

MRS. HATFIELD SABINA, OHIO In Pitiable Condition when she Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabina, Ohio.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and irregularity. I was weak and nervous and could hardly stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal. I was this way for about a year and had tried several medicines and had a physician, but to no avail. My sister was taking your medicine and finally induced me to try it. I now feel fine and can do my housework without any trouble at all. You can use this letter for the sake of others if you wish."—Mrs. WELDON G. HATFIELD, R. R. 3, Sabina, Ohio.

Housewives make a great mistake in allowing themselves to become weak and nervous that it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend to their necessary household duties. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken when you first notice such symptoms as nervousness, headache, weakness and irregularity. It will help you and prevent more serious trouble. Give it a fair trial. It surely helped Mrs. Hatfield, just as it has many, many other women.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND is endorsed by horsemen universally for Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eye, Cough or Cold among horses and mules. Excellent as a preventive. Equally good for Dog Distemper and Chicken Cholera. Write for Free Booklet Sold in two sizes at all drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSHEN, IND. U.S.A.

HILLS HONEY & TAR GOOD FOR BAD COUGHS 65c at stores; 75c by mail. Address New York Drug Concern, New York

Buttons Long in Use John J. Jones, a writer in the dining cars of the Pennsylvania railroad, asked the other day for a new set of brass buttons to use with his white duck coat. When he turned in his old buttons in exchange it was noticed that they were not only unusually bright, but also that much polishing and use had almost worn off the lettering and that the front of each button was actually worn through in one or more places. Asked how long he had worn the buttons, he replied: "About twenty-nine years." They had been issued to him in 1892 by Maj. J. F. Trout, then superintendent of dining cars and restaurants.—New York World.

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

No Place to Stay. (Little Helen breaks in on her newly engaged sister and her beau.) Big Sister—Why, Helen, haven't I told you to stay in the kitchen with Jessie till mamma comes home? Helen—Yes, I know; but Jessie's sweetheart just now came, too!

If a man tells two comic stories and gets them laughed at he considers his visit a success.

Growing Old Too Soon? Are you one of those unfortunate folks who find yourself feeling older than you should? Do you feel lame and stiff mornings; drag through the day with a constantly aching back? Evening find you utterly worn-out? Then look to your kidneys. Present day life puts a heavy burden on the kidneys. They slow up and poisons accumulate and upset blood and nerves. Help your weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Wyoming Case A. E. Abraham, taxidermist, 1039 Emerson St., Sheridan, Wyo., says: "My kidneys were disordered and the secretions were profuse in passage. My back was sore and lame and there was a steady dull ache through the small of it. I was miserable for a long time before I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box to try. It wasn't long before Doan's completely cured me." Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Ramsey Milholland by Booth Tarkington Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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THE FIRST KISS.

Synopsis.—With his grandfather, small Ramsey Milholland is watching the "Decoration Day Parade" in the home town. The old gentleman, a veteran of the Civil war, endeavors to impress the youngster with the significance of the great conflict, and many years afterward the boy was to remember his words with startling vividness. In the schoolroom, a few years afterward, Ramsey is not distinguished for remarkable ability, though his pronounced dislikes are arithmetic, "Recitations" and German. In sharp contrast to Ramsey's backwardness is the precocity of little Dora Yocum, a young lady whom in his bitterness he denominates "Teacher's Pet." In high school, where he and Dora are classmates, Ramsey continues to feel that the girl delights to manifest her superiority, and the vindictiveness he generates becomes alarming, culminating in the resolution that some day he will "show" her. At a class picnic Ramsey is captured bag and baggage by Milla Rust, the class beauty, and endures the agonies of his first love. Ramsey's parents object to Milla and wish he'd taken up with Dora Yocum.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Milla hung weightily upon his arm, and they dawdled, drifting from one side of the pavement to the other as they slowly advanced. Albert and Sadie, ahead of them, called "good night" from a corner, before turning down the side street where Sadie lived; and then, presently, Ramsey and Milla were at the latter's gate. He went in with her, halting at the front steps.

