

## SICK WOMAN SOON RECOVERS

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"A neighbor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which she said had helped her so much. So I bought a few bottles and tried it out. It sure helped me wonderfully. I felt much better. My work was no longer a dread to me, if I hear of any one who is troubled the way I was, I will gladly recommend the Vegetable Compound to them and I will answer any letters in regard to the same."—**Mrs. BERTHA MERRICK, 1134 N. Penn. Ave., Lansing, Mich.**

"I had been sickly ever since I was fifteen years old. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I got so I could do all my housework and I am in good health."—**Mrs. MAURIE K. WILLIAMS, Ketchikan, Alaska.**

From Michigan to Alaska, from Maine to Oregon and from Connecticut to California letters are continually being written by grateful women recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Compound is made from roots and herbs and for more than fifty years has been helping to restore run-down, over-worked women to health.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

## COMPLEXION IMPROVED QUICKLY

**Carter's Little Liver Pills**  
Purify Vegetable Laxative  
move the bowels free from pain and unpleasant after effects. They relieve the system of constipation poisons which many times cause pimples. Remember they are a doctor's prescription and can be taken by the entire family. All Druggists 25c and 75c Red Packages.

## STOP CHILBLAINS

The crippling annoyances of chilblains, that insupportable half numbness and half pain in the feet caused by exposure to snow or cold, quickly relieved by Carboll. Why suffer when a 50-cent box of Carboll will take the misery out of walking? Get a box at your druggists now. Your money back if not satisfied. **SPURLOCK-NEAL CO., Nashville, Tenn.**

## Much Sound Sense in Eastern Ruler's Idea

A way to prevent counterfeiting, used by the governor of Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, is explained by William J. Morden in "Across Asia's Snows and Deserts," the story of his adventures while crossing Asia on a scientific expedition. The tael note, Kashgar currency, printed on rather heavy paper, is worth from 60 to 90 cents. Writes Mr. Morden:

"Several thousand paper taels made a rather bulky mass; so we endeavored to obtain notes of greater denomination, but learned that nothing larger was issued. When I inquired the reason, I was told that were large notes issued there would doubtless be considerable counterfeiting. As the penalty for that crime is death, the governor felt that he was saving the lives of many of his people by not putting temptation in their way, since he thought the incentive with only single tael notes not great enough to encourage counterfeiting."—**Kansas City Star.**

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. The Safe and Proven Remedy. Look for signature of E. W. Grove on the box. 50c—Adv.

## New Center for Sydney

Sydney, N. S. W., plans one of the finest civic centers in the world. The buildings will surround a city square which will be made into a park. The city railway will erect an ornamental two-level station, capable of accommodating 200 trains an hour, and landing visitors for a pleasant first-view of the city. A large war memorial building, ornamental in design and to be used for national festivals, will be erected. Municipal buildings and a bridge over the river will harmonize with the general architectural scheme.

## Deduction

Inspector—That new man will never make a detective.  
Chief—How is that?  
Inspector—There was a 50-pound box of soap stolen from a railroad car, and the foot arrested a tramp.—**New York Central Magazine.**

## If You Need a Tonic, Get the Best!

Fresno, Calif.—"It is not long since I was all run-down in health and finally decided to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as I knew of other people in my neighborhood who had constantly relied upon Dr. Pierce's remedies and always received satisfactory results. I took only a few bottles and by that time I had regained my normal health."

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are good, too."—**Manuel Y. White, 539 Callach St.**

All dealers sell Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 80 cents for 60 Pellets.

When run-down you can quickly pick up and regain vim, vigor, vitality by obtaining this Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce's at the drug store, in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalid Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. tablets.

