GIRL SUFFERED TERRIBLY

At Regular Intervals—Says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured her.

Adrian, Texas.—"I take pleasure in adding my testimonial to the great list and hope that it will be of interest to suffering women. For four years I suffered untold agonies at regular intervals. Such pains and cramps, severe chills and sickness at stomach, then finally hemorrhages until I became almost blind. I had five doctors and none of them could do more than relieve me for a time.

"I saw your advertisement in a paper and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took seven boxes of it and used two bottles of the Sanative Wash, and I am completely cured of my trouble. When I began taking the Compound I only weighed ninety-six pounds and now I weigh one hundred and twenty-six pounds. If anyone wishes to address me in person I will cheerfully answer all letters, as I cannot speak too highly of the Pinkham remedies."—Miss JESSIE MARSH, Adrian, Texas.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

RESINOL RELIEVED ITCHING INSTANTLY

And Completely Cured Skin Humor.

If you have eczema or any other itching, burning skin trouble, the best evidence of what Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment can do for you is the word of one who was cured by them after weeks of suffering. Adolph Schoen, 742 Shepherd Ave., Brooklyn, writes:

Nov. 1, 1912.—"At first little red spots were seen on my arms and body, which I noticed were getting larger every day. They itched so much that I scratched myself until I bled. There were times when I stood up all night and scratched. It was troubled about three weeks, during which time I used ——, which seemed to do me no good whatever. Then, finally, I thought of trying Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. After using a few times, I applied Resinol Ointment. I felt much relief. After using it a few times, I noticed the sore spots slowly fading away, and in about a month I was cured completely."

The soothing, healing balsams in Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap penetrate every tiny pore of the skin, clearing it of all impurities, driving away eczema, rashes, ringworm, psoriasis, and other eruptions, and making pimples and blackheads disappear. Prescribed by physicians for eighteen years. For free samples write to Dept. 8-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment (50c) and Resinol Soap (25c), or sent by parcel post on receipt of price.

Good All Round

aids to good health—and to the strength, comfort and cheerfulness which depend on the condition of health—are the famous, time-tested, safe and speedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Women may look good without being accused of good looks.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

What a woman doesn't know about a neighbor is just what she wants to find out.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

When you feel like calling a man a liar go to the telephone and then change your mind.

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

Cruel.

Chappy—I am going to try the mind cure.

Daffy—What's it got to work on?

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Children of all ages. Used by Mothers for 22 years. They are so pleasant to take children like them. They never fail. At all Druggist, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

The wife of a shiftless man continues him on the ground that he means well.

SUCCESS Depends largely upon perfect health and vital condition. No man or woman can do their best work if troubled with a weak stomach or a torpid liver. Don't be careless. Don't procrastinate.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

promotes the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It makes men and women strong in body and active in mind.

Ask Your Druggist

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

by MAY TUTRELLE

Illustrations by V.I. BARNES

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SYNOPSIS.

Jo Codman and her sister Loulie 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. Loulie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Loulie 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, the eligible matrimonial bath, Loulie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and "did" also gains the confidence of Lanra 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 Agazziz, 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 all sorts of pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Loulie to a baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been forced into the situation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many notables have been invited for the shooter. Loulie and Laura visit the farm of Winthrop Abbott, an author, with whom Laura has considerable interest. The de Trouville arrives at the latter place. Loulie hears Winthrop mourn the hopeless fate at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Loulie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Loulie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Loulie. She reciprocates. He will not admit that he fears that Mrs. Hazard will say Loulie is excused from dinner on account of a headache. She is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Loulie, charged with robbing General Schuyler's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an emerald bracelet exactly like the one lost by Natalie. Natalie apologizes to Loulie for accusing her of theft. Loulie is awakened at midnight and finds Hap in her room.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Yes, I believe you," I replied. "You are very kind to come and tell me so."

"Let us be friends, Miss Codman," she drawled. Her cool hand touched mine. "I think you dislike me, but we'll change that if you will. We missed you tonight. There wasn't just the usual cheerful order of things. Everybody was ill-assorted, aggressive and argumentative. I hope you will not be ill again. We can't spare you. Well, goodnight." She strolled to the door. "I lost my head this afternoon, or I should never have said what I did. Do you sinderely forgive me?"

