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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

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This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"Why not use a vacuum cleaner?"

Its Place.

"What shall I do with this rasping letter?"

"Put it on file."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

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A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*, the best recommended kidney remedy.

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Wm. Schnoor, 235 Jefferson St., Marine City, Mich., says: "For years I had rheumatism, and the pains in my limbs were so bad I couldn't get around. The kidney secretions were retarded and I knew that I was gradually getting worse. Finally I was taken to my bed and was almost frantic with pain. Two doctors failed, and I was in a critical condition when I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I can't be too grateful."

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They act promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing waste matters and purifying the blood. Not habit forming, never gripe, but leave the organs strengthened. To succeed in life, or work, first have a healthy body. This famous remedy will do much to

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

—10—

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingsworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. claims title to the East Belt and sets up a cabin on it. Sandry's men pull down the cabin. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. Poppy flirts with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Siwashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and Sandry talking together and becomes jealous. The big timber raft is started on its way, but is blown up and Sandry is dangerously injured. Poppy insists on taking care of Sandry and says she is his promised wife. "No," cries Siletz, "he kissed me and I am his woman." In Sandry's delirium he gives Poppy a clue to his past. On recovering Daily tells him of the successful filing of his contract and he says that he is going after Hampden himself and "get him straight." Ma Daily shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his delirious talk. Poppy plays with Hampden.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"But they say you're goin' to marry that da—beg yer pardon—that Johnny Eastern. That so? For God's sake, girl, don't say it!"

Hampden's red face was pale, and she enjoyed seeing this coarse, bullilke man shaken to his foundations.

"And what if it is?"

"I'll kill him! So help me heaven, I'll get him next—I tell you I can't stand for that!"

"Get him next time," she was saying swiftly to herself, "oh, Hampden, I fancy there'll be a lot of getting—whether or not Walter Sandry wants me to quit—now, after all I've gone through with you to get my line staked out!"

Aloud she said at the same time, "No—it isn't true." And Hampden caught her hand and kissed it.

March crawled by and April—May came in with the feel and look of summer—as it does in the western hills, warm and bright and eternally sunny. Sandry wondered if it had ever rained. Any exertion tired him cruelly, so he loafed about the office, sat on the east porch at the cook-shack, and talked idly with the three women, for Poppy Ordway, despite Ma Daily's coldness and hints, and Siletz' silence, still stayed on at the camp. Often Sandry watched her with a puzzled look in his eyes which all her cleverness had failed to fathom.

There was a slight constraint between them.

The work of the camp went on well. A bunch of lumberjacks from Sacramento had come in during April, and Sandry took them on. The Portland Lumber company received the second raft, a smaller one, by the middle of May, and followed its receipt with another order that would keep all hands and extra help at work until August. The pressing mortgage had been lifted by that first big check and the young owner felt his spirit surging within him like the growing year. His only worry was the fact that Hampden was building track and a log-trail into the strip between camp and the East Belt from the south.

He evidently meant to begin operations under Sandry's very eyes.

"Walter," asked Miss Ordway, "how long are you going to wait before letting me use my lever to pry Hampden off?"

She watched him with narrowed eyes. The strange reticence, the embarrassed reserve that had fallen upon Sandry of late and for which she could not account, kept his glance from hers as he answered:

"Until I am able to go to Salem."

The woman's exquisite cheeks flamed a dull crimson under their rose-leaf pink—the heavy hue of anger—but she only smiled.

"And I cannot help?" she asked wistfully.

Sandry laughed, constrainedly.

"I'll have to get him myself," he reiterated, "and I can't fight him with my fists—though, by heaven, I'd like to!"

At that moment Siletz came around the corner of the house and Sandry's eyes went to her as helplessly as the needle to the north and in them came instantly an expression of wistful sadness.

That look sent a cold chill to the passionate heart of Poppy Ordway and in a flash she made a decision. The danger in Siletz was drawing near, she knew, though Sandry himself was unaware of it.

"So it's going to be a fight!" she thought, while a sick rage hurried her breath; "all right! I guess I'll have to use all my power."

"Walter," she said suddenly, "I'm going east tomorrow."

