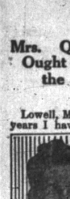
WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Quinn's Experience Ought to Help You Over the Critical Period.



Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."—Mrs. Margaret Quinn, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

Other warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness.

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

ECZEMA!

Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, RINGWORM, TETTER or other Itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

LOOKED LIKE INVERTED RAIN

Bullets From Machine Guns Gave Odd Impression to Aviator at Whom They Were Aimed.

It will be easily understood, writes Mr. C. G. Grey, in "Tales of the Flying Service," that before a bullet that has been shot straight upward begins to fall there must be a point where it stands dead still, and that for the last part of its upward path it travels very slowly. One officer of my acquaintance told me, after some months of war, that his most curious experience was when once, and once only, he discovered the exact extreme range point.

He was flying along quite peacefully on a bright sunny morning at an altitude of a little over 8,000 feet, without worrying about anything, when suddenly he saw something bright dart past the side of the machine. He began to look about him and saw, a shade below him and a trifle to one side, a whole stream of little bright things glittering in the sun.

Then he realized that he had just struck a level that happened to be the extreme vertical range of a machine gun that was making uncommonly good shooting. Other bullets from rifles and other machine guns also flashed into view, as he flew along, and when his eyes caught the right focus he could follow the slow, topmost part of their movement for a considerable distance. "It looked," he said, "just as if it were raining upward," and the phenomenon was so novel that he quite forgot for a time that the "raindrops" indicated that he was unpopular with someone below.—Youth's Companion.

Flight of Time.

"I saw him kiss you," cried her dearest girl friend.

"I acknowledge it," she answered, unexpectedly.

"Ooo-oo-ooh!"

"Don't squeal. We are engaged."

"Since when?"

"Since then."

"Did he kiss you before or after he proposed to you?"

"I can't tell you that. In the excitement of the moment I didn't keep track of the minor details."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Woman Tailor's.

"What's all the excitement?"

"Oh, there's a pretty girl in that tailoring place having a fit."

The Lost Words.

"I shan't waste any words on you."

"If you use any at all on me you will."

Preparing for Tomorrow

Many people seem able to drink coffee for a time without apparent harm, but when health disturbance, even though slight, follows coffee's use, it is wise to investigate.

Thousands of homes, where coffee was found to disagree, have changed the family table drink to

Instant Postum

With improved health, and it usually follows, the change made becomes a permanent one. It pays to prepare for the health of tomorrow.

"There's a Reason"

The Real Man

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons

JOHN SMITH HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE TO PLAY HERO TO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY—HE IS OFFERED THE JOB OF FIGHTING ENEMIES OF COL. BLADWIN

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, bachelor society leader engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Walrode Dunham, his employer, and urged to be a scapegoat for the crooked accuser. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead and flees the state. He turns up a tramp some time later at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains and as John Smith gets a rough job. He soon attracts attention because of his secretive manner and his air of high class. The dam company is in financial straits, and Williams, superintendent, tells Smith his troubles.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

—4—

Smith heard him through, nodding understandingly when the tale was told.

"It's the old story of the big fish swallowing the little one; so old that there is no longer any saving touch of novelty in it," he commented. "I've been wondering if there wasn't something of that kind in your background. And you say you haven't any Belmonts or Morgans or Rockefellers in your company?"

"We have a bunch of rather badly scared-up ranch owners and local people, with Colonel Baldwin in command, and that's all. The colonel is a fighting man, all right, and he can shoot as straight as anybody, when you have shown him what to shoot at. But he is outclassed, like all the rest of us, when it comes to a game of financial freeze-out. And that is what we are up against, I'm afraid."

