, Itching Piles, Bough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Cankered Scalp, Corns, Chilbians and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. Tetterine Sor. Tetterine Son Sc., At druggists, or by mail direct from The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.
With every mail order for Tetterine was give a box of Shuptrine's 10c Liver Pills free.

"She ain't stiddy enough to teach."

She ain't stiddy enough to teach."

She ain't stiddy enough to teach."

She ain't stiddy enough to teach."

I aught considerable after Myron and me were married, but I was stiddy. It's a known fact that she's settled four of the boys this winter."

"Settled them? You mean expelled them?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Russell. I mean just what I say. She's carried on girl-fashlon with Nate Hoskins and

Consoling Thought.

"Do you believe, doctor?" asked Mrs. Wumps, "that men become what they eat?"

'Yes, madam, I do," said the bishop. "What a comfort that must have been to those early missionaries when they were eaten by the canni-bals!" sighed Mrs. Wumps.—Harper's Weekly.

A Confession

Startled by convincing evidence that they were the victims of serious kidney and bladder trouble, numbers of prominent people confess they have found relief by using KURIN Kidney and Bladder Pills. For sale by all medicine dealers at 25c. Burwell & Dunn Co., Mfrs., Charlotte, N. C.

Lots of It.

"They say a man's wife often makes him, but Bingle's wife will never be able to put any push in that man." "Just you wait until she gets # lawn-mower in his hands."

For COLDS and GRIP

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—reHecks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—reCold and restores normal ionditions. It's
Ilquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c.
At drug stores.

The man with an imagination is his mark.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle.

Patience is but lying to and riding out of the gale.-Beecher.

Garfield Tea helps humanity the world

over. Taken for liver and kidney troubles, billiousness and constipation. Always meet people with a smile-if

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly con pel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Con-stipation, In-digestion and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE Genuine must bear Signature

Grent Good

Mothers, Attention

Dr. Biggers' Huckle-berry Cordial should

be kept on hand as a first aid cure for sum-mer bowel troubles, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramp colic, cholert and all agoni

er-Taylor Drug Co., Atlan





By Izola Forrester

Russell did not look up at the schoolhouse window when he drew He knew that she could see to him. from her desk, and the outer thousands of families, and should be door was wide open. It was well in every family medicine chest. It is after four, and all the children had are flagged. We call it Phillips' vanished down the four roads leading from the schoolhouse corner. They were quite alone, if one excepted the well's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 red squirrel who was tenant for life bottles. If you have never 'ried it in the elm that was king of the play-

It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse. All about lay June fields, mowing. The air was golden, warm, hazy, lazy, wooing one to forget duty and day's work. Russell was heavfly burdened with both at present. As superintendent of schools in Laverne county, it devolved on his inattention to duty and general laxity. The work was bard, but the victory

That was exactly the wording of the children love me." the charges in Mrs. Deacon Mabry's letter that reposed in his coat pocket. He didn't intend to show it to the

So simple it seemed, so hard it was to do. He had fought against it for nearly a week, remembering ber upturned, earnest face, so warm and tender in its brunette tinting, the big. brown eyes, and childish mouth that drooped wistfully at the corners, the dark hair bound smoothly around the small head with a big, black velvet bow on one side. That bow had been an offense to the enemy even, at

"She ain't stiddy enough to teach."

girl-fashion with Nate Hoskins and



"I'm Afraid They Don't Like Me Very Well-Do They?"

Benny Everitt and Walter Bennings. heads over her and proposed, and she's refused them all."

what we always used to call them, hands in his and raised them to his heart hunters, and their minds don't lips. go any further than hunting them, and letting them go as soon as I've brought you another heart,

Russell remembered the whole conversation now as he stepped into the raise her head. little shadowy schoolroom, low-ceiled, cool, with fern boxes at the windows turned her head now, a quick smile

of welcome and surprise on her face. "Did you come to wish me goodby?" she asked.

Russell could not help but smile asked faintly. back. He laid his cap on one of the first row desks and stood looking at I couldn't let my wife work," he her as he drew off his gloves. She whispered. could not have been over eighteen. good excuse?"

In spite of what the school committee had reported, he knew that the little school had made actual progress under her care and tuition during the past term.

Since her coming the whole place had been changed. The children had given little entertainments and earned money for a new stove, for new globes and window boxes, and little fresh muslin curtains at the windows. At the school examinations they had led the other township schools, and before her days, Flaxy Bend district had been a problem in education.