"Well, g'night, Milla," he said. "Want to go out walking tomorrow night? Albert and Sadie are." "I can't tomorrow night," she told him with obvious regret. "Isn't it the worst luck! I got an aunt comin' to visit from Chicago, and she's crazy about playing 'Five Hundred,' and mama and papa said I had to stay in to make four to play it. She's liable to be here three or four days, and I guess I got to be around home pretty much all the time she's here. It's the worst luck!"

He was doleful, but ventured to be literary. "Well, what can't be helped must be endured. I'll come around when she's gone."

He moved as if to depart, but she still retained his arm and did not prepare to relinquish it. "Well—" he said. "Well what, Ramsey?" "Well—g'night."

She glanced up at the dark front of the house. "I guess the family's gone to bed," she said absently. "I s'pose so."

"Well, good night, Ramsey." She said this, but still did not release his arm, and suddenly, in a flutter, he felt that the time he dreaded had come. Somehow, without knowing where, except that it was somewhere upon what seemed to be a blurred face too full of obstructing features, he kissed her.

She turned instantly away in the darkness, her hands over her cheeks; and in a panic Ramsey wondered if he hadn't made a dreadful mistake.

"S'cuse me!" he said, stumbling toward the gate. "Well, I guess I got to be gettin' along back home."

He woke in the morning to a great self-loathing; he had kissed a girl. Mingled with the loathing was a curious pride in the very fact that caused the loathing, but the pride did not last long. He came downstairs morbid to breakfast, and continued this mood afterward. At noon Albert Paxton brought him a note which Milla had asked Sadie to ask Albert to give him.

"Dearie: I am just wondering if you thought as much about something so sweet that happened last night as I did you know what. I think it was the sweetest thing. I send you one with this note and I hope you will think it is a sweet one. I would give you a real one if you were here now and I hope you would think it is sweeter still than the one I put in this note. It is the sweetest thing now you are mine and I am yours forever kiddo. If you come around about Friday eve it will be all right. Aunt Jess will be gone back home by then so come early and we will get Sade and Alb to go to the band concert. Don't forget what I said about my putting something sweet in this note, and I hope you will think it is a sweet one but not as sweet as the real sweet one I would like to—"

At this point Ramsey impulsively tore the note into small pieces. He turned cold as his imagination projected a sketch of his mother in the act of reading this missive, and of her expression as she read the sentence: "It is the sweetest thing now you are mine and I am yours forever kiddo." He wished that Milla hadn't written "kiddo." She called him that, sometimes, but in her warm little voice the word seemed not at all what it did

in ink. He wished, too, that she hadn't said she was his forever.

Suddenly he was seized with a horror of her.

Moisture broke out heavily upon him; he felt a definite sickness, and, wishing for death, went forth upon the streets to walk and walk. He cared not whither, so that his feet took him in any direction away from Milla, since they were unable to take him away from himself—of whom he had as great a horror. Her loving face was continually before him, and its sweetness made his flesh creep. Milla had been too sweet.

When he met or passed people, it seemed to him that perhaps they were able to recognize upon him somewhere the marks of his low quality. "Softy! Ole sloppy fool!" he muttered, addressing himself. "Slushy ole mush! . . . Spooner!" And he added, "Yours forever, kiddo!"

Convulsions seemed about to seize him.

Turning a corner with his head down, he almost charged into Dora Yocum. She was homeward bound from a piano lesson, and carried a rolled leather case of sheet music—something he couldn't imagine Milla carrying—and in her young girl's dress, which attempted to be nothing else, she looked as wholesome as cold spring water. Ramsey had always felt that she despised him and now, all at once, he thought that she was justified. Leger that he had become, he was unworthy to be even touching his cap to her! And as she nodded and went briskly on, he would have given anything to turn and walk a little way with her, for it seemed to him that this might fumigate his morals. But he lacked the courage, and, besides, he



Pausing in an Alley, He Read Her Note.

considered himself unfit to be seen walking with her.

He had a long afternoon of anguishes, these becoming most violent when he tried to face the problem of his future course toward Milla. He did not face it at all, in fact, but merely writhed, and had evolved nothing when Friday evening was upon him and Milla waiting for him to take her to the "band concert" with "Alb and Sade." He made shift to seek a short interview with Albert, just before dinner.

