

Welcome Relief From the Tortures of Rheumatism

Can Come Only From the Proper Treatment.

Many forms of rheumatism are caused by millions of tiny germs that infect the blood, and until the blood is absolutely freed of these germs, there is no real relief in sight.

The most satisfactory remedy for rheumatism is S. S. S., because it is one of the most thorough blood purifiers known to medical science. This fine old remedy cleanses the blood of impurities, and acts as an antidote to the germ of rheumatism. S. S. S. is an excellent system-cleanser; it is not sold or recommended for Venereal Diseases.

S. S. S. is sold by druggists everywhere. For valuable literature and advice address Chief Medical Adviser, 107 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

"What Killed Bill?"

Every man, woman and child in the world has "Liver Trouble" some times. Many of them Die from it and never realize it. No use in this. And folks are learning better. Thousands have found out that Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup will relieve "Liver Troubles". Will keep the Bowels open and the Blood rich and red. You ought to try this old doctor's prescription—before "Liver Trouble" gets in its deadly work on you—like it did on "Bill." Get it from your drug store.

"Some Sort of Liver Trouble!"

If love were really blind age would have fewer terrors for the fair sex.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT. When your shoes pinch or your corns and bunions ache get Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It will take the sting out of corns and bunions and give instant relief to Tired, Aching, Swollen, Tender feet. Sold everywhere. Don't accept any substitutes.—Adv.

HIRAM EVIDENTLY A SNORER

Faithful Wife Thought She Recognized Porcine Lamentations as Made by Her Lord and Master.

An amazingly fat couple boarded a sleeping car just before the train pulled out of the Pennsylvania station in New York, and soon retired, the woman taking the lower berth and the man the upper of a section. It was necessary to enlist the aid of the porter and a couple of friendly passengers to enable the man to attain to his lofty couch, but it was accomplished and the car presently became quiet.

Some time during the night the train was held up on a siding and, as it happened, the sleeping car was stopped right alongside a car loaded with uncomfortable and loudly protesting hogs, the noise of whose lamentations ascended to the stars.

"Oh, Lord!" the occupant of the lower berth was heard to moan. "Just listen to that! Hiram has started to snort!" and I can't get up there to make him turn over!"

Hirsute Courage.

"The Arabs follow the custom of their prophet Mohammed, who never shaved."

"I suppose that is one reason why they are always so ready to beard their enemies."

GOOD REASON.

"Did Billy call up his girl on the long-distance phone?"

"No; he was too short."

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balm at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain.—Adv.

AT WORK ON BIG PROBLEMS

Grandson of Huxley Seeking, Among Other Things, the Secret of Perpetual Youth.

The secret of perpetual youth and renewed vigor, the determination of sex and the curing of certain human diseases are some of the problems which it seems are being solved in the laboratories at Oxford, England, by Julian Huxley, grandson of the famous biologist, Thomas Henry Huxley.

The actual achievements included the change of tadpoles into frogs within three weeks; the production of a new sort of creature; the restoration of a flatworm to youth, and the control of the sex of frogs' eggs, producing 90 per cent of males at the will of the experimenter.

The Daily Mail, which makes this news public, comments in an editorial on the great possibilities of Julian Huxley's discovery and says:

"We seem to be nearer some of the hardest and most enthralling mysteries of life."

A Needless Remark.

"Has your wife a voice?"

"She never gave me the slightest reason to believe the contrary."

It's an easy matter for a judge to issue an order restraining a woman from talking, but what's the use?

LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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GOOD NEWS—OR BAD.

Synopsis.—Richard Searles, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared and Searles refuses to allow the play to be produced with anyone else in the part. Singleton has just returned (invalided) from France, where he had been serving in the aviation corps. His uncle, Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient. The household at Barton is made up of elderly employees of the Tyringham, a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. By the terms of his will these people are to have a home at Barton for the rest of their lives. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." There he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of pro-Germanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visit of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

As I went about my unpacking I was sorry that I had discouraged Antoine's confidences. That these old hotel servants, flung upon a farm with little to do, should fall to quarreling was not surprising, but what he had said as to the inquiries for Mrs. Bashford had roused my curiosity. In spite of my legal right to live on the farm, I had no intention of remaining if my uncle's widow turned up. She could hardly fail to regard me as an intruding poor relation, no matter how strictly I kept to my own quarters.

