

MRS. ALICE GRESHAM DODD, mother of the first American soldier killed in France, who gives entire credit for recovery of her health to the well-known medicine Tanlac.



The following remarkable endorsement of Tanlac was given recently by Mrs. Alice Gresham Dodd, at the Gresham Memorial Home, Gavin Park, Evansville, Ind., which home was presented to her by the patriotic people of Indiana, as evidence of their appreciation of the services rendered to his country by her son, Corporal James B. Gresham, the first American soldier killed in France. Expressions of sympathy were received by Mrs. Dodd from all parts of the United States, and the newspapers of the country carried the story of the first "war mother."

The shock of her son's death resulted in the serious breakdown of Mrs. Dodd's health, but everyone will learn with interest and pleasure that she is now in splendid health again. When seen at her home recently she made the following statement, giving the entire credit for her recovery to the well-known medicine, Tanlac.

"After my dear boy's death I had a general breakdown in health," said Mrs. Dodd. "At first it was just indigestion. My food used to upset me and I had to diet myself very carefully, which wasn't much hardship, as I lost all desire to eat. Then I had an attack of rheumatism, with severe pains in my shoulders, back and arms. Sometimes I used to suffer a great deal, and my joints would get all swollen up and stiff. I was able to do very little about the house, and at times couldn't even cook a meal. I got very nervous and restless, and at night would lay awake for hours, and lost many a night's sleep as a consequence."

"A friend of mine had received a great deal of help from Tanlac, and it was she who advised me to try it. I am so glad I did for it proved the best medicine I have ever taken. It soon gave me a good appetite and seemed to settle my stomach so that I was no longer troubled with indigestion. I don't know what it is to have rheumatic pains now, the swelling and stiffness has all gone out of my joints and I am able to do the work of the house with the greatest ease. My nerves are now steady and strong. I sleep fine at night, and I feel better in health than ever before in my life. I shall always be grateful for what Tanlac has done for me, and shall recommend it every chance I get."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

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Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. Catarrhal Deafness requires constitutional treatment. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

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Better general health is sure to follow the use of the natural Herb Laxative, Garfield Tea. It corrects constipation.—Adv.

The man who goes to a money shark to raise the wind pays dearly for his whistle.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By **ROBERT AMES BENNET**

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He came nimbly around the turn in the narrow path, with another man and Ellen and Mrs. Kirkland in line close behind him. Bemm uttered a stifled exclamation and staggered back still farther to the side of the opening. Doctor Kirkland strode out of the path to confront him, saw the prisoner, and stopped as if transfixed.

The prisoner did not see him. He was staring at the man who had stepped from behind the dumfounded physician. The man recoiled against Ellen and Mrs. Kirkland. He glared at the prisoner. Ellen and Mrs. Kirkland looked at the prisoner and shrieked. Amy raised her head and stared wildly from the man before her to the man whose arm was about her shoulders.

They were the same! . . . yet not the same. It was not alone that one had a mustache and the other was clean shaven; that one was thinner and paler. Now that they stood face to face it could be seen that there was a perceptible difference in height and breadth, in the shade of the hair, in the tint of the blue eyes; while in the bearing and expression of the two were worlds of difference.

He of the mustache was first of all the astounded group to find his voice. "Joye!" he ejaculated. "Joye! No wonder you were so certain. We're as like as brothers!"

"As twins!" spluttered Doctor Kirkland. "Of all cases of doubles—I yet I've heard of such resemblances."

"Now that you see Mr. Lowrie here before me in the flesh, perhaps you will believe me when I say I am myself—Richard Clinton."

"Clinton?" muttered Bemm. "Then you are not—it's he?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Mrs. Kirkland.

"Are you blind?" scoffed Ellen, clasping an arm about her lover's neck in absolute certainty.

Amy, suddenly conscious of Clinton's arm, uttered a cry, and fled away down the garden.

Clinton whirled to sprint after her; only to check himself at sight of Bemm's upjerked pistol.

"Halt," commanded the detective. "You may not be Will Lowrie; but those bonds and that bank deposit in Chicago—"

"Don't be a fool, Bemm, even if you are a detective," testily admonished Dr. Kirkland. "Here are the bonds."

