The GLOW of the RUBIES

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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"My Dear Lightnut—"

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprises to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night gets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, failing to recognize Lightnut, attempts to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon help. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the encounter he had with a hideous Chinaman dressed in pajamas. In a message from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid" for the night on his way home from polo. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful girl in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, smoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and startles him with a story of her love for her sister's foster-child, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accosted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceless rubies hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beefy person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declare the intruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished to find Billings gone, and more astonished when he gets a message from the latter demanding his release. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut speaks to her and alludes to the night before. She declares indignantly that Lightnut never saw her in black pajamas. At Tarrytown Frances is met by a husky college youth, who hails Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings storms over the outrage of his arrest. He and Lightnut discover mysterious Chinese characters on the pajamas. Professor Doozenberry is called in to interpret the hieroglyphics. He knows over what he calls the lost silk of Si-Ling-Chi. The writing declares that a person wearing the pajamas will take on the semblance of the previous wearer. The professor borrows the pajamas for experiments. "Billings" dressed in pajamas is found in the professor's room and is taken home in an automobile with Frances and a woman. Lightnut calls "the Prince," but is angered by "the frumm's daughter" talk about "Frances." "Frances" is taken to his room. A servant tells Lightnut that a message has just been received stating that Billings was under arrest in New York for stealing a suit of black pajamas. Judge Billings astonishes Lightnut with a tale of Francis' escapades. Lightnut asks permission to speak to "Frances." The judge declares that not another living person has been on the job, and Lightnut, his mind occupied with the beautiful Frances, is greatly mystified. Policeman O'Keefe returns the black pajamas and Lightnut sends them to Billings' room. Lightnut has an interesting hour with Frances. He tells of the things the judge has been saying about "Frances," much to "Frances'" amusement.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Coldly, this time she didn't laugh—and I knew why! It was her father, and it had cut her to the heart. That was what I had feared. As I proceeded, narrating the interview in the library, she just grew rosier and rosier red, but kept looking at me wide-eyed and unflinching. The mention of her bosom quickened a little, but her dear face remained unchanged, save for her little trick of dragging her underlip through her white teeth.

"And, by Jove, that's all!" I finished with relief as I mopped my face. "But who cares, don't you know, or believes any bit of it? Anyhow, we don't—for we know!"

"Are you sure?" She spoke gravely, yet in her eyes were the dancing star-motes of a laugh. "The extravagance, the gambling, and the—oh, all of it? I must tell you I heard some mad things myself about Francis Billings while I was at Cambridge—"

I grunted scornfully. "I know—from the two-faced cat, Miss Kirkland! Say, how I wish, by Jove, that woman would pack up and go back to China—the sponge!" And I screwed my eyes fiendishly.

"Oh, now!" she remonstrated sweetly, "you mustn't say that. You might be sorry!" She smiled archly.

I grunted contemptuously.

Again she rested her little chin upon her hand, eying me thoughtfully, earnestly.

"And so you don't believe any of it?"

I chuckled at the idea. "Oh, I say now, Frances, you know I don't!" And I shoved a bit nearer, looking into her eyes. But just then I saw Wilkes come out and look around.

And she must have glanced about quickly and have seen him, too, for as I shifted my eyes to her again she was blushing furiously and had moved a bit.

"I'm afraid," she said measuredly, her chin lifting a little, "you do believe part of it!"

And in her eyes was a glint of fire.

And then as my face fell blankly, a slow little smile came creeping back to hers. Her eyes softened.

"Forgive me," she said gently; "I misunderstood!"

The darling! And, dash it, if they were going to have vines to a pavilion, why didn't they have vines?

"Do you know," she said, "I don't believe you do believe any of these awful things could be true about me," her voice quickened here—"and do you know I just think it's lovely of you! I do!" And her dear voice dropped like the softer notes of a what's-its-name. Her hands lay in her lap and she was studying me in the kindest, sweetest way! And I wanted to tell her how good she was and how much I loved her, don't you know, but just then, behind the pavilion, came the gardener. He was talking to one of his assistants about slugs—dash slugs!

