The PRICE
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SYNOPSIS.

—11—

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in the president's private office and escapes with $50,000 in cash. He goes aboard the Belle Jutte as a deckhand. Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had gone to cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him, and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested in St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and takes the train. He falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer. Broffin comes to Wahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold to the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him. Charlotte shuts out Broffin and Margery begins to watch him. Griswold puts his money in Raymer's plant and commences to rewrite his book. Griswold is not sure that Charlotte has not recognized him. He uses Margery and Charlotte as models for the characters in his book and reads the manuscripts to them. Broffin spies on Margery, who throws him off the scent regarding Griswold. Margery and Griswold save Galbraith from drowning and as he recovers consciousness the banker recognizes Griswold. The men at Raymer's iron works strike.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"The Federated Iron Workers, I suppose."

"Not in a thousand years! They are only the means to an end." The tilting chair squeaked again, and he went on: "If I'm going to show you how you can dodge this fight, I'll have to knock down a door or two first. If I blunder in where I'm not wanted, you can kick me out. There is one way in which you can cure all this trouble-sickness without resorting to surgery and blood-letting."

"Name it," said Raymer eagerly.

"I will; but first I'll have to break over into the confessional. Have you made up your mind that you are going to marry Margery Grierson?"

Raymer laughed silently, leaning his head back on the cushion of the lazy-chair until his chair stood upright.

"That's a nice way to biff a man in the dark!" he chuckled. "But if you're in earnest I'll tell you the straightforward truth: I don't know."

"You mean that Margery Grierson doesn't measure up to the requirements of the Wahaskan Four Hundred? There was satirical scorn in the observation, but Raymer did not perceive it.

"Oh, I don't know as you would put it quite that baldly," he protested. "But you see, when it comes to marrying and settling down and raising a family, you have to look at all sides of the thing. The father, as we all know, is a cold-blooded old were-wolf, and mother nobody knows anything about save that—happily, in all probability—she isn't living. And there you are. Yet I won't deny that there are times when I'm tempted to shut my eyes and—take the high dive, anyway—at the risk of splashing a lot of good people who would doubtless be properly scandalized."

By this time Griswold was gripping the arms of his chair savagely and otherwise trying to hold himself down; but this Raymer could not know.

"You have reason to believe that it rests wholly with you, I suppose?" came from the tilting chair after a little pause. "Miss Grierson is only waiting for you to speak?"

"That's a horrible question to ask a man, Kenneth—even in the dark. If I say yes to it, it can't sound any other way than boastful and—and caddish. Yet I honestly believe that— Oh, hang it all! can't you see how impossible you're making it, old man?"

"Not impossible; only a trifle difficult," was the qualifying rejoinder. "It is easier from this on. That is the peaceful way out of the shop trouble for you, Raymer. When you can go to Jasper Grierson and tell him you are going to marry his daughter, the trouble will be as good as cured. This labor trouble that is threatening to smash you is Jasper Grierson's reply to the move you made to show you let me in and choked him off. He is reaching for you!"

Raymer held his peace and the atmosphere of the room grew pungent with tobacco smoke.

"I'm feeling a good bit like a yellow dog, Kenneth," he said at length. "After what I've admitted and what you've said, I'm left in the position of the poor devil who would be damned if he did and be damned if he didn't. You have succeeded in fixing it so that I can't ask Margery Grierson to be my wife, however much I'd like to."

"That isn't the point," insisted Griswold half savagely. "How you may feel about it, or what your people may say, is purely secondary. The thing to be considered is, what will happen to Miss Grierson?"

"Why, see here, old man; if you were Madge's brother, you couldn't be putting the screws on any harder! What's got into you tonight?"

Griswold was inexorable.

"Miss Grierson hasn't any brother, and she might as well not have any father—better, perhaps. As God hears me, Raymer, I'm going to see to it that she gets a square deal."

"By George! I believe you are in love with her, yourself!"

"I am," was the cool reply.

"Well, of all the— Say, Griswold, you're a three-cornered puzzle to me yet. I don't know what the other three-fourths of the town is saying, but my fourth of it has it put up that you've everlastingly cooked my goose as Doctor Hertie's, that you and Charlotte are just about as good as engaged. Perhaps you'll tell me that it isn't true."

"It isn't—yet."