"Yes," I replied. "Goodnight."

She regarded me for a moment, through half-closed lids and I had the honor to readily, then her lips parted in a smile.

"Goodnight," she repeated cheerfully.

I crept into bed wondering, bewildered, and lay there for a long time staring at the level, dark surface of the darkness. Why this apology? What had caused Natalie to change her mind?

Just how long I had been asleep I don't know, but suddenly I found myself sitting up in bed, conscious that a door had opened and closed somewhere, too, that some one was in the room. My hand flew to the button beside my bed, I had to know the extent of my danger!

The lights flashed. The person who stood there, was Hap, blinking in the sudden glare of the light, looking comically surprised and rather disheveled in a most becoming yellow dressing gown. The situation would have been embarrassing if I had not been so scared.

"I beg your pardon," he managed to say. "I really beg your pardon."

He turned, jerked at the door, and was gone. I jumped out of bed, turned the key in every lock, and sank in a heap to the floor. The day had been too much for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Woman in the Corridor.

The insistent rattle of gravel on the screen woke me. I arose, put on the white flannel, tied the ribbon around my head with fingers that were far from steady, and picked up my racket. The tennis was going to be a farce. My wrists were limp, my shoulders like lead, my head chaos. Out of the chaos persisted one thought. But I tried not to ponder too much on that adventure of the night before until Hap had had a chance to explain.

He was tapping the balls into the air as I came across the strip of lawn. He met me half way.

"I've an explanation to make before we begin," he said.

I know I went red, but he was not looking at me. He led the way to a rustic bench that ran the length of the court, and waited for me to sit down.

"I want to tell you why I happened to be in your room this morning," he said quite frankly. The tone robbed his words of an embarrassment. I could even let my face relax. "Person first you'd like to know that we got Winthrop out on bail," he went on, "although it took the combined efforts of Hazard money and Crowninshield influence to do it. We had to drag a judge away from a poker game and my mother to jail at midnight to get bail."

"But Mr. Abbott's out? He's at home?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh, it's a lot of tommyrot. They have nothing against him. A mud-headed detective pounced upon the first person he saw, which happened to be Winthrop, shook him in the arm, and found some family jewels in his safe."

"Jewels!" I exclaimed.

"I might as well tell you—you'll see it in the newspapers. They mean nothing, except the lively imaginations of the police connect them with the jewel robberies we've been reading at present."

"How absurd!" But, of course, Mr. Abbott can prove he didn't steal them? The people who have been robbed will have to identify their property, and there you are!" If they are Mr. Abbott's family jewels, they are not any one else's. It's ridiculously simple, isn't it?"

"It is," he agreed. He narrowed his eyes and stared into space for a while, then rose and began pacing in front of me. What he was trying to figure out, or out, was this emerald bracelet which I didn't know about, and of which he had not the slightest intention of telling me. It was incriminating evidence against Winthrop.

"What does Mr. Crowninshield think?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how he is—a regular old sclam. Thinks a good deal and says nothing. He's inclined to treat the whole thing as a joke, except—"

"Except what?"

He sat down suddenly.

"I'm forgetting to tell you my exciting little story," he said, and the question passed unanswered. "We got home about two, all dead tired. I took Winthrop home and wanted to stay with him, but he wouldn't have it. It didn't take me long to go to sleep. Well, something woke me—what, I don't know—but it was odd, for I never wake up suddenly. I sat up in bed and listened. At first I could only hear the surf, and then I caught another sound, an annoying little rasp I couldn't explain to myself. I thought a lot of stuff about rats and such junk, but I got up and went into John's bedroom. I listened again; the sound was closer. I didn't want to wake John, for I knew he would be amused, but with all these robberies, I decided I'd find out what it was.

"Finally I located the sound in the hall. I sneaked to the door and listened. Ten seconds of listening convinced me that some one was at Natalie's door and the sound was that of an instrument against the lock.

"Now, what I intended to do was to jerk open John's door suddenly and see who it was and why he was there. But the blamed door stuck as I jerked, and when I did get it open a woman—a woman, you understand!—was scooting down the hallway, not up toward the stairs, but down toward Laura's room, or mine. It was pretty dark, but there was enough light for me to see that it wasn't Laura. Laura is skinny; this woman was plump.

