BLACK IS WHITE

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS.

—5—

In the New York home of James Brood Dawes and Briggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son Frederic to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, that the message announced his father's marriage and orders the house prepared for an immediate homecoming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, Brood's father confessor, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is disturbed by the appearance of Ranjab, the Hindu servant of Brood. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. They visit Lydia and her mother in their new apartment. Mrs. Brood begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

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Then, before their startled, horror-struck eyes, the Hindu coolly plunged the glittering blade into his breast, driving it to the hilt!

"Good Lord!" shouted the two old men.

Ranjab serenely replaced the sword in its scabbard.

"It is not always the knife that finds the heart," said he, so slowly, so full of meaning, that even the old men grasped the significance of the cryptic remark.

"A feller can be fooled, no matter how closely he watches," said Mr. Dawes, and he was not referring to the amazing sword trick.

"No, sir," said Mr. Riggs, with gloomy irrelevance, "I don't like that woman."

The old spell of the Orient had fallen upon the ancients. They were hearing the vague whisperings of voices that came from nowhere, as they had heard them years ago in the mystic silences of the East.

"Sh! One comes," said Ranjab, softly. "It will be the master's son."

An instant later his closet door closed noiselessly behind him and the old men were alone, blinking at each other. There was no sound from the hall. They waited, watching the curtained door. At last they heard footsteps on the stairs, quick footsteps of the young.

Frederick strode rapidly into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

—

"He Killed a Woman."

His face was livid with rage. For a moment he glowered upon the two old men, his fingers working spasmodically, his chest heaving with the volcanic emotions he was trying so hard to subdue. Then he whirled about, to glare into the hall.

"In God's name, Freddy, boy, what's happened?" cried old Mr. Riggs, all a-tremble.

Some minutes passed before he could trust himself to speak. Ugly veins stood out on his pale temples, as he paced the floor in front of them. Eventually Mr. Dawes ventured the vital question, in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Have you—quarreled with your father, Freddy?"

The young man threw up his arms in a gesture of despair. There was a wail of misery in his voice as he grated out:

"In the name of God, why should he hate me as he does? What have I done? Am I not a good son to him?"

"Hush!" implored Mr. Dawes, nervously. "He'll hear you."

"Hear me!" cried Frederic, and laughed aloud in his recklessness. "Why shouldn't he hear me? By God, I'll not stand it a day longer. He wouldn't think of treating a dog as he treats me. God, I—I, why, he is actually forcing me to hate him. I do hate him! I swear to heaven, it was in my heart to kill him down there just now. I—" He could not go on. He choked up and the tears rushed to his eyes. Abruptly turning away, he threw himself upon the couch and buried his face on his arms, sobbing like a little child.

The old men, distressed beyond the power of speech, mumbled incoherent words of comfort as they slowly edged out toward the door. They tiptoed into the hall and neither spoke until their bedroom door was closed behind them. Mr. Dawes even tried it to see that it was safely latched.

The curtains parted and Yvonne looked in upon the wretched Frederic. There was a look of mingled pain and commiseration in her wide open eyes. For a moment she stood there regarding him in silence. Then she swiftly crossed the room to the couch and in the corner where he sat huddled up, his shoulders still shaking with the misery that racked him. Her hand went out to touch the tousled hair, but stopped before contact. Slowly she drew back, with a glance of apprehension toward the door of the Hindu's closet. An odd expression of alarm crept into her eyes.

"Frederic," she said, softly, almost timorously.

He lifted his head quickly, and then sprang to his feet. His eyes were wet and his lips were drawn. Shame possessed him. He tried to smile, but it was a pitiful failure.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of—of—" he began, in a choked voice.

"Ashamed because you have cried?" she said quickly. "But not! It is good to cry—it is good for women to cry. But when a strong man breaks down and sheds tears, I am—oh, I am heart-broken. But come! You must go to your room and bathe your face. Go at once. Your father must not know that you have cried. He—"

"D—n him!" came from between Frederic's clinched teeth.

"Hush!" she cried, with another glance at Ranjab's door. She would have given much to know whether the Hindu was there or still below stairs. "You must not say such—"

"I suppose you're trying to smooth it over so that they won't consider him a brute. Is that it?"

