

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, One of Thousands of Such Cases.

Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in East Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Binzer, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Binzer that have made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularity or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Force of Habit. While in a certain government office recently Sir Edwin Jones, the British transport board chairman, overheard the following dialogue between two fair typewriter tappers: "Isn't it terrible the way we have to work these days?" "Rather! Why, I typed so many letters yesterday that last night I finished my prayers with 'yours truly.'"—Vancouver (B. C.) Province.

"Cold in the Head" is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. All Druggists have testimonials free. \$10.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A man never realizes the worth of his wife until he has to cook his own meals.

Nervous and All Unstrung? Feel nervous and irritable all the time? Continually worry over trifles? Then there's something wrong. Back of it all may be weak kidneys. Just as nerve wear is a cause of kidney weakness, so kidney weakness is a cause of nervousness. If you have backache, "blues," nervous spells, headaches, dizzy spells, kidney irregularity and a tired, worn feeling, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They are recommended by thousands.

A Michigan Case Mrs. C. P. Olson, Kessler, W. Main St., Paw Paw, Mich., says: "The first symptoms of kidney trouble in my case were backache and dizzy spells. I had rheumatic twinges in my back, stomach, neck and limbs. These attacks would come on as often as two or three times a week. My arms and arms were swollen and sore. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills put me on the road to recovery and six weeks after beginning their use I was up and around, able to do my housework and take care of my children." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Carter's Iron Pills Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

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Children's Coughs may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of safe PISO'S

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the American Army Fighting on the Battlefields of France

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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WALLACE MEETS KELLERMAN AND IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZES HIM AS AN ANTAGONIST

Synopsis.—Lieut. Mark Wallace, U. S. A., is wounded at the battle of Santingo. While wandering alone in the jungle he comes across a dead man in a hut outside of which a little girl is playing. When he is rescued he takes the girl to the hospital and announces his intention of adopting her. His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man, was Hampton, a traitor who sold department secrets to an international gang in Washington and was detected by himself and Kellerman, an officer in the same office. Howard pleads to be allowed to send the child home to his wife and they agree that she shall never know her father's name. Several years later Wallace visits Eleanor at a young ladies' boarding school. She gives him a pleasant shock by declaring that when she is eighteen she intends to marry him.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

It came in the form of a letter from Colonel Howard, the first in two years. Howard had, in the past, repeatedly tried to induce Mark to take advantage of opportunities that he had put before him, but Mark had refused stubbornly, until the Major had given him up in disgust. Howard did not know, and Mark did not himself understand, the underlying idea in his own mind, the sense of subdued rancor against the man who had robbed him of Eleanor, coupled with the sense of sacrifice, that he might withdraw all his claims on the child.

Now, however, Howard made one more attempt. "I want you to think this proposition over as quickly as possible," he wrote, "not for my sake or yours, but because your duty is to take the job. With war with Germany in plain view to the initiated, there are great things doing in Washington, and I've been offered my old post at the mobilization department, which has been enlarged beyond all knowledge. Your work in the West is better known than you think, Wallace, and we want you here. Wire if you can, and come by the first train. This is official, so don't wait for divisional notification, which may take days."

The letter reached Mark in one of his periods of helpless despondency. Impulsively he wired back, accepting, regretted as soon as the message had been dispatched, but packed his suitcase, turned over the command to the senior lieutenant, and took the train for Washington.

As he went East the years seemed to fall from him like a dream. It was a frozen labyrinth in which he seemed to have been wandering; he seemed to come to himself with a consciousness of years wasted, but of years of action ahead. Colonel Howard gazed curiously at him as he rose from his desk in the war office and grasped his hands.

"I should never have known you, Wallace," he said.

What he was thinking was, "Good, Lord, how the years have eaten into him!"

"Don't think that your work has been unrecognized," he said, after a few minutes of desultory chatting. "It has been, and I know that recognition"



"You'll Excuse Me For a Moment."

is coming to you in the fullest measure. You are to work under me here; it's a big scheme that we are preparing, my boy, and only Kellerman and I, and yourself, will be acquainted with all the details, outside of the department head. You remember Kellerman?"