"I can't tell you why I followed except that things were quiet. The lady reached the end of the hall, opened Laura's door and disappeared. I followed. I was just in time to see the door into Laura's bedroom close. Now, I was sure it wasn't Laura, so I followed again. Laura was asleep, and there was a swish of skirts through the door into my mother's bedroom. I

The Lights Flashed. The Person Who Stood There Was Hap.

lost track there of everything except that some one was trying to escape me. My mother was snoring softly as we whizzed through—whoever it was ahead of me and myself—then—well, the next thing after more dooropening and closing, my going into a chair once and knocking the peeling off my shins, was your screaming." He paused and stared at me. "Loulie, do you remember any one coming in before you screamed?"

"No," I replied. "I really don't remember screaming. I knew something was wrong, that I was sitting up in bed, that I had snapped on the lights, and that—that you were there."

"I was so astonished when you screamed," he went on, "that I stopped dead in my tracks and whoever was trying to escape me, did. I went back to bed and did some thinking. I tried to connect up all the queer things that had happened—Natalie losing her jewels, Winthrop being arrested, the woman at Natalie's door, but I couldn't get anywhere. My mind simply tied itself into a knot, everything jumbled. I could make no connection. But there's one thing certain. If we have a thief here it's a woman!"

My mouth dropped open a bit in the way I thought I had learned to control, but I didn't say anything.

"If there had been just one door locked, I'd have had her, but every door was unlocked, making it as easy as pie for anybody who wanted to steal."

"But we have nothing to steal," I expostulated; "at least no jewels. I have none, Laura has none, and your mother's are in the bank. Natalie's door was locked, wasn't it?"

"She has had her lesson."

"Besides, we've never been certain before that a thief was here."

"We are not certain now," he pointed out. "But something is wrong, queer. I want you to keep mum about it. I'm going to investigate."

"Ah, Monsier Lecoq!" I taunted.

"Don't laugh. I'm quite serious about it. I have all sorts of theories."

"If your are quite serious about it you ought to have all sorts of a detective," I suggested.

"One is coming, but it isn't going to keep me from doing a little work on my own hook. A detective might find a gang planted here among the servants; I might find the chief at the dinner table. Puzzling, isn't it?"

"Horrible!" I declared.

"Perhaps Natalie's ruby was stolen after all," he mused. He began pacing again. "I thought she was crazy, for why would a thief take one jewel and leave the others? I'm not so sure now but that she is right. We no doubt have a charming creature in our midst with a delightful sense of humor."

"And you are going to unearth her?"

He sat down again and looked at me intently.

"Are you losing the main point?" he demanded. "You must be cleared of suspicion, you know."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I am no longer suspected. Miss Agazziz came to my room last night and said she was sure I hadn't taken her ruby; that she realized I couldn't possibly have done such a thing, couldn't possibly."

"Well, I'll be ——!" He stared at me. "What happened to make her change her mind?"

"I don't know," I answered. "She didn't give me the impression that anything had happened. She was quite calm and cool as she always is, and she was rather friendly."

He brushed the forelock out of his eyes, and regarded me for a while with that comically surprised expression of his. Then he laughed.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but the thing is funny. Wait a minute! Let me think." She heard about Winthrop."

"I'm sure she didn't," I assured him. "I don't see how she could have heard. No one knew it but myself until that message came for your mother. Your mother talked to Mr. Crowninfield from her own room. It's her own private number, as you know, and has no possible connection with the other phone. The conversation revealed nothing, even if any one had been listening at the door. Laura did not guess, and you know how keen she is. Miss Agazziz came in soon after, but she couldn't possibly have known."

"I believe she did know."

"You're rather strange in your belief, aren't you? Whatever else Natalie is she isn't a hypocrite." I defended. "You ought not to be too hard on her, remembering that once you—"

"I have another strange belief," he sailed. "I believe I'm going to marry you."

Once I made a fool of myself," he interrupted. "We're going to forget all about that, you and I, aren't we?"

"Yes," I replied; then after a moment. "We are going to forget all about everything, you and I."

"Except that we love each other."

"We are going to forget that," I said firmly.

There was no use answering. I picked up two tennis balls and started for the other end of the court. But it's just my sex to have the last word. I looked back over my shoulder.