I whistled myself into good humor as I dressed and started for the house along the driveway, which followed the shore, veering off for a look at the sunken garden, one of the few features of the place that had ever interested my uncle.

As I paused on the steps I caught sight of a man sitting dejectedly on a stone bench near a fountain whose jet tossed and caught a ball with languid iteration. I had identified him as an old Tyringham bell-hop, known familiarly as Dutch, before he heard my step and sprang to his feet, grabbing a pitchfork whose prongs he presented threateningly.

"Oh, it's you, sir," he faltered, dropping the implement. "Excuse me, sir!"

"What's your trouble, Dutch? You're not expecting burglars, are you?"

"Well, no, sir, but things on the place ain't what they wuz. It's my name, which ain't my name, not regular, an' I'm campin' in the tool-house. An' me born right there in New York an' American clean through. My grandpap came across when he wuz a kid, but it ain't my fault he wuz Goiman. Mr. Singleton, I don't know no Goiman except pretzel, sauerkraut, wiener wurst, and them kinds o' wolds."

"Those belong to the universal language, Dutch," I answered consolingly. "What is your name, anyhow?"

"Augustus Schortemeier, and I say it ain't no worse'n Longfellow," he protested.

The point was delicate and not one that I felt myself qualified to discuss. I bade him cheer up and passed on.

As I reached the house I heard a sharp command in an authoritative voice and saw at a curve of the driveway a number of men in military formation performing evolutions in the most sprightly manner. They carried broomsticks, and at sight of me the commander brought his company to a very ragged "Present arms!" Their uniform was that of the Tyringham bell-hops and waiters, and it dawned upon me that this was an army of protest representing the Allied armies on the shores of Connecticut. There was a dozen of them, and the captain I recognized as Scotty, a hop who had long worn the Tyringham livery. I waved my hand to them and turned to find Antoine awaiting me at the door.

"It's the troops, sir," he explained. "It's to keep Dutch and Gretchen and Elsie—she's the wife of that Flynn—in proper order, sir."

"Troops" was a large term for the awkward squad of retired waiters and bell-hops, and it was with difficulty that I kept my face straight.

"It's most unfortunate, but we was forced to it. Dinner is served, sir." From the dining table in the long dining-room I caught glimpses through the gathering dusk of Scotty's battalion at its evolutions.

"Antoine!" I said sharply. "What do you mean by these hints of trouble

on the place? You're not silly enough to imagine that Dutch and a couple of women can do anything out here to aid America's enemies! And as for these inquiries about Mrs. Bashford, they couldn't possibly have anything to do with the war. Specifically, who are the persons who've asked for her?"

"There's the party I told you about, most persistent, who's motored here three times, and another person who seems to be looking for him, sir. It's most singular."

"It's singularly ridiculous; that's all. They're probably piano-tuners or rival agents for a rug house or something of that sort."

"They may be agents, but not that kind, sir." His lips quivered, either from fear or vexation at my refusal to take his story seriously.

"If anything tangible happens, Antoine," I said kindly, "anything we can really put our hands on, we'll certainly deal with it. But you mustn't get nervous or allow yourself to suspect everybody who turns up here of evil designs against the republic. I've come here for quiet, you know, and we can't have every passing stranger throwing the place into a panic."

I had no sooner reached the library, where he gave me coffee, than I heard a slow, measured tread on the broad brick terrace that ran along the house on the side toward the Sound. The windows were open and the guard was in plain view. I glanced at Antoine, whose attitude toward me was that of one benevolently tolerant of stupidity. He meant to save me in spite of my stupidity. "Tell the picket to remove himself where I won't hear him, if you please, Antoine."

