

HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va. — "After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the change of life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizzy spells, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends." — Mrs. LEWA WYNN, 2812 E. O Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease
Kill all flies, mosquitos, and other insects. Kills them before they can breed. Kills them on contact. Kills them in the air. Kills them in the water. Kills them in the soil. Kills them in the house. Kills them in the garden. Kills them in the field. Kills them in the woods. Kills them in the mountains. Kills them in the valleys. Kills them in the plains. Kills them in the deserts. Kills them in the jungles. Kills them in the tundra. Kills them in the icebergs. Kills them in the glaciers. Kills them in the snowdrifts. Kills them in the icebergs. Kills them in the glaciers. Kills them in the snowdrifts.

CANCER
Tumors and Lupus successfully treated without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come or write for Free Illustrated Book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM, 2600 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

Job for Photographer.
"I want you to take a picture of our Joe here," said the fond parent to the country photographer.

Joseph was requested to stand in a certain attitude and look towards the photographer. That gentleman's speciality was quick developing, and in a short space of time a negative was placed in the mother's hand. She looked at it very unenviously for some time, and then remarked:

"I seen a notice in the window there to say you can do photos to customer's desire, so I'd be obliged to yer if you could put another face on Joe. You see, it's to be sent with an advertisement which said 'they wanted a boy, smart-looking and honest.'"

Breaking It Gently.
After the dynamite fatality, Casey ran to break the news to Mrs. Murphy.

"Have you got Pat's life insured?" he asked.

"Indeed I have, and for a long while," was the reply.

"Well, then," blurted out the tactful messenger, "I hope yer won't have the trouble collecting it that the boys will in collecting Pat."

The Fine Flavor—
the delicate taste of malted barley blended with the sweets of whole wheat—is a sufficient reason in itself for the wonderful popularity of

Grape-Nuts
FOOD
But it is more than delicious—it is the finest kind of concentrated nourishment to thoroughly sustain the body and brain tissue.

THE LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER
BY ZANE GREY
Author of "The Light of Western Stars," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

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CHAPTER IX (Continued).

Duane shot him. He fell forward, his gun exploding as it hit the floor, and dropped loose from stretching fingers. Duane stood over him, stooped to turn him on his back. Bland looked up with clouded gaze, then gasped his last words.

"Duane, you've killed him!" cried Kate Bland, huskily. "I knew you'd have to!"

She staggered against the wall, her eyes dilating, her strong hands clinching, her face slowly whitening. She appeared shocked, half stunned, but showed no grief.

"Jennie" called Duane, sharply. "Duane!" came a halting reply. "Yes. Come out. Hurry!"

She came out with uneven steps, seeing only him, and she stumbled over Bland's body. Duane caught her arm, swung her behind him. He feared the woman when she realized how she had been duped. His action was protective, and his movement toward the door equally as significant.

"Oh—Mrs. Bland. It was no time for talk. Duane edged on, keeping Jennie behind him. At that moment there was a pounding of iron-shod hoofs out in the lane. Kate Bland bounded to the door. When she turned back her amazement was changing to realization.

"Where 're you taking Jen?" she cried, her voice like a man's. "Out of my way," replied Duane. His look, perhaps, was not so stern as enough for her. In an instant she was transformed into a fury.

"You bound! All the time you were fooling me! You made love to me! You let me believe you were my lover! Now I see what was queer about you. All for that girl! But you can't have her. You'll never leave here alive. Give me that girl! Let me—get at her! She'll never win any more men in this camp!"

She was a powerful woman, and it took all Duane's strength to ward off her onslaughts. She claved at Jennie over his upheld arm. Every second her fury increased. "Help! help! help!" she shrieked in a voice that must have penetrated to the remotest cabin in the valley.

"Get go! Get go!" cried Duane, low and sharp. He still held his gun in his right hand, and it began to beat for him to ward the woman off. His coolness had gone with her shriek for help. "Let go!" he repeated, and he shoved her roughly.