"Yes," said Russell, with almost sigh, "I came to say good-by." She waited a minute, chin raised

eyes questioning. "Where did you tell me your home was, Miss Phillips?" he asked, leaning over the top of the tall desk, and

fingering a pink rose that was nearest "Vermont. It's only a little bit of a place where the trains stop if they

"I suppose you'll be glad to get

"Not so very." She spoke reluctantly, with a little uplift of her shoulders. "You see, I have a stepfather, and I am the only child from the first marriage, and there are seven rich in lush grass ready almost for little ones now besides. They don't miss me a bit, unless it's a good miss. "Why did you come way down bere

in the country?" "Because I was in a hurry to go to work. The city schools won't take shoulders to let the teacher go at the you unless you've been through Norlittle Flaxy Bend district, because of mal, you know. I like it out here.

was so much greater, and I do think Russell caught the little wistful touch in her voice.

"The old folks are peculiar, aren t they? Hard to get along with." "I'm afraid they don't like me very well-do they?"

"They say you're a good teacher, Rose waited and looked up at him

quickly. Her brown hair was very near, with its soft satiny braids. Before he really meant to, he had tucked the pink rose among them.

"It looks much better there," he added, and wondered why his own pulses were racing suddenly, like brooks in April. "But what? Please please tell

me?" she pleaded, drawing back, but "What do not removing the rose. they say?" "They say you're a beart hunter." She leaned back her head and

sighed, her hands clasped back of the rose, her eyes looking past him out of the first open window. "They mean the boys, I suppose, Nate and the rest. Could I help it? Now, truly, could I. Mr. Russell?

You know just what boys are. They'd come here every day, and bring all sorts of things to me that I didn't want. Why, Lonnie even used to bring me fox pelts for a cloak, of all things. Boys are always boys, and they get over it so quickly. I was just as nice to them as I could be."

"I am not blaming you-nor them," sadi Russell a bit unsteadily. "Only agree with the deacon's wife that you are a very dangerous and disurbing influence to have around these peaceful parts." The tears glistened in her eyes

"Oh, you don't really mean that?" she said pleadingly. "Are you ing to tell me I cannot teach here

her head as she leaned it on folded arms, and her shoulders shook with

"I've tried so hard, and the children all love me," she said brokenly. "I didn't want to go back home at all. I was going to board here all sum-

mer, and rest-" Then suddenly it dawned on Nell Russell why he had driven ten miles that afternoon to make all fit and and even with Lonnie Murray, and due explanations to the teacher inalways on the ragged edge of making they've every one of them lost their stead of writing. He knew just why Mathewson, who was pitching, could he had thought of nothing but her beat them. The batter hit a medium tender lips and dark eyes and low "Well?" Russell tried to speak contralto voice for weeks past. He mildly, remembering the various at- knew why he had saved every scrap tractions of the aforesaid four boys, of writing she had ever sent him, lines and out in left, and I went back, "maybe she didn't intend to have and why he carried in an inner pockthem take her seriously, Mrs. Mabry." et a little tan suede glove he had "And if she didn't, then she's light- found beside her chair after a board minded, and a heart hunter, if I do meeting one day. Oh, yes, he knew say it myself, Mr. Russell. That's now, and he imprisoned both her

> "Rose," he said. "Stop crying. dear."

She stopped sobbing, but did not "I haven't any one in the world myself. I came up here from New and bunches of June roses on the York and got along well. There's desks. Rose was her name, too, he enough saved in the bank to buy us remembered-Rose Phillips. She a good home in the fall. I think I could make you happy, Rose, if I may

have you, dear." "What would you tell the deacon's

"Won't that do for a

Concerned About the Past

She Wanted to Know, and Long-Suf- "Oh, hush!" repeated her compan fering Listener Had at Last to Give Up.

"Is she going to shoot him?" inquir-

"Wait and see." So she waited. As the second act

So she waited. As the second act progressed, the woman again began to murmur. "I'd like to know whether she killed him or not," she said. "Of course she did, though."

"Hush!" whispered her companion. "I want to hear the play."

"I've writtee plays myself," went on the woman, "and I know that one of the canons of play-writing is not to keep the audience in doubt about anything. The actors may be mystified, but it is incorrect to mystify the audience. We should have known positively in the first act whether she billed him or not."

"I should like the play if it were not for the incongruity I mentioned," the woman remarked a little later. "It "Is she going to shoot him?" inquired a woman in the balcony as the curtain went down upon the first act of "The Witness for the Defense" the other evening.