"There isn't the slightest doubt in the world about that," said the one who had been called in as an expert. "What I can't understand is why some of you didn't size the situation up long ago—before it got into its present desperate shape. You are at the beginning of the end now. They've caught you with an empty treasury, and these stock sales you speak of prove that they have already begun to swallow you by littles. Timanyoni common—I suppose you haven't any preferred—at thirty-nine is an excellent gamble for any group of men who can see their way clear to buying the control. With an eager market for the water—and they can sell the water to you people, even if they don't put their own Escalante project through—the stock can be pushed to par and beyond, as it will be after you folks are all safely frozen out. More than that, they can charge you enough, for the water you've got to have, to finance the Escalante scheme and pay all the bills; and their investment, at the present market, will be only thirty-nine cents in the dollar. It's a neat little play."

Williams was by this time far past remembering that his adviser was a man with a possible alias and presumably a fugitive from justice.

"Can't something be done, Smith? You've had experience in these things; your talk shows it. Have we got to stand still, and be shot to pieces?"

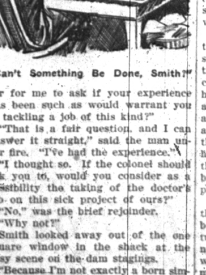
"The necessity remains to be demonstrated. But you will be shot to pieces, to a dead moral certainty, if you don't put somebody on deck with the necessary brains, and do it quickly," said Smith with frank bluntness.

"Hold on," protested the engineer. "Every man to his trade. When I said that we had nobody but the neighbors and our friends in the company, I didn't mean to give the impression that they were either dolts or chucklheads. As a matter of fact, we have a pretty level-headed bunch of men in Timanyoni Ditch—though I'll admit that some of them are nervous enough, just now, to want to get out on almost any terms. What I meant to say was that they don't happen to be up in all the crooks and turnings of the high-finance buccaneers."

"I didn't mean to reflect upon Colonel Baldwin and his friends," rejoined the ex-cashier good-naturedly. "It is another especially discrediting to them that they are not up in all the tricks of a trade which is not theirs. The financing of a scheme like this has come to be a business by itself, Mr. Williams, and it is hardly to be expected that a group of inexperienced men could do it successfully."

The construction chief turned abruptly upon his cost-cutter.

"Keeping in mind what you said a few minutes ago about back numbers, would it be climbing over the fence too far for me to ask if your experience has been such as would warrant you in tackling a job of this kind?"



"Can't Something Be Done, Smith?"

"That is a fair question, and I can answer it straight," said the man under fire. "I've had the experience."

"I thought so. If the colonel should ask you to, would you consider as a possibility the taking of the doctor's job on this sick project of ours?"

"No," was the brief rejoinder.

"Why not?"

Smith looked away out of the one square window in the shack at the busy scene on the dam staging.

"Because I'm not exactly a born simpleton, Mr. Williams. There are a number of reasons which are purely personal to me, and at least one which cuts too on your side of the pond. Your financial 'doctor,' as you call him, would have to be trusted absolutely in the handling of the company's money and its negotiable securities. You could, and should, put him under a fairly heavy bond. I'll not go into it any deeper than to say that I can't give a bond."

Williams took his defeat, if it could be called a defeat, without further protest.

"I thought it might not be amiss to talk it over with you," he said. "You say it is impossible, and perhaps it is. But it won't do any harm for you to think it over, and if I were you, I shouldn't burn all the bridges behind me."

Smith went back to his work in the quarry with a troubled mind. The little heart-to-heart talk with Williams had been sharply depressive. It had shown him, as nothing else could, how limited for all the remainder of his life his chances must be. That he would be pursued, that descriptions and photographs of the ex-cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company were already circulating from hand to hand among the paid man-catchers, he did not doubt for a moment. While he could remain as a workman unit in an isolated construction camp, there was some little hope that he might be overlooked. But to become the public character of Williams' suggestion in a peopled city was to run to meet his fate.

It is said that the flow of a mighty river may owe its most radical change in direction to the chance thrusting of a twig into the current at some critical instant in the rise or fall of the flood. To the reincarnated Smith, charting his course upon the conviction that his best chance of immunity lay in isolation and a careful avoidance of the peopled towns, came the diverting twig in this wise.