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Judge Fixes "Foxy Grandpa."

"But I tell you, sir, he is not my son!"

The judge was bending over the desk 'phone as I looked in a half hour later. His voice rose in a crescendo of rage: "Wha—what's that? Do I want to speak with him? Certainly not, sir—did I want! Um, yes—John W. Billings—yes, that's his name. . . . Stuff and nonsense, sir! He's upstairs now in his room. . . . Says what?"—the judge's eyes rolled frowningly upward as he listened; then he licked his lips and bent again, speaking with passionate insistiveness: "Why, dammit, man, I've just this minute been talking to him—just left him, y'understand. . . . Certainly your man's an impostor—you ought to know that! . . . Yes, this is Judge Billings, himself. . . . Eh? Oh, that's all right, but now let me tell you something"—he cleared his throat and gathered his voice in cold, deliberate accents: "You let me be annoyed again from your precinct, and I can promise you that . . . Um, well that's all right then . . . 'Bye!"

He banged the receiver to the hook and faced about, muttering things to himself.

"Well, upon my word! Of all the—excuse me, Lightnut!" He wiped his forehead, his glance abstracted and scowling. "Somebody is putting this fool up to this—somebody trying to annoy me!" He uttered a short laugh that was more of a snort. "There's some fool lunatic down in New York that they've arrested and he's got a bug that he's my son! This is the second offense. Caused me to lose two hours from my office yesterday in the city and upset me for the whole day! And me so busy! busy!"—his hands lifted toward the papers on the table—"so busy I can hardly"—another snort, and he relighted his cigar, puffing savagely—"looks like there's just one fool thing after another interrupting me or absorbing my time!"

"Jolly shame, you know!" I responded, dropping sympathetically into a chair. I pushed the papers to one side so I could rest my elbow on the table edge; besides, I saw they were fretting him—could tell by his glances, you know.

For another thing, I had got hold of a devilish shrewd idea I wanted to break to him—about this chap who was pretending to be his son. I remembered that the old rascal who had invaded my rooms had tried to make me believe that I was his boon friend.

"Oh, I say, you know," I began, declining a cigar and selecting a cigarette from my case, "I've an idea!"

And I faced him impressively.

"You've what?"—he straightened forward, with a kind of twisted smile —interested, you know—"whatever makes you think that, my boy?"

I waited, sending a long, thin smoke funnel upward. Kept him expectant, you see, and gave me time to get hold of the corners of the jolly thing myself. Catch the point? So devilish important when you have to lift an idea, don't you know.

Rather fancy your chap's the same one I know of," I drawled, "an oldish duffer—white muttonchops—beefy sort of face—sunburn line and baldish—all that sort of thing!"

"Well, by-y-y George!"—he slapped his hand down—"I should say that was a real idea! And you say you know this crazy fool?"

"Crazy? He's not crazy!" I exclaimed indignantly, thinking of her pajamas. "And he's no more fool than I am!"

He fell back with a grunt. "Oh, well, I know—but—"

He coughed. By Jove, he seemed disappointed, somehow.

I proceeded calmly. "Real truth is, the beggar's a notorious criminal, known to the police as Foxy Grandpa—pretends all sorts of things about people, don't you know."

"My dear Lightnut"—he was staring at me, mouth distended—"why—how the devil do you know this?"

I inhaled deliberately. "Awfully simple, don't you know," I responded quietly; and I let him wait till I had blown six rings. "Fact is, I'm the one sent him to jail!"

"You!"—his laugh was frankly amused, incredulous.

"Oh, yes!"—carelessly—"found the fellow thieving in my rooms the other night and called in police—oh, they recognized him in a minute!"

He looked floored. "Well, what do you think of that?" he murmured slowly. Then his face flushed and he sat erect. "And so that's all the crazier the ruffian is—that's the kind of smart Alex that's been trying to get gay with me—with me!" He started up, snorting like a war-horse—"Huh! Well, two can play at that game, and"—his eyes twinkled wrathfully—"I'll show him who's got the best hand! I'll just—"

The rest trailed off in a mutter. He had dropped beside the telephone again, his cigar crushed firmly in the corner of his mouth, his gray mustache bristling aggressively. I tried to trace the family resemblance to Frances, but dashed if I could see a single point. And while I was thinking of this, he got his number.

