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It has been before the public for more than fifty years—

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It has healed thousands—

It is of special value in diseases of catarrhal nature—

Catarrh is inflammation of the mucous membranes. It manifests itself in the nose, the throat, the stomach, the bowels and other parts of the body.

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Tablets or Liquid

**Prevents Chapped Hands & Cracked Knuckles**

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Chamberlain Mfg. Company  
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**Vaseline**

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PETROLEUM JELLY

**CURED HIS RHEUMATISM!**

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctor for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over 50 years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' and I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change." You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as try to get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. It took Mr. Ashleman fifty years to find out the truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries" now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of this paper wishes "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to Dr. E. C. Clarwater, No. 2324 A Street, Hattiesburg, Miss. Send now, but you forget! If not a sufferer, cut out this notice and hand it to a good friend and opportunity to some afflicted friend. All who send will receive it by return mail without any charge whatever.

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"Until then I suffered with severe bilious attacks that came on two or three times each month. I would get nauseated. I would have dizziness and couldn't work. I would take pills until I was worn-out with them. I didn't seem to get relief." After taking the pills my bowels would act a couple or three times, then I would be very comfortable.

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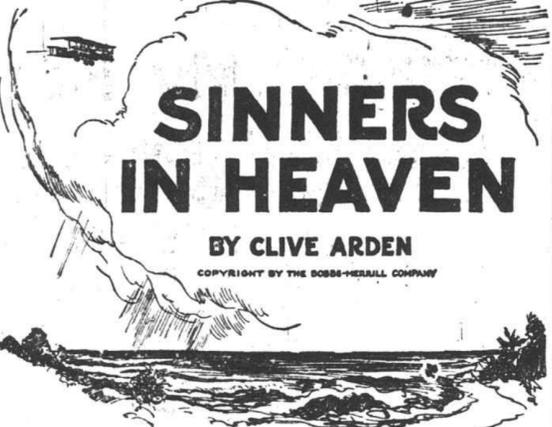
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Certified Cotton Seed, Pedigreed Cleveland Big Boll, Pedigreed Mexican Big Boll. Our seed officially inspected and guaranteed. Edgcombe Seed Breeder's Ass'n, Tarboro, N. C.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, N. C., 2-1925.



**SINNERS IN HEAVEN**

BY CLIVE ARDEN

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**HUGH'S PHOTOGRAPH**

**SYNOPSIS.**—Living in the small English village of Darbury, old-fashioned and sedate peace, Barbara Stockley, daughter of a widowed mother, is seen to celebrate her marriage to Hugh Roehdale, rich and well-connected. Barbara is adventurous, and has planned, with an aunt, an airplane trip to Australia. Major Alan Croft, famous as an aviator, is to be the pilot. At her first meeting with Croft Barbara is attracted by his manner and conversation, different from the cut-and-dried conventions of her small town. They set out, Barbara, her aunt, Croft, and a mechanic. Word in a few days comes to Darbury that the plane is missing and its occupants believed lost. Croft and Barbara, after the wreck of the airplane in a furious storm, reach an apparently uninhabited island in the Pacific ocean. The other two members of the party had perished. The two castaways build a shelter. In Croft's absence Barbara is attacked by a cannibal. Croft rescues her. Croft discovers a party of blacks, apparently reconnoitering. Croft fixes up an electrical guard which scares off an attacking party. Secure from immediate danger, Croft and Barbara settle down to make the best of things. Croft, who has traveled much among savages, makes friends with the blacks. Croft and Barbara fall in love. The man betrays his passion but restrains it. The girl desperately tries to remain loyal to Hugh. The man demands "marriage" and a husband's rights. The girl sets duty before inclination.

**PART TWO—Continued.**

"It's a d—d lonely position for you!" he exclaimed. Then he rose, with such precipitancy that she nearly fell. He began walking up and down outside the hut.

Instead of hurrying away, she hesitated, watching him in bewilderment—conscious of a strange longing to remain near him, to saunter together on the shore, as was sometimes their habit at night.

But when, at last, he paused near her, he made no such suggestion.

