

Young Women

The entry into womanhood is a critical time for a girl. Little menstrual disorders started at that time soon grow into fatal complications.

Miss Della M. Strayer, Tully, Kan. "I have suffered untold pain at menstrual periods for a long time, was nervous, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything."

WINE OF CARDUI

THE YELLOW PLAN

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

and enjoyed life for the first time during the whole period of our long, wearisome companionship. In this way I got to know every road and byway within miles of the town, and often I went for very long journeys, sometimes with a companion, but more frequently alone.

However, I rode straight on through the town down to the Clarence pier and, dismounting, looked about me. Truly the sky was dark, the clouds seeming to hold a perfect deluge, but as yet they were high and, though gudding furiously, promised not, I thought, an immediate downpour.

Here, much to my chagrin, I was forced to stop for nearly two hours, and when at last I ventured forth it was in a slight drizzle, as there were no prospects of the weather clearing.

As I left the town the rain began to descend with renewed vigor, but as I was already well saturated it did not affect me in the least, albeit it did not add to the cheerfulness of my surroundings.

So far I had progressed satisfactorily, it slowly, but about half a mile outside of Emsworth I went into a rut. A swishing of water followed, the machine swerved suddenly, and I was precipitated with some violence into the road.

It was a desperate move, but it saved me. A few moments later the carriage thundered over the very spot which I had so precipitately vacated, and as it dashed by I caught the momentary glimpse of a man as he leaned forward in the glare of the lamp.

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When I at length left Emsworth, I found that it was after 11 o'clock. Save for the street lamps the town was in complete darkness, and a melancholy and uninspiring sight it presented.

I suppose most people have experienced something akin to this. It is quite a common thing for me to find a verse of poetry running through my head while my mind was deeply engrossed with other matters.

In this manner I carefully pursued my way, of necessity going slowly, until I came within a mile and a half of Chichester. Then I began to breathe freely. The way had seemed never ending, the miles multiplied by three, but gradually I had reeled them off, and I was beginning to dream of home and

Consumption Threatened. C. Unger, 212 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had the consumption. I tried a great many remedies and was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since."

arm food and clothing, when a turn in the road disclosed the lamps of a carriage. I saw by a glance that it was coming swiftly and somewhat erratically, and I at once took my proper side of the road.

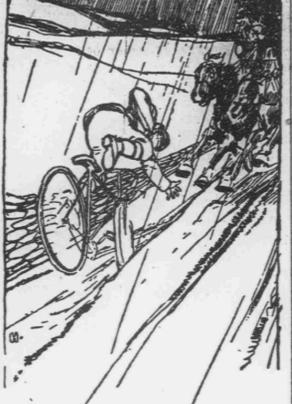
Presently the clatter of hoofs proclaimed that the horses were coming at a gallop, and I edged over still nearer to the gutter, not that I had the least fear of being run down, but the bicycle, being the weaker vessel, always goes to the wall.

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ter Chichester with all possible dispatch. I had seen the yellow man once again, and my soul was full of fear.

What had brought him to Chichester? What was taking him from it at such pace? My father, our wanderings, my mother's death, the first visit



It was a desperate move, but it saved me. of the stranger to our cottage, the incident at Winchester, all ran like lightning through my mind and filled me with intolerable conjecture.

He reeled, and on Herminius He leant one breathing space. Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds, Sprang straight at Astur's face.

CHAPTER X. CAPTAIN KINGSTON SETS SAIL FOR FOREIGN PARTS.

Reaching Chichester without further mishap, I at length drew up before the door of our hotel, the windows of which were in complete darkness. The good folk had evidently retired for the night, but a clamorous ringing of the bell soon brought a sleepy servant on the scene.

I next knocked loudly and, waiting, knocked again. Then impetuously I shook the handle, the rattle resounding through the quiet house. But still no answer. "Father! Father!" I whispered through the keyhole, but I might as well have spoken to the air.

Beat Out of an Increase of His Pension

A Mexican war veteran and prominent editor writes: "Seeing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I am reminded that as a soldier in Mexico in '47 and '48 I contracted Mexican diarrhoea and this remedy has kept me from getting an increase in my pension, for on every renewal a dose of it restores me."

Fearing that something was amiss and acting upon a sudden impulse, I hurled myself violently against the door, and the lock gave way. For a moment I stood upon the threshold and called to my father once more, but receiving no reply I made my way through the dark to the mantelpiece, where I knew I should find the candle and matches.

He lay perfectly still, entirely enveloped in the bedclothes, and for a little while I stood staring at him, not having the courage to lift the sheet from his face. But the sound of footsteps in the passage outside suddenly recalled me to my senses, and with a desperate movement I flung back the covering.

At first a horrid mist seemed to blur my sight; but, quickly passing, it showed me a deathly pale face with wide, distorted eyes and a brow scarred with the purple sign of the egg. It was the same sign as that which I had seen upon my mother's forehead.

