A LETTER FOR WOMEN

From a Woman Whose Serious Illness Was Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Garnett, Kas.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a complete nervous breakdown following the birth of my oldest child. I got up too soon which caused serious female trouble. I was so weak that I was not able to be on my feet but very little and could not do my housework at all. I had a bad pain in my left side and it would pain terribly if I stepped off a curb-stone. One day one of your booklets was thrown in the yard and I read every word in it. There were so many who had been helped by your medicine that I wanted to try it and my husband went to town and got me a bottle. It seemed as though I felt relief after the second dose, so I kept on until I had taken five bottles and by that time I was as well as I could wish. About a year later I gave birth to a ten pound boy, and have had two more children since and my health has been fine. If I ever have trouble of any kind I am going to take your medicine for I give it all the praise for my good health. I always recommend your medicine whenever I can."—Mrs. Eva E. Shay, Garnett, Kansas.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

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for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

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Thru its use Grandmother's youthful appearance has remained until youth has become but a memory. The soft, refined, pearly white appearance it renders leaves the joy of Beauty with you for many years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

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WE'LL SELL YOUR BUSINESS quickly, if priced right, no matter where located. Interstate Business Exch., Sioux City, Iowa.

66 ACRES—FINE BUILDINGS; 12 choice cows, fine team, tools. Only $4,000; $1,500 cash. Darwin Craig, Afton, New York.

LOTS

In Reeves County (Texas) oil field for $50. I am arranging to drill 5 oil tests on my 160 acres. No commission, no agents, no company stock. Best location in field. I deed you the lot for $50 and use the money to drill. Write for details. Wire any bank in my town about me. C. R. Coulter, Stephenville, Texas.

Doughnuts Help College Boys.

Doughnuts are paying the expenses of eight Kansas boys, students at the Kansas State Agricultural college at Manhattan. These young men were organized recently as a corporation called "The Perfect Bakery." Their bakery turns out all kinds of bread, small cakes and cookies, but the specialty is doughnuts.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

An Observant Victim.

"You say you were held up by a footpad with a revolver this morning. At what time?"

"Five minutes to one."

"How can you fix the time so precisely?"

"Because I could see the church clock and I noticed the hands were in the same position as mine."—London Tit-Bits.

Use MURINE Night and Morning
Keep Your Eyes Clean - Clear and Healthy
Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

LADY LARKSPUR

by MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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MRS. FARNSWORTH.

Synopsis.—Richard Searles, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared. Singleton, an aviator, has just returned (invalided) from France. His uncle, Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient. The household at Barton is made up of broken down employees of a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." There he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of pro-Germanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visits of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford. Antoine has formed the male members of the household into a guard for protection. Torrence, Bashford's lawyer, informs Singleton that Mrs. Bashford is in America and may be expected at Barton at any time. Singleton reads Searles' play and thinks highly of it. "Aunt Alice" arrives unexpectedly and meets with an unusual reception. Bob is mystified to find her a young and attractive woman.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—5—

This struck me as the pleasantest thing imaginable, though I was still dazed and my tongue seemed to have died in my mouth. This girl, this wholly charming and delightful young woman, was the monstrous being I had conjectured as the globe-trotting widow who had kidnaped and married my uncle! Not only had she married my uncle Bash and in due course buried him; she had been a widow when she married him. The thing was staggering, bewildering. She was clearly anxious to be friendly, but nothing that I had thought of saying to her fitted the situation.

"In the first place," I finally began, "I must apologize most humbly for the earnest efforts of the servants to murder you last night. Mr. Torrence had promised to let me know when you would reach here, but he must have forgotten it. I had motored to a friend's house to dine and didn't get back until the mischief was done. I'm very sorry."

"Not for the world would I have missed that," she exclaimed with a merry laugh. "It was perfectly delicious! And it was all my fault. I meant to remain a day at Hartford, you know, and send a message to Mr. Torrence from there, but I found that by pushing on I could reach here yesterday. And you know we English always expect strange things to happen in America. I don't understand yet why those people at the gates were so jolly anxious to kill us; but it doesn't matter; you would spoil the joke by explaining it."