"Yes, yes," I heard, "I do want to speak to him personally—this is Judge Billings!"—a moment, and then: "Morning, Commissioner—this is Billings. . . . Fine, thank you! . . . Oh, no! No bad effects at all—takes more than that to throw a seasoned old diner like my— . . . What say?"—a cackling chuckle—"yes, I knew the cleaner would loosen him up! Had his promise before we left the table; Soakem heard him—so did Benedict. . . . Yes—oh, yes; he's got it—had it with me, you know, in case! . . . No-o-o, of course not; just a single line or scrap!"—a lower drop of tone—"just in a plain, blank envelope—best way always, you know. . . . Yes, that gives us a safe margin in the senate now, not even counting upon what they do in committee—and Soakem'll take care of that end. . . . Yes, he went back to Albany this morning—he says the bill's safely deader'n Hector now. . . . Er, by the way, Commissioner"—the judge cleared his throat and his voice sobered: "Little favor I want to ask—h'm! I'm being greatly annoyed by some low vagabond confined at one of the stations. . . . Yes, I really mean it!—Captain Clutcher's precinct, you know—and this ruffian insists to them that he's my son. . . . No, indeed, I'm not joking at all. . . . All right, you may laugh, but I fail to appreciate the funny side, myself—especially now, you know, when I'm up to my neck in this merger case. . . . How's that? What do I want done? Oh, I wouldn't venture to say as to that! I leave that to you! . . . I know. . . . Yes, I understand all that, but . . . wah—wait just a minute! Now you listen—"

The judge concentrated more intensely over the instrument.

"You know what you asked me to do when I saw you last night—and I refused"—another voice drop—"with the mayor—you know? Well—now listen—you make assurance that this scoundrel will not bother me for thirty days and—well, I give you my word that I'll do all I can to bring things the way you want. . . . Good! . . . What'll you do with him? Why, what in Sam Hill do I care what you do with him? . . . Oh, but say, Commissioner, yes, I do care, too!"—a laugh here like a jolly fiend —"I shouldn't like for him to be put away off in some nice, damp, dark cell to cool off—he! he! he!—y'understand?"

He got so mixed up in his chuckling and coughing that he couldn't get out another word for a moment. Then—

"Oh, no! Certainly not; nor one too hot and airless, as you say—he! he! he! And don't put him—don't put him—" the judge was gasping for air now—"don't put him on bread and water, or anything of that kind, nor in a cell with rude, rough men who would tame his playful spirit—he! he! he!—oh, don't do that! . . . What say? I didn't quite catch—" And then, dash it, it seemed he did catch it, for he began waving his arm and pounding the desk. "Oh—oh, no, that would be too bad—really! . . . Eh? Oh, well, you know best—it's up to you now! . . . 'Bye, and many thanks, Commissioner! Eh? All right, tomorrow then at one at the Lawyers' Club—you can go over again the points of what you want with the mayor. 'Bye!"

At last with good humor perfectly restored, he faced me, wabbling like a jolly jellyfish.

"S greatest joke ever heard of in my life!" he chortled.

"Oh, I say, how did you find Jack?" I asked, for that was the thing I had begun to think of.

His face collapsed so dashed sudden, I was afraid it would break. And from being a peppery red, he changed to a devilish sickly yellow.

"Awful!" he said jerkily. "Something awful!" And he groaned like a baby. Now in jail—he! he! he!—up there, you know, but—" his hands lifted and dropped; he shook his head—"didn't seem to know me at all—was sitting there in his pajamas examining with a magnifying glass some leaves he had pulled at the window. Seemed obsessed, with some crazy patter of talk I couldn't understand—poor fellow!" The judge sighed. "Only thing he seemed to want me to do for him was to promise to wear his pajamas to-night—pajamas seem to be the focus of his malady this time."

I swallowed pretty hard and looked down.

