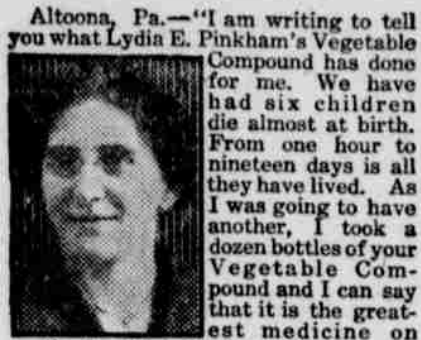


JOY BROUGHT INTO HOME

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Restoring Mrs. Benz to Health



Altoona, Pa.—"I am writing to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. We have had six children die almost at birth. From one hour to nineteen days is all they have lived. As I was going to have another, I took a dozen bottles of your Vegetable Compound and I can say that it is the greatest medicine on earth, for this baby is now four months old and a healthy baby you would not want. I am sending you a picture of her. Everybody says, 'That is some healthy looking baby.' You have my consent to show this letter."—Mrs. C. W. Benz, 181 3rd Ave., Altoona, Pa.

No woman can realize the joy and happiness this healthy babe brought into the home of Mrs. Benz, unless they have had a like experience.

Every woman who suffers from any ailments peculiar to her sex, as indicated by backaches, headaches, bearing-down pains, irregularities, nervousness and "the blues" should not rest until they have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL PARLETT OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

GOLFER NOT "WHOLLY" BAD

Player Makes Ingenious Defense of Those Who Insist on Using Links on Sunday.

"Chick" Evans, the brilliant golfer, was talking at a golf club dinner in Chicago about Sunday golf.

"The prejudice against playing golf on Sunday," said Mr. Evans, "has practically disappeared, but in New England there are still clubs where the game is not permitted on the Sabbath."

"To deprive the modern player," continued Mr. Evans, "of his Sunday golf—the only day in the week that some men can play—is a great hardship."

Smiling, the great golfer added whimsically:

"And as a matter of fact, doesn't the golfer remember the Sabbath day and keep it 'holier'?"—Los Angeles Times.

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 *Wm. D. Little* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Victim of Necessity.

"Senator," said that statesman's private secretary, "a delegation of lady lobbyists insists on being seen."

"Bless their hearts!" cried the senator, in his most cheerful manner, "tell 'em to line up on the capitol steps and I'll guarantee they'll be seen by no less than half a dozen press photographers. As for me, I'm busy and positively cannot see them."

That's what the senator wanted to say.

As a matter of fact, he groaned aloud, put aside a batch of important papers, and weakly said, "Show them in."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Weak and Miserable?

Does the least exertion tire you out? Feel "blue" and worried and have daily backache, lameness, headaches, dizziness, and kidney irregularities? Sick kidneys are often to blame for this unhappy state. You must act quickly to prevent more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy recommended everywhere by grateful users. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Mrs. H. Winkal, 37 Little St., Harbor Beach, Mich., says: "My back felt as though it were breaking from a dragging, heavy ache. It kept me awake at night and morning. I felt tired. My feet swelled and things which I used to do around before me. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills drove away the lame feeling in my back and put my kidneys in good shape."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



A New Romance of the Storm Country

"AFTER SHE'S MARRIED—"

Synopsis. — Lonely and almost friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley. She is almost afraid to enter, but Philip assures her everyone is welcome and she hears from him, for the first time in her life, about God. She returns home and tells her mother about her visit.

CHAPTER II.

The Master of the Dirty Mary.

A week before this story opens, Uriah Devon had steamed the length of the lake, anchoring his boat as near Ithaca as he dared. Even to his wife, Edith, he had not confided why he had brought her to a town where yawning prison doors gaped for her every passing hour.

"I won't go, Riah," Mrs. Devon had cried when her husband had made the statement that he intended to visit Ithaca. "You couldn't get me near that place with a rope around my neck."

But the very fact that she now sat on a small bench against the boat rail, gazing moodily at the water, proved that Uriah Devon had contrived to have his way.

Ocasional Mrs. Devon lifted her head to listen and turned her eyes to the west where a narrow path zigzagged its length up the hill to the boulevard. Into her tortured soul had come a belief since the night before, that Tony's "Glorious God," would send her man home.

