STOMACH UPSET?

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN AT ONCE ENDS DYSPEPSIA, ACIDITY, GAS, INDIGESTION.

Your meals hit back! Your stomach is sour, acid, gassy and you feel bloated after eating or you have heavy lumps of indigestion pain or headache, but never mind. Here is instant relief.

Don't stay upset! Eat a tablet of Pape's Diapepsin and immediately the indigestion, gases, acidity and all stomach distress ends.

Pape's Diapepsin tablets are the surest, quickest stomach relievers in the world. They cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Remarkable, Indeed.

The other evening the little girl in question suddenly seeing one of Charleston's "finest" coming down the street, said to her mother:

"Oh, mother did you know that policemen have wives?"

"What's that, dear?" queried the mother in a tone that implied to the child's ears disbelief.

"Well, they have," said the little one, "'cause I saw a woman and she was a policeman's wife. I didn't know they had wives either until I saw her."—Charleston (W. Va.) Mail.

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, or 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 may be dependent, it makes any one sick.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

May send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

No Discrimination.

Friend (in Windmaffer's art gallery)—You certainly show excellent discrimination in the selection of your pictures.

Windfall—Discrimination? Not on your life; I'm too broad-minded for that! Why, if the price is right, I don't care a dang whether the painter is American, Dutch, Dago, Pole, Bulgarian, Chinese, Eskimo, or even German.

CREAM FOR CATARRH OPENS UP NOSTRILS

Tells How to Get Quick Relief from Head-Colds. It's Splendid!

In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh will be gone.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly.—Adv.

Concrete Domes.

"Why did you pause in the middle of your speech—to let your words sink in?"

"No," replied the disgusted orator. "I was out of breath. With a crowd like that I'd have to crack their cranium first."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

As without oil the best engine is useless, so without friendship society is a sham.

Cure pimples, headache, bad breath by taking May Apple, Aloe, Jalap rolled into a tiny sugar pill called Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Adv.

The office never has to seek the man on pay day.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. 60 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

Carolyn of the Corners

~BY~

RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

—16—

"Go on! Good dog!" cried Mr. Stagg. "Lead the way to Hannah's Carlyn!"

He heard the little girl screaming: "Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Uncle Joe! Here we are!"

Cherry rattled the buckboard down to the bottom of the hollow and stopped. There was some smoke here, but not much. The man leaped to the ground when he saw a figure rise up from the foot of a tree by the spring—a figure in brown.

"Joseph! Thank God!" murmured Amanda.

The hardware dealer strode to her. She had put out both her hands to him, and he saw that they were trembling, and that tears filled her great brown eyes.

"Oh, Joe!" she said, "I feared you would come too late!"

"But I'm here, Mandy, and I'm not too late!" he cried; and, somehow—neither of them could, perhaps, have explained just how—his arms went around her and her hands rested on his shoulders, while she looked earnestly into his face.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" It was like a surrendering sob.

"It's not too late, is it, Mandy? Say it isn't too late!" he pleaded.

"No, it's not too late," she whispered. "If—if we're not too old."

"Old!" almost shouted Joseph Stagg. "I don't remember of ever feeling so young as I do right now!" and suddenly he stooped and kissed her. "Bless me! what fools we've been all this time!"

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda!" cried Carolyn May, standing before them, and pointing with a rather grimy index finger. "You aren't mad at each other any more, are you? Oh, I am so glad! so glad!" and her face showed her pleasure.

But the situation was too difficult to allow of much but practical thoughts.

"Where's the old woman?" asked Joseph Stagg quickly.

"Her husband came with a horse and buggy late last night and took her over to the new camp," was the reply.

"The fire was coming into the camp when I left. We must get out of here in a hurry," declared Mr. Stagg.

"We aren't going to be burned up now, when Uncle Joe is here, Miss Mandy," Carolyn May declared with confidence. "See how nice he and Prince found us? Why, they are regular heroes, aren't they?"

"They are, indeed, child," agreed the woman. She turned to Joseph Stagg, happiness shining in her eyes, and looking prettier than ever before in her life, he thought.

The hollow was rapidly becoming filled with smoke. The man did not understand this, but it foreboded trouble. He turned Cherry and the buckboard around, and then he helped Amanda into the seat.

"Up you go, too, Carlyn May," he said, lifting the little girl into the rear of the buckboard.

Joseph Stagg felt very serious as he seated himself by Amanda's side and picked up the reins. The horse quickly retraced his steps up the hill to the tote road. As they came out into this broader path they saw the smoke pouring through it in a choking cloud.

"Oh, Joe," gasped Amanda, "it's coming!"

"It surely is," agreed the hardware merchant. "We're in a hot corner, my girl. But trust to me—"

"Oh, I do, Joe!" she exclaimed, squeezing his arm. "I am sure you know what is best to do."

