

You Can Get Back Your Grip on Health

Persons suffering from stomach trouble and who are under weight find an ever-ready friend in Tanlac. This celebrated medicine has ended indigestion and increased the weight for thousands of people everywhere. Mrs. O. D. Flaherty, 1905 Grace St., Lynchburg, Va., says:

"My son's health was fully restored by Tanlac and he actually gained twenty pounds in weight. After every meal he suffered terribly from severe pains, palpitation and shortness of breath, and had awful headaches. He was terribly nervous, too. He is working now every day and is in as good health as he ever was."

Under nourishment is the cause of most cases of under weight. Tanlac enables the stomach to extract the healthy nutriment from the food, builds up the whole body and increases the weight to normal. Millions of people have testified to its great benefits. Get a bottle today at any good druggist.—Advertisement.

European "Currency."

The continental traveler deposited an enormous bag inside the table in the restaurant car. The conductor promptly rebuked him. "Don't you know you can't bring your luggage in here. You'll have to put that bag in the van." "Luggage," sneered the traveler. "That isn't luggage. That's my purse. I'm going to Austria."

Where He Got the Cash.

The inspector entered a classroom and held up several coins.

"Can any boy tell me what I am holding?" he asked.

"Money, sir," answered one.

"Right, my boy. Now, who knows where this money was made?"

"Please, sir, at the races," called out a boy at the back.—London Tit-Bits.

There is nothing more satisfactory after a day of hard work than a line full of snowy white clothes. For such results use Red Cross Ball Blue.—Advertisement.

Recipe Wanted.

Flint (looking at picture)—I wonder what made the Tower of Pisa lean? Flatleigh—If I knew I'd try it.

A millionaire, however, never gets credit for being short of money.

All happiness is in the mind.

Is Backache Crippling You?

Is that dull, nagging backache making it hard for you to get around? Are you lame, sore and tortured with sharp, rheumatic pains? It's time, then, you gave some attention to your kidneys! A persistent backache is often Nature's first signal of kidney weakness. You may have headaches, dizziness and annoying bladder irregularities, too. Kidney troubles, if treated early, are usually easily corrected. Begin now with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Kansas Case

Christ Graf, Main St., Ellinwood, Kan., says: "I had a dull ache across my back and through my kidneys. I could hardly get around and mornings my back was so bad I could hardly stoop over to put on my shoes. I had headaches. I had to get up frequently during the night to pass the kidney secretions. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills so well advertised I got a supply and two boxes cured me of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A TRUE RAT STORY



Auburntown, Tenn., 6-11-12.
Dear Sir: Mr. Robert T. Donnell of Auburntown, Tenn., came in our store the other day and wanted something to kill rats, so I sold him a box Stearns Rat Paste. And he put some paste on six biscuits that night and the next morning he found fifty-four big rats. And the second night he put out four more biscuits with paste on them, and the second morning he found seventeen more rats, making a total of seventy-one rats to two nights, and there were lots more that he did not find.

This is some big rat tale, but, nevertheless, it is so. Just thought would write to let you know that your rat paste is good.

Respectfully, KENNEDY BROTHERS.
Buy a 35c Box Today
Enough to Kill 50 to 100 Rats or Mice

Don't waste time trying to kill these pests with powders, liquids and other experimental preparations. Ready for Use—Better Than Traps, Drug and General Store sell.

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without hurt. Everywhere.

MARY MARIE

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrations by
R. H. Livingstone

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

All the evening I was watching and listening with her eyes and her ears everything he did, everything he said. I so wanted Mother to like him! I so wanted Mother to see how really fine and splendid and noble he was. But that evening—Why couldn't he stop talking about the prizes he'd won, and the big racing car he'd just ordered for next summer? There was nothing fine and splendid and noble about that. And were his finger nails always so dirty?

Why, Mother would think—Mother did not stay in the room all the time; but she was in more or less often to watch the game; and at half-past nine she brought in some little cakes and lemonade as a surprise. I thought it was lovely; but I could have shaken Paul when he pretended to be afraid of it, and asked Mother if there was a stick in it.

The idea—Mother! A stick! I just knew Mother wouldn't like that. But if she didn't, she never showed a thing in her face. She just smiled, and said no, there wasn't any stick in it; and passed the cakes. When he had gone I remember I didn't like to meet Mother's eyes, and I didn't ask her how she liked Paul Mayhew. I kept right on talking fast about something else. Some way, I didn't want Mother to talk then, for fear of what she would say.

And Mother didn't say anything about Paul Mayhew—then. But only a few days later she told me to invite him again to the house (this time to a chafing-dish supper), and to ask Carrie Heywood and Fred Small, too.

We had a beautiful time, only again Paul Mayhew didn't "show off" at all in the way I wanted him to—though he most emphatically "showed off" in his way! It seemed to me that he bragged even more about himself and his belongings than he had before. And I didn't like at all the way he ate his food. Why, Father didn't eat like that—with such a noisy mouth, and such a rattling of the silverware!

And so it went—wise mother that she was! Far from prohibiting me to have anything to do with Paul Mayhew, she let me see all I wanted to of him, particularly in my own home. She let me go out with him, properly chaperoned, and she never, by word or manner, hinted that she didn't admire his conceit and braggadocio.

And it all came out exactly as I suspect she had planned from the beginning. When Paul Mayhew asked to be my escort to the class reception in June, I declined with thanks, and immediately afterward told Fred Small I would go with him. But even when I told Mother nonchalantly, and with carefully averted eyes, that I was going to the reception with Fred Small—even then her pleasant "Well, that's good!" conveyed only cheery mother interest; nor did a hasty glance into her face discover so much as a lifted eyebrow to hint, "I thought you'd come to your senses sometime!"

Wise little mother that she was! In the days and weeks that followed (though nothing was said) I detected a subtle change in certain matters, however. And as I look back at it now, I am sure I can trace its origin to my "affair" with Paul Mayhew. Evidently Mother had no intention of running the risk of any more courtships; also evidently she intended to know who my friends were. At all events, the old Anderson mansion soon became the rendezvous of all the boys and girls of my acquaintance. And such good times as we had, with Mother always one of us, and ever proposing something new and interesting!

And because boys—not a boy, but boys—were as free to come to the house as were girls, they soon seemed to me as commonplace and matter-of-course and free from sentimental interest as were the girls.

Again, wise little mother! But, of course, even this did not prevent my falling in love with some one older than myself, some one quite outside of my own circle of intimates.

My especial attack of this kind came to me when I was barely eighteen, the spring I was being graduated from the Andersonville High school. And the visible embodiment of my adoration was the head master, Mr. Harold Hartshorn, a handsome, clean-shaven, well-set-up man of (I should judge) thirty-five years of age,

rather grave, a little stern, and very dignified.

But how I adored him! How I hung upon his every word, his every glance! How I maneuvered to win from him a few minutes' conversation on a Latin verb or a French translation! How I thrilled if he bestowed upon me one of his infrequent smiles! How I grieved over his stern aloofness!

By the end of a month I had evolved this: his stern aloofness meant that he had been disappointed in love! his melancholy was loneliness—his heart was breaking. How I longed to help, to heal, to cure! How I thrilled at the thought of the love and companionship I could give him somewhere in a rose-embowered cottage far from the maddening crowd! (He boarded at the Andersonville hotel now.) If only he could see it as I saw it. If only by some sign or token he could know of the warm love that was his but for the asking! Could he not see that no longer need he pine alone and unappreciated in the Andersonville hotel? Why, in just a few weeks I was to be through school. And then—

On the night before commencement Mr. Harold Hartshorn ascended our front steps, rang the bell, and called for my father. I knew because I was upstairs in my room over the front door; and I saw him come up the walk and heard him ask for Father.

Oh, joy! Oh, happy day! He knew. He had seen it as I saw it. He had come to gain Father's permission, that he might be a duly accredited suitor for my hand!

During the next ecstatic ten minutes, with my hand pressed against my wildly beating heart, I planned my wedding dress, selected with care and discrimination my trousseau, furnished the rose-embowered cottage far from the maddening crowd—and wondered why Father did not send for me. Then the slam of the screen door downstairs sent me to the window, a sickening terror within me.

Was he going—without seeing me, his future bride? Impossible!

Father and Mr. Harold Hartshorn stood on the front steps below, talking.



Jerry Was an Artist, It Seemed.

In another minute Mr. Harold Hartshorn had walked away, and Father had turned back on to the piazza.

As soon as I could control my shaking knees, I went downstairs.

Father was in his favorite rocking-chair. I advanced slowly. I did not sit down.

"Was that Mr. Hartshorn?" I asked, trying to keep the shake out of my voice.

"Yes."

"Mr. H-Hartshorn," I repeated stupidly.

"Yes. He came to see me about the Downer place," nodded Father. "He wants to rent it for next year."

"To rent it—the Downer place!" (The Downer place was no rose-embowered cottage far from the maddening crowd! Why, it was big, and brick, and right next to the hotel! I didn't want to live there.)

"Yes—for his wife and family. He's going to bring them back with him next year," explained Father.

"His wife and family!" I can imagine about how I gasped out those four words.

"Yes. He has five children, I believe, and—"

But I had fled to my room.

After all, my recovery was rapid. I was in love with love, you see; not with Mr. Harold Hartshorn. Besides, the next year I went to college. And it was while I was at college that I met Jerry.