Instantly he turned upon her, searching her face with startled eyes, and though Miss Ordway was smiling sweetly at the girl, she knew that his face was going gray.

"Yes?" he asked unsteadily. The tone pierced her heart with a pain that stung, but she put it resolutely aside. She had determined to have this man by fair means or foul and she knew that in the future she would repay him for any pain she might cause in the process of winning him.

"Yes," she answered quietly, "but I'm coming back. I want to see my publishers."

CHAPTER XX.

A Cruel Weapon.

In the soberly correct offices of Farnsworth & Heathcote, one of New York's most solid and reputable law firms, two persons sat talking.

The honest roses in the cheeks of Miss Poppy Ordway bloomed gloriously. Her raiment whispered silkily when she moved her splendid shoulders a bit more comfortably against the mahogany chair-back.

"And now, Mr. Farnsworth," she was saying, "can you give me the full particulars of that mysterious robbery?"

The eminent lawyer's quiet eyes were taking pleasurable note of the woman's beauty, the concise handling of the discussion in hand.

"As one of the attorneys for the estate of James B. Whitby, I think I am qualified to do so," he stated gravely.

"Then," said Poppy Ordway, opening a little red morocco notebook at a page far to the back, "let us proceed."

Mr. Farnsworth spread out before him a set of papers.

"'First—Standard Copper and Zinc company, consolidated,'" he read without preface, "one of the most conservative and entirely solvent concerns in the country. Under the control and in the hands of Whitby, Halstead, Witherspoon & Haste.

"'Suspected of crooked methods. Twice involved in suits at law, charged with rate and rebate swindles.

"'Second—On the night of June 18, 1899, President Whitby had in his possession, for what reason has never been made known, at his bachelor apartments at Whitby place, Aredale $502,000 in banknotes of high denominations. He had sent away his man for the night and was entirely alone.

"'Third—He was found at nine o'clock the next morning, in his library, sitting before a table, several hours dead. Under his hand lay an unfinished letter. This letter follows, verbatim:

Arcade Place,
New York City, New York,
June 18, 1899.

I, James B. Whitby, president of the Standard Copper and Zinc company, Consolidated, sit down to write what I believe will be my last word on earth.

The telephone wires have been cut, my man is away for the night, and I am entirely alone in the grip of one of my recurrent attacks of heart trouble, but my brain is abnormally clear. I brought out last evening from business $502,000, for reasons known to myself—all of it in bills of high denomination.

At one o'clock this night I looked up to face a pistol held by a man, a young man who was unmasked. "You may as well be patient," he said quietly, "for I intend having a talk with you."

Then followed what sufficed to heat me into the greatest rage of my life—an accusation of myself, my methods and my firm, the statistical coldness of which was the acme of studied insolence. He was a young man, almost a boy, just home from a year in Europe after college.

He had, it appears, found his father a bankrupt, through unwise speculations of a partner, and tracing some transactions to me, laid it all at my door. He demanded the money I had in my possession—at the point of the pistol!

Shaking with rage I obeyed, and threatened to expose him by daylight. He coolly told me I would not dare because of proofs, in his hands, which would state-prison me, and which proofs I positively know do not exist.

The affair, I believe at this writing will cost me my life, so vitally did it stir my anger, and here and now before my strength fails, let me commend him to the fullest limit of the law for punishment. He is as truly my murderer as if he had fired his gun, to this I swear, and his name is—

"There," finished the attorney, "the letter ended, signed only by the hand of death, leaving the greatest mystery of the times. There was no trace of the young man with the pistol.

"There has been found no trace of the immense bundle of banknotes, as there could be found no record of their numbers nor any word of where Mr. Whitby got them. There has been found nothing, as all the world knows. The estate has employed the best detective talent of the country to no avail. There are no true clues, opinions or theories. All are false when applied."

With lightning rapidity Miss Ordway had been following the attorney's reading in shorthand in the red notebook.

"Ah!" she said with a breath of satisfaction, "that is excellent! Excellent—and it closes the first matter of which I spoke. Now for the second."

She smiled into Mr. Farnsworth's eyes in her own bewitching manner as she told the small lie, for there were no two matters upon which she had sought intelligence, but one only and that of so gigantic and uncertain a nature that she felt as if she were handling dynamite which might explode any moment.