On the second morning following the unofficial talk with Bartley Williams in the men-selected headquarters tent at the dam, a delayed consignment of cement, steel and commissary supplies was due at the sidetrack a mile below the camp. Perkins, the timekeeper, called Smith from the quarry and gave him the invoices covering the shipment.

"I guess you'd better go down to the siding and check this stuff in, so that we'll know what we're getting," was his suggestion to the general utility man.

When the crookings of the tote-road let Smith get his first sight of the sidetrack, he saw that the train was already in. A few minutes sufficed for the checking. He sent the unloading gang back to camp with the teams, meaning to walk back himself after he should have seen the car of steel and the two cars of cement kicked in at the upper end of the sidetrack.

While he was waiting for the train to pull up and make the shift, he was commenting idly upon the clumsy layout of the temporary unloading yard, and wondering if Williams were responsible for it. The siding was on the outside of a curve and within a hundred yards of the river bank. There was scanty space for the unloading of material, and a good bit of what there was was taken up by the curving spur which led off from the siding to cross the river on a trestle, and by the wagon road itself, which came down a long hill on the south side of the railroad and made an abrupt turn to cross the main track and the siding fairly in the midst of things.

As the long train pulled up to clear the road crossing, Smith stepped back and stood between the two tracks. A moment later the cut was made, and the forward section of the train went on to set the three loaded cars out at the upper switch, leaving the rear half standing on the main line.

One of the men of the unloading gang, a leather-faced grade shoveler who had helped to build the Nevada Shore Line, had lagged behind the departing wagons to fill and light his pipe.

"Wouldn't that jar you up right good and hard fr a way to run a railroad," he said to Smith, indicating the wholly deserted standing section of the freight with the burnt match-end. "Them fellies 've all gone off up ahead, a-leavin' this end behind without a sign of a man fr a flag to take keer of it."

Smith was listening only with the outward ear to what the pipe-lighter was saying. Somewhere in the westward distances a thunderous murmur was drawing upon the windless air of the June morning. A big gray automobile, with the cut-out open, was topping the side-hill grade, and Smith recognized it at once. It was Colonel Dexter Baldwin's roadster, and it held a single occupant—namely, the young woman who was driving it.

Turning to look up the track, he saw that the three loaded cars had been set out, and the forward section of the train was now backing to make the coupling with the standing half. He hoped that the trainmen had seen the automobile, and that they would not attempt to make the coupling until after the gray car had crossed behind the caboose. But in the same breath he guessed, and guessed rightly, that they were too far around the curve to be able to see the wagon-road approach.

Smith saw the young woman check the speed for the abrupt turn at the bottom of the hill, saw the car take the turn in a skidding slide, heard the renewed roar of the motor as the throttle was opened for a run at the embankment grade. Then the unexpected dropped its bomb. There was a jangling clash and the cars on the main track were set in motion. The trainmen had failed to make their coupling, and the rear half of the train was surging down upon the crossing.

Smith's shout, or the sight of the oncoming train, one of the two, or both, put the finishing touch on the young woman's nerve. There was still time in which to clear the train, but at the critical instant the young woman apparently changed her mind and tried to stop the big car short of the crossing. The effort was unsuccessful. When the stop was made, the front wheels of the roadster were precisely in the middle of the main track, and the motor was killed.

By this time Smith had thrown his coat away and was racing the backing train, with the ex-grade-laborer a poor second a dozen yards to the rear. Having ridden in the roadster, Smith knew that it had no self-starter. "Jump!" he yelled. "Get out of the car!"—and then his heart came into his mouth when he saw that she was struggling to free herself and couldn't; that she was entangled in some way behind the low-hung tiller wheel.