## Sylvia of the Minute

By HELEN R. MARTIN

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### STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwonckton. Despite her seeming innocence and ignorance, she succeeds in keeping him at a distance, to his chagrin. Meely, in the Schwonckton home, where she is boarding, is altogether unlike the girl who meets St. Croix clandestinely. She is the teacher in the neighborhood school, of which Marvin Creighton, St. Croix's brother, is superintendent. Meely learns that Marvin was to have married his cousin, a titled English lady, but, believing she was attracted by the Creighton wealth, had refused the alliance. It is the rumor that St. Croix is to take Marvin's place and marry the English girl. St. Croix's jealousy is aroused by Meely's report of an aged suitor for her hand.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

"I'll hide 'em good away," she said shyly. "I'd like to leave 'em all taste 'em, at home, but it would look suspicious."

"I want a reward!" he said. She drew back a bit; but he suddenly snatched her face firmly between his two hands and brought his lips to hers—almost. With a wrench of her head she averted the contact, and his touch, as usual, met only her cool cheek instead of her rosy mouth.

"You always kiss me so unexpected!" she said breathlessly, looking flushed and almost frightened. "I wish you wouldn't always get me so unexpected!"

"Meely!" He took hold of her shoulders and turned her right about face. "You're going to hold perfectly still and let me kiss you right—on your—lips!"

She tried to pull herself free, but he held her in a relentless grip. "Hold still!"

"I won't!" she snapped, holding her face averted. "Let me be! Please let me be, Mr. Creighton!"

"Meely! Why don't you ever let me kiss you on the mouth?"

She hung her head and answered shyly. "My lips is for the man I marry!"

"But, Meely, my girl, you must know," he said in a low voice in which his suppressed passion quivered, "that I want much more than your lips! Or why, my dear, would I be spending so much time with you?"

"Ach!" She raised a radiant, sparkling face to his. "Do you want to marry me, Mr. Creighton?"

His hands fell from her shoulders; he turned from her and bent his eyes to the ground.

"Ach," she apologized humbly, "that time I guess I went too far! But, Mr. Creighton, what is it, then, you want?"

He turned again and looked at her. "Meely! I'm d-d if I know whether you're as innocent and ignorant as an angel or as deep as hell."

"You and I both know, my dear little girl, that we're not spending all these hours together, week after week, for the pleasure of each other's conversation!"

She shook her head hopelessly. "It's always wondered me why you want to set 'round talkin' to a dumb thing like me, so onedicated as what I am, and ignorant like you say angels is—"

"Why do you pretend not to know why it is?" His voice was a little thick and husky; his hand hot which clasped her cool one lying in her lap.

The innocence of a new-born babe was in the eyes she raised to his. "Deedn't I don't. Why do you?" But before the burning hunger of his eyes she recoiled; and drawing her hand from his clasp, she rose hastily and walked away.

"Meely!" he called. Slowly she turned and came back to him; and with a childish obvious effort to divert his attention from herself, she spoke to him ingratiatingly of what she felt sure would have that effect. "Ach, Mr. Creighton, did you know your brother is livin' right on our farm, with our hard man and his wife?"

"With your hired man!" St. Croix exclaimed, an angry flush coloring his face and neck. "Living with him! He would!" he added bitterly. "That's the sort of society he seems to prefer—farm hands and miners!"

"And you, too," said Meely, with her ingratiating smile, "like low-down comp'n'—ain't? It must run in your family."

"If you're referring to yourself as 'low-down,' kindly don't do it again—it's insulting to my taste!" He drew her roughly to him and she nestled into his embrace.

"Please tell me," she coaxed, "about

your brother. He ain't the swell gentleman you are, is he?"

"He doesn't know you, does he?"

"Not yet."

"But," said St. Croix anxiously, "he's bound to meet you, of course?"

"I guess meebly."

"Don't give us away—our meeting up here!"

"Ach, no, for my Pop would kill me if he knowed—have knew. But it does wonder me, Mr. Creighton, that your brother would board at Absalom Puntz, as common as what they are yet! My land's sakes alive! Why does he do it? Why don't he live at his own home with yours?"

"None of your business, my dear!"

She pouted. "I'll get it out of Absalom's missus, then. Or I'll meet up with your brother himself at Absalom's and get it out of him."