However, the air of finality with which she folded the notebook and thereby seemed to dismiss the great Whitby mystery deceived that shrewd and far-seeing man, Farnsworth, himself.

He saw no connection between her two sets of questions when she, seeming to turn the trend of her own mind into an entirely different channel, put her next query.

"And now, Mr. Farnsworth," she said briskly, "what do you know of the name 'Sandry'?"

The lawyer was folding up his papers and putting them carefully away in the drawer.

"Sandry? Why—not very much, Miss Ordway. Simply that there is a firm by the name of Sandry & Musseldorn which deals in fancy horses and racing stock. They have magnificent breeding farms in New Jersey and are rated as rather more than financially solid. Mr. Wilton Sandry, the senior partner, is an old man, of very fine presence, an invalid since three years ago—tied to a wheel chair in his mansion on Riverside drive. Musseldorn, a clever man, extremely capable and pleasant."

"And is that all? Has this Mr. Wilton Sandry any family?"

"Why, let me see—yes, I believe there is a son, one son. The mother is dead."

"And where is this son?"

"I do not know. He has been in Europe, I believe, though it seems to me that he returned some time ago."

"U'm," Miss Ordway was saying to herself—"a year in Europe, after college."

Twenty minutes later the eminent lawyer walked down with her to where her runabout waited.

As she threaded among the teeming traffic, Poppy Ordway was saying to herself, "Wilton Sandry, financially solid. James B. Whitby robbed by a man—a young man just home from a year in Europe, after college, whose father he had found bankrupt by unwise speculation of a partner and the said James B. Whitby. And Walter Sandry in the Oregon hills mutters of 'Ruined! Ruined! And he does not know!' 'Legitimate! It is done—legitimately!' and 'I am the law this night, James B. Whitby!' Ah me! Walter—Walter—heart of my heart, fire of my blood—you're the man with the pistol!"

CHAPTER XXI.

The Right Law.

Once again Poppy Ordway was back at Daily's. Seemingly nothing had happened in her absence. Sandry was a little stronger, a bit more impatient to be at the work, able to go about the camp and the tilted meadow. He was pale still, and to her passionate eyes more to be desired than ever. She noticed quickly how wistfully tender was the face of Siletz, and how the girl stayed apart from Sandry in a certain diffidence. This was balm to her fears and her anxiety.

She went back to her work with renewed vigor. She was happier here in this wild country than she had ever been in her life, filled with the excitement of Fame that lured and Love that beckoned, and, so she believed, able to capture both.

Then one day an incident took place that caused her to see that she must let him feel the steel beneath the velvet.

As usual, she sat in the golden afternoon on the east porch, her work for the day being over, and Sandry lounged on the lowest step, his elbow on the floor and his hat pulled low over his eyes, gazing down the valley. Presently there came a sound, a rhythmic sound, at first far off, then coming nearer, the rolling thunder of a big horse in full flight, and up from the lower roliway came Black Bolt gleaming, dark, splendid. As if she were a part of him, Siletz rode, swaying with her loose motion that always suggested the very drunkenness of speed. In her arm she held a great bunch of wild bleeding-hearts, their brilliant crimson splashing gorgeously along her olive throat, where the blue shirt lay open a bit.

"There," Finished the Attorney, "the Letter Ended."

With a slight pressure of knee and heel the girl sent the great black horse directly at the steps of the porch. As he came on Miss Ordway sprang up with a little scream, overturning her chair. But Sandry sat unflinching on the lowest step, smiling. Within three feet of him Black Bolt lowered his head, set his feet and came to a splendid stop.

Siletz leaned forward and dropped her burden in Sandry's lap, showering him with the blood of the bleeding-hearts. She did not look at him. Then they trotted away around the corner to the shed and Sandry's lips tightened pitifully as he gathered up each smallest spray of the woods-treasures.

Where she stood back against the wall, one hand at her pulsing throat, Miss Ordway saw that tightening of the lips, the droop that came into the man's whole face, and her eyes narrowed and hardened like a cat's.

That night she came to him in the eating room.

"Walter," she said, "I'm 'stuck' in the middle of a chapter. Will you go over a few pages with me and give me the benefit of a man's ideas?"