Suddenly the sound of heavy footsteps in the forest path brought her sharply around. At last he was coming, this man she loved, perhaps drunk, perhaps to beat her; but nevertheless he was coming, and that was all she cared about.

Uriah Devon slowly walked up the gangplank in silence.

"Where you been?" the woman forced herself to say. But instead of replying, he demanded:

"Where's Tonnibel?"

"I dunno," was the answer. "A minute ago she was over there not ten of your legs' jumps from here."

Where you been all this week?

He'd been on a terrible spree, she decided. He looked as if he had been drunk for days. That he had something unusual on his mind, she knew, and she knew, too, it was about Tonnibel, for hadn't he asked for the kid the moment he'd returned?

"It's about time we was doing things, Edie," he said, turning grimly. "I've waited as long as I dared. Regge says 'Paul Pendelhaven hasn't an inch leeway before he's in his coffin.'"

Mrs. Devon's face grew deathly pale.

"What do you mean, honey?" she faltered.

"We live like rats in a hole," took up the man, after a pause, "while if Tony was made to do her part, we'd be on easy street. That's what I mean. We've got to have money and lots of it. Reggie's willing to marry the kid if you mind your business afterward."

His marryin' her ain't sayin' he'll stick to her. But we got to have boodle, and we can't get it only through her."

"He shan't have 'er," the woman said, with hard tones and flashing eyes. "How many times 've I got to say it over to you? If that's the why you've come to Ithaca, you might as well turn the old scow north and go back again. He's a bum," she went on. "A dude and a fool and everything else that's bad. He's a thief, too."

Devon laughed.

"So am I, Edie," said he. "So 're you" for that matter. If Reggie knew that Tony was Paul Pendelhaven's kid, we wouldn't get one cent of her money. He snatches from the Pendelhavens and his mother because he don't get cash enough other ways. A feller's got to have spendin' money."

"Pretty small pickin's," sneered Edith Devon. "Stealin' from folks almost in the grave ain't my style. Reggie's some second-story man, that young duffer is."

"You sneaked Paul's kid," taunted Devon. "He wouldn't be almost in his grave now if you'd kept your hands off 'im, Tony."

The woman turned on him savagely, paying no heed to his words.

"Get your blasted Reggie to steal enough for us all from the Pendelhavens," she said. "God knows they've got it and to spare. It's better'n handin' Tony over to 'im. He lives at Pendelhaven's, don't he?"

"He won't do it," cut in Devon. "Reggie ain't got the nerve to burn his fingers too deep. Paul Pendelhaven'd send him up for that, if he caught him. My plan is to get Tony married to Regge, and before the lid's screwed down on Pendelhaven's face, shove

the girl in between John Pendelhaven and his precious cousin, Reggie's mother, and then Regge and me gets Tony's money, see?"

Edith shivered.

"I hear what you say," she muttered, "and I s'pose I'll do it if you promise not to let that pup hurt Tony when he gets her. . . . Best let's wait another year before talkin' marriage to her, though."

"Nothin' doin'," rasped the man. "Tony's almost a woman, and she's eatin' her head off. After she's married—"

"You two men'll rag the kid to death or do something worse to her," gritted the woman. "Well, you won't! Rather'n have that I'll tell her she ain't ours. I'll go right bold to Paul Pendelhaven and blurt him the truth. I'll do it today if you keep naggin' at me."

Devon studied her face, his own distorted with rage.

"You'll do no such a thing, mad woman," he returned, running his tongue over his dry, cracked lips. "If you get me in a temper you'd better look out. Reggie knows Tonnibel's got rich folks, but he don't know who they are. You spill the beans, by G—d, and the lake for yours."

The woman's gaze sought the sheet of blue water.

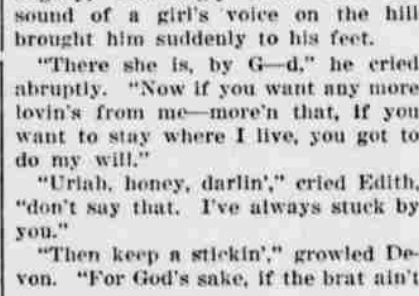
"She'll grow a beard a mile long before I tell 'er," she said finally, bringing her eyes back to his face. "Spill 'er yourself, and see how you like it!"

