

## THIS YOUNG MOTHER

Tells Childless Women What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Her



Millston, Wis.—"I want to give you a word of praise for your wonderful medicine. We are very fond of children and for a considerable time after we married I feared I would not have any owing to my weak condition. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I have a nice strong healthy baby girl. I can honestly say that I did not suffer much more when my baby was born than I used to suffer with my periods before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound years ago. I give all the credit to your medicine and shall always recommend it very highly." Mrs. H. H. JANSEN, Millston, Wisconsin.

How can women who are weak and sickly expect or hope to become mothers of healthy children? Their first duty is to themselves. They should overcome the derangement or debility that is dragging them down, and strengthen the entire system, as did Mrs. Jansen, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and then they will be in a position to give their children the blessing of a good constitution.

## Used in one Family over Thirty Years

Bay City, Mich.—"Dr. Pierce's medicines have been used in my family for over thirty years and I think everyone related to me has used them and was cured. 'My husband took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for his blood and for other complaints, so did my brother, and it alone did what was required of it. 'I have taken both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription.' Dr. Pierce's medicines have been my 'family doctor' for years. I can recommend them to all. If directions are followed they will always do the work." MRS. ELIZABETH DENISON, 1608 N. Johnson St.

Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg. of any of his remedies.

**Enormous Damage by Rats.** The United States has a rat problem, and some astonishing figures are presented of the annual cost of this pest, says the Nation's Business. India suffers more. For there are large sections of that country where religious scruples prevent the killing of even a rat. Maj. J. C. C. Kunhardt of the Indian medical service has recently published the results of his survey of rat damage in India, and he puts the annual cost at \$1,250,000, 000, or about one-seventh India's national income.

Do you know you can roll 50 good cigarettes for 10cts from one bag of



GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

## As One Raised From Dead

STOMACH PAINS GONE Eaton Made Him Well

"After suffering ten long months with stomach pains, I have taken Eaton and am now without any pain whatever. Am as one raised from the dead," writes A. Fericfield. Thousands of stomach sufferers report wonderful relief. Their trouble is too much acidity and gas which Eaton quickly takes up and carries out, restoring the stomach to a healthy, active condition. Always carry a few Eatons, take one after eating, food will digest well—you will feel fine. Big box costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM** Removes Dandruff, Itchiness, Redness, restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sold by all Druggists. Parker Bros. New York, N. Y.

**HINDERCOINS** Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hindercoins Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

**KREMOLA** MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL. Cleanses, softens, and gives a healthy glow to the complexion. Sold by all Druggists. W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 12-1921.

## THE BLUE MOON

A TALE OF THE FLATWOODS

By DAVID ANDERSON

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## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

A prod of the six-shooter emphasized the command. The sheriff jumped. There was nothing else to do. He was still floundering about on the inner margin of the pool behind the falls when the Pearlhunter landed lightly beside him, almost upon him. The passage was dark—dark as the inside of a pistol barrel. It was a very reassuring fact. It meant that there was no candle burning farther ahead in the cave. He was in time. Making sure of that very important fact, he thrust the revolver into the holster pocket at his hip, grasped the sheriff by the collar and hurried up the passage.

By the same subtle instinct that had served him the night before, he knew when he reached the point at which the passage widened into the cave. There he loosed the sheriff's collar and struck a match. The sheriff caught his breath and stared. The horse, the candle in the cranny, the saddle and spurs, the feed—all just as it had been described to him.

"I never knew there was anything like this under Fallen Rock."

"You're probably the third man that ever did know it. Pick your steps across those slivers of shale there and get into that pocket behind the hay. Hurry! We mustn't show much light. He's due any minute."

The one match served. So urgently did the Pearlhunter consider the need of haste that before it was gone they were crowded well back in the pocket behind the hay.

"The instant you're convinced I'm not the Red Mask, nudge me, and I'll give you my revolver back. And I needn't tell you that when the time comes to act, we've got to act quick."

The two men had stood in the pocket for what must have been half an hour, and the throb of the Pearlhunter's wound was becoming almost unbearable, when the horse grew suddenly quiet. The Pearlhunter sank low in the cover and pulled the sheriff down beside him. A match scraped; a sputtering flame hunted the candle in the cranny; the cave, the horse, the jaunty form of the man they awaited sprang out of the dark.

He came straight to the horse; the one friend absolutely true to him in all his dangerous world; the one friend who still regarded him as a gentleman. The horse reached out his nose to meet him; rubbed his shoulder with his head. A moment the man gave to the caress, then hurried to the corn sack, laid three ears upon the rock, and turned to the hay.

