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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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### Double Correction.

Mrs. Newrich (to small son)—James, have you whispered today without permission?

James—Only wunst.

Mrs. Newrich (to nurse)—Jane, should James have said "wunst"?

Jane—No, ma'am, he should have said twict.—London Answers.


## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. 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. Advertisement.


### Clear Case.

"I don't favor prohibition cases," said the lawyer.

"But I'm an innocent man, I tell you. I'm charged with having liquor in my possession, but I'm the person who called up the police department and stated that I had found twenty-four quarts of Scotch buried in my backyard."

"You say you called up the police and let them carry off that Scotch when you might have concealed it in a hundred different places and defied the true owner to get possession of it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you must be innocent. I'll engage to defend you."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### What Did They Mean?

On Christmas morning the children of the house were upending out the toys that Santa had put in their stockings.

"Father," said Willie, "I wish I had got a dictionary in my stocking as well as these toys."

"Why? What did you want that for?"

"So that I could find out the meaning of words I heard Santa Claus say when he stepped on the tacks I spread on the carpet last night."

### Attack Premature.

"Why did you strike this haberdasher's clerk?"

"Your honor," said the large, uncouth person, "he showed me a collar and said it was a 'perfect dear.'"

"Well," snorted the Judge, "what did you hit him in the store for? Couldn't you wait until after closing time and catch him in an alley?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The medium should always be in good spirits.


CURES COLDS in 24 HOURS

World's STANDARD

At all drug stores CASCARA QUININE PRICE 30 CENTS

For two generations

CURES LA GRIPPE in 3 DAYS

DETROIT, W. H. MIL. CO. MICHIGAN.


### The Reason.

At a football game an old gentleman was watching from the grandstand, and at the end of the first half he pulled a bulky cigar case from his pocket and, turning to an enthusiast sitting beside him, asked: "Do you smoke?"

The enthusiast, expecting a nice cigar, promptly replied: "Yes."

"Ah! Then you don't mind my smoking?" smilingly replied the old gentleman.

### Long-Distance Music.

A concert was recently heard thousands of miles away over the wireless. "Nothing new about that," comments J. B. M. waggishly; "here in Boston 20 years ago I heard a young lady singing 'In Old Madrid.'"—Boston Transcript.

Charity work always has to be careful against spending too much money in organization.

Virtue is a precious gem for which vice is often substituted.


## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

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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

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ALL DRUGGISTS. GUARANTEED BY SOLON PALMER NEW YORK

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REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

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

Reduces Strained, Puffy, Absorbs Lymphangitis, Pad Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a

Safe Antiseptic and Germicide

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. $2.50 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 2 A free.

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



## 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.

# SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris

### SOMETHING NEW.

Synopsis.—Doctor Strickland, retired, is living in Mill Valley, near San Francisco. His family consists of his daughters, Alix, 21, and Cherry, 18, and Anne, his niece, 24. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, a lovable sort of recluse. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, wins Cherry, marries her and carries her off to El Nido, a mine town. Peter realizes that he loves Cherry. Justin, Little woos Anne. Cherry comes home for Anne's wedding. Cherry realizes her marriage is a failure. Peter tells Cherry of his "grand passion," without naming the girl. Martin comes for Cherry. Martin and Cherry drift apart. Dr. Strickland dies. Peter returns from a long absence. Peter and Alix marry. Cherry comes to visit them.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

—10—

It was here that Peter found Cherry. She came up to him, and he took both her hands and, after a second of hesitation, kissed her. She freed one hand to put it on his shoulder and, standing so, she seriously returned his kiss. For a moment his arm encircled her waist; he had forgotten how blue her eyes were, with just a film of corn-colored hair loosened above them, and what husky, exquisite, childish notes were in her voice.

"Cherry—this is the nicest thing that has happened for a long, long while!" he said.

"You and Alix are angels to let me come!" Cherry answered, as they turned, and with laughter and eager, interrupted talking went back to the house.

