

ESCAPED AN OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many Such Cases.

Cairo, Ill.—"Sometime ago I got so bad with female trouble that I thought I would have to be operated on. I had a bad displacement. My right side would pain me and I was so nervous I could not hold a glass of water. Many times I would have to stop my work and sit down or I would fall on the floor in a faint. I consulted several doctors and they all told me the same but I kept fighting to keep from having the operation. I had read so many times of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped my sister so I began taking it. I have never felt better than I have since then and I keep house and am able to do all my work. The Vegetable Compound is certainly one of the best medicines."

—Mrs. J. R. MATTHEWS, 3311 Sycamore Street, Cairo, Ill.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letter, and many others like it, simply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1894. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

WOULD ALSO LIKE TO KNOW

Problem Put Up to Private Kelly Was Something Over Which He Had Been Pondering.

Kelly had drawn a summary for being absent from post while on guard duty.

"Where were you?" demanded the judge advocate, "when the sergeant of the guard passed just in front of your post?"

"At the rear."

"Where were you when the corporal passed just behind it?"

"At the front."

"And now," triumphantly, "where were you when the sergeant and the corporal walked around your post from opposite directions without seeing you?"

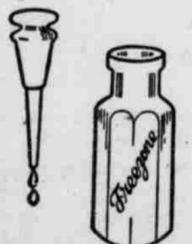
"Judge," said Kelly hopefully, "that's been worrying me. Where was I?"—The American Legion Weekly.

SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in package.

"CORNS"

Lift Right Off Without Pain



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Frezone" on an itching corn. Instantly that corn stops burning. Then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Frezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Plain Talk.

"Pa, what is a dirigible?"
"Now, Willie, haven't I told you not to irritate your poor pa with your questions and persecute him with your impositions just like he was a cyclorama of inflammation?"

Making Hay.

"Did the captain do anything to clean up the precinct?"
"Some say he got sixty thousand in a month."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

"SILLY BOY."

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go together to school at Berwick, becoming cock boys in his term. A visit from Cousin Edie of Eyemouth to West Inch gives no hint of the part she is to play in the lives of the two friends. When Jack is eighteen Edie comes to live at West Inch and Jack falls in love at first sight with his attractive, romantic, selfish and auto-craic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

But not an inch of canvas did she lower, floundering on in her stolid fashion, while a little black ball ran up her peak and the rare old flag streamed suddenly out from the balliard. Then again came the rattle-rattle of her little guns and the boom-boom of the big cannonades in the bows of the lugger. An instant later the three ships met, and the merchantman staggered on like a stag with two wolves hanging to its haunches. For a stricken hour the hell-cloud moved slowly across the face of the water, and still, with our hearts in our mouths, we watched the flap of the flag, straining to see if it were yet there. And then suddenly the ship, as the smoke and black and high as ever, shot on upon her way, and as the merrily squawking like a broken-winded duck upon the water, and the other working hard to get the crew from her before she sank.

For all that hour I had lived for nothing but the fight. My cap had been whisked away by the wind, but I had never given it a thought. Now, with my heart full, I turned upon Cousin Edie, and the sight of her took me back six years. There was the vacant, staring eye and the parted lips. Just as I had seen them in her childhood, and her little hands were clenched until the knuckles gleamed like ivory.

"Ah, that captain!" she said, talking to the health and the whin bushes. "There is a man—so strong, so resolute! I would give a year of my life to meet such a man. But that is what living in the country means. One never sees anybody but just those who are fit for nothing better."

I do not know that she meant to hurt me, though she was never very backward at that; but, whatever her intention, her words seemed to strike straight upon a naked nerve.

"Very well, Cousin Edie," I said, trying to speak calmly. "That puts the cap on it. I'll take the bounty in Berwick tonight."

"Oh, you'd look so handsome in a red coat, Jack, and it improves you vastly when you are in a temper. I wish your eyes would always flash like that, for it looks so nice and manly. But I am sure that you are joking about the soldiering."

"I'll let you see if I'm joking." Then and there I set off running over the moor, until I burst into the kitchen where my father and mother were sitting on either side of the ingle.