"And I believe you're going to make some girl an argumentative husband," I said very, very sweetly.

He opened his lips to reply, smiled, changed his mind and swung his racket into position.

"Ready!" he called.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bracelet Is Identified.

The horror of Winthrop's arrest had not magnified over night. The newspapers came out with a blare of headlines: "Noted Author Arrested, Accused of Vast Jewel Thefts. General Schuyler Shot!" Mrs. Hazard had gone on Winthrop's bail, and they made a lot of that, hinted at an engagement between the pair and Laura endeavored to make John Crowninfield as counsel, significant, tried to invent a mystery out of a balky carburetor—and they are!—admitted that a mud-headed detective might have made a mistake, and fizzled out toward the end like a wet firecracker. The story hadn't a leg to stand on.

It was received in just that spirit at Lone Oak. There was some embarrassment at first, but Winthrop suspected of being a thief was so ridiculously absurd that before noon it was a joke.

Laura shed a few tears of honest concern at the breakfast table when she saw the silly thing in the papers, then she laughed. Mr. Abercrombie got hot under the collar, and told us all what he would do with the police when he was governor, then laughed. Everybody laughed, including His Grace, who merely knew it was a nice little bon mot of American humor. Only Natalie was serious.

I met her on the threshold of the wide doors opening upon the terrace where the younger people were wildly welcoming the '90's as the motors arrived. She drew me back into the house while I merely wondered what had brought her out so early. It was only ten.

"It's rather tragic about Mr. Abbott, isn't it?" she asked. The tone of her voice was unusual, and her attitude held a hint of excitement.

"Not now," I answered. "It looked that way last night, but this morning it is comedy, not tragedy. General Schuyler isn't badly hurt. Have you seen the newspapers?"

"Yes. I didn't know if the situation was better or worse, that's why I wanted to know from somebody—from you."

"Oh, the newspapers always try to make it worse you know," I told her, and even at that it's nothing. The jewels are Mr. Abbott's and he can prove it. Except for the general having been shot it's rather amusing, and something to break the monotony. The boys have gone to bring Mr. Abbott. They're going to celebrate, or do something exciting. I know Mrs. Dykeman will think we have a press agent."

But my flippancy met no response from her.

"I'm glad it isn't serious," she said. I looked after her curiously as she

"Once I Made a Fool of Myself," He Interrupted.

walked through the wide hallway and into the library, then I went out upon the terrace. Whitthop had arrived with the '90's who had gone for him, and just as I came out Lydia met him with outstretched hands.

"Good morning, Mr. Burglar," she laughed. "Where is your revolver, and dark lantern? Did you wear a mask? And you were shot, too! Do you know you're such an interesting person and have furnished us such exciting excitement that I'm tempted to hug you."

Winthrop rubbed the back of his head effectively and the last bit of embarrassment disappeared in the laugh that went up.

I was mentally juggling my crowd and planning my schedule for the day when a car that didn't belong to any of the '90's came up the driveway. It carried a uniformed chauffeur, and the passenger being a red-headed young man whom I knew instantly. Hap knew him, too. He reached the steps by the time the newspaper man did and politely managed to block his progress.

There was a curious silence on the terrace after whisperings as to the identity of the newcomer. Everybody was listening.

"See Miss Agazziz?" we heard Hap repeat. "Awfully sorry. Miss Agazziz is in town."

"Can you tell me where she is?" the reporter asked.

"She's shopping," Hap lied glibly. "Never know exactly where a woman is when she shops."

"Shopping?" repeated the reporter. "But—" He looked at Hap and, smiled, glared toward the front door, then frankly looked over Hap's shoulder at the crowd on the terrace. Hap noted the action and grinned. He swept his hand generally in our direction.

"You see she isn't here," he remarked affably. He was sure that Natalie was still up-stairs in bed, but I knew better, and every minute I expected to see her step through those doors to the terrace. I moved and stood where I could look down the hallway. The reporter glanced at the front door again. Not one of us thought of its being a holiday.

"Will she be back this afternoon?" the reporter asked.

