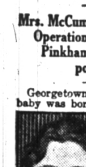
ANOTHER WOMAN ESCAPES

Mrs. McCumber Avoided a Serious Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Time



Georgetown, Ill.—"After my first baby was born I suffered so with my left side that I could not walk across the floor unless I was all humped over, holding to my side. I doctored with several doctors but found no relief and they said I would have to have an operation. My mother insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. Now I can do all my own work and it is the Vegetable Compound that has saved me from an operation. I cannot praise your medicine too highly and I tell all of my friends and neighbors what the Compound did for me." — Mrs. MARGARET MCCUMBER, 27 S. Frazier St., Georgetown, Illinois.

Mrs. McCumber is one of the unnumbered thousands of housewives who struggle to keep about their daily tasks, while suffering from ailments peculiar to women with backache, sidesaches, headaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness,—and if every such woman should profit by her experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial they would get well.

Bad Stomach

Sends Her to Bed for 10 Months

Eatonic Gets Her Up!

"Over a year ago," says Mrs. Dora Williams, "I took to bed and for 10 months did not think I would live. Eatonic helped me so much I am now up and able to work. I recommend it highly for stomach trouble."

Eatonic helps people to get well by taking up and carrying out the excess acidity and gases that put the stomach out of order. If you have indigestion, sourness, heartburn, belching, food repeating, or other stomach distress, take an Eatonic after each meal. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

SOMEWHAT HARD TO EXPLAIN

Principal Could Hardly Have Chosen More Inopportune Moment to Make His Entry.

I was a callow school teacher, nervous and anxious to please, writes a correspondent. In my first year I followed the usual scheme, substituting or cadetting for teachers absent for various causes. I was at a school one day teaching in the absence of a woman who was ill. During the morning exercises I read a couple of chapters from a story, as was her custom. I cannot remember the name of the book, but I had just read "But here comes the author of all our troubles," when the door suddenly opened and in walked the principal. The room, composed of high-school sophomores, burst into one prolonged roar of laughter. The principal, a man insistent upon his dignity, waited patiently, but one burst of laughter followed another. I tried to explain, but began to laugh myself. Finally, realizing that it was the only way to restore order, he left the room. Later I explained and he saw the joke.

Fisherman's Chances.

Fishing is a good deal like the corn crop or the oil business. They just mention the big catches. For some reason the guy who tramps up and down the creek all day and comes home with nothing and a keen appetite never gets much mention.—Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.

Lots of men would rather have half a loaf than a steady job.

In a new size package

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Ten for 10 cents. Handy size. Dealers carry both. 10 for 10c; 20 for 20c. It's toasted.

The American Tobacco Co.

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce **Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments,** or **Muscles.** Stops the lameness and pain from a **Splint, Side Bone** or **Bone Spavin.** No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse **Book 2 R Free.**

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces **Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Allays Pain.** Price $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" Free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Cuticura Soap

The Healthy Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere.

The Shadow of the Shelfering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

COPYRIGHT by The W. L. MERSON COMPANY

A New Romance of the Storm Country

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

—13—

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened almost out of his wits too. Then Tonnibel Devon really was in the house. It hadn't been her ghost that had thrown him bodily from the window sill after all. Uriah, knowing that, had come and made a demand for his daughter and had been arrested. Perhaps he would be arrested also, and for a crime worse than stealing. Had the girl mentioned the fact of his trying to poison Paul Pendlehaven? If she didn't, would she? When Mrs. Curtis came in to ask how he felt, he was crumpled in a big chair, shaking as if he had been attacked with ague.

"My goodness, Reggie, you look awful," she said, coming to his side. "Tell me, child, what's the matter?"

"There's matter enough," faltered the boy. "If you don't want me arrested like that man today, they give me some money to get out with."

He dropped his head, and for a moment she stood staring at him. Then her mother-heart relaxed, and she sank beside his chair.

"Darling," she crooned, "darling boy, go to your Cousin John and tell him all about it. He will forgive you and help you—"

The boy bounded up, maddened beyond endurance.

"Great God," he cried, "he'd box me up for ten years! No, no, you've got to help me get away from Ithaca. I must have money!"