Suddenly she snatched a rifle off the wall and backed away, her strong hands fumbling at the lever. As she jerked it down, throwing a shell into the chamber, she cocked the weapon. Duane leaped upon her. He struck up, the rifle as it went off, the powder burning his face.

"Jennie, run out. Get on a horse!" he called.

Jennie flashed out of the door. With an iron grasp, Duane held to the rifle barrel. He had grasped it with his left hand, and he gave such a pull that the swung the crazed woman off her feet. But he could not lose her grip. She was as strong as he.

"Kate! Let go!" He tried to intimidate her. She did not see his gun thrust in her face, or the passion that she did not know. She cursed. Her husband had used the same curses, and from her lips they seemed strange, unsexed, more deadly. Duane's eyes fought him; her face no longer resembled a woman's. The evil of that outlaw life, the wildness and rage, the meaning to kill, were even in such a moment terribly impressed upon Duane.

He heard a cry from outside—a man's cry, hoarse and alarming. It made him think of loss of time. This demon of a woman might yet block his plan.

"Let go!" he whispered, and felt his lips stiff. In the grimness of that instant he relaxed his hold on the rifle barrel.

With sudden, redoubled, irresistible strength he wrenched the rifle down and discharged it. Duane felt a shock—a burning agony tearing through his breast. Then in a frenzy he jerked so powerfully upon the rifle that it flew from his hands. He fell back, and he had a Colt leveled, and he was firing down the lane. Then came a single shot, heavier, and Euchre's ceased. He fell from the horse.

do not know whether I was scared most then or when you were quiet, and it was so dark and lonely and still all around. Every day I put a stone in your hat."

"Jennie, you saved my life," said Duane. "I don't know. Maybe. I did all I know how to do," she replied. "You saved mine—more than my life."

"You're right in a long gaze, and then their hands in a close clasp. "Jennie, we're going to get away," he said, with gladness. "I'll be well in a few days. You don't know how strong by night. I can get you across the river."

"And then?" she asked. "We'll find some honest rancher." "And then?" she persisted. "Why?" he began, slowly. "That's as far as my thoughts ever got. It was pretty hard, I tell you, to assure myself of so much. It means your safety. You'll tell your story. You'll be sent to the county jail, and you'll stay there until a relative or friend is notified."

"And you?" she inquired, in a strange voice. "Duane kept silent. "Jennie, what will you do?" she went on. "I'll go back to the man that I don't show my face among respectable people. I'm an outlaw."

"You're no criminal!" she declared, with deep passion. "Jennie, on this border the little difference between an outlaw and a criminal doesn't count for much."

"You won't go back among those terrible men? You, with your gentleness and sweetness—all that's good about you? Oh, Duane, don't—don't go!" "I can't go back to the outlaws, at least not Bland's band. No, I'll go alone. I'll lone-wolf it, as they say on the border. What else can I do, Jennie?"

"Oh, I don't know. Couldn't you hide? Couldn't you slip out of Texas—go far away?" "I could never get out of Texas without being arrested. I could hide, but a man must live. Never mind about me, Jennie."

In three days Duane was able with great difficulty to mount his horse. During daylight, by short relays, he would get back to the main trail, where they hid again till he had rested. Then in the dark they rode out of the canons and gullies of the Rim Rock, and early in the morning halted at the first water to camp.

From that point they traveled after nightfall and went into hiding during the day. Once across the Neuces river, Duane was assured of safety for himself and great danger for himself. They had crossed into the territory he did not know. Somewhere east of the river there were scattered ranches. But he was liable to find the rancher in touch with the outlaws as he was likely to find him.

Duane hoped his good fortune would not desert him in this last journey to Jennie. Next to the worry of that realization of his condition. He had gotten up too soon; he had ridden too far and hard, and now he felt that he would be afraid to trail. He would not desert his horse in this last journey to Jennie. Next to the worry of that realization of his condition. He had gotten up too soon; he had ridden too far and hard, and now he felt that he would be afraid to trail. He would not desert his horse in this last journey to Jennie.