He opened the envelop and spread out the contents for Bemm's inspection. Bemm looked at them and then at Clinton. "They seem to be all there," he said. "But the fact remains they were taken from the safe deposit box. This man must have done it. I found the key in his pocket."

"I had on a suit of Mr. Lowrie's clothes," stated Clinton. "You must have found the key in that suit, not my own."

"And I did not leave the bonds in the box," Will Lowrie spoke for the first time. "You may remember that suggestion you made when we were motoring from Pueblo."

"I remember no suggestion," denied Bemm.

"You do not? Yet it was that which, in my neurasthenic condition, caused all the trouble. I took it seriously. That was why I told you I had put the bonds in a safe deposit box. To carry that out, I had rented a box. But instead of leaving the bonds in it, I hid them in the abandoned brickyard pit out near City Park. You see, because of that suggestion of yours, I was morbidly fearful lest you might take them."

"I? Take them? What do you mean?" stammered Bemm, flushing darkly.

"Ha!" exploded Dr. Kirkland. "You reddened—and the color came first to your ears, not your eyes. You should know what that means. And you never mentioned the fact that Will told you about the safe deposit box. Mr. Bemm Mr. Detective Bemm, I advise you to put up that pistol and go to the bank and to police headquarters without delay. My future son-in-law must be at once cleared from the stigma of all that is implied by that warrant. Go!"

Bemm thrust the pistol into his pocket and went.

The indignant physician turned to Clinton, with a swift change to dignified apology: "Sir, if you can forgive the crass stupidity of an over-confident psychopathist—"

"Say no more, doctor!" interrupted Clinton. "In view of this remarkable resemblance between myself and Mr. Lowrie—"

"Indeed, yes, papa!" exclaimed Ellen, hiding her face behind the shoulder

of her fiancé. "If anyone, it's for him to apologize for letting me—"

"What's that?" aggressively demanded Lowrie, and he frowned at Clinton. "Did that man take advantage of his resemblance when with you?"

"My dear Will," tactfully interposed Mrs. Kirkland, "quite the contrary. It was he who insisted—come back into the house. We shall tell you everything."

"Well, if he did not—" the mollified lover lowered his crest. "We shall all go in. But how about Amy?"

Dr. Kirkland noted Clinton's face, and diagnosed its expression with a flash of his real shrewdness. "Mr. Clinton may be willing to fetch Amy," he suggested.

"O—oh!" Ellen drew in her breath. "Now I understand!"

"What?" asked Will Lowrie.

"Do come inside," urged Mrs. Kirkland. "We can explain that, too."

Clinton had already turned to hurry down the garden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Roses.

Very quietly Clinton came to the far corner of the garden, where, in the midst of the fragrant, glorious rose bed stood the summer-house covered with pink-blossomed rose-vines.

Amy was crouched on the bench across from the entrance. The lessening of the light within told her of his presence in the narrow rose-wreathed opening. She averted her face from him.

"Please," he asked, his voice deep and vibrant with joyous certainty; "please may I come in?"

She quivered, but did not reply. He repeated, a trifle less certainly: "Please may I come in?"

From the bench came a whisper of unmistakable anguish: "Don't, don't! Oh, go away!"

On the instant his look changed to deepest consternation and concern. "Miss Lowrie, I—you must not believe—"



"Joye! No Wonder They Were So Certain."

for everything in the world would I have you think for a moment that I mean to mock you."

"Go away! Leave me alone!" she panted.

"Miss Lowrie," he apologized. "It was very thoughtless of me to say what I did. I should have known how you—I am very, very sorry. Yet what you ask is impossible. I should like to be able to do everything you ask, but that one thing is quite impossible. I cannot go away."

"You won't? Her shoulders quivered. "What must you think of me!—what must you think of me!"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Oh, no—no—no! Go 'way—please go 'way!"

"I explained that it is utterly impossible. You should understand why."

"Then—then look away while I go!"

"That is still more impossible."

Again came the whisper of anguished modesty: "When I did all the—the things I did, though you tried to stop me! Please go, please! What must you think of me!"

