To Women

Backache—Nervous? Headache—Blues

If you suffer from such symptoms as irregular functions, nervousness, lowering tonic and womanly menstrual pain, you should find it most satisfactory for over 40 years.

Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription

Made without alcohol—a pure glycerin extract of American forest roots. Now druggists sell tablets or liquid.

It Has Given Satisfaction for Over 40 Years

RESINOL STOPS ITCHING INSTANTLY

It is a positive fact that the moment Resinol Ointment touches any itching skin, the itching stops and healing begins. With the aid of Resinol Soap, it quickly clears away all trace of dandruff, ringworm, pimples, blackheads, or other tormenting, unsightly eruption, leaving the skin clear and healthy.

And the best of it is you need never hesitate to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. There is nothing in them to injure the tenderest surface. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which for eighteen years has been used by careful physicians for all kinds of skin affections. They prescribe Resinol freely, confident that its soothing, healing action is brought about by medication so bland and gentle as to be suited to the most delicate or irritated skin—even of a tiny baby.

Resinol is sold by every druggist in the United States, or sent by parcel post on receipt of price. Resinol Ointment, 50c and $1. Resinol Soap, 25c. You can prove at our expense what Resinol will do for you. Write today to Dept. 3-L, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., and we will send you a liberal trial.

OVER 100 YEARS OLD **Pettit's Eye Salve**

One touch of fashion is apt to make all women freaks.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

While the way of the transgressor may be hard, it is seldom lonesome.

Your neighbors may know that you have money, but what they may not know is how you get it.

Water in bluing is adulteration. Clean soft water makes liquid blue costly. Use Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

HER ONE WISH.

"Mammy, let me show you some self-raising umbrellas."

"No use, man, no use."

"How about self-raising window shades?"

"No good to me, but, mister, if you'll tell me how to tuhn dese heah fohteen bad chillun into self-raising pickaninnies ah'll be yo' friend fuh life."

Could "Work" Him.

The Preacher—Aren't you afraid of your future in the next world?

The Dying Man—No, sir. If satan is any kind of a fellow at all he must belong to one or more of the nineteen different lodges of which I am a member in good standing.—Puck.

Literary Note.

Some authors remind you of Uncle Jim's poll parrot who got a reputation for being smart by using bad language.

It is surely tough luck if you are unable to mortgage your house for enough to get the kind of touring car you want.

The man who pleases only himself must furnish all the applause.

It's Always A Good Thing

To have a

Clear Horizon

at both ends of the day.

A dish of

Post Toasties

for breakfast and again at the evening meal opens and closes the day with a dash of sunshine.

Toasties are bits of hard, white Indian Corn, first carefully cooked, then rolled thin and crinkly, and toasted to a delicate, appetizing brown.

Not a hand touches the food in manufacture, and it is ready to serve direct from the package—to be eaten with cream or milk and sugar, if desired.

Post Toasties taste delicously good and are richly nourishing.

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY TURRILLE

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Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Lyolie are left orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about for some means to earn a living. Louie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Lolie advertises for a position as companion and Mrs. Hazard replies. She offers Loulie a position as her "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her chief work is to steer Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Loulie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Lena Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Loulie meets many people, high in the social world. Natalie Agassiz, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has not several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been urged by his father to make some changes in the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the week end.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

We walked the distance to Winthrop's along the country road, getting those occasional glimpses of the ocean that make this shore so wonderful. We could see his house quite a distance away before we came to it, where it stood at a bend in the road, an old colonial topping a riotous garden of old-fashioned flowers. A boarded pathway led uncompromisingly straight to the house, and as we climbed this pathway we could see stretching away orderly rows of glass houses that Laura told me were, unromantically, vegetable houses.

Winthrop was writing; we could hear the click of a typewriter, but he saw us through an open window and came to meet us with a pencil behind his ear and crumpling a piece of yellow paper.

"We won't interrupt," Laura insisted. "I know the way about."

"I'm glad you came," he said. "I have my heroine where I don't know just what to do with her. She'll keep for a while. You'll be sure to give me an idea. I've been aching, too, for an excuse to go look at my artichokes; nearly as big as cabbages, and they try to tell me you can't grow them so near the shore."

He led the way through a wide hallway into a dear old-time living-room with a goodly litter of books and magazines everywhere and an inviting bay-window that looked out upon the ocean. Here stood a big desk, topped by a typewriter, and more litter, this time of yellow copy paper. An inadequate waste-basket was overflowing with crumpled sheets and a smoldering pipe rested on a window-sill. An old-fashioned safe was most importantly imbedded in the wall. I took in the place ecstatically.