When near at hand he saw that the rancher was a thrifty farmer. And there were fields of alfalfa, fruit-trees, corrals, windmill pumps, irrigation ditches, all surrounding a neat little adobe house. Some children were playing in the yard. The way they ran, the sight of Duane hinted of both the loneliness and the fear of their isolated lives. Duane saw a woman come to the door, then a man. The latter looked keenly, then stepped outside. He was a sandy-haired, freckled Texan.

"Howdy, stranger," he called, as Duane halted. "Get down, you an' your woman. Say, now, air you sick or shot or what? Let me—"

Duane, feeling in his saddle, bent over and searched upon the rancher. He thought he saw good will, kindness, honesty. He risked all on that one sharp glance. Then he almost plunged from the saddle.

The rancher caught him, helped him to a bench. "Martha, come out here!" he called. "This man's sick. No; he's shot, or I don't know blood stains."

"Air you his wife?" asked the rancher. "I'm only a girl he saved from outlaws. Oh, he's so pale! Duane, Duane!"

"Buck Duane!" exclaimed the rancher, excitedly. "The man who killed Bland an' Alloway? Say, I owe him a good turn, an' I'll pay it, young woman."

The rancher's wife came out, and with a manner of once kind and practical essayed to make Duane drink from a canteen. He was not so far gone that he could not recognize its contents, which he refused, and weakly asked for water. When that was given him he found his voice.

"Hello, Duane. I've only overdone myself—just all in. The outlaws I got at Bland's are healing. Will you take this girl in—hide her awhile till the excitement's over among the outlaws?" "I shore will," replied the Texan. "I'll square it. 'What 're you goin' to do?' 'I'll test a bit—then go back to the brakes.' 'Young man, you ain't in any shape to travel. See here—any husters on your trail?' 'I think we gave Bland's gang the slip.' 'Good. I'll tell you what. I'll take you along with the girl, an' hide both of you till you get well. It'll be safe. My nearest neighbor is five miles off. We don't have much company.' 'You risk a great deal. Both outlaws an' ranchers are hunting me,' said Duane. 'Never seen a ranger yet in these parts. An' have always got along with outlaws, mebbe exceptin' Bland. I tell you, I owe you a good turn.' 'Air horses might betray you,' added Duane. 'I'll hide them in a place where there's water an' grass. Nobody goes to it. Come now, let me help you in—'

KOREAN WOLVES KILL 120 PEOPLE IN YEAR

Dangerous Animal and Strong In Attack—Uses Various Methods.

Seoul, Korea.—Accustomed as Koreans are to the attacks of wild animals in the mountains, they have been astonished to learn that during the last year 120 people were killed by beasts and that over 3,000 domestic animals were either killed or injured. This havoc was wrought by tigers, leopards, bears, and Korean wolves, but it was the wolf, according to official statistics, that did the greatest harm. It is estimated that these ferocious creatures slew 113 persons, including a child, a slew killing or injuring 517 cattle and 1,519 domestic animals.

The Korean wolf, which is locally known as the neukal, is a powerful animal of the canine species, a little larger, but longer and thinner, than the native Korean dog. In color, it is brown and gray. It possesses piercing eyes and, in faces of danger or while capturing prey, shows wonderful agility, hiding itself in underbrush, jumping over high cliffs, or swiftly swimming across rivers and lakes. In attacking a pony or cow, it will leap upon the victim's flank and kill by tearing open some vital part. In attacking a man, it will follow him for a time and occasionally leap over his head, seeking to unnerve him and aim to fall to the ground, where it will immediately attack and kill. Oftentimes it will summon its mates to assist in attacking. There are instances of where a wolf has carried off a big boy for a considerable distance, and was afterwards lured over a high wall with a pig in its mouth.

The Korean authorities are exerting every effort to exterminate the animal and rewards are offered for each wolf that is killed.

GETTING GOOD MILK.
The high cost of living is boosting the price of all kinds of food everywhere. Here almost the only exception is the price of milk in Riverside, Cal. We're interested in learning how the exception came to be.