"I'll try to prove that so," he said with a subdued chuckle.

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" cried Carolyn May suddenly, "can't we get out of this awful smoke? It—it chokes me!"

"Wait," whispered Amanda to the man. "I'll lift her over the back of the seat. I think she had better be in my lap."

"P'raps that's so," he agreed, and he held in the nervous Cherry for a moment till the change was accomplished.

The roaring of the fire grew louder and louder in their ears.

Suddenly Joseph Stagg dragged Cherry's head around. The horse snorted and hesitated, for the smoke was blinding him.

"I pretty near missed these forks!" exclaimed the hardware merchant. This left road takes us toward the lake."

"Oh, Joe, can we reach it?" whispered Amanda.

"We've got to!" he returned grimly. "It's three miles, if it's an inch, but Cherry has got to make it."

They were relieved after a minute or two in this new road. The smoke had not so completely filled it. But it was a rougher way, and the buckboard bounced until Carolyn May cried out in fear.

They drove over a little hillock that raised them higher than the tote road had done. Amanda clutched Mr. Stagg's arm again and uttered a half-stifled "Oh!"

He shot a glance to the left. A mass of flame broke out in the wood not far off this trail—the top of a great tree was on fire.

"The wind is carrying brands this way," muttered the man. "A dozen new fires will be started. Well, gid-up, Cherry!" and he seized the whip again.

The horse was well spent now, but he was plucky. He tried to increase his stride. A hot breath of wind came rushing through the forest, bending the branches and shaking the leafy foliage. The wind seemed fairly to scorch the fugitives.

The roaring of the fire increased. Through the more open woods which bordered this path they saw the smoke advancing in a thicker wall—and one as high as the tree tops.

"Oh, Uncle Joe! Oh, Miss Amanda," Cried Carolyn May.

"You've got to make it, old boy," muttered Joseph Stagg, and he lashed the horse again.

The spirited Cherry leaped forward, both the woman and the child screaming.

"Is it far? Is it far?" gasped Amanda in his ear.

"Too far for comfort. But keep your heart up."

As the man spoke, a blazing brand swung through the air and came down, right on Amanda's shoulders. Carolyn May shrieked. Joseph Stagg brushed off the burning stick.

Cherry mounted another small ridge and then they scattered down into a little hollow where there was a slough beside the road. The water was green and stagnant, but it was water.

The man pulled in the hard-pressed horse and leaped down, passing the reins to Amanda. He whipped off his coat and dipped it in the mudhole. He drew it out dripping with water and slime.

"Look out, here! Have to shut your eyes!" he warned his two companions on the seat of the buckboard, and threw the saturated coat over Miss Amanda's head. The dripping garment sheltered Carolyn May as well.

"Now, good horse!" he yelled to Cherry, leaping back to the seat. "Gid-up!"

The horse started up the slope. Another swirling brand came down upon them. Joseph Stagg fought it off with his bare hand. His shirt sleeve caught fire and he was painfully burned on the forearm before he could smother the blaze.

Another flaming brand fell, landing on Cherry's back. The horse squealed and leaped forward at a pace which Mr. Stagg could not control. Maddened by the burn, Cherry had taken the bit in his teeth and was running away.

The man threw down the reins. He could do nothing toward retarding the frightened horse's pace. Indeed, he did not want to stop him.

His left arm he flung around Miss Amanda and the child, and with his right hand clung to the rocking seat of the careening buckboard.

The wet steaming coat saved the woman and the child from injury.

Joseph Stagg had lost all count of time. The forest road might still extend ahead of them for a mile, for all he knew.

But suddenly they broke cover. Cherry still galloping wildly, and plunged down an open ravine to the edge of a lake of sparkling water.

"Bless me! The lake! the lake!" hoarsely shouted the man.

The walls of the ravine sheltered them from smoke and fire for a moment, but the brands still fell. Cherry had halted on the edge of the lake, but Joseph Stagg urged him on into the water, flank deep. The shore was narrow and afforded little space for refuge. He lifted Amanda and the child bodily from the seat and dropped them into the water.

"We're safe now," he said hoarsely, jumping in himself, and holding Carolyn May and Amanda. "We've got water enough here, thanks be! Hang on to me, Mandy. I'm not going to let you get away—no more, never!"

And by the way in which the woman clung to his arm it was evident that she did not propose to lose him.

"My, Uncle Joe! you are just the bravest man!" declared Carolyn May, finding her voice. "Isn't he, Miss Mandy? And, see, his arm is all burned. Dear me, we must get home to Aunty Rose and let her do it up for him."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Two's Company."

Toward the east the forest tract was completely burned to the banks of Codler's creek. As the wind which had sprung up had driven the fire westward, there was little danger of the flames pressing nearer than the creek to Sunrise Cove and The Corners.