"Go to bed," he said rather curtly; "it's late. And, Barbara, don't lie awake all night, or cut off the rest of your hair! It's all—useless."

With that he turned away, and went off alone to the beach, leaving her staring after him.

Strangely enough, she did not lie awake this time. Those few passionate moments had embodied hours of emotional strain. The force which had seemed to be sweeping her from all moorings had caused her to struggle violently, both mentally and physically, to retain her own individuality, to prevent it from being submerged in his. His lips on hers would have been sheer physical pain, unbearable, overpowering.

Afterward, a numbness fell upon her mind. She felt too desperately tired to attempt coherent thought. This volcano upon which, nowadays, they lived, must take its course! Since the moment when she had seen the shark, a lifetime of tumultuous emotions had whirled her mind and heart round like thisledown. Confused, yet subtly, gloriously elated, she slept till dawn.

A fusillade of sticks and stones roused her, but she did not see Alan. And a sudden overwhelming shyness restrained her from calling to him.

But there was no trace of last night's passion about this man of a hundred moods when they met; and her self-confidence revived. While she was packing the old tin box with food, he arrived, fresh and damp from the river. He gaily deposited a large bundle at her feet, and wished her a merry Christmas.

With surprise, she uncovered a cunningly contrived hammock made from tree fiber, airplane canvas, and aerial! As this was exactly what she had often wanted upon her afternoons, her pleasure was unbounded.

"I have nothing for you, Alan!" she regretted, with compunction.

"Oh? Well—we'll see about that!" he replied enigmatically; then hurried their departure.

They walked quickly, saving little, over the rough ground which, covered with low scrub, sloped upward on the east of their bay.

They paused to rest and eat, in the eastern wood, meaning to remain there during the midday heat. The shady branches stretched out over the beach were welcome to eyes dazzled by the glare without. The intoxication of the morning's beauties, their own radiant health and spirits, the strains of the wild sweet orchestra rising all around, lent enchantment to that little picnic. Barbara had, as it were, caught at reeds during the last few weeks, but they had broken in her grasp. Onward she was madly whirling. She knew it; could not save herself; could not quench that light in his eyes, and her own foolish weakness in his proximity. Abruptly, he went to her and took her by the shoulders, saying nothing, but gazing into her face as if searching for something he wished to learn there. Suddenly, apprehension in her eyes deepened to horror; a cry burst from her lips; she became rigid in his hands.

With such precipitate haste did the whole incident occur that she could never afterward clearly remember how it happened. In a flash, the face of the whole world changed. . . . She was conscious of a dark bulk, a sav-

age face she knew well, looming suddenly up amid the trees—of a spear-arm uplifted, preparatory to hurling the weapon into the back of an unsuspecting enemy.

Her man was in danger! That was her only coherent thought. Instantly she had whipped out the revolver, and, with deadly calm, raised it.

A sharp report and a puff of smoke; a wild howl of pain and fear; then a stream of blood oozing from the black shoulder in front of her, as the smoke cleared away. Those were the outward impressions of which her mind was dimly aware; but they seemed unreal, of no account. She heard the spear fly wide into the tree at her side; then Babooma's running footsteps and retreating cries. . . . Croft, astounded, had barely caught a glimpse of the dark face which he had often seen covertly watching him, before it was momentarily blotted out in smoke. He started forward in hot pursuit; then, arrested by a choking cry, halted abruptly, and looked at the girl.

She stood motionless; her eyes, luminous as stars, fixed upon him, her mouth a little open, the still smoking weapon lying at her feet. It had been no wild idea of causing Babooma fear which had impelled her action, but a furious, savage desire to kill! She had hurled herself to the rescue, regardless of herself.

Afterward, all power or desire to move seemed to leave her. A veil fell from before her eyes; and a brilliance streamed in, illuminating, scorching—full of such ecstasy that she stood as though transfixed, paralyzed with the wonder of it all, gazing upon him whom this brilliance had newly revealed.

The breath caught in the man's throat; the blood raced madly through his veins; his eyes blazed, answering the glory of her own.