"Mother," I cried, "I'm off for a soldier."

Had I said that I was off for a burglar they could not have looked worse over it, for in those days among the decent, canny country folks it was mostly the black sheep that were herded by the sergeant. But, my word, those same black sheep did their country some rare service, too! My mother put up her mittens to her eyes, and my father looked as black as a peat hole.

"Hoos, Jock, you're daft," says he. "Daft or no, I'm going."

"Then you'll have no blessing from me."

"Then I'll go without."

At this my mother gave a screech and threw her arms about my neck. I saw her hand, all hard and worn and knuckly with the work that she had done for my upbringing, and it pleaded with me as words could not have done. My heart was soft for her, but my will was as hard as a flint edge. I put her back in her chair with a kick, and then ran to my room to pack my bundle. It was already growing dark, and I had a long walk before me; so I thrust a few things together and hastened out. As I came through the side door someone touched my shoulder, and there was Edie in the gloaming.

"Silly boy!" said she. "You are not really going? I don't want you to go, Jack."

"You said that the folk in the country were fit for nothing better. You always speak like that. You think no one of me than of those doves in the

cote. You think I'm nobody at all. I'll show you different." All my troubles came out in hot little spurts of speech. She colored up as I spoke and looked at me in her queer, half-mocking, half-petting fashion.

"Oh, I think so little of you as that," said she. "And that is the reason why you are going away. Well, then, Jack, will you stay if I am—if I am kind to you?"

We were face to face and close together, and in an instant the thing was done. My arms were round her, and I was kissing her, and kissing her and kissing her, on her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, and pressing her to my heart, and whispering to her that she was all, all to me, and that I could not be without her. She said nothing, but it was long before she turned her face aside, and when she pushed me back it was not very hard.

"Why, you are quite your own, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me, Jack. I had no idea that you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone, and a love tenfold hotter than ever was boiling in my veins. I took her up again and kissed her, as if it were my right.

"You are my very own now," I cried. "I shall not go to Berwick, but I'll stay and marry you."

But she laughed when I spoke of marriage. "Silly boy! Silly boy!" said she, with her forefinger up, and then when I tried to lay hands on her again she gave a little dainty courtesy and was off into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

The Choosing of Jim.

And then there came ten weeks which were like a dream, and are so now to look back upon. I would weary you were I to tell you what passed between us, but oh! how earnest and fateful and all-important it was at the time. Her waywardness, her ever-varying moods, now bright, now dark like a meadow under drifting clouds, her causeless angers, her sudden repentances, each in turn filling me with joy or sorrow—these were my life, and all the rest was but emptiness. But ever deep down behind all my other feelings was a vague disquiet—a fear that I was like the man who set forth to lay hands upon the rainbow, and that the real Edie Calder, however near she might seem, was in truth forever beyond my reach.

It was after Christmas, but the winter had been mild, with just frost enough to make it safe walking over the peat bogs. One fresh morning Edie had been out early, and she came back to breakfast with a fleck of color on her cheeks.

"Has your friend, the doctor's son come home, Jack?" says she.

"I heard that he was expected."

"Ah, then it must have been him that I met on the moor."

"What? You met Jim Horscroft?"

"I am sure it must be he. A splendid-looking man, a hero, with curly black hair, a short, straight nose, and gray eyes. He was dressed in gray, and he has a grand, deep, strong voice."

"Ho, ho, you spoke to him?" said I. She colored a little, as if she had said more than she meant. "I was going where the ground was a little soft, and he warned me of it," she said.

"Ah, it must have been dear old Jim," said I. "Why, heart alive! here is the very man himself!" I had seen him through the kitchen window, and now I rushed out with my half-eaten bannock in my hand to greet him. He ran forward, too, with his great hand out and his eye shining.

"Ah, Jock!" he cried. "It's good to see you again. There are no friends like the old ones." Then suddenly he stuck in his speech and stared, with his mouth open, over my shoulder. I turned, and there was Edie, with such a merry, roguish smile, standing in the door. How proud I felt of her, and of myself too, as I looked at her.

"This is my cousin, Miss Edie Calder," Jim said.