"Oh, no, you won't ask him!" St. Croix shrugged. "People don't ask my brother Marvin impertinent questions!"

"Is he so proud, too, like you?"

"His pride," St. Croix sneered, "takes another form than that of the rest of the family! His 'pride' won't let him live, he says, on the 'charity of miners'—won't let him take more than six per cent interest on our invested capital!—insisting that all the rest should be turned over to the miners and to the upkeep and safeguarding of the industry! Talks d-d rot like that! Bolshevism! That's what it is! D-d Bolshevism!"

"Is it? Why, I didn't know Bolshevism was so nice and kind and generous like that! I thought they was a lot of cut-throats, them Bolshevists."

"So they are! The poor cutting the throats of the rich to make themselves rich!"

"But your brother ain't poor."

"He and all of us would be if we ran the mines as he thinks they should be run! If he ever does come

management of the mines and the way the miners' families have been housed and paid. And at times of strikes he'd howl 'round at sight of the women and children looking starved. And just recently, when a miner who'd worked for us for twenty years was killed and his widow and children had to vacate their cottage, Marvin raised h—! Wanted her pensioned; wanted Father to give her the house she'd lived in for twenty years; wanted him to educate her children—all sorts of things that would have established the worst sort of precedent." St. Croix paused, realizing he was using words beyond her range.

But she answered, "Do you call the Golden Rule in business the worst sort of—"

She, in her turn, stopped short—and hastily changed the subject. "But I guess your brother'll soon have to find another boarding place, for Absalom's soon moving to town. So, then, when Absalom moves, meebly the new farm hand Pop hars won't take your brother to board. And meebly," said Meely suddenly, "my Pop might take him! Say, wouldn't that be a scream, Mr. Creighton?"

St. Croix privately decided that in the face of such a contingency his only prudent course would be to put an end to these sweet secret meetings with Meely; for the Creighton family had learned to their cost that Marvin's eccentric conscience was a thing to be reckoned with.

But even as he came to this decision he realized that it could not be done. He could not give up this girl at whatever cost short of marrying her (that, of course, an impossibility) he would have her; and the cost, in view of his present delicate position in relation to his English cousin might prove high indeed! But he would pay it rather than give her up.

He was not used to giving up things. His self-control was flabby from lack of exercise.

It never occurred to him that when he was quite ready to take the girl she would not readily come to him. Had he all along supposed her to be a "virtuous" maiden, he would not at this moment, be here in this spot with her. But although he was no a despoiler of virtue, a man without heart or conscience, he certainly was not above accepting such gifts of life as the gods vouchsafed to him.

St. Croix's conscience, though no troubled as to his relation with Meely was by no means at peace when he thought of the cousin whom he hoped to marry. He sentimentally felt this to go to his bride straight from a love affair with a "common" girl like Meely would be to wrong her (not Meely but the bride) and the struggle she went on in his soul between his idea of what the bridegroom of a high-born and immaculate lady should be and his compelling infatuation for the farm girl was at times bitter and devastating.

But there was never any real doubt in his mind as to which side in the struggle would win.

CHAPTER IV

Meely knew just enough about the profession of teaching to know that she knew shockingly little about it and her dread, therefore, of the county superintendent's impending visit for her school was a sword over her head.

"If I only knew what he expects (or hopes) to find me doing when he comes, I'd be doing it or making a bluff at doing it!"

She knew that to a professional teacher her methods must seem grossly unprofessional, being based on the same principle as that by which she lived most of her life—operative; that principle being the imperative need to extract all the entertainment possible from any situation in which you found yourself. So she worked really very hard to make her days in her schoolroom yield entertainment, first to herself, and secondly to forty rather bucolic children of all ages and sects (Amish, New and Old Mennonites, Dunkards) who filled her school. A few vigorous and tire-some hours were devoted to drilling in geography, multiplication tables, grammar, spelling (she suspected that the way she did that drilling would have made any real pedagogue shudder) and the rest of the time was delightfully spent in teaching what she not the school trustees, thought children ought to know—fairy stories, poems, plays.

