

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Pure vegetable
—act surely and
readily on the
liver. Cure
Biliousness,
Head-
ache,
Dissipa-
tion, and Indigestion. They do their duty.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
Genuine must bear Signature
Breakfast

Send postal for
FREE Free Package
Better and more economical
than liquid antiseptics
for all TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DAISY FLY KILLER
prices & supplies, etc.
Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap.
Lid will not open.
Made of metal, cannot
spill or tip over, will
not stain or damage
anything. Guaranteed
to be safe and reliable.
HAROLD SOUTERS
150 DeKalb Ave.,
Brooklyn, New York

SLEEPING IN THE OPEN AIR

Useful Book With Full Directions
Given Away by Philanthropic
Association.

"Direction for Living and Sleeping in the Open Air," is the title of a pamphlet being sent out by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to its local representatives in all parts of the United States. The pamphlet is meant to be a handbook of information for anybody who decides to sleep out of doors in his own home. It emphasizes the fact that outdoor sleeping is as desirable for the well as for sick. The booklet will be sent free of charge to any one applying for it at the headquarters of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in New York, or to the secretary of any local or state antituberculosis association.

Some of the subjects of which the pamphlet treats are, how to take the open-air treatment in a tenement house; how to build a small shack or cabin on a flat roof in the city; how to make one comfortable while sleeping outdoors either in hot or cold weather; how to arrange a porch on a country house; and how to build a cheap porch; the construction of tents and tent houses; the kinds of beds and bedding to use in outdoor sleeping, and various other topics. The book is well illustrated and attractively prepared.

Awfully Busy.
Jim—A stitch in time saves nine.
Tom—Who said that?

Jim—Gee! Ain't you read your
Bible?

Tom—Nope; I ain't even had time
to read the sporting page this morning
yet.—Cleveland Leader.

Not an Objection.

"I think he'd like to join your club,
but his wife wouldn't hear of it."

"She wouldn't hear of it? Why, I
know of half dozen men who would
join our club if their wives couldn't
hear of it."

We know people who seem to know
everything except the fact that they
don't know how much they don't know.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes
use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz.
package, 5 cents.

Truth is cut up to patch too many
lies. You can never boll the lies back
into truth again.

Dr. Pierce's peasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Man cannot be happy when idle, un-
less resting from previous labor.

**DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS**
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
DIABETES, BACKACHE.
375 "Guaranteed."

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water
more easily, use Thompson's Eye Water.

Zelda Dameron

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Copyright, 1904, by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER X.

When Zelda asked her father one day where his office was, he answered evasively that it was in the Dameron Block. This was an old-fashioned office building, with a basement and a short stairway leading to the main corridor. It was no longer fashionable, as the better class of lawyers and real estate brokers had sought building of a later type that offered electric lights and elevators. The Dameron Block faced the court-house square, and was the habitat of divers small attorneys and real estate men. In the basement below, a justice of the peace sat in judgment next door to a musty old book-shop, where the proprietor, a quaint figure with a great mop of iron-gray hair, sold pens and paper and legal blanks to Dogberry Row, as this quarter of the street was called.

Zelda strayed into this thoroughfare by chance one winter afternoon shortly before Christmas and was arrested by the sight of some old books in the bookseller's window. The venerable bookseller came out into the barement area and spoke to her of the books, holding a volume meanwhile, with his forefinger close upon the page he had been reading. Yes; he kept French books, and she went into the shop and looked over his shelves of foreign books.

"There is very little demand for them," he said. "Some of these are rare. Here is a little volume of Hugo's poems; very rare. I should be glad if you would take it for a dollar—any of these poems for a dollar. But of course I can only offer. It is for you to decide."

"I shall take the Hugo," said Zelda. He wrapped it for her carefully, even regretfully, and held the packet for a moment, caressing it with his hands, while she produced a dollar from her purse and took it from him.

"Call again. I have been here for twenty years; Congdon, Dameron Block."

"Yes, Dameron Block," repeated Zelda.

The constables and loungers on the sidewalk in front of the justice's court stared at her as she came out and glanced for a moment at the upper windows of the building. A galvanized iron sign at the eaves bore the name "Dameron Block, 1870," in letters that had long since lost the false aspect of stone given to them originally by gray paint.