"Do you often take walks before breakfast, Mr. Horscroft?" she asked, still with that roguish smile.

"Yes," said he, staring at her with all his eyes.

"So do I—and generally over yonder," said she; "but you are not very hospitable to your friend, Jack. If you do not do the honors I shall have to take your place for the credit of West Inch."

Well, in another minute we were in with the old folk, and Jim had his plate of porridge ladled out for him, but hardly a word would he speak, but sat, with his spoon in his hand, staring at Cousin Edie. She shot little twinkling glances across at him all the time, and it seemed to me that she was amused at his backwardness, and that she tried by what she said to give him heart.

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered, ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"How candid and truthful you are!"

she cried, and so they went on, she decking him with every virtue and twisting his words to make him play the part, in the way that I knew so well. Before she was done I could see that his head was buzzing with her beauty and her kindly words. I thrilled with pride to think he should think so well of my kin.

"Isn't she fine, Jim?" I could not help saying when we stood alone outside the door, he lighting his pipe before he set off home.

"Fine!" he cried. "I never saw her match."

"We're going to be married," said I. The pipe fell out of his mouth, and he stood staring at me. Then he picked it up and walked off without a word. I thought that he would likely come back, but he never did, and I saw him far off walking up the brae with his chin on his chest.

But I was not to forget him, for Cousin Edie had a hundred questions to ask me about his boyhood, about his strength, about the women that he was likely to know; there was no satisfying her. And then again, later in the day, I heard of him, but in a less pleasant fashion.

It was my father who came home in the evening with his mouth full of poor Jim. He had been dead-drunk since midday, had been down to West-house Links to fight the gipsy champion, and it was not certain that the man would live through the night. My father had met Jim on the highroad, dour as a thunder cloud, and with an insult in his eye for every man that passed him. "Gild sakes!" said the old man. "He'll make a fine practice for himself if breaking bones will do it." Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was not so sure that it was funny.

On the third day afterward I was going up Corriemuir by the sheep track, when should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he was another man from the big, kindly fellow who had supped his porridge with us the other morning. He had no collar nor tie, his vest was open, his hair matted, and his face mottled like a man who has drunk heavily overnight. He carried an oak stick, and he slashed at the whin bushes on either side of the path.

"Why, Jim?" said I. But he looked at me in the way that I had often seen at school when the devil was strong in him, and when he knew that he was in the wrong, and yet set his will to brazen it out. Not a word did he say, but he brushed past me on the narrow path, and swaggered on, still brandishing his stick and cutting at the bushes.

Ah well, I was not angry with him. I was sorry, very sorry, and that was all. Of course I was not so blind but that I could see how the matter stood. He was in love with Edie, and he could not bear to think that I should have her. Poor devil! how could he help it? Maybe I should have been the same. There was a time when I should have wondered that a girl could have turned a strong man's head like that, but I knew more about it now.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of Jim Horscroft, and then came the Thursday which was to change the whole current of my life.

I had woke early that day, and, with a little thrill of joy, which is a rare thing to feel when a man first opens his eyes. Edie had been kinder than usual the night before, and I had fallen asleep with the thought that maybe at last I had caught the rainbow, and that, without any imaginings or make-believes, she was learning to love plain Jack Calder of West Inch. It was this thought, still at my heart, which had given me that little morning chirrup of joy. And then I remembered that if I hastened I might be in time for her, for it was her custom to go out with the sunrise.

But I was too late. When I came to her door it was half open and the room empty. Well, thought I, at least I may meet her and have the home-ward walk with her. I zigzagged up the steep pathway, breathing in the thin, keen morning air, and humming a lilt as I went, until I came out, a little short of breath, among the whins upon the top. Looking down the long slope of the farther side, I saw Cousin Edie as I had expected, and I saw Jim Horscroft walking by her side.

"See here, Jock, this woman is fooling us both."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home versus House. Home cannot be given us. We may be given a house, a place to eat and sleep. This is not a home. A home is a place of love and rest and peace. Love and rest and peace must be deserved, must be earned. Nobody can hand them to you as so many packages. They are matters of reciprocity. If you have none to give there will be but little for you to receive.—Western Methodist.