Smith was running fairly abreast of the caboose when he made this discovery, and the hundred feet of clearance had shrunk to fifty. In long duration he could already see the gray car overturned and crushed under the wheels of the train. In a flying spurt he gained a few yards on the advancing menace and hurled himself against the front of the stopped roadster. He did not attempt to crank the motor. There was time only for a mighty heave and shove to send the car backing down the slope of the crossing approach; for this and for the quick spring aside to save himself; and the thing was done.

CHAPTER VI.

A Notice to Quit.

Once started and given its push, the gray roadster drifted backward from the railroad crossing and kept on until it came to rest in the sand at the turn in the road. Running to overtake it, Smith found that the young woman was still trying ineffectually to free herself. In releasing the clutch her dress had been caught, and Smith was glad enough to let the extricating of the caught skirt and the cranking of the engine serve for a breath-catching recovery.

When he stepped back to "tune" the spark the young woman had subsided into the mechanician's seat, and was retying her veil with fingers that were not any too steady. She was small but well-knit; her hair was a golden brown and there was a good deal of it; her eyes were set well apart, and in the bright morning sunlight they were a slaty gray—of the exact shade of the motor veil she was rearranging. Smith had a sudden conviction that he had seen the wide-set eyes before; also the straight little nose and the half-boyish mouth and chin, though where he had seen them the conviction could give no present hint.

"I sup-pup-suppose I ought to say something appropriate," she was beginning, half breathlessly, while Smith stood at the fender and grinned.

"You don't have to say anything. It's been a long time since I've had a chance to make such a bully grandstand play as this." And then: "You're Colonel Baldwin's daughter, aren't you?"

She nodded, saying:

"How did you know?"

"I know the car. And you have your father's eyes."

She did not seem to take it amiss that he was making her eyes a basis for comparisons. She was her father's only son, as well as his only daughter, and she divided her time pretty evenly in trying to live up to both sets of requirements.

"You have introduced me; wo-won't you introduce yourself?" she said, when a second crash of the shifting freight train spent itself and gave her an opening.

"I'm Smith," he told her; adding: "It's my real name."

Her laugh was an instant easing of tensions.

"Oh, yes; you're Mr. Williams' assistant. I've heard colonel-da—my father, speak of you."

"No," he denied in blunt honesty. "I'm not Williams' assistant; at least, the pay roll does-n't say so. Up at the camp they call me 'the Hobo.'"

The young woman had apparently regained whatever small fraction of self-possession the narrow escape had shocked aside.

"Are they never going to take that miserable train out of the way?" she exclaimed. "I've got to see Mr. Williams, and there isn't a minute to spare. Colonel-da—I mean my father, has gone up to Red Butte, and a little while ago they telephoned over to the ranch from the Brewster office to say that there was going to be some more trouble at the dam."

"You won't find Williams at the camp. He started out early this morning beyond Little creek, and said he wouldn't be back until some time tomorrow. Will you tell me what you're needing?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little gasp of disappointment. "I've simply got to find Mr. Williams—or somebody! Do you happen to know anything about the lawsuit troubles?"

"I know all about them; Williams has told me."

"Then I'll tell you what Mr. Martin telephoned. He said that three men were going to pretend to relocate a mining claim in the hills back of the dam, somewhere near the upper end of the reservoir lake-that-is-to-be. They're doing it so that they can get out an injunction, or whatever you call it, and then we'll have to buy them off, as the others have been bought off."

Smith was by this time entirely familiar with the maps and profiles and other records of the ditch company's lands and holdings.

"All the land within the limits of the flood level has been bought and paid for—some of it more than once, hasn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; but that doesn't make any difference. These men will claim that their location was made long ago, and that they are just now getting ready to work it. It's often done in the case of mining claims."

"When is all this going to happen?" he inquired.

"It is already happening," she broke out impatiently. "Mr. Martin said the three men left town a little after daybreak and crossed on the Brewster bridge to go up on the other side of the Timanyoni."

The young woman had taken her place again behind the big tiller wheel and Smith calmly motioned her out of it.