Zelda went into the dim entrance and read the miscellaneous signs that were tacked there. One of them was inscribed "E. Dameron, Room 8"; and the same frosted-glass door, where the same legend was repeated. It was late in the afternoon; possibly her father would go home with her, she thought, and turned the knob.

She entered a dark room on a court-way, evidently used as a place of waiting; there was another room beyond, reached by a door that stood half-open. Her father was engaged; his voice rose from the inner room; and she took a chair by the outer door of the waiting-room. She looked about the place curiously. On a long table lay in great disorder many odds and ends—packages of garden-seed under dust that afforded almost enough earth to sprout them; half a dozen fence pickets tied together with a string; and several strata of old newspapers. On the floor in a corner lay a set of harness in a disreputable state of disrepair; and pasted on the walls were yellowed sheets of newspaper containing tables of some sort. Zelda did not know what these were, though any of the loafers on the curbstone could have enlightened her as to their character—they were the official advertisements of the sales of tax titles. Ezra Dameron always "talked poor" and complained of the burden of taxes and street improvements; but he had been the chief buyer of tax titles in the county.

"I'm sure that I've been very lenient, very lenient indeed," Ezra Dameron was saying. "I have, in fact, considered it a family matter, calling for considerate treatment, on the score of my friendship with your husband. If it had been otherwise, I would have been obliged to take steps—steps toward safeguarding the interests—the interests of my trust, I should say."

"But another extension of two years would be sufficient for me to pay. I wish very much for Olive not to know that her schooling was paid for with borrowed money. She gives me all she earns. Her position is assured, and I am putting aside something every month to apply on the debt. We owe nothing else."

"But two of these notes are already in default, Mrs. Merriam. I have incurred obligations on the strength of them. A woman can't understand the requirements and exactions of business."

"I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Dameron. All I ask is this extension. It can't be a large matter to you!"

"I regret more than you can tell you that it is impossible. If it were my own—if it were my own money that I advanced you, I could perhaps be less inconsistent, but as it is, this money belongs to another—in fact, it is part of my daughter's estate. She is perfectly helpless, utterly ignorant of business; it is necessary for me to exercise the greatest care in administering her affairs. It is a sacred trust, Mrs. Merriam, a sacred trust from her dear mother."

"I came to-day," said the woman's voice apologetically, "hoping that payment could be deferred."

"Yes, to be sure; it's wise to be forehanded. But the loan must be paid at the maturity of the last note, in May. I must close my wife's estate very soon. I have timed all my loans to that end."

The purring voice stole through the anteroom, where Zelda sat forward in her chair, listening with parted lips and wonder and pain in her eyes. The book in her lap fell to the bare floor, making a sharp clatter that started her.

"Perhaps I was unjust to him; it may have been my fault; but if she can respect or love him I wish it to be so."

She lay awake staring into the dark for half the night, with tearless eyes, one hand clasping the little book under her pillow.

CHAPTER XI.

Zelda saw much of Morris during the winter. He went often to the old house in Merriam street in spite of the fact that he assured himself constantly that she did not interest him more than other girls. She continued to delight in plaguing him, particularly before her uncle, who learned, however, not to praise Morris to Zelda. Mrs. Forrest pretended to be a diligent chaperon, but Marions social affairs did not amuse her, and she went out very little. Frequently Merriam took Zelda to the theater; now and then he connived with Morris to the end that Olive should be asked, and the four would go afterward for a supper at Merriam's house. Zelda brought Olive more and more into touch with her own life. She knew no happier day than Christmas, when Mrs. Forrest—not, however, without urging—gave a family dinner to which Ezra Dameron, Olive and her mother sat down at the same board, with Rodney presiding. There were times when Zelda's courage failed—when the shadow of her mother's unhappiness fell darkly upon her; but she made no sign to the world. So the winter passed, and in the first bright wistful days she went forth with Zan to visit the spring.

"I have not heard you speak of your aunt and uncle of late," said Ezra Dameron to Zelda one day, after she had been for an outing with Olive.

"I saw Aunt Julia this afternoon. She isn't well; she suffers a great deal. She has asked me to go away with her again—she goes about, and she has planned to visit a number of summer places."

"If you don't go, what will she do?" and the old man looked at Zelda with a gleam of humor in his small gray eyes.

"Well, I have asked her to come to the farm."

"I am very glad you did. It would be capital arrangement."

"But she won't come. She does not like that sort of thing. She likes to be where there's something doing."