Cherry, Peter saw at once, was different in every way. Cherry was full of softness, of ready response to any appeal, of sympathy and comprehension. She had been misunderstood, unhappy, neglected; she had developed through suffering a certain fluidity that was almost a shrinking, a certain shy diffidence to what was kind and good.

Her happiness here was an hourly delight to both Alix and himself. She seemed to flower softly, every day of the ample, perfect days, to find new interest, new energy, new bloom. She and Alix washed their hair again, dammed the creek again, trapped and sang ducks again. Sometimes they quoted, often they went into the old shoeless sulkings of laughter at nothing, or almost nothing.

One evening, when in the sitting room there was no other light than that of the fire that a damp July evening made pleasant, about a week after her arrival, Cherry spoke for the first time of Martin. She had had a brief letter from him that filled ten pages written in a flowing hand on ten pages of the finest paper of a cheap hotel, with a little cut of the building standing boldly against a mackerel sky at the top of each page. He was well, he had some of the old twinkle in the letter, but lived at home; he had been playing a little poker and was luckier than ever. He was looking into a proposition in Durango, Mexico, and would let her know how it panned out.

Peter had been playing the piano badly, while the letter was tossed to Cherry by Alix, who usually drove into the village every morning after breakfast for marketing and the mail. He had seen Cherry glance through it, seen the little distasteful move-

"Cherry—This Is the Nicest Thing That Has Happened for a Long While!" He Said.

ment of the muscles about her nose, and seen her put it carelessly under a candlestick on the mantel for later consideration. At luncheon she had referred to it, and now it evidently had caused her to be thoughtful and a little troubled.

"Mart may go to Mexico!" she said, presently, with a sigh.

"To stay?" Peter asked, quickly.

Cherry shrugged.

"As much as he stays anywhere!" she answered, drily.

"H'm! Does that mean you?" Alix asked.

"I suppose that's the plan," Cherry said, lifelessly. "He says he'll want me to join him about the middle of August."

"Oh, help!" Alix said, disgustedly.

Cherry was silent a few minutes, and Peter smoked with his eyes on the fire.

"If——" Cherry said presently. "If I get my money I'll have enough to live on, won't I, Peter?"

"You'll have about forty thousand dollars—yes, at five per cent you could live on that. Especially if you lived here in the valley," Peter answered, after some thought.

"Then I want you to know," Cherry went on quietly, with sudden scarlet in her cheeks, "that I'm going to tell Martin I think we have tried it long enough!"

Peter looked gravely at her, soberly nodded, and resumed his study of the fire. But Alix spoke in brisk protest.

"Tried it! You mean tried marriage! But one doesn't try marriage! It's a fact. It's like the color of your eyes."

"Alix," the little sister pleaded eagerly, "you don't know what it is—you don't know what it is! Always meeting people I don't like; always living in places I hate; always feeling that my own self is being smothered and lost and shrunk; always listening to Mart complaining and finding people—"

Peter interrupted seriously:

"I'll go this far, Cherry. Lloyd married you too young."

"Oh, far too young!" she agreed quickly. "The thing is—I can't think of," she said, "is how young I was—such a little girl. I knew nothing; I wasn't ready to be anybody's wife!"

Something in the poignant sorrow of her tone went straight to their hearts, and for the first time Peter had an idea of the real suffering she had borne.

"If I had a child, even or if Martin needed me," Cherry said, "then it might be different! But I'm only a burden to him."

"His letter doesn't sound as if he thought of you as a burden," Alix suggested mildly.

"Ah, well, the minute I leave him he has a different tone," Cherry explained, and Peter said, with a glance almost of surprise at his wife:

"It's an awfully difficult position for a woman of any pride, dear."

Alix, kneeling to adjust the fire, as she was constantly tempted to do, put back a soft, gold-streaked hand on his knee.