Now was the critical instant. If they escaped his glance now—! But he was totally unsuspecting. Without raising his eyes as far as the pocket, he grabbed up a handful or two of the brightest straws and turned back to the horse.

"Short rations tonight, Rocket; and I'll make your toilet while you eat."

He took down from near where the saddle hung a curry comb and brush from another of the numerous crannies of the cave and proceeded, with surprising skill and quickness, to groom the horse. The task completed, he laid back the brush and curry comb, and, lifting the feet of the horse, examined them one by one, nail by nail, afterward running his hands down the horse's limbs and lingering over each joint, finally summing up the inspection by listening with no little care to the animal's breathing. It was the work of a master. The inspection over, he took the saddle down from the wall, threw it on the horse, drew the girths, hung the bridle on the horn, unstrapped his spurs from the back of the saddle and buckled them to his heels.

"I wish I knew," he muttered, half to himself, apparently half to his dumb companion, as he waited for the animal to finish his supper, "whether that Pearlhunter has left. It looks like he had. And yet, that's not like his breed—to cut out. Still, there's always a chance." He seemed to meditate; flung up his head with a bitter grimace and a toss of his hand. "Chance!" he growled. "What's life without its chance! Life! Huh! A game of chance—with the cards stacked, and the devil's deal! Rocket, you'll carry double tonight. Yellow curls, eyes like bluebells and ankles—! But high headed—she came devilish high shootin' me this afternoon! But the harder to tame, the better worth tamin'."

The Pearlhunter was writhing back he croaked, his face like the rock he croaked against; but the sheriff hadn't nudged him.

The Red Mask looked down at the fast disappearing provender before the horse, walked back and forth across the cave a time or two, turned and stood for a moment or two fumbling behind the oak root where it had been tied.

"That sheriff," he straightened, threw up his head and laughed boisterously. "He couldn't find a lost elephant, let alone a wonderful, wee little drop of distilled witchery like this."

From the dry clay and shale back of the oak root he had drawn forth a small pink box. With the word "this"

he blew the dust off, and pushed in the catch. The lid flipped up. On the tiny cushion lay the Blue Moon twinkling in the candle-light, not unlike the princess that waked up in the cave of the dragon.

At last came the sheriff's nudge. The Pearlhunter quietly passed his revolver over. There couldn't have been a sound in the act louder than the drawing of a breath, but somehow it must have reached the man by the horse. There came a change over his face—a change so slight as to be as good as imperceptible; to be felt rather than seen. Had he so much as glanced toward the pocket back of the hay, the Pearlhunter would have acted on the instant. But he didn't glance that way. Very leisurely he closed the box, put it in his vest pocket and looked down to see if the horse had finished his supper.

The Pearlhunter was in the act of pressing against the knee of the sheriff in sign that the time had come, when, totally without a warning sound, without the slightest preliminary motion, there came a shot from behind the horse that dashed the candle out. The shot was followed by a scuffle of feet. The Pearlhunter leaped the hay and charged through the dense dark straight at the horse. It wasn't there. From the passage came the clatter of hoofs.

Followed by the stumbling sheriff, he groped his way to the mouth of the passage. He was barely in time to hear a splash, and the click of steel upon the rocks of the pool.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Man to Man and an Even Draw.

The candle lingered long that night in the cabin of the three gables. The old man was more than usually restless. The girl hovered about his chair constantly. She succeeded at last in coaxing him down in his chair, where he sat groaning; mumbling in his beard; and whetting the knife on the palm of his hand. She had smoothed the cushions behind his head and



The Merciless Arm Struck Again and Again.

stood stroking his face with her hand, when, without the least warning, the door flew open, and, sharply outlined against the dark background of the night, a man with a red mask over his face stalked across the threshold.

He was, of course quite unaware that the girl already knew his identity. That probably explained why he had put on the mask. It would be impossible to describe the startling transformation it wrought on his sinister face. From out of all its many terrors the night could not have selected a more appalling one to fling into the cabin.

The girl screamed and clung about the old man in the chair. Her scream seemed to rouse him. He glanced up, rubbed his wide, pitiful eyes, and, with a wild cry—more that of beast than man—sprang from the chair with a strength that sent the girl reeling. His sleeping senses seemed to wake, to recognize the object for which his ghostly eyes had searched the woods for weary years—a bit of red cloth with a certain face behind it. His giant frame seemed to swell with a strength tremendous. He raised the knife and leaped toward the intruder.