"I promised," continued the judge gloomily. "And I'll do it—oh, yes, anything to humor him! He's to put them outside his door tonight—it's his own whim, you know." He went on moodily: "He won't allow any luncheon sent up; says if not too much trouble, would be grateful for two and one-half ounces of unleavened bread and clabber—what the devil's clabber?"

"Luncheon is served!" intoned a human machine.

"Ah-h!" The judge's tone evinced satisfaction. "My dear Lightnut," his hand upon my arm, "do you know I look upon you as so nearly one of us—"

"Thank you, judge!" I said feelingly. By Jove, it was devilish comfy to have her father so jolly friendly about it!

"That I'm just going to ask you to excuse me from lunching with you—know you'll understand, my boy!—so infernally busy, you see!"

I didn't see, though he had been saying this all morning. But as he seemed to think he was busy, I wasn't going to make any dashed break contradicting him, you know. So I pretended I did see.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remember the Loved Ones

Pathetic Religious Ceremony That Is Observed by People of the Isle of Ushant.

In the Island of Ushant—the "Isle of Fear"—there exists a custom probably unknown in any other part of Christendom. When a native dies abroad or is lost at sea, his relatives have a small wax cross made, some seven inches long. This is solemnly taken to the church and presented to the priest, who deposits it in a box, shaped like a cinerary urn, that hangs on the south side of the altar of St. Joseph. This is called the "Pro Ella" cross, and is supposed to stand for the spirit of the dead. These memorial symbols are allowed to accumulate in the box till the next church mission comes round. As these revival services are held only once in every four or five years, the number of crosses may be very considerable. A day is then set apart for their solemn interment. It is the great day, the climax of the mission. The church is draped in black and crowded with a mourning congregation, many of whom break out into loud wailing. The crosses are brought from their urn in solemn procession, a requiem mass is said over them, and then they are carried in the churchyard, the iron door of the tomb is unlocked, and they are interred with full honors. Throughout the year hardly a day passes but some pious soul comes to sprinkle the tomb with holy water and say a prayer before it for the dead.—Wide World Magazine.

Seek the Best.

Nobleness springs to our eyes wherever we look, rich stores of poetic inspiration, if one has receptivity large enough to take it in and reveal it, touched with emotion, the magic light of the imagination. Bravery, goodness and truth lie on every side. We need not seek the exceptional for themes, the usual affords more than enough. Look closely with understanding into the common; you will find everywhere the uncommon, the wonderful.—The Christian Register.

Genius and Its Tribulations.

"Genius," says the Washington Post, "is the most curious psychological phenomenon with which the mind of man has ever grappled." And the great trouble is that the mind of man never can be sure even while the grappling is going on that genius is really being grappled with.

SELECTION OF SEED FOR NEXT YEAR'S CORN CROP IMPORTANT

Always Best to Use Varieties Adapted to Soil and Climate in Which They are to be Grown—Farmer Should Never Go Far From Home if It Can Possibly be Avoided.

Excellent Samples of Seed.

(By S. M. MILLER.)

In growing corn for seed the farmer must first find the variety best adapted to his needs and then work to bring it as near perfection as possible. It is always best to select the varieties grown on soil and in the climate where the seed is to be improved, because the corn plant is peculiarly sensitive to its surroundings.

Corn that grows well on certain soils will often, if transplanted to other soils prove a failure, and the reverse is true. That is to say, corn which shows up badly on certain soils, may develop to perfection on other soils that are rightly adapted to its needs.

This is a very important factor in the selection of seed, and the breeder should never go far from home for his seed if he can possibly obtain good corn that has been grown on soil and in the climate in which he expects to conduct his breeding operation.

If he must send away for his seed, however, he should select it from that locality which nearest approaches his own, both as to soil and climate.

A great deal of poor seed-corn results from a lack of care in the harvesting and storing. It should be allowed to mature thoroughly before being picked, as immature corn does not obtain all the plant food intended for it, consequently its vitality is weakened.

Immature corn is hard to keep, as it is liable to sprout and unless there is good circulation of air it will become heated and moldy. Seed-corn should always be selected from the field and never from the load at the crib.