Like the Wagnerian lovers after drinking of the love potion, they stood a few feet apart, under the sun-flecked foliage of the trees, awed for a moment by the miracle. She raised her hand at last, as if inviting. . . . The spell broke.

Instantly his arms were around her. With an inarticulate cry, she was swept off her feet, clasped to his throbbing heart, his burning lips pressed hers, her hands clinging round his neck. . . . all her individuality merged irrevocably into his, as a stream, falling through arms of rock, merges into the resistless waves of the ocean.

The sun was sinking, a fiery ball in an almost violet sky, its last rays shimmering golden-red across the water, when at last the two returned to the hut on what wonderful Christmas day. A new world greeted their eyes at every turn. Never had reef or sea or sky appeared so splendid. The superb, absolute egotism of newly found lovers enveloped them both; no thought save of each other disturbed the shining hours. Like one still walking in a dream-world, Barbara entered the central hut, gay with its decorations. The line of golden light entering with her pierced the dusk within; and, falling upon the opposite wall, drew her eyes unconsciously that way.

She stopped. Hugh's face smiled down at her, with all its old confidence!

Violently the dream-world crashed around her as she met the faithful, dog-like look she knew so well. Had he been there in flesh and blood, she could hardly have been more disconcerted. She felt as a traitor might, when meeting the unsuspecting eyes of the sovereign he has betrayed. For, however faithful she might remain in word and deed to her bond, her heart would ever be traitorous. His ring was still on her finger; it seemed to burn there, an outward sign of the world of fact with its prosaic realities, its duties, its sense of honor, its materialism, its sacrifices. . . . A cold foreboding swept over her. It was as if in the midst of glorious sunshine, a thunderclap had sent its warning of storms not far away. . . . She sat down, propping her face upon her hands, in self-absorbed, ment—fearful, yet, behind all, exultant.

Thus Alan—after going to fetch water and remaining to bathe—found her—upon his return. He set down the basins, then bent over her.

"What is the matter?"

She half drew away from his touch. Bending closer, he removed the hands from her head; and raised it back against his breast.

"What's troubling my dearest, on this day of days?"

She looked up into the ardent gray depths so close above her; then at the photograph upon the wall. His look followed hers, and quick comprehension dawned.

"Ah!" he ejaculated. "Well?"

"Don't you see?" she asked. "All this is—impossible!"

His eyes hardened a little; and he loosed her.

"You and I have gone too far, now, to draw back because of scruples, Barbara!"

"They are not scruples! It is a matter of honor." She half raised her left hand, showing the little band of diamonds.

With one swift movement he had seized the hand and ripped off the ring.

"Honor be d—d, then!"

She sprang up, alarmed at his violence. He towered over her, his face blazing.

"Do shed the remnants of the par-

son's daughter, my dear girl! Face things squarely! You drifted into this engagement when a mere child, not realizing all it meant. As you developed, it ceased to fill your life. His nature did not satisfy yours. I saw that at once. But until I knew your heart was free, I could do nothing—save keep away!" He laughed bitterly. "I have wanted you and craved for your love, day after day, night after night, all these desolate months here together like—like two icebergs in the Garden of Eden! Do you think now, when I have got it, I am going to lose it again? Would he or any sane man wish it—or expect it—after all this? Don't you realize what—the world would—think—now?"

She looked puzzled over this sentence, not having been acquainted with a malicious-minded world beyond her old horizon. But she knew the truth of every other word he uttered. Her awakened heart understood now the affectionate comradeship, alone aroused by Hugh. Her whole nature yearned toward this man who had mastered it; her heart fluttered—wavered. The consequence warring against it made another dying attempt.

"I—I can't shatter a man's lifelong faith. It would be murderous—"

"Do you love me?" he interrupted, taking her firmly by the shoulders.

"Ah! you—know it," she breathed.

"Yet you would put—this—between us, with no hope of rescue?"

Loosing her abruptly, he turned and looked long at the pictured face. Then, with a stifled exclamation, he pulled it from the bamboo. Before she realized his motive, he had torn the photograph into shreds, and scattered them upon the ground.