A giant's strength, but with the disordered unwieldiness of a stricken mind. The knife barely grazed where it was meant to kill. Before the gray giant could recover his ponderous strength to strike again, the Red Mask had him by the wrist, and, seemingly unwilling to risk the sound of a shot, was raining blows upon his head with the butt of his heavy revolver. It was a horrible thing to see. The girl stood with laced fingers, helpless with horror. The first blow brought the blood streaming out over the white hair and disabled the old man so frightfully that he ceased the struggle and stood quivering. But the merciless arm

struck again and again until the vast frame drooped, shrank together, the knife fell from his fingers, his knees gave way and he sank groaning to the floor—writhed, straightened and lay still.

The revolver was foul with blood and gray hair. The murderer noticed it, hastily wiped it away on a corner of the fallen man's coat, thrust it back into his pocket and faced the girl. The spell was broken. She started as if from a nightmare and sprang back of the chair. Like a man pressed for time, he dashed after her. With the chair between them, she managed for a bare moment to keep beyond his hands. He kicked the chair out of the way. She darted toward the kitchen door, probably with the hope of escaping to the woods, but he was too close to her. She whirled toward the door of the bedroom. The turn was fatal. His hands reached her and drove her back into the corner of the room at the head of the couch.

She fought as only a woman fights—for a stake infinitely higher than life itself. Since time began the earth has staged that struggle. Her dress was torn, her body bruised, her hands gradually driven together behind her back; a hot wild face near her own. A step creaked the plank at the door. Her assailant whirled at the sound and she sank panting against the wall.

Just inside the door, his body crouched forward, his lips tight drawn, stood the tall form of the Pearlhunter.

Things happened so fast in the next instant that words are too slow to keep up with them. It was man to man, and an even draw. The two shots came so close together that the hills out through the open door caught but one echo. But the shot from the door struck first—a scant little mite of an instant first—and jarred the aim of the other a trifle high. The shot from the corner merely clipped a bandage at the top of the Pearlhunter's shoulder, drew a little welt on the skin, and whistled harmlessly away into the night. The bullet from the door evidently found the core of the target. The Red Mask bent backward. The revolver dropped to his side. He tried to raise it again; seemed surprised that he couldn't. He laughed oddly, and swore; stared round toward the girl; gasped and choked. The revolver slipped from his fingers. He groped with his hands, as if searching the air for it; staggered, caught himself, tottered, pitched heavily to the floor.

The girl edged out of the corner past his body and threw herself upon the form of the old man. The Pearlhunter eased down the hammer of his revolver, thrust it back into his pocket, and stooped beside her. At the touch of his hand, she raised her head and knelt stroking the still face and crying softly. The Pearlhunter opened the old man's coat and felt over his heart.

"He's alive!"

She laid her face down close and spoke his name—the only name she knew. There was no response.

"Help me lift him to the couch," the man said.

They had the old man on the couch, and the girl had run for water, when the sheriff, who had been far outstripped by the younger man, dashed into the cabin. All three worked over him. The Pearlhunter chafed one wrist, the sheriff the other, while the girl bathed his face, washed the blood out of his hair, and strove to staunch its flow by binding up his head in cold cloths.

Suddenly, without any warning signs of returning consciousness, the old man plucked his hand away from the Pearlhunter and rubbed it over his face. His eyes came open, but they were not the same eyes. And his face was free from twitching. The girl stared down upon him in wonder. The Pearlhunter stooped low and marveled at the startling transformation. Neither knew, nor even suspected, until the doctor explained it days later, that the blows of the revolver butt had loosened the tiny bit of skull that had so long shackled his brain—loosened it at the expense of a far worse hurt, but undoubtedly loosened it. They only knew that the eyes were free from the vacant stare; that his face was calm with the light of reason.

He felt again over his face, seemed astonished at the beard. His eyes calmly gazed up at the girl and studied her a long time.

"You couldn't be Doty?"

His voice was queer, hollow, quavering, like some sound from another world, so long had it gone unused.

"Oh, Daddy!"

She threw her arms around him and dropped her head on his breast. He sat stroking her hair, finally raised her, looked hard at her, rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"You must be Doty. But you've changed so since morning."

The girl seemed unable to tell him. She strove for words, but none came. The Pearlhunter drew nearer.

"You've been—sick a long time, sir," he said. "Seven years. And you're just getting well again."

The puzzled eyes, suddenly awakened into a world new and strange, turned toward him.

"I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance," he said with the stately politeness of a day long gone. "May I ask—?"

"I'm—I'm—"

He hesitated, flushed. The girl calm again, came to the rescue.

"He's the Pearlhunter, Daddy. He's been—good to me—since you've been sick."

The old man reached out his hand. It seemed heavy for him. The Pearlhunter grasped it. He was startled to find it cold. He glanced hastily into the old man's face. A pallor was spreading over it that was unmistakable—the momentary return to consciousness was but the gleam that, at the end of a gray day, sometimes flares out between sundown and dark. He said nothing of it to the girl, who was happily busy again with the water and bandages.