"But it may be, later on? Now you are getting over into my little garden patch, Kenneth. If you think I'm going to stand still and see you put a wedding ring on Charlotte Farnham's finger when I know you'd like to be putting it on Madge Grierson's—"

Griswold's low laugh came as an easing of stresses.

"You can't very well marry both of them, yourself, you know," he suggested mildly. And then: "If you were not so badly torn up over this shop trouble, you'd see that I'm trying to give you the entire field. I shall probably leave town tomorrow, and I merely wanted to do you, or Miss Grierson, or both of you, a small kindness by way of leave-taking."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going away, leaving me bucked and gagged by this labor outfit to live or die as I may? Great Scott, man! if my money's gone, yours goes with it!"

"You are freely welcome to the money, Edward—if you can manage to hang on to it; and I have pointed out the easy way to salvage the industrial ship. Can't you give me your blessing and let me go in peace?"

The blessing was not withheld, but neither was it given.

"I came here with my own back-load of trouble, but it seems that I'm not the only camel in the caravan," said the young ironmaster, thoughtfully. "What is it, Kenneth? anything you can unload on me?"

"You wouldn't understand," was the gentle evasion.

Once again Raymer took refuge in silence. After a time he said: "You've been a brother to me, Griswold, and I shall never forget that. But if I needed your help in the money pinch, I'm needing it worse now. I'll do the right thing by Margery; I think I've been meaning to, all along; if I haven't, it's only because this whole town has been fixing up a match between Charlotte and me ever since we were school kids together—you know how a fellow gets into the way of taking that for granted merely because everybody else does?"

"Yes; I know."

"Well, I guess it isn't a heart-breaker on either side. If Charlotte cares, she doesn't take the trouble to show it. Just the same, on the other hand, I've got a right to two of decency left, Kenneth. I'm not going to marry myself out of this fight with Jasper Grierson—not in a million years. Stay over and help me see it through; and when we win out, I promise you I'll do the square thing."

"There's only one other way, Edward; and that is to fight like the devil," he said, speaking as one who has weighed and measured and decided. "What do you say?"

"If you will stay," Raymer began, hesitantly.

"I'll stay—as long as I can." Then, with the note of harshness returning, "We'll make the fight, and we'll give these muckers of yours all they are looking for. Shut the plant doors tomorrow morning and make it a lock-out. I'll be over bright and early and we'll place a bunch of wire orders in the office for strike-breakers. That will bring them to time."

Raymer got up slowly and felt in the dark for his hat.

"Strike-breakers!" he groaned. "Griswold, it would make my father turn over in his coffin if he could know that we've come to that! But I guess you're right. Everybody says I'm too soft-hearted to be a master of men. Well, I must be getting home. Tomorrow morning, at the plant? All right, good-night."

And he turned to grope his way to the door and through the dark upper hall and down the stair.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Narrowing Walls.

Griswold joined the conference with Raymer and the shop bosses in the office of the plant the following morning. Having slept upon the quarrel, Raymer was on the conciliatory hand, and four of the five department foremen were with him. The prompt closing of the shops had had its effect, and a deputation of the older workmen came to plead for arbitration and a peaceful settlement of the trouble. But Griswold fought it and finally carried his point. "No compromise" was the answer sent back to the locked-out workmen, and with it went the ultimatum, which Griswold himself snapped out at the leader of the conciliators: "Tell your committee that it is unconditional surrender and it must be made before five o'clock this afternoon. Otherwise, not a man of you can come back on any terms." Then Griswold proceeded to make the breach impassable by calling upon the sheriff for a guard of deputies. Raymer shook his head gloomily.

"That settles it beyond any hope of a patch-up," he said sorrowfully. "If we hadn't declared war before, we've done it now. I'm prophesying that nobody will weaken when it comes to the pay-roll test this afternoon."

"Because we have taken steps to protect our property?" rasped the fighting partner.

"Because we have taken the step which serves notice upon them that we consider them criminals, at least in intention. You'd resent it yourself, Griswold. If anybody should pull on the law on you before you had done anything to deserve it, I'm much mistaken if you wouldn't——"

"Oh, hell!" was the biting interruption; and Raymer could not know upon what inward fires he had unwittingly flung a handful of inflammables.

