

# HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HAZARD, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be removed by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

## GIRLS

Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Small text describing Cuticura's benefits for skin and hair.

### BLINDNESS CAUSED BY SNOW

Temporary Affliction That is Brought About by Combination of Fog, Mists and Blizzards.

The above is not a new disease. It is merely a form which staggers the temporary blindness that may fall upon anyone with sight through the clearing of visible things by fog or mists or blizzards. Such blindness, though entirely temporary, is often more confusing than real blindness, for a blind man has sharpened instincts to count on his lack of vision; he "sees" better than the least sighted man in a newspaper office.

For instance, he knows how to walk in a straight line, says a writer in London Answers. A man in a blizzard inclines to a circular course. A blind man in sunshine will walk faster and more surely than one can walk in the unpenetrable mist. Close your eyes while you walk along the pavement, and how life will travel without hitting a house or the road, or opening your eyes? Thirty yards away.

Mists at sea are particularly confusing. The wise captain heaves to until the mist clears. Once the writer was on a ship that "walked" into a white haze near Boston harbor. The engines were stopped, and at night the fog signals sounded. After 24 hours of fog lifted, and almost side by side was another ship, also stationary. Neither had any consciousness of the other one's presence!

**His First Retreat**

"Has your boyish game back to work?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntass. "He got so tired of havin' everybody persuadin' him to sit around an' tell all about the war that he gets away off yonder where nobody kin find him an' chop wood all day."



### The Popular Choice

People of culture and refinement are keen for health, simplicity and contentment. Thousands of these people choose the cereal drink

### INSTANT POSTUM

as their table beverage in place of tea or coffee.

Healthful Economical Delicious

# Carolyn of the Corners

BY RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

Copyright, 1914, by Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

## CAROLYN MAY LEARNS SOME DISQUIETING NEWS FROM CHET GORMLEY.

**Synopsis.**—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the *Dunraven*, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk. Carolyn May Cameron—Hanna's Carlyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagz, at the Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic. Carolyn is also chided by the stern demeanor of Amity Rose, Uncle Joe's housekeeper. Stagz is dismayed when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left practically penniless and consigned to his care as guardian. Carolyn learns of the estrangement between her uncle and his one-time sweetheart, Amanda Parlow, and the cause of the bitterness between the two families. Prince, the mongrel dog that Carolyn brought with her, and the boon companion of the lonesome girl, is in disfavor with Uncle Joe, who threatens to dispose of him, but Prince becomes the hero and wins the approval of the Corners by routing a tramp in the act of robbing the schoolteacher. The following Sunday, while Carolyn and her uncle, accompanied by Prince, are taking a walk in the woods they encounter Amanda Parlow. Prince kills a snake about to strike Amanda, and Stagz and Amanda speak to each other for the first time in years.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Chet Gormley Tells Some News.

It was when she came in sight of the Parlow place on Monday afternoon, she and Prince, that Carolyn May betought her of the very best person in the world with whom to advise upon the momentous question which so troubled her.

Who could be more interested in the hapless of Miss Amanda than Mr. Parlow himself?

The little girl had been going to call on Miss Amanda. Amity Rose had said she might and Miss Amanda had invited her "specially."

But the thought of talking the old carpenter into her confidence and advising with him deluged that visit. Mr. Parlow was busy on some piece of cabinet work, but he nodded briskly to the little girl when she came to the door of the shop and looked in.

"Are you very busy, Mr. Parlow?" she asked him after a watchful minute or two.

"My hands be, Carolyn May," said the carpenter in his dry voice.

"But I kin listen to yee—and I kin talk."

"Oh, that's none? Did you hear about what happened yesterday?"

"Yes, the squabble, ying her quizzical. "Does anything ever happen on Sunday?"

"Something did on this Sunday," cried the little girl. "Didn't you hear about the snake?"

"What do you mean—snake?"

And then little Carolyn May explained. She told the story with such earnestness that she stopped working to listen.

"Humph," was his grunted comment to the end of the story.

"Don't you think that was real exciting?" asked Carolyn May. "And just see how it almost brought my Uncle Joe and your Miss Amanda together. Don't you see?"

Mr. Parlow's eyes jumped. "What's that you say, child?" he rasped out grinning. "Bring Manly and Joe Stagz together? Well, I guess not."

"Oh, Mr. Parlow, don't you think that would be just—just—just?" cried the little girl with a pleading emphasis upon the most important word. "Don't you see how happy they would be?"

"I don't know as anybody's particular anxious to see that daughter of mine and Joe Stagz friendly again. No good would come of it."

