Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way: She has been feeling "out of sorts" for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street, Louisville, Ky., niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with female troubles, extreme lassitude, 'the blues,' nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it not only cured my female derangement, but it has restored me to perfect health and strength. The buoyancy of my younger days has returned, and I do not suffer any longer with despondency, as I did before. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a boon to sick and suffering women."

If you have some derangement of the female organism, write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 40, 1906.

BRAVED ANGER OF KING.

Lafayette Flaunted Liberty Medal In Face of Louis.

Shortly after Lafayette's return to France from his second sojourn in America, he was at Versailles, where the king was about to review a division of troops. Lafayette was asked to join in the review.

He was dressed in the American uniform, and was standing by the side of the Prince de Conde, when the king, in his tour of conversation with the officers, came to him, and, after speaking on several topics, asked him some questions about his uniform and the military costume of the United States. The king's attention was attracted by a little medal attached to the general's coat, and he asked what it was.

Lafayette replied that it was a symbol which it was the custom of foreign officers in American service to wear, and that it bore a device.

"And what is the device upon yours?" asked the king.

"My device," said the young general, pointing to his medal, "is a liberty pole standing on a broken crown and scepter."

The king smiled, and with some pleasantry upon the republican propensities of a French Marquis in American uniform, turned the conversation into other channels. Conde looked grave, but was silent.—The Sunday Magazine.

Water in Epidemics.

The relation of water to germs and epidemics is a subject full of interest from the standpoint of public hygiene. In the "Revue Scientifique" Dr. Malmejac discusses the whole subject of the experiments which have been made from 1885 to the present day to test this question, and especially with respect to Eberth's bacillus, which is that of typhus. All that is known of this bacillus—its vitality, habits and reproduction—is dwelt upon, with the result of showing that it subsists longer than any other in sterilized water. Dr. Malmejac's conclusion is that water should be regarded as a true ambient for germs, and not as an accidental channel, and, above all, that pathogeneous germs may live in water for a sufficient length of time to cause epidemics.

RIGHT HOME.

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test.

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Mo. physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

"I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart trouble for over 15 years, and part of the time was unable to attend to my business.

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavor than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm).

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Owatoga does not know," was the rejoinder—calm, indifferent, as of one who has shifted responsibility. The other laughed, then noting the look of distress on Lavender's face, he added, kindly: "It does not matter; Owatoga only knew that you must not marry the Spaniard, and—to tell the truth—I am afraid I have to agree with him. An American husband for an American girl every time, I say! At any rate, you are not going to marry him right away—that is plain. For the present you are safe—as are all women under the care of old Daniel Boone."

As he thus announced himself, Lavender gave a pleased start of surprise, and glanced at Owatoga, who nodded sagaciously. For in Lavender's short stay in the district of St. Charles she had heard of the Kentucky pioneer, whose coming among them was a matter of pride to all in the new country. That he was a commandant—a sort of civil and military power—she could not reconcile with his presence here, and so—after a time—she told him.

"No office can hold me all the year round, my girl—I must have freedom; I shall never outgrow my love for the forest. When Boone is too old to wander in it, he wants to lie under it." He paused a moment, gazing into the fire with serious, thoughtful eyes, then: "I have only come for a hunting-spell; it is too early for good sport, but there are always some things waiting for the gun, you know. Besides, such weather suits my old bones better than the fur months, with the rains and frost."

In this strain the old man talked, seated on a bear-skin, a powder horn between his knees, on which he carved rude figures with a jack-knife. Lavender had paid attention, interested, forgetful of fatigue and danger in the presence of this remarkable man, whose exploits were so modestly told.

At last he ceased abruptly in the midst of a tale of early adventure. "The night grows late, and the fire is low. I must not keep you up to listen to an old man's ramblings."

He and Owatoga talked apart for some time, and the girl sank into listless apathy. Fatigue and anxiety left her no strength for planning or practical thoughts, and with eyes staring into the dying embers, she sat heedless of the preparations they made for her night's comfort. Then Daniel Boone approached, and, bending over, smoothed the soft hair which waved on either side the narrow line from brow to crown. "Come, my little girl, you need rest."

Then, as he saw her shoulders rise and fall with sobs: "Nay, cheer up, my pioneer, you are of the right fiber, as I can see already; a little toughening will not hurt the grain."

She rose, and looking up into his kind eyes, said: "I can be brave for myself, Col. Boone, but what of those left behind? What of my father's anxiety—what of my mother? She has been—is yet—very ill; how will she bear my absence?"

"COME, MY LITTLE GIRL, YOU NEED REST."