However, I did my best—it was a weak attempt—to explain the nervousness of the veteran servants and their display of violence. Her arrival made it likely that we should soon know more about the "parties" whose visits and inquiries had so alarmed Antoine and his comrades. I told her with all the humor I could throw into the recital of the drilling of the bell-hops and of the uncomfortable relations between the Allied forces and the Teutonic minority on the estate.

"It was dear of Mr. Bashford to provide a home for these people; wasn't he really the kindest soul that ever lived?" she said softly.

She gazed wistfully seaward, and I saw the gleam of tears on her long lashes. My uncle had, then, meant something to her! No one, in speech or manner, could have suggested the adventuress less; uncle Bash was a gentleman, a man of esthetic tastes, and the girl was adorable. More remarkable things had happened in the history of love and marriage than that two such persons, meeting in a far corner of the world, would honestly care for each other.

"You stopped at Hartford," I began, breaking a long silence. "You have friends there——?"

"Not one! I had made a pious pilgrimage to Mark Twain's last home at Redding, and hearing that he had lived at Hartford, I came through there to render my fullest homage. He has always been one of my heroes, you know."

"Our introduction is complete," I said reverently. "Let's consider ourselves old friends."

"I rather thought we understand each other," she said in her even, mellow tones. "You know, we had your photograph out East—a very good one, it seems—so I had an idea of what you looked like.

"He was very fond of you. He was very proud that you had gone into the war."

"I am glad to hear that; I thought he disapproved of me for refusing to go into business. He offered me a substantial interest before he sold out."

"I know that; but I think he liked you rather better for refusing it. Business with him was merely a means to an end. And it was doubly sad that he should die just when he was free to enjoy the beautiful things he loved."

It was at the tip of my tongue to say that the loss of her companionship was even more grievous; but nothing in her manner invited such a comment. She talked for some time of Uncle Bash's life in the East, of his short illness and quite unexpected death.

"But I'm keeping you," she exclaimed suddenly, jumping down from the wall. "And I must finish my unpacking."

As we walked to the house I answered her questions about the neighborhood, and promised to telephone Torrence immediately of her arrival.

"You will have luncheon with us—or maybe dinner would be better—or both? I shall think you resent my coming if you don't dine at the house every day. Mrs. Farnsworth—my friend and companion—is a very interesting woman. I am sure you will like her."

The information that she was protected in her youthful widowhood by a companion was imparted neatly.

"It was really much nicer, meeting this way," she said, giving me her hand. "We shall expect you at seven."

I found them on the veranda. She came toward me, a slender figure in

"I Might Even Boast of It!" My Aunt Replied.

white. She seemed taller in white; as she took a few steps toward me, I was aware of a stateliness I had missed at the shore. A queenly young person, but as unaffectedly cordial and friendly as in the bright morning sunlight.

"Mrs. Farnsworth, Mr. Singleton."

Mrs. Farnsworth was a pleasant-faced, white-haired woman with remarkably fine, dark eyes. If the positions had been changed—if Mrs. Farnsworth had been my uncle's choice of a wife, the situation would have been much more real. I instantly liked Mrs. Farnsworth. She uttered a few commonplaces in an uncommonplace tone without pausing in her knitting. Mrs. Bashford had been knitting too, and as she sat down she took up her yarn and needles. Her manner of knitting was charming. She knew that I was watching her hands and remarked with a graceful turn of the head:

"For an English boy somewhere! I began by knitting for my brother and cousins, but"—her head bent lower—"that isn't for me to do any more." Her eyes, turned upon me for a moment, were bright with tears.

It had been years since the house had known a woman's hand, and it was astonishing how humanized it had become in a few hours. The long dining-room, always a bare, forbidding place, had been reduced to cosy proportions by screens, and a small round table replaced the massive, oblong affair that always looked as though it had been built into the house by the carpenters.

"I found those lovely screens in the garret and thought we might as well enjoy them, and that Lang vase jar you see on the sideboard oughtn't to be hidden in the vault."

"I am sure Uncle Bash would be happy to know you care for these things so much," I said, noting that the white roses she had chosen for the jar—I knew the choice was hers—served to emphasize the deep red of its exquisite glaze.