"Yes, yes; a worldly woman; a very worldly woman"—and Dameron wagged his head as he buttoned his coat.

The black woman showed all her teeth in appreciation.

"And we'll have out the candlesticks—those very high ones; and you may use that gold-banded china and the real cut glass."

"Yes, Dameron Block," repeated Zelda.

Polly departed chuckling and Zelda went to her room. Her father was reading his newspaper by the fireplace when she came in upon his startled gaze an hour later. She had arrayed herself in a white silk evening gown. He had never before seen her dressed so at their family dinner-table. The long skirt added to her height. Her hair was caught up from her forehead in a summer at the Beeches.

"Yes, father; of course I shall go with you. I have never had any other intention."

"You are very good to me, Zee. I am grateful to you for many things. An old man is very poor company for a young girl. I had feared that you might not be satisfied here. Your uncle and aunt have never treated me fairly. We have nothing in common. I am glad to find that they have not rendered you and me; the paternal beautiful."

Her father had spoken off during the winter of the farm. Zelda's willingness to go there was a great relief to him; and when she suggested that she should like to ask Olive to spend the whole of her vacation with them he made no objection. He knew that she saw Olive frequently; Zee had asked her cousin to the house for meals several times since the Dramatic Club episode, and her father had treated Olive with his usual formal courtesy. The main thing with Ezra Dameron was to keep Zelda away from her aunt and uncle; and it flattered his vanity that she remained with him so steadfastly and took apparently so filial an interest in his happiness and comfort. Zelda went to Olive at once with her invitation.

"I'd be delighted, of course, Zee; but you mustn't make it hard for me to refuse. This is my busy summer; we have to move!"

"Oh!" said Zelda.

"We're mortgaged; that's the trouble with us; we're not only mortgaged, but we can't pay! So we hope to find another house somewhere and get out of the way."

(To be continued.)

Keep Your Feet Straight.

How many men know how to walk? Most men turn their toes in or out, a writer in the New York Press says. The toes should point straight ahead, so that the foot at the end of each step can give the body that upward, forward impetus that results in what is called a springy walk. This does not mean that a man should walk exclusively on his toes. The whole foot must be used in proper walking. The goose step of the German army is as absurd as the boy's prank of walking on his heels. The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use.

When a man walks in the right way—speaking literally—the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much further and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what Poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.

Not the Style.

"There!" said her husband, "that looks like a hat!"

"It will never do in the world!"

"Why not?"

"The hats that are in fashion now don't look like hats."—Houston Post.

Limited.

"Your father informs me that we can only spend two weeks at the sea-shore this summer."

"Only two weeks. That means I shall have to become engaged to the first man I meet."—Detroit Free Press.

ONE THING CERTAIN.



SHE RECOGNIZED THE VOICE

And From Remarks Made, Also Knew
the Party Was Not Engaged in Prayer.

Confidential friends of Louis B. Shields are telling this story about that eminent Republican: A state convention at Columbus had just adjourned and the Cuyahoga county delegates were all back home when somebody suggested a friendly game of poker. The game was going along right merrily at three a.m.

At that hour an official attendant called up Mr. Shields' residence, which happened to be almost next door.

"This is long distance," said the servant with no warrant of authority whatever. "We are all here in Columbus and can't get home until morning."

"That's all right," came back the reply, "but if that voice I hear in the apartment house next door saying 'that's good' isn't Mr. Shields' then I can't recognize a voice when I hear it at night."

And that is the end of the story, for the voice saying "that's good" was indeed that of Mr. Shields, and it was so near home, so the narrator relates, that there was no use in offering a denial.—Cleveland Leader.

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.

Ted Hiatt, Oswego, Kans., says: "For many years I suffered from kidney disorders. I was treated by specialists in Kansas City and Chicago, was told I had an abscess of the kidneys and an operation was advised. I thereupon began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually improved. Soon an operation was unnecessary as my kidneys were well."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lots of marriages merely, demonstrating that misery loves company.

STOCKERS & FEEDERS
Choice quality; reds and roans, with fat or angular bought-in orders. Turned out to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence Invited.

Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co.
At either
Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

WANTED Everybody suffering from piles or any form of rectal ailment. Write me for Free Trial of my Positive Painless Pile Cure.

S. U. TANKEY
AUBRIN, INDIANA

CACTORIA
For Infants and Children.

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER