COULDN'T LIFT SIX MONTHS OLD BABY

Mrs. Hawkins Was So Weak Couldn't Move in Her Bed Without Help.

HAD SUFFERED TORTURE

Well and Strong Again After Taking Tanlac and Weighs More Than She Has in Over Eighteen Years.

"I was down in bed and couldn't raise my head or move without help and now I'm able to do all my housework, even to my cooking and garden work and I weigh more than I have in eighteen years and have been taking Tanlac only about four weeks," said Mrs. Dollie Hawkins, 4906 Second avenue, South, Birmingham, Ala., recently.

"For years," continued Mrs. Hawkins, "I suffered with rheumatism and acute indigestion. The rheumatism got me down in bed and had me bound so hard and fast somebody had to move me about and the pain was terrible. I couldn't lift my six-months-old baby, and had to hire someone to wait on me and do my work. I was so nervous the least little thing dropping on the floor would startle me and my heart would almost stop beating. I couldn't eat any solid food at all and was in such run-down condition my baby fell off until it was just a little skeleton and fretted and cried all the time. No kind of medicine did me any good and I was getting worse all the time.

"If ever a medicine did 'wonders, Tanlac did it for me and my little baby. I felt better in just a few days after I began taking it. I have taken three bottles and I am not nervous in the least now and my sleep is fine and rests me. The awful rheumatic pains and misery is all gone. I can eat anything I want and my food not only gives me nourishment but my baby is as fat as a little pig and sits for hours at a time on a pallet and plays with out a whimper. Tanlac has made a well woman of me and a fat, healthy baby out of my little sickly one, and I'm just so thankful for what Tanlac has done for us I want everybody to know about this great medicine."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town. Adv.

ONE FISH IS SOLD FOR $329

Return of Sturgeon to Delaware River Surprising as It Was Thought to Have Been Exterminated.

Sturgeon fishing in the Delaware river and bay has shown a surprising improvement over past years in the number of catches and size of the fish, the Philadelphia Record states. Old river men are mystified by the return of the sturgeon, as it was thought these big fish had been about exterminated. Recently a number of exceptionally big fish were caught, some averaging well above 200 pounds and a few 300 pound sturgeon have also been caught.

The cow sturgeon are just now filled with roe and some of the big ones yield from 90 to 100 pounds, selling at $2.75 a pound at the wharves. One fisherman who brought in a 300-pound sturgeon last week was paid $305 for the roe and $24 for the fish, his catch netting him $329.

Harry A. Dalbow of Pennsgrove, who has been buying caviar here for many years, says that this is one of the best sturgeon seasons in the bay he has seen for a long time. There is a big demand for the roe this year, as importations of caviar from Russia, where sturgeon are caught extensively, have been cut off by the war.

Druggist's Experience With Kidney Medicine

I have handled and sold Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for some time and have heard customers claim that it had produced very satisfactory results in different ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder. I have nothing but favorable reports at hand and my personal opinion is that there is not anything on the market that will equal Swamp-Root for disease of the kidneys, liver and bladder and I know of a physician who is a very strong believer in the merits of Swamp-Root. Very truly yours,

THE J. M. WATTS MERC. STORE,
J. M. WATTS.
Sept. 29, 1916. Wattsville, Miss.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Attacking the Weakest Point.

As a result of his overdevelopment in the wrong direction Dennis, who is now aged ten, had been sent to bed at an unusually early hour with strict injunctions that he was not even to read. After about half an hour of repentant quietness a subdued but insistent call of "marmie" was heard downstairs.

"What is it?" came the impatient reply.

"Can't I read a bit of the Bible?" pleaded a sorrowful voice.

CUTICURA COMPLEXIONS

Are Usually Remarkably Soft and Clear—Trial Free.

Make Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet Soap, and assist it now and then as needed by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal. Nothing better to make the complexion clear, scalp free from dandruff and hands soft and white.