"Pete, dearest, of course it is! But—and Alix looked doubtfully from one to the other—"but divorce is a fearful thing," she added, shaking her head. "It—it never seems to me his privilege—"

"Divorce is an institution," Peter said. "You fancy nobody is any more than you like prisons or madhouses; it fits its uses."

"People get divorces every day," Cherry added. "Don't divorces better than living along in marriage without love?"

"Oh, love!" Alix said, scornfully. "Love is just another name for passion and selfishness and laziness, half the time!"

"You can say that, because yours is one of the happy marriages," Cherry said. "It might be very different—if Peter weren't Peter!"

As she said his name she sent him her trusting smile; her blue eyes shone with affection, and the exquisite curve of her mouth deepened. Peter smiled back, and looked away in a little confusion.

"I can't imagine the circumstances under which I shouldn't love you and Peter!" Alix summarized it, triumphantly.

"And Martin?" Peter asked.

"Oh, well; I didn't marry Martin!" his wife reminded him quickly. "I didn't promise to love and honor Martin in sickness and health; for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—by George!" Alix interrupted herself, in her boyish way, "those are terrible words, you know. And a promise is a promise!"

"And even for infidelity you don't believe people ought to seperate?" Cherry asked.

"Nonsense!" Peter said.

"But you said—that Martin never—"

"No, I'm not speaking of Martin now!"

"Well, wouldn't that come under 'worse?'" Alix asked.

"But, my child," Peter expostulated kindly, "My dear bedeviled wife—there is such a thing as a soul—a mind—a personality! To be tied to a—well, to a coarsening influence day after day is living death! It is worse than any bodily discomfort—"

"I don't see it!" Alix persisted. "I think there's a deal of nonsense talked about the finney oncompreyzy—but it seems to me that if you have a home and meals and books and friends and the country to walk in, you—"

"Oh, heavens, Alix; you don't know what you're talking about!" Cherry interrupted her excitedly. "Sometimes I think your marriage is as—as queer as my own."

* * * * * * *

Nothing more was said for several days upon the subject of a possible divorce. One afternoon Peter crossed the porch, tired and hot, and found everything apparently deserted. He dropped into a chair, and was still breathless from the rapid climb uphill, when stray notes from the piano reached his ears; a chord, a carefully played bit of bass, then a chord again. Then slowly, but with dainty accuracy and even feeling, Cherry began to play a strange little study of Schumann. Peter knew it was Cherry, because Alix's touch was always firm and sure; more than that, he himself had played this same bit no longer ago than last night, and he remembered now that Cherry had asked him just what it was.

He experienced a sudden and pleasing emotion; he did not stop to analyze it. But he had been ruffled in spirit a moment before; Alix had known he was to come on this train and had not met him with the car; and while he really did not mind the walk up, he disliked the feeling that they had entirely forgotten him.

Presently there was silence; then Cherry tried another little study and finished it, and the hot summer stillness reigned again.

With a sense that he had been dozing, if only for a few minutes, Peter opened his eyes. Framed in the cabin doorway, poised like a butterfly against the dark background of the room, stood Cherry. He knew that she had been standing so for some time, for a full minute; perhaps more.

They looked at each other in silence that grew more and more awkward by great plunges. Peter had time to wish that he had kept his eyes shut; to wish that he had smiled when he first saw her—he could not have forced himself to smile now—to wonder how they were ever to speak—where they were rushing—rushing—rushing—before she turned noiselessly and vanished into the dim room.

Peter lay there, and his heart pounded. A moment ago he had been a tired man, fretted because his wife forgot to meet him; now there was something new in the world. And rapidly all the world became only a background, only a setting, for this extraordinary sensation. The hills beyond still swam in the hot sunlight, the mountain rose into the blue, but the light that changes all life lay over them for Peter.

They Looked at Each Other in Silence.

He said to himself that it was awkward—he did not know how he could enter that door and talk to Cherry. And yet he knew that that meeting of Cherry and Peter, the common exchange of words and glances, that the daily trifling encounters with Cherry were all poignantly significant now.