"I think of you with the utmost respect, with a reverence as profound as that in which I hold the memory of my mother."

"You are—are mocking me! It can't be—"

"It is!" he rejoined in a tone that compelled belief.

"But after—but when I made you b-brush my hair," she feebly insisted.

"Amy!" His voice lingered on the name. "Can you imagine that a man—any man with the slightest comprehension of such absolute purity and modesty as yours—that he could have been so privileged, yet not reverence you?"

She raised her head slightly, but did not reply. He stepped into the middle of the summer-house and straightened up as erect as a soldier.

"Miss Lowrie," he stated, "I wish to explain who I am. So far my every attempt to do so has been frustrated. You know only that my name is Richard Clinton. I am an architect, fairly successful. The bonus on my plans for the new International Security Bonds Company building rounded out my bank account to something over forty thousand dollars. I am a graduate of the Boston Tech. I was born in Florida, of New England parents, and was reared in California. I shall say no more now until you have had time to verify this statement—if you doubt my word."

For the moment forgetful of herself, the girl glanced about and up at his erect figure. "Oh, but I never could do that!" she exclaimed.

The words were ambiguous, but not the tone in which they were uttered. He sprang nearer to her. Instantly all her shame and confusion swept back in full flood. The scarlet flamed to the tip of her pretty ears as she hid her averted face in her hands. He bent forward, with arms outstretched to clasp her; but checked himself, and in place of the ardent declaration that trembled on his lips he substituted an appeal to her sympathy:

"I am all alone in the world, Amy—utterly alone. Until I came to Denver I did not fully comprehend what that meant. Women entered little into my life. I was absorbed in my work—my career. I have my old home in California, but it is empty. I was going back to it for a visit, thinking that the empty shell would mean to me what a home should mean. Now I know better. A home without the soul of a home is a dead home."

"Soul of a home?" wonderingly whispered the girl.

"Who makes the home?" he asked. "Who is its soul? Need I tell you that? Amy, will you be the soul of my home? Will you be my wife, dear?"

"O—o—!" she tremulously sighed.

"Amy—sweetheart," he appealed; "you cannot be my little sister any longer. Must I then go away alone to that empty place I thought was my home? Alone, dear, without even a little sister to tease and love me! You will go with me, won't you, dearest little wife-to-be? There's no need for you to say a word not even to whisper, only—you know I cannot do anything until you—Dear, dear Miss Lowrie, do you not realize that you can hide your little nose just as well under my lapel?"

"Will you—will you promise not to look?" asked a tiny voice.

"I promise. My eyes are as tight as clams."

She peeped between her fingers. He had told the truth.

After ages of waiting he felt something soft and warm creeping up about his collar. A voice, adorably tender and teasing, began to murmur a verse: "Shut your mouth and open your eyes, and I'll—"

He obeyed so promptly that he caught a glimpse of the loveliest, rosiest face and the tenderest, softest brown eyes in all the world before they were eclipsed by his lapel.

Contemplating a certain thick crown of glossy hair, he inquired: "Then am I to understand, Miss Lowrie, that you positively refuse to remain a sister to me?"

The answer was indirect. It came in scarcely audible whisper: "Don't you remember that evening? I said that if you insisted upon going to California, I would—would go, too!"

Above them and all around the roses were blooming.

THE END.

A Hard Necessity.

"Her face looked worn."

"Yes, it is the worst thing about some faces. People have to wear 'em."

Small Potatoes.

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"Can you give me small change for this potato?"—Cartoons Magazine.

Summer girls are again vowing eternal fidelity until the end of the season.

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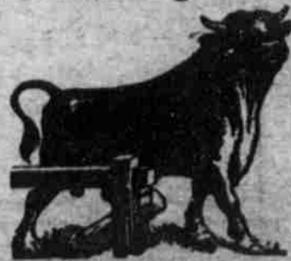
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I was sure was neuralgia. I began taking the 'Gold Medal Discovery' along with 'Anuric Tablets' and feel that I have been greatly benefited by their use. I had about given up when I wrote Dr. Pierce; now I am feeling fine. I have every faith in Dr. Pierce's medicine."—MRS. DORA COLEMAN.

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