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

Any woman has a perfect right to look in a milliner's window and wish she had a wealthy husband.

THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

(Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons)

WHAT HAPPENED

J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank & Trust Co., young society leaders, popular bachelor engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, and destined to be one of the town's leading citizens, became innocently involved in a dishonest bank loan. Watrous Dunham, president of the bank, tried to shift the blame to Smith, who refused to be the scapegoat. When Dunham drew a pistol to threaten him, Smith struck the president a blow over the heart and left him for dead.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—2—

Good judges on the working floor of the Lawrenceville Athletic club had said of the well-muscled young bank cashier that he did not know his own strength. It was the sight of the pistol that maddened him and put the driving force behind the smashing blow that landed upon the big man's chest. The lifted pistol dropped from Mr. Watrous Dunham's grasp and he wilted, settling back into his chair, and then slipping to the floor.

In a flash Smith knew what he had done. Once, one evening when he had been induced to put on the gloves with the Athletic club's trainer, he had contrived to plant a body blow which had sent the wiry little Irishman to the mat, gasping and fighting for the breath of life. "If ever yer'll be givin' a man that heart-punch wid th' bare fists, Misther Montygue, 'tis you f'r th' fasht train widout shtoppin' to buy anny ticket—it'll be murther in the first degree," the trainer had said, when he had breath to compass the saying.

With the unheeded warning resurgent and clamoring in his ears, Smith knelt horror-stricken beside the fallen man. On the president's heavy face and in the staring eyes there was a foolish smile, as of one mildly astonished. Smith loosened the collar around the thick neck and laid his ear upon the spot where the blow had fallen. The big man's heart had stopped like a smashed clock.

Smith got upon his feet, turned off the electric light, and, from mere force of habit, closed and snap-locked the president's desk. The watchman had not yet returned. Smith saw the empty chair beside the vault door as he passed it on his way to the street. The cashier's only thought was to go at once to police headquarters and give himself up. Then he remembered how carefully the trap had been set, and how impossible it would be for him to make any reasonable defense.

With one glance over his shoulder at the darkened front windows of the bank, Smith began to run, not toward the police station, but in the opposite direction—toward the railroad station.

For J. Montague Smith, slipping from shadow to shadow down the scantily lighted cross street and listening momentarily for the footfalls of pursuit, a new hour had struck. It was all prodigiously incredible. The crowding sensations were terrifying, but they were also precious in their way. Long-forgotten bits of brutality and tyranny on Watrous Dunham's part came up to be remembered and, in this retributive aftermath, to be triumphantly crossed off as items in an account finally settled. On the South side the bank cashier's forebears had been plodding farmers, but old John Montague had been the village blacksmith and a soldier—a shrewd smiter in both trades. Blood will tell. Parental implantings may have meant to say to the fruit of the womb, but atavism has more. Smith's jaw came up with a snap. He was no longer an indistinguishable unit in the ranks of the respectable and the well-behaved; he was a man fleeing for his life. What was done was done, and the next thing to do was to avert the consequences.

At the railroad station a few early comers for the west-bound passenger train due at ten o'clock were already gathering, and at the bidding of a certain new and militant craftiness Smith avoided the lighted waiting rooms as

Smith Knew What He Had Done.

if they held the pestilence. A string of box cars had been pushed up from the freight-unloading platforms recently, and in the shadow of the cars he worked his way westward to the yard where a night switching crew was making up a train.

Keeping to the shadows, he walked back along the line of cars on the make-up track, alertly seeking his opportunity. Half-way down the length of the train he found what he was looking for: a box car with its sliding door hasped but not locked. With a bit of stick to lengthen his reach, he unfastened the hasp, and at the switching crew's addition of another car to the "make-up" he took advantage of the noise made by the jangling crash and slid the door. Then he ascertained by groping into the dark interior that the car was empty. With a foot on the truss-rod he climbed in, and at the next coupling crash closed the door.

CHAPTER III.

