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When you buy Yager's Liniment you get splendid value! The large 25 cent bottle contains four times more than the usual bottle of liniment sold at that price.

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If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES, INDIGESTION, GAS or pains in the right side write for valuable Book of Information FREE
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Chauffeur to Joffre.

The Poilu, a lively little newspaper produced in the French trenches, prints this Joffre story:

The generalissimo's chauffeur L——, was chatting with some soldiers.

"Well," they asked him, "what does the general say?"

"Oh, not much; he talks very little."

"But yes—"

"Well, the other day, for instance, in getting into the car, he said: 'Things all right, L——?' 'Yes, general,' I replied."

"And was that all he said?"

"Another time he said to me: 'You have a very pleasing appearance, L——.' 'Yes, general,' I replied."

"But does he never speak about the war?"

"Oh, not often. But yet—the other day he did say to me: 'Ah, my brave L——, when is this war going to end?'"

"U. C."

"That man talked for four hours and a quarter."

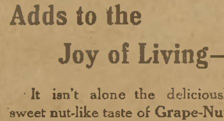
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "When it comes to using up time he's one ultimate consumer who doesn't have to pay."

His Position.

Peckem—My wife referred to me as the head of the house today.

Meeks—How did that happen?

Peckem—She was talking to a man who called to collect a bill.



Adds to the Joy of Living—

It isn't alone the deliciously sweet nut-like taste of Grape-Nuts that has made the food famous, though taste makes first appeal, and goes a long way.

But with the zestful flavor there is in Grape-Nuts the entire nutriment of finest wheat and barley. And this includes the rich mineral elements of the grain, necessary for vigorous health—the greatest joy of life.

Every table should have its daily ration of

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

Denison of Shanghai

By HAROLD CARTER

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Seated on the veranda of the club at Shanghai, George Denison stared out at the never-ending procession of Chinese coolies and riskshaw men, while he idly fingered a letter in his hands.

It ran as follows: "I am prepared to marry you in six months' time, if you will give me that period, without attempting to see me." It was signed "Edith Raymond," and was written from Lynmouth, Ala.

Denison had never been to Lynmouth, Ala., in his life, nor had he heard of Edith Raymond of the tear-blotted letter.

He was weary to death of China, weary of life at the club and in the banking house. He had toiled there four years, and had just begun a six-months' leave of absence, which, because he had nowhere in particular to go, he planned to spend right in Shanghai.

He was tired of Chinese servants and Chinese cooking, of the company of his compatriots of the club, of bachelor life and of himself.

Presently he got up. "If she'll have me, I'll marry her," he said.

The letter had been three months on the way. He reckoned that he would have just time to get to Lynmouth, marry Miss Edith and return when his vacation expired.

The letter must have been to many places, for the addresses were written and rewritten, and the last recipient,

Stared Out at the Never-Ending Procession of Chinese Coolies.

in Shanghai, Malay States, had written, "not for me. Try Shanghai, China."

Nearly three months later Denison got off the train at Lynmouth, Ala.

"Miss Raymond, sah? Everybody knows Miss Raymond," said the dusky ticket-collector. "It's the big house up on the hill, sah. No, sah; she just lives alone, but I hear she expects to get married soon."

Denison smiled as he made his way up the hill. Oddly enough, the thought of not marrying Edith Raymond had never occurred to him. He imagined that the letter had not been written for him, but he meant to follow the lure.

The house showed signs of dilapidation. It had evidently once formed part of an estate, but the grounds were now overgrown with weeds and saplings, and were untended. A cluster of negro cabins near the spot were falling into decay.

As Raymond walked up the hill a buggy drove past him. In it sat, beside the coachman, a man of about forty years, with a saturnine face. The man laughed as Denison stepped quickly aside.

Denison shook his fist at the vehicle in front of him. "If you're my double," he said, "I'm going to show you who is the better man."

The buggy was standing at the door of the house when Denison entered. The door stood open, and Denison's ring brought no servant in response. Denison entered and walked toward what was evidently the reception room. Inside he heard the voices of a man and a woman.