Carolyn May looked at him sorrowfully. Mr. Parlow had quite disappointed her. It was plain to be seen that he was the right one to advise with about the matter. The little girl sighed.

"I really did s'pose you'd want to see Miss Amanda happy, Mr. Parlow," she whispered.

"Huh? Huh?" snarled the old man, setting vigorously to work again. He acted as if he wished to say no more and let the little girl depart without another word.

Carolyn May really could not understand it—at least she could not immediately.

That Mr. Parlow might have a selfish reason for desiring to keep his daughter and Joseph Stagz apart did not enter the little girl's mind.

After that Sunday walk, however, Carolyn May was never so much afraid of her uncle as before. Why, he had even called Prince "good dog."

Truly Mr. Joseph Stagz was being transformed—if slowly.

He could not deny to himself that, to a certain extent, he was enjoying the presence of his little niece at the Corners. If he only could decide just what to do with the personal property of his sister Hannah and her husband down in the New York apartment. Never to—life had been so long deciding a question.

He had read of Joseph Hannah. He knew it now, did Carolyn Stagz every time he looked at the lovely little child who had come to live with him at the Corners. Why? Just so had Hannah looked when she was a little thing. The same deep, violet eyes and wavy hair and laughing lips—

your concerns. I heard it all," said the quite innocent Chet.

And Mr. Vickers says: "So the child hasn't anything of her own, Joe?" "Chet went on. "And your uncle says: 'Not a dollar, 'cept what I might sell that furniture for.' And he hasn't sold it yet. I know. He just can't make up his mind to sell them things that was your mother's, Carolyn May," added the boy, with a deeper insight into Mr. Stagz's character than she might have given him credit for possessing.

But Carolyn May had heard some news that made her suddenly quiet and she was glad a customer came into store just when to draw Chet Gormley's attention.

The child had never thought before about how the good things of life came to her—her food, clothes and lodging. But now Chet Gormley's chattering had given her a new view of the facts of the case. There had been no money left to spend for her needs. Uncle Joe was just keeping her out of charity!

"And Prince, too," thought the little girl, with a lump in her throat. "He hasn't got any more home than a rabbit!"

And Uncle Joe don't really like dogs, even now.

"Oh, dear me!" pursued Carolyn May. "It's awful hard to be an orphan. But to be a poor orphan—just a charity one—is a whole lot worse, I guess. I wonder if I ought to stay here, or even with Amity Rose and make them so much trouble?"

"That thought hit deep into the little girl's very impressionable mind. She wished to be alone and to think over this really tragic thing that faced her, but she was not to be so.

"You're a charity dog, Prince Cameron," she said aloud, looking down at the mongrel who walked eagerly beside her along the country road.

The little girl had betought along the road until it was low dinner time. Indeed, Amity Rose would have had the meal on the table twenty minutes earlier. Mr. Stagz had evidently remained at the Corners to sell the coat and cut dinner too—thus "killing two birds with one stone."

And here Carolyn May and Prince were at Mr. Parlow's carpenter shop, just as the old man was taking off his coat and getting ready to go in to his dinner. When Miss Amanda was away nursing, the carpenter ate at a neighbor's table.

Now Miss Amanda appeared on the side porch.

"Where are you going, little girl?" she asked, smiling.

"Home to Amity Rose," said Carolyn May bravely. "But I guess I'm late for dinner."

"Don't you want to come in and eat with us, Carolyn May? Your own dinner will be cold."

"Oh, may I?" cried the little girl. Somehow she did not feel that she could face Uncle Joe just now with this new thought that Chet Gormley's words had put into her heart. Then she hesitated, with her hand on the gate latch.

"Will there be some scraps for Prince?" she asked. "Or bones?"

"I believe I can find something for Prince," said the old man. "I owe him more than one good dinner, I guess, for killing that snake. Come in and we will see."

Carolyn May thought that Miss Amanda, in her house dress and mild manner, with her wavy hair and blue eyes, her dimpled, brown cheeks, was prettier than ever. Her cheerful observations quite endeared Carolyn May again.

"I think you are lovely, Miss Amanda," she said, with a smile.

"Oh, is he?" cried the little child. "Is he looking up more? Do you think he is a charity dog?"

"I positively do," Chet assured her. "And he hasn't always got his nose in that old ledger?"

"Well—I wouldn't say that he neglected business, in manna," said the boy honestly. "You see, we men have got to do business mostly. But he sure is thinkin' of some other thing, too—y'know, nobody."

"What things, Chet? Carolyn May asked anxiously, hoping that Uncle Joe had shown some reversed interest in Miss Amanda and that Chet had noticed it.

"Why—well—now you see, there's that house you got to live in. You know about that?"

