Under Fire

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By Richard Parker

Based on the drama of Roi Cooper Megrue, Author of "UNDER COVER" and Co-Author of "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

SYNOPSIS.

—5—

Georgy Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a liaison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman. Ethel denies it. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel and tells waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He phones to German secret service headquarters. Streetman, the German spy, and Theodor calling Brewster, the butler, are discussing the possibility of war. When Ethel appears he tries to force her to get Sir George's knowledge of the sailing orders to the British fleet. Though she believes him a French instead of a German spy, she refuses until he threatens her. She begs him to announce their secret marriage, as Georgy is suspicious, but he puts her off. At tea Georgy and her beau, Guy Falconer, tease Sir George, and Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics. Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British admiral, Ethel Willoughby, secretly wife of Streetman, and others are having tea at the Wagstaff home. The party is discussing a play. Charlie Brown, newspaper man of New York, entertains the party with his views on the threatened war in Europe. Guy Falconer declares that if war comes he will go to Cuba. His mother and Sir George reprove him. Charlie says Guy is spoiling. Capt. Larry Redmond of the Irish Guards, calls on Ethel. The two had been understanding lovers.

> A queer race of people, the Irish. Romantic, poetic, impulsive, charming, theirs has been a tragic history for centuries. You'll find Irish soldiers of fortune in all the world's wild enterprises and every soldier a potential lovemaker. Says Captain Redmond to Ethel: "That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too something—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too bold." You will enjoy their interview in this installment.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"Beware of the military, Ethel—especially when he's Irish!" she warned Ethel.

In another moment Miss Willoughby and Captain Redmond were alone, she herself seated upon the white settee but the captain, apparently, dared not trust himself nearer her than the stool upon which he perched just where he could not touch her. There had been a time when he and Ethel were undisguisedly fond of each other. But now he was scarcely sure of her sentiments toward him.

"So, Larry, you've actually come back at last," she said.

"I wonder if it can seem as long to you as it does to me," he mused.

"I don't know—perhaps!"

"Do you mind when I saw you last? 'Twas at a dance on the river—"

"At Marlowe!" She had been far from forgetting that pleasant memory.

"Then you do remember!" he cried with delight. "It was my first one night!" he told her.

"You ruined my slippers," she reminded him, to tease him.

"Did I? Then it was punishment that when I came up the second time wild taxicabs wouldn't drag another dance from you?"

"No, you were too late," Ethel explained. She had no wish to be too hard on him.

"Too late! That's the tragedy of the Irish! We're always too somethin'—too late or too early—too sentimental or too cynical—too shy or too bold. We laugh too much and we're too sad. We're too much in love or not at all. We're way up or we're way down."

"In fact, you're Irish," she interpolated softly.

"You sound as if you liked us—Irish," he rejoined.

She gave him an enigmatic look.

"I love you—Irish," she replied.

"'Tis a lucky race we are!" he told her, with great enthusiasm.

"But tell me—what have you been doing?" Ethel asked.

"Since I spoiled your slippers?" Captain Redmond laughed. He seemed never to remain long in a serious mood. "Oh, my dear, I've been a long way from Tipperary—the States, India, Berlin, Paris, South America. And oh! my dear, how lonely I've been!"

"You lonely!" She could not believe that the mercurial Irishman could ever long be that.

"I've been in crowded places and in empty ones, but always I was alone," he said with just a hint of sadness. In spite of the gayety that his friends loved in him, there were many times when Captain Redmond had to fight hard to dispel the Celtic melancholy that was his natural heritage. "But there, there—tell me about yourself," he begged.

But Ethel was not ready to do that. She shrank from discussing herself with him.

"So you've become a great globe trotter—you who'd never been out of England!" she said, hastily.

"Ah! That was different. I was poor then," he reminded her.

"Oh—and now?"

"I'm the idle rich," he informed her humorously. "An uncle in India fell off his horse, hunting—not very romantic, was it? And they cabled me I was the sole heir to his vast estates."

"I didn't know you had an uncle in India," Ethel commented with some surprise.

"No more did I! But—God bless him!" the captain said with mock reverence.

"And why—why have you come back?" she inquired slowly.

"For the same reason that I went away," he said promptly.

"What was that?"