Mark nodded, trying to piece together the pictures of the past.

"We are working out the mobilization plans for the first contingent, after it reaches France," Howard continued. "It's a bigger scheme than anything we knew in the past. You'll act as my subordinate and have an intimate knowledge of the details—a sort

of understudy, in fact, but with a good deal of initiative as well. And if war comes, as it is sure to come, we'll be sent over on the first transport, to prepare things for the troops. Ah, Kellerman, here's Wallace, newly arrived to take over his duties."

Mark saw not the slightest change in Kellerman since the days of the Cuban war. Kellerman was just as florid as ever, just as burly, with the same rather sinister way of glancing; his black hair was unthinned and untouched with gray. He had borne the years much better than Mark.

If Kellerman reciprocated Mark's feelings, he showed no sign of it in his cordial handgrip.

"We were glad to get you, Wallace," he said. "You'll excuse me for a moment, I'm sure."

He drew Colonel Howard aside in conversation, while Mark twirled his fingers and looked out of the window into the busy hive of the capital, and tried to make himself believe that it was all true.

When Kellerman had gone the Colonel invited Mark to sit down, and launched into business.

"I must tell you that it's a pretty stiff job that we're tackling, Mark," he said. "To begin with, we're a sort of nucleus of the whole organization. We're in touch with every division. We have to have the whole thing at our fingers' ends—and it's mainly a matter of ships, animals, and transport. And, to cap the climax, you can imagine what a nest of intrigue and espionage Washington has become in these days. And, as neutrals—ostensibly neutrals—we can do nothing to put an end to it."

He stretched out his finger and pointed toward the big safe between the windows.

"Any one of some two hundred papers there, Mark, would give a valuable clue," he said. "Every night, when work is finished, your task will be to open the safe, take out the inner case containing these documents, add those on which you have been working, including every waste sheet and every scrap of the day's blotting paper, and have the day porter convey them, under your personal supervision, to the strong room, where you and either the General, myself, or Kellerman, will place them in the safety vault. In the morning the same procedure is reversed. And that is why I insisted on our getting you, Mark. I knew you, and I don't know the hundred of other officers of impeccable character whom we could have secured. We can't run risks—we simply can't. That's why it has to be just you and Kellerman and I. We had our lesson in the old days, you know."

He frowned at the remembrance, and then answered Mark's unspoken question with another.

"Where are you staying, Wallace?"

"At the Congressional."

"Well, I want you to come and stay with us as soon as we're settled. We've rented a house in Massachusetts circle, and move in on the first of the month. Eleanor and Mrs. Howard are still in New York, but they're coming here in about ten days' time—just as soon as I can get the house ready for them. Eleanor is dying to see you, and Mrs. Howard has the pleasantest remembrances, of course. And now I'm going to take you to the Brigadier."

The short interview with the head of the department confirmed Mark's impressions as to the businesslike nature of the plans of the war office. Mark went home. He was resolved, although he had not told the Colonel, not to become his guest—at least not unless he found that he could take up his life again where he had dropped it, years before. And then—but what was the use of speculating? He went home to his hotel.

He was surprised to find how easily he seemed to fit into his environment when he donned his long-neglected evening clothes and went down to the dining room of the Congressional. Almost the first face he saw was that of a man of his class; within a few minutes Mark Wallace was seated at the dinner table with a merry party of old friends and new acquaintances. And the years had slipped away from him.

On the next morning, when he took up his duties, it was with the sense that he was no longer a stranger. Washington was ready to extend her welcome to him. At the Army club,

to which he was posted by Colonel Howard, he found himself, much to his surprise, often the center of a respectful audience, eager to hear of the work of the army in the forlorn outposts of the West. He discovered, too, with surprise, that he was by no means as unknown as he had imagined himself to be.