He smiled.

"I'm afraid mine will not be of much account, but such as they are you are welcome to them."

"They will answer," said Miss Ordway, "a woman cannot write from herself for men—she must write from man to man. I'll bring my manuscript out here."

And turning, she went from him to the sanctuary of the little south room. When she returned she carried a handful of closely typewritten pages.

They drew up one of the pine benches, spread out the manuscript between the catchup bottles and sat down together.

Instantly with the touch of the shifting sheets in her fingers Miss Ordway seemed to drift away from the personal. She became detached, absorbed, swallowed up in the thrall of work and Sandry had a feeling of what such a work must mean to one.

"Now see," she said, half excitedly, "here is the point about which I am a trifle in doubt. But I will have to sketch the situation for you so you can get a grip on it."

She turned toward him, spreading out flat on the paper one exquisite hand. Among her other hidden vanities, Poppy Ordway cherished an inordinate pride in these hands of hers—and she knew their value and their potency to the last atom.

With an unconscious appreciation Sandry now looked down at it where it spread across the page. Unconsciously, too, his mind caught a shadowy comparison—the memory of the olive-colored, slim hands of the girl Siletz. But she was speaking and he looked again.

"Now suppose my hero is confronted with a man—his friend, it happens—who, in the plausible and unimpeachable methods of modern business, has calmly become possessed of my hero's wealth. There is no possible way of touching the swindler, for it has been done in a manner that gives it the seeming of legality. Yet the victim knows in his heart that the other is a thief. Now here is my point—"

Miss Ordway was talking slowly as if thinking carefully and no one listening would have suspected that the words she uttered were purely mechanical, having been written out and memorized that afternoon, and that her mind was busy with a different set of ideas. In fact, this was what she was thinking, tabulating rapidly a set of items.

"Widening eyes—aroused interest, abnormal. Fingers tapping the table—startled nerves. No suspicion, but astonishment at so unique a coincidence."

Aloud she was going on: "Suppose my hero to be a modern man of average good principles, could he bring himself to steal back deliberately an amount equal to, or compensating for, the amount stolen from him, and not consider himself a criminal? Could he go out among men with his head up, not deeming himself a thief? And would the modern man of average honor do such a thing?"

Miss Ordway was leaning forward, seemingly absorbed in her problem, her eyes on Sandry's face, where conflicting expressions were struggling for the mastery.

"In a moment!" she was saying to herself, eager as a hound; "in a moment he will commit himself!" for the bright, blue glance of the young owner wavered a bit, he opened his lips, shut his hand upon the oilcloth and his jaw hardened with tautened muscles.

"No! He wouldn't be a thief—that would be the right law."

Every nerve in Miss Ordway's body jumped, though there was no outward sign, as the tension that had been growing between them snapped with the voice of Siletz.

The girl had stopped on the far side of the room, unnoticed by either, and now she stood leaning forward with her hands upon the table, her braids hanging beside them. The shadow of her parted hair was over her eyes.

Miss Ordway's fingers crawled into her palm rigid with a desire to inflict bodily pain upon this uninvited blunderer. But Siletz was of the wilderness and she did not know she had committed a faux pas. She knew only that she had become absorbed in the exigencies of this mythical man confronted by so grave a problem and she spoke as unconsciously as a child.

With a deep breath exhaled slowly as if a swimmer drew in sweet air, Sandry lifted his eyes to her.

"The right law!" he said. "Yes S'letz is right. And a man would do it if he had an incentive great enough—even a sane man of today—with the average honor. And he would hold up his head if he was of the strength to do the thing at all."

For a moment Miss Ordway sat silent, regarding him intently.

"Good!" she said at last, "then you think I may go on without danger of overdrawing my character."

"Unquestionably."

She dropped her eyes, toying with a bone-handled fork lying near.

"Thanks, Walter," she said at last gently; "I shall go on with more confidence. It is a daring thing to make my hero do—but—the woman loves him in spite of a thousand crimes—above and beyond them."

Her heart was beating so fast that her white throat fluttered spasmodically at the soft hollow at the base and she knew that she took a chance. She knew also, as Sandry rose abruptly and left the room, that he had felt the steel, for his face was gray again.