With a cry of horror I turned aside and confronted the landlord, who, candle in hand, had come to investigate the meaning of the noise caused by my breaking down the door.

He began to splutter, as a landlord naturally would, but my ghastly face arrested the outburst.

"God in heaven!" he cried. "Have you seen a ghost?"

I beckoned for him to advance, and he came cautiously toward me. "My father," I gasped, "my father has been murdered. Look!" and I held the light over the pale face and showed the projecting eyes and the vivid sign.

"Murdered!" he echoed. "Good God!" And to make sure he came close, quite close, and bent over the body and touched the pale, cold face. The icy contact made him shiver. He stepped back with an involuntary cry.

"This is awful," he continued. "When could it have occurred? I saw him off to bed myself at half past 9. He was very worried about you and thought of sending to the police, but I guessed it was the rain that caused the delay, and so I soothed him. Half an hour later he rang to know if you had yet returned. Then he troubled us no more."

I looked long into the ghastly face,

warily heeding the moanings of the landlord, though I seemed to hear as through the noise of the surf roaring afar off his whining of the misfortune that had befallen his house. But I could now look on the face and think despite the awful coldness which enveloped me, the deadly weight about the heart, and some mention of "suicide" in the landlord's lamentations caused me to loosen the collar of the dead man, and I saw that his neck was encircled by a ghastly purple line, and I thought that the fumes of ether or chloroform rose from his beard.

The landlord saw and realized. He, too, smelled the heavy, sickly odor of the anæsthetic, and in a dull way he continued to call upon the Deity. Like most godless wretches, the name of God was always on his tongue. And so he wrung his hands and continued to ask blankly what he should do.

"The police must be communicated with at once," I said, "though they will never lay their hands on the man who did this."

"Why do you say that?" "Because I know him."

"You know him?" The landlord opened his eyes—a wide, incredulous look.

"Well, I saw him tonight. He is a dark faced, foreign looking man of medium build, with black hair and strange little slits of eyes."

"Heavens!" cried the landlord once again, and his florid face turned pale, and his dull eyes seemed to start from their sockets. "That is an exact description of the stranger in '22."

"He came?"

"Tonight—about 10 o'clock. He went direct to his room. I was to call him early, as he was going up to London."

"There will be no necessity to call him. He has gone already."

No. 22 was the next room to ours, and though the landlord instantly ran and knocked upon the door no reply was vouchsafed. He turned the handle only to find the door locked. Then he came toward me, and the candle that he held shook ominously.

"He is gone!" he whispered. "Good heavens, what a go!"

I turned to the window, he at my

There Are Imitations

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heels, for I verily believe he was afraid of the dead man lying there on the bed, and found exactly what I expected. It had been opened, and though duly closed with a care which showed the cool callousness of the murderer it told its own tale. Despite my father's wanderings and his precaution the enemy had trapped him at last.

Our room was on the first floor, overlooking the back of the premises, and the window above mentioned led on to a small balcony which encircled the rear of the building. Passing out upon this structure, I immediately made for the window of No. 22. As I firmly anticipated, it was open, but the stranger was not in his room, nor was there any sign of him save for the portmanteau, which upon examination was found to contain nothing more valuable than a couple of pairs of worn-out boots and a piece of linen which looked like the part of a shirt. This upon a closer examination was found to retain an odor of the anæsthetic.

Dangling from the balcony was a rope, which told its own tale. To open the gate of the back yard was evidently an easy task for the murderer. When examined in the daylight, the lock showed no suggestion of rough usage.

I shivered with dread as I contemplated the future. How could I hope to avoid the fate which had overtaken my parents? My extermination was the order, and my turn must come. I might hide myself in the nethermost parts of the earth and yet be not beyond the reach of these yellow fiends and their mysterious power. No man could have been more careful than my father, have made more use of ingenious subterfuge or the wiles of intelligence, and yet he had succeeded in eluding his enemy but for a few years. What more had I to hope? A haunted life with never a moment free of the shadow of the Terror and then defeat at last. Truly there seemed no peace for this side the grave, and I felt so despondent that I cared not how soon the end came.

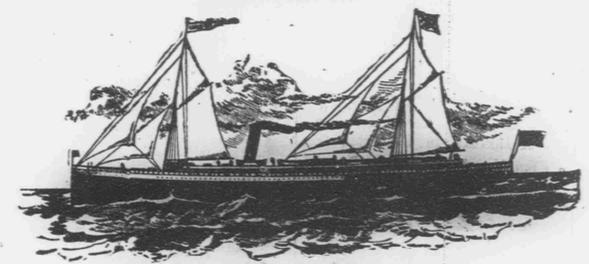
But with the morning I regained some courage, though the day broke gray and dull and with a coldness that touched my heart. As soon as the office opened I telegraphed to my uncle at his lawyer's, for he, fearing that I might want him some day, had left instructions to that effect. But instead

(Continued on Third Page.)

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