Denison always regretted it afterward, but he could not help stopping for a few moments to listen. For the first words that reached his ears comprised his name.

"Mr. Denison, I have changed my mind," said the girl. "Surely a woman is privileged to do that?"

"You've played fast and loose with me," answered the man in surly tones. "You say you wrote me to give you six months. I never got that letter. I guess you must have addressed it Shanghai, China, instead of Shanghai, Mississippi. Then when I came to see you, you agreed to marry me at Christmas."

"I have changed my mind," repeated the girl stubbornly.

"You have, eh? Well, let's have this thing out. You know I've held the mortgage on this place for years, long before your father died. You know you've been living on my charity for months past?"

"That is not true, Mr. Denison. I have lived on the proceeds of the sale of my jewelry."

"Which is mine," said the man, triumphantly. "Everything you inherited from your father is mine, morally, if not legally, because he was a fraudulent bankrupt. Ay, don't wince, Miss Edith. It's true enough."

"My father was cheated by you in a business deal. It broke his heart and killed him. He was incapable of dishonesty."

"Well, put it that way if you like. The fact remains that legally he swindled me. I let him keep his money, on the understanding that you were to marry me. You promised to become my wife at Christmas, if I wouldn't see you till then. Yesterday was Christmas. Now—are you going to carry out your agreement?"

"Give me a month longer!" cried the girl in desperation. "Surely, if I tell you I don't love you—"

"I'll make you love me. What's the matter with me? Ain't I rich? Can't I give you the autos and clothes and a place in society, anything you want? If you don't marry me, I'll publish your father's shame to the world."

"He has done nothing to be ashamed of."

"He put his name to a fraudulent document."

"I'll never marry you now," said the girl with slow conviction. "You have shown yourself in your true colors today. I will marry no man under a threat, not even to save my father's name. Now you have my answer. Let go my wrist!"

A cry came from her lips; and it was then that George Denison, standing outside the door, awakened from his stupefaction and opened it.

His double, wild with rage, was holding the girl's wrists fiercely in his, while she struggled desperately to escape from him. As Denison ran forward the man released the girl and turned upon him. He saw the look in Denison's eyes and fell back; as he did so he suddenly whipped a revolver from his belt and fired.

The shot grazed Denison's cheek, and he felt the blood drip upon his hand. The next moment his fist had shot forward, catching the man under the chin, and he went down like a log.

The girl, who had drawn back in amazement, screamed with fear. But Denison turned to her and spoke gently:

"He is all right, but he won't trouble you again. Would you like to leave this place now?"

"Yes!" she cried. "I want to go. I never want to see it again. I am ready to go anywhere."

Denison's heart leaped. "Are you ready to go to Shanghai?" he asked. "I mean Shanghai, China, not Mississippi."

"What do you mean? Who are you?"

"Only your friend," he answered humbly. "The buggy is waiting for us outside. And he pulled the letter from his pocket. "You sent me this," he said. "I received it at Shanghai, China, some time ago. You said that you would marry me. I am George Denison, and have come from Shanghai."

And, in her stupefaction, she let him lead her to the buggy.

Still, Small Voice.

There is in every man's life the still, small voice. It comes to him after the wind, the earthquake and voice of the soul which can only be heard when the controversy, the tumult and the passion end. It is when the clamors of life have ceased and there is no bitterness, enmity or selfishness in the heart. One must be mighty quiet to hear it. If he has any fuss, quarrel or low designs on hand he will not hear it. If there is any confusion or clatter or fury in his mind they will drown the voice. If his speech is loud and his argument largely wind, the still, small voice will not be heard. There is nothing surer or more practical in life than this still, small voice, but it will only come when the wind, the earthquake, the fire and all they typify in human experience have died away. We may be certain we cannot get along in life until we hear the voice of the soul above politics and war.—Ohio State Journal.

Where Substitution Is Difficult.

