

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KREMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

No Cause for Alarm. A young preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos and emptied it of almost everything else. A well-known bishop happened to be visiting a friend in the house one day when the budding orator was holding forth. "Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror, "pray, what might that be?" "Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only your D— practicing what he preaches."

ONLY A FEW PIMPLES But Many More May Come If You Neglect Them. Try Cuticura Free.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective in clearing the skin of pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and irritation as well as freeing the scalp of dandruff, dryness and itching, besides satisfying every want of the toilet and nursery. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. Y, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

His Choice. They were gathering apples together—the little blonde and the big athlete. "Are you fond of golden sweets?" she asked, in a summer vacation way. "Oh, yes, in the summer time," he replied, but he quickly added: "My strong preference is for fall pippina."

When all others fail to please Try Denison's Coffee. Tank Beverly says that if fish could vote the anglerworm would be elected.

Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of such cases. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Utah Case

Mrs. Robert F. Anthony, N. Second East St., Brigham, Utah, says: "My kidneys were seriously disordered and my feet and ankles swelled badly. Sacs of water hung beneath my eyes and I suffered terribly from backache. On using Doan's Kidney Pills these ailments gradually disappeared and before long I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

To cure catarrhes the medicine must be used in a purgative; it must be a cathartic.

Tutt's Pills

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

Sabron could not reply. Her ribs and flowers and jewels shook in his eyes like a kaleidoscope. His flush had made him more natural. In his invalid state, with his hair brushed back from his fine brow, there was something spiritual and beautiful about him. The Marquise d'Esclignac looked on a man who had been far and who had determined of his own accord to come back. She said more gently, putting her hand affectionately over his:

"Get strong, monsieur—get well. Eat all the good things we are making for you. I dare say that the army cannot spare you. It needs brave hearts."

Sabron was so agitated after her departure that the nurse said he must receive no more visits for several days, and he meditated and longed and thought and wondered, and nearly cursed the life that had brought him back to a world which must be lonely for him henceforth.

When he sat up in bed he was a shadow. He had a book to read and read a few lines of it, but he put it down as the letters blurred. He was sitting so, dreaming and wondering how true or how false it was that he had seen Julia Redmond come several times to his bedside during the early days of his illness here in the hospital. Then across his troubled mind suddenly came the words that he had heard her sing, and he tried to recall them. The Red Cross nurse who so charitably sang in the hospital came to the wards and began her mission. One after another she sang familiar songs.

"How the poor devils must love it!" Sabron thought, and he blessed her for charity.

How familiar was her voice! But that was only because he was so ill. But he began to wonder and to doubt, and across the distance came the notes of the tune, the melody of the song that had haunted him for many months:

God keep you safe, my love, All through the night; Rest close in his encircling arms Until the light. My heart is with you as I kneel to pray, Good night! God keep you in his care away.

When she had finished singing there were tears on the soldier's cheeks and he was not ashamed. Pithouche, who remembered the tune as well, crept up to him and laid his head on his master's hand. Sabron had just time to wipe away the tears when the Duc de Tremont came in.

"Old fellow, do you feel up to seeing Miss Redmond for a few moments?"

When she came in he did not know whether he most clearly saw her simple summer dress with the single jewel at her throat, her large hat that framed her face, or the gentle lovely face all sweetness and sympathy. He believed her to be the future Duchesse de Tremont.

"Monsieur de Sabron, we are all so glad you are getting well."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle." He seemed to look at her from a great distance, from the distance to the end of which he had so wearily been traveling. She was lovelier than he had dreamed, more rarely sweet and adorable.

"Did you recognize the little song, Monsieur?"

"It was good of you to sing it."

"This is not the first time I have seen you, Monsieur de Sabron. I came when you were too ill to know of it."

"Then I did not dream," said the officer simply.

He was as proud as he was poor. He could only suppose her engaged to the Duc de Tremont. It explained her presence here. In his wildest dreams he could not suppose that she had followed him to Africa. Julia, on had followed him to Africa. Julia, on had followed him to Africa. Julia, on had followed him to Africa.