The old pioneer smiled and lowered his voice. "Owatoga tells me that he has left word of your safety. When I scolded him for taking you off in that high-handed style, he declared he had managed so they wouldn't be uneasy. Between us two, I suspect that he has dropped a few hints where he thinks they will do the most good. For I gather that there is another—one who is not a 'yellow man'." This he said significantly, with nods and pats of comfort, adding: "The bed we have prepared is not soft, but a tired body finds leaves as good as feathers—as old Dan Boone well knows."

A curtain of skins hung across one end of the tent, and from this they had suspended a blanket to the rear, forming a sheltered alcove. Here was a pallet of dried leaves and moss, with a blanket for covering.

And holding up one end of the improvised curtain, the old man extended his free hand to Lavender, with a smiling air of gallantry. "Good night, and pleasant dreams," he said.

Then while her defenders, each rolled in a blanket, slept on their rifles under the stars, Lavender tossed in fitful dreams. Dreams, vague and indistinct, but running through them all the vision of her mother—of the far-off home of that mother's yearning. Clear and distinct was the long gravel walk bordered with chestnut all in flower. Woodbine over the door swung like fragrant censers, the mocking bird trilled a greeting, and her mother smiled to see and hear.

Then they climbed the worn stone steps, crossed the porch, but the door—the door was shut. They knocked and called—no answer, and she gazed around at the old familiar place over which a cold, gray pall suddenly spread, shutting out the daylight. The mocking bird ceased his note, the flowers withered.

Then the face of her mother faded.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Gonzaga returned leading the horse, he was astonished to find the camp empty.

But he felt no alarm at first; Lavender had probably joined a friend somewhere, and he studied attentively the groups about the church and on the road. None looked familiar—nowhere did he see the gracefully poised head which not even the ungainly poke-bonnet could wholly disguise.

It occurred to him that she might be hiding in the forest near, and the idea pleased him—that she might indulge in such a bit of coquetry was delicious to the starved lover. He encouraged this hope, and while he harnessed the horse, cast shy glances into the cover; near. For she might be lurking there, and this prodigal wooer had plenty of smiles to waste upon the mere hope of their reception.

But when the wagon was in readiness, and still Lavender did not appear, he was alarmed, and searched thoroughly the woods near. He called, and, the dread now growing upon him, echoed in his voice, bringing up the few stragglers yet idling about.

"Has anybody seen Miss Creighton?" he demanded, and the question was repeated from mouth to mouth.

At last one verdant youth remarked lazily that he had seen an Indian help her out of the wagon.

"Indian!" The very name brought with manifold terror, and a panic seized them all.

But this was quickly allayed when the youth explained that the Indian was the Osage, the guide and servant of the new teacher, Mr. Winslow. They all knew Owatoga, and knew, too, that both he and his master were friends of the Creightons.

"Did she go away with this fellow?" the Spaniard asked.

The rustic did not know, nor had he observed in which direction they went.

With a curse upon bucolic stupidity in general, this bumpkin's in particular, and his own most of all, Gonzaga drove down the road to the village.

For he had seen Winslow walking rapidly along that direction—alone, it is true, but it was more than likely he would know the whereabouts of his Osage friend. A thousand suspicions filled his jealous mind, wrought now to the highest pitch of anger and alarm.

Rapidly he traversed the mile to the town, and went straight to the inn.

There, on the point of mounting his horse to go home, was Gerald, of whom Gonzaga demanded: "Have you seen your sister?"

Explanations followed the negative reply, and Gerald exclaimed: "She is with that cursed red-skin, I'll be sworn!"

Then in reply to the Spaniard's impatient suggestion, he said: "Of course we must find Winslow. He's in the garden—pottering about those d—d pansies!"

They hurried to the garden—a pretty spot where much of Winslow's time was spent to the disgust of many of the villagers. They found him there, and Gonzaga told their errand.

Winslow listened incredulous, dismayed. "You say she was last seen with Owatoga?" he asked.

"Unless you have seen her since," the Spaniard put in, with cold, half-veiled insult.

Charles made no reply but a flush mounted to his temples and stayed there, hiding the deathly pallor which had at first betrayed his anxiety.

Gerald spoke quickly to calm the gathering storm. "Mr. Winslow can perhaps tell us where Owatoga is, or is likely to be."

"I have not seen him since we parted an hour ago on the road to the church. I was given a friendly lift, and came straight here; I supposed, of course, that he would follow."

During this recital which Charles addressed wholly to young Creighton, Gonzaga stood by furiously polishing with the butt of his whip the shells bordering the flower beds. "There is evidently no satisfaction to be gained here," he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Shall we try other quarters?" and strode away, leaving Gerald uncertain whether to go with him, or remain.

Winslow decided for him. "Your friend speaks truly, sir," he said. "I can give no satisfaction, except the assurance of a gentleman that I am as ignorant as yourself of the whereabouts of your sister or the Indian."