He felt no impulse toward hurry. He might sit on his porch another hour, might saunter off toward the creek. It mattered nothing; the hour was steadily approaching when she must reappear.

Alix drove in, full of animated apologies. She managed the car far better than he, and no thought of an accident had troubled him.

The evening was warm, one of the goo ur three warm evenings that marked the height of summer even in the high valley. There was not a breath of air in the garden; roses and wallflowers stood erect in a sort of luminous enchantment. Moonlight sank through the low-toned branches of the nearby oaks and felt tangled with black and lacy shade through the porch rose vine.

Alix sat on the porch rail, every line of crisp skirt and braided head revealed as if by daylight, but Cherry's pale striped gown was only a glimmer in the deepest shade of the vine. Peter, smoking, sat where he could not but see her; they had hardly looked at each other directly since the long, strange book of this afternoon; they had exchanged hardly a word.

"Town tomorrow, Pete?" Alix said, after a silence during which she had locked her arms behind her head, stared straight above her at the path the moon was making through faint stars, and yawned. "I've got to go in to a meeting of the hospital board. Good night, beloveds. I'm dead. Don't sit out here mooning with Pete all night, Cerise?"

Peter said to himself that now Cherry would go, too, but as the screen door banged lightly after Alix, and the dull glimmer of Cherry's striped gown did not move in the soft shadow, a sudden reluctance and distaste seized him. He had been subconsciously aware of her all afternoon; he had known a delicious warmth and stir at his nearness; he had not analyzed, if indeed it could be analyzed. Now suddenly he did not want the beauty and gloom and charm of that feeling touched. His heart began to beat heavily again, and he knew that he must stop the dawdling game now.

But he had not reckoned on Cherry. She twisted in her chair, and he heard a child's long, happy sigh.

"Oh, so am I tired, too!" she breathed, reluctantly. "I hate to leave it—but I've been almost asleep for half an hour! You can have all the moonlight there is, Peter." Her white figure fluttered toward the door. "Good night!" she said, dropping her little head to choke a yawn. A moment later he heard her laughing with Alix.

"You fool—you fool—you fool!" Peter said to himself, and he felt an emotion like shame, a little real compunction that he could so utterly misread her innocence. He felt it not only wrong in him, but somehow stalling and hurtful to her.

### CHAPTER XII.

Again Peter reckoned without Cherry. It was only the next day, when he was entering the Palace court for his lunch, that he experienced a sudden and violent emotion. His thoughts were, at the moment, far from Cherry, and he fancied himself in a hurry. But every other feeling but excitement was obliterated at the sight of a slender, girlishly made woman, in a pongee gown, and a limp brown hat covered with poppies, waiting in the lounge.

Peter went toward her, and the color rushed into Cherry's face. It was the first time they had accidentally encountered each other, and it had a special place of its own in the history of their lives.

The surprise of it kept them laughing, hands clasped for a minute; then Cherry said:

"I was to lunch here with Mary Cameron. But she's full twenty minutes late! You hate her, don't you?" she added, looking up from under the poppies at Peter.

"I don't like her," he admitted, with a boy's grimace.

"Then suppose we don't lunch here?" Cherry suggested, innocently. Peter laughed fiercely, and tucking her little gloved hand under his arm, led her away. They went to Solari's, and had a window table, and nodded, as they discussed their lunch, at half a dozen friends who chanced to be lunching there, too.

She had said that she wanted to tell him "all about it," and Peter, with quick knowledge that she meant the unhappiness of her marriage, nodded a grave permission.

"I've made a failure of it!" Cherry said, sadly. "I know I ought to struggle on, but I can't. I have no ability. Peter, I have no personality. As for my family, my privacy—"

Her face was scarlet, and for a moment she stopped speaking.

"Just tell me the alternative!" she said, after a while. "It can't be that there is no other life for me than going back, Peter, I'm only twenty-four!"