There was a ring of revolt in her tones that brought an expression of surprise to the man's face, leaving it angrily, frowningly red. But the sound of a girl's voice on the hill brought him suddenly to his feet.

"There she is, by G—d," he cried abruptly. "Now if you want any more lovin's from me—more'n that, if you want to stay where I live, you get to do my will."

"Uriah, honey, darlin'," cried Edith, "don't say that. I've always stuck by you."

"Then keep a stickin'," growled Devon. "For God's sake, if the brat ain't



"Go On and Finish Me."

lugged that pig clean up that pine tree!"

Above them a giant pine tree lifted its head far above its fellows. Among its branches the man and woman could plainly see the upper half of a girl's figure settled in the crotch of an outspreading limb, and clasped in two slender arms was the small guinea pig. She bobbed her head gruefully, held up the animal and shook it at them.

Tony, herself, little knew why in times of strife she sought refuge among these forest giants and came always to happiness. They were animated beings in her mean little world and because she had shivered idolatrous love on them they, from their primeval grandeur, sent an answering spark of life to her starved little soul. The sight of Tony further enraged Uriah. He waved her in.

"Now tell her outright, and get it over, Edie," he said, sitting down again. Reaching the canal boat, Tony stood looking at her parents.

"Set down," growled Devon.

Shifting the pig a little, she dropped down on the deck. She always dreaded these talks with her father and mother. It usually meant they must move on, or perhaps that a thrashing was coming her way. From under her long lashes she glimpsed first Devon with his frowning brow, then at length let her gaze settle on the woman.

"I s'pose I been doin' something hellish," she ventured presently in a low tone. "Have I, Edie?"

"Nope, not this time, Tony," thrust in Devon. "But we've got to tell you something. You're gettin' to be a woman, Tonnibel, and you got to do something for your mother and me."

"I'm always wantin' to do something nice for you, Edie, darlin'," she said,

looking at her mother. "And I'm quick, sweet, and I'll jump to do it."

The woman began to cry softly.

"Go on, Edie," said Uriah. "Why in h—l are you blubberin' over a thing you can't help?"

"But I can help it," cried Edith. "And what's more I will. Run away, baby, and I'll have it out with your pop while you're gone."

Devon reached forward and laid a strong detaining hand on the girl's arm.

"It's this," he got out between his teeth. "You got to get married. You been livin' on me long enough."

The girl stared at him blankly.

"Get married," she repeated dully. "Who'd marry a brat like me? I'm nothin' but a kid yet, and I'm goin' to stay right here with my mother. See? I don't have to—do I, mummy darlin'?"

"Your maw's word ain't law on this boat," answered Uriah in an ugly tone. "Mine is, though. Fire ahead, Edie, and tell the kid my will."

Mrs. Devon coughed spasmodically and toyed with the fabric of her skirt.

A slender brown hand went up and closed over her twitching fingers.

"I wouldn't marry any of the mutts you know, daddy," the girl burst out in desperation. "So get that notion clean out of your mind."

Her face settled sullenly into little lines that pursed up the lovely young mouth, and Uriah Devon moved his head nervously. Perhaps his task wasn't going to be so easy after all.

"Kid," he said huskily, "if you don't do what you're told, I'll make you. You ain't too old to gad yet. And you'll be missin' one of the best lickin's you ever got if you mind what I tell you."

The girl eyed him curiously, making a sidewise gesture with her head.

"Who's the duffer you've chose out for me?" she asked at length. "You might as well tell me."

"My friend, Reggie," said Devon, bending over and staring at her.

Tonnibel's mouth widened until two rows of teeth gleamed through the red of her lips. She made a wry face.

"Nothin' like that for me—eh, Edie?"

Edith Devon was coming to a resolution that meant trouble for herself and for Tonnibel.

"I ain't fought it all out with your daddy, kid," she sniffled weakly. "You get to the cabin and mend them old clothes."

Uriah Devon laid his pipe beside him and uttered an oath.

"You'll stay right here, brat," he gritted, "and pay heed to me."

"Uriah," screamed the woman, "if you go on with this, I'll tell 'er all I know. I swear I will. Tony, honey, Tony, baby, I—I ain't—"

With a roar the man sprang forward and in his effort to reach his wife knocked the girl flat on the deck. When Tonnibel rolled over and sat up, her mother was stretched along the boat rail, and Devon was standing over her. She lay so dreadfully still and limp that the girl scrambled to her feet.