"I got a pretty rotten headache, and my stomach's upset, too," he said, drooping upon the Paxtons' fence. "I been gettin' worse every minute. You and Sadie go by Milla's, Albert, and tell her if I'm not there by ha'-pas'-seven, tell her not to wait for me any longer."

"How do you mean 'wait'?" Albert inquired. "You don't expect her to come pokin' along with Sade and me, do you? She'll keep on sittin' there at home just the same, because she wouldn't have anything else to do, if you don't come like she expects you to. She hasn't got any way to stop waitin'!"

At this, Ramsey moaned, without affectation. "I don't expect I can, Albert," he said. "I'd like to if I could, but the way it looks now, you tell her I wouldn't be much surprised maybe I was startin' in with typhoid fever or pretty near anything at all." He moved away, concluding feebly: "I guess I better crawl on home, Albert, while I'm still able to walk some. You tell her the way it looks now I'm liable to be right sick."

And the next morning he woke to the chafings of remorse, picturing a Milla somewhat restored in charm waiting hopefully at the gate, even after the half-past seven, and then, as time passed and the sound of the distant horns came faintly through the darkness, going sadly to her room—perhaps weeping there. It was a pic-

ture to wring him with shame and pity, but was followed by another which electrified him, for out of school he did not lack imagination. What if Albert had reported his illness too vividly to Milla? Milla was so fond! What if, in her alarm, she should come here to the house to inquire of his mother about him? What if she told Mrs. Milholland they were "engaged"? The next moment Ramsey was projecting a conversation between his mother and Milla in which the latter stated that she and Ramsey were soon to be married, that she regarded him as already virtually her husband, and demanded to nurse him.

In a panic he fled from the house before breakfast, going out by way of a side door, and he crossed back yards and climbed back fences to reach Albert Paxton the more swiftly. This creature, a ladies' man almost professionally, was found exercising with an electric iron and a pair of flannel trousers in a basement laundry, by way of stirring his appetite for the morning meal.

"See here, Albert," his friend said breathlessly. "I got a favor. I want you to go over to Milla's—"

"I'm goin' to finish pressin' these trousers," Albert interrupted. "Then I've got my breakfast to eat."

"Well, you could do this first," said Ramsey, hurriedly. "It wouldn't hurt you to do me this little favor first. You just slip over and see Milla for me, if she's up yet, and if she isn't, you better wait around till she is, because I want you to tell her I'm a whole lot better this morning. Tell her I'm pretty near practickly all right again, Albert, and I'll prob'ly write her a note or something right soon—or in a week or so, anyhow. You tell her—"

"Well, you act pretty funny!" Albert exclaimed, fumbling in the pockets of his coat. "Why can't you go on over and tell her yourself? But just as it happens there wouldn't be any use your goin' over there, or me, either."

"Why not?"

"Milla ain't there," said Albert, still searching the pockets of his coat. "When we went by her house last night to tell her about your headache and stomach and all, why, her mother told us Milla'd gone up to Chicago yesterday afternoon with her aunt, and said she left a note for you, and she said if you were sick I better take it and give it to you. I was goin' to bring it over to your house after breakfast."

He found it. "Here!" Ramsey thanked him feebly, and departed in a state of partial stupefaction, brought on by a glimpse of the instabilities of life. He had also, not relief, but a sense of vacancy and loss; for Milla, out of his reach, once more became mysteriously lovely.

Pausing in an alley, he read her note.

"Dearie: Thought I ought to call you up but over the 'phone is just nix for explanations as Mama and Aunt Jess would hear everything and thought I might seem cold to you not saying anything sweet on account of them listenin' and you would wonder why I was so cold when tellin' you good-by for a while maybe weeks. It is this way Uncle Purv wired Aunt Jess he has just taken in a big touring car on a debt and his vacation starts tomorrow so if they were going to take a trip they better start right way so Aunt Jess invited me. Now dearie I have to pack and write this in a hurry so you will not be disappointed when you come by for the B. C. to-night. Do not go get some other girl and take her for I would hate her and nothing in this world would make me false for one second to my kiddo boy. I do not know just when home again as the folks think I better stay up there for a visit at Aunt Jess and Uncle Purv home in Chicago after the trip is over. But I think of you all the time and you must think of me every minute and believe your own dearie she will never no not for one second be false. So tell Sade and Alb good-by for me and do not be false to me any more than I would be to you and it will not be long till nothing more will interrupt our sweet friendship."