"Alan!" she gasped, almost frightened by his vehemence. He wheeled, facing her with burning eyes.

"I'm not a lap-dog! If we get rescued, we shall, of course, go straight to Hugh and tell him the truth. But—if not—" He suddenly threw his arms around her, straining her to him.

"Have you realized that probability—now, Barbara? We may be here forever—just you and I—where the



She Stopped. Hugh's Face Smiled Down at Her.

mazes of civilization give way to Truth—where no laws exist save those of nature—no conventions!" He swept her off her feet, and his kisses burned upon her lips, her neck, her short hair. . . . Once more her life seemed to sink from her own keeping into his.

He set her down at last, still clasping her to him.

"Doesn't—that—decide it all?" he murmured unsteadily. "Don't you understand that we have bigger issues to face—here—than useless scruples?"

She turned in his arms, looking into his eyes through the gathering darkness. The distant thundering surf was the only sound; and it seemed to suggest approaching storms more terrible than any she had faced before. Freeing herself a little, she pressed him from her.

"You have won your way—as usual, Alan. But—ah! Be merciful!" As she had appealed before, so the cry came again from her unprotected heart.

"That pitiful entreaty and her surrender reached where resistance might have failed. The passion in his face faded a little; and, seeing this, she pressed her advantage.

"Isn't the present joy—sufficient? You are mine and I am yours. Don't let us spoil the glory of it all!"

For a long moment there was silence in the darkening hut.

Then this man, who had ever been wont to sweep aside all obstacles to his will, bent his head slowly, and kissed in turn the small hands clasped upon his breast.

"We must keep our faith in each other—whatever the future brings," he whispered. And tenderly, almost reverently, he kissed her lips.

**PART THREE**

**Deep Chords**

A ring of stakes, lolling drunkenly to one side, encircled the hut, at a distance of about twenty yards. With a small rock for hammer, Alan was pounding them into the ground, during the hour before sunset. He had conceived the idea of building a palisade.

Occupation! It was what they craved. Though neither confessed the fact to the other, both tacitly acknowledged the need. They seized on any excuse that would supply food for their thoughts, toll for their limbs, fatigue for body and mind. For, deep in the heart of each, below all the ecstasy of their joy together, lurked grim fear—not fear of each other, but fear of themselves; above all, fear of nature, of her smiling face and irrevocable laws. Resolutely, each buried the skeleton out of sight, covering it with a hundred pretty-colored reeds. But sometimes, unexpectedly, it stirred below the thick layers, stretched out its skinny arms.

"I'll bring the river down here some day," the inventor of modern aircraft observed, thumping in a stake with his stone-age hammer. Why are you smiling in that vacant manner?"

"Alan," she murmured, "you have been a revelation. I thought you a bully, only intent upon getting your own way, regardless of everybody."

"Well?" He laughed gently. "Haven't I got it?"

"Ah, but not until it proved to be my way too."

"Merely because I realized it would be worthless otherwise. I learned that first of all the many things you taught me."

"I?"

"Yes, you." He raised her chin possessively. "Don't you think you have been a revelation, too? And hasn't the 'spirit' of the island you spoke about been a revelation to us both? It seems to me," he laughed, "the only thing to save the world from being choked by materialism is to wreck it on a desert island! Make everybody begin life afresh, back in prehistoric days."

Barbara caught at this idea. "But," she said, following the train of thought it engendered, "if all wisecranted people had the chance to come, wouldn't every tree be crowded?"

"Not at all. Only a handful would arrive. The majority are too peacefully asleep to realize they are being choked. Commercialism is the god they worship. Although, when there is nothing better to do, they go to church—in their best clothes."

"You are very bitter!" she exclaimed in surprise.

To Barbara, this man had ever been full of surprises; but she had spoken the truth when she had called him a revelation. For, during the two months since Christmas, he had been so at every turn. Not until love opened her own eyes; until she knew the meaning of passion herself, and understood the tempestuous force of his, did she realize the strain under which he had been living. Since Christmas night the nature she had thought arrogant had revealed a thousand wonderful mysteries. As a tree, cold and hidden in the snows and frosts of winter, responds to the glory of spring, so he had opened in the glory of their love.