It wasn't the same Tony who had come fearfully to them but a short period before with the little pig in her arms; nor the same girl who had swung in the treetops making play fellows of the squirrels and answering the shrill calls of the forest birds. She seemed suddenly to have grown taller, and as she flung herself on Devon, the very strength of her little body sent him sprawling against the side of the cabin. "Now you killed her, d—n you," she screamed. "If you kill 'er—I'll—I'll—"

She dropped at the side of her mother, her throat broken in two by the awful pallor on the woman's face. "Oh, God, mummy darlin', mummy darlin'," she ended in a bitter cry.

Growing in rage, Devon turned on her.

"Mebbe I have killed 'er," said he. "If so, I'll make a good job of it and finish you too."

The girl rose before him, her eyes blazing into his, her little fists clenched together.

"Folks that murder other people, Pappy Devon," she shot back, "get strapped in a chair, and they get lightning run through 'em. Go on and finish up! Go on and finish me! I'd rather have you kill me than make me marry that old Reggie."

As if his name had brought him out of the forest, Reginald Brown walked down the Hoghole path.

"My baby, Caroline Pendelhaven, aged six months."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

United States' Bad Lands.

This is the translation of "Mauvais Terres," the term used by the French-Canadian trappers to describe these regions of unconsolidated rocks that have been extensively eroded. Bad lands occur on arid plateaus formed by horizontal strata of loosely cemented sands and gravels. The best examples of such regions are found in the upper portion of the Missouri drainage basin, in the vicinity of the Black Hills. Some are to be found also in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

Baptism in Cyprus.

A baptism in Cyprus is a curious ceremony. The infant is rubbed with oil by his godfather, blown upon in the face by the priest and waved in the air, then dipped several times in the font, and again anointed with oil on various parts of the body.

To Their Discredit.

Those who are the most accomplished do not always accomplish the most.—Boston Transcript.

British shipyards are constructing nearly fifteen times as much tonnage today as they did a year ago.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

REV. J. D. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.
(7th 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 17

BIBLE TEACHINGS ABOUT WORK.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 4:1-3; John 5:17; 11 Thess. 3:6-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.—Rom. 12:11.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Ex. 20:9-11; Prov. 22:29; 28:19; 31:16-31; Eph. 4:28.

PRIMARY TOPIC—A Child Who Helped.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Ant and the Slug.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Workers and Shirkers.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Labor Problems.

Work in relation to God has a different meaning than in relation to man. In relation to God it means continued activity directed to some purpose or end. In relation to man it means manual labor.

1. Mighty Works Wrought by Jesus (Mark 4:1-3).

As God's obedient servant, Jesus energetically gave himself up to His work.

1. Teaching in the synagogue (v. 2). This He did on the Sabbath day. He could let no opportunity to do good pass.

2. The result of His teaching (vv. 2, 3). (1) The people were astonished. In their astonishment they asked questions: (a) From whence hath this man these things? (b) What wisdom is given unto Him? (c) Is not this the carpenter? (d) Are not His sisters with us? That His wisdom and power were superhuman, they could not doubt. The only answer to their questions is Christ's absolute Deity.

(2) The people were offended (v. 3). Not being able to answer their own questions and to believe their own eyes and ears, they rejected Him. This rejection was not because they knew Him too well, but because they knew Him not at all. His countrymen judged Him by His brothers, sisters, and father, and therefore failed to know Him.

II. My Father Worketh Hitherto, and I Work (John 5:17).

Jesus had on the Sabbath day healed an impotent man. They sought to kill Him for this good deed, and when He linked himself with God in this they more earnestly sought to kill Him. They tried to kill Him because He made himself equal with God. The special points of equality with God were:

1. Giving life to the dead. No human being has ever been able to raise another from the dead. The Jews rightly interpreted His claim to be able to raise the dead as a claim to Deity.

2. Judging mankind. No human being is wise enough to judge his fellow being. Christ's claim to be the judge of mankind interpreted to be His claim to Deity, and they were correct.