"Ma tante," said Julia Redmond to the Marquise d'Esclignac, "can we go back to France immediately?" "My dear Julia!" exclaimed her

aunt, in surprise and delight. "Robert will be enchanted, but he would not be able to leave his friend so soon."

"He need not," said the girl, "nor need you leave unless you wish."

The Marquise d'Esclignac entertained a thousand thoughts. She had not studied young girl's minds for a long time. She had heard that the modern American girl was very extreme and she held her in rather light esteem. Julia Redmond she had considered to be out of the general rule.

"Was it possible," she wondered, "that Julia, in comparing Tremont with the invalid, found Robert more attractive?"

"Julia," she said severely, as though her niece were a child, pointing to a chair, "sit down."

Slightly smiling, the young girl obeyed her aunt.

"My dear, I have followed your caprices from France to Africa. Only by pleading heart-failure and mortal illness could I dissuade you from going into the desert with the caravan. Now, without any apparent reason, you wish to return to France."

"The reason for coming here has been accomplished, ma tante. Monsieur de Sabron has been found."

"And now that you have found him," said the marquise reproachfully, "and you discover that he is not all your romantic fancy imagined, you are going to run away from him. In short, you mean to throw him over."

"Throw him over, ma tante!" murmured the girl. "I have never had the chance. Between Monsieur de Sabron and myself there is only friendship."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "I have no understanding of the modern young



When He Sat Up in Bed He Was a Shadow.

girl. She makes her own marriages and her subsequent divorces. I am your aunt, my dear, your mother's sister, and a woman of at least twenty-five years' more experience than you have."

Julia was not following her aunt's train of thought, but her own. She felt the hint of authority and bondage in her aunt's tone and repeated: "I wish to leave Algiers tomorrow."

"You shall do so," said her aunt. "I am rejoiced to get out of the Orient. It is late to order my dresses for Trouville, but I can manage. Before we go, however, my dear, I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise, ma tante?" The girl's tone implied that she did not think she would give it.

"You have played the part of fate in the life of this young man, who, I find, is a charming and brave man. Now you must stand by your guns, my dear Julia."

"Why, how do you mean, ma tante?" "You will go to Paris and the Capitaine de Sabron will get well rapidly. He will follow you, and if it were not for Tremont, myself, your Red Cross Society and the presence here of Madame de la Maine, you would have been very much compromised. But never mind," said the Marquise d'Esclignac magnificently, "my name is sufficient protection for my niece. I am thinking solely of the poor young man."

"Of Monsieur de Sabron?" "Of course," said the Marquise d'Esclignac tartly. "Did you think I meant Robert? You have so well arranged his life for him, my dear."

"Ma tante," pleaded the girl. The marquise was merciless. "I want you to promise me, Julia, before you sail for home, that if Sabron follows us and makes you understand that he loves you, as he will, that you will accept him."

Julia Redmond looked at the Marquise d'Esclignac in astonishment. She half laughed and she half cried. "I want me to promise?"

"I do," said her aunt firmly, regarding her niece through her lorgnon. "In the first place the affair is en-

tirely unconventional and has been since we left France. It is I who should speak to the Capitaine de Sabron. You are so extremely rich that it will be a difficult matter for a poor and honorable young man. . . . Indeed, my dear, I may as well tell you that I shall do so when we reach home."

"Oh," said the girl, turning perfectly pale and stepping forward toward her aunt, "if you consider such a thing I shall leave for America at once."

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a petulant sigh. "How impossible you are, Julia. Understand me, my dear, I do not want a woman of my family to be a coquette. I do not want it said that you are an American flirt—it is in bad taste and entirely misunderstood in the Faubourg St-Germain."

The girl, bewildered by her aunt's attitude and extremely troubled by the threat of the marriage convention, said:

"Don't you understand? In this case it is peculiarly delicate. He might ask me from a sense of honor."

"Not in any sense," said the Marquise d'Esclignac. "It has not occurred to the poor young officer to suppose for a moment that a young woman with millions, as you are so fortunate to be, would derange herself like this to follow him. If I thought so I would not have brought you, Julia. What I have done, I have done solely for your peace of mind, my child. This young man loves you. He believes that you love him, no doubt. You have given him sufficient reason, heaven knows! Now," said her aunt emphatically, "I do not intend that you should break his heart."