Selecting seed at the time of general harvest is objectionable, because many times the work is done late in the season and in a hurry, and the care of seed-corn is apt to be neglected.

The stalks from which seed-ears are selected should be of medium size, strong at the base, tapering gradually to the tassel, and should have large leaf-development as the leaf is the laboratory of the plant. The stalk should also stand erect and be free from smut or insect attack.

Never select from stalks with suckers. Ears, to be of good size and quality, should have straight rows of regularly-sized kernels and which more nearly represent the type desired. These ears should be at a convenient height of 4½ to 5 feet on the stalks, and should be attached to the stalk by a shank medium in length and strength.

The ear when matured should break over and hang from the tip downward. Ears in an upright position are objectionable because they are more or less subjected to the rains and hot sun, which injure the vitality.

Some experiments show that seed from ears high on the stalk and in an upright position, yield almost 10 bushels less, per acre, than seed from ears hanging in the natural position.

Ears growing high on the stalk and in an upright position, when planted, give stalks, a very high per cent. of which bear ears in a similar manner.

The first month after it has been picked is the most critical time in the handling of seed-corn. As it contains a large amount of moisture at that time, it must be stored in a dry, well ventilated place, and in such a way that each ear will be exposed to a free circulation of air. Seed-corn should always be stored in the ear, but never in barrels, boxes, or sacks, or above large quantities of grain.

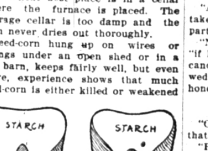
There are many ways of preserving seed-corn, as by striking the butts on sharp nails driven through a board, tying ears together in pairs and hanging them over a wire, or, by laying them on racks. Any method that will provide a free circulation of air is desirable.

The corn should be thoroughly dried and protected throughout the winter from all sudden or extreme changes of temperature or humidity. It must never be allowed to freeze before it is thoroughly dry, as its fertility will be affected.

Probably the best place to store seed-corn is in the attic. Experiments conducted by Professor Holden, at the Iowa station, show that where seed was stored in more than forty different ways, the attic proved to be the best place.

The next best place is in a cellar where the furnace is placed. The average cellar is too damp and the corn never dries out thoroughly.

Seed-corn hung up on wires or strings under an open shed or in a dry barn, keeps fairly well, but even there, experience shows that much seed-corn is either killed or weakened



Corn Grains in Cross Sections, Showing Proportions of Starch, Gluten, Etc.

because the seed gathered moisture during warm, damp spells, and then was injured by cold weather which froze it later.

Sometimes corn will sprout all right in the spring, but that is no sign that it has a vitality to grow well. Much of it may have been so weakened that if the season is cold, or the seed is planted too deep, it will only give weak stalks, and never attain its proper growth or vigor.

In selecting seed-corn it is important that more is involved than merely looking at the ears. The kernels must be studied. By shelling off a portion of the ear from tip to butt a perfect ear will show the kernels close together where they are joined to the cob, of uniform size and shape, compact and attractive in appearance.

Partial Soiling.

Partial soiling may be practiced to good advantage on dairy farms where the silo is not used, as most pastures get short and poor in the latter part of summer or fall. An acre of corn planted on a place convenient to the yards or pasture will be worth a great deal at that time. A little green corn cut and fed will save shrinkage in milk in dairy cow or weight in beef stock, which would require a great deal of feed to regain if once lost.

Manure Values.

Experts figure that cattle manure is worth $2.02; horse manure, $2.21; hog manure, $3.29; sheep manure, $3.30; liquid manure, $7, and chicken manure $7.07 per ton, aside from the humus in them. In a year a horse produces $27, a cow $19, a hog $12 and a sheep $2 worth of manure.

Plaster for Wounds.

The inside lining of a freshly broken egg is a most excellent plaster for cuts and wounds. As an egg is always easy to obtain on the farm, this should not be forgotten.

Sleek Coat for Cows.

The cow that gets silage and a grain ration wears a sleek coat because she sheds continuously. The cow with a sleek coat is healthy and can do her best.

PROTEIN FOR THE STUDIOUS FARMER

Best Way to Prepare Soil for Alfalfa is to Grow Some Cultivated Crop for Year or Two.