Impulsively Gerald extended his hand. Winslow took it with an effort. Was not this man a murderer—worse, a coward? But—but he was her brother.

Charles took the proffered hand. "I see as yet little cause for alarm. They have been no inquiries at your home; she may be there."

"True," Gerald responded. "I'll go at once."

"In the meantime," said Winslow, "I shall leave no stone unturned that may help to find her—and then keep her," he added, under his breath, as outwardly calm, he bent again over the plants.

When Gonzaga left the garden, he went straight toward the inn. Inspired of the octoroon whether she knew anything of the missing one.

She expressed absolute ignorance—but he felt, somehow, that she could help if she would. The bronze brown of her eyes seemed a curtain drawn tight that he might not read what lay behind those portals of her cabined soul.

"The Osage has not come back; I can't tell where he is."

She reiterated these until in disgust Gonzaga climbed to his horse and joined Gerald on the road to the Creighton home.

The two men were scarce out of sight when Winslow dropped shears and trowel and hastened from the garden.

On the doorstep he met the octoroon, coming evidently to meet him. She was first to speak. "You have heard the news?"

"Yes. You have nothing more to tell me?" Winslow asked this in a sudden hope born of her manner. Her eyes, no longer opaque, were shining now, with iridescent light.

"You have something to say, Belle," he entreated, as with finger on lip she went into the kitchen.

When they were alone she shut the door and turned to him. "I don't know just where she is, Mr. Winslow, but I've a pretty good idea that she ain't home."

A sharp pain crossed his face at this, and she added, reassuringly, with an air of importance: "But I s'picion she's safe—I reckon she's with Owatoga."

"But you only 'suspect' You only 'reckon'?" Winslow could not forbear this interruption.

"Well, I don't exactly know, and ain't it a good thing? Then nobody can make me tell," and she smiled with a knowing nod of her handsome head.

"Upon what do you base these suspicions?"

"Mostly on this," was the reply, and from her pocket she drew a thin bit of birch bark, handing it to him with an air of mystery.

It was covered with lines and crosses evidently cut with a knife, and conveyed no meaning to his mind.

"Who gave you this?" he demanded, with smothered excitement.

"Owatoga—just before he started to church with you."

"But did he offer no explanation? No key to this riddle?"

Smiling at his impatience, she said deprecatingly: "Excuse me if I'm slow. I'll get to the point directly. Yes, he partly explained it, though I don't exactly understand. He pointed to this cross and said as near as I can remember: 'Here is the church. Then he drew this line along this line; 'here the forest, and this bare space, 'the river.' Then here, at this double cross, see, he looked right sharp at me, and said: 'The boat here—he can trust it—good boat' (you know his jerky way). Then he drew his knife along here, saying: 'River, river' two or three times. At this funny little circle he stopped and said: 'The swamp of tamaracks is here, and just beyond, is the hut—the old man of the woods.' He went over this again, so I couldn't mistake."

Winslow's voice was husky with eagerness as he asked: "Did he mention her—Miss Creighton's name?"

"No; but I knew what he meant when he said 'the white maid will be safe with Owatoga.' I asked him a lot of questions, but he didn't seem to hear. Only when I asked if I was to show you this piece of bark, he grunted: 'Yes, my master must see it.' Then he added, real earnest like: 'Only my master must know.'"

Winslow drew a long breath. "And is that all?"

"Yes, sir; except that when he gave me this he looked at me just as cross as can be, and said, real low: 'Let none but the master follow. Can Owatoga trust the dark woman?' His voice was mighty gruff, and I don't know what I answered. I'll own up, Mr. Winslow, your Osage friend scares me sometimes," and the octoroon laughed musically through her brilliant teeth.

Winslow stood a moment in deep study, then: "Thank you, Belle, your memory is as good as your heart."

Then realizing that to her fidelity was due the courtesy of discussion, he said: "It is evident that Owatoga has taken Lavender — Miss Creighton — away. His motive—well, that we can only guess. He evidently intends, not to follow with this diagram for guide. Now, if you will get me some dinner, I shall start at once for the home of the Creightons."

"Are you going to tell them—everything?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, I shall tell them Owatoga's secret. Harm might come to him if others—ignorant of his motive—found him now. But I—of course, I must give a trial to his unique plan of rescue."

When he was leaving the octoroon met him to the door. "You will be back soon? If not, we'll have to send a search party after you," and she waved her hand to him as he disappeared in the avenue of sighing poplars.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Quiet reigned again at the "Sign of the Bat," and dawn had begun its waiting race with the night, when a man left the tavern, and alone, on foot, set out for the little church on the road to St. Louis. Fog lay thick in the underbrush, and where low-hung branches formed an arch above the traveler's head, the leaves would fling a tiny shower in his eyes. Every spider's web was a loom with warp of light and woof of pearl; each blade of grass a sword, so wet it seemed it would rust before the sun could dry it. It was not far to the church, and soon Winslow came in sight of the plain wooden front with its spire—the boast of St. Charles. For the point was of iron, and the use of this metal was previous to the pioneer—he regarded as an overwhelming proof of piety. The fog and mist of night were now retreating before the dawn, which had sealed the parapet of horizon, planning there broad banners of rose and violet and gold.