Then there were invitations that had to be accepted, receptions and dinners; yet through it all Mark waited for the charmed day when the house in Massachusetts circle was to be opened, displaying the princess of his imagination, the little child of the hillside, the schoolgirl, grown into the image of his dreams.

CHAPTER V.

When at last he alighted at the door, and was shown into the reception room, he felt that he was almost trembling with eagerness.

He looked uncertainly at him, at the group of young officers, the ladies, at Mrs. Howard, and then at the stylishly dressed young woman at her side.

And, forgetting his manners, he approached her in stupefaction, ignoring his hostess for the moment.

"Eleanor!"

"Uncle Mark! It's never you, Uncle Mark!" cried the girl. "Why, I should never, never have known you!"

But would he have known her, had he not looked closely into the clear eyes to discern the face of the little waif beneath the beauty of the woman? He had often and often imagined her, grown to womanhood, and dressed as he would have dressed her, but somehow she had always had the look and aspect of the child, blended with the schoolgirl. A sudden child went through his heart at her self-mastery, the well-bred welcome that had in it little of real eagerness. And he realized that, though he had always looked on her as lost, at the bottom of his heart he must have hoped to find her again.

He stood, a gray-haired, uncomfortable, almost middle-aged man, trying to feel at home. He saw Kellerman looking at him across the room, as if there was some message in his eyes.

"I hope I haven't changed so much as all that," said Mark, trying to smile.

"No," she answered, looking at him with a searching, direct gaze. "Not really—only at first appearance. Why, Uncle Mark, your hair is turning gray. What have you been doing with yourself?"

He felt that the unconscious shaft had gone well home. He only answered vaguely. There was a little informal dancing, and, as he felt belittled his age, he walked a few turns with Eleanor and sat back with Mrs. Howard, surveying the gay crowd, and recalling memories—about the most disheartening thing that he could have done.

"What do you think of Eleanor?" asked Mrs. Howard. "You don't expect to find the little schoolgirl grown up like this, did you?"

"Nor she me—like this," answered Mark humbly. But the Colonel's wife missed the allusion.

"She has been crazy to see you," Mrs. Howard continued. "She gave the Colonel no rest after he told us that he was trying to get you for the war office. I believe she had always had a sort of romantic recollection of you, and looked upon you as a sort of guardian, although, of course, it was a fortunate thing for her and us—and you, too—that Colonel Howard did succeed in inducing you to let us take her. She has been everything to us."

"Of course," said Mark mechanically.

"It would have been a terrible life for her out in the desert," sighed Mrs. Howard. "I think that you were very wise, Captain Wallace. And what a dreadful burden and responsibility you would have had!"

This time Mark did not attempt to answer.

"She has been a daughter to both of us," pursued his hostess. "And now I'm afraid—we're both afraid, Captain Wallace, that we cannot hope to have her for long. She was quite the rage in New York last season."

Wallace followed the girl with his eyes. She had just been dancing with a young officer; it had been a two-step, and as the band of three pieces broke into the wildest and merriest part of the piece he saw her, with flushed face and laughing eyes, accept Kellerman's arm and surrender herself to the dance.

Kellerman caught Mark's eyes across the room. He looked straight back with a meaning challenge which was unmistakable. Mark knew at that moment that his antipathy to Kellerman had returned, although he was inclined to believe the other was not aware it had ever existed.

Kellerman was a splendid figure, even in his civilian evening clothes. Fully six feet tall, with the chest and limbs of an athlete, florid, with crisp black hair and a sense of the possession of power, he looked at least five years Mark's junior, though they had been born in the same year. "Handsome Kellerman" had been his sobri-

quet in Cuba. Mark remembered it across the lapse of years, and into his mind there began to filter, too, stray stories about him.

Mark did not judge him by these, but by the intuition which sent a cold wave to his heart as he saw him with Eleanor. It seemed to him that Kellerman's look, as he turned to the girl, was one of intentional conquest—in another man it might have been called infatuation; and the girl knew it and was happy in it.