"A woman!"

His soft reply, his serious eyes, thrilled her. But at the same time she knew that she must no longer let him remain in a lover's mood—she who would have given anything to hear that one short month ago.

"You, Larry!" She forced a gay laugh. "How exciting! Tell me, who was she?"

"The woman I loved," was his quiet reply.

She could not mistake his meaning.

"I never thought you were in love with anybody," she rejoined.

"But I was and she was a darlin'—the loveliest thing in the whole world, watched over by some guardian angel that brought her the best in life."

"And yet she refused you?" Ethel said with a smile. She wished that Larry Redmond had not stayed to talk with her. But the man fascinated her. He always had. And though she knew she had no right to listen to such things as he was telling her, some irresistible force seemed to hold her helpless until he should have told her that he loved her.

"Ah! She hadn't the chance to refuse me," he was saying, "for I never told her—because how could I? I was just a captain in the army; how could I hope to take care of her the way a man should take care of the woman he loves?"

Ethel's heart was heavy with the thought of what might have been.

"How selfish you men are! Perhaps she cared, too?" she suggested.

Captain Redmond shook his head despondently.

"No, I think not," he replied. "I don't think she even guessed how I felt. I don't think she guesses now. You see, she was rich, she was beautiful. There were always a dozen men dancing attendance on her—bully chaps, some of them! And one day when they told me she was engaged to the bulliest of them all, I went away."

"Without saying good-by?" Even he caught the suspicion of reproach in her voice.

"I couldn't do that," he explained. "I wanted her to be happy; but I couldn't quite bear to see her happiness with my own eyes. And so I've tossed away the last twelve months—no good to anyone!"

"Yet now you've come back," she said sadly, to herself more than to him. She could not help remembering what he had just said about the Irish being too late.

He turned to her eagerly.

"'Twas only the other day in Panama I picked up a copy of an old Times—and I read there a paragraph about her. She was still Miss—Miss—and so I'm here," he said pointedly, though he had mentioned no name to identify the girl of whom he spoke.

"Here?" she asked, as if perplexed.

He went to her then.

"Ethel! Ethel! I want you to marry me!" he besought her. He kneeled upon the settee beside her. "Please God, say you will!"

"Oh! Larry! Larry!" She was both happy and sad—happy to know that he really loved her, but desolate when she realized that what he asked could never be.

"Oh, Ethel! I love you—I love you!"

"And I never even dreamed it!" The irony of it all swept over her like some engulfing flood.

"You care for me, too, don't you? Oh, say you do!" he begged.

She rose, as if she would shake off the cruel chains that kept her away from him.

"I've always cared," she told him brokenly.

His heart leaped at that. And stepping behind her quickly, he laid his hands gently upon her two arms.

"My love, my love—what a great world it is when you're happy!" he exclaimed. "Just think! I'll get the license in the morning; we'll be married in the afternoon and on our way to Switzerland. I know the darlin' of a place, right by a rushing river, in the very shadow of the snow! And think how young we are! We've fifty years ahead of us—fifty years of love and happiness! Just you and me, my dear!" Captain Redmond kissed her hand then.

"Beware of the Military, Ethel—"

She had listened to his rapid words as if it were all a dream—some beautiful dream from which she suddenly awoke to the stern reality of life, with its bitterness and its disappointment, its disillusions and its heartaches.

"Larry—I am married," she said slowly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Doubly a Villain.

Larry Redmond paused, dazed, and dropped her hand, while he looked at Ethel uncomprehendingly.

"Married?" he stammered. "No, no, it can't be! You're playing some game! It can't be true!"

"I'm secretly married," she confessed.

He looked at her in amazement.

"Secretly? But why—why?"

"I can't explain, even to you, Larry—except that it's for my happiness to keep it secret, now."

Bitter realization came to him then. But he would not press her further. "And you're happy?" His eyes sought hers sadly.

She could not keep back the whole truth from him, no matter how much she wished to. Larry Redmond's honesty was too patent to make dissembling an easy matter in his presence.

"Oh, yes, Larry! I was happy—until you came back just now," she said.

"Then why did you marry him?" he demanded. There was no anger in his voice—only regret and wonder.

"Because when you left I was—desperate," she admitted.