It was more than likely that the Marquise d'Esclignac was looking back twenty-five years to a time, when as a rich American, she had put aside her love for a penniless soldier with an insignificant title. She remembered how she had followed his campaign. She folded her lorgnon and looked at her niece. Julia Redmond saw a cloud pass over her aunt's tranquil face. She put her arms around her and kissed her tenderly.

"You really think then, ma tante, that he will come to Paris?" "Without a doubt, my dear."

"You think he cares, ma tante?" Her aunt kissed her and laughed. "I think you will be happy to a bourgeois extent. He is a fine man."

"But do I need to promise you?" asked the girl. "Don't you know?" "I shall be perfectly ashamed of you," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "if you are anything but a woman of heart and decision in this matter."

Evidently she waited, and Julia Redmond, slightly bowing her lovely head in deference to the older lady who had not married her first love, said obediently:

"I promise to do as you wish, ma tante."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN THE HOME BUILDER

Undoubtedly the Chief Trade in Which Females of the Country Are Engaged.

Yes, of course, it is homemaking. Everybody knows that, but the figures for it, compiled by the United States Board of Education statisticians, are worth noting. Of the 31,000,000 females over ten years of age in the United States 24,000,000 are engaged in homemaking. Girls may be entering more and more into other trades, but in the last analysis they generally fall back or advance to the rank of homemakers.

Hence, says the Federal Educational board, the importance of giving special attention to scientific cooking in the vocational schools. The girl's hope of being able to hire a cook is apt to be disappointed as frequently as the hope of keeping one when she is hired. It is one of the oddest things of life that cooking, the preparation of the food that sustains life, the art that can waste or economize in the chief item of family expenditures, is so largely left to be picked up as best it may be without serious consideration or training. If the woeful waste resulting from amateur cookery could be computed in dollars and cents it would rival the war bills of Europe. If the indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred physical disturbances caused by incapable cooks could be tabulated they would dwarf the list of killed, missing and wounded.

Lost Hand Digging Grave. Grave digging is not an extra hazardous occupation, even though in excavating graves it is necessary to use dynamite to break hardpan, the industrial insurance department has decided. The department rejected the claim of John Borgford, a Seattle sexton, whose left hand was partly blown off by a dynamite cap.

Although use of explosives generally makes a class extra hazardous, the general occupation of grave digging is such a peaceful one that exception cannot be made when blasting is necessary, the commission holds.—Olympia (Wash.) Dispatch to the Portland Oregonian.

Flag for New York City. The board of aldermen adopted a flag for the city of New York—three perpendicular bars of blue, white and orange, which were the colors of the Dutch flag used when New York was New Netherlands. The board also adopted a new city seal, which will appear in blue on the white bar of the flag. The new emblem will be raised on the city hall on June 12, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the board of aldermen.



WHY DINING CAR CHEFS PREFER KG BAKING POWDER

Those who have had cakes ruined by jarring the stove, slamming the oven door or a heavy footstep, may have wondered how the dining car chef can turn out such marvelous biscuits, hot breads and pastry when his oven is being incessantly jarred and jolted and shaken by the motion of the train.

To get pastry to raise and stay raised under these conditions, a baking powder must be used that continues to give off its leavening gas—that sustains the raise—until the dough is baked through.



Dining Car Chefs have found a baking powder exactly suited to their needs in K C and you will find it just as well suited to your requirements. K C is really a blend of two baking powders, one active as soon as moistened, the other requiring both moisture and heat to start the generation of leavening gas. No matter how moist and rich you make your cake, K C Baking Powder will sustain the raise until a crust is formed and all danger of falling is past.

K C Baking Powder is pure and healthful. It is guaranteed under all pure food laws, and is guaranteed to please you. And it is sold at a reasonable price—no baking powder should sell for more.

Try a can at our risk and be convinced.

Where It Was Appropriate.

Lord Kitchener, it is said, is very pleased with the result of the present temperance move.