The woman remarked a little later. It is account for it. Can it be possible that the author wishes the audience to understand that she did kill him! She may have used one of those soundless rifles, so the audience soundless rifles, so the audience could not hear the report. There is smokeless powder, so of course there must be soundless rifles," she babbled, more contentedly. Her companion vouchsafing her no reply, for a time abe remained silent. But soon her voice again welled forth as she inquired earnestly:

"There are soundless rifles, Adolph."

MyWorst Blunder FAMOUS BONEHEAD PLAYS ON MAJOR LEAGUE DIAMONDS

Explained by Leading Baseball Players to HUGH S. FULLERTON

By LARRY DOYLE. Captain and Second Baseman New York Glants, Who Is McGraw's Ablest Lieutenant and One

of the Greatest Players.

There is one thing that makes a ball player sorer than anything else, and that is when he pulls off a play that he thinks is about the wisest and smartest he ever made, and then have some fellow cross him and make him look as if he was the worst bonehead in the business. You know there is a saying among the players that you can't catch a bad base runner on the bases, and there is a lot of truth in it. In fact it is the smart ball player who makes the worst blunders, and I know several really clever men who become known as boneheads

turned out. There is one play that I always will remember. I don't mind telling it now, since we had rather aweet revenge on the team that pulled it on me, but for a couple of years I used to boil over every time I thought of it. I made the play in a game against the Chicago Cubs back in 1908, when

simply because of the way things



Larry Doyle. they nosed us out and won the Russell stared awkwardly down at championship, which we all thought should have belonged to us. I made the play just at the time it hurt us worst, and when I made it I thought I was pulling off a nice little bit of work. I was on second base, no one was out, and another runner was on third; so, as we were only two runs to the bad it looked as if we would tie it up and probably win out right there. Naturally we were hustling and fighting for those two runs, because we felt that if we tied the Cubs short fly to Sheckard, who went over right alongside the foul line to catch it. The crowd was along the base touched second, and stood there watching to see whether he could make the catch. He made it all right, just at the edge of the crowd. The runner abead of me was standing ready to start for home the instant the ball hit Sheckard's hands, and it looked as if there was a chance to throw him out at the plate, although he was fast. Sheckard was handl-capped by the fact that the crowd was so close to him, and the moment he caught the ball the runner started home at top speed. I decided if Sheckard threw to the plate I would go to third on the throw, and I watched him closely. He jumped clear of the crowd, swung his arm and made a fast throw. I came up the line as "What would you tell the deacon's fast as I could scoot, half watching wife and—and—all the rest?" she toward the plate as I ran to see if the ball went wild so I could make a turn and score on it. Fifteen feet from third I heard the coacher yell, and looked. There was Steinfeldt with the ball in his hands, and before I could check myself he touched me, never even giving me a chance to slide. One run scored, but we never got any closer and they beat us out as the score stood. I went to the bench boiling mad, thinking Sheekard had thrown wild to the plate, and Steinfeldt had pulled down the ball. As a matter of fact, he swung as if throw-ing to the plate, changed the direc-tion of the throw while his arm was swinging and trapped me. I never forgave him until we beat the Cubs out last fall.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.) Spoiled McBride's Record.

George McBride's record for practically continuous work was spoiled when President Johnson gave him a suspension. Manager Griffin says McBride was not the man to blame and that Dixle Walker should have drawn

Rane in 1917.
Connie Mark states that his present ne-up will retain its average strength of about five more years. Looks like great race in the American league



By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

GREATEST PITCHING TRIUMPH IN BASEBALL HISTORY

HEN Adrian Joss, the tall school teacher who for years shared popular honors with Lajoie in Cleveland, shut out the Chicago White Sox, October 2, 1908, he scaled a height (all things considered) never reached by a pitcher in the history of major league ball. In the thirty-six years that have elapsed since the first big league

game was played, three other men twirled games in which no opponent reached first base, but not under the

same conditions. Back in the days when skillful batsmen were few and far between—in 1880 to be exact—Lee Richmond of Worcester pitched the first no hit, no man to reach first base game in organized baseball. The Cleveland team, to be avenged by Joss twentyeight years later, was the victim. Five days later John Montgomery Ward, then the star twirler of Providence, in a game against Buffalo, linked his name with Richmond's, to remain undisturbed for twenty-four years. May 5, 1904, "Cy" Young defeated the Athletics, no man reaching the initial sack; the first feat of the kind in modern baseball.