"Hush! Please, please! You know that my heart aches for you, mon ami. It was cruel of him, it was cowardly, yes, cowardly! Now have said it!" She drew herself up and turned deliberately toward the little door across the room.

His eyes brightened. The crooked sneer turned into an imploring smile.

"Forgive me, Yvonne! You must see that I'm beside myself. I—I—"

"But you must be sensible. Remember he is your father. He is a strange man. There has been a great deal of bitterness in his life. He—"

"But I can't go on the way things are now. He's getting to be worse than ever. I never have had a kind word from him, seldom a word of any description. Never a kind look. Can't you understand how it goads me to—"

"I am your friend," she said slowly. "Is this the way to reward me?"

He dropped to his knees and covered her hands with kisses, mumbling his plea for forgiveness.

"I am so terribly unhappy," he said over and over again. "I'd leave this house tonight if it were not that I can't bear the thought of leaving you, Yvonne. I adore you. You are everything in the world to me. I—"

"Get up!" she cried out sharply. He lifted his eyes in dumb wonder and adoration, but not in time to catch the look of triumph that swept across her face.

"You will forgive me?" he cried, coming to his feet. "I—I couldn't help saying it. It was wrong—wrong! But you will forgive me, Yvonne?"

She turned away, walking slowly toward the door. He remained rooted to the spot, blushing with shame and dismay.

"We Will Excuse You, Frederic."

"Where are you going? To tell him?" he gasped.

She waited an instant, and then came toward him. He never could have explained the unaccountable impulse that forced him to fall back a few steps as she approached. Her eyes were gazing steadily into his, and her red lips were parted.

"That is as it should be," she was saying, but he was never sure that he heard the words. His knees grew weak. He was in the toils! "Now, you must pull yourself together," she went on in such a matter-of-fact tone that he straightened up involuntarily. "Come! Wipe the tear stains from your cheeks."

He obeyed, but his lips still quivered with the rage that had been checked by the ascendency of another and even more devastating emotion. She was standing quite close to him now, her slender figure swaying slightly as if moved by some strange, rhythmic melody to which the heart beat time. Her eyes were soft and velvety again; her smile tender and appealing. The vivid white of her arms and shoulders seemed to shed a soft light about her, so radiant was the sheen of the satin skin.

She moved closer to him, and with deft fingers applied her tiny lace handkerchief to his flushed cheek and eyes, laughing audibly as she did so; a low gurgle of infinite sweetness and concern.

He stood like a statue, scarcely breathing, the veins in his throat throbbing violently.

"There!" she said, and deliberately touched the mouchoir to her own smiling lips, before replacing it in her bodice, next to the warm, soft skin. "I have been thinking, Frederic," she said, suddenly serious. "Perhaps it would be better if we were not alone when the others came up. Go at once and fetch the two old men. Tell them I expect them here to witness the magic. It appears to be a family party, so why exclude them? Be quick!"

He dashed off to obey her command. She lighted a cigarette at the table, her unsmiling eyes fixed on the door of the Hindu's closet. Then, with a little sigh, she sank down on the broad couch and stretched her supple body in the ecstasy of complete relaxation.

The scene at the dinner table had been most distressing. Up to the instant of the outburst her husband had been in singularly gay spirits, a circumstance so unusual that the whole party wondered not a little. If the others were vaguely puzzled by his high humor, not so Yvonne. She understood him better than anyone else in the world; she read his mind as she would have read an open book. There was riot, not joy, in the heart of the brilliant talker at the head of the table. He was talking against the savagery that strained so hard at its leashes.

At her right sat Frederic, at her left the renowned Doctor Hodder, whose feats at the operating table were vastly more successful than his efforts at the dinner table. He was a very wonderful surgeon, but equally famous as a bore of the first rank. Yvonne could not endure him.

Mrs. Desmond and Lydia were there. This was an excellent opportunity to entertain them on an occasion of more or less magnitude.

Frederic, deceived by his father's sprightly mood, entered rather recklessly into the lively discussion. He seldom took his eyes from the face of his beautiful stepmother, and many of his remarks were uttered sotto voce for her ear alone. Suddenly James Brood called out his name in a sharp, commanding tone. Frederic, at the moment engaged in a low exchange of words with Yvonne, did not hear him. Brood spoke again, loudly, harshly. There was dead silence at the table.