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The High Hills.

The Nevada through freight was two hours late issuing from the western portal of Timanyoni canon. Through the early mountain-climbing hours of the night and the later flight across the Red desert, the dusty, travel-grimed young fellow in the empty box car midway of the train had slept soundly, with the hard car floor for a bed and his folded coat for a pillow. But the sudden cessation of the crush and roar of the shut-in mountain passage awoke him and he got up to open the door and look out.

It was still no later than a lazy man's breakfast time, and the May morning was perfect. Over the top of the eastern range the sun was looking, level-rayed, into a parked valley bounded on all sides by high spurs and distant snow peaks. In its nearer reaches the valley was dotted with round hills, some of them bare, others dark with mountain pine and fir.

From the outer loopings of the curves, the young tramp at the car door had momentary glimpses of the Timanyoni, a mountain torrent in its canon, and the swiftest of upland rivers even here where it had the valley in which to expand. A Copah switchman had told him that the railroad division town of Brewster lay at the end of the night's run, in a river valley beyond the eastern Timanyonis, and that the situation of the irrigation project which was advertising for laborers in the Denver newspapers was a few miles up the river from Brewster.

As the train swept along on its way down the grades the valley became more open and the hills more distant. At one of the promontory roundings the box-car passenger had a glimpse of a shack-built construction camp on the river's margin some distance on ahead. A concrete dam was rising in sections out of the river, and dominating the dam and the shacks two steel towers with a carrying cable stretched between them, formed the piers of the aerial spout conveyer for the placing of the material in the forms.

The train made no stop at the construction siding, but a mile farther along the brakes began to grind and the speed was slackened. Sliding the car door another foot or two, the young tramp with the week-old stubble beard on his face leaned out to look ahead. His opportunity was at hand. A block semaphore was turned against the freight and the train was slowing in obedience to the signal. Waiting until the brakes shrilled again, the tramp put his shoulder to the sliding door, set for a moment in the wider opening, and then swing off.

His alighting was upon one of the promontory embankments. To the westward, where the curving railroad track was lost in the further windings of the river, lay the little intermountain city of Brewster, a few pitched higher buildings showing clear-cut in the distance. Paralleling the railroad, on a lower level and nearer the river, a dusty wagon road pointed in one direction toward the town, and in the other toward the construction camp.

The young man who had crossed four states and the better part of a fifth as a fugitive and vagrant turned his back upon the distant town as a place to be avoided. Scrambling down the railroad embankment, he crossed the wagon road, crossed it, and kept on until he came to the fringe of aspens on the river's edge, where he broke all the tramp's traditions by stripping off the travel-worn clothes and plunging in to take a soapless bath. The water, being melted snow from the range, was icy cold and it stabbed like knives. Nevertheless, it was wet, and some part of the travel dust, at least, was soluble in it. He came out glowing, but a thorough his well-groomed past came up and pricked him when he had to put the soiled clothes on again. There was no present help for that, however; and five minutes later he had regained the road and was on his way to the fifth mile post. As he walked he read for the fiftieth time something on the page of a recent St. Louis paper. It was under flaring headlines:

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF BANK PRESIDENT.

Society-Leader Cashier Embezzles $100,000 and Makes Murderous Assault on President.

Lawrenceville, May 15.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and a leader in the Lawrenceville younger set, is today a fugitive from justice with a price on his head. At a late hour last night the watchman of the bank found President Dunham lying unconscious in front of his desk. Help was summoned, and Mr. Dunham, who was supposed to be suffering from some sudden attack of illness, was taken to his hotel. Later, it transpired that the president had been the victim of a murderous assault. Discovering upon his return to the city yesterday evening that the cashier had been using the bank's funds in an attempt to cover a stock speculation of his own, Dunham sent for Smith and charged him with the crime. Smith made an unprovoked and desperate assault upon his superior officer, beating him into insensibility and leaving him for dead. Since it is known that he did not board any of the night trains east or west, Smith is supposed to be in hiding somewhere in the vicinity of the city. A warrant is out, and a reward of $1,000 for his arrest and detention has been offered by the bank. It is not thought possible that he can escape. It was currently reported not long since that Smith was engaged to a prominent young society woman of Lawrenceville, but this has proved to be untrue.

He folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. The thing was done, and it could not be undone. Having put himself on the wrong side of the law, there was nothing for it now but a complete disappearance; exile, a change of identity, and an absolute severance with his past.

When he had gone a little distance he found that the wagon road crossed the right of way twice before the construction camp came into view. The last of the crossings was at the temporary material yard for which the side track had been instituted, and from this point on, the wagon road held to the river bank. The ditch people were doubtless getting all their material over the railroad so there would be little hauling by wagon. But there were automobile tracks in the dust, and shortly after he had passed the material yard the tramp heard a car coming up behind him. It was a six-cylinder roadster, and its motor was missing badly.

Its single occupant was a big, bearded man, wearing his gray tweeds as one to whom clothes were merely a convenience. He was chewing a black cigar, and the unoccupied side of his mouth was busy at the passing moment heaping objurgations upon the limping motor. A hundred yards farther along the motor gave a spasmodic gasp and stopped. When the young tramp came up, the big man had climbed out and had the hood open. What he was saying to the stalled motor was picturesque enough to make the young man stop and grin appreciatively.

"Gone bad on you?" he inquired.

Col. Dexter Baldwin, the Timanyoni's largest landowner, and a breeder of fine horses who tolerated motorcars only because they could be driven hard and were insensate and fit subjects for abusive language, took his head out of the hood.

"The third time this morning," he snapped. "I'd rather drive a team of wind-broken mustangs, any day in the year!"

"I used to drive a car a while back," said the tramp. "Let me look her over."

The colonel stood aside, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, while the young man sought for the trouble. It was found presently in a loosened magneto wire; found and cleverly corrected. The tramp went around in front and spun the motor, and when it had been throttled down, Colonel Baldwin had his hand in his pocket.

"That's something like," he said. "What do you think it was carbon. You take hold as if you knew how. What's your fee?"

The tramp shook his head and smiled good-naturedly.

"Nothing; for a bit of neighborly help like that."

The colonel put his coat on, and in the act took a better measure of the stalwart young fellow who looked like a hobo and talked and behaved like a gentleman.

"You are hiking out to the dam?" he asked brusquely.

"I am headed that way, yes," was the equally crisp rejoinder.

"Hunting a job?"

"Just that."

"What sort of a job?"

"Anything that may happen to be in sight."

"That means a pick and shovel or a wheelbarrow on a construction job. But there isn't much office work."

The tramp looked up quickly.

"What makes you think I'm hunting for an office job?" he queried.

"Your hands," said the colonel shortly.

The young man looked at his hands thoughtfully. They were dirty again from the tinkering with the motor, but the inspection went deeper than the grime.

"I'm not afraid of the pick and shovel, or the wheelbarrow, and on some accounts I guess they'd be good for me. But on the other hand, perhaps it is a pity to spoil a middling good office man to make an indifferent day-laborer—to say nothing of knocking some honest fellow out of the only job he knows how to do."

Colonel Baldwin swung in behind the steering wheel of the roadster and held a fresh match to the black cigar. Though he was from Missouri, he had lived long enough in the high hills to know better than to judge any man altogether by outside appearances.

"Climb in," he said, indicating the vacant seat at his side. "I'm the president of the ditch company. Perhaps Williams may be able to use you; but your chances for office work would be ten to one in the town."

"I don't care to live in the town," said the man out of work, mounting to the proffered seat; and past that the big roadster leaped away up the road and the roar of the rejuvenated motor made further speech impossible.

CHAPTER IV.

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Wanted—A Financier.