"I hardly think so," I answered. "I think she's going to ——over and shop again tomorrow. I really can't tell you where she's staying. It might be with her aunt, you know, again it might be with her cousin, or yet again it might be with some friend——" He'd have gone on like that until doomsday, I suppose, if the reporter hadn't interrupted.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Abbott," the reporter said, and started suddenly for Winthrop. But Hap's foot was mysteriously in the way, and the newspaper man had hard work adjusting his equilibrium. "I'd like to ask him if he can positively prove that the emerald——"

Something happened, we could never say just what, but the reporter's hat was on the ground and Hap, picking it up to restore it to its owner with exaggerated courtesy, was babbling about the gorgeous sunshine and the delightful breeze from the east. When he linked his arm through the reporter's, and it was just as well for that red-headed young gentleman to go where he was being led. Five minutes later the car and the red-headed reporter disappeared down the drive way.

Hap called me aside.

"Will you go tell Natalie that a newspaper man has been here, and not to let him trick her into seeing him if he comes back?"

"She's in the library if you want to tell her yourself," I told him.

He knew there was something odd in Natalie's being up so early. He did some thinking, but the result of his meditations he didn't confide to me.

"You tell her, dear," he requested finally, that I want to talk to John."

I found Natalie replacing several books, but the Almanach de Gotha still lay open on the table. I delivered my message.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll be careful. Do you know what he wanted to ask me?"

"No."

"There wasn't any one but the reporter?" she went on shrewishly. "No detective, or policeman?"

"No one but the reporter," I replied. Then suddenly: "Would you mind telling me if you had any particular reason last night for changing your mind about me?"

"Yes," she replied. "I simply came to my senses. I'll never be able to apologize sufficiently for what I said. My only consolation is that no one but the family know it." She closed the Almanach de Gotha and put it carefully back on the shelf. "Did you ever hear of the Duc d'Aubigny?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Why?"

"Do you know that he was charged with jewel thefts in France and sent to jail?"

"I do. Why?"

She didn't answer for quite a while; finally she came close to me.

"It's a silly thing I'm going to tell you," she drawled. "I have no foundation for my suspicions, but Saturday, when I was in town, I'm sure I saw the Duc d'Aubigny!"

I gasped, and my mouth fell open.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASY TO TEACH BLACKBIRD

Is a Natural Imitator and Responds Quickly to Training—Its Memory Strong.

The blackbird, which belongs to the thrush family, has strong imitative powers, and may be even taught to speak. There is not much variety in its natural song, but its voice has a pure, flute-like tone and full volume. The bird is very susceptible of being trained, and when reared by hand from the nest is capable of forming strong attachments and makes itself a great favorite.

When a blackbird is six or eight weeks old, his training should be begun. Take him to a quiet room away from any other birds, and each night and morning whistle the portion of the tune you wish him to learn, or play it on the flute. Feed him before you begin, and put a fat, lively worm where he can see it. After you have whistled or played the air, say twenty times, stop, so that the bird may have an opportunity of imitating it.

If he should make the attempt, give him the worm at once, praising and caressing him meanwhile. He will soon begin to see why a reward was given to him, and will not be slow in trying to earn it. When once he has learned the tune he will never forget it, and it will pass into and become a part of his song.

After the blackbird has completed his education he should be placed near some other singing bird, whose notes he would soon learn and blend with his own.

Put his cage out of doors whenever the weather permits, and he will tell you how pleased you have made him. But during the hot days of summer, let him be well shaded and kept cool, as heat and dry air seem to affect his voice. He will begin to sing in the end of February or the beginning of March, and will continue until the fall, if the summer is not too hot.

Light for English Police.

The "bull's-eye" lantern of the patrolling policeman may shortly pass into the museums. Electric torches are far rather base mean-spiritedness), 1,350; immorality, 1,070; despotism, 1,057; anger, 1,051; conceit, 1,000, and idleness, 935.

IN A CLASS BY HERSELF

Odd Position of French Woman Who Is Neither Spinster, Wife, Nor a Divorced Person.