Broffin was sure now that Griswold was his man as he was of his own present inability to prove it. "He'll make a miss-go, sooner or later," the pertinacious one was saying to himself as he strolled past the Raymer plant with a keen eye-for the barbed gates, the lounging guards in the yard, and the sober-faced workmen coming and going at the pay office. "If he can carry a steady head through what's comin' to him here, he's a better man than I've been stacking him up to be."

Later, a big, red-faced man with his hat on the back of his head and a paste diamond in his shirt bosom, came to join the shifting group on the office sidewalk. Broffin marked him. The man's name was Clancy; he was a Chicago ward worker, sham labor leader, demagogue, and bad man with a "pull." What the chance had been that the Chicago ward bully into a village labor fight he was not long in finding. Clancy had come because he had been hired to come. The remainder was easy. The town gossips had supplied all the major facts of the Raymer-Grierson checkmate, and Broffin saw a great light. It was not labor and capital-that were at odds; it was competition and monopoly. And monopoly, invoking the aid of the Clancys, stood to win in a canter.

Broffin dropped the stick he had been whittling and got up to move away. Though some imaginative persons would have it otherwise, a detective may still be a man of like passions—and generous propensities—with other men. For the time Broffin's Anglo-Saxon heritage, the love of fair play, made him forget the limitations of his trade. "By grapples, the old swine!" he was muttering to himself as he made a slow circuit of the plant inclosure. "Somebody ought to tell them two young ducks what they're up against. For a picayune, I'd do it, myself. Huh!—and the little black-eyed girl playin' fast an' loose with both of 'em at once while the old money-octopus eats 'em alive!"

Thus Broffin, circling the Raymer works by way of the four enclosing streets; and when his back was turned the man called Clancy pointed him out to the group of discontents.

"D'ye see that fella doublin' the fence corner? Ye're a fine lot of jays up here in th' backwoods! Do I know him? Full well I do! An' that shows

"D'ye See That Fella Doublin' the Fence Corner?"

ye what honest workin'men has got to come to, these days. Didn't ye see him sittin' th'-re on that bastin'? Th' bosses put him there to keep tricks on ye. If ye have the nerve of a bunch of hoboes, ye'll watch yer chances and step on him like a cockroach. He's a Pinkerton!"

* * * * * * *

Wahaska was duly thrilled and excited when, on the day following the storm and shipwreck, it found itself the scene of an angry conflict between capital and labor. It was a crude surprise, both to the West side and to "Pottery Flat," to find the new book-writing partner not only taking an active part in the fight, but apparently directing the capitalistic hostilities with a high hand. An half-past four it was whispered about that war had been declared. Raymer and Griswold were telegraphing for strike-breakers, and the men were swearing that the plant would be picketed and that scabs would be dealt with as traitors and enemies.

It was between half-past four and five that Miss Grierson, driving in the basket phaeton, made a stop in front of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank.

Since it was long past the closing hours, the curtains were drawn in the bank doors and street-facing windows. But there was a side entrance and she went straight to the door of the private room, entering without warning.

Her father was not alone. In the chair at the desk-end sat a man florid of face, hard-eyed and gross-bodied. His hat was on the back of his head, and clamped between his teeth under the bristling mustaches he held one of Jasper Grierson's fat black cigars. The conference paused when the door opened; but when Margery crossed the room and perched herself on the deep seat of the farthest window, it went on in guarded tones at a silent signal from the banker to his visitor.

There was a trade journal lying in the window-seat, and Miss Grierson took it up to become deeply immersed in a study of the advertising pictures, if she listened to the low-toned talk it was only mechanically, she would say. Yet there was a quickening of the breath now and again, and a pressing of the white teeth upon the ripe lower lip, as she turned the pages of the advertising supplement. These, though only detached sentences of the talk, drifted across to the window-seat:

"You're fixed to put the entire responsibility for the ruction over on to the other side of the house?" was one of the overheard sentences; it was her father's query, and she also heard the answer. "We're goin' to put 'em in bad, don't you forget it. There'll be some broken heads, most likely, and if they're ours, somebody'll pay for 'em." A little farther along it was her father who said: "You've got to quit this running to me. Keep to your own side of the fence. Murray's got his orders, and he'll pay the bills, if anything breaks loose, I won't know you. Get that?" "I'm on," said the red-faced man; and shortly afterward he took his leave.

When the door had closed behind the man who looked like a ward heeler or a walking delegate, and who had been both, and many other and more questionable things, by turns, Jasper Grierson swung his huge chair to face the window.