"We are all temperate now," said his lordship recently.

"To get drunk is an unheard-of thing among gentlemen. If a gentleman ever gets drunk nowadays he has, you may be sure, a remarkable excuse to offer." To illustrate his point Lord Kitchener told this story:

A major, after a fancy dress ball at Simla, came home drunk and his shocked wife said to him: "Aren't you ashamed to return from the ball in that condition?"

"Don't blame me, my dear," said the major; "you must remember that the character I assumed was that of a sponge."

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Mrs. A. L. Crawford, Medfield, Mass., writes: "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bright's Disease, and I am healthy and strong to-day and have been blessed with good health ever since my cure. When the doctors pronounced my case Bright's Disease I was in such a serious condition that they could not do anything for me. I kept getting worse. My limbs from my ankles to my knees swelled and my eyes were so swollen that I couldn't see. As a last hope I thought I would give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I gradually improved and kept on taking them and they cured me thoroughly."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved, 50c per box.—Adv.

Knew His Father.

A school inspector asked a class of small children: "If I had three glasses of beer on the table, and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?"

"None, sir," answered a very small boy.

"But you don't understand my question," said the inspector, and he repeated it again.

Still the boy gave the same reply. "Ah, my boy," exclaimed the inspector at last. "It is clear you don't know mental arithmetic."

"But I know my father," said the boy, promptly.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Hathorn. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Easy Enough. "My father has to work awful hard. He has to get up early every morning to see that all the clerks are there attending to their work," said little Claire.

"Oh, my papa doesn't," said her chum. "You see, he's one of the clerks."

Hard to Tell. Gibbs—I tell you, no man can fool my wife. Dibbs—Then how did you get her?

When all others fail to please Try Denison's Coffee.

Deep Voice. "Why do you call your cat Carmen?" "She's a contracto."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHECK NEEDED TOUCHING UP

Bank Cashier Handled the Subject Diplomatically, but Sensitive Mr. Brushly Was Annoyed.

"This check of yours," said the large-hearted cashier to Brushly, the impressionist painter, "is drawn exceedingly well, and in composition seems to be pretty nearly perfect; but it lacks background, Mr. Brushly. But for that it would be a work of art. Your foreground is charming, but just a trifle too—well, shall we say too fanciful?"

"I don't know what you are driving at," growled Brushly. "I suppose you know what you mean, however. What kind of a background would you suggest?"

"Cash!" said the cashier. "A work of art like this, calling for the payment of \$50, is not wholly convincing with a sketchy little overdraft of \$2.90 on deposit to provide the necessary contrasts in light and shade and to give the thing what we might call balance."

"Whereupon Brushly, like the self-respecting man he was, snapped his fingers under the impudent fellow's nose and transferred his overdraft to the trust company across the street.—Judge.

Hardly Complimentary.

A New England housewife one afternoon received a call from a hobo to whom that morning she had given some doughnuts.

The knight of the road doffed his ragged headpiece and with great civility addressed her thus:

"Madam, this morning you gave me three doughnuts. Would it be asking too much to request a fourth?"

"I'll be glad to give you another," said the woman, as she prepared to wrap one in a newspaper. "So you like my doughnuts, do you?"

"It isn't that, madam," explained the hobo. "You see, some friends of mine down in the meadow wish to have a game of quoits."

Pessimism.

"There's something in this world besides money."

"Yes," said the cynic; "there's the poorhouse."



The General says: When you find this label on a roll of Asphalt Roofing it is guaranteed by its maker who knows how well it is made. Your own local dealer will tell you all about the responsibility that stands behind our guarantee.

Certain-teed Roofing

The guarantee of 5, 10 or 15 years for 1, 2 or 3 ply Certain-teed is backed by the largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the world. This roofing has given excellent service on all classes of buildings for years and years. It costs less and gives a better service than metal roofing, wood shingles, and many other types of roofings. Certain-teed Roofing is sold all over the country are outliving the period of the guarantee. All Certain-teed products are reasonable in price. Ask your dealer.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co. World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Paper. New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Atlanta, Houston, London, Hamburg, Sydney.

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