She drew away from him, and clasped her arms round her raised knees. Mountains, dark and threatening to those whose way lies across them, are little heeded when shrouded in mist, below which the sun shines.

But now and then a jagged peak thrusts through; and, with the journey's progress, more appear behind. . . . Generally, these frequent peaks were instinctively shunned; but today Alan went on recklessly.

"After all, marriage was made for man, like all other conventions. We are not their slaves. What do forms and ceremonies matter—here? They are often tosh. A pauper marries an heiress, and vows to endow her with all his worldly goods! If he did, he would have to take the clothes off his back and go stark naked. You and I would vow to forsake all others, when there is nobody here to forsake. You would hardly want to elope with Babooma? If you did, I should soon catch you. That's another point: we couldn't separate if we wanted to! So what would be the good of a wedding? Of vows we couldn't possibly break?"

"Bigger issues to face than useless scruples." It is the old, old conflict. Has it the usual end?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**WOMEN MOST CRUEL TO FELLOW WOMEN?**

**Feminine Writer's Arraignment of Gentler Sex.**

That women are unjust to women is an ancient cry. But there has never been any different answer to the question. "Why?" Women are unjust to women because they don't trust them, and because they fear them, and they have always had ample reason for that mistrust and fear, is a statement made by Jane Doe, in the Continental Edition of the London Staff.

Even the injustices to which women in the workaday world are subject from colleagues of their own sex, the cattiness of forewomen and managers, the slave-driving mistresses who want the arts of the chef, the manners of a duchess, the gumption of a field marshal, and the energy of a pack mule, all told in the same domestic for a few dollars a year; the backbiting, the jealousies, the enmity and the petty rivalries and utter snobbishness to be found flourishing like ugly weeds in every layer of feminine society—all these pale into utter insignificance before the stupendous cruelty of woman to woman where hearts and men are concerned.

Let us face the naked facts and pur sentimentality and all popular but lying fallacies anent the inherent saintliness and gentleness of what is really the unfair sex on one side. Woman's greatest enemy after she gets a husband is woman.

Men have been, and are, responsible for much of the unhappiness that enters into the lives of single girls, but it is women in the main who ruin the happiness of wives. For every woman who tries to make a shining success of her married life, there are a dozen women in the biffing who are convinced they could do it a lot better if they were given the chance. And some of them stop at nothing to secure that chance.

If the secret history behind most of the unhappy stories of women who have been forced to leave their husbands, or who have been deserted by them, were revealed to the public, the story would be astounding—astounding because it would tell of the appalling prevalence of the girl-thief of married love, the feminine cuckoo who is fouling another woman's love-nest, the pirate on the matrimonial seas who doesn't care what hopes she wrecks and what honor and peace she shatters forever.

I know of a score of such cases, I have heard of scores more, and I have read of hundreds like them. Nor are all these women the lurid vamps so unfaithfully portrayed on those cheap-novelettes-in-de-luxe-bindings which we call films. They do not fit like beautiful birds of paradise across the horizon of happily married men, dazzling their good sense with mysterious perfumes, intoxicating them with rose du tendre kisses, blinding them with their charm and magic to all other bonds but worthless ones.

We wish they did. They would be so easily sorted out. Alas, the thief of love can be a commonplace girl in an office with a gift for petting and soulful sympathy; she can be the woman wearing a transformation who lives next door and who invites you both in for mah-jongg and chicken sandwiches, subsequently helping herself to your husband's chicken heart.

**The Largest Building**

If the question were to be asked: "Which is the world's largest building?" probably nine out of every ten Americans would name either the Equitable or the Woolworth building in New York city. Either answer would be wrong. So far as is known, the structure which really deserves the distinction is the homely eight-story warehouse of the United States army base in Brooklyn. It contains 52 acres of floor space—almost double that of the renowned Equitable building. It's easy to forget the merely useful things, in giving attention to the spectacular or pretentious one.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

**His First Experience**

A young couple, recently married, had been riding with some friends. On reaching home the bride hurried the new husband up to the apartment with order to start the coffee boiling, while she made a few necessary purchases at a neighboring store. Her consternation at the absent-minded and well-meaning husband was beyond bounds when or hurrying into the kitchen she found the coffee boiling in the new electric percolator on top of the new gas stove, well surrounded by a high flame.