The sheriff had left the couch and was squatted over the body of the fallen bandit. The Pearlhunter happened to glance that way. The sheriff beckoned to him.

"This feller ain't dead yet," he said, when the Pearlhunter had joined him. The young man stooped over the sprawled robber. He was still breathing.

"He don't deserve it," the sheriff went on, "but it's only common decency to get him up."

He put his arm under the man and raised him, while the Pearlhunter brought a damp cloth from the basin by the couch, and wiped his face. The touch of the cold cloth roused him.

"Water?" he mumbled, husky and strained.

The girl had turned and was looking on. She ran to the kitchen and brought a cupful. The Pearlhunter held it to the man's lips. He couldn't swallow, but the touch of the water seemed to revive him. He opened his eyes and stared, like a man trying to make out objects in a very dim light. His eyes caught the glitter of the sheriff's star, frowned, raised, found the Pearlhunter and strained hard at him.

"And it was—a cursed Warbritton—that got me at last!"

"Who speaks the name of Warbritton?" came a hoarse voice from the couch.

The dying bandit started, rolled his eyes toward the sound.

"What was that? That voice?"

The Pearlhunter caught the foot of the couch and moved it around so the two fast sinking men could see each other. No sooner had the gray giant on the couch caught a glimpse of the man on the floor than, with a great cry, he tried to rise. His utmost strength only served to bring him partly up on an elbow—and that only with the Pearlhunter's aid.

"Martin Redmond!" he cried—and almost instantly: "Where is she! The woman you distained? And the boy? Tell me! I've still the strength to tear it out of your cursed throat!"

The dying robber fixed his falling eyes on the couch. Only God knows—who giveth his grace to the just and to the unjust—how he found strength for further words.

"Warbritton—!" He muttered the name huskily, the bloody froth upon his lips. "She was not distained. It was all a mistake. I let you think it because I hated you—because I loved her—because she loved you and not me. Twenty years she's roved these rivers, pure as the dew at dawn. She sleeps tonight in a grave four days old at Fallen Rock."

He picked up his hand from where it sagged down upon the floor, carried it at great labor to his bosom, fumbled under the fancy vest, drew forth a picture and laid it against his lips. The Pearlhunter snatched it away. The action brought the picture near the old man. He seized it, held it an instant before his eyes, and with a deep groan laid it against his bosom.

"And the boy?" he cried to the man on the floor. "The boy?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Good Angel!" Unappreciated.

Many times our best angels are not appreciated. The very fact that we are so accustomed to their ministry makes them commonplace. Bill was handy man at a certain college. He didn't get rich on what he did but he knew more about things than any one there. He just naturally took the responsibility for everything. But no one appreciated him. In fact he became something of a joke and every body took occasion to shove off responsibility on him knowing that he could be counted on putting anything through that he undertook. So they worked the willing horse until he was picked up by a more appreciative concern and the college lost a good angel. Incidentally I might add, two men and a typist are doing the same work—Grit.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says he doesn't believe there is any lion or tiger or other wild animal as dangerous to human life as a young woman who is showing off to a rich uncle how fast she can run her new automobile.

In traveling along the path of life, a good plan to keep to the right.

Genuine



Aspirin

You must say "Bayer"

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Pain, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monacetic Acid at Salicylic Acid.

What Detained Him.

"Thought you were going out to be shaved?" said the boss.

"Yes, sir, I've been shaved," replied the meek clerk.

"But you've been gone an hour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take an hour to shave you?"

"Oh, no, sir; but I had to wait 'til the barber finished his story, sir."

Unknown Iceland.

Iceland lying just south of the Arctic circle, in the latitude of central Alaska, Norway, Sweden and Finland, is little known. The people are a sturdy lot or they would not be there. There is possibly no other people who are so uniformly intelligent and well educated. Its mountains, of which there are an abundance, provide it with a great amount of water-power, which its people are just now about to utilize.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Olive in South Africa.

The wild olive is found throughout South Africa, but all attempts to establish a successful industry have failed so far. The principal drawback to the industry is said to be the presence of the "olive fly," an insect well known to the olive-growing countries of Europe.

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The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1896. Three sizes, all druggists.

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

## Too Much Appetite may be as dangerous as too little

When the skin is sallow or yellow, the eyes dull, the head aches or sleep broken and unrefreshing, the back aches, or there is a pain under the right shoulder blade—it is an indication that the body is being poisoned by poorly digested and imperfectly eliminated food-waste. It is a wise thing to take

Beecham's Pills

to relieve these symptoms by helping to remove the causes

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

