SO WEAK SO NERVOUS

How Miserable This Woman Was Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toomsboro, Ga.—"I suffered terribly with backache and headache all the time, was so weak and nervous I didn't know what to do, and could not do my work. My trouble was deficient and irregular periods. I read in the papers what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to give it a trial. I got good results from its use so that I am now able to do my work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to mine and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. C.F. PHILLIPS, Toomsboro, Ga.

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By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"WHAT A MESS—MESS—MESS!"

"No," she whispered to herself, almost audibly, "no—it can't be that! It can't be Cherry and Peter—Oh, my God! Oh, my God, it has been that, all the time, that, all the time—and I never knew it—I never dreamed it!

"It's Peter and Cherry! They have come to care for each other—they have come to care for each other," she said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. "It must be so. But it can't be so!" Alix interrupted herself in terror, "for what shall we do—what shall we do! Cherry in love with Peter! But Peter is my husband—he is my husband. . . . Peter, who has always been so good to me—so generous to me—and it was Cherry all the time.

"Poor Cherry!" the older sister said aloud, "Poor little old Cherry—life hasn't been very kind to her! She and Peter must be so sorry and ashamed about this! And Dad would be so sorry; of all things he wanted most that Cherry should be happy! Perhaps," thought Alix, "he realized that she was that sort of a nature, she must love and be loved, or she cannot live! But why did he let her marry Martin, and why wasn't he here to keep me from marrying Peter? What a mess—mess—mess we've made of it all!

"Cherry would be disgraced, and Martin—Martin would kill her, if he found her out! . . . . Oh, my little sister! She would be town talk; she is so reckless, she would do anything—she would be a public scandal, and the papers would have her pictures—Dad's little yellow-headed Charity! Oh, Dad," she said, looking up into the dark, "tell me what to do! I need you so! Won't you somehow tell me what to do?"

Indeed, it is a "mess." For Alix is Cherry's older sister. And Peter is Alix's husband. And Cherry is married to Martin. And Alix loves both Peter and Cherry. And Martin and Cherry are drifting apart. And Dad is dead and can't help any of them.

So Alix tries the only way she can see out of the mess. It works for her, but for the others the results are unexpected. But who shall say not for the best?

Kathleen Norris, as everyone knows, is a California authoress who has proved her ability to handle big stories like this. "Sisters" is a good example of the type of stories that has given her so large and friendly a public.

CHAPTER I.

Cherry Strickland came in the door of the Strickland house, and shut it behind her, and stood so, with her hands behind her on the knob, and her slender body leaning forward, and her bosom rising and falling on deep, ecstatic breaths. It was May in full form, she was just eighteen, and for twenty-one minutes she had been engaged to be married.

She hardly knew why, after that last farewell to Martin, she had run so swiftly up the path, and why she had flashed into the house, and closed the door with such noiseless haste. There was nothing to run for! But it was as if she feared that the joy within her might escape into the moonlight that was so perfumed with lilacs and the scent of wet woods. She was afraid that it was all too wonderful to be true, that she would awaken in the morning to find it only a dream, that she would somehow fall short of Martin's ideal—somehow fail him—somehow turn all this magic of moonshine and kisses into ashes and heartbreak.

She was a miser with her treasure, already; she wanted to fly with it, and to hide it away, and to test its reality in secret, alone. She had come running in from the wonderland down by the gate, just for this, just to prove to herself that it would not vanish in the commonplaceness of the shabby hall, would not disappear before the everyday contact of everyday things.

Dad was in the sitting room, with the girls. The doctor's house was full of girls. Anne, his niece, was twenty-four; Alix, Cherry's sister, three years younger—how staid and unmarried and undesired they seemed tonight to panting and glowing and glorified eighteen! Anne, with Alix's erratic help, kept house for her uncle, and was supposed to keep a sharp eye on Cherry, too. But she hadn't been sharp enough to keep Martin Lloyd from asking her to marry him, exulted Cherry, as she stood breathless and laughing in the dark hallway. .