In the generation that had passed since a like miracle had occurred the pitching distance had been increased one-third, the number of "balis" decreased from eight to three, while 'scientific" hitting had become an

It remained for Joss to surpass this record. Like his three great predecessors, he pitched a game in which all the batsmen did was to "walk right up and turn around and walk right back again." When Richmond, Ward and Young made their records there was nothing at stake except the game; Joss staged his all but impossible performance when the winning of a pennant hung on every pitched ball.

On the morning of October 2, 1908, the Chicago White Sox arrived in Cleveland for a two-game series. At that time the four western teams were in a fight that has had no parallel in the history of the American league. The proverbial blanket would have covered Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, so closely were they bunched. Each team had only five games to play, and the league flag

was at stake on each play. Ed. Walsh ascended the mound for the visitors and the greatest pitching duel in the history of the league began. A hit, a double-barreled error and a passed ball gave Cleveland a run in the third inning. That was all, but it was enough. Addie Joss shut out his most dangerous opponents without a hit, without a base on balls, and, excepting the catcher, without any but the simplest aid from his fellow players.

Adrian Joss.

Inning after inning was reeled off and the visitors were set down in order. When the immense crowd realized that the accidental run scored in the third round would bring victory if Joss could only last, the cheering became a steady roar. When the ninth opened and no single white-hosed athlete first the nacked stands became a Redi

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines-both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

RUBE MARQUARD'S GREAT TRIUMPH OVER PHILLIES

ITH all due respect to the wonderful pitching of Christy Mathewson and the vaunted speed of the Giants, McGraw, with all his strategy and experience, could not have won the flag in 1911 without the help of Rube Marquard, who turned the "dope" of a score of critics topsy turvy. Alluded to the season previous as the prize "lemon" game, he proceeded to reverse a snap opinion that had made him a butt of ridicule in two major leagues.

That Marquard led the National league pitchers in 1911 is incidental but important. That he came near reaching a height of pitching fame attained by few of his clan is the burden of

this story. Although Marquard had been lambasted by the critics, had been dubbed a failure and stamped with the brand of the minor leaguer, all doubt about his commanding ability was swept away on Friday, September 1, 1911, by his wonderful pitching in a game

with the Phillies. On this date the Giants were in a desperate struggle for possession of the lead which would bring the league

pennant to Gotham. In a nine inning game it is neces sary to retire twenty-seven men. Just that number faced Marquard plus one. Of these ambitions athletes ten fanned the summer breeze. Fourteen popped easy flies. Two managed to roll gen-tle grounders to Rube himself, and Fletcher threw out the twenty-sev-

In the sixth inning, Luderus of home run fame, with two strikes called, made the hit, the lone, accidental, single blow that was gleaned

from one of the best exhibitions of pitching ever seen on any diamond.

Many no-hit games have adorned the pages of baseball history, but invariably they have been accomplished through the aid of the men behind. In the moment of need a near miracle has always been performed to help the pitcher set up such a record. Marquard required no help. The faint, wheelers appropriate an appropriate the pitcher appropriate and appropriate and the pitcher appropriate and shadowy, suspicion of support was enough. One run was all that was peeded to win the game, and in the eighth round the Giants-pushed two lucky tai-

lies over the plate.

Rube Marquard had achieved his greatest deed on the diamond. (Copyright, 1912, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Tennant and Spencer Released. Tennant and Spencer Released.

The St. Louis Browns have sent First Baseman Tom Tennant back to San Francisco and Pitcher Fred Spencer to Quincy. Neither had much opportunity to show, but Manager Wallace is so well supplied that he could not use anything but a worldwho told Manager Davis in the spring that the reason he did not pitch at Knight Makes Promises.

"Lefty" George in Bad. Lefty George is going just as bad ir Cleveland as he did for the

Rube Marquard.

well in St. Louis last year was be suse there was no incentive to work.

Jack Knight is apologizing for his lack of condition and has promised Manager Griffith that if he is with Washington next year he will be the first man in the training camp. If is not so certain yet that his cillydallying will not mean a trip to the minors.

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Husband Declared Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Would Restore Her Health, And It Did.

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day or night. I doctored with all the best doctors in town and took many kinds of medicine but nothing did any good until I tried your wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-My husband said it

table Compound. My husband said it would restore my health and it has."—Mrs. Max Wyarr, Ashland, Ky.

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a woman to relieve woman's suffering. Read What Another Woman says: Camden, N. J .- "I had female trouble and a serious displacement and was tired and discouraged and unable to do my work. My doctors told me I never could be cured without an operation, but thanks to Lydia E.Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am cured of that affliction and have recommended it to more than one of my friends with the best results."

—Mrs. ELLA JOHNSTON, 324 Vine St.

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