"Is this where the Muse works?" I asked.

"I don't know anything about the Muse," he replied as he sniffed at me and rubbed the back of his head; he had a trick of doing that. "I know it's where I think," he wrote strength usually with a telegram on my desk from an impatient magazine man who wants to know why the deuce I don't send him a story."

I had to be amused, although it was all so very different to what I expected—no dreamy far-away attitude and the burning fires of genius demanding to be released.

"Do you believe what you write?" I asked curiously.

"I hope not," put in Laura from the typewriter where she was reading the yellow sheet it held. "This heroine of yours ought to have a good shake. Why, Winthrop, you can't possibly mean—"

"Don't preach," he interrupted. "Perhaps she's the horrible example. You don't expect the heroine in a story to behave properly, do you? It would never sell. I shall justify her, of course, and whitewash her at the end. It's what the public demands."

"Do you always write what the public demands?" I questioned.

"When I need the money," he smiled. "Just now I need the money badly. That's going to be a best-seller." He abruptly changed the subject. "We shall have some tea, and I'll show you the prettiest lot of artichokes you ever saw."

He went out to give the order for the tea while I examined the books that lined the walls and the dear, old-time pictures hung in such quaint order over the mantel.

"Hardly looks like the home of a thief, do you think?" Laura asked abruptly.

"No," I replied. I shivered from the very shock of her question. "Laura, you can think of such awful things"

"Well, there's Natalie, and here's Winthrop, and if she loses just one more silly bracelet it won't be right to let the matter alone. I worry about it. I wish she would leave her foolish jewels in town."

She could say nothing further, for Winthrop returned. We had tea, and saw the garden, but when we went back home Winthrop insisted that we go by boat and not by the country road.

"Great engine you have there," I remarked, listening to the steady beat of it as we began to move. "What is your power?"

"Just twenty, but we cut the water like a knife," he replied. "Built for speed, and will run away from anything on this shore. Hope you don't mind the spray. Can't help but pick up water at this gait."

He put us off at our landing, waved us adieu, and was soon out of sight again around the bend in the shore. I stood listening to the hum of the receding engine until it was just a pulse-beat in the air.

"I like the sound of an engine," I apologized to Laura. "I'll know the sound of that one next time. Do you think he would let me run the boat some day?"

"I am sure he would," Laura replied. "Are you fond of a boat." You might mention it to Hap. That's John's boat out there. Pretty, isn't it? We don't call it a yacht. After all there's nothing so pretty as a sailboat."

CHAPTER X.

The First Big Robbery.

By the end of the week Lone Oak was like the old riddle: "House full, yard full." People were everywhere, and day by day new motors appeared with more. We presented the appearance of a modish, prosperous summer hotel, some of the guests all season, some only for a week.

His Grace arrived with a flourish, preceded by fifteen trunks, his secretary, his two valets, and the butler—the chauffeur brought him—and followed by a dozen newspaper men and photographers. And we all learned to bow and kowtow with the proper shade of deference due to a duke who could trace his ancestors back to the eleventh century.

I never so much regretted my lack of knowledge on "How to Behave to a Duke." I, myself, resolved to lay in books on the subject as soon as I could get to town, but all the other women went scurrying to novels about dukes, Lydia Abercrombie even memorized some bits of conversation. There was only one irreverent member of our household—Hap. He called His Grace "Old Sport" to his face and "His Nobs" behind his back and, with a young American's disdain of ceremony and gold lace, cordially despised him.

In the confusion attendant upon the arrival of so many and the continually shifting crowds, I simply couldn't remember everybody, and whether they were husbands and wives, or sisters and brothers; and so on through the combinations of relationship. I bought a little red note-book and jotted them all down—like the list you send to a grocer—and every night Laura would come in and go over it to see if I had everything correct. The entries were in alphabetical order after this fashion:

ABERCROMBIE—Mother, two daughters. Father week-ends and holidays. Millions and family. Mother thin; talk fat to her. Daughters both pretty; Lydia good tennis, bridge; Dorothy sings, looks good at piano. Father wants to be next governor.

AYER—Father, mother and Charlie. More millions and family. Father a corker, golf; mother stout, keep off; good bridge; Charlie a silly dear.

BLISS—(See Ellsbeth).

CUTLER—Widow; beautiful; most accomplished woman I ever met; excellent French, golf, good bridge; knew the duke abroad.