"You!" he exclaimed, more than ever at a loss to understand her.

"Yes!" Ethel said. "I waited—waited for you until a month ago. I'd never heard from you—never heard of you. I thought you were dead. If you'd been alive, I felt that my love, my wanting you so very much would bring you back to me."

"Dear God!" There was no mock reverence in that soul-wrung wail, straight from his Celtic heart.

"And all my money had gone. Oh! It doesn't matter now! And I came here as governess to Sir George's daughter. He's been very helpful. . . . And this man—my husband—came along. He seemed very fond of me—" she smiled wanly—"quite desperately in love. I was wretched, miserable, lonely, and oh! so tired! I wanted someone to take care of me. And so, I married."

"And it's all my fault!" That was like Larry Redmond—to condemn himself instead of her.

She could not bear to hear him upbraid himself.

"Please, aren't we suffering enough now?" she protested.

He made up his mind, then, that for her sake he must put things in a different light. And goading himself to his duty, he sat down and looked at her wearily.

"But you've got to realize," he began, "you've got to realize that it's best you shouldn't have married a coward—and I was that. Two months ago I nearly finished it all."

"Larry!" Ethel exclaimed in sudden fear. The mere mention of such a thing shocked her inexpressibly.

"Ah, yes! I meant to!" he continued ruthlessly. "And it was another man—almost a stranger—who stopped me."

"When was it?" Anxious as she was, she could not forbear asking him that. It seemed inconceivable that the gay Larry she used to know should ever have been near self-destruction.

"Two months ago—" he said. And he stopped abruptly then, as if his thoughts had momentarily taken him far away. "Two months ago, in Berlin," he resumed, pulling himself together by a visible effort. "It was one of those gorgeous, moonlight nights. I was thinking of you, my dear, and thinking how futile it all was. What was the use? . . . It was in one of those little side streets off Unter den Linden. I stood there behind a tree when suddenly this fellow came up from behind and grabbed my revolver."

All at once his recital brought back to Ethel's mind another similar story. In her agitation she could not at first recall exactly where or under what circumstances she had heard it. And then, in a flash, she remembered. Her husband had told her a tale like that only an hour before.

"In Berlin this was—not Paris?" she asked him quickly.

"No—Berlin."

"That's curious," she said. "I heard just such another story a little while ago."

"Not such as this," he continued unthinkingly. "First I fought with him; and then, to him, almost a stranger, there I stood in the moonlight, quite mad I guess, and poured out my heart. I told him about you. I'd been so lonely it was good to talk to this man—to talk to anybody that night. But at last I promised the chap I'd quit."

"What made you promise?"

He gazed into space, as the scene became vivid in his mind.

"Ah! I suppose 'twas the sentiment—the Irish in me. He appealed to my love of country—to my patriotism. I was an officer in his majesty's service and some day England might need me and I'd not be there. It hit me. And curious 'twas, it should be a German to stop me!"

She had listened to him with increasing wonder. His very words were almost a duplication of Henry Streetman's. There could be no doubt that it was the same episode. The long arm of coincidence could scarcely stretch that far. And now, at his final sentence, Ethel started.

"A German?" she cried in quick surprise.

"Yes! Heinrich Strassman!"

Ethel gasped.

"Heinrich Strassman! Are you sure?" She could not believe that she heard him aright.

"Oh, I'd not be likely to forget him," Captain Redmond assured her bitterly.

"Wouldn't that be Henry Streetman in English?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I suppose so," he rejoined. "Why?"

Ethel Willoughby rose and moved away from him, to hide her agitation.

"Oh, nothing!" she said.

"It's a queer game," Larry said, ignorant of her agony—"this thing they call life. I, an officer in his majesty's army, to owe mine to a man in the German secret service!"

"A German spy!" Now Ethel knew what her husband was. Now she knew why he was eternally pressing her to gouge official secrets out of Sir George Wagstaff. Her gorge rose within her.

"We mustn't hold that against him," Larry chided her gently. He little knew the agony that she was concealing from him. "'Twas his job—and for a stranger he'd been mighty kind to me—he and his wife."

That last word struck her cold.

"What did you say?" she asked him very slowly.

"Why, that he and his wife had been mighty kind to me."