"Wait," said Mrs. Curtis, and she hurried from the room.

When she appeared before Doctor John in his office, he arose hastily.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" he asked.

"John," she entreated, forgetting to raise her handkerchief to wipe away her tears, "I must have some money tonight. A lot of it!"

"For Reggie?" boomed forth Pendlehaven.

"Yes, he's sick, and I want to send him away, John. Oh! You can't refuse me this, you simply can't."

"Going away doesn't seem to help your son any, as I see," answered the doctor. "He might better stay home. Wait till I tell you something, Sarah," he went on with a wave of his hand to stop her plea. "You are ruining that boy. Three-quarters of the time you don't know where he is, and he drinks like a fish."

The woman knew what her cousin said was true, but the money she had to have. Yet she dared not confess what made it necessary.

"But this time, John," she wept brokenly, "he'll go to a place I send him. He's promised he would. John, you must help me."

Pendlehaven sat down and took up the book he had been reading.

"I refuse to hand out any more money for that boy," said he. "Let him stay awhile, Sarah, and see how that works out. . . . No, no, there's no use of your begging me. I refuse absolutely."

Mrs. Curtis fled away almost distracted. If she should see her son taken to prison like Devon had been that afternoon, it would kill her. And how could she face him without a means to help him escape! If she could only gain admission to Cousin Paul! He had always been the more tender hearted of the two.

For a while she walked up and down her room, wringing her hands.

"My Goodness, Reggie, You Look Awful."

She was in a state of terrible anxiety when Katherine came in.

"He's got to go," repeated Mrs. Curtis, after she had told the whole story to her daughter. "He says he'll be arrested if he doesn't and has made me promise not to tell John. Oh, if I could only get to Paul."

"No one but that girl is allowed near him," flashed back Katherine.

"By John's orders," supplemented Mrs. Curtis.

Katherine's lip curled.

"Then why not appeal to her, mamma? Perhaps she'd reach the ears of his majesty, the Lord Almighty," said she.

"Oh, Kathie, don't be horrid," sobbed her mother. "You know very well I couldn't ask him through her."

"Then what will you do?" demanded the girl. "You say Cousin John won't help Rege, and you refuse to ask the girl to ask Cousin Paul. Then what will you do?"

"You ask her, Kathie," said Mrs. Curtis, in coaxing tones.

Katherine tossed her head.

"You've got a nerve to send me to her for anything," she shot back. "I will not!"

Mrs. Curtis came forward with trembling footsteps.

"Not for your brother's sake? Oh, Kathie, do!"

"No, I won't," said the girl. "So just don't ask me. Reggie's not my son, and I haven't any sympathy for him." With that she made for the door and was gone.

For over an hour the anguished mother walked up and down. Then as if she had at last reached a conclusion, she went to the servants' quarters. There she sent the maid to ask Tonnibel to come out to Doctor Paul's conservatory for a minute.

Tony silently stared at the white woman when they came face to face. Mrs. Curtis swallowed her pride, gulping at the lumps that rose in her throat.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon, Miss Devon," she said. "I really didn't understand."

Tonnibel thought in a flash that Mrs. Curtis must have gotten religion; nothing but a softening of heart could account for the apology.

"Never mind," she choked. "I'm awfully sorry about my daddy, but if he will be bad, then I suppose he must go to jail."

This statement renewed the dread in Mrs. Curtis' heart about her son.

"Could you take a message to my Cousin Paul for me?" she ventured.

"What is it?" asked Tonnibel, thickly.

"My son is ill," Mrs. Curtis explained tearfully, "and he must go away. I haven't any money, but if Paul knew about it he'd help me. Will you ask him?"

Tony thought a minute.

"Not tonight!" she replied. "Mebbe Doctor John—"

"No, he hates my son," the other cried passionately. "Oh, you mustn't say anything to him about it."

Tonnibel Devon was awfully tempted to refuse the haughty woman who had pulled her around by the hair only that afternoon. But she remembered Philip, remembered his love for her, and relented.

"Come along back tomorrow morning, and mebbe I can get you some," she answered, walking away. Then over her shoulder she flung back, "I'll try, anyhow."