"What about it, Chet?" the little girl asked rather timidly.

"Well, Mr. Stagz ain't never done nothing about it. He ain't sold it, nor sold the furniture, nor nothing. You know, Carolyn May, your folks didn't leave you no money."

"Oh!" "Didn't they?" cried Carolyn May, greatly startled.

"No, you see, I heard all about it, Mr. Vickers, the lawyer, came in here one day and your uncle read a letter to him out loud. I couldn't help but hear. The letter was from another lawyer and 'twas all about you and

### Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and maybe despondent, it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that by Dr. King's Kidney Pills they have secured health to the kidney, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, overworked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what SwampRoot, the great kidney medicine, will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. J. C. Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by return mail. You can purchase the medium and large size bottles at all drug stores. Adv.

**Wanted It Set.**

Farmer's Wife. Please, sir, I want one of them things that regulates the out of a room.

Chemist. The thermometer, you mean, sir?

Farmer's Wife. (angrily). Yes, sir, that's it, sir! And it shall be so, sir, sir, to set it to sixty-five. I shall be much obliged 'cause that's what the doctor says I kin to keep the room at—

**\$100 Reward, \$100**

Cataris is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally. It acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. It kills CATARRH, destroys the foundation of the disease, breaks the patient's strength by improving the general health and assists nature in bringing its work to a close. For any case of MEDICINE fails to cure. Treatments for: Druggists. Treatments for: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**A Hint.**

Intrepid Widow.—Speaking of come drinks, Mr. Shoom, there's a good one. Why is the better '99 like a wedding ring?

Poor-spirited Bachelor '99. I'm no good at come drinks.

Intrepid Widow.—You give it to 'em. Why because 'we' can't be 'we' without it.

**Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin**

When red, rough and itching with hot sores of Cuticura Soap and tincture of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use of Cuticura Lotion. Cuticura Tincture, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio—Adv.

Nothing provokes a proud woman like the pride of some other woman.

### A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, has taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order.

Prof. Hammond says: "The liver is an organ secondary in importance only to the heart."

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sitting out the acids and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are full or clogged up the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe, aloin, put into a ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents at all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



**STOCKTON, CALIF.**—For constipation, sick headache, an inactive liver, indigestion and biliousness there is nothing so equal to Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have used other things but like the "Pellets" best of any.—Mrs. P. G. Campbell, 222 S. Grant Street.

**Wanted to Be Safe.**

The little fellow of five, telling that Sister Chace would forget him, wrote the following letter:

"Please look me a figure and aim yours in a pusher book and sun' pair of and a pony. P. S. If the pony is a male please it be behind legs."

**In the Primary Class.**

Teacher. Isabelle, to what race does your mother belong?

Isabelle. (stared). Human race!

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.

**WILL'S BROMO-QUININE**

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, non-toxic—breaks up cold in 24 hours—restores you in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has Red Top with Wills' picture. At All Drug Stores.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fritzsche* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Stimulating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS, CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, General Weakness and Dist. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

AL 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.

**Your Eyes**

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retriking and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"Drop" After the Evening, Morning or Cold. For your comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Sold by The National Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS**

that make a horse Wheeze, Hoarse, lay Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be reduced with

**ABSORBINE**

also other Bronchus or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and hope kept work. Economical—only a few drops require at a time. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 for 40c. The Antiseptic Liniment for man, child, reduces Cuts, Wens, Fomils, Swollen Yells and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F. 3124 S. W. 11th St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U. DETROIT, No. 3-1919.

**Your Eyes**

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retriking and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"Drop" After the Evening, Morning or Cold. For your comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Sold by The National Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fritzsche* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

**Your Eyes**

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retriking and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"Drop" After the Evening, Morning or Cold. For your comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Sold by The National Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS**

that make a horse Wheeze, Hoarse, lay Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be reduced with

**ABSORBINE**

also other Bronchus or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and hope kept work. Economical—only a few drops require at a time. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 for 40c. The Antiseptic Liniment for man, child, reduces Cuts, Wens, Fomils, Swollen Yells and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F. 3124 S. W. 11th St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U. DETROIT, No. 3-1919.

**Your Eyes**

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Retriking and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"Drop" After the Evening, Morning or Cold. For your comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. Sold by The National Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS**

that make a horse Wheeze, Hoarse, lay Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be reduced with

**ABSORBINE**

also other Bronchus or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and hope kept work. Economical—only a few drops require at a time. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 for 40c. The Antiseptic Liniment for man, child, reduces Cuts, Wens, Fomils, Swollen Yells and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F. 3124 S. W. 11th St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U. DETROIT, No. 3-1919.

(TO BE CONTINUED)