An older woman might have gone upstairs, to dream alone of her new joy, but Cherry thought that it would be "fun" to join the family, and "not as if nothing had happened!" She was only a child, after all.

Consciously or unconsciously, they had all tried to keep her a child; these three who looked up to smile at her as she came in. Anne, blond, rosy, gray-headed, magnificent at sixty, was her father, whose favorite she knew she was. He held out his hand to her without closing the book that was in the other hand, and drew her to the wide arm of his chair, where she settled herself with her soft young body resting against him, her slim ankles crossed, and her cheek dropped against his thick silver hair.

Alix was reading, and dreamily scratching her ankle as she read; she was a tall, awkward girl, younger far at twenty-one than Cherry was at eighteen, pretty in a gipsyish way, untidy as to hair, with round black eyes, high, thin cheek-bones marked with scarlet, and a wide, humorous mouth that was somehow droll in its expression even when she was angry or serious.

Anne, smiling demurely over her white sewing, was a small, prettily made little woman, with silky hair trimly braided, and a rather pale, small face, with charming and regular features. Anne had "admirers," too, Cherry reflected, looking at her tonight, but neither she nor Alix had ever been engaged—engaged—engaged!

"Aren't you home early?" said Dr. Strickland, rubbing his cheek against his youngest daughter's cheek in sleepy content. He was never quite happy unless all three girls were in his sight, but for this girl he had always felt an especial protecting fondness. He had followed her exquisite childhood with more than a father's usual devotion, perhaps because she really had been an exceptionally endearing child, perhaps because she had been given him, a tiny crying thing in a basket, to fill the great gap her mother's going had left in his heart.

"Mr. Lloyd had to take the nine o'clock train," Cherry answered her father dreamily, "and he and Peter walked home with me." She did not add that Peter had left them at his own turning, a quarter of a mile away.

"I thought he wasn't going to be at Mrs. North's for dinner," Anne observed quietly, in the silence. She had been informally asked to the Norths for dinner that evening herself, and had declined for no other reason than that attractive Martin Lloyd was presumably going to be there.

"He wasn't," Cherry said. "He thought he had to go to town at six. I just stopped in to give them Dad's message, and they teased me to stay. You know where I was, didn't you—Dad?" she murmured.

"Mrs. North telephoned about six, and said you were there, but she didn't say that Mr. Lloyd was," Anne said, with a faint hint of discontent in her tone.

Alix fixed her bright, mischievous eyes upon the two, and suspended her reading for a moment. Alix's attitude toward the opposite sex was one of calm contempt, outwardly. But she had made rather an exception of Martin Lloyd, and had recently had a conversation with him on the subject of sensible, platonic friendships between men and women. At the mention of his name she looked up, remembering this talk with a little thrill.

His name had thrilled Anne, too, although she betrayed no sign of it as she sat quietly matching silks. In fact, all three of the girls were quite ready to fall in love with young Lloyd, if two of them had not actually done so.

Cherry had not been at home when Martin first appeared in Mill Valley, and the older girls had watched her visiting friends in Napa, that she must come and meet the new man.

Martin was a mining engineer; he had been employed in a Nevada mine, but was visiting his cousin in the valley now before going to a new position in June. In the informal fashion of Mill Valley had entertained him; he had tramped to the big forest five miles away with the Stricklands, and there had been a picnic to the mountain-top, everybody making the hard climb except Peter Joyce, who was a trifle lame, and perhaps a little lazy as well, and who usually rode an old horse, with the lunch in saddle-bags at each side. Alix formulated her theories of platonic friendships on these walks; Anne dreamed a foolish, happy dream. Girls did marry, men did take wives to themselves, dreamed Anne; it would be unspeakably sweet, but it would be no miracle!