In the silence of the little south room she stood long, staring into the yellow flame of the hand lamp on the stand. Then, suddenly, she covered her flushed face with her hands and shuddered.

Miss Ordway Was Talking Slowly.

"If I should blunder!" she gasped, "my God! If I should fail to win him after all! Oh, Walter, Walter—heart of my heart!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORY ONE OF BLOODSHED

Record of Serbia Has Been a Continuous Tale of Atrocity and Wrongs It Was Powerless to Avenge.

The characteristics of no people in Europe are probably so little known to the world at large as those of Serbia. The Serbians are a primitive people with strong passions and inspired as are all primitive people by the clan spirit. The vendetta and blood feud prevail among them. Of the seven Serbian princes who have ruled the land since the beginning of the nineteenth century the first, Karageorgevitch, was murdered; the second, Prince Milosh, was expelled; the third, Prince Michael, was murdered; the fourth, Alexander Karageorgevitch, had to abdicate; the fifth, King Milan Obrenovitch, was expelled; the sixth, King Alexander I, was murdered; the seventh, King Peter, the present ruler, has spent much of his life in exile. Serbia is a peasant state with a liberal and progressive constitution. The national parliament is elected by universal male suffrage and a large proportion of the members belongs to the peasant class. It is a homogeneous nation of independent farmers. It has been called "the poor man's paradise," as there are inexhaustible mineral resources in the mountains, but Serbia has been less explored than the most remote parts of the United States.

Painting With Airbrushes.

Painting and varnishing of large surfaces is now being successfully accomplished by means of airbrushes, which send the liquid paint in a huge spray all over the object.

At a big furniture factory in New York they place a chair upon a revolving platform under a galvanized iron hood, in the back of which is an electric fan drawing the air out into an exhaust flue, and in the top of which are electric lamps in front of reflectors. The painter stands with an object that looks like a pistol in his hand. This is the airbrush, which is attached to a tube leading from a tank in which the paint is under 70 pounds of pressure furnished by a dynamo and is kept constantly stirred. On pressing the trigger the paint is projected like a shower bath all over the chair.

Have Something to Say.

Robert W. Chambers gave this advice to the beginner some years ago, says the Strand, and it holds good today:

"Have something to say and learn by experience how to say it. The important thing, to be sure, is something to say. The trouble with most people who try to write stories is that they have nothing to write about. Next, don't talk about it, do it. A writer can make his own market.

"It is the only way to do. Write what appeals to you, and find a publisher who will take it. Don't go to a publisher and ask him what he wants. Make him want what you have to offer. If it is the real thing you won't have much difficulty. You will 'break into print' with your first effort."

Uncle Eben.

"Patience is fine," said Uncle Eben, "ef it keeps a man workin'. But it ain't much good ef it keeps him stickin' to a crap game."

Daily Thought.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.—Sir W. Drummond.

Experiments with Baking Powder are Costly

Millions of housewives know this is the truth—they realize the cost of a single bake-day failure. That's why they stick to Calumet.

Be on the safe side—avoid disappointments—use Calumet next bake-day—be *sure* of uniform results—learn why Calumet is the most economical to buy and to use. It's pure in the can—pure in the baking. Order now!

Received Highest Awards

New Cook Book Free—See Slip in Pound Cans.

Be Safe-Use

Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

Calling a Bluff.

"My heart is a very sound organ."

"That may be, but I know a belle who can wring it."

Right is so slow in asserting itself that some people doubt that it will finally prevail.

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Madam—

The **Alabastine** staff of interior decorators is at your disposal—to assist you with your spring decorating.

These experts offer you dependable free advice on how to treat your walls so that they will harmonize with and set off to advantage your floor covering, furniture, draperies, curtains and wearing apparel.

They also want to tell you about the handsome decorative wall and ceiling border effects that can be obtained by the use of stencils—the very latest wrinkle in wall decoration.

Stencils ordinarily cost from 50 cents to $3.00 each; but if you will write for the free "Alabastine Packet," containing hand colored proofs of 12 of the very latest stencil effects, we will tell you how you can have your choice of these and 500 others at practically no expense. Write today for this *absolutely free decorating service.*

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