"Well?" he said, "how's Galbraith coming along?"

The smoldering fires in the daughter's eyes leaped up at the provocation lurking in the grim brutality; but they were dying down again when she put the trade journal aside and said: "I didn't come to tell you about Mr. Galbraith. I came to give you notice that it is time to quit. When I asked you to put Mr. Raymer under obligations to you, I said I'd tell you when it was time to stop."

The president of the Farmers' and Merchants' tilted his chair to the lounging angle and chuckled; a slow gurgling laugh that spread from lip to eye and thence abroad through his great frame until he shook like a grotesque incarnation of the god of mirth.

"I am to turn around and help him out of the hole, am I? Oh, no; I guess not," he chuckled. "It's business now, little girl, and the tea-fights are barred. I'll give you a check for that span o' blacks you were looking at, and we'll call it square."

"Does that mean that you intend to go on until you have smashed him?" she asked, quietly ignoring the putative bribe.

"I'm going to put him out of business—him and that other fool friend of yours—if that's what you mean."

Again the sudden lightning glowed in Margery Grierson's eyes; again there was a struggle, short and sharp, between the leaping passions and the indomitable will. Yet she could speak softly.

"What is the reason? Why do you hate these two so desperately?" she asked.

Jasper Grierson fanned away the nimbus of cigar smoke with which he had surrounded himself and stared gloomily at her through the rift.

"Who said anything about hating?" he derided. "That's a fool woman's notion. This is business, and there ain't any such thing as hate in business."

"I hate it!" she said coldly. Then she dragged the talk back to the channel it was leaving. "I ought to have broken in sooner; I might have known what you would do. You are responsible for the trouble they are having over at the iron works. Don't bother to deny it; I know. That was your 'heeler'—the man you had here when I came. You don't play fair with many people; don't you think you'd better make an exception of me?"

Grierson removed his cigar again and the smoky nimbus was thickening to its customary density when he said: "You're nothing but a spoiled baby, Madge. If you'd cry for the moon, you'd think you ought to have it. I've said my say, and that's all there is to it. Trot along home and tend to your tea parties; that's your part of the game. I can play my hand alone."

She slipped out of the window-seat and crossed the room quickly to stand before him.

"I'll go when you have answered one question," she said; the suppressed passions finding their way into her voice. "I've asked for bread and you've given me a stone. I've said 'please' to you, and you slapped me for it. Do you think you can afford to make me over to the other side?"

"I don't know what you're driving at, now," was the even-toned rejoinder.

"Don't you? Then I'll tell you. You have been pinching this town for the lion's share ever since we came here—

He Stepped Behind the Nearest Shade-Tree and Tightened His Grip.

shaking it down as you used to shake down the"—she broke off short, and again the indomitable will got the better of the seething passions. "We'll let the by-gones go, and come down to the present. What if some of the things you are doing here and how would get into print?"

"For instance?" he suggested, when she paused.

The daughter who had asked for bread and had been given a stone put her face in her hands and moved to ward the door. But at the last moment she turned again like a spiteful little tiger-cat at bay.

"You think I can't prove it? That is where you fall down. I can convince people if I choose to try. And that isn't all. I can tell them how you have planned to sell Mr. Galbraith a tract of 'virgin' pine that has been culled over for the best timber at least three times in the last five years!"

Jasper Grierson started from his chair and made a quick clutch into smoky space. "Madge—you little devil!" he gritted.

But the grasping hands closed upon nothing and the sound of the closing door was his only answer.

When she had unhitched the little Morgan and had driven away from the bank, Miss Grierson drove quickly to the Winnebago house and drew up at the carriage step. A bell boy ran out to the wheel of the phaeton. Two minutes after the boy's disappearance, Broffin came out and touched his hat to the trim little person in the basket seat.

"You are Mr. Matthew Broffin of the Colburne Detective agency, are you not?" she asked, sweetly.

Broffin took the privilege of the accused and lied promptly.

"Not that anybody ever heard of, I reckon," he denied, matching the sweetness in the inquiring eyes.

She laughed softly. "You see, it resolves itself into a question of veracity—between you and Mr. Andrew Galbraith. You say you are not, and he says you are. Which am I to believe?"