With this last statement Mrs. Curtis had to be satisfied. Reggie suffered dreadfully the night through, his mother sitting at his bedside. Tony Devon also had been awake most of the night. In the morning after breakfast, she set about gathering courage to approach Doctor Paul.

With Gussie Piglet in her arms, she sat down beside him, and now the minute was there to speak, Tony didn't know how to begin. But to begin meant to begin, Tony had learned, so she coughed and blurted:

"Your cousin, Mrs. Curtis, is kind of pretty, ain't she?"

"She would be if she didn't cry so much," responded Doctor Paul.

This gave Tony the opening she wanted.

"Her boy's awful sick, so she says," she broke out, "that's why she cries. If he don't go away, he'll die, mebbe." The lovely gray eyes grew darker as they searched his, and Doctor Paul leaned over and looked keenly at her.

"Did Cousin Sarah ask you to come to me, little girl?" he questioned in a kindly tone.

Tonnibel nodded.

"She says Doctor John don't like her boy, and mebbe you'd help her," said the girl, blushing.

The man considered the red face a moment.

"Would it please you to have me help her and him?" he then queried. "I should think you'd be the last person to ask that. My brother told me she's always very unkind to you."

"She don't know any better," replied Tony. "She's never learned what lovely awful hard means, and mebbe she's so worried over her boy she's got to be horrid to some one."

Paul Pendlehaven laughed, then he grew grave. "Perhaps that's it. Now do you think you could find my cousin and bring her here?"

Tonnibel looked at him doubtfully.

"She might make you nervous," she said dubiously.

"I don't think so," replied the doctor, smiling. "I'm so much better. We won't speak of this to John, and I won't get nervous." He made the last promise because the girl's face was troubled and anxious.

Tonnibel nodded and hurried out. She knew which room Mrs. Curtis occupied and sought the other wing of the house. When she knocked at the door, a woman's voice called a low, "Come in!"

Tony stepped inside and, turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown, the awful man, she had known in the canalboat days, the man who had dropped the poison into Paul Pendlehaven's medicine, was seated very near Mrs. Curtis, and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bored expression.

An exclamation came from each one of the three as the girl faced them, looking as if she were ready to collapse.

"You didn't get the money then, girl," demanded Mrs. Curtis, sharply. "Reggie swear, I didn't tell you last night, but your Cousin John refused me when I asked him for help, and I had to reach Paul through—"

Tony's eyes were on Reginald, who was crouching lower in his chair. Her forward, staggering step broke off the speaker's explanation.

"You want the money for him?" she cried, pointing a finger toward the cringing boy.

Mrs. Curtis nodded.

"Yes, he's my son," she answered.

Tony drew a long breath, letting it hiss out through her teeth.

"If he's your son, ma'am," she said falteringly, "then you got a murderer for a son. He tried—he tried to poison Doctor Paul."

Mrs. Curtis got up slowly, a cold rage rising in her pale eyes. Katherine came forward to her mother's side, but Reginald remained silent.

"You lie," snarled Mrs. Curtis.

"I don't lie," cried Tony, hoarsely. "I don't lie, either. Look at him, and see if he ain't guilty. He did put poison in Doctor Phil's medicine, and I pushed him off the window. But I didn't know he was your son."

By forcing her eyes around, the mother caught sight of her boy.

"Reggie," she screamed, "for God's love, don't look that way. Why don't you tell the huzzy she lies! Tell her you'll go to your cousins and let them know of her accusations. I'll go myself—"

She darted across the room, but Reginald's husky voice called her back.

"Don't do that," he wailed. "Don't do it, mater! What she says is true. I did exactly that thing. I—I tried to kill Cousin Paul."

Mrs. Curtis sank down with a groan, and Katherine uttered a cry.

"I thought you wanted me to, mater," went on the boy, wearily. "I thought you said, if he died, we'd get money—"

"But, my God, I didn't want you to kill him," moaned Mrs. Curtis.

"I didn't," said Reggie.

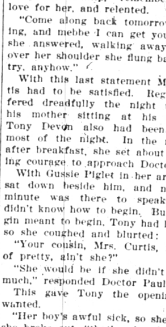
"But you tried," thrust in Tonnibel.