"You're quite sure he was married?" she inquired in a manner that was strangely deliberate. Aghast as she was at the thought of Henry Street man's duplicity, at his villainy in subjecting her to a marriage that seemed no marriage at all, a certain calm satisfaction came over her. In spite of her shame she was glad beyond words that she was not tied to him for life—if what she now tried to believe were only true!

"Larry—I Am Married."

"Married?" Larry repeated. "Oh, I'm quite sure. His wife was a typical moonfaced German hausfrau, with six children—bonny little kiddies. I used to ramp 'em."

"Oh, my God! My God!" Ethel cried suddenly.

"My dear—what is it? What is it?" Larry exclaimed. He saw that she was in agony. And he went to her as he might have hurried to any fluttering bird with a broken wing.

> There is a hint that Ethel will retaliate—not only against Streetman but also against his nation. In what will she find opportunity?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OVEREATING CAUSE OF ILLS

Intemperance in Consumption of Food Declared Responsible for Much Suffering for Humanity.

Someone has rather aptly said that "one-third of what we eat enables us to live and the other two-thirds provides a living for the doctors," remarks a writer in Farm and Home. And undoubtedly overeating, quite as much as improper foods, is responsible for many of our bodily ills; for all that is eaten over that required to nourish our bodies and furnish the necessary energy, overtaxes the organs of digestion and elimination and prematurely wears out the human engine, just as too much fuel more quickly burns out a furnace or the kitchen range.

Intemperance in food is a prolific source of colds, obesity, gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, constipation and other ills. High living, overeating and too much protein food is also said to be conducive to the development of cancer—for this disease, as a rule, does not attack the moderate livers or the underfed. True, different individuals require varying amounts of food, according to occupation and size of body, though this difference is not so great as many think.

Most people troubled with obesity are partial to the flesh-making foods—sweets and starches—and are all-around "good feeders." A certain very stout young woman is so afflicted, and also addicted to the practice of nibbling at sweets between meals, and at bedtime. She also has occasional dreadful attacks of acute indigestion. Her physician's advice when last called was: "Just watch your diet, little girl; there is no preventive except to eat moderately and regularly."

He Had Qualified.

A stranger in an Indiana village thought he might improve the time by attending service in the local church. At the conclusion of a lengthy talk the minister announced that he should like to meet the board. The stranger, in company with several other persons, proceeded to walk to the front of the church. The pastor, thinking there must be some misunderstanding, said to him: "I believe, sir, you are mistaken. This is just to be a meeting of the board."

"Well," replied the visitor, "I have listened to you talk for more than an hour, and if anyone has been more bored than I have been I should like to know who it is."—Christian Herald.

CONSTRUCTED IN RUSTIC DESIGN

Type of Bungalow Which Will at Once Appeal to the Beholder.

BEST PLACED ON WIDE LOT

For the Most Artistic Effects the Surroundings Should Be as Close to Nature as Possible—Lawn Always a Matter of Importance.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

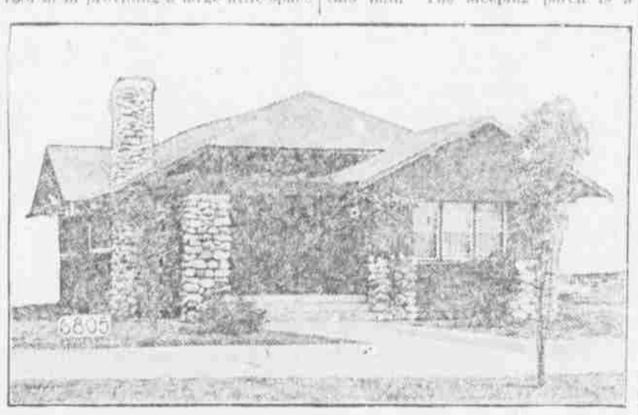
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 327 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

In the bungalow, more than in any other type of house, there is the possibility of producing effects which will meet the desire of a person whose mind is definitely set upon some novel feature which is to predominate throughout the scheme of architecture employed in the house design. There is such an endless array of little tricks which may be brought into play for the purpose of establishing distinctiveness in each particular bungalow design that it is a radical mind which cannot find satisfaction in one of the many combinations of details which are at the disposal of the designer.