No soul was in sight. Winslow walked about, carefully noting the signs of presence left by the party of the night before. They had evidently dismounted and dallied long, for at every point he saw the print of impatient hoofs, and in the wood fresh scars made by the teeth of the restless ponies. In all directions leading into the forest, the ground and undergrowth showed traces of vigorous search, until, finally, prints of many hoofs led away to the north.

To the forest, then, they had gone; to the river his course lay. He took out the little diagram of bark—the line was direct from church to river. Here, at this double cross, Owatoga had said the boat would be waiting—what boat, and could he find it? He plunged into the woods with a sudden excitement born of the actual test. If he could find the boat—if one were waiting—then, indeed, he might rely upon the clew. Otherwise—and his heart sank—alien at the thought. If no boat were there, he might, to be sure, get another, but would not one wrong start prove all the plan false?

(To Be Continued.)

Recipe Failed.

"Little appropriate gifts from time to time will draw your husband nearer to you."

"No, they won't. I gave my husband a box of cigars, and—"

"Well?"

"Well, they didn't draw, that's all."

BABY'S TORTURING HUMOR.

Ears Looked as If They Would Drop Off—Face Mass of Sores—Cured by Cuticura in Two Weeks for 75c.

"I feel it my duty to parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, they all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away; her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Colburn St., Akron, Ohio."

Strange World Tour.

A story is told in Paris of a titled painter's pilgrimage. Ten years ago Viscomte Jacques de Gruart laid a wager of $50,000 that he and his bride, to be married in the day of departure, could make a tour of the world, living on the earnings of the vicomte's brush. There was no stipulation as to time. The pair have just reached Paris on their return, after successfully accomplishing their undertaking and winning their bet. They have traversed Europe, America, Africa and Australia, living on nothing but the meager profits of the vicomte's brush.

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King Edward disburses a good deal of money, in tips every year. Each visit to one of his subjects costs him from $1,000 to $3,000. At shooting parties the gamekeepers get $15 each and the gamekeepers $25 or $50 each. When he goes abroad he does still better. On the occasion of his recent visit to the kaiser he gave away nearly $10,000 in this way. When the czar visited England he left behind a check for $15,000 to be distributed among servants who attended him.

The Port of Hong-Kong.

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Every day until Oct. 31st the Great Northern Railway will sell one way Colonists' Tickets from Chicago at the following low rates:

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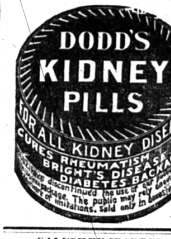
Millions of bees, attracted by the water at these mines and forced from their hives in the mountains by the drought, took possession of the water supply, and their numbers were so great that it was found impossible to drive the swarms away. Consequently the mines have been shut down until the rainy season sets in, when it is hoped the bees will return to their mountain homes.—Sacramento Bee.



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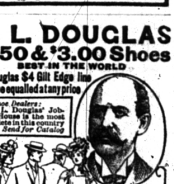

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There are two classes of remedies: those of known quality and which are permanently beneficial in effect, acting gently, in harmony with nature, when nature needs assistance; and another class, composed of preparations of unknown, uncertain and inferior character, acting temporarily, but injuriously, as a result of forcing the natural functions unnecessarily. One of the most exceptional of the remedies of known quality and excellence is the ever pleasant Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., which represents the active principles of plants, known to act most beneficially, in a pleasant syrup, in which the wholesome Californian blue figs are used to contribute their rich, yet delicate, fruity flavor. It is the remedy of all remedies to sweeten and refresh and cleanse the system gently and naturally, and to assist one in overcoming constipation and the many ills resulting therefrom. Its active principles and quality are known to physicians generally, and the remedy has therefore met with their approval, as well as with the favor of many millions of well informed persons who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual experience that it is a most excellent laxative remedy. We do not claim that it will cure all manner of ills, but recommend it for what it really represents, a laxative remedy of known quality and excellence, containing nothing of an objectionable or injurious character.

There are two classes of purchasers; those who are informed as to the quality of what they buy and the reasons for the excellence of articles of exceptional merit, and who do not lack courage to go elsewhere when a dealer offers an imitation of any well known article; but, unfortunately, there are some people who do not know, and who allow themselves to be imposed upon. They cannot expect its beneficial effects if they do not get the genuine remedy.

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