I have learned that the best way to prepare soil for alfalfa is by growing corn or some cultivated crop on it a year or two, and by observing the growth of the corn I know about what the soil needs. The land must be well drained, rightly fertilized, thoroughly tilled and clean of weeds, then with lime and inoculation I know alfalfa will grow. I now always sow in the spring with light seeding of barley for nurse crop, says an expert in the Farm and Home.

Alfalfa should not be cut when the dew or rain is on it, if it is to be fed green. Sufficient feed for two or three days can be cut on a bright day. Cut it when the dew is off, spread it well and let it lie until late in the afternoon, then put it up in small heaps and cover with muslin hay caps and leave it for two or three days. It will then be wilted enough and if fed dry and in not too large quantities, there is little danger of causing bloat in animals.

Alfalfa hay contains as much protein as wheat bran. When the farmer is ready to study and work for it and has learned how to grow the alfalfa plant, this protein will come to him almost free of cost except his own work.

Rape for Hogs.

I recently drilled a patch of rape, using six pounds of seed and 200 pounds fertilizer to an acre. This was tried last year, resulting in very fine hog pasture, says a writer in an exchange. My hogs were the best in the neighborhood after running on this rape patch.

Remedy for Potato Rot.

The New York experiment station shows that lime-sulphur cannot replace bordeaux mixture as a remedy for potato disease.

ONLY THING IS TO FIND HER

Every Man Has an Affinity Somewhere on the Earth, Is a Law of Nature.

Every man has a best girl waiting for him somewhere in the world. The moment that he is born, the catalogue clerk in Time's great factory assigns him to a best girl or else puts him on the waiting list.

There is no escaping your best girl. No matter where she may be born or how far apart from her you were when you started, the inevitable attraction will work your destiny, and when you meet you will both know it.

All that is lacking is the material realization, and inasmuch as all ideas eventually find their way to the surface, yours is bound to come.

Sometimes a man's best girl is homely; sometimes her mouth is not a cupid's bow, and her features are irregular; that makes no difference; he will love her just the same when he meets her.

Also, she may be another man's wife. Such things have been known.

Here's hoping that it will not happen to you.—Life.

Couldn't Signal.

An old darky with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man, huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering, the mule trembling with the cold. Two congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the darky made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said: "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old darky pointed a trembling finger at his "team" and replied: "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'less I whistle at him, and it's so cold I can't whistle!"—Everybody's.

A Formal Figure.

"A delegate doesn't get a chance to take much more than a perfunctory part in a big convention nowadays."

"No," replied the prominent citizen; "if he is associated with a successful candidate he feels like an usher at a wedding. If he isn't he feels like an honorary pallbearer."

Incredible.

"Cholly told me solemnly yesterday that he once had a brainstorm."

"Pooh, pooh! I'd just as soon believe that a jelly fish has a backache."

We all like our friends to be perfectly frank—about other people.

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue.

If a man is easily bought the buyer is apt to be sold.

RECORD OF A GREAT MEDICINE

Doctors Could Not Help Mrs. Templeton—Regained Health through Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Hooper, Nebraska.—"I am very glad to tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped me. For five years I suffered from female troubles and was scarcely able to do my work. I took doctors' medicines and used local treatments but was not helped. I had such awful bearing down pains and my back was so weak I could hardly walk and could not ride. I often had to stay in bed and my friends thought I could not live long. At my request my husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I commenced to take it. By the time I had taken the seventh bottle my health had returned and I began doing my washing and was a well woman. At one time for three weeks I did all the work for eighteen boarders with no signs of my old trouble returning. Many have taken your medicine after seeing what it did for me. I would not take $1000 and be where I was. You have my permission to use my name if it will aid anyone."—Mrs. SUSIE TEMPLETON, Hooper, Nebraska.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that steal out despair.

It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you needsuch a medicine?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or sent prepaid for $1.25.

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Promotes and beautifies the hair. Restores Color and Vitality to Faded or Gray Hair. Prevents hair falling. Prevents dandruff. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.