It was just after that mountain picnic that Cherry had come home; on a Sunday, as it chanced, that was her eighteenth birthday, and on which Martin and his aunt were coming to dinner. Alix had marked the occasion by wearing a loose velvet gown in which she fancied herself; Anne had conscientiously decorated the table, had seen to it that there was ice cream, and chicken, and all the accessories that make a Sunday dinner in the country a national institution. Cherry had done nothing helpful.

On the contrary, she had disgraced herself and infuriated Hong by deciding to make fudge the last minute. Hong had finally relegated her to the laundry, and it was from this jumbo that Martin, laughing joyously, extricated her, when, sticky and repentant, she had called for help. It was Martin who untied the checked brown apron, disentangling from the strings the silky gold tendrils that were blowing over Cherry's white neck, and Martin who opened the door for her sugary fingers, and Martin who watched the flying little figure out of sight with a prolonged "Whew-w-w-w!" of utter astonishment. The child was a beauty.

Her eighteenth birthday! Martin had been shown her birthday gifts; books and a silver belt buckle and a gold pen and stationery and handkerchiefs. A day or two later she had had another gift; had opened the tiny Shreve box with a sudden hammering at her heart, with a presage of delight. She had found a silver-topped candy jar, and the card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd, and under the name, in tiny letters, the words "Oh, fudge!" The girls laughed over this nonsense appreciatively, but there was more than laughter in Cherry's heart.

From that moment the world was changed. Her father, her sister, her cousin had second place, now; Cherry had put out her innocent little hand, and had opened the gate, and had passed through it into the world. That hour was the beginning, and it had led her surely, steadily, to the other hour tonight when she had been kissed, and had kissed in return.

"So—we walk home with young men?" mused the doctor, smiling. "Look here, girls, this little Miss Muffet will be cutting you both out with that young man, if you're not careful!"

Alix, deep in her story, did not hear him, but Anne smiled faintly, and faintly frowned as she shook her head. She considered Cherry sufficiently precocious without Uncle Lee's ill-considered tolerance.

He would have had them always children, this tender, simple, innocent Dr. Strickland. He was in many ways a child himself. He had never made money in his profession; he and his wife and the two tiny girls had had a hard enough struggle sometimes. Anne and her own father had joined the family eight years ago, in the same year that the Strickland patent fire extinguisher, over which the doctor had been puttering for years, had been sold. It did not sell, as his neighbors believed, for a million dollars, but for perhaps one-tenth of that sum. It was enough, and more than enough, whatever it was. After Anne's father died it meant that the doctor could live on in the brown house under the redwoods, with his girls, reading, fussing with a new invention, walking, consulting with Anne, laughing with Alix, and spoiling his youngest born.

It was a perfect life for the old man; it was only lately that he began uneasily to suspect that they would some day want something more, that they would some day tire of family forest and flowing mountain ridges and go away from the shadow of Mt. Tamalpais, and into the world.

Anne, now—was she beginning to fancy this young Lloyd? Dr. Strickland was surprised with the fervor with which he repudiated the thought.

She Found a Silver-Topped Candy Jar and the Card of Mr. John Martin Lloyd.

This young engineer, who had drifted already into a dozen different and distant places, was not the man for staid little Anne.

"What did you want to see Mr. Lloyd about tomorrow, Dad?" Cherry interrupted his thoughts to ask.

"They rose vine. What did he say about coming over, Cherry?"

Cherry remarked, between two rending yawns, that Mr. Lloyd was coming over tomorrow at ten o'clock, and Peter, too—

"Peter won't be much good!" Alix commented. Cherry looked at her reproachfully.

"You're awfully mean to Peter, lately!" she protested. Her father gave her a shrewd look, with his good-night kiss, and immediately afterward both the younger girls dragged their way up to bed.