III. The Man Who Will Not Work Should Not Eat (11 Thess. 3:6-13).

There had developed among the Christians at Thessalonica a tendency to idleness. Some were neglecting their lawful earthly callings—even to the extent that they were becoming a charge to the church. From the context of the Thessalonian epistles it would seem that this serious condition was the result of wrong views concerning the second coming of Christ. Such as this is wholly wrong and absolutely contrary to the significance of "the blessed hope."

The attitude of those possessing an intelligent view of the Lord's coming as taught by Christ and the apostles, is earnest attention to the present duty. "Occupy till I come," is Christ's charge. Speculative stargazers have brought this precious doctrine into disrepute. Unceasing fidelity to all the responsibilities of the present is the correct attitude of those who are waiting for the Son from heaven. To correct this wrong, Paul—

1. Asserts his authority to command (v. 6). This authority was given him by Christ.

2. Commands them to withdraw from those who thus walk disorderly (v. 6).

3. Paul's example (vv. 7-9). Paul pressed with great earnestness the doctrine of the Lord's return, and yet consistently continued in his lawful calling. In order to not be chargeable unto them he labored with great earnestness night and day.

4. Those who will not work should not eat (v. 10). This is the right principle upon which to base all works of charity. It is the efficient cure for pauperism. The right economic order has as its foundation principle: Work in order to eat. This should apply to all classes, rich and poor.

5. Busybodies exhorted (vv. 11, 12). Idle men and women always become busybodies. Paul's exhortation is that they with quietness work and eat their own bread.

Man's Glory.

Man's glory lies in his striving after the best; his shame, in contentment with the second rate. The banner under which the true man marches bears the word "Excelsior," but the goal upon which he fixes his eye bears the inscription, "The Best."—Church Missionary.

All-Seeing One Will Discover.

No fallacy can hide wrong, no subterfuge cover it so shrewdly but that the All-Seeing One will discover and punish it.—Rivara.

The Pioneer of the AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE Companies of Michigan Is the Citizens' Mutual of Howell

This company has a membership of over 50,000, the result of six years consistent growth, based on sound business and insurance sense. It has lived and is living up to its original slogan, "Auto Insurance at Cost Plus Safety." Its officers are men with a state-wide reputation for business honesty and sagacity and their advent into the insurance field has saved millions of dollars in premiums to the automobile owners of the state.

Since organization, the company has paid losses and claims amounting to over \$700,000.00 and has always maintained a cash reserve large enough to pay every claim on the day of its adjustment. Its advertised assets are CASH, REAL ESTATE and OFFICE EQUIPMENT, listed on March 27th as follows:

Cash in Banks.....	\$ 50,068.95
U. S. Bonds.....	26,488.17
Office Bldg. and Site.....	27,613.44
Office Furniture and Equipment....	13,354.97

Total.....\$117,525.53

The company occupies its own office building on the best corner of the main thoroughfare of the prettiest and most progressive small city in central Michigan. The building is new and modern and the office equipment is up-to-date, representing a large additional asset beyond the actual cost.

In addition to the officers, the home office staff numbers 20 trained executives and assistants. Thirty-two among the leading attorneys of the state comprise the legal department. There are three adjusters in the field and resident adjusters in practically every city and large town in Michigan.

The company is fully and adequately equipped for service and is dedicated to the principle of A SQUARE DEAL.

Citizens' Mutual Auto Insurance Co. HOME OFFICE, HOWELL, MICHIGAN There Is an Agent in Your Town

GET VALUE OF EACH MINUTE NOT A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

No Man Has a Right to Waste His Own Time or Steal That of Another's.

Young Corn Husk Evidently Was Never Intended for High Place in Modern Life.

Life is composed only of two things, time and effort. One is useless without the other. Both should be as nearly 100 per cent productive as we are able to make them.

Try as best we may, the end of life will find us with many things undone.

No man ever wholly completed the task allotted to him. There is a reasonable excuse if into our use of time no waste creeps.

For the man who wastes his own time or steals another's there is neither excuse or valid reason.

Put a value on every minute. Be as anxious and as certain to get that value as you are to gain the worth of your dimes and your dollars.

Remember that once a minute has passed by it is gone forever.—F. A. Walker in Chicago Daily News.

Too Bad.

Sculptor (to his friend)—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it?

Friend—Magnificent. What a pity to have made a bust of it. It would have made a lovely washstand.—Pearson's Weekly.