**Danger Signals**

Judge Smith Haskenlooper said at a dinner in Cincinnati: "An ignorant witness is not necessarily a stupid one. A woman who could neither read nor write said to me in a desertion case: "Judge, when a man starts brushing his clothes and cleanin' his teeth and polishin' his nails, his wife knows there's something in the wind."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

**Typewriters in Orchestra**

In order to get the proper effect of the various sounds when shrapnel breaks and scatters and otherwise war is being carried on, a French soldier who has composed a new symphony entitled "At the Front," has called for the use of 20 typewriters in the orchestra alongside the musical instruments.

**Busy New York**

Traffic into and out of Manhattan, the heart of New York city, has increased 25 per cent since 1920. Nearly 200,000 vehicles were counted recently entering or leaving that island in a single day.

**An Inverse Ratio**

As women's clothes become more costly the less they consist of, one begins to wonder how Adam ever got away with his dressmaker's bills.—Boston Transcript.

**SNOW KING BAKING POWDER**

HIGHEST QUALITY

**A Double Barreled Argument**

Snow King Baking Powder is double strength. It goes a long way. As you get more baking power for less money.

25 OUNCES—For—25 CENTS

**THE U-C-O**

SPRINGLESS SHADES Last Longer—Look Better

At Your Dealers or The Manufacturing Company, Greenboro, N. C.

**Dad's Warm Welcome to His Soldier**

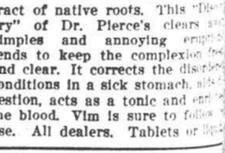
When the call for recruits the Hindenburg line reached of folks in Hendy Hallow, a boy was in the field plowing the soil. The lad in his little between milking and chopping with the doings of one Cincinnatus farmer of early days in the plow in the furrow at the duty. Here was an appropriate to pull off the same stunt as did, so he slapped himself on the bosom and ejaculated in a Yankee dialect: "By gosh, what calls, I must go!"

Well, he went. And he became of the very marines that put to the Dutchman's progress, and he returned, covered with medals, he held out his hand to grumpy old pa and asked: "Ain't you got nothin' to say to my return from the war?"

"Yes, I got a lot to say to you, pilled Old Grump," and that's all he told you afore you left for the to put the plow and drag and shed and ye didn't do it, so right on it and do it afore you in this house!"—Eugene Zimmerman in Cartoons and Movie Magazines.

**Brought up on a Farm**

As a young man Dr. Pierce's was known to a great many of his greatest disciples. In an early move Buffalo and up in rock use form Golden Medical Discovery, well-known for the which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and annoying eruptions to keep the complexion clear and tender. It corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, indigestion, acts as a tonic and purifies the blood. Vim is sure to follow use. All dealers. Tablets or



**The Earnest Man**

The earnest men are so few, world that their very earnestness comes at once the badge of the billy; and, as men in a crowd, they make room for one who is eager to force his way through mankind everywhere open the to one who shows zealousness some, object lying beyond them—Dwight.

**America's First Law School**

The first law school in America opened in Philadelphia in 1794.

It is always difficult to catch a man who talks to himself that a fool for an audience.

**When You Catch Cold Rub on Musterole**

Musterole is easy to apply and it is its good work right away. It prevents a cold from turning into pneumonia. Just apply Musterole with the fingers. It does all the work of grandmother's mustard plaster without the blister.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made of oil of mustard and other simple ingredients. It is recommended by doctors and nurses. Try Musterole on sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, pleurisy, stiff neck, chills, asthma, neuralgia, congestive pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes, hospital size, \$3.00.

**MUSTEROLE**

WILL NOT BLISTER

Better than a mustard plaster