Since the designer of bungalows is not hampered, in the true type, by the necessity of tucking rooms under the roof or of providing a large attic space—since the old-fashioned attic seems to be dying a slow but certain death in almost any type of house design—the roof may be used to express any one of a number of ideas. The fundamental hip and gable types may be variously modified and combined with one another and with several types of dormers. A number of roofing materials offer a further variation in appearance.

A great variety of building materials are open for selection. The walls of the house may be given many pleasing finishing touches both in color and character of surface. It remains, then, for the architect to find the proper combination of all the possibilities which exist, in order to match the picture formed as an image in the mind of the home-builder.

One of the styles which have been established in bungalow design, and one which makes a strong appeal to a great many people, is the rustic type. This type embodies the infusion of the architecture of nature into the architecture of man. It implies the use of some natural building material applied in such a way that the suggestion of the big out-of-doors surrounds the home. The purpose is absolutely defeated if such a house is built on a narrow lot. A wide lot upon which sufficient time and effort have been spent to adapt it to the house is necessary for the full realization of the advantages of this design. Shrubs, vines, trees and flower beds must be placed with care and selected with a purpose to harmonize with the color scheme of the bungalow. The rustic bungalow is seen in its most appropriate frame when it is placed on a small country estate where the natural growth of trees may be taken advantage of in laying out the lawn.



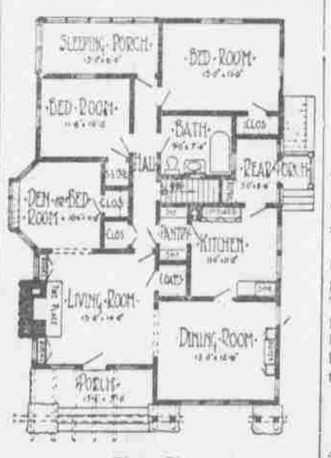
A Happy Combination of Details.

The little bungalow shown in the illustration is an attractive example of the rustic type. The architect had found a happy combination of details in this design and the result is shown in both the exterior appearance and in the arrangement of rooms. Large cobblestone pillars give the front of the house a unique appearance. The chimney carries out the idea very effectively. The low roof is a combined hip and gable type with exposed supports, well adapted to this type of house. The pergola effect of the porch, with the pleasing decorative ends of the timbers carried through the design, even to the decoration placed on the short column at the corner of the house, adds a great deal to the general attractiveness of the little home. The gable is decorated with wide boards or siding strips which have a decorative design cut in each board. Many details of finish have been worked out in a way which gives this little rustic bungalow an appearance rather different from the ordinary.

In the room arrangement and attention to interior details the same thoroughness has been observed. The living room is entered from the front porch. This room has a large fireplace, flanked with bookcases, built along the side wall. The fireplace may be made in any way which is suited to the style of finish that is decided upon for this room. A very striking and artistic effect may be secured by building the fireplace of cobblestones such as are used in the construction of the exterior chimney and pillars at the front of the house. The combination of the living room with the little den is a very attractive arrangement. If the den is to be used at times as a spare bedroom, a sliding door may be built between it and the living room. It will, of course, be more attractive with just a cased opening between the two rooms. The many windows in this little nook will make it like a sun parlor and consequently a part of the house which will, perhaps, be used more than any other.

The dining room is a front room open to the living room. The buffet is built against the wall opposite the opening of the living room and may be seen from the other side of the house. A double-acting door leads to the kitchen. This room is square, well lighted and pleasant. It is equipped with cupboards and a sink; the rear entry and pantry form two annex rooms which may be used to help very materially in performing the tasks associated with this part of the house.

A hall extends back from the living room through the center of the house. A closet, the pantry, the cellar stairs, the bathroom, two bedrooms and the sleeping porch all may be entered from this hall. The sleeping porch is a feature in home construction which is becoming more popular all the time. Many people who live in older houses feel that the sleeping porch is one of the modern fads which will soon disappear, but anyone who has lived in a house which includes a sleeping porch in its room arrangement will not consider a house which does not include one in its design. It cannot be disputed that an abundance of good fresh air is an absolute necessity to restful slumber. There are seven large windows in the sleeping porch at the rear of this rustic bungalow, and this assures a condition as near the limit of real out-of-doors as it is necessary to come.