It was a full fortnight or more after this motor-tinkering incident on the hill road to the dam, when Williams, chief engineer of the ditch project, met President Baldwin in the Brewster offices of the ditch company and spent a busy hour with the colonel going over the contractors' estimates for the month in prospect. In an interval of the business talk, Baldwin remembered the good-looking young tramp who had wanted a job.

"Oh, yes; I knew there was something else that I wanted to ask you," he said. "How about the young fellow that I unloaded on you a couple of weeks ago? Did he make good?"

"Who—Smith?"

"Yes; if that's his name."

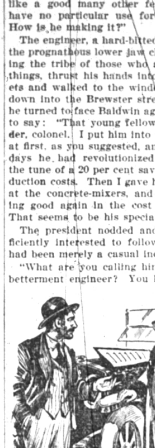
The engineer's left eyelid had a quizical droop when he said dryly: "It's the name he goes by in camp; 'John Smith.' I haven't asked him his other name."

The ranchman-president matched the drooping eyelid at unbelief with a sober smile. "I thought he looked as if he might be out here for his health—like a good many other fellows who have no particular use for a doctor. How is he making it?"

The engineer, a hard-bitted man with the prognathous lower jaw characterizing the tribe of those who accomplish things, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window to look down into the Brewster street. When he turned to face Baldwin again, it was to say: "That young fellow is a wonder, colonel. I put him into the quarry at first, as you suggested, and in three days he had revolutionized things to the tune of a 20 per cent saving in production costs. Then I gave him a hack at the concrete-mixers, and he's making good again in the cost reduction. That seems to be his specialty."

The president nodded and was sufficiently interested to follow up what had been merely a casual inquiry.

"What are you calling him now?—a betterment engineer? You know your



"I Used to Drive a Car."

first guess was that he was somebody's bookkeeper out of a job."

Williams wagged his head.

"He's a three-cornered puzzle to me, yet. He isn't an engineer, but when you drag a bunch of cost money up the trail, he goes after it like a dog after a rabbit. I'm not anxious to lose him, but I really believe you could make better use of him here in the town office than I can on the job."

Baldwin was shaking his head dubiously.

The young ex-tramp soon finds that his services are very much in demand, despite the fact that he is suspected of trying to hide his past.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ILLITERATE USE 5,000 WORDS

Persons of Fair Education Are Said to Have a Vocabulary Ten Times as Large.

The Chautauqua Magazine said a few years ago: "It is estimated that an English farm hand has a vocabulary limited to 200 words. An American workman who reads the newspapers may command from 700 to 1,000 words. Five thousand is a large number, even for an educated reader or speaker." This differs considerably from the statement published in a recently compiled English encyclopedia, which states that "it has been reckoned that the agricultural laborer uses about 1,500 words, but this is probably an overestimate. Intelligent artisans have a vocabulary of 3,000 words, while educated persons are familiar with, if they do not use, 8,000 to 10,000 words." This is a step forward all along the line, but it is a long distance from Dr. Joseph Jacobs' discoveries. In a recent review, Doctor Jacobs said: "that the average well-educated American or Englishman can control from 30,000 to 35,000 words. But given an individual with a vocabulary of 10,000 primitive words, it is a simple matter for him to increase his stock of words by the use of prefixes and suffixes. From four to six derivatives may be formed by the use of these from nearly every primitive word. If proper names be added to either of these totals (40,000 to 60,000), they might yield a total of 50,000 to 70,000 terms, says the New York Times.

The foregoing facts seem to warrant these general conclusions: Every well-read person of fair ability and education will be able to define or to understand as used nearly or quite, perhaps, more than 50,000 words. And the same person in conversation and writing will command not fewer than 15,000 to 20,000, and can add 5,000 to 10,000 to these numbers if he be literarily inclined. The plain people, as Lincoln liked to call them, used to read understandingly from 8,000 to 10,000 words, according to their general intelligence and conversational power, while a person who cannot read, but who has a good degree of native mental ability, will command about 5,000.