Broffin did some pretty swift thinking. There had been times when he had lied that Miss Grierson, rather than Miss Farnham, might be the key to his problem. There was one chance in a thousand that she might inadvertently put the key into his hands if he should play his cards skillfully, and he took the chance.

"You can call it a mistake of mine, if you like," he yielded; and she nodded brightly.

"That is better; now we can go on comfortably. Are you too busy to take a little commission from me?"

"Maybe not. What is it?" He was looking for a trap, and would not commit himself too broadly.

"There are two things that I wish to know definitely. Of course, you have heard about the accident on the lake? Mr. Galbraith is at our house, and he is very ill—out of his head most of the time. He is continually trying to call someone whom he calls 'MacFarland' to be careful. Do you know anyone of that name?"

Again Broffin thought quickly. If he should tell the plain truth. . . . "Tell me one thing, Miss Grierson," he said bluntly. "Am I doing business with you, or with your father?"

"Most emphatically, with me, Mr. Broffin."

"All right; everything goes, then. Mr. Galbraith has been figurin' on buying some pine lands up north, and he has sent MacFarland up to Duluth to verify the boundary records on the county survey."

"I thought so," she affirmed. And then: "The records are all right, Mr. Broffin; but the lands which Mr. MacFarland will be shown will not be the lands which Mr. Galbraith is talking of buying. I want evidence of this—in black and white. Can you telegraph to someone in Duluth?"

Broffin permitted himself a small sigh of relief. He thought he had seen the trap; that she was going to try to get him away from Wahaska.

"I could better than that," he offered. "I can send a man from St. Paul; a good safe man who will do just what he is told to do—and keep his mouth shut."

She nodded approvingly.

"Do it, and tell your messenger that time is precious and expense doesn't count. That is the first half of your commission. Come a little closer and I'll tell you the second half."

Broffin bent his head and she whispered the remainder of his instructions. When she had finished she looked up and wagged his head approbatively.

"Yes; I see what you mean—and it's none of my business what you mean it for," he answered. "I'll get the evidence, if there is any."

"It must be like the other; in black and white," she stipulated. "And you needn't say 'if.' Look for a red-faced man with stiff mustaches and a big make-believe diamond in his shirt front, and make him tell you."

Miss Grierson was opening her purse and she passed a yellow-backed banknote to her newest confederate.

"Your retainer," she explained.

Broffin's grin this time was wholly of appreciation.

"You're the right kind—the kind that leads trumps all the while, Miss Grierson," he told her. Then he did the manly thing. "I'll go into this just as yet say—what? But it's only fair to warn you that it may turn up some things that'll cease you. You know what old sayin' about sleepin' dogs."

Miss Grierson was gathering the reins over the little Morgan's back and her black eyes snapped.

"This is one time when we are going to kick the dogs and make them wake up," she returned. "Good-by, Mr. Broffin."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gates of Brass.

It was an hour beyond the normal quitting time of the day of ultimatums and closing interdictions, the small office force had gone home, and the night squad of deputies had come to relieve the day guard. Griswold closed the spare desk in the manager's room and twirled his chair to face Raymer.

"Now, may as well go and get something to eat," he suggested. "There will be nothing doing tonight."

Raymer began to put his desk in order.

"No, not tonight. The trouble will begin when we try to start up with a new force. Call it a weakness if you like, but I dread it, Kenneth."

Griswold's smile was a mere baring of the teeth. "That's all right, Ned; you do the dreading and I'll do the fighting," he said; adding: "What we've had today has merely whetted my appetite."

The man of peace shook his head dejectedly.

"I can't understand it," he protested. "Up to last night I was calling you a benevolent socialist, and my only fear was that you might some time want to reorganize things and turn the plant into a little section of Utopia. Now you are out-heroding Herod by the other side."

Griswold got up and crushed his soft hat upon his head.

"Only fools and dead folk are denied the privilege of changing their minds," he returned. "Let's go up to the Winnebago and feed."

The dinner to which they sat down a little later was a small feast of silence. Though he had not betrayed it, Griswold was fiercely impatient to get away to Margery.

