

## THIS WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

Brings a Ray of Hope to Childless Women

Lowell, Mass.—"I had anemia from the time I was sixteen years old and was very irregular. If I did any house-cleaning or washing I would faint and have to be put to bed, my husband thinking every minute was my last. After reading your text-book for women I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sensitive Wash, and have never felt better than I have the last two years. I can work, eat, sleep, and feel as strong as can be. Doctors told me I could never have children—I was too weak—but after taking Vegetable Compound it strengthened me so I gave birth to an eight pound boy. I was well all the time, did all my work up to the last day, and had a natural birth. Everybody who knew me was surprised, and when they ask me what made me strong I tell them with great pleasure, 'I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never felt better in my life.' Use this testimonial at any time."—Mrs. ELIZABETH STARR, 142 W. Sixth St., Lowell, Mass. This experience of Mrs. Starr is surely a strong recommendation for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is only one of a great many similar cases.

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# Yes

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Don't ignore the danger signs of aching eyes, red lids, itching, or discharge. Eye drops remove irritation, relieve inflammation, soothe pain.  
HALL & BUCKLEY, 147 West 41st St., New York

## OLDEST GHOST ABOUT TO STIR

Every Twelve Years Since Spanish Invasion Body of Murdered Priest Appears.

### WON'T STAY INTERRED

Spaniard Killed by Indians in New Mexico, Who Feared He Would Betray Them to Spanish Invaders.

Isleta, N. M.—Here reposes at present the oldest and most persistent ghost in America. This might be inscribed in the little adobe church here.

Long ago, at the time of the first Spanish invasions of southwestern America, a Spanish friar was captured by the Indians. Although kept as a prisoner for a time, he later won their confidence and as years went by was admitted to their peculiar religious and political circles.

At last the rumor reached the tribe of the advance of Coronado in search of treasure. The Indians feared treachery on the part of their Spanish friend and one night he was stabbed to death by one of the more skeptical members of the tribe.

The medicine men were horrified at the crime, for not only had they come to respect the Spaniard's Christian teachings, but had made him a participant in their own religion. And above all, they knew what might be expected of enraged Spaniards if they should discover the crime.

Buried Near Altar.

The priest's body was hastily wrapped in a sheet and without any prayer or ceremony buried deep in front of the altar in the little Christian church in Isleta.

Coronado's men never learned of the crime, but a few years later a peculiar mound appeared in front of the altar in the little church. The horrified natives observed the mound was exactly the length and width of a man's body. Soon the hard earth floor cracked and one morning, just 12 years after the burial of the priest, his body was discovered lying face upward above the spot where he had been buried.

On examination it was found that the body was soft, as though the



His Body Was Discovered.

priest had been dead but a few days, and the wound in his back was dotted with fresh blood. There seemed to be nothing to do, but to bury him again. This they did and were careful to press the earth down very firmly.

It was no use. The crack reappeared and widened and at the end of another 12 years they found him lying there again. And as before the body showed no sign of decomposition.

Ghost Appeared

This went on every 12 years until 1912. Then when, according to habit, the ghost appeared, the old men called a council. The governor was sent for, as well as the priest of the parish and the archbishop of Santa Fe and a visiting cardinal from Rome. They all came and a paper was signed to the effect that they had seen the body. Again it was buried, but this time in a heavy oak casket, and over the grave, and even over the whole floor of the church, was laid and nailed a heavy plank floor.

Plank floors are not common in little adobe churches in this region, and this is the explanation of the most truthful man in Isleta. But now, plainly visible, there is a bulge in the planking the size of a man's body and the nails in the floor protrude!

Apparently the ghost is trying to come again to Isleta, and the townspeople are looking forward apprehensively to 1924.

Release Wounded Eagle.

Huntington, Pa.—An eagle, wounded seven weeks ago near here, has just been released from the highest peak of the Allegheny mountains. The cost of its food was the reason for giving it its liberty; the bird eating three pounds of beefsteak daily.

The bird, since it was hurt, has been kept in a cage and cared for by game wardens. The eagle was wounded by a farmer who was "tired of seeing it hanging around his farm."

## The Fresh-Air Bunch

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS.

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"I must say, if you ask my opinion," Hawkins began impressively, "that the thing is unthinkable. Quite."

"Nobody asks your opinion, so why not keep it to yourself?" Miss Marina countered. Are you afraid of poisoning yourself with suppressed advice?" "If I am to be insulted," Hawkins said, rising pompously, "why, let's get it over, and done with."

Miss Marina tossed back at him; "Lord, Sam," she ran on giggling, "if you knew what a fool you look when you put on the great mogul air, you surely would can it for one while."

She held no rancor against her half-brother; rather the tolerance of use and wont. He wasn't wholly a bad sort; only such a ninny about some things. Witness his belief that to look on him was to love him for anything betwixt fifteen and fifty. Equitably, his mother had to answer for that. She had been so busy safeguarding Sammy since he put on roundabouts, small wonder he had accepted her valuation of himself.

"If you persist in your folly, there is nothing for it but to go camping this next fortnight," he began reflectively.