"And you've told my cousins, eh?" he asked hopelessly.

"No, I didn't," denied Tony. "I spose mebbe I would have, but I didn't know you belonged here. I knew you used to steal with my daddy and do all sorts of wicked things—"

Mrs. Curtis cried out again.

"But I didn't know you'd try to kill a poor sick man," Tony went on, "and



"You Want the Money for Him?" She Cried.

then send your ma to get money of him."

"You'll tell him, I know you will, you terrible girl," screamed Katherine, no longer able to restrain herself.

Tonnibel thought quickly. Cousin Paul Pendlehaven lived in the house with an enemy who had tried to take his life. This same enemy had tried to destroy her, too.

"You said he was going away?" she questioned Mrs. Curtis presently. "Didn't you?"

"If I get money," put in Reggie, drearily, "I will."

"Doctor Paul wants to see you, ma'am," said Tonnibel, her dark gray eyes fixed on the woman, "and if he goes," she pointed at Reginald, "and stays a long time, I'll keep mum. See?"

Completely overlooking Katherine, Tony ran out of the room. The next day she didn't look up when she heard Doctor John tell Doctor Paul that Reginald had left Ithaca. When she peeped at Doctor Paul, he smiled at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROKE HEART OF SCIENTIST

Learned Man, Victim of Thoughtless Practical Joke, Proved Unable to Live It Down.

What is believed to be the greatest hoax in the history of science was played over a century ago by students of Prof. Bartholomaeus Adam Beringer, holder of the chair of natural philosophy at the University of Wurzberg. He was keenly interested in fossil remains, and was the leader in the great group that held them to be a sort of divine joke, placed in the earth by God to test human faith.

Students designed a score or more of fossils from clay representing the most absurd beasts their imaginations could conceive, and hid them in the ground in a spot where the old paleontologist was known to frequently dig. He discovered them and accepted them as real, and when a little later the students hid other designs, showing stars and suns and even inscriptions in Hebrew, Syrian and Babylonian, the old man was delighted and was sure he had proven his grounds. He began a book of immense size, and written in Latin, in which he gravely set forth his proofs of the divine origin. The shout of laughter that went up when the book was issued broke the old man's heart, and he died after spending every cent he had in an effort to recall the book. What made the joke more serious was the faith with which many learned men accepted the thing at first, Beringer's reputation up to this time being high in the world of science.

The poor are always with us and some wealthy people are pretty close.

FORCED TO FIGHT FOR HER BREATH

Nashville Artist Tells of Terrible Suffering Experienced by His Wife.

HUSBAND GOES DOWN HILL

Finally Both Decide to Put Tanlac to Test and as a Result Have Enjoyed Best of Health for Past Three Years.

"Both my wife and myself have put Tanlac to the test and we call it the greatest medicine in the world," said J. T. Montamat, 1123 Third Ave., North, Nashville, Tenn., artistic sign painter for the Cusack Company. Mr. Montamat has lived in Nashville for nearly thirty years and is highly respected by all who know him.

"Before my wife took Tanlac she suffered so badly from gas on her stomach and heartburn that she often said she felt like she was smothering to death. She actually had to sit up in bed to get her breath.

"Well, in a short time after she began taking Tanlac her trouble disappeared and she was like a different person. Seeing the good results in her case, I began taking the medicine myself and it soon had me feeling like a brand new man.

"Up to that time I had been troubled with indigestion. I had no appetite and the little I did eat seemed to do me about as much harm as good. I felt so tired and languid I hated to move around, and was getting in such a run-down condition that it worried me.

"Tanlac acted with me just like it did with my wife, and although that was three years ago we have enjoyed the best of health all along. However, I keep a bottle of Tanlac in the house all the time, and when I feel myself getting run down the medicine soon has me feeling all right again. I am convinced that Tanlac is without an equal. Our friends all know how it helped us and I don't hesitate to tell anyone about it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Not Flattering to Father.

The doctor's little six-year-old was entertaining the caller, a new neighbor, until her mother appeared, and was chatting away at a great rate. Presently the caller asked something about the little one's grandmother.