Twice, on his way to her after leaving Raymer, he fancied he was followed, and twice he stepped behind the nearest shade-tree and tightened his grip upon the thing in his right-hand pocket. But both times the fear-ward sidewalk showed itself empty, and he came at length, for the first moment, all the shock of the real, he found that his hands were trembling when he came to unlatch the Grierson gate, and it made him vindictively self-scornful. Also, it gave him a momentary glimpse into another and hitherto unsuspected depth in the valley of stumblings. In the passing of the glimpse he was made to realize that it is the coward who kills; and kills because he is a coward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VICTORY ACHIEVED BY TACT

How Explorer Overcame the Objections of South American Natives to Face Camera.

After his startling experience, when he tried to photograph a group of South American savages, Mr. Algot Lange visited the Indians in their retreat and, after studying his hosts for several days, persuaded them to "pose" for him. He gives an account of his success as a photographer of savages in his book, "The Lower Amazon": "I judged it to be the proper moment for taking photographs because many of the more critical Indians were away working on a large canoe. It was a risky act to bring forth again the little black thing that grows big and has an evil eye," but it was of vital importance for me to record my sojourn on a photographic film.

Slowly I tilted the camera out of the bottom of the knapsack, I took the back off and held the open kodak in front of the chief's eyes so he could see the empty bellows. He nodded and touched it. The tickling sound of the shutter amused the chief, and he imitated the sound by saying, "Tick! Tick!" Then I set the shutter on a time exposure, and let them look through the lens. That also pleased them. The chief even called the camera marakah, or plaything. I felt rather safe, and ventured to roll a film in place and set the shutter for bulb work. I pointed to the chief and, in my mock-Indian manner, asked permission, saying, "Tick! Tick!" a number of times. I finally pressed the bulb.

Once only did I come near a break in their confidence. When I walked down the clearing and focused the chief and the man with the withered arm, who were standing near one of the tall priest-cuts, they suddenly rushed toward me, set on securing "Tick! Tick!" fortunately pacified them. The men objected to the no-flon-picture camera, and I was forced to give a picture to each of the yellow rib-bon to each member of the tribe before consenting the machine. The innocent Indians wrapped themselves in the invaluable film and crowded round the camera while I sang, "Take Me Back to New York Town," and turned the crank.—Youth's Companion.

Southern Town With Vision.

A combination of foresight with the municipal ownership principle has given the United States one tasteless town. This phenomenal community is Harlsville, W. Va., which 20 years ago bought a natural gas well, and piped the town. After the municipal gas plant was let to a private concern, which pays a rental sufficient to meet all the local expenses for government and public improvements.

Now Harrisville, not content with the success of its experiment in one phase of municipal ownership, is about opening a railroad of its own, which it has built to another town six miles away. It remains to be seen how such picturesque municipal activities of the 14-year class. But finding itself more precarious business than selling natural gas.—Newark Star.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble for years, and finally decided I had a tumor as grown and would have to be operated upon. I got frightened at the thought of it, but believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. Knuth, 1240 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, it is not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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.

Safety First

Indigestion, constipation, biliousness and many ailments of the digestive organs are often the source of serious illness. At the first sign of disordered conditions take the reliable family remedy that is always dependable—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS

Youngster's Name Considerably Shortened From the One That Was Originally Given Him.

A northern man who was visiting in Baltimore stopped on the street one day to have his shoes polished. A bright-eyed little black boy stepped forward to give the desired shine. Becoming interested in the little chap the Northerner asked his name, to which the boy promptly replied:

"Gen. ashby."

After a few moments of silence, the Northerner continued: "I suppose that is an abbreviation for General?"

The word "abbreviation" gave the little fellow pause; however, he was equal to the occasion, and recovered himself: "No, sah, it ain't; it ain't exactly dat; ma shore 'nough name am Genesis 30:33. So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come." Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me Gen for short."—Youth's Companion.

Why Of the Girls Do It?

"Why do only very pretty girls wear those hair ornaments that curl ears?" asked Jenkins.

"Because fun earmuffs cost money in the war days," ventured Judkins.

"They wouldn't do any good, they knew constant covering up the ears tends to deafness, besides being unsanitary," said the doctor. "The ears require air as well as the face."

"What?" returned Jenkins, "they cover their ears because they don't wish to hear all the pretty things said about them?"

"Jenkins, you don't know a thing about human nature, as exemplified in the pretty girl," retorted the doctor. And they all laughed.

HARD ON CHILDREN

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I would scarcely get through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee was unable to control my children in the school room.

"When talking the over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions. found it excellent in flavor, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared. I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my changes in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.