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Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim. Get it today in small liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsaparilla.

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 compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. **SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.

Dr. J. C. Carter

Captured Her Interest. "She is very cold and formal, but I got her interest." "How?" "By asking her how she ever happened to marry her husband of a husband—Exchange."

Heavenly Nations Invent Nothing. "Bishop Thorburn, who has been a missionary in India for fifty years, and knows India better than any other living American, says: 'If you visit the patent office at Washington, you will see six hundred improvements on the plow. India has not invented one improvement on the footstep in two thousand years. The nations which God have no inventive faculty. They are almost universally the savage, unenlightened nations of the earth.'"

Shocking. Miss D., a teacher of unquestioned property in all its branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the authors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing room. "Yes," exclaimed the old lady; "but if you think these are pretty, you just ought to go upstairs and look in the bath-tubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"

HADN'T SEEN IT SINCE.



She—You ought to see that man in evening clothes. He—He'd like to; he borrowed my dress suit three months ago.

HEART RIGHT. When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble.

The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes: "I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings."

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum I began its use."

"The change in my condition was remarkable. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart settled down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the Life Insurance Co. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the change. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "That's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. 1-10. Ever read the above? It is a story one hears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

SERIAL STORY

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by Wilbur D. Nesbit and Otto Haeberle. Adapted by WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Copyright by W.D. Nesbit.

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in a country. She comes in a beautiful motor car, and the woman that is a rival and Harry's playmate, Socra-tes, cousin of Lucy, arrives with a hat intended as a present for Lucy.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"Make yourself at home, old chap," Harry said. "What's that? Your baggage?" "This is a present," the girl said. "I bought it for you in a store near here, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, so I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"

"Why—what's happened? What's so sad about Lucy?" "She—she—oh, my poor, poor Lucy!" Primmer wailed, going slowly from the room.

"Well, wouldn't that bomb you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socra-tes is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He was just about to take the ballet girl picture from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the broken accents of the German into whose auto Harry had smashed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They're trailing me down."

Into the room rushed the pair. "You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they or he felt the greater surprise.

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yes, I've got it!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained. "The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones, 'You can help me out of a most distressing situation, sir.'"

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto rubbed."

"Yellow it is," interrupted the German. "Yellow, mit red pupples on it!"

"Popples, not pupples, count," said the lady. "Now, I'm going to tell you, must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was," the lady argued. "And I must have it!"

"I will go now, if you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous, evidently by being anxious to be well out of the scrape as soon as possible.

"No," Harry said, sternly. "I'm going to stay here. I should know it. There may be a mistake. Ring up this milliner person, and find out just what there is to it. Use the phone there, madam, and the phone and called for a number."

"Hello," she said. "Is Ma'mselle Daphne Daffinthere? Is this you, Ma'mselle?"

"Daphne Daffinthere?" Harry muttered. "Can't be little Daphne I used to kiss!"

"This is Mrs. Blazes," the lady said into the phone.

Harry started at that. "Mrs. Blazes?" he said in a hoarse whisper to the German. "Not Mrs. General Blazes?"

"Exactly," the German assured him.

"Where did you deliver that duplicate of my hat?" Mrs. Blazes asked.

After the reply, still holding the receiver to her ear, she turned and asked Harry:

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"At a nonsense!" the Count cried. "Mrs. Blazes was bound to say some-thing when a strange voice was heard outside."

"Right up here? Thank thee!" It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry blessed. "They're coming. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancée!"

"Ahah!" the Count said, malevolently. "Unless you give us der hat we will make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. "I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, nervous to desperation because she knew she simply could not go herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

An inspiration came to Harry. Taking Mrs. Blazes by the arm he said: "I'll send out and get you the hat. I'll get that milliner to rush another duplicate for you. Here, bid him for a while. You understand there'd be no end of talk if you were found here."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the Count.

"Now you may go," he said. "The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room."

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'd think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Thus does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out the door leading to the back hallway.

Wonderingly, Lucy Medders and her father parted the hangings and entered Harry's den. They gazed about them at the stiefs, the boxing gloves, the pipe racks, the pictures and all the other trappings of a bachelor's den.

On the table lay a deck of cards, a half smoked cigar, a spread box of cigarettes, and some scattered red and blue chips.

"Oh-hi!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this," Mrs. Medders said—"this is Harry's home?"

"It seems different from our own home, don't it?" Lucy asked, shyly. "Verily, daughter," Mrs. Medders marked, coming to a stop before the

Count von Fitz, whose flirtatious escapades were discussed on all sides.