Had Her Reasons.

They were discussing church affairs when Mary came home from school, and Aunt Maria remarked "little pitchers have big ears," and the conversation stopped. A few days afterward the minister came to tea and gave some of his attention to Mary.

"Do you like to go to church?" he asked.

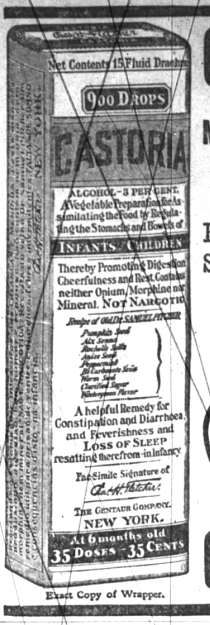
"No," answered Mary, very firmly but politely.

"And why not, my little dear?"

"Oh," said Mary, with a smile, "little pitchers have big ears," very much to the surprise of her mother and Aunt Maria, who colored consciously, and the minister changed the conversation.

Grounds for Suspicion.

She—"Do you really think I married you for your money?" He—"Well, the way my money has been going, it looks suspicious."



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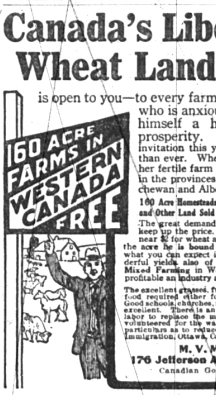


SOME STRANGE INDIAN NAMES

That Red Men's Cognomens Retain Picturesqueness Is Shown by Those Figuring in Recent Land Sale.

That Indian names still possess their early strength and picturesqueness is shown by the names that figured prominently in the recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock reservation in North and South Dakota.

An inspection of the list reveals such names as Kate Good Crow, whose nearest neighbor is Barney Two Bears, Mary Yellow Fat adjoins Melda Crow Ghost, while Mrs. Crazy Walking, on the southeast quarter of section 10,23, 25, has probably reached the state indicated by her name by being in the same section with Elk Ghost.

Mary Lean Dog rather envies Agatha Big Shield, her aristocratic name. In like manner, Jennie Dog Man and Mary Shave Head may be all too willing to assume on short notice the heroic name borne by Morris Thundershield, heir apparent to Long Step Thundershield.

Mrs. Did Not Butcher, judging from her name, is in no condition to supply the wants for her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Frosted Red Fish, who lives on a half section, not far from Helen Difficult.

And on festal days there gather such notables as Francis Many Horses, Joseph Shoot the Bear, Mrs. Stanton Grindstone, Mrs. No Two Horns, Plus Broguth, Good Voice Elk, See the Bear, Married to Santee, Her Holy Road, Tiberius Many Wounds, Plus Shoot First and Shave on One Side.

Kind to Father.

Little miss, three years old, very observing, called on her grandaunt the other day. "Come again," said grandaunt in farewell.

"Father next morning said: "Good-by, Little Miss."

"Good-by. Come again," she replied in polite tones.

Contrary to Precedent.

"The speaker seems to be an unusually modest man."

"What makes you think so?"

"He makes all his promises in the first person plural and all his excuses in the first person singular."

Not Flattering.

He—I love you better than my life.

She—Considering the life you lead, I am not surprised.

People sometimes put on airs when that is about all they have to put on.

Maybe He Was Too Weak.

"I don't believe that man was really hungry."

"Why?"

"He said he hadn't had anything to eat for three days, and I told him if he would split that cord of wood I'd give him his breakfast."

"Well?"

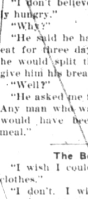
"He asked me for his breakfast first. Any man who was really that hungry would have been glad to earn his meal."

The Better Wish.

"I wish I could afford to wear fine clothes."

"I don't. I wish I could afford to wear any old thing."

Secrets and ink in fountain pens both have a most exasperating habit of leaking out.



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