As a measure of domestic prudence, Ramsey tore the note into irreparable fragments, but he did this slowly, and without experiencing any of the revulsion created by Milla's former missive.

He was melancholy, aggrieved that she should treat him so.

"Yes, sir; that quiet litta Milla's a regular old married woman by this time, Ramsey."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arctic Days and Nights.

The Arctic is a region of snow and ice; for months in the winter the sun is below the horizon, and though for other months in the summer it never sets, its heat is not strong enough in most quarters to reduce the quantity of snow and ice which form in the cold season. The longest day and longest night at latitude 70 degrees are about two months each; 10 degrees farther north they are about three months each; at the pole they divide the year almost equally.

The Mummified Miner.

The collection of the Museum of Natural History in New York has been enriched by addition of a mummified miner from Chile, which was presented by the owners of the mines where the body was uncovered. The miner was after copper and had burrowed into the earth a distance of 15 feet when he was caught by a cave-in and buried.

Doesn't Need Any Help.

A smart woman may be able to make a fool of any man, but more often she doesn't.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HAD TO STAY IN BED FOR WEEKS

Omaha Citizen Says He is Now Rid of Troubles That Had Kept Him Miserable for Years.

"I was almost out of commission when I began taking Tanlac, but it has made me feel like a new man in a short time," said W. S. Meadville, 7604 North Twenty-ninth St., Omaha, Neb.

"My liver and kidneys were out of order and I had terrible pains in my back and sides and was so bad off I often had to stay in bed for two weeks at a time.

"The results I got from Tanlac were a very glad surprise to me. It benefited me in every way and I believe the improvement I received will prove lasting and I feel stronger and better than in many a day."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Foxy Old Boy.

"And you are ninety-five years old!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! You look so well, so strong, so young. How have you managed to do it?"

"My method is very simple," the venerable gentleman replied. "I have never let any of my friends know it if I didn't happen to be feeling well, consequently I've never had to take any of the things they would have recommended if they had known I was ailing."

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try 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.—Advertisement.

Are Men So Fickle?

Women members of the Republican county committee were discussing Assemblyman Steinberg's bill providing that no marriages should be performed until thirty-six hours after the issue of the license. Miss Mary Wood, prominent in politics, opposed the measure. "It gives a man too great a chance to change his mind," she said.—New York Herald.

Privilege should be appreciated and used, but not abused.

If one can't say it in prose, he can't say it in poetry.

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MADE WISE CHOICE OF WIFE

John Brown's Helpmate Apparently Ideal Woman for a Man of His Stern Disposition.

John Brown, whose body later on lay "a-moldering in the grave," once described the lady who afterwards became his wife as a "remarkably plain but neat, industrious and economical girl." These latter virtues seem to have atoned for her want of physical charm, for he and Dianthe Lusk were married when she was nineteen and he was only twenty.

Dianthe was a strong-minded woman, but she made John an excellent wife, and their twelve years of married life—terminated by her early death—were most happy. He was a man of decided and violent disposition, and his wife is said to have possessed the faculty of getting him to do as she wished and causing him to believe that it was his idea all along. She died in 1832, twelve years after their marriage and just after the birth of their seventh child.

Changing Figures.

"What is the population of Crimsoe Gulch at present?" "No telling," replied Cactus Joe "It was eighty-seven last night. But if Cactus Joe is as unforgetful toward Three-finger Sam as he was when the poker game broke up, I reckon maybe by this time it's only eighty-six."

Genuine Bayer Aspirin Bayer Tablets

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 22 years and proved safe by millions for Headache Colds Rheumatism Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocinolator of Salicylic Acid

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