Burglars who entered a New Jersey home passed the family jewelry and the silverware unnoticed, but carried away all the ham sandwiches they could find. Considerable family silverware is good only to look at, while there probably are more imitations than jewels in the average home today, but deception is a truly difficult art when practiced on a first-class ham sandwich.

His Locality.

"Can you direct me to where I'll find a good plumber—one who never leaves his tools behind, does an hour's work in exactly 60 minutes, and never leaves a leak behind him?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I can tell where you'll find one."

"Where is he?"

"In our local cemetery."

Undismayed.

"I knew a girl who was told at the time of her engagement that the man she was to marry was a brute who would illtreat her and break her heart."

"And I suppose she still persisted."

"Of course, she did. It was a good moving-picture engagement."

Very Simple.

"Professor Snarem? I see by your sign that you offer to impart in one lesson an infallible system for remembering names," said the absentminded victim. "Quite so—payment in advance," replied the professor. And, after pocketing the victim's five, he explained: "It's this way: You greet a man, but his name eludes you. Ascertaining his favorite soda fountain beverage, you invite him to a nearby drug store to hit one. While he is imbibing, you borrow the store's city directory and rapidly run through it, glancing up at your acquaintance at every new name. At the psychological moment the man and his name will unfailingly associate themselves. Oscar, show the gentleman to the elevator."—Puck.

Where, Indeed?

"Why, Bobbie! You've got a hole in your stocking! It wasn't there this morning when you put them on." "Well, if it wasn't there, where was it?"

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Designing Great Field Howitzers for Our Army

WASHINGTON.—Army ordnance experts are at work on designs for huge field howitzers as large as or larger than the German 42-centimeter guns which wrecked Belgium and French forts early in the war. They will be at least 16-inch caliber, with a range of 12 to 15 miles, hurling a projectile weighing more than a ton and carrying a large amount of high explosive.

In addition to placing several of these mammoth weapons along the coast line for mobile defense against naval attack, army officials are now considering the creation of a special regiment, equipped with six howitzers, to work as a unit of the mobile army. The problem confronting the designers in that regard is to distribute the enormous weight of the gun and carriage in such a way that it can be moved over any good road.

That difficulty is a determining factor in heavy artillery designs. Around a few of the largest cities well-ballasted roads which would support the weight of the guns can be found, but even such a highway as the post road from Boston to New York, it is said, has many sections so lightly built that the great weight would crush through.

How Four Girls From Ohio Got Coveted Tickets

OUT in Cleveland, O., there are four young women who are telling how they saw the president deliver his railroad strike message to the joint session of congress. The day the senate and house met together there was the usual scramble for seats in the galleries. This privilege is as valuable as a gold-bearing claim in the Rocky mountains. Each senator gets one ticket for the galleries; each representative gets one, and there are a few favored officials of congress who get from five to ten apiece. Upon this occasion there were the usual number of visitors in town, each one of whom believed fervently that all he had to do was to descend upon his representative or senator and ask for the gallery privilege and receive it. This might be true if the galleries held 10,000 people instead of 900.

The four young women from Cleveland, luckier than most visitors, received one ticket to be parceled among the quartet. They were seated in the restaurant of the house of representatives at lunch planning to draw lots to see which one should take the prized ticket, and just as they had settled this point one of them shrieked aloud and jumped from her chair with a brand-new silk dress soaking with coffee.

At the same moment, Theodore Tiller, president of the National Press and veteran of the press gallery of the house, arose with confusion covering him from head to foot. He felt, he said, as if he was about to be hanged. Apologies dripped from him, and he resembled the last rose of summer and other sad spectacles.

There was no question about the dress being spoiled. Tiller had upset a large cup of coffee, and every bit of it had fallen into the young woman's lap.

Suddenly she said:

"Are you a member of congress?"

Mr. Tiller resented the accusation.

"Because if you are," continued the coffee-stained one, "if you would get us a ticket to the gallery today I would forgive you."

She said that Representative Gordon of Ohio had promised to get one for her, but that he had not shown up.