"Grass'll get you past redemption in one week, let alone two," she said. "And I won't let the neighbor boys come and plow you out, as they did last year."

"Well, what am I to do?" Sammy's voice trembled. "With mother's heart so weak, you know it would kill her to see me married."

"You'll find safety in numbers, silly," Miss Marina comforted. "You can't possibly marry six girls at once. Not any more than you could make up your mind which, supposing any of 'em would have you."

"You're bound to have them?" "Surest thing, you know. That's the word with the bark on it. So behave like a man, even if you can't be one."

"I don't see why," almost tearfully. "But I do see why," obstinately. "Here I've got a good place, room and to spare, lashing to eat and drink, nobody but myself to care for—and these slips of things working hard all year with no chance of fun, and fresh air. They shall have both—and things to eat, and sleep as late as they like, and ride and wade, and roll in the hay. You go about your business, and I'll see to it that not one of 'em even looks at you."

"But—but I'll have to look at them," plaintively.

"No—you can be blindfolded till you get out in the field—and eat with just mammy; she'll be a dragon over you," Miss Marina expounded. "Now, listen—hard. Unless you make this crop you planted, don't go mooning off as you've been doing this last two, three years. I won't stand to the promise of making up the rest of your college money. I've got it to spare, but supplying crutches is no way of teaching a fellow to walk on his own feet."

Sammy got up—tall, lean, indecisive of step and motion. "When are—are they coming?" he asked tremulously. "Today, at ten o'clock," Miss Marina answered. "So if you want to fly the coop and the crop, better be quick about it."

Sammy did not fly the coop, but the fresh-air bunch would surely have cost him his crop, had not Miss Marina bounded him remorselessly to its tendancy. The bunch was not slow to sense his attitude. Being young, feminine and overflowing with suppressed deviltry, its component units ran rings all around him. By the third day they followed him as small chicks do a mother hen, asking him all about everything, pretending a thirst for farm knowledge and training in farm work. That did not exactly suit Miss Marina, but she allowed two days for the tide to spend itself. Since it mounted high and higher, she smiled grimly and took command. "How would you like to put in a crop of navy beans and some late cucumbers?" she asked the six. "Late June's the time for planting—you can come back around Labor day, and tend to the picking. I'll have work done meantime—churning it to you, of course—but that won't take so much of the profits. Are you game? If you are, why, next year you may be real farmerettes."

Game! Of course—they picked up hoes and rakes gingerly, but with an eager seeming, and obeyed orders as best they could. Sowing the beans was hard work. Miss Marina insisted the rows must be straight. The ground had been plowed and harrowed, but rows had to be laid off with the hand-marker—which was heavy and tiresome. Cucumber hills meant digging deep holes, filling them with very rich earth and sticking in many seeds. Sammy was ridiculously eager to help, and he helped, but was sternly shooed back to his own proper employment. His mother divided her time betwixt weeping over him and cooking special dishes to be surreptitiously eaten, the while looking daggers at hard-hearted Marina, who had willfully brought Sammy into such peril.

After two days of planting the bunch was rewarded with a picnic by the big spring. It wasn't the hen party with wading and swimming in the Blue Hole. Miss Marina had meant it to be—mysteriously, even miraculously, half a dozen young fellows from farms 'round about came bright and early, saying, with naive cunning,

they had had notes of invitation by the hand of the rural carrier. Miss Marina laughed outright—she was not a bit put out, rather amused, to see how youth will be served. Since the other fellows were on hand, Sammy had a color of reason for appearing. He was uproariously welcomed—the bunch ringing him about, hanging to his arms in triplicate, and calling him "old dear" with melting sweetness. Method in their madness soon appeared. He was induced to bring out his cherished ukelele, and play upon it jazz, out of date, but still sufficient to dance to.

Then there Miss Marina was made acquainted with the hesitation, the one-step, the fox-trot, and being an understanding person, after the first shocked minute, rejoiced in this outlet for the pent-up youth of her guests. The bunch taught its partners some of the newer things—their pupils proving themselves more than apt. Sammy, who really had music in him, no less folly, looked on rather sorrowfully, until Maisie Brown, the best dancer of all, piped up: "Say! why not fetch out the Victroler? Sammy ought to have his chance, not sit till he takes root."

Then began the end of stiffness, the beginning of real joy. Even Miss Marina, who in all her life had never danced anything wilder than the Virginia reel, fox-trotted with Maisie, the rest looking on and applauding wildly. Afterward, they all took turns with Sammy—to his mother's horror, but she was too pious to come nearer the orgy than the piazza.

Throughout the rest of the fortnight time tumbled, with, as easily as the visitors danced, worked and played. Before they left there were three solemn engagements—two matrimonial, one as a farmerette. Also, upon the very last day, Sammy, now transmuted into a normally conceited young fellow, said airily in face of everybody: "I haven't proposed to any of you girls because there's a new bunch coming next season, and they may be easier to look at."

Parting was full of joyous sorrow—guests and hostess had each taught the other. Miss Marina said as the truck rolled away, nodding vigorously to herself the while: "We're through with being sorry for one another—a good thing all around."

## BERBERS OF NORTH AFRICA

Three Distinct Types Usually Live in Most Primitive Fashion.

The people of the Barbary States of North Africa are called Berbers. Their name and the word Barbary probably are derived from the Greek barbaros, which meant one who babbles—hence, anyone who did not talk Greek, that is, a foreigner. Our word barbarian comes from the same source.

The Berbers are a sparsely built people, not tall, but strong and graceful. They are often nearly black, with shiny brown hair. They cultivate the land after a primitive fashion, and raise many sheep, goats and camels. They live usually in tents, but more and more are coming to live in towns. There are three distinct types, known as Tuaregs, Kabyles and Shillins. The first-named are desert wanderers, dreaded by all peaceful tribes, and call themselves "Amazirg," meaning the free. The Kabyles and Shillins have been brought more under the influence of civilization.

Bridge Built to Endure.

A certain concrete arch bridge in the south of France, known as the Pont du Gard, was erected in the latter remote year 56 B. C., and has, therefore, been in use for nearly 2,000 years.

The concrete of this structure was not composed of crushed stone or other small aggregate of the variety now employed in bridge work, but was of the old style, consisting of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious materials.

Vitruvius describes the materials and methods in use before the Christian era, and many writers of the Middle Ages go into minute details as to how "the ancients," as they called them, "used boards laid on edge, filling the space between them with cement and all sorts of large and small stones mingled together."—London Tit-Bits.

Finger Prints and Old Masters.

Two canvases entitled "The Virgin of the Rocks," one in the Louvre, the other in the National gallery, London, have been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. Scotland Yard was called in to decide the vexed question of authorship. Leonardo, like Titian, used his fingers freely in laying on paint—flesh and glazings are particularly amenable to this method; under a good sized glass the whorls of finger and thumb were well-defined on both canvases, and were found to be identical on both. This is a triumph for those critics who declared both canvases to be the work of Leonardo, and a corresponding defeat to those holding that the London replica, while it might have been executed in his studio, was the work of a pupil.—Scientific American.

Old Saying Verified.

"You nearly ran over those people," said the traffic cop, stopping the motorist.

"Sorry, officer! You see I just got this car and—"

"What's your name?"

"Little."

"Ah! A Little learning is a dangerous thing," chuckled the cultured cop, and he was so tickled with his joke that he let the transgressor go free.—Boston Transcript.



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## Spohn's Distemper Compound

With the approach of winter horses are again more liable to contract contagious disease—DISTEMPER, INFLUENZA, COUGHS and COLDS. As a preventive against these, an occasional dose of "SPOHN'S" is marvellously effective. As a remedy for cases already suffering, "SPOHN'S" is equally effective. Give it as a preventive. Don't wait. 50 cents and \$1.25 per bottle at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL COMPANY, GOSHEN, INDIANA

## AFTER THE FOOTBALL GAMES

Man Who Had Been There Knew There Would Be Only One Distinctive College Color.

They were talking of their absent sons, and the fact that each of the fathers had a boy in a different college did not prevent them from amicably discussing their prospects.

"It won't be long," said one of the fathers, "before the athletic season opens, and then I think we'll hear something from the Orange and Blue."

"Yes," said another, "and there'll be some shouting done by the Blue and Gray."

"Of course," said the third father, "and as my boy has gone to Princeton, I'll have to put in a word for the Black and Orange; but it doesn't make such a great deal of difference. The boys are bound to come under the same colors in the end."

"No," said one.

"Can't be arranged," said the other.

"Oh, yes, it can!"

"To which colors do you refer?"

"Black and Blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Unimportant.

Muriel came running to her mother, crying: "O-o-o mamma! Did you hear the ladder fall down just now?"

"No, dear. How did the ladder happen to fall down?"

"Well, papa was washing the window and it slipped, and when it fell it broke three flower pots. I told daddy you'd be cross."

"Oh, dear," cried the mother. "I hope your father hasn't hurt himself."

"I don't think he has yet," replied the child. "He was hanging onto the window sill when I came away to tell you about the flower pots."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Materialist.

"What would you suggest for our literary club to read?" asked Mrs. Flubdub.

"A good cook-book," responded her brutal husband.

## This little bit of advice may help you regain your Health, Strength and Vitality

Thousands of people suffer from nervousness. They are run down and miserable without knowing the reason why.

They do not stop to think that much of their trouble may be caused by drinking tea and coffee which contain the drugs, thein and caffeine. When you over-stimulate the system for any period of time, the result may be nervousness with its many accompanying ills. You may fail to sleep properly and your sleep does not refresh you as it should.

Postum, made from scientifically roasted cereals, will help you to overcome all these conditions. For it contains only healthful substances, instead of drugs, as are found in tea and coffee.

Postum helps build sound nerve structure, by letting you get sound, restful sleep.

In flavor, Postum is much like high-grade coffee. In fact there are many people who prefer Postum for its savory flavor alone.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Serve this rich, fragrant beverage for the family. See how the children will like it, and how much better everybody will sleep at night.

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

Postum for Health  
"There's a Reason"