Highly colored picture of the ballet girls, "there be nothing like this at home."

"Why?" Lucy said, looking at the picture, "see the ladies in the rainy day skirts!"

"I see the ladies," Medders said, drily, "but where are the skirts?"

"Perhaps," Lucy offered, seeing that her father viewed the picture with disapproval, "perhaps it is a biblical scene."

"Nay, daughter. If it were, more people would be buying Bibles."

Medders turned from the picture, and his attention was caught by a statuette of the Venus de Milo. He looked at it intently.

"This is a sad sight, daughter," he remarked.

"Because her arms are broken, father?" Lucy asked, innocently, not understanding that her father was expressing a dislike to such works of

art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to look her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to look," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place hath a seemly look."

CHAPTER IV.

From the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Socra-tes Primmer. He caught his breath sharply at sight of Lucy, and then advanced, with his hands outstretched.

"Ah, my poor, poor cousin Lucy!" he wailed.

"How nice of thee to come," Medders looked on with kindly amusement. He had long known of Primmer's unrequited attachment for Lucy, and to him it seemed that the best course to pursue was to allow Primmer to weep it out. Primmer looked mournfully at Lucy and said: "As Riley might have written:

"Now my heart is full of sorrow and my soul would fain repine For another fellow's hurting that old sweetheart of mine."

"But," Lucy smiled, "I am not old, and I am not thy sweetheart, cousin Socra-tes."

"Verily," Socra-tes, Medders said, "then, wouldst make a poor sort of husband, weeping continually about the house. Thou mightst dampen the clothes on ironing day, though."

"Don't mind father, cousin Socra-tes," Lucy said. "He doth but jest."

"Harry said for me to ask thee to allow me to show thee to thy room," Uncle Medders, Socra-tes observed.

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Cooling as an icicle
If you want to think of crisp winter weather and sparkling frost; if you want to forget the heat and the dust and the thirst for real, cool comfort
DRINK Coca-Cola
As sparkling, wholesome and refreshing as a spring house icicle. So next time you're hot or tired or thirsty, if you're anywhere near a place that sells Coca-Cola, go in and give yourself a real treat.
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PUTTING IT RATHER NEATLY

Piece of Humor That Lifted Diffident Professor to the Highest Summer of Joy.

It is told that after Professor Ay-tow had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of "Papa's" answer is planned to be a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncom-monly diffident, he said to her: "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady.

"Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I will wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library.

"Papa's answer is planned to be the back of my dear," said Miss Wilson, as she re-entered the room.

Turning around, the delighted author read these words:

"With the author's compliments."—Success.

Thackeray's Kindness of Heart. Thackeray was the gentlest saint that ever lived. As editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring him-self to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contribu-tions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had re-jected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evi-dence pointed out even if it be a story, such stories are not of men made of the stern stuff of the Thack-eray commonly misknown.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Some Aviation Records. Capt. Ferdinand von Figharts is the first crowned head who has made an aeroplane flight. The aviator who took him up is the first man who ever of Prussia is the first professional aviator of royal rank. Mr. Roosevelt to have made an ascension in an aeroplane. Arthur J. Halloway is the second.

SPON'S DISTEMPER CURE will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the same in horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to infra. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Express prepaid. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Gothen, Ind.

One Necessary Thing. Kate—Maud is married and she doesn't know the first thing about housekeeping.

Allie—Yes, she does; the first thing is to get a husband to keep house for.

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cal Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by mail. For free sample, write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Bribery. Mrs. M.—Who did you vote for? Mrs. N.—I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. A bottle.

In being the architect of your own fortune don't indulge in too much free-work.

DAISY FLY KILLER kills and drives away all flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. It is safe for all household use. Can be used on walls, ceilings, and furniture. Price 10c per bottle. Write for free sample to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pk. 10c. Write for free sample to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

W. N. U., DETROIT, No. 27-1911.

Rosy Cheeks or Pale Ones?

A moment's reflection with your mirror will give the hint as to the condition of your system. Rosy cheeks, rosy complexion, daisy eyes, show a poverty of blood. You require something to make a plentiful supply of rich, red blood, course through your veins. To ensure this take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the wonderful little blood-maker. Whatever your blood may need the stomach will supply from the daily food when it is in good working order. Beecham's Pills aid the stomach to digest its food and to assimilate the blood elements. They increase the supply and improve the quality of the blood. If you are pale, weak, languid, or anemic, a few doses of Beecham's Pills will

Make all the Difference

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.