That was one page, and my notes covered twenty. I had the eligibles in a department of their own which I didn't turn over for Laura's inspection, because of some remarks I had entered in the line of my duty concerning her future. And an attractive list of girls, one of whom I was trying to settle upon for Hap in the line of my duty concerning his future. Two looked suitable for John Crowninshield, although I hadn't been engaged to settle his future. Jane Bliss, who was pretty and sensible—sounds like a paradox—and Lydia Abercrombie, who, next to Jo and Laura, was the handiest girl I ever met; but he never looked twice at any woman in his life and was just a dear to all of them. It broke my heart to see him drifting.

I classed my golf fiends, bridge fiends, and so on, for quick consultation and studied it as hard as Jo ever did her Practical Economy. I seeped in so much about everything from everybody and everybody's from everything that I was like a sponge—squeeze me and I'd spout social information. I began to be able to say casually, sixty millions! and ceased to think I was playing a part in a society play where there was a French duke in the cast. I whirled in the scheme of things, marveling every instant that I didn't fly off into the air from tangential impetus.

A continual house-party of thirty or more, made up of a few human beings, a great many snobs, and brilliantly topped off with a duke, was a stupendous thing. We rivaled Mrs. Henry Dykeman in the brilliancy of our entertainments, and the Hemming-ways in the novelty of theirs. Our musicales were characteristic, our teas innovations. We instituted a cotillion Saturday nights from which it was a social crime to be absent. We glittered so we were besieged by mere newspaper men and women, much to Mrs. Hazard's secret disgust, but we had to pay the penalty of the glitter. The public may not have been interested, but the newspapers thought our French duke was too important to be hidden.

The only thing left to us of our old order was that early tennis of mine with Hap, and Mrs. Hazard behind the coffee-pot every morning at eight o'clock, in our own little breakfast-room where only the actual family and myself were present. It was the best of the day, the only time when we could feel that our souls were our own—I know that's the way I felt about it. Afterward Hap would go into town in the gray car to sell real estate and John Crowninshield to defend, if that's what a lawyer does.

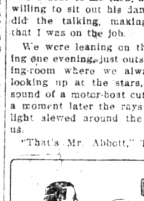
Then Mrs. Hazard would call the cabinet to order—she was secretary of state—and we'd begin. She would grease the wheels of the establishment, sort out who was coming and who was going until the butterflies began to flutter out at noontime, and I began on the peg job, getting the golfers on the golf course, and the tennis players on the tennis courts—sounds easy, but let's themselves the tennis players were just as apt to be on the golf course, and grouchy in consequence—arranging motor parties, with just the right people in a car, and getting bridge games going where the breeze was lively enough to keep cool and not lively enough to blow the cards away; filling in when anybody needed an extra in anything. Then I had to manipulate the crowd for a swim or a sail before we settled in on the evening round.

Those were the ordinary days when there was no grand affair on hand. I couldn't have stood it if I hadn't had nerves of steel and the constitution of an ox. But always there was Mrs. Hazard holding in on that chuckle of hers, smiling approval. Sometimes she would take me in her fat arms and pat my hair and worry if I looked tired. She insisted on my having a maid, although I was used to doing things for myself, but I didn't always have time to turn around and pick up the gown I had taken off.

There was only one thing about my job I heartily disliked, and that was filling in at bridge with Natalie. We always lost, although I didn't do so badly when I played with any one else. John Crowninshield or Mrs. Cutler, while His Grace and I won so much together we were a scandal in the house. I was afraid of Natalie, that was it; afraid of her calm, droopy face and her awful civility. If she had been rude to me once I don't think I should have cared half so much.

I began to live for the cotillions Saturday night. They brought down tardy husbands, eligibles, and a sprinkling of '09's, and I could sit back and rest while everybody danced. Hap was a dear to me then, and was quite willing to sit out his dances while he did the talking, making me forget that I was on the job.

We were leaning on the stone coping one evening, just outside the drawing-room where we always danced, looking up at the stars, when the sound of a motor-boat cut the air, and a moment later the rays of a search-light sleeved around the bend below us.



"Is This Where the Muse Works?" I Asked.

"That's Mr. Abbott," I told Hap that it shocked His Grace to think we could.

"Sure thing," insisted Hap. "He's going some, too."

Laura went back into the house with her head in the air and flirted outrageously with Benny Bliss all evening. I would have given anything not to have mentioned the silly boat.

The next morning the first thing that fairly jumped at us from the morning papers was this:

NORTH SHORE HOUSES ROBBED

Fashionable Folk in Panic—Money and Jewels Taken—Police Think Thieves Worked From Motor-Boat.

It meant nothing to us, particularly, except that the places robbed were near us. Some of the victims we knew—the Dykemans and Mrs. Loring—some we didn't. The story caused a mild stir at Lone Oak for a moment; then was swallowed up by more important things. On just such a moment everybody, except Natalie, decided to send in their jewels the next day to a safety deposit in town, but by afternoon the scare was over and everybody had decided differently.