The bitterness of that moment was like a sword thrust. Had he come three thousand miles for this? But what had been his thoughts for Eleanor, his vague wishes as to her future?

He did not know. He had dreamed—dreamed of her, and never pictured her as she was.

There was an into mal, stand-up supper about eleven. Eleanor came to Mark and asked him to take her to



"Now I Know You Are My Real Uncle Mark."

the buffet. Mark was conscious of a coldness, or hurt resentment in the girl's manner, as if he had neglected her.

He brought her a plate and set beside her in an alcove. They were alone, measurably, for the first time that evening.

"Uncle Mark, you are disappointing me," said Eleanor.

"I know it, and I'm sorry for it," said Mark. "I suppose it's—because I am not a bit like what you expected me to be."

"You are not the least bit like what I expected, or remembered, Captain Mark," she answered.

In his jealousy he was conscious of the altered prefix. And, as Eleanor looked at him with hurt in her eyes she broke off to smile at a young officer across the room, who returned an ardent gaze across the rubicund shoulders of a very homely, but most important dame whom he was helping to champagne.

"Most of us experience disappointments in people whom we have idealized," said Mark lamely.

"You mean—Oh, I'm sure I think you, Captain Wallace," answered the girl acidly. "Shall we go back?"

But Mark had a moment of inspiration.

"Before we go, Eleanor," he said, "don't you think we might get to understand each other a little? I suppose I have been rude—but, you see, I have been conscious of your disappointment all the evening, and—"

He stopped in bewilderment, for Eleanor was laughing.

"But I seem at least to have the faculty of amusing you," he continued.

"Dear Uncle Mark!" said Eleanor, laughing with tears in her eyes. She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Now I know you are my real Uncle Mark after all," she said.

"Why?" he asked, in astonishment.

"That's just like you, Uncle Mark. It's you—it's the real you I've always remembered."

"You seem to remember my character very well, Eleanor," said Mark, trying not to relent, and having an uncomfortable feeling that she was an adept at hoodwinking.

"Well, you know, you paid me a fairly long visit at the Misses Harpers' school, Uncle Mark."

"You were nothing but a schoolgirl then."

Wallace comes upon the man who he believes is haunting Eleanor's footsteps. He follows him to a house where he is surprised to come face to face with Kellerman. You will not want to miss the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KU KLUX KLAN IS REVIVED IN SOUTH

"Invisible Empire" Organized in Many Localities to Deal With Idlers and Slackers.

Mobile, Ala.—The first "Invisible Empire," which was brought into being by General Forrest after the Civil war to offset the evils of the carpet-bag rule in the Southern states, has been succeeded by a second "Invisible Empire." The Ku Klux Klan, silent, daring and terrible, is once more organizing in many localities of the South. First of all the new organization is on the lookout for alien enemies, for the disloyal and for the fellow who is seeking to begin a strike.



Silent, Daring and Terrible.

When there is no trouble brewing in labor circles, or among disturbers suspected of being alien enemy sympathizers, the Klan goes after idlers and slackers. Its methods are proving effective and so far no detective has been able to get on the inside of the organization, which appears to have public sentiment behind it.

Wherever the Klan is organized it is made up of some of the best men of the community. Neither strangers nor half-strangers are taken in, and the rule of "once a member, always a member" still holds good. Otherwise, the unfaithful one may be treated to the fate that awaits other victims of the Klan.

Not many days ago the unseen hand of the Klan stretched forth in Mobile, Ala., where many ships are being built for the government. A strike agitator appeared in the community and sought to foment trouble. The stevedores, shipworkers and washerwomen of the city were called out on strike, in spite of the fact that they were making a good wage and did not want to strike. Then a rumor spread that the man planning the strike was in personal danger. He was apprehended by the police and was being taken to headquarters when the patrol was stopped by a squad of motorcars, each covered with white cloth bearing the insignia "Invisible Empire," the fiery cross of Scotland. The agitator was taken. What became of him is unknown. But there was no strike.