"Take the other seat and let me get in here," he said; and when she had changed over, he swung in behind the wheel and put a foot on the clutch pedal.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to take you on up to the camp, and then, if you'll lend me this car, I'll go and do what you hoped to

Time Only for a Mighty Heave.

persuade Williams to do—run these mining-claim jokers into the tall timber."

"But you can't!" she protested, "you can't do it alone! And, besides, they are on the other side of the River, and you can't get anywhere with the car. You'll have to go all the way back to Brewster to get across the river!"

It was just here that the stole another glance at the very-much-alive little face behind the motor veil; at the firm, round chin and the resolute slaty-gray eyes.

"I suppose I ought to take you to the camp," he said. "But you may go along with me, if you want to—and are not afraid."

She laughed in his face.

Smith shows his real character to Colonel Baldwin's daughter—something of the fierce brute nature that is alive in him. There's a real fight described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MYSTERY OF EEL EXPLAINED

Science Extracts Tale of Its Birth in the Cold, Silent Depths of the Midocean.

"Throughout the ages, wherever men have speared or trapped that hard-dying, slippery eater of carrion, the eel, it has formed the nucleus of much superstitious lore. Until a few decades ago even men of science admitted that the eel embodied one of nature's most puzzling mysteries, because they had been utterly unable to discover when or where or how it mated and multiplied. Today the mystery is solved, and in its place we have another mystery. For such are the strange elusive ways of life that her one reason for permitting us to extend our knowledge seems to be a desire to reveal still more clearly the immensity of our ignorance, writes Edwin Bjorkman in the Century Magazine.

"If on your map of the North Atlantic you draw a triangle connecting the Faroe islands, the Azores and Bermuda with one another, the sides of it will pass through the principal breeding grounds of the common eel. It is born far down in those silent, cold and bitter midsea deeps, where the pressure is like that of hundreds of steel safes on top of one another; where dwell some of the most monstrous and some of the most exquisite organisms known to man, and where the only light ever seen is a pale phosphorescence that flashes from some shadowy hunter or some equally shadowy prey.

"For half a century American, Italian and Danish men of science have been at work, coaxing this wonderful tale from the reluctant lips of life, taking down a letter or a word at a time, and reconstructing every passage a score of times before they dared to grant it final acceptance. Even now the tale is not complete, but one needs have no fear; it will be finished some day—up to a certain point."

Internal Heat of Planets.

The late Professor Lowell's discovery that Saturn does not rotate as one piece, but has "confocal layers, rotating faster within," suggests that some of the other large planets may have the same structure. As pointed out by Professor Very, the friction of layers of different velocities would generate heat, and thus retard the cooling down of the planets.—Scientific American.

Rubber Closes the Skull.

For closing a hole in the skull Dr. C. Scandola of Naples uses rubber sponge. He reports to La Riforma Medica that he tried it on a rabbit and a dog, which he killed after nine and six months and found that except for slight loose adhesion to the dura, the rubber sponge was unchanged. It had caused no trouble and the animals had behaved normally.

Modern.

"My potato," he howled passionately, throwing himself on his knees before her, "do not taunt me thus! Let me look into thine orbs, shining like radishes set in a bed of the finest leaf-mold, and see truth revealed therein! Oh, do not send me away. I implore you. My parsnip—my onion, my turnip-top, my holy little leek!"

She rose to her feet.

"Sling!" she hissed. "Wire-worm! Allotment thief! You dare to come to me with vain compliments? But I can see through you. You call me a chaste potato, while at the same time, copying the ways of the murderous green fly, you seek to pull me down to your own vile and stagnant level! Begone!"

And he went.—London Ideas.

Not Worth Fooling.

Harper—You can't fool all of the people all of the time.

Sharper—I don't want to. Lots of people have got any money.

Wives are more liberal than husbands. The wife who has a mind of her own is apt to give her husband a piece of it.

He Was Sorry He Spoke.

"Why, you women ought to be thankful that you do not live in foreign countries, where they yoke up women with mules and make them pull together," said a rough opponent of woman suffrage to a gentle, but strong-minded suffragist.