Joseph Stagg led the horse out of the water and advised Miss Amanda and Carolyn May to get into the seat of the buckboard again. Then he set forth, leading the horse along the narrow beach, while Prince followed wearily in the rear.

It was a rough route they followed, but the blackened forest was still too hot for them to pass through, had they been able to find a path. This was a lonely strip of shore and they saw no living soul but themselves.

It was a long tramp, and the horse, the dog, and the man were alike weariest. Carolyn May went fast asleep with her head pillowed in Miss Amanda's lap.

The latter and Joseph Stagg talked much. Indeed, there was much for them to say after all these years of silence.

The woman, worn and scorched of face, looked down on the smutted and sweating man with an expression in her eyes that warmed him to the marrow. She was proud of him. And the gaze of love and longing that the hardware merchant turned upon Amanda Parlow would have amazed those people that believed he had consideration and thought only for business.

In these few hours of alarm and close calls they had learned the manhood had lesped all the barriers time and pride had set up. Nothing further could keep Joseph Stagg and Amanda Parlow apart. And yet they never for one instant discussed the original cause of their estrangement. That was a dead issue.

The refugees reached The Corners about nine o'clock. Jedidiah Parlow had hobbled up to the store and was just then organizing a party of searchers to go to the rescue of the hardware dealer and those of whom he had set forth in search.

The village turned out en masse to welcome the two who had so miraculously escaped the fire. Aunty Rose's relief knew no bounds. Mr. Parlow was undoubtedly glad to see his daughter safe and sound, but he would have overlooked the pitiable state his horse was in. Poor Cherry would never be the same rabbit-shod animal again.

"Well, I vum!" he said to Joseph Stagg, "you done it! Better n I could, by I reckon. I'll take the hoss home. You comin' with me, Mandy?" Then he saw the burns on the younger man's shoulders and arms. "Too good hand of Jehoshaphat! here's work for you to do, Mandy. If you air any sort of a nurse, I reckon you got your hands full right hyer with Joe Stagg," he added, with some pride in his daughter's ability. "Flow! them's bad-lookin' burns."

"They are indeed," agreed Aunty Rose.

It was a fact that Mr. Stagg was a bad stake. Carolyn May had suggested that Aunty Rose would dress his burns, but Miss Amanda would allow nobody to do that but herself.

When the curious and sympathetic neighbors had gone and Miss Amanda was still busy making Joseph Stagg comfortable in the sitting room, Aunty Rose came out into the kitchen, where

"Yes, Isn't It Nice They Aren't Mad at Each Other."

she had already bathed and helped Carolyn May to undress, and where the little girl was now sleepily eating her supper of bread and milk.

"Well, wonders don't ever cease, I guess," she said, more to herself than to her little confidant. "Who'd have thought it?"

"Who'd have thought what, Aunty Rose?" inquired Carolyn May.

"Your uncle and Mandy Parlow have made it up," breathed the woman, evidently much impressed by the wonder of it.

"Yes, indeed!" cried the child. "Isn't it nice? They aren't mad at each other any more."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LETTER FROM THE STATE CAPITOL

TERMS OF COMMISSIONER OF INSURANCE AND LABOR COMMISSIONER STARTS TROUBLE IN LEGISLATURE.

LEGISLATION HAS SPEEDED UP

Lennon Bill Adopted By House to Compel Sellers to Label Storage Eggs As Cold Storage Products.

By William Lee Calnon.

Lansing, Mich.

Proposals to lengthen the terms of office of the state commissioner of insurance and the state commissioner of labor have precipitated more of a fight in the legislature than have proposals for almost anything else at this session. The senate has been more generous than the house, passing bills to make the terms of both state officials four years instead of two years. The house has yet to consider the bill affecting the labor department and, gave her nothing assent to the insurance department bill, after it by a bare vote of 51 and refusing to reconsideration by a 41 to 40 vote. The senate gave unconditional assent to the bill making the insurance commissioner's term four years, but the house refused to concur in this. The result will be that when Insurance Commissioner Edwards's term expires next June, he can be reappointed only for a two year term, as the four year bill will not take effect until ninety days after the close of the present session, or about August 15.

The investigating work of various legislative committees at this session has stirred up Rep. House of Montcalm, to where he has offered a bill to have the standing committees of the senate and of the house given the power to visit and inspect the institutions of the state which they represent during the interim of the sessions of the legislature.

Back of this bill is the claim that many of the abuses found shown in the prisons into Judge Jennison's Ionia and the Ionia State Hospital could be prevented if the legislative committees were given power to visit and inspect the institutions in question, and report back to the legislature, with recommendations, what they found to be wrong. Rep. House has worked in behalf of the legislature's investigation committee, which reports with its recommendations, and