"We will excuse you, Frederic," said he, a deadly calm in his voice. The puzzled expression in the young man's face slowly gave way to a steady glare of fury. He could not trust himself to speak. "I regret exceedingly that you cannot take wine in moderation. A breath of fresh air will be of benefit to you. You may join us upstairs later on."

"I haven't drunk a full glass of champagne," begun the young man in amazed protest.

Brood smiled indulgently, but there was a sinister gleam in his gray eyes. "I think you would better take my advice," he said, levelly.

Frederic went deathly pale. "Very well, sir," he said in a low, suppressed voice. Without another word he got up from the table and walked out of the room.

He spoke the truth later on when he told Yvonne he could not understand. But she understood. She knew that James Brood had endured the situation as long as it was in his power to endure, and she knew that it was her fault entirely that poor Frederic had been exposed to this crowning bit of humiliation.

As she sat in the dim study awaiting her stepson's reappearance with the two old men, her active, far-seeing mind was striving to estimate the cost of that tragic clash. Not the cost to herself or to Frederic, but to James Brood!

The Messrs. Dawes and Riggs, inordinately pleased over their rehabilitation, were barely through delivering themselves of their protestations of undying fealty, when the sound of voices came up from the lower hall. Frederic started to leave the room, not caring to face those who had witnessed his unmerited degradation. Yvonne hurried to his side.

"Where are you going?" she cried, sharply.

He stared at her in wonder. "You cannot expect me to stay here—"

"But certainly," she exclaimed. "Listen! I will tell you what to do." Her voice sank to an imperative whisper. He listened in sheer amazement, his face growing dark with rebellion as she proceeded to unfold her plan for a present victory over his father.

"No, no! I can't do that! Never, Yvonne," he protested.

"For my sake, Freddy. Don't forget that you owe something to me. I command you to do as I tell you. It is the only way. Make haste! Open the window. Get the breath of air we prescribed. And when they are all here, apologize for your condition!"

When Doctor Hodder and Mrs. Gushing entered the room a few minutes later young Brood was standing in the open window, drinking in the cold night air, and she was blithely regaling the blinking old men with an account of her stepson's unhappy efforts to drink all of the wine in sight! As she told it, it was a most amusing experiment.

James Brood was the last to enter, with Miss Followell. He took in the situation at a glance. Was it relief that sprang into his eyes as he saw the two old men?

Frederic came down from the window, somewhat too swiftly for one who is moved by shame and contrition, and faced the group with a well-assumed look of mortification in his pale, twitching face. He spoke in low, repressed tones, but not once did he permit his gaze to encounter that of his father.

"Im awfully sorry to have made a nuisance of myself. It does go to my head and I—I dare say the heat of the room helped to do the work. I'm all right now, however. The fresh air did me a lot of good. Hope you'll overlook my foolish attempt to be a devil of a fellow." He hesitated a moment and then went on, more clearly. "I'm all right now, father. It shall not happen again. I can promise you that." A close observer might have seen the muscles of his jaw harden as he uttered the final sentence. He intended that his father should take it as a threat, not as an apology.

Brood was watching him closely, a puzzled expression in his eyes; gradually it developed into something like admiration. In the clamor of voices that ensued the older man detected the presence of an underlying note of censure for his own behavior. For the instant he felt ashamed, a feeling he experienced a feeling of shame.

Someone was speaking at his elbow. Janey Followell, in her young, enthusiastic voice, shrilled something into his ear that caused him to look at her in utter amazement. It was so astounding that he could not believe he heard aright. He mumbled in a questioning tone, "I beg your pardon?" and she repeated her remark.

He Was Getting His Few Things Together in His Room.

"How wonderfully like you Frederic is, Mr. Brood." Then she added: "Do you know, I've never noticed it until tonight. It's really remarkable."

"It is a most gratifying discovery," said he, and turned to speak to Mrs. Desmond. He did not take his gaze from Frederic's white, set face, however! and, despite the fact that he knew the girl had uttered an idle commonplace, he was annoyed to find himself studying the features of Matilde's boy with an interest that seemed almost laughable when he considered it later on.