Curtain.

"What do they mean by a curtain lecture?" "It usually follows smoking in the parlor."

BEWARE!

Unless you see the safety "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.



Safety first! Insist upon an unbroken "Bayer Package" containing proper directions for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Earache, Toothache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Pain generally. Made and owned strictly by Americans.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetionoldest of Salicylic Acid

Their Method.
"In the days of the cave man," remarked the man on the car, "the girls wore their hair loose down the back, so they would be easy to catch."
—Toledo Blade.

Allies.
"Some of the boarders sat up talking till 'way after midnight."
"I heard 'em," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Mostly politics, wasn't it?"
"Yes, but other things was mentioned. Several said that if the mosquitoes kept this bad they were going to leave."
"Well, maybe mosquitoes is some good after all."

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 *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

SA'Y SOLDIERS OF FIVE WARS
John Pemberton Oak Has History Probably Unequaled by That of Any Other Tree.

Soldiers of five wars have been drilled beneath the John Pemberton oak tree, Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, nominated for a place in the hall of fame of the American forestry association at Washington by Mrs. H. F. Lewis, secretary of Virginia for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Under this tree Col. John Pemberton mustered his troops for the battle of King's Mountain. A marker has been placed on the tree by the Sycamore Shoals chapter, says the American Forestry Magazine, in making the announcement. The soldiers of the War of 1812 met here. There came the Mexican war and the old tree saw men again leave their homes to fight. Next came the struggle between the states, and the oak witnessed the drilling of men to fight one another in their own country. Then came the world war and again the veteran oak saw our boys answer their united country's call.

Walkaway Marriage.
A young couple rushed into the marriage license bureau in the Municipal building the other day and announced to City Clerk Seully that they wished to be married at once.

Dan Cupid's executive officer surveyed the couple from under grizzled brows and said severely: "I'm afraid this is a runaway match."
"Well, your honor," returned the prospective groom, "I can't exactly say we ran, but we walked pretty fast."—New York Times.

Where They Would Be Lost
Deaf Mutes Had the Advantage in the Noisy Subway, but How About the Darkness?

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and his secretary were returning from a late session of the senate one night by way of the merry-go-round motor that runs through the subway. This queer, though reputed to be luxurious, motorcar makes more noise than an airplane, and in the clutter and noise one usually sits with closed eyes until whizzed through to the other end. On this particular occasion, however, two deaf mutes, utterly unconscious of the din, sat conversing easily on the front seat. Senator Walsh watched their fingers fly, fascinated. Leaning over to his secretary, he yelled in his good ear: "Miles, they've got it on us, after all, haven't they? But in a few minutes he followed it up gleefully with: "Say, Miles, where'd they be in the dark, though?"

In a Quandary.
"I'm in a tough position," declared the judge who had resigned to resume the practice of law. "Been employed to try to get a new trial for a man I sent to jail."
"Well?"
"I shall I decline the case or shall I make myself out a nut convicting this man?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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A combination of good flavor, economy, efficiency and health satisfaction

INSTANT POSTUM

This pure and wholesome beverage contains none of coffee's harmful ingredients. Especially valuable in families with children.

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Pretty Nearly the Right Idea.
It was Anna's first visit to the big city, and when she saw all the innumerable electric lights in the evening she asked her aunty: "Is they tryin' to make the day longer?"

"Cold in the Head"
Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those 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, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

Animals Cause Asthma.
Certain people are liable to attacks of asthma when brought into contact with cats, dogs, etc. This is due to an emanation from the skin or fur of the animal.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

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15c and well worth it

Makes Clothes Snow White

Little Boy Blue

Never Spots or Streaks!

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

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A 25c box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth.

The new chemical, P. D. Q.—Pesky Devil's Quiescent—puts the everlasting bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Pesky bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching.

A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashioned bug killer. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Your druggist has it or he can get it for you, or send prepaid on receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Indiana.

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Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

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Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists.

Help and Positions furnished anywhere, any business. Valuable information. Samples free. Amer. Bus. Exchange, Benton Harbor, Mich.

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