"I am among the unelect," remarked Mrs. Farnsworth. "When I am told that such things are beautiful I am immediately convinced. I say they are beautiful, and that is enough."

"That has always been enough for me," I replied, "My uncle used to try to interest me, but he gave it up when he found that my pagan soul was aroused by nothing but pottery idols. I am a heathen!"

"I am gratified that you make the admission so frankly," said Mrs. Farnsworth. "I have always been a great admirer of the heathen. But, you know, Mr. Singleton, Alice and I never can agree as to just what a heathen is. All our squabbles have been about that. I am disposed to include all who believe in fairies good, or bad, and persons who honestly believe in signs, omens, and lucky stones and all who have the receipt of fern-seed and walk invisible—there's Shakespeare for that."

"I think," said Mrs. Bashford soberly, "that I have always believed in witches; and if I keep on believing I shall see one some day. We shall find anything in this world that we believe in hard enough."

She was talking very gravely, as though witches were the commonest topic of conversation, but finding my eyes turned upon her in frank wonder, she laughed at my amazement.

"Let us be honest with you, Mr. Singleton," Mrs. Farnsworth explained, "and tell you that we are just testing you. It may be a breach of hospitality, and you are but a stranger, but we are curious to know whether you are of that small company of the favored of heaven who can play at being foolish without becoming idiotic. Alice is sometimes very near idiocy. You admit that, Alice!"

"I not only admit it, but I might even boast of it!" my aunt replied.

At the mention of witches I had caught Antoine crossing himself as he turned to the sideboard. I confess that I myself had been startled by the drift of the talk. Mrs. Farnsworth and my aunt treated each other as though they were contemporaries, and it was Alice and Constance between them. As the talk ran exhaustively through the lore of witches and goblins I had hoped that one or the other would drop some clue as to the previous history of my amazing aunt. It was as plain as day that she and Mrs. Farnsworth indulged in whims for the joy of it, and her zest in the discussion of witches, carried on while Antoine served the table, lips tightly compressed, and with an exaggeration of his stately tread, was the more startling from the fact that my aunt's companion was a woman of years, a handsome woman with a high-bred air who did not look at all like a person who would discuss witches as though they had been made the topic of the day by the afternoon newspapers. And when the shape of a witch's chin became the immediate point of discussion I knew it was in Antoine's mind that such conversation was unbecoming, an offense to the memory of Raymond Bashford. Mrs. Farnsworth's brown eyes sparkled, and the color deepened in my aunt's cheeks as we discoursed upon witches and the chins thereof. I had a friend in college who used to indulge in the same sort of piffling, but that my uncle's widow and her elderly companion should delight in such absurdities bewildered me. I had been addressing my aunt as Mrs. Bashford—it seemed ridiculous to call her Aunt Alice—and in the heat of our argument as to whether witches are necessarily naughty and malign beings I had just uttered the "Mrs." when she bent toward me and said gravely and with no hint of archness: "Can't we make it Alice and Bob? I think that would be a lot friendlier."

I experienced a curious flutter of the heart the first time I tried it, but after that it came very easily. She was simply the jolliest, prettiest girl that had ever crossed my horizon, and to be talking to her across the table gave me thrills compared with which sliding out of clouds in an airplane is only a rocking-chair pastime for old men.

We had coffee on the veranda (Alice thought it would be nicer there), and as Antoine gave me my cup he edged close to my chair to whisper:

"That party, sir. If he should come—"

"Tell the troops not to attack any visitors," I said, loud enough for the others to hear. "Mr. Torrence will be here shortly, and it would be annoying to have him ushered in on a shutter."

"I know why this is the land of the free and the home of the brave," laughed Alice. "One has to be brave to live here."

"Those women are playing a trick."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Convertible Skates.

A Chicagoan has invented a convertible skate. Which reminds us—though it is nothing appertaining to the subject—did you ever notice how quickly a man sobers when his wife sights him? The convertible skate is not new by any manner of means.—Buffalo News.

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He—For love of you I burn.

She—All right. I'll call father and he'll put you out.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Womens' complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

PROOF THAT STONE GROWS

Rock on California Farm Has Increased in Weight Within the Memory of Settlers.