"You are married, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes!" he snapped.

"Well," she rejoined, "then foreign countries are not the only ones in which women are yoked with mules."

The Capitol Petroleum Company

Now drilling first well. Second well will be started in few days. Just the minute we strike oil your stock will be worth many times what it costs. You can't afford to miss this opportunity. Only 2 cents a share while the allotment lasts, 5 payments or 5% off for cash. Make remittances to The Securities Finance and Investment Co., 329 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo.—Adv.

The only difference between meddling and investigation is that we always investigate and the other fellow meddles.

United States army has bought 4,000 Lewis machine guns.

Don't Poison Baby.

Forty years ago almost every mother thought her child must have Paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: *"A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death."* The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Ready for Rest of It.

Mr. Curd is inclined to pessimism, particularly in the mornings. At all times he looks upon the works of the boarding house cook with suspicion.

"Wouldn't you like a nice stew this morning?" inquires the waitress.

"Naw!"

"We have porkchopmuttonhoplivercbnoajnhamenaggstoo—"

"Say, w-w-w—"

"Let me bring you a nice fried sole," she persisted.

"Sure, you might as well bring the sole," he snarled. "I ate the uppers yesterday."

Love isn't blind. A girl in love can see ten times more in the object of her affection than anyone else can.

The average girl believes that an engagement is one continuous round of pleasure. And very often it is.

Have a Private Latch Key.

A teacher in an Indiana school says that she used to think there was a chance for every student to be able to escape genius, but since holding an examination recently she has given up hope. In this examination the question was asked:

"What is bacteria, and how do they enter the body?"

And one eighth-grade pupil gave the discouraging answer:

"Bacteria is germs, and they get into the human body by means of a rusty nail."—Indianapolis News.

No Chance for Him Even Then.

"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"Yes, but then he never gets the best of me. So do I."

What the kaiser can't get he is willing that others shouldn't have.

Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near $2 a bushel offers great profits to farmers. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands at remarkably low prices. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 25 bushels to the acre, many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of **Oats, Barley and Flax.**

Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

There is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

M. V. MacINNES
176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent

Aroused, Then Mollified.

Mr. Binks—I met a woman today that I thought a good deal of, once.

Mrs. Binks—Oh, you didn't.

"Yes. I used to do my very best to please her."

"Humph!"

"I did everything I could to win her affection."

"My goodness!"

"And at last I flattered myself that I succeeded."

"Wha'—"

"She granted all that I asked, and by so doing made me the happiest man alive."

"Merciful!—"

"I asked her to come up to the house with me today, but she had some shopping to do, and cannot get here until supper time."

"Mr. Binks, I am going to my mother."

"She isn't home, my dear. It was your mother that I met. She gave me you."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS

Clear Skin and Good Hair by Using Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Besides these fragrant, super-creamy emollients prevent little skin troubles becoming serious by keeping the pores free from obstruction. Nothing better at any price for all toilet purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Conserve!

Morgiana poured oil on the forty thieves.

"What a waste of fat in war times," we protested.

A man may speak several languages and still not be able to say anything worth listening to.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

For Bilious Troubles

That heavy headache, torpid liver, sick stomach, bitter taste in mouth, furred tongue, dull eyes and muddy skin, all come from a poor supply of bile. These unhealthy conditions are promptly corrected by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

which stimulate the liver, regulate the flow of bile, sweeten the stomach, and renew healthy bowel action. A household remedy approved by sixty years of public service. For every-day illnesses, Beecham's Pills

are a tested Remedy

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

Every Woman Wants Paxtine ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. The antiseptic, germicide, and granulated power. Sample Free. 50c at druggists and postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED

We pay $2 to $15 per set for old false teeth. Dentists, Manufacturers and others. Send in parcel post and receive check by return mail. We also buy Diamonds, Watches. Broken Specialty. Ind. S. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.