In Birmingham, Ala., an agitator sought to start trouble in the big mills. Again the arm of the Invisible Empire" reached from the darkness, the plans of the strike leader were bared, the man was seized and has not been heard from since. His plans for a strike also failed.

Truthful Tramp. Lady of House—You say you work. At what? Hobo—At intervals.—Burr. The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

FALSE TEETH FALL OUT: TRAFFIC IS HELD UP

Oshkosh, Wis.—When a passenger on the Interurban line opened his mouth too wide and his false teeth fell out and lodged behind some steam pipes it was necessary to transfer the passengers to another car and rip out the pipes of the former one in order to recover the missing molars.

PATROL DRIVER IS TOUCHED

Wallet Missing After He Gallantly Accords Girl Prisoner Front Seat.

Atlanta, Ga.—Patrolman Harry Vaughn, driver of the city's patrol, is very considerate of girl prisoners and allows them to ride on the front seat with him to save embarrassment of riding with other prisoners. One morning recently Vaughn accorded this privilege to Ruth Warr, a Tennessee girl sentenced for violation of the vice law, on route to the stockade. About noon Vaughn missed his wallet, which had contained about \$80 and a check for \$57.

Meets Horrible Death.

Rhineland, Wis.—When his clothing was caught in the shafting at the mill of the Rhineland Box and Lumber company, Bernard Mosknes was whirled about the shaft at terrific speed and practically crushed to death. Every bone in his body was broken before the machinery could be stopped.



There was never a time when the sacrifices and the help of women were more appreciated than at the present time. Women should learn war-nursing and nursing at home. There is no better way than to study the new edition of the "Common Sense Medical Adviser" with chapters on First Aid, Bandaging, Anatomy, Hygiene, care of the Sick, Diseases of Women, Mother and Babe, the Marriage Relations—to be had at some drug stores or send 50c to Publisher, 604 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

If a woman suffers from weak back, nervousness or dizziness—if pains afflict her, the best tonic and corrective is one made up of native herbs and made without alcohol, which makes weak women strong and sick women well. It is the prescription of Dr. Pierce, used by him in active practice many years and now sold by almost every druggist in the land, in liquid or in tablets. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial pkg. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are also best for liver and bowel trouble.

Albion, Mich.—"I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription during expectancy and found it to be very good. Then about three years ago I got sort of run-down and in a very weakened condition so I took it again and it cured me in a very short time when other medicines had failed. I can recommend this medicine to be one of the very best, if given a fair trial."—Mrs. Mary Dutton, 205 N. Ann St.

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mothers who value the health of their children, should never be without MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN, for use when needed. They tend to Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Worms, Constipation, Headaches, Teething Disorders and Stomach Troubles. Do not accept any Substitute. Used by Mothers for 31 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask to-day. Trial package FREE. Address MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

GENERALLY PAYS TO "STICK"

Man Who is Constantly Changing Jobs is Not Usually an Employee of Special Value.

A Kansas editor complains that "nobody sticks" in these times of plenty of jobs for all. The statement is too sweeping, says the Portland Oregonian, but there is truth in it. A good many do not "stick" who ought to do so. They ought, in the first place, to cultivate the habit of sticking. Some day jobs may not be so common, and it will surprise some of the wandering ones to find that they have not learned enough about any one trade to make them valuable to any employer. The young man who is doing one thing today and another the day after tomorrow is overlooking the chance to establish himself in a career, and he is breeding in himself the spirit of dissatisfaction which will make it hard for him to be happy in all the years to come. Nothing can be said against quitting one job for a better one; ambition ought to be encouraged; but the worker ought to be sure himself that the change is for the better and not merely for the sake of change. Employers nowadays know how great is the loss to industry resulting from mere admissiveness.

Truthful Tramp. Lady of House—You say you work. At what? Hobo—At intervals.—Burr. The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.



Saving Sugar and Wheat

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Grape-Nuts

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A truly wonderful Food, ready to eat. "There's a Reason"