His guests found much to talk about in the room. He was soon being dragged from one object to another and ordered to tell the history, the use and the nature of countless things that obviously were intended to be just what they seemed; such as rugs, shields, lamps, and so forth. He was ably assisted by Messrs. Riggs and Dawes, who lied prodigiously in a frenzy of rivalry.

"What a perfectly delightful Buddha," cried Miss Janey, stopping in front of the idol. "How perfectly lovely he is—or is it a she, Mr. Brood?"

Frederic joined Lydia at the table. "A delicious scene, wasn't it?" he asked, bitterly, in lowered tones.

Her fingers touched his. "What did he mean, Freddy? Oh, I felt so sorry for you. It was dreadful."

"Don't take it so seriously, Lyddy," he said, squeezing her hand gently. Both of them realized that it was the nearest thing to a caress that had passed between them in a fortnight or longer. A wave of shame swept through him. "Dear old girl, my dear old girl," he whispered brokenly.

Her eyes radiated joy, her lips parted in a wan, tremulous smile of surprise, and a soft sigh escaped them.

"My dear, dear boy," she murmured, and was happier than she had been in weeks.

"See here, old chap," said one of the middle-aged gentlemen, again consulting his watch as he loudly addressed his host, "can't you hurry the performance of yours along a bit? It is after ten, you know."

"I will summon the magician," said Brood. "Be prepared, ladies and gentlemen, to meet the devil. Ranjab is the prince of deathless."

He lifted his hand to strike the gong that stood near the edge of the table.

Involuntarily four pairs of eyes fastened their gaze upon the door to the Hindu's closet. Three mellow, softly reverberating "boooms" filled the room. Almost instantly the voice of the Hindu was heard.

"Al-ee, sahib!"

He came swiftly into the room from the hall, and not from his closet. The look of relief in Yvonne's eyes was shockingly. She saw amazement in the faces of the two old men—and knew!

"After we have had the feats of magic," Brood was saying, "Miss Desmond will read to you, ladies and gentlemen, that chapter of our journal—"

"My dear!" groaned both of the middle-aged gentlemen, looking at their watches.

"—relating to—"

"You'll have to excuse me, Brood, really, you know. Important engagement upstairs—"

"Sit down, Cruger," exclaimed Hodder. "The lady won't miss you."

"—relating to our first encounter with the great and only Ranjab," pursued Brood, oracularly. "We found him in a little village far up in the mountains. He was under sentence of death for murder. By the way, Yvonne, the kris you have in your hand is the very weapon the good fellow used in the commission of his crime. He was in prison and was to die within a fortnight after our arrival in the town. I heard of his unhappy plight and sent for him. He came to me. His case interested me tremendously. One night, a week before the proposed execution, my friends and I stormed the little prison and rescued him. We were just getting over the cholera and needed excitement. That was fifteen years ago. He has been my trusted body servant ever since. I am sure you will be interested in what I have written about that thrilling adventure."

Yvonne had dropped the ugly knife upon the table as if it were a thing that scorched her fingers.

"Did he—really kill a man?" whispered Miss Janey, with horror in her eyes.

"He killed a woman. His wife, Miss Janey. She had been faithless, you see. He cut her heart out. And now, Ranjab, are you ready?"

The Hindu salaamed. "Ranjab is always ready, sahib," said he.

CHAPTER IX.

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The Sorceress.

The next day, after a sleepless night, Frederic announced to his stepmother that he could no longer remain under his father's roof. He would find something to do in order to support himself. It was impossible to go on pretending that he loved or respected his father, and the sooner the farce was ended the better it would be for both of them.

She, too, had passed a restless night, a night filled with waking dreams as well as those which came in sleep. There was always an ugly, wriggly kris in those dreams of hers, and a brown hand that was forever fascinating her with its uncanny deftness. Twice in the night she had clutched her husband's shoulder in the terror of a dream, and he had soothed her with the comfort of his strong arms. She was like a little child "afraid of the dark."

Her influence alone prevented the young man from carrying out his threat. At first he was as firm as a rock in his determination. He was getting his few possessions together in his room when she tapped on his door. After a while he abandoned the task and followed her rather dazedly to the boudoir, promising to listen to reason. For an hour she argued and pleaded with him, and in the end he agreed to give up what she was pleased to call his preposterous plan.

"Now, that being settled," she said, with a sigh of relief, "let us go and talk it all over with Lydia."