On the farm of Mr. James Champion, known as the old home place of his father, John Champion, boys used to meet years ago with the elder Champion, and often tossed a round stone, ball fashion, one to another. The same stone now lies in the yard, at the old place, and men now in their eighties often speak of this rock and identify it as the stone they used to toss about to each other.

Today it will weigh about 300 pounds and lies near the spot where it has lain for nearly a century. Some of the most substantial old men of Mercer county who are now living, will vouch that this rock has grown from a small stone to its present size since their babyhood days.—Wilmore (Cal.) Enterprise.

Solicitous.

Patricia had been strictly forbidden to help herself to her older sister Helen's doll, but one day she got the doll out of its box in a closet and Helen found her with it.

"I thought I told you not to take my doll," said Helen.

Patricia was silent a moment; then, coming close to Helen, she explained, confidentially: "I had to take her up, Helen; she was crying."

If it wasn't for the poor man the rich would have to shine his own shoes.

Another Basic Fact.

It always seems that the better a speaker is the more time the master of ceremonies takes from him introducing him.—Wilmington News.

SHOES WEAR LONGER

When you walk in comfort; so do stockings. A package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into the shoes and sprinkle in the foot-bath, gives you that "old shoe" comfort and saves wear. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking some Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe in the morning. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Words.

"This man Jaggs who is running for office—" "Yes?" "What does he stand for?"

Freshen a Heavy Skin

With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Adv.

KHAKI AS VIEWED BY YOUTH

Army Called Place Where Collectors Cease From Troubling and Callouses Leave the Feet.

Ideas about army life that persuasive recruiting sergeants never heard of in all their various "hitches" in the service, were brought out by the public schools of the country under the auspices of the army and recruiting service.

Freedom from annoyance while in khaki is the theme of a little girl in Ohio, who writes: "One of the benefits of an enlistment is that you ain't all the time bothered by bill collectors."

"You get respect for law in the army," a Montana boy is convinced, because "the Constitution says America is a country of free and ungovernable rights."

Another boy in Illinois wishes "teacher was a man so she could be a soldier." Filled with the enthusiasm of a patent medicine prospectus, an Indiana school girl has this to say: "An enlistment is good for the mind, the liver, the lungs and the kidneys. It takes the callouses off the feet and puts them on the hands."

Precision.

"How much is this pair of shoes worth?" inquired the cautious trader.

"I am unable to inform you as to its intrinsic value," replied the haughty salesman. "All I can tell you is the price."

People who try to stand prosperity are foolish. They should sit down and take it easy.

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Wholesome, Rich, Delightful
that comes from blending malted barley with whole wheat is distinctive of
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This food is ready cooked, economical, easily digested and very nourishing.
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BALD HEADS! DID YOU EVER TRY THE MASCOT SCALP OINTMENT? If you have not do so now and watch your hair grow. If you have tried other hair tonics and failed just order a box of the Mascot Scalp Ointment today. You will find the Mascot Ointment the most powerful stimulant for the scalp. There is no excuse for baldness or falling hair. This preparation stimulates the roots of the hair and stops dandruff. Manufactured by Mrs. W. Larivee, 62 Pine St. Order today. Mail, $1.20. Detroit, Mich.

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Prayed for Cure Finds it After 10 Years
Food Would Sour and Boil —Teeth Like Chalk

Mr. Herbert M. Gessner writes from his home in Berlin, N. H.:

I had stomach trouble over ten years; kept getting worse. I tried everything for relief but it came back worse than ever. Last fall I got awfully bad; could only eat light loaf bread and tea. In January I got so bad that what I would eat would sour and boil; my teeth would be like chalk. I suffered terribly. I prayed every day for something to cure me. One day I read about EATONIC and told my wife to get me a box at the drug store as I was going to work at 4 p. m. I took one-third of it and began to feel relief; when it was three-fourths gone, I felt fine and when it was used up I had no pains. Wife got me another box but I have felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have no more stomach trouble. Now I write to tell you how thankful I am that I heard of EATONIC. I feel like a new man; I eat what I like, drink plenty of water, and it never hurts me at all.

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