Jerry was the brother of my college friend, Helen Weston. Helen's elder sister was a senior in that same college, and was graduated at the close of my freshman year. The father, mother and brother came on to the graduation. And that is where I met Jerry.

If it might be called meeting him. He lifted his hat, bowed, said a polite nothing with his lips, and an indiffer-

ent "Oh, some friend of Helen's," with his eyes, and turned to a radiant blonde senior at my side.

And that was all—for him. But for me—

All that day I watched him whenever opportunity offered; and I suspect that I took care that opportunity offered frequently. I was fascinated. I had never seen any one like him before. Tall, handsome, brilliant, at perfect ease, he plainly dominated every group of which he was a part. Toward him every face was turned—yet he never seemed to know it. (Whatever his faults, Jerry is not concealed. I will give him credit for that!) To me he did not speak again that day. I am not sure that he even looked at me. If he did there must still have been in his eyes only the "Oh, some friend of Helen's," that I had seen at the morning introduction.

I did not meet him again for nearly a year; but that did not mean that I did not hear of him. I wonder if Helen ever noticed how often I used to get her to talk of her home and her family life; and how interested I was in her gallery of portraits on the mantel—there were two fine ones of her brother there.

Helen was very fond of her brother. I soon found that she loved to talk about him—if she had a good listener. Needless to say she had a very good one in me.

Jerry was an artist, it seemed. He was twenty-eight years old, and already he had won no small distinction. Prizes, medals, honorable mention, and a special course abroad—all these Helen told me about. She told me, too, about the wonderful success he had just had with the portrait of a certain New York society woman. She said that it was just going to "make" Jerry; that he could have anything he wanted now—anything.

I saw Jerry myself during the Easter vacation of my second year in college. Helen invited me to go home with her, and Mother wrote that I might go. Helen had been home with me for the Christmas vacation, and Mother and Father liked her very much. There was no hesitation, therefore, in their consent that I should visit Helen at Easter time. So I went.

Helen lived in New York. Their home was a Fifth Avenue mansion with nine servants, four automobiles and two chauffeurs. Naturally such a scale of living was entirely new to me, and correspondingly fascinating. From the elaborately uniformed footman that opened the door for me to the awesome French maid who "did" my hair, I adored them all, and moved as in a dream of enchantment. Then came Jerry home from a week-end's trip—and I forgot everything else.

I knew from the minute his eyes looked into mine that whatever I had been before, I was now certainly no mere "Oh, some friend of Helen's." I was (so his eyes said) "a deucedly pretty girl, and one well worth cultivating." Whereupon he began at once to do the "cultivating."

In less than thirty-six hours I was caught up in the whirlwind of his wooing, and would not have escaped it if I could.

When I went back to college he held my promise that if he could gain the consent of Father and Mother, he might put the engagement ring on my finger.

Back at college, alone in my own room, I drew a long breath, and began to think. It was the first chance I had had, for even Helen now had become Jerry—by reflection.

The more I thought, the more frightened, dismayed, and despairing I became. In the clear light of calm, sane reasoning, it was all so absurd, so impossible! What could I have been thinking of? I must forget Jerry.

I pictured him in Andersonville, in my own home. I tried to picture him talking to Father, to Mother.

Absurd. What had Jerry to do with learned treatises on stars, or with the humdrum, everyday life of a stupid, small town? For that matter, what had Father and Mother to do with dancing and motoring and painting society queens' portraits? Nothing.

Plainly, even if Jerry, for the sake of the daughter, liked Father and Mother, Father and Mother certainly would not like Jerry. That was certain.

Of course I cried myself to sleep that night. That was to be expected. Jerry was the world; and the world was lost. There was nothing left except, perhaps, a few remnants and pieces, scarcely worth the counting—excepting, of course, Father and Mother. But one could not always have one's father and mother. There would come a time when—

Jerry's letter came the next day—by special delivery. He had gone straight home from the station and begun to write to me. (How like Jerry that was—particularly the special-delivery stamp!) The most of his letter, aside from the usual lover's rhapsodies, had to do with plans for the summer—what we would do together at the Westons' summer cottage in Newport. He said he should run up to Andersonville early—very early; just as soon as I was back from college, in fact, so that he might meet Father and Mother, and put that ring on my finger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Birds of the Sea.

Gannets are strictly oceanic birds, and are only found inland when they have been driven by storms, or for some reason or other missed their accustomed migratory routes, says the American Forestry Magazine. It is a big bird, as big as a goose. They are wonderful on the wing, flying with great rapidity, and plunge in a most extraordinary manner to seize the fish.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers.—Advertisement.

Progress Through Thought.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.—Bovee.

Look to Your Eyes

Beautiful Eyes, like fine Teeth, are the result of Constant Care. The daily use of Murine makes Eyes Clear and Radiant. Enjoyable, Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.

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