He stared guiltily. "I'd—I'd rather not, Yvonne," he said. "There's no use worrying her with the thing now. As a matter of fact, I'd prefer that she—er—well, somehow I don't like the idea of explaining matters to her."

She was watching him narrowly. "It has seemed to me of late, Frederic, that you and Lydia are not quite so—what shall I say?—so enamored of each other. What has happened?" she inquired so innocently, so naively, that he looked at her in astonishment. "I am sure you fairly live at her house. You are there nearly every day, and yet—well, I can feel rather than see the change in both of you. I hope—"

"I've been behaving like an infernal sneak, Yvonne," cried he, conscience-stricken. "She's the finest, noblest girl in all this world, and I've been treating her shamefully."

"Dear me! In what way, may I inquire?"

"Why we used to—oh, but why go into all that? It would only amuse you. You'd laugh at us for silly fools. But I can't help saying this much—she doesn't deserve to be treated as I'm treating her now, Yvonne. It's hurting me dreadfully and—"

She laughed softly. "I'm afraid you are seeing too much of your poor stepmother," she said.

His eyes narrowed. "You've made me over, that's true. You've made all of us over—the house as well. I am not happy unless I am with you. It used to make me happy to be with Lydia—and we were always together. But I—I don't care now—at least, I am not unhappy when we are apart. You've done it, Yvonne. You've made life worth living. You've made me see everything differently. You—"

She stood up, facing him. She appeared to be frightened.

"Are you trying to tell me that you are in love with me?" she demanded, and there was no longer mockery, raillery in her voice.

His eyes swept her from head to foot. He was deathly white.

"If you were not my father's wife I would say yes," said he, hoarsely.

She laughed. "I shall pay no attention to such nonsense. You are an honest fool and I don't blame you. Wiser men than you have fallen in love with me, so why not you? I like you, Freddy, I like you very, very much. I—"

"You like me because I am his son," he cried hotly.

"If you were not his son I should despise you," she said deliberately, cruelly. He winced. "There, now; we've said enough. You must be sensible. You will discover that I am very, very sensible. It is Lydia whom you love, not I."

"Before heaven, Yvonne, I do love her. That's what I cannot understand about myself." He was pacing the floor.

"But I understand," she said, quietly. "Now go away, please. And don't let me hear another word about leaving your father's house. You are not to take that step until I command you to go. Do you understand?"

He stared at her in utter bewilderment for a moment, and slowly nodded his head. Then he turned toward the door, shamed and humiliated beyond words.

As he went swiftly down the stairs his father came out upon the landing above and leaned over the railing to watch his descent. A moment later Brood was knocking at Yvonne's door. He did not wait for an invitation to enter, but strode into the room without ceremony.

She was standing at the window that opened out upon the little stone balcony, and had turned swiftly at the sound of the rapping. Surprise gave way to an expression of displeasure.

"What has Frederic been saying to you?" demanded her husband curtly, after he had closed the door.

A faint sneer came to her lips. "Nothing, my dear James, that you would care to know," she said, smoldering anger in her eyes.

"You mean something that I shouldn't know," he grated.

"Are you forgetting yourself, James?" coldly.

He stared at her incredulously. "Good Lord! Are you trying to tell me what I shall do or say—"

She came up to him slowly. "James, we must both be careful. We must not quarrel." Her hands grasped the lapel of his long lounging robe. There was an appealing look in her eyes that checked the harsh words even as they rose to his lips. He found himself looking into those dark eyes with the same curious wonder in his own that had become so common of late. Time and again he had been puzzled by something he saw in their liquid depths, something he could not fathom, no matter how deeply he probed.

"What is there about you, Yvonne, that hurts me—yes, actually hurts me—when you look at me as you're looking now?" he cried, almost roughly. "There is something in your eyes—there are times when you seem to be looking at me through eyes that are not your own. It's—it's quite uncanny. Are you—"

"I assure you my eyes are all my own," she cried, flippantly, and there was a slight trace of nervousness in her manner. "Do you intend to be nice and good and reasonable, James? I mean about poor Frederic?"

"I Have Advised Him to Bide His Time."

His face clouded again. "Do you know what you are doing to the boy?" he asked bluntly.

"Quite as well as I know what you are doing to him," she replied quickly. He stiffened. "Can't you see what I am coming to?"