He disappeared through one of the French windows and in a moment I saw the guard patrolling a walk some distance from the house. I now made myself comfortable with a book and cigar, but I had hardly settled myself



"The House is in Order, I Judge."

for a quiet hour before I heard a commotion from the direction of the gate, followed a few minutes later by a shout and a noisy colloquy, after which a roadster arrived in haste at the front door.

"Mr. Torrence, sir," announced Antoine. "I'm sorry, sir, but he ran by the guard at the gate, and our man below the house stopped him. It's a precaution we've been taking, sir."

Torrence's sense of humor was always a little feeble, and I hastened into the hall to reassure him as to his welcome.

"For God's sake, Singleton, what's happened here? A band of pirates jumped on my running-board, and after I'd knocked them off a road-agent stopped me right there in sight of the house and poked the muzzle of a shotgun in my face."

"Mighty sorry you were annoyed, but there have been some queer characters about, tramps and that sort of thing and the people on the place are merely a little anxious. Have a cigar?"

"All I can say is that you'd better send your friends the password! That fool out there with the gun is likely to kill somebody. Antoine"—he turned to the butler, who was drawing the curtains at the windows—"if the property's been threatened, you should have informed me immediately."

"Yes, sir; but it's only been quite recent, and knowing Mr. Singleton was coming, we didn't like to bother you."

"We can only apologize, Torry," I interposed. "The employees have been alarmed, but we're bound to commend their zeal."

"Huoph!" he ejaculated, the wounds to his dignity still rankling. I forced a cigar upon him and talk-

ed of the weather to cover Antoine's retreat. I resolved not to tell him the real cause of the servant's apprehensions, knowing his disposition to magnify trifles and fearing he might send the police to investigate. He lived only five miles from Barton, a fact to which he now referred.

"Hadn't heard of any tramps over my way," he said frowning. "These old lunatics your uncle left here are simply hipped; that's all. It's a wonder you didn't think of upsetting his will on the ground of mental unsoundness."

"Oh, chuck it! They're well-meaning helpless people, and it's bully that uncle Bash provided a home for them. There's nobody else to use the place."

His cigar had proved soothing, but my last remark caused him to sit up straight in his chair.

"By George! my hold-up almost made me forget what I came for. I have news for you, Singleton; good or bad, as you may take it; Mrs. Bashford is in America."

"Mrs. Bashford," I repeated faintly, "where do you get these pleasant tidings?"

"This," he answered, producing a telegram, "is all I know about it."

He seemed to sense my discomfiture. The message read:

"Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 20.

"J. B. Torrence,

"Bainbridge Trust Co., New York.

"Landed at Seattle a week ago and have been motoring east from Chicago to see the country. Will reach Barton in four or five days. Please wire me at the Washington Inn, Lenox, whether house is in order for occupancy."

"Alice Bashford."

"Well, what do you say to that?" he demanded.

"I say it's taking unfair advantage," I answered savagely. "I've got to clear out; that's the first thing."

"Not necessarily. Your right to the garage is settled; she couldn't oust you if she wanted to. You've got to stay here anyhow till she comes; there's no ducking that. There are many little courtesies she would naturally expect from you."

"I'm delighted that you see my duty so clearly! If you hadn't assured me that she was safe at the end of the world I wouldn't have set foot here."

"The house is in order, I judge," he remarked, glancing about the room. "I've got to wire her that we're ready for her."

"You most certainly have! You might add that she's causing serious inconvenience to her late husband's only nephew."

"You really don't mean that?" he inquired anxiously.

"Oh, thunder, no!"

I had forgotten how trying Torrence could be. He now suggested that we summon Antoine and take a look at the house. Torrence is a conscientious fellow with an exact and orderly mind, and there was no corner of the place from cellar to garret that we didn't explore. It was highly creditable to the old Tyringham servants that the house was thoroughly habitable.

As we were on our way down-stairs the old fellow detained me a moment.

"Have you told him about the parties?"

I shook my head in angry rejection of the idea that I should tell Torrence about "the parties," and dismissed him as soon as we reached the hall.