Floor Plan.

The interior is entirely in keeping with modern ideas in home design. Convenience and comfort have been the strong outstanding factors in the design, and worked in with these is the effort to make this house as healthful a home as it is possible to provide, from the standpoint of the architect. At the same time a lucky combination of details has rendered it very attractive from an artistic standpoint.

Imaginary Husbands for Girls.

An extremely practical popular course in home economics has been established at Leland Stanford university by Dr. Jessica Peixotto.

Each girl takes an imaginary husband, with a stipulated income, furnishes a home for him, feeds him, takes care of imaginary children, settles all domestic problems, and must come out at the end of the course on the right side of the balance sheet. They are being taught to live within an average income and to live wisely.

It is said that the young men of Leland Stanford are busy applying for positions as "imaginary husbands." They appear perfectly willing to be experimented upon in the way of cooking. But when it comes to keeping up home expenses they are willing to let the game remain imaginary.

Let Them All Come!

Said a North Carolina minister, Rev. A. C. Hamby, the other day: "The old-time minister helped to build the nation, first, by a fine personality and a fine life; second, by building a home that sent out sons and daughters with characters like his own; and, third, by an active interest in schools and culture." There are old-time ministers living today and they are helping in the same way to keep the nation in the right paths. But the whole country would be glad of a wholesale addition to their ranks. The nation needs more of their sort.—Houston Post.

The Bigger Fish.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"I dunno," answered Meandering Mike. "But I'm suspicious dat I'd be sittin' up nights worryin' fur fear some o' dese billion-dollar boys 'd freeze me out an' git it away from me."

A Hitch.

"How did community singing turn out in your neighborhood? The peasants are strong for it in Europe."

"Our ten thousand a year peasants wouldn't mix with the five thousand a year peasants."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF SUFFERING

Woman Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 173 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."—Mrs. J. S. Barlow, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains just the virtues of roots and herbs needed to restore health and strength to the weakened organs of the body. That is why Mrs. Barlow, a chronic invalid, recovered so completely.

It pays for women suffering from any female ailments to insist upon having Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Didn't Want Much.

One Saturday night a lady who possessed a fruit and vegetable shop hurried to serve her last customer, a very red-faced woman.

She asked for a penny's worth of vegetables, and wanted a piece of everything.

When she had been given what she desired, she politely asked if they could be wrapped in a piece of paper and tied with a string.

The shopkeeper turned to her, quite calm, and said:

"Wait a minute, and I will run across to the butcher's for a bone, and I think that will complete your Sunday dinner."

CLEAR RED PIMPLY FACES

Red Hands, Red Scalp With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides they meet every want in toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

An Eye to Business.

"This play is the worst ever. I am going to demand my money back."

"Wait until after the next act, old man. Ten years elapse between acts 1 and 3, and you can demand interest on your money for that length of time."

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue. American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Hard Luck.

"Did you catch anything on your fishing trip?"

"No; not even the last train home."

Thousands Tell It

Why daily along with backache and kidney or bladder troubles? Thousands tell you how to find relief. Here's a case to guide you. And it's only one of thousands. Forty thousand American people are publicly praising Doan's Kidney Pills. Surely it is worth the while of any one who has a bad back, who feels tired, nervous and run-down, who endures distressing urinary disorders, to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

An Indiana Case

Miss Lucy White, "Corn Picture Tells a Story" ker, 160 S. Collax St., Martinsville, Ind., says: "My health began to fail and the pains through my hips and sides drove me almost frantic. For two weeks I couldn't move hand or foot without suffering. I felt tired all the time, had headaches and dizzy spells and my nerves gave out. The doctor treated me and I tried every medicine I knew of, but without relief. Finally, however, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Every Woman Wants

Paxtine

ANTISEPTIC POWDER

FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Dissolved in water for douches stops pelvic catarrh, ulceration and inflammation. Recommended by Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. for ten years. A healing wonder for nasal catarrh, sore throat and sore eyes. Economical. Has extraordinary cleansing and germicidal power. Sample Free. 50c, all druggists, or postpaid by mail. The Paxton Toilet Company, Boston, Mass.