"What's the use of having them to be locked up?" Mrs. Higginson demanded cheerfully. "We are always at the mercy of our maids. I've had my jewels twenty years, and they haven't been stolen yet. I think I can still take care of them."

"After all, the cotillions would lose their zip if we couldn't shine a little," Lydia Abercrombie declared. "Only Laura and Loulie Codman look well without jewels. I don't believe it amounts to anything, anyhow. I've heard that Mrs. Henry Dykeman has a press agent. Have you?"

I tried to put it from my mind, but it would come back. I was so very sure of the sound of that motor-boat; I would have been sure even if Hap hadn't agreed with me and some-thing else. I had heard it again in the early morning, returning. I had jumped up and looked out. I could see the rays of the headlight turned in the other direction. I even looked at my clock to see the time—three o'clock. For no particular reason, too, I recalled something Winthrop had said: "I can outrun anything on this shore."

I was angry at myself for connecting that in any way with the affair, or even allowing my thoughts to slip back to that lost bracelet of Natalie's on the night of the reception in town, and what Laura had told me of those other losses.

Winthrop appeared Sunday afternoon, looking somewhat fagged, with pieces of crumpled copy paper sticking from the pockets of a khaki suit. Laura abruptly left Benny Bliss, who was really too giddy from her preference the night before, and frankly went to meet him. She turned him over to me while she sent for Hap and John Crowninshield or Mrs. Cutler, while His Grace and I won so much together we were a scandal in the house. I was afraid of Natalie, that was it; afraid of her calm, droopy face and her awful civility. If she had been rude to me once I don't think I should have cared half so much.

"Worse," he replied, smiling and rubbing the back of his head. "She simply won't behave as she should. I had a terrible time with her last night. I haven't been to bed; sat up all night with her."

"Winthrop! Really! You'll ruin your health. No book is worth it."

"Oh, yes it is. And this is a best-seller. You see, all the ingredients are there—villains, trusting heroine, hero with the awful curse of drink in his system; but sometimes it won't go right."

I laughed and Laura gave him a smile.

"I'd rather you were not so flippant about it," she said. "I'd rather think that you were writing what you felt and believed."

"Oh, in that case," he replied, ruffling his hair again, "I wouldn't write at all. I'd grow vegetables."

Later I was alone with Winthrop.

"I heard your boat last night," I said to him. "Why didn't you land here for a minute?"

"I was in a rotten humor," he answered. "Got my naughty heroine where I didn't know what she would do next, and I took a spin to brush away the cobwebs."

"It must have been a good long spin," I dared. "I heard you coming back at three o'clock."

"Went to Boston," he admitted, and loafed back. The sea was like glass. Gorgeous old night, wasn't it?"

I nodded, and as soon as I could get away I ran up to my sitting-room and stood looking out toward the ocean, but not seeing it. My heart was thumping, but it may have been from taking the stairs in such a hurry. Two thoughts persisted in my mind—those robberies, and the fact that I had been right about the boat; he hadn't denied it. I took a deep breath that was almost a sigh. It was a silly bit of circumstantial evidence, and I refused to believe it.

CHAPTER XI.

The Missing Ruby.

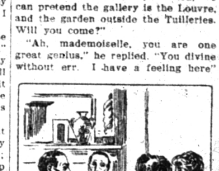
Monday, everything went wrong. It rained and the house was like a setting hen that wouldn't get settled. I got Dorothy Abercrombie started at the piano to liven things up a bit, but she was in an impish mood and insisted on playing ragtime. The bridge-players objected to the ragtime and the racket. Lydia and Jane Bliss were trying to cake-walk and Mrs. Abercrombie was frantic. She was afraid they would shock His Grace. I would have given anything for a dozen mushy novels and the magazines no one had seen, but town was miles away and the bottom seemed to have dropped out of the sky. Some of my friends settled at poker in the upstairs card-room, some went to play billiards, but it left others down-stairs horribly mixed and scrapping briskly.

Our poor little duke was a melancholy figure. The detached way in which he looked out upon the rain told me he was lonesome; just plain, ordinary lonesome, even if he did happen to be a duke with a secretary, two valets, a butler and a chauffeur. He didn't know poker, he didn't care for billiards, and he had asked to be excused from bridge. The girls who usually amused and petted him were either hilarious or grouchy; Mrs. Cutler, who was the only one besides myself who could speak good French to him, was up-stairs with a headache, and Natalie, whom he adored, had quarreled with him—or that's what everybody suspected.