"Why, don't you know?" cried the child.

"Know what, dear?"

"Why, grandma is dead and grandpa is dead and Aunt Alice is dead—and most all papa's patients are dead, too."—Boston Transcript.

Suitable.

"Yes, I'm engaged to a girl with a million dollars." "What does she look like?" "Like a million dollars."—Baltimore American.

Hard luck is the excuse of those who look for easy gains.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

BAYER

Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. —Adv.

Holidays for Prisoners.

In the American jail at Samoa the custom was established of rewarding well-behaved prisoners with a holiday on Sunday. They were allowed to leave the jail on Saturday afternoon with the promise to reappear on Monday morning, but this privilege has been cut down to a great extent by reason of the fact that some of these paroled prisoners passed their time in robbing the quarters of the officers.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and 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.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

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.

Use for Ultra-Violet Rays.

For some years ultra-violet rays have been used for sterilizing water, milk and other fluids. The idea has now been applied to the disinfecting of barrels and casks.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Every man likes to hear a wise woman—because she always talks to him about himself.

A bad habit is the only thing that can be conquered by giving up.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

WATCH THE BIG 4

Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver

Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidneys, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes.

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

PESKY BED-BUGS P. D. Q.

P. D. Q. Kills Bed Bugs, Roaches Ants and Their Eggs As Well

A 35 cent package makes one quart, enough to kill a million, and contains a patent sprayer free, to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Your Druggist has it or can get it for you, or mailed prepaid on receipt of price by the OWL CHEMICAL WORKS, Terre Haute, Ind. Genuine P. D. Q. is never peddled.

Western Canada Offers Health and Wealth

and has brought contentment and happiness to thousands of home seekers and their families who have started on her FREE homesteads or bought land at attractive prices. They have established their own homes and secured prosperity and independence. In the great grain-growing sections of the prairie provinces there is still to be had on easy terms

Fertile Land at $15 to $30 an Acre

—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Healthful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages for

Dairying, Mixed Farming and Stock Raising

make a tremendous appeal to industrious settlers wishing to improve their circumstances. For certificate entitling you to reduced railway rates, illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, etc., write to

J. M. MacLACHLAN
10 Jefferson Avenue
Detroit, Mich.

150 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Authorized Canadian Government Agent.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. At any drug store, or by mail, 65c. Dr. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

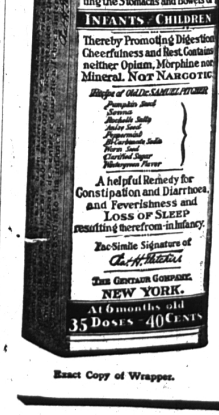
Baby Specialists.

THAT there are Physicians who specialize on Infant ailments you know. All Physicians understand Infant troubles: all Physicians treat them. It is his profession, his duty, to know human ills from the Stork to the Great Beyond.

But in serious cases he calls in the Specialist. Why? He knows as every Mother knows, or ought to know, that Baby is just a baby, needing special treatment, special remedies.

Can a Mother be less thoughtful? Can a Mother try to relieve Baby with a remedy that she would use for herself? Ask yourself; and answer honestly!

Always remember that Baby is just a baby. And remembering this you will remember that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for Infants and Children.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

The False and the True.

Advertising by the use of large space, the expenditure of huge sums of money have placed on the market, have put in *your* home, perhaps, many articles that today have been discarded, as you will readily admit.

Do you recall anything that has more modestly appealed to the public than has Fletcher's Castoria: modest in all its claims, pleading at all times—and truthfully—for our babies?

The big splurg, the misleading claims may win for a time, but the honest truth-telling advertiser is like the old story of the tortoise that beat the hare.

Mothers everywhere, and their daughters, now mothers, speak frankly, glowingly, enthusiastically in praise of Fletcher's Castoria. Speak of it lovingly as a friend that has brought comfort, cheer and smiles to their little-one.

To them: to these true mothers no argument can induce them to set aside their bottle of Castoria, their old friend, that they might try even another and unknown remedy for babies. Then, would YOU think of going to YOUR OWN medicine chest to find relief for Baby's troubles? Can you not separate the false from the true?

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.