Alix and Cherry shared a bare, woody-smelling room tucked away under brown eaves. The walls were of raw pine, the latticed windows, in bungalow fashion, opened into the fragrant darkness of the night. The beds were really bunks, and above her bunk each girl had an extra berth, for occasional guests. There was scant prettiness in the room, and yet it was full of purity and charm. The girls, like all their neighbors, were hardy, bred to cold baths, long walks, simple hours, and simple food. In the soft western climate they left their bedroom windows open the year round; they liked to wake to winter damp and fog, and go downstairs with blue finger-tips and chattering teeth, to warm themselves with breakfast and the fire.

Alix rolled herself in a gray army blanket, and was asleep in some sixty seconds. But Cherry felt that she was floating in seas of new joy and utter delight, and that she would never be sleepy again.

Downstairs Anne and the doctor sat stately on, the man dreaming with a knotted forehead, the girl sewing. Presently she ran a needle through her fine white work with seven tiny stitches, folded it, and put her thimble into a case that hung from her orderly working with a long ribbon.

"Well—a minute, Anne," said the doctor, as she straightened herself to rise. "This young Lloyd, now—what do you think of him?"

She widened demure blue eyes.

"Should you be sorry! if I—liked him, Uncle Lee?" she smiled.

The old man rumpled his silver hair restlessly.

"That's the way the wind blows eh?" he asked kindly.

"Well—you see how much he's here! You see the flowers and books and notes. I'm not the sort of girl to wear my heart on my sleeve," Anne, who was fond of mysterious phrases, shrugs, assured him merrily. "But there must be some fire where there's so much smoke!" she ended.

"You're not sure, my dear?" he asked, after some thought.

"Oh, no!" she answered, "It's just a fancy that persists in coming and going." She got to her feet, saying brightly, "Well! we mustn't take this too gravely—yet. It was only that I wanted to be open and above-board with you, uncle, from the beginning. That's the only honest way."

"That's wise and right!" her uncle answered, in the kindly, absent tone he had used to them as children, a tone he was apt to use to Anne when she was in her highest mood, and one she rather resented.

"Cherry, now—" he asked, detaining her for a moment. "She—you don't think that perhaps Peter inclines her?"

"Peter!" Anne echoed amazedly, and stood thinking.

Peter was more than fifty years old, thin, scholarly, something of a solitary, the sweet, dreamy, affectionate neighbor who had shared the girls' lives for the past ten years. For some reason she could not, or would not, define, Anne filled the idea of Cherry and Peter falling in love—

"Somehow one doesn't think of Peter as marrying anyone—" she said slowly, still trying to grasp the thought.

"You darling—you little exquisite beauty!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SMOKE JOGS HUBBY'S MEMORY

Mrs. Wiseacre Pins Effective Reminders to Her Forgetful Spouse's After-Lunch Cigar.

"My husband never forgets anything any more," said Mrs. Wiseacre, beaming upon her friend, Mrs. Booher.

"Did you tie a string around his finger?" asked Mrs. Booher.

"Oh, dear, no," returned Mrs. Wiseacre, an air of pity for her friend's old-fashioned idea quite plain in her manner. "That's quite out of date, you know. Why, half the time dear husband is apt to forget what the string was around his finger for when he finds it there. No, my dear, the really effective way is to buy you a little stock of cigars all your own. Whenever you have a mission for your husband, write it on a note and pin it in the cigar. Place the cigar in the pocket with his own stock and when he goes to take his after-lunch smoke he's bound to find it there. He'll do the job on the spot, and with the note right before him he really can't forget a single item. It's most effective, my dear."—New York Sun.

To Tell Poisonous Mushrooms.

Summed up briefly, the first thing to be observed in distinguishing edible from poisonous mushrooms is whether the gills are a purple brown, as they should be when mature. Most of the fatal errors have arisen from not noticing this point and selecting specimens whose gills are white. The next point is whether the stem is cylindrical and solid and has a ring or traces of a ring above; and especially whether it seems to come directly from the ground or whether the base is bulbous and sheathed with a membranous bag or sack. If it has a sheath or scales, it cannot be a common mushroom. If a collector finds a mushroom having the points here mentioned, the chance of his eating it is next to nothing, for there is only one species answering the description which is to be avoided, and that is very rare indeed, and has a taste so disagreeable that no one would wish to eat it, while the taste of the mushroom is pleasant.