"Yes. He was on the point of leaving your house, never to come back to it again. That's what it is coming to," she said, lively.

"Why—why, he'd starve!" cried the man, shaken in spite of himself. "He has never done a day's labor, he doesn't know how to earn a living. He—"

"And who is to blame? You, James, you! You have tied his hands, and have penned him up in—"

"We will not go into that," he interrupted coldly.

"Very well. I have advised him to bide his time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Goes the Limit.

When a woman is angry she tells a man just what she thinks of him—and, incidentally, just what she thinks other people think of him.

CANDLE MANY CENTURIES OLD

Inhabitants of Arras Have Great Faith in Sacred Relic Most Carefully Guarded.

Devastated Arras possesses an ancient church, Notre Dame des Ardents, which remained uninjured despite the recent terrific bombardment, and which contains a unique relic that is nearly 1,000 years old.

The relic is known as the holy candle. It is guarded in a richly enameled silver casket, made to the order of Jean de Sasquepee, lord of Bandimont and owner of Arras, and a curious history is attached to it. It appears that in May, 1105, the Holy Virgin appeared during the night to two ministrels.

A terrible plague depopulated Arras at that time, and the Virgin—so goes the legend—gave the two minstrels a candle, which they in turn gave to Bishop Lambert of Arras and told them that the hot wax of this candle mixed with pure water would cure the inhabitants of Arras of the dreadful malady.

The remedy proved efficacious, and a grateful populace erected the monastery of Ardents. The candle has been carefully guarded, and it is the firm belief of the inhabitants of Arras that it frequently saved them from utter destruction.

'Choir and Quire.

The word "quire," as applied to a chorus of singers is rare. The proper word is "choir."

IS WORK OF MANY MONTHS

Construction of the Marvelous Zeppelin Aircraft Not a Matter Which Can Be Hurried.

The building of a Zeppelin is not the work of a day. The mere work on the vessels takes an entire year, and when that work is done another three months must be spent in testing. Stretched in a framework of girders, there are from seventeen to twenty-five balloonettes from end to end. Over these and over the girders is an outer skin of proofed canvas. Slung under the great length is a series of cabins.

Right in front is the station of the lookout man, who is in charge of the starting and the landing; he has anchors slung beneath him. In the first boat, which is entirely covered in, are two petrol engines. Behind this boat is the gangway, fitted up with sleeping berths for the crew. In the center is the observation station. It is from here that the bombs are dropped, and it is in here that the marvelous steering and sighting apparatus is installed, as well as the wireless plant.

Famous Jewel Long Forgotten.

A famous jewel, presented by a London broker in 1789 to the president of Dartmouth college and designed to be worn by him on occasions of state, has been found in the vaults of Parkhurst Hall, where it has lain forgotten for many years. President Nichols may resume the old custom of wearing it on state occasions.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before taking your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backache and headache, feeling down pains, was short of memory, nervous, irritable, passed whole days in tears, sick at the stomach and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a pain like a knife in my side so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicine had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. John Ham, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

The Clock Was All Right.

A man went into a clock store and handed out the pendulum of a clock, which he wished to leave for repairs. The clockman asked him why he didn't bring in the whole clock.

"The clock is all right," was the reply; "it's the pendulum that won't go. As soon as I pulled that out, the vest went like the very dickens."—Judge.

Our Own Personally Conducted War.

"You are a confirmed dyspeptic!" exclaimed Friend Wife.

"No," we remarked, sotto voce, or words to that effect, "a contradicted dyspeptic."

South Africa in 1913 bought $263,980 worth of toys, mainly from England and Germany.

Backache Spells Danger

Census records show that deaths from kidney disorders have increased 72% in 20 years. People can't seem to realize that the first pain in the back, the first disorder of the urine, demands instant attention—that it may be a signal of coming gravel, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. The best prevention of serious kidney disease is prompt treatment with the best medicine at hand—Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Michigan Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Mrs. Anna Wright, 414 Yes Street Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "I suffered intensely when I stooped down pain in my back, my kidneys were weak and disordered and there was a dull ache in the secretions. I felt tired and easily tired, lacked ambition, and had trouble in getting up in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I took them and I have no hesitation in saying they cured me. I have never suffered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

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