"At your age," he said, with a brief nod.

"Why, every one has some alternative," Cherry pleaded. "It can't be that marriage is the only—the only possible thing!" If you had a partner that you couldn't go on with, you could come to some agreement!"

"You don't love him!" Peter said.

"I must go home—I must go back to Mart tomorrow!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## ARTIST'S MISSION IN LIFE

By Interpretation, He Must Unfold Beauty to Those Persons Not So Gifted as Himself.

All work has some element of the creative, but the artist must realize that it is art that brings everything to him, and that the best he can bring to art is sympathy, intelligence and skill in presenting it. The material has always been there and it is for him to develop the means of imparting it to others. The singer sings a song—but before he can deliver its message with his voice, the composer has vitalized through a musical setting on the interpretation of the poet—the poet has translated a phase of life, or emotion, that has come to him from reading or experience. Our knowledge and the mental processes that govern our actions are the result of recorded and unrecorded memories—and so on through an endless chain of evolution.

The artist's mission is to interpret the depth and breadth of the mysterious joys or sorrows of existence, and imaginary, through music, poetry, sculpture, painting, the stage, or whatever profession. In his interpretation he unfolds these beauties—to other men and women who may not be gifted with the mental or physical abilities to re-create them for themselves, but who can understand and enjoy them through the medium of the artist—and as his skill in that medium develops, his giving out of understanding increases.

### Goethe's Superb Faust.

Christopher Marlowe, an English dramatic poet of the Sixteenth century, was the first to use the old legend of Faustus, and he deals rather gently with the character of Mephistopheles, making him sadder and more dignified than he appears in Goethe's drama. It was the German poet who placed that demoniacal being before the world for all time, who created that sneering, sardonic individual, powerful and exacting, who makes Faust sign their contract with blood; fruitful of vanity, anxious to show his power by the magic creation of wine drawn from a wooden table, enjoying life as a man, yet retaining all his diabolical characteristics.

### That Word "Strike."

The first use of the word "strike," as applied to labor troubles, occurred in a London newspaper in 1765. In September of that year were numerous references to a great stoppage of labor in the coal fields, and the workers are said to have "struck out" for higher wages.—Indianapolis News.

### Tribute to Agriculturist.

The agricultural population produces the bravest men, valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given to evil designs.—Cato.


## MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble as ever since the first time her sickness appeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say too much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter."—Mrs. Wm. S. Hughes, Greenville, Delaware.

Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medicine to others.

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value.

Mothers—daughters, why not try it?


### With a Reservation.

"Miss Smith—Bellinda," sighed the young man passionately, "there's something I want to tell you—something that I—"

"What is it?" asked the girl, as she leaned back in her chair, with a bored expression on her face.

The young man drew a long breath, and his face turned to dull purple. "It is a question which is near to my heart," he said awkwardly. "Could you—do you think you could ever marry a man like me?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bellinda, quite calmly, "that is if he wasn't too much like you."


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### His Slowness.

"Doctor Rave, the popular evangelist, emphatically declares that there is a hell."

"Dear suzz!" answered J. Fuller Gloom. "Has he just found it out? Why, almost immediately after my marriage more than twenty years ago I advised my brother-in-law to go there!"—Kansas City Star.

### Bobby's Guess.

Elsie—"Your grandpa is always out of doors." Bobby—"I guess that's why pa says he's an oxygenarian."


## Heat Flashes, Dizziness, or Smothering?

Lansing, Mich. — "When I reached middle life I had smothering spells, heat flashes and a general run-down condition of health until I started to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Three bottles brought me thru this critical period in perfect health which I am still enjoying. I can also praise Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed most highly as an emergency medicine for pain. Both of these remedies are exceedingly fine and is what I recommend them."—Mrs. Hattie Lewis, 216 West Willow St.

Obtain Dr. Pierce's remedies now from your druggist. You will soon feel their beneficial effect. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

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