"I suggest," said Torrence, "that when she comes you have flowers in all the rooms; the conservatory will supply enough. And it occurs to me that the more inconspicuous you make this bunch of lazy dependents the more agreeable it will be for Mrs. Bashford."

"You don't expect much of me! It was never in the contract that I should become the patriarch of these venerable relics. But I'll warn them to conceal themselves as much as possible. I fully expect to leave the reservation for good just one hour after the lady arrives."

"That's your affair, of course. As she's motoring, we can't just time her arrival, but when I get a wire that she's on the way I'll telephone you. And, of course, after she gets here I'll come at once to pay my respects."

"You can't come too soon!" I answered spitefully.

"Madame, the widow, has arrived, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cats and Dogs at Peace.

There is one place near Philadelphia where cats and dogs dwell together in peace. It is a cemetery devoted to deceased pets. It is at Franciscville and contains many handsome tombstones.

Too Proud for Goat Hair.

Mr. Peavish says that when he proposed to buy little Fanny a goat-hair muff for her birthday, Mrs. Peavish said no, her child was too proud to wear any but a wild animal outfit.

Dallas News.

CEDARS MANY CENTURIES OLD

That Much Sure, but It Is Impossible to Tell Age of Lebanon's Famous Trees.

The age of the famous cedars of Lebanon has long been in dispute. Local tradition says they were planted by God at the creation of the world and that they will endure until the last day.

That there was a great grove of cedars on Lebanon in the days of King Solomon there can be no doubt, as it was from them that he obtained the wood for building the temple. Whether any of those now standing were there in Solomon's time is a matter of speculation.

At the present day the grove contains 389 trees, of which only 15 are of large size. It is in the center of a great basin in the mountains, 6,000 feet above the sea. A Maronite chapel is on a mound in the shade of the trees, and here mass is said and on the feast of the transfiguration a great festival takes place.

Several efforts to calculate the age of the cedars now standing have been made by counting the rings in the heart wood of those that have fallen.

These estimates, according to Prof. A. Henry of the Royal College of Sciences for Ireland, in an article in Country Life, vary from 2,230 years to 2,500 years, although it may be that they are of slower growth than the specimens tested in other countries.

The largest of the cedars is 13 feet in diameter.

Too Busy to Weep for Old Days.

And when a woman is trying to raise eight or nine children she doesn't waste much time regretting the passing of old-fashioned southern hospitality.—Dallas News.

Record for Potatoes.

The department of agriculture says that the weight of the largest potato recorded in their office is between seven and eight pounds. There may have been larger ones produced, but the department has no record of them.

Harshes, purely vegetable, infant and children's laxative, forms up every label. Guaranteed non-narcotic, non-habitual.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infant and Children's Laxative

Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other troubles if given it at teaching time. Safe, pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results.

At All Druggists

For Grip, Colds and MALARIA

7-11 CHILLIFUGE

Kills the Malaria germ and regulates the liver. 25 CENTS

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RING WORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 25c at druggists, or direct from A. S. Roberts Medicine Co., Durham, N.C.

A Hard World.

"Did you ever feel that the world was against you?"

"Yes; I felt it this morning when I slipped on the sidewalk."—Boston Transcript.

Many a man has been turned down while waiting for something to turn up.

Endearing Occupation.

"James is a dear, but he is certainly a bug about bee culture."

"I see; a regular honeybug."

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

Liggett & Myers

KING PIN CHEWING TOBACCO

Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

Easy Money for You

Free particulars of your one best chance to make big money quickly, and make it easy. Don't wait a minute, but write at once to

HULET, POINT PLEASANT, N. J.

Instant Postum

still sells at the same low price as before the general rise in costs

—and great is the number of families who now use this table beverage in place of coffee.

Attracted to its use by continued low cost, they found its agreeable coffee-like flavor much to their liking.

With no health intent behind their action they discovered better nerves followed the change.

All Grocers sell Postum and your trial is invited

"There's a Reason"

Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc. BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN