

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can't get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

His Specialty. "Jimson doesn't cut any ice as a skater, does he?"

CONSTANT PAIN IN BACK FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE

I wish to tell you of my condition of about four years ago. I was afflicted with kidney and bladder troubles and had a constant pain in my back all the time for about two or three months.

Yours truly, SARAH FRAYER, 893 E. 6th St., Coffeyville, Kan., State of Kansas.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for a sample size bottle.

No Change. Evelyn—How old is Mabel? Edith—Twenty-four her last six birthdays.

WHY SUFFER SKIN TROUBLES

When a Postcard Will Bring Free Samples of Cuticura?

Which give quick relief for all itching, burning, disfiguring skin troubles. Itch with the Cuticura Soap and hot water.

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

Pretty Large. "What big ears he has." "So big that his head seems merely a connecting link between them."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade.

A lawyer doesn't know everything but he thinks a client thinks he does.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for us knaves—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Trying to stand on your dignity may result in a hard fall.

File Relieved by First Application. And could it be done by PAIN EXTERMINATOR? It is the only remedy for Pain. It is the only remedy for Pain. It is the only remedy for Pain.

Affection in dress indicates a flaw in the intellect.

The RED MIST

A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE BY RANDALL PARRISH ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

We came to the platform, and felt our way up the steps. It was darker here, yet my eyes, accustomed to the gloom, caught glimpse of crouching figures beyond the pulpit.

"Men," I said quietly, barely loud enough to reach their ears. "I am a sergeant in the Staunton horse artillery. Your lieutenant has just assigned me to take command at this end of the church. How many are there of you?"

"Ten, sir," answered the one nearest, after a pause, turning his head slightly. "Three at each window, and four at the door."

"You have a prisoner, I understand." He gave a muffled sound, as though stifling an incipient laugh.

"Nuthin' ter worry 'bout; he's lyn' over thar in the corner with Jack Gold-guardin' of him. I reckon the cuss likes prayin' better nor fightin' any day o' their week."

"All right," I dropped my voice to a whisper. "Noreen, it will give us an extra fighting man if you will keep an eye on Nichols, and we'll need them all. I shall be less a coward if I believe you out of danger."

"A coward—yout! Yes, of course, I will go." I stepped across the platform, holding her arm.

"Gold, the lady will watch the prisoner, you join the others at the door." He moved off, evidently glad enough to be relieved, and I stood erect where I could gaze out through the nearby window into the moonlight night without.

I had a moment in which to think, to gather my scattered wits together, to face the situation. Behind me the tramp of approaching horsemen sounded along the pike, the gruff tone of an occasional voice, the clang of accoutrements. Then this noise ceased, as the head of the cavalry column came up to where Cowan and his men waited. I could barely make out the murmur of voices in explanation, muffled by the sound of approaching wheels, signifying the slower advance of the guarded wagons.

"That's sojers out thar now, sir," whispered the man next the window, fidgeting his gun nervously, "a slew o' 'em. Do yer know how many they got?"

"Only to guess at it—a couple of hundred altogether, I should say—enough to make it interesting."

I leaned forward, attracted by the sight of two figures standing together in the full gleam of the moon—Cowan and Raymond. So they were to command the rear attack, while Fox and the infantryman remained out in front.

"Have you counted the fellows out there?" I asked.

"'Bout fifty, near as I kin make out; they're movin' 'round some, an' the light is damned bad."

"Then the main body is still in front, and that is where the fight will likely begin. Pass the word no firing until you get the order."

I stepped back, whispering a word to Noreen as I passed, and took place beside the pulpit, where I could see and hear something of what was about to transpire.

CHAPTER XXV.

We Drive Them.

It was silent enough within—not a movement, not a sound. Outside there was scarcely any more noise audible—the occasional pawing of a horse, a distant thud of feet where some infantrymen were being hurried into position, and now and then an indistinct voice. The caution shown, the force displayed about the church, surprised me. Surely no such effort would be made merely because of a vague suspicion that a man and girl might be hidden within. The leaders all knew that I was not likely to surrender without a fight, and that I was armed, yet this could hardly account for such preparation.

Could it be they really had a faint glimmer of the truth—that they realized the possibility of a Confederate raiding party in the neighborhood? They had shot Harwood's picket, and knew him to be a southern cavalryman from the uniform he wore. This might account for the display of force with which they invested the church before demanding admission. No doubt the heavy log walls looked formidable and mysterious in the moonlight. But, if they really suspected a garrison within, why should their line be thus extended, within easy musket shot of the windows? The conclusion I arrived at was that Fox made this open display of force in the hope of avoiding bloodshed. He desired to capture instead of kill, and wished above all else to protect Noreen from danger. If we were alone within the church, escape was clearly impossible, and the probability strong that no resistance would be attempted.

The silence, the long wait, got upon my nerves. I could see little, and the few sounds reaching my ears conveyed no information of value. "What were those fellows doing? What could cause their delay? The soldier behind me was humming softly; a foot scraped on the floor to the right; I caught the soft swish of Noreen's skirt as she changed position; the moonbeams glistened on a lifted rifle barrel, there was all about a suppressed sound of breathing. Good Lord! would they never move! What could they possibly be doing out there?"

A half dozen blows rang sharp on the wood of the outer door. Not a sound answered from within, although I could feel the men straighten up and sense the sharp intake of breath. Again the blows crashed, as if struck by the butt of a musket.

"Open up in there!" roared a voice, so muffled as to have no familiar sound, "or we'll break down the door. Come, Mr. Spy, we's got you trapped."

"Sergeant Wyatt, the lieutenant wants yer," the whispered words swept down the line of waiting men, and I hurried forward. Harwood was in the dark vestibule close beside the big door.

"That you, Wyatt?" he asked, uncertain as to my identity. "They are after you, and have no idea anyone else is here. You answer, and warn them what they're up against. I don't mind a fight, but am hardly ready to commit murder."

"Do you hear me in there, Wyatt?" the gruff voice without called. "This is your last chance; come, don't be a fool. We know you are there, and



"Thar's Sojers Out Thar Now," Whisped the Man Next to the Window.

there couldn't a rat get out and not be seen."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Is Captain Fox there?"

"Yes—here, Fox; the fellow wants to talk with you."

There was a sound of movement without, the murmur of a word or two spoken in subdued tones; then Fox's voice raised to carry through the intervening wood.

"Sorry this happens to be my job, Wyatt," he said. "For Miss Harwood's sake I hope you will not attempt to fight; we've got a total force out here of over two hundred men."

"So I see," I answered coolly. "Including Cowan and my old friend, the lieutenant. Quite a compliment to send half a regiment after one man."

"Our having such a force is largely accident," he responded somewhat stiffly. "But that is neither here nor there; your escape is impossible."

"I am not considering escape," and I spoke loud enough to be heard clearly. "This is going to be a fight, Captain Fox—a real fight."

"A fight! What, you alone?" "Oh, no; there are men enough in this church to make it quite interesting. That is why I warn you—we are soldiers, not murderers."

"What, you think that bluff will work?"

"Captain Fox," broke in Harwood bluntly, his voice nervously sharp. "I command Troop C, Third Kentucky cavalry. This is no bluff, sir. I give you fifteen minutes to withdraw your men; at the expiration of that time we open fire."

The surprise, the shock of this unexpected development and threat was plainly evident. I heard Fox step back from the door and speak earnestly to someone; Moran swore savagely.

"What force have you?" he roared, the insane question causing Harwood to laugh outright.

"Come and find out," he answered mockingly. "Better go back to the other end now, sergeant," he added in lower voice, and gripped my hand. "The ball is about to open. Where is my lady cousin?"

"I put her on guard over the pris-

oner. She will be out of range there, and have something to do."

"And gives you another fighting man—I see. Queer duck, that preacher—a bit of a knave, to my notion, and one of the finest liars I have ever heard; he'll bear watching. Ah! our friend the major has come to his senses—look yonder! They are moving back out of range."

"Ay! and concentrating a heavier body of men this way."

"Of course; the first assault will be from the front. Tell Wharton to spare me two or three more men, and send a couple from your end. They may make a rush from all directions, but the real fight will be here; they are going to try us out, that is certain."

I walked back to my station. The line of men threatening this end of the building had been drawn aside, out of direct rifle range, and seemed to be grouped opposite each corner, and were so closely bunched together as to make any estimate of their numbers impossible. They were only shapeless shadows, with moonlight gleaming from their weapons, and an occasional voice breaking the ominous silence. There remained nothing to do but await their action, ready for whatever might occur. I passed along the wall from man to man, assuring myself each was at his station, with loaded weapon, and well-filled cartridge belt.

"The fight will begin in front," I whispered, unable to distinguish faces, and no firing here until I give the word."

In the darker corner where the prisoner sat motionless against the log wall, my eyes could distinguish nothing.

"Noreen."

"Yes," and she stood up. "Couldn't you see me?"

"Not the faintest shadow. I—I wanted to thank you for the choice you made."

"You mean my coming with you? You are glad I did?"

"Yes, very glad," I said earnestly, "for you are just as safe here, and—and I would rather have you near me. This may prove a desperate struggle; we are terribly outnumbered—and—and, well, you know, you—you trusted yourself to me—you are under my protection."

There was no answer; perhaps I had said too much. Suddenly a volley roared out, startling in the stillness—a shout of command—the sharp bark of carbines—then a grim, threatening yelp of voices. One leap brought me to the window, with gun barrel thrust forward across the sill. The two black shadows were breaking up in headlong rush toward the door at the south corner. I saw figures, not faces, a gleaming of poised weapons, a huddle of leaping bodies.

"Fire!" I roared, my voice rising above the hideous din. "Give it to them!" and pulled trigger.

I have no clear knowledge of what followed—it was all so quickly over with; a mere mad moment crowded with vague glimpses, vanishing and changing in the lurid light of the guns. The whole interior of the church blazed and echoed, the smoke choking us with its fumes, the noise stunning our ears. I heard the clang of bullets flattening against the logs, smothered oaths, the crash of an overturned bench, a scream as shrill as a woman's that made my heart leap, and Harwood's voice calling out the same word again and again. But although I heard all this, I hardly knew it. My whole thought riveted on those black figures in front of me—those reckless devils we had to kill or drive back.

And we did it! From every window, from every hastily smashed pane beside the door, we poured our fire—the carbines spitting into the dark, their sharp barking incessant. Barrels grew hot, the smoke drove back choking into our faces, but we pulled triggers, aiming as best we could in the moonlight, now changed to a red mist. They stopped; hung for a moment motionless, the ground dotted with the dead; then tried again. There was a roar of musketry, the crack of rifles; bullets chugged into the logs, and came crashing through the windows. Glass showered upon us, and the man next me went over like a log; someone struck me across the face with a bloody hand, and a shot splintered the stock of my gun, numbing my arm to the shoulder. I gripped another weapon out of the stiffening fingers of the man on the floor, firing again blindly into the smoke cloud. For an instant I could see nothing but that white vapor tinged with red and yellow flame; then some breath of air swept it aside, and the attackers were drifting back, running and stumbling.

"Stop firing!" I cried, "they've had enough. Pass the word to those men at the door."

The fight at the front held longest, yet it was scarcely five minutes when the last gun cracked, and a strange silence took the place of that hideous uproar. For an instant not even a cry from the wounded broke the stillness, the men leaning out of the windows watching the disorganized retreat. Then someone gave an exultant yell, and voice after voice caught it up, the old church echoing to the wild battle cry of the South.

"Steady, men, steady!" shouted Harwood from the door of the vestibule, his voice cleaving the din like the blade of a knife. "This is only the first act. Load!"

The light of the moon streamed in through the south windows, revealing the overturned benches, the moving figures along the walls, the smoke cloud drifting upward to the rafters. The lieutenant picked his way down the narrow aisle. He was bareheaded and coatless, and even in that dim light I could perceive a dark stain, like

oozing blood, on the front of his shirt; and have something to do."

"You are wounded!" I exclaimed. "Nothing to worry over," he replied easily, his eyes laughing, "a mere touch in the shoulder, which, however, has put my left arm out of commission. Ah! fair cousin!" and he held up his hand in sudden greeting. "We who are about to die salute you."

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "Surely the victory is ours."

"Ay! we win the first round, but it has cost heavily. I doubt if we have such luck again. What loss have you, Wyatt?"

"Two wounded and one killed," I answered soberly. "We had Cowan's guerrillas to meet out there."

"Yes, I know; the infantrymen stormed the front, and the troopers peppered the side windows. Wharton has three down, while they got five of my lads. The front doors are fairly riddled. They'll consolidate next time, trust to the weight of numbers, and break through. They respect us now, but we haven't licked the fight out of them by a long chalk. I'm going to take three of your men."

He whispered a word to her, some good-natured pleasantry, I thought, as he bowed over her hand as though they parted in a gay parlor; then turned laughing away, and picked his passage down the aisle, a slender, debonaire figure, whistling a gay camp tune. I stared after him, scarcely able to comprehend such gay-spirited recklessness, when he stopped suddenly, and faced about.

"Do what you can for your wounded, Wyatt," he called back, his voice instantly serious, "and keep my fair cousin out of the ruck."

Several figures fell in behind him as he went forward—the men he had asked for from Wharton and O'Hare—all disappearing within the blackness of the vestibule. Leaving one man alone posted at each opening, I had the others of my small company bear the two wounded men to the farther corner, making them as comfortable as possible. The dead man was laid out on one of the benches, and then the three selected for that duty were sent to join the lieutenant. This depletion of force left me a window to defend alone against the second attack, the opening to the left of the pulpit, next to the corner in which lay the wounded men and the prisoner.

As I crossed the platform and took my place, Noreen arose from beside one of the bodies and her hands grasped my arm.

"The soldier who was shot in the chest," she said, her voice trembling, "he—he tried to tell me something. I tore my skirt and bound it up, but there was no water. I—I wish he wouldn't groan so."

Her face, white in the moonlight, was uplifted; I even thought I could see the glint of tears in the eyes. Suddenly a great wave of sympathy, of regret, seemed to sweep over me, and I leaned the carbine against the wall, and clasped both her hands in mine.

"We grow accustomed to groans in war," I said swiftly, "but what unmanly me is your being here exposed to all this danger."

"Oh, no one will hurt me; I am not afraid for myself—truly I am not. Captain Fox would never permit them to harm me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW SUCCESS MAY BE WON

Suggestive Article That May Appeal to Those Who at Present Occupy Subordinate Positions.

In the Woman's Home Companion appears a practically suggestive article entitled "The Girl With Notebook and Pencil," by Anna Steese Richardson. In her article, Mrs. Richardson shows how a stenographer can, by thinking and acting for her employer, advance herself in her business career. Following is an extract from the article:

"I have known stenographers who felt that it was beneath their dignity to see to the dusting of their employer's desk; who felt that they did not need to pay any attention to his supplies of pins, rubber bands and letter clips; who did not notice whether his pencils were sharp or not, or whether his ink wells were filled. It should be a part of every secretary's work to see that these things are attended to; that ink wells, paste pots, pens, pencils, blotters—in fact, every bit of the desk equipment—are in order for use, and that the desk and all its fittings are absolutely dustless."

"Two opportunities are open to the stenographer: One is a private secretaryship. The other is an independent business venture. Both are reached by the same methods—accuracy, efficiency and undivided interest. A good memory helps, but interest and that great gift of thinking for and with your employer counts the most. Lastly and just as important as anything else, remember to keep absolute silence, both in the office and out of it, on all subjects relating to your employer's business."

Slow for Tuberculosis.

Within ten years medical science will probably have succeeded in all but eliminating tuberculosis from vital statistics. This is the prediction of Dr. Jefferson D. Gibson, president of the American Association on Clinical Research, in an address in Philadelphia.

He said that recent discoveries by which the presence of tuberculosis tendencies can be detected even before the germ appears in the system, together with a later and higher development of the X-ray, will in a short time remove tuberculosis from the list of ordinarily fatal diseases.

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I did not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 602 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.



Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

The Ones Benefited. Jerison—Everyone is opposed to divorce, but— Higson—The married ones.

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH. You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing—Adv.

Evidently Suited. Ethel—Is the man you are engaged to at all bookish? Marie—Well, yes, pocketbookish.

PREPAREDNESS!

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, desecrate secret acts as a Tonic and Laxative and therefore the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one "BROMO QUININE." E. W. GROVE'S signature we log, etc.

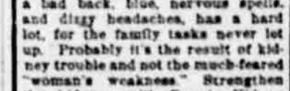
It is the man who has lived on a farm who is perfectly satisfied to remain in town.

When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

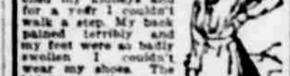
An Illinois Case. Mrs. Nancy B. Cook, 1723 Illinois Ave., East St. Louis, Ill., says: "A severe attack of typhoid fever weakened my kidneys and for a year I couldn't walk a step. My back pained terribly and my feet were so badly swollen I couldn't wear my shoes. The kidney secretions were unnatural and passed but too often. I doctor'd for years, but didn't improve until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me and my kidneys and back now are in good shape."

Get Doan's of Any Store, Or a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-McLEARN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Don't Fool with a Cold-Cure It CASCARA QUININE

25c At any Drug Store. The old standard remedy—in taste, form, no unpleasant effects—Cure colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 48 hours—Money back if it fails—Money back if it fails—Money back if it fails—Money back if it fails.

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