Cold Comfort.

The maiden of forty or so was upset. Said she to a younger friend: "Kate talks so outrageously. Yesterday she told me I was nothing but a hopeless old maid."

"Well, it's pretty frank," exclaimed her friend. "Still, it's better than having her tell lies about you."

Well Directed.

Alice—Gladys is suing her husband for divorce.

Virginia—Well, who else could she sue?

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

Went a Little Farther.

Eight-year-old Jack was invited to a party, but his ten-year-old brother Joe was not. Yet Joe desired some of the refreshments, so he gave Jack some orders about procuring some. "If they have good cakes or anything you can carry, take some every time they offer you any and what you can't eat bring home to me."

And when Jack came home he was well laden with cakes. The bosom of his blouse fairly bulged with them. "Oh, you did take some every time they offered you any," said Joe.

"Yes," admitted Jack, "and some when they didn't offer me any either."

Spoiled the Scenery.

A certain clergyman is a great believer in the widening influence of travel. When he and his wife set off last month for a holiday in Switzerland they took their maid with them.

She was much envied by the other girls of the village, and when she got back, one of her friends asked: "Well, Gladys, what did you think of Switzerland?"

"Not much," was the answer. "I couldn't really see what the country was like. The mountains got in the way!"

The man who apologizes never has to explain how he happened to get a black eye.

Avoid extremes—a man can go crazy even on religion.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Keep the Children Well!

During these days many children are complaining of headache, feverishness, stomach troubles, and irregular bowels. If mothers only knew what

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS for CHILDREN

Will do for children no family would ever be without them. These powders are so easy and pleasant to take and so effective in their action that *for over 30 years mothers have used them* and told others about them. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Do Not Accept Any Substitute for MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS.

If one is incompetent, can he learn competency?

DYED HER DRAPERIES, SKIRT AND A SWEATER

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything take new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run. So easy to use.—Advertisement.

Robert Was Wise.

Grandfather had taken little Robert, age six, to the movies where both "boys" laughed over the antics of the comic creatures in one of the "Aesop's Film Fables" series. After talking over the film fable, the grandparent thought he would test Robert's ability to [illegible]. Here's the conversation that followed:

Grandfather—What is the lesson for good which we learn from the busy bee, Robert?

Little Robert—Not to get stung!

No Need of Reason.

Jack—Papa, what is reason?

Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Jack—And what is instinct?

Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—Stray Stories.

Literally Speaking.

"Does a bootlegger actually carry liquor in his boot?"

"I dunno," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Though I must admit that some of the stuff does taste that way."

Don't believe the man who vows he likes you, or the girl who says she doesn't.

Why aren't stenographers' notes figures of speech?

The Key to Success Is Work—There Is no Substitute for It!

In order to do your best work, you must be healthy. You must sleep soundly at night, your nerves must be strong, steady and under perfect control.

If you are accustomed to drinking tea or coffee with your meals or between meals, you may be loading yourself with a very great handicap. Your nervous systems may be stimulated beyond what is natural for you.

For tea and coffee contain theïn and caffeine. These are drugs as any doctor can tell you. They are known to irritate the nervous system by their action and to cause restlessness and insomnia, which prevent the proper recuperation of the vital forces.

If you want to be at your best, capable of doing the very best work that lies in you, why not stop drinking tea and coffee? Drink Postum, the rich, satisfying beverage made from scientifically roasted cereals.

Postum contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but in flavor tastes much like rich coffee. It helps nerve and brain structure by letting you get sound restful sleep.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Sold everywhere.

Postum *for* Health
"There's a Reason"