According to French law, husband and wife who have been once divorced, and who, after due reflection, have found out that they can do no better for themselves, and have married each other a second time, cannot be divorced again. Sixteen years ago a gentleman who could not put up with the freaks of his wife sought and obtained a divorce, but after a year's reflection he forgave her, and they went again before the mayor. It was not long, however, before madame broke loose again, and tried the patience of her husband beyond endurance. He applied to the court for a remedy, but was told that all it could do for him was to pronounce a separation, although he would be always obliged to pay her alimony. He agreed, and years went on, and the lady also went on disgracing the name she still bore. The man again repaired to the tribunal and said: "My wife, who is separated from me, but who is still my wife and whose husband I still am, continues dishonoring me. What am I to do?" to which the magistrates replied: "You must go on paying her her allowance, because she evidently has need of it, but we will forbid her to use your name." The woman now is in a position that has never been provided for by legislation. She is not divorced, and never can be, and neither she nor her husband can ever marry again. Yet she is more than separated, because she cannot use her husband's name. She comes under no category, being neither spinster, wife, nor divorced, and she stands for a class that may be termed the "semi-divorced."

Spell Against Evil Eye.

Southern India is a land of omens and superstitions. These are remnants of the religion of the lost Dravidian races, engrafted upon the Hindu-ism of their conquerors. Edgar Thurston, in a book on the subject just published in England, gives an exhaustive account of the strange beliefs of these various races, where human sacrifice, though forbidden by law, persists.

The author cites among other charms against the evil eye impressions of the hand in red paint, which may be seen on the walls of mosques and other Mohammedan buildings and at Kadur on the houses of Brahmins, a photograph of one of which, taken by Mr. Thurston, is reproduced.

A HIDDEN DANGER

Every Picture Tells a Story

It is a duty of the kidneys to rid the blood of uric acid, an irritating poison that is constantly forming inside.

When the kidneys fail, uric acid causes rheumatic attacks, headaches, dizziness, gravel, urinary troubles, weak eyes, dropsy or heart disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills help the kidneys fight off uric acid—bringing new strength to weak kidneys and relief from backache and urinary ills.

An Indiana Case

Mrs. Geo. Hall, Main St., Rensselaerville, Ind., says: "My limbs swelled before normal size, and my back ached so I could hardly get around. I had awful pains in my back, and terrifying headaches. I was nervous, and my kidneys were out of order than ever. I had given up hope when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They soon relieved me completely, and I have had no return since."

Get Doan's at any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

FOR SALE CHEAP One 8-horse-power self-contained engine; one 6-horse-power engine; one 40-in. circular saw mill with 14-ft. truck carriage in good condition for long timber. Will take part payment in lumber. One slate cutter, two slate planers, and some automotive machinery. J. Michels, 32 E. Fort St., Detroit, Mich.

Appropriate.

"What did the railroad man get for his birthday present?"

"Some new ties."

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

Explained.

He—Look at Blinks, able to retire from business, and I am still in harness.

She—Yes, but Blinks isn't a mule.

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

Bear's Grease and Baldness.

In a recent volume of reminiscences the writer states that baldness is much more common now than in his early days, and ascribes the modern man's loss of hair to the decrease in the use of bear's grease." This pomade was made principally of lard colored and scented, but "hairdressers, many of whom called themselves 'professors,' used to advertise 'the slaughter of another fine bear,' exhibiting a canvas screen depicting in glaring colors a brown animal of elephantine proportions expiring in a sea of gore."

Costly City Improvements.

If all the buildings torn down annually in the borough of Manhattan, in New York city could be assembled they would make a good-sized town. Last year the number of buildings demolished was 819, and a gas tank brought the total demolition to 820. The front feet measurement of the houses pulled down was 24,875, or approximately four and three-quarter miles. Nine houses out of ten destroyed were for stories high.

Shorthand Typewriter.

A new machine, called the stenotype, has been invented, which enables the shorthand writer to get from 400 to 600 words a minute upon paper in an absolutely correct and accurate form. The basis of operating a machine is phonetic spelling. It is but a shorthand typewriter. While the work done is virtually the same as done by shorthand it has the advantage of being recorded in plain English characters.

SHOWING HIM UP.

"That is Duke de Bluffer. He says everything he gets is O. K."

"I thought it was O. T."

"O. T.?"

"Yes; 'on tick.'"

Solves the Breakfast Problem

A bowl of crisp, sweet

Post Toasties

makes a most delicious meal.

These crinkly bits of toasted white corn, ready to serve direct from package, are a tempting breakfast when served with cream or milk, or fruit.

The Toasties flavour is a pleasant surprise at first; then a happy, healthful habit.

"The Memory Lingers"