In 1917 eight dairymen were selling milk in Riverside. Eight wagons were used and double daily deliveries were made. Practically every block was covered by each of the eight wagons. Milk sold at 8-13 cents a quart in July. In November, in the past year, only two dairymen remained. A cooperative pasteurizing plant and delivery system was organized by the eight dairymen. They invested \$1,000 in real estate, buildings, machinery and other equipment. At a capital stock pays 7 per cent interest. Milk is now selling at 6-2-3 cents a quart.

The milk is aerated and cooled on the farm. It is then carried immediately to the pasteurizing plant. Here it is pasteurized at 147 to 160 degrees F. for 10 minutes, bottled, reduced to a temperature of between 30 and 40 degrees F. and held at that temperature until it is delivered. It is a safer, better milk than that which it replaced.

Three wagons now do the business which in the natural course 15 wagons would have done since the community is developing. The consumption of milk is increasing and 15 dairymen are now in the business. Cream and milk are sold in the nearby towns. Ten men are employed—three as dairymen, three as deliverymen, and three as bookkeepers.

Dr. Rucker, the health commissioner, says that the experiment has fostered the dairy business, increased the earnings of the producers, guaranteed the consumer a better product at less cost, and safeguarded the public health.

The same number of the bulletin of the state board of health as that which contained the story of good milk at a low price in Riverside contained notice that the state of California would from now on require that milk shall be sold by grades. The grades are: Guaranteed milk, raw, guaranteed milk, pasteurized. These grades correspond to certified milk: Grade A milk, raw; grade A milk, pasteurized; grade B milk, pasteurized, and a cooking milk sold as "not suitable for human consumption."

These are the grades established by the milk commission and in rather general use in the east except that the last grade is called grade C, or cooking milk.

Butter must be either from pasteurized milk and sold as pasteurized or else from tuberculous-free milk, and sold as from nonreacting tuberculin tested cows.

A Boy's Right to Whistle.
From the Hartford Courant.
As to the office boys, messenger boys, grocery boys and boys of many other employments, the question of whether they should be allowed to whistle is a question that has been asked in many a household every day—well, of course they all whistle. The man who never whistles is not unknown, but he is a specimen of the genus boy who doesn't. It's an inalienable right of boyhood to whistle; it is handed down to him with his diaper, his freckles, his pugnacity and all those other things that so remind unkind people, on occasions, of his father. What a boy has taken the old man's place, why, the boy whistles. It's perfectly logical that the boy should whistle—and of course a boy never is anything but logical.

So let us all figure the same way and let the boy who whistles be the boy who whistles at his work. For otherwise the boy would be there to do the work. And let's spread that mantle of charity along the years so as to let the man who whistles, too. Don't sneer at them; don't strangle the soul of music as it strives to attain expression from their puckered lips. Don't—but what's the use of saying "don't try to stop them?" It can't be done, anyway.

HIRED HELP.
By Walt Mason.
If you should give in your employ a useless sort of man or boy, and you're convinced he won't improve, but plug along with the same old groove, just take him by the shoulder blade, and tell him, quietly, to fade. Don't jaw or argue by the day, but shoot the worthless wight away.

If you would make your business win, you'll hire the man best—hire the grin, who finds a pleasure in his work, and strives to be the model clerk. You must have teamwork in your shop, or you will hear some object drop, and can't work that splendor, did scheme, unless all hands are full of steam. One lazy grouch around your place, one frost with gloom upon his face, one kicker who is always sore, will give his microphone a score, and by his anarchic harangue will chill the spirits of the gang.

So when he makes his maudlin noise, better by reason of the heavy coat. The night passed quickly despite the discomfort and soon a gray, dismal, rainy dawn greeted the travelers.

They traveled on. The rain fell steadily; if anything, growing thicker. Duane grew uncomfortably wet and chilly. Jennie, however, fared somewhat better by reason of the heavy coat. The night passed quickly despite the discomfort and soon a gray, dismal, rainy dawn greeted the travelers.

He took her reluctance to say goodbye

(Continued next week.)