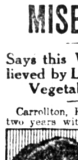
LIFE WAS A MISERY TO HER

Says this Woman Until Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Carrollton, Ky.—"I suffered almost two years with female weakness. I could not walk any distance, ride or take any exercise at all without resting. If I swept the floor or did any kind of work it would bring my sickness on. I was weak and languid, had no energy, and life was a misery to me. I was under the care of a good physician for several months and tried other remedies. I had read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking twelve bottles I found myself much improved and I took six more. I have never had any more trouble in that respect since. I have done all kinds of work and at present am an attendant at a State Hospital and am feeling fine. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to dozens of my friends and shall always recommend it."—LILLIAN THARP, 824 S. 6th St., Carrollton, Ky.



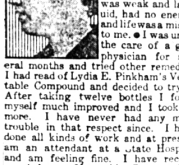
If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

Even Were New Suits Net $40.

Sir Oliver Lodge says that dying is like discarding an old suit of clothes. To some of us doing the latter is almost as hard as dying, truly.—Boston Transcript.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard, soft or corn with pain between the toes, and the hard skin callouses from bottom of foot.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug! Adv.

Her Aim.

"What is that dirtiest grass widow trying to do?"

"I guess she is trying to make him while the sun shines."

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription

Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

A woman who isn't curious is a curiosity.

The best part of a bargain is the gain.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

"Rheumanol"—For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Grip, Gout, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Malaria. Pills. Five times strong. 10 days treatment. $1.00. Money back guarantee. Malaphine Laboratories, Atlanta, Ga.

Eczema

MONEY BACK

without question if Hunt's Salve fails in the treatment of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Itch, etc. Don't become discouraged because other treatments failed. Hunt's Salve has relieved hundreds of such cases. You can't lose on our Money Back Guarantee. Try it at our risk TODAY. Price 75c, at drug stores, or A. B. Richards Co., Sherman, Texas.

HUNT'S Salve

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. Your druggist or mail 65c. Free book. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2973 Blackhawk Avenue, Chicago.

The MAN NOBODY KNEW

by HOLWORTHY HALL

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—12—

"I don't deny," said Armstrong slowly, "that at first sight this is a queer thing for me to do—to check up your property. I mean—when you and I have had such an intimate relationship for years. And I wouldn't for the world have agreed to it if it could have had the slightest connection with . . . with your own private affairs. It hasn't, it can't have. I give you my word on that. It's been settled without the slightest reference to anything else. But since it hasn't, and since Rufus asked me as a favor—and promised to tell you about it—and it's absolutely commercial—"

"That's enough. I'm glad you're going to do it," Hilliard's voice was gruff; it was a tribute to his companion's code of ethics. "Know anything about mining?"

"Not a thing. But I'm to go to a law firm in Butte—and of course it's only a formality, anyway. I'll probably find it's better than you ever claimed. But Rufe asked me."

"I see. Well, now about this other matter . . ."

Armstrong was watching the westbound express as it fed its cautious way through Railroad avenue to the station.

"Yes?"

Hilliard was suddenly ashamed of himself; he was forced to concede that his rival had the advantage of him in poise and altruism. He shook himself free of the strange resentment which was stealing upon him.

"We're only human, both of us. Perhaps—after the congratulations—the best thing we can do is to forget nothing . . . except that I wish you all the luck in the world. I don't pretend it isn't a hard thing to say, but I'm trying to mean it. And you certainly do serve it."

"And to you," said Armstrong, cheerfully. "And no bad feelings on either side. And I hope your mine moves a million tons for you."

"Thanks," said Hilliard, gruffly. "I'll need it. But don't be afraid to send Rufus your honest opinion, will you?"

"Second I'll send it to my own. That's only fair . . . I'd better be starting."

They shook hands again across the wheel.

"You're a good sport, Armstrong . . . I don't think I've got any resentment left . . . except a bit that I can't quite swallow on short notice."

"I know. But you don't need to worry, old man. Your interests lie right—as I hope to serve Rufus about Saturday."

Too late Hilliard perceived that they were talking at cross-purposes. Armstrong was evidently thinking about the mine. But there was time only for a fast gesture of farewell, and Armstrong had disappeared in the depths of the trainshed. Armstrong . . . the victor, and the importunate . . . was on the road to Butte!

* * * * * * *

Work, hard work, the balmiest and the best balm of these who are overdriven and overtired, his relief was denied Hilliard. He was left alone with his problem, wrestling with it, once more in the blind darkness of desperate . . . and knowledge of the means of simplifying it . . . of solving it.

He concluded that it was a good thing for him to do and he . . . meant to do it, but he was harassed because he had so much time to think about it. Not since the first shocking discovery of Harmon's swindle had he felt the sickening impression of being the victim of a machinery of which he could see his own impotence. Even when the machinery of it which necessitated his confidence in Harmon gradually returned, he was abnormally calm and determined; he had no more idea of resisting his impulses than he would have had in Flanders, of disobeying his orders. The thing was there to be done, and he, regardless of his own future, was there to do it.

Overnight, he had occupied himself with some elementary accounting.

With Harmon's check, his personal bank balance, expenses and what money he could raise by selling his runabout and a few personal possessions, he had on hand a matter of ninety-six hundred dollars. Sycamore had entrusted him with sixty-two thousand. To compromise pro rata with his creditors this was apparently his only resource, and yet how insufficient a reparation it was! He knew that it had been his duty to investigate the Montana property before he began to exploit it; he knew that his self-introduction to Sycamore had been idiotically inexcusable, and that not even the fact that he had been carried away by the drama of it could ever be excused. His intricate fabric of deception, now that he inspected it from this different viewpoint, was flimsy should. He could be traced if any one cared to spend the time, and the energy, if Armstrong or Rufus Waring cared to spend it, for example. Of course, there was always the refuge of flight, but in Flanders, men learn not to desert their posts, and Hilliard had learned that lesson among the first. Loyalty to the cause of fighting had grown automatic; flight was simply inconceivable to him.