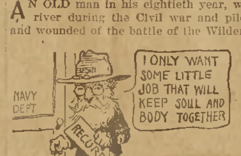
"Tickets are hard to get," said Tiller, "but I will see what I can do."

He then left the restaurant. In ten minutes Mr. Tiller appeared again with three gallery tickets. Where he got them no one knows, but the lady with the coffee in her lap is understood to have said, just before leaving the capitol:

"Oh, Mr. Tiller, if you get us tickets every time the president speaks, you can pour coffee on me all you want."

Old Civil War Veteran Seeks Small Navy Berth

AN OLD man in his eightieth year, who ran ammunition down the Potomac river during the Civil war and piloted transports that brought the dead and wounded of the battle of the Wilderness to Washington, came to the navy department the other day looking for a job.



"I've done too much for my country to be left to starve;" he told naval officers to whom he made his application. "My $24 a month pension is just enough to starve on."

The old man was William Key, who has lived alone in Southwest Washington since his wife died a year ago.

He was unable to see Secretary Daniels, but other officers at the department told him all the civilian navy positions were under the civil service.

"Why don't you go to the Soldiers' home?" one of the naval officers asked him.

"I'm a sailor man from tip to toe," the patriarchal Key replied, "and soldiers and sailors don't agree."

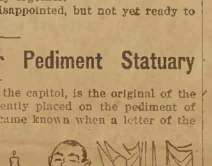
The veteran brought with him to the navy department his record, as published by the United States Army and Navy Historical association, and which showed he had been active in the Union side all during the war after he escaped from the Confederate navy, into which he had been conscripted for three months.

"I've never asked the government for anything before," the veteran said when he came to the navy department. "And now I only want some little job that will enable me to keep soul and body together."

The veteran left the navy department disappointed, but not yet ready to give up his quest for a job.

Capitol Employee Posed for Pediment Statuary

JOHN A. MARTIN, electrician employed at the capitol, is the original of the ironworker in the group of statuary recently placed on the pediment of the house wing of the capitol. This fact became known when a letter of the sculptor, Paul Bartlett, and one of Superintendent Elliott Woods of the capitol were shown to friends by Mr. Martin.



The ironworker in the group of statuary is an important part of the whole figure, which represents Peace protecting Genius. He is a companion piece to the character in the group which represents agriculture, the sculptor explaining in his address at the unveiling that agriculture and the iron industry form the fundamentals of the country's prosperity. Mr. Martin, who became acquainted with Paul Bartlett some time ago, was asked by the sculptor to pose for this part of the group. Later Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, wrote the following letter to Martin:

"I am requested to extend the thanks of Paul Bartlett, sculptor, for your kindness in posing for some portions of the modeling for the statuary to be installed in the pediment of the house wing of the capitol. It is a compliment to you that a great artist like Mr. Bartlett should so approve of your physical development as to want you to pose for one of these figures. It ought to be a source of some further gratification that you have contributed in this manner to one of the great pieces of art for the nation's capitol."

FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

A rifle ball covers 1,200 yards in two seconds.

The telephone system of Japan represents an investment of $20,000,000.

By placing a screen over his chimney a resident of Gippville seeks to maintain privacy from itinerant aviators and balloonists.

Industrial accidents in Pennsylvania during the first six months of this year resulted in the killing of 954 workers and in the injuring of 100,287 others.

The United States is now exporting $75,000,000 worth of sugar yearly. Before the war the yearly export was valued at about $5,000,000.

To enable migratory fish to rise over waterfalls, dams and other obstructions in streams, a Canadian fisheries official has invented an automatic elevator.

The electrical energy sold in London, exclusive of that used for traction, increased from 14,206,900 kilowatt-hours in 1894 to 334,442,700 kilowatt-hours in 1914.

Q-BAN DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Gray, streaked, prematurely gray or faded hair quickly restored to natural dark shade by shampooing hair and scalp with Q-Ban. No dye—perfectly harmless—acts on roots—revives color glands of the hair thus making all your gray hair healthy, thick, fluffy, evenly dark without a trace of gray showing. 50 cents a big bottle by parcel post. (Also sold by most druggists.) Address Q-Ban, Memphis, Tenn.—Adv.