I had not ceased to wonder about His Grace—where I had seen him, if I had, and why I should remember him; but suddenly I was ashamed of my suspicions, that vague something of which I was not sure. My heart melted; I went to him. He had never been sure about me and my position, but he accepted me along with a great many other American institutions he did not comprehend.

We drove you seen the gallery. Your Grace?" I asked. "If you wish, we can pretend the gallery is the Louvre, and the garden outside the Tuileries. Will you come?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, you are one great genius," he replied. "You divine without err. I have a feeling here"



"Won So Much Together We Were a Scandal."

—he put his hand over his heart—"I have remember my friend France. I have what you call him over here the big homesickness. I have seen the gallery, and the beautiful pictures of the gallery but I have not seen them with mademoiselle. Will mademoiselle do me the honor?"

He offered me his arm in his formal way, and we started for the gallery. I had been there many times and so, I discovered, had His Grace, but we made a detailed tour quite from a new point of view. I was surprised at his knowledge of the pictures, their history, their value. We were looking at an alien among all these old masters, called "The Lion Hunter," by an entirely unknown American artist who nearly starved in Paris until the late Mr. Hazard saw that picture and bought it; when suddenly I thought of something.

The Lion Hunter was a fair-haired man with a most remarkable face, weatherbeaten, bronzed, the tragedy of life and death and all the tense lines about his mouth, and a huge scar across his cheek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Baking Powder Question Solved

—solved once for all by Calumet.

For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure in the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical — more wholesome — gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Henkel's Bread Flour, Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Corn Meal, Pancake Flour

What wonderfully good and economical foods you can make from Henkel's **Flour**

It makes a man feel good when he is pretty certain he is going to miss a train and doesn't.

Fair Comparison.

"Do you mean to say that you compare yourself to Shakespeare?" "Why not?" inquired the manager of the Clothesline Burlesque company. "Shakespeare had pretty much my experience. The critics roasted him and the authorities were always threatening to close his show."—Washington Star.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels, and Destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to take children like them. Used by mothers for 22 years. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv.

Thought He Had 'Em.

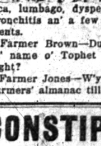
Farmer Brown—Hello, John! How you feelin'?

Farmer Jones—Poorly. I felt all right yesterday, but I kinder think today somethin's the matter with me. I feel sorter as the symptoms of rheumatics, lumbago, dyspepsia, ringworm, bronchitis an' a few other sorter ailments.

Farmer Brown—Du tell! What in th' name o' Tophet did ye do last night?

Farmer Jones—Why, I read the new Farmers' almanac till near mornin'.

CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They cose the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not gripe; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

KEPT WARM BY ELECTRICITY

Ingenious Device Employed for Babies' Cribs in Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

In the Presbyterian hospital, New York, there is an interesting instance of the application of electricity in the nursery for the benefit of the incubator babies. Here, says the Edison Monthly, the problem is to provide plenty of fresh air and at the same time sufficient warmth for the babies, and this has been solved by a simple but effective form of grill warmer.

The sides of the bassinet in which the baby lies are covered with asbestos boards and beneath is an electric heater or foot warmer, with cable couplings and switch which allows the current to be regulated. In a warm-air chamber between the bassinet and the foot-warmer is a partition, so constructed with reference to the baby's position in the crib that the heat is reflected to the lower end of the bassinet. The child's feet are thus kept warm, while a lower temperature is maintained at the head.

Mount Sinai Located.

The discovery of what is believed to be the real Mt. Sinai of Holy Script is reported to the Academy of Science at Berlin by Prof. Dr. Al Musil from Damascus. Prof. Musil believes that the extinct volcano, Hala-I-Bedr, in the Hedja region, of northwest Arabia, is the biblical mountain where the Ten Commandments were given to Moses.

AMBITIONS WERE NOT HIGH

Harriet Quimby, Dead Aviatrice, Was Happily Spared From Foreknowledge of Her Tragic Fate.

"Poor Harriet Quimby!" said a New York editor, as he regarded a magazine photograph of the dead flying woman. "She used to work for me, and very good stories she wrote, too. When she took to flying and made a success of it, I said to her: 'I suppose, with all this fame, the dearest ambition of your childhood is gratified, eh?' 'No,' she said, smiling, 'I had no desire for fame in my childhood. I remember a school question, What is it you' highest ambition to be?' The answer I gave to this question was: "Missionary, and if not that, millinery or clerk in candy store.'"

Daily Thought.

"In this world one must be a little too kind in order to be kind enough."—Marivaux.