Yes, he could gather his resources and place them, together with himself, in the hands of his subscribers, and their vengeance would be twofold; once for their loss out of pocket, once for the loss out of faith. He had deserved no leniency, and he expected none. But as for those who, without the financial entanglement, had respected him, and honored him, as for Carol Durant and Angela . . .

Well, as for Carol, he was at least relieved of the terrific mental convulsion which would surely have fallen upon him if he had had reason to believe that she loved him. As it was, her shock at his disaster would be tempered by Armstrong's sane philosophy, at most she would lose in Hilliard a friend of only a few months—a man she had wanted to retain as a friend, but by her own admission as friend and no more. This was a consolation . . . trifling and fragile to be sure, but something saved out of the wreck.

As to Armstrong, Hilliard marvelled somewhat at his own tolerance, wished him joy. Armstrong was fine and clean and manly, and Angela merited his victory. As to Mr. Cullen—Hilliard was torn with regret, but afterwall, Cullen's gullibility was what had made the campaign so childishly simple. As to Angela . . . who had loyally loved him . . .

"Oh, the poor little kid!" said Hilliard, softly. "The poor little kid . . . "

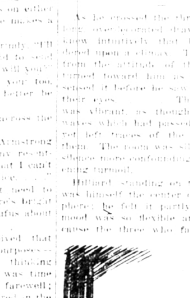
And perhaps he had never loved Carol Durant so much as when, at ten o'clock that sunny morning, he went up the steps of Angela's house to deliver a little girls regard for him he felt it could be destroyed by others.

In the doorstep he found strength in the memory of poor Pierre Durant's . . . Hilliard took that he was doing for him his life as Durant had done for his . . . well, anyway, he was making a blessing out of the danger. Besides he was afraid unnecessarily sure that Angela, after all, would be with him and when he put a couple of that it was the beginning of the end.

CHAPTER XII.

As he crossed the threshold of the long, sun-warmed drawing room, he knew intuitively that he had blundered upon a climax. He—he sensed from the attitude of the three—his coming was not the first time he entered, yet he felt as he saw the strangeness in their eyes. . . . The atmosphere was vibrant, as though from sound waves which had passed beyond, and yet left traces of the vocal behind them. The room was silent, but of a silence more confounding than a deafening turmoil.

Hilliard, standing on the threshold, was himself the center of this atmosphere. He felt it partly because his mood was so flexible and partly because the three who faced him had



"It's Nothing but Jealousy! He's Said Horrible Things About You"

simultaneously thrown their fixed attention on him, thrown it directly and challengingly, including him in the tableau of the climax, while they stood motionless as statues. He looked at Angela, whose expression was deliriously acute, he looked at Angela flushed, triumphant and excited; he looked at Mr. Cullen, tight-lipped and frowning, and Hilliard caught his breath, as a swimmer who launches himself to a high dive, and walked composedly into the drawing room.

"I hope," he said gravely, "I'm not intruding. Am I?"

The trio was galvanized into action. Cullen faintly bowed at him. "Hilliard," he said, "thank the Lord! You're the very man we want."

Hilliard smiled straight into Cullen's eyes.

"That's why I'm here," he said.

Waring laughed loudly, too loudly; and the laugh stopped short, for Cullen was towering over him—Cullen blazing with indignant wrath, and with a hand resting on Hilliard's shoulder.

"Now go on," said Cullen commandingly. "We don't want any underhanded work around here, Rufus. I've told you that once already. Go on, say it to his face! You're conversational enough behind his back—say it to his face! Either you tell him or I will!"

The boy wiped his forehead. Beads of sweat stood out on it.

"Mr. Cullen . . . . It isn't . . . . It isn't fair . . . ."

"Fair!" Angela's soprano had risen to a half-scream. "Rufe Waring, after what you've been saying, you talk about being fair! Why it's . . . "

"Hush! Angela!" Her father's self-condition was persistent enough to quell her instantly. He shouted back to Waring. "Were going to get at the bottom of this, right now! Go on! Say what you've been saying! I'm waiting for you to repeat what you just told us, Rufus!"

There were tears of anger in the lad's student's eyes. "Of anger and of injustice." He gave Angela a look of superb disdain, shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, that settles that!" he said and as Angela gave a gasp of understanding and turned angrily white, he laughed metallically.

Cullen moved nearer to him.

"Are you going to speak up or not? Because if you aren't . . . "

Waring folded his arms, but he still faced of the people planned, he curtsied his eyes and his muscles were traitor to him.

"No, I'm not! Not until I'm ready to! I'm not afraid of the whole crowd of you! I'm not going to be bullied and bulldozed into . . . " He attempted to brush past Cullen, the older man caught him by the arm. "Take your hands off me!"

"You stay where you are!" stormed Cullen. "Until you can . . . "

"If you lay your hands on me once more, Mr. Cullen, I'll . . . I'll . . . don't you forget I know what this means! I'll have you . . . "

"Oh, your law!" Cullen cried contemptuously. "For God's sake, don't snivel about it! . . . stand up and take it like a man, if you can! . . . don't you . . . "

"Stop!" Angela's voice rang. "Stop, both of you! . . . Yes, I'm going to tell him, or . . . "

The answer was dragged out of Waring, around to Hilliard. "I'll tell you yourself. Know what they've been saying about you? Coming up to us behind . . . you said he . . . I'd . . . Yes, I'm . . . Hilliard . . . who had . . . Hilliard . . . who had . . . Hilliard . . . who had