Meudon in Wartime.

Meudon, the gay Meudon of trysts and moonlight promenades, has been transformed into a military camp. The station platform is crowded with uniformed soldiers of all branches; men on furlough in their suits of faded blue like dirty water, showing with pride holes torn in their coats by rifle balls, convalescents wearing the old red pantaloons, used only by those behind the fighting line, often with one leg folded up; Zouaves, whose baggy trousers, formerly blood-red, have now changed to an earthy color; Belgians in long brown coats, who never smile, and British Tommies spick and span as if they had just stepped from a bandbox.

The women, in passing, glance at the war crosses and smile.—Mme. Bernardini-Sjoestedt in Cartoons Magazine.

MOTHER'S JOY SALVE

for Colds, Croup, Pneumonia and Asthma; GOOSE GREASE LINIMENT for Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Sprains. For sale by all Druggists. GOOSE GREASE COMPANY, MFR'S., Greensboro, N. C.—Adv.

What Might Happen.

"What would happen," said a summer boarder who is always trying to entertain the company, "if an irresistible force were to meet with an immovable body?"

"I reckon, maybe," replied Farmer Corntossel, "there won't be nigh so many of us left to ask fool questions."

NOTHING SO EFFECTIVE AS ELIXIR BABEK For Malaria, Chills & Fever.

Chief of Police, J. W. Reynolds, Newport News, Va., says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Babek for chills and fever. Have used it when necessary for 20 years and have found no remedy as effective." Elixir Babik 50 cents, all druggists, or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

A Good Move—Babek Liver Pills.
50 pills 25 cents

Had It Over Washington.

First Thinker—There's one day I have it over Washington.

Second Thinker—I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it.

First Thinker—He could't tell a lie. I can.

Autumn Melancholy.

The campaign brings a tuneful cheer
Once more to every spot.
The autumn days which now appear
Are melancholy—not.

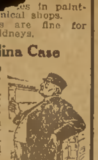
Dr. Peery's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults or children. One dose is sufficient and no supplemental purge necessary.—Adv.

Train service between Chile and Bolivia has been increased and improved.

When Work Is Hard

That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as:
Jarring and jolting on railroads, etc.
Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc.
Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, ——ators, etc.
Dampness as in ——, quarries, mines, etc.
Inhaling poiso—— fumes in painting, printing and chemical shops.
Doan's Kidney Pills are fine for strengthening weak kidneys.

A North Carolina Case



William A. Apple, 730 S Macon St., Greensboro, N. C., says: "When I was working as a railroad brakeman, I began to suffer from sharp pains in my back. The kidney secretions became unnatural and I felt all worn out. Finally I was obliged to give up railroading altogether. At that critical time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me, though everything else had failed."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BREATH BAD!

A sure sign of an inactive liver, biliousness, constipation, and similar disorders. Remove the cause in its early stages, do not allow the organs to get in chronic state. A few doses of

DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP

will restore the affected organs to a healthy condition.

It is a gentle laxative, purely vegetable, tonic in effect. Search far and near and you will not find a preparation to equal this tried and true old home tonic.

Get a bottle today—put up in convenient sizes, 50c and $1.

RHEUMATISM

is completely washed out of the system by ten gals. (three weeks) of the celebrated Shivar Mineral Water, costing only two dollars. Tastes fine; positively guaranteed by money back, on return of the two loaned carboys, should you report "no benefit." Mention your express office. Address

Shivar Spring, Box 42, Shelton, S.C.

PERFECT HEALTH.

Tutt's Pills keep the system in perfect order. They regulate the bowels and produce

A VIGOROUS BODY.

Remedy for sick headache, constipation,

Tutt's Pills

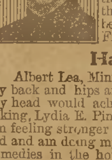
"ROUGH on RATS" Ends Rats, Mice, Bugs. Die outdoors. 15c and 25c.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 42--1916.

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOBL, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. YOST, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUERRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and $1.00 at all Drug Stores