"Oh, from the time he was a kid he's argued with my father about the

Early Cradle Formed From Hollowed Log

Cradles, in their earliest form, were merely logs, scooped out to form more or less comfortable resting places for babies. They were without rockers, since the natural shape of the logs made their use unnecessary. Cradles have varied with different modes of living and reflect in their diversity of form and adornment the progress of the cabinet-maker's art. The Romans are said to have used cradles of considerable refinement, but after the decline of the empire, accompanied as it was with the decay of living, the cradle, with other furniture forms, assumed a crude and humble aspect. One of the early forms of the cradle was the oaken chest without a lid. Baskets of osiers were sometimes used, in which the child, wrapped in swaddling clothes, was placed. The American cradle of oak in the Metropolitan museum in New York dates from the early Seventeenth century.

Fabulous wealth and the skill of the greatest craftsmen have been lavished on the cradles of royal children throughout history. These important beds have been gilded and carved, intricately inlaid with gold and gems upholstered in the choicest silks and fitted with the most sumptuous of coverings of velvet and fur.—**Dorothy Bent, In Art and Decoration.**

Appropriated Motto

"Ich dien" is a German phrase, meaning literally "I serve." It was originally the motto of John, the blind king of Bohemia, who served in the army of the king of France and was slain in the battle of Crecy, 1346. The victorious English army was led by Edward the Black Prince, who appropriated the motto, which since that time has been the motto of the prince of Wales.

# Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
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DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

The bright eyes, the clear skin, the sprightly step, the active mind, are the right of healthy man. Keep your kidneys, liver and bowels in good condition and you will be active and vigorous at 70—at any age! For seven generations—since 1696—the Hollanders have relied on their "Dutch drops" for aid in keeping up their health and vigor.

They will do it for you. Try them today. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box and accept no imitation. At all druggists, in 3 sizes.

The Joy of Life

Quite Naturally He Saw the Bright Side

There came into my office the other day," said a real-estate man, "a fellow whom I used to know as a boy. We used to play shabby, one o' cat, and all the games that boys play, and we always got along with about the usual number of scraps. But of late years I hadn't seen him often and had just about lost track of him. Well, we got to talking over old times, mentioning this fellow and that, and commenting on his success or failure."

"What's become of the Jones boys?" I asked.

"You mean the Bill Jones boys?" he asked in reply.

"Yes, Jim and Charlie."

"They're both dead."

"Is that so?" I said, for I hadn't heard of it. "Too bad, isn't it?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, well, you know how little money they used to have, and see now what that property they owned is worth. Sure, it's too bad."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, looking rather queer and half smiling. "I married the widow of Jim."—**George F. Heidt, in the Youth's Companion.**

Where Life Is Longest

Which is the healthiest country in the world? Judged by "Expectations of Life," New Zealand would seem to occupy pride of place. There the male expectation of life is 62½ years, and the female 65 years. According to Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale university, increases in length of life are being attained at an amazing rate. He believes the average length of life will be: In 1900, 61 years; in 1940, 65 years; in 1950, 69 years; in 1960, 72 years. In America the expectation of life is at present 58 years. In England and Wales the figures are: Males, 55.58 years; females, 60.47 years, being an average of 58.5 years.

Musical Scents

Musical Teacher—Who can tell me the national air of Italy?  
Bright Boy—Garlic.

After Colds or Grip

One's Kidneys Must Function Properly to Eliminate the Waste Impurities.

DOES winter find you lame and aching—worried with backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage? These are often signs of improper kidney action, and sluggish kidneys permit waste poisons to upset the system.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere.

Ask your neighbor!

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys  
At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.

CUTICURA Promotes Loveliness Of Skin And Hair

Daily use of the Soap, assisted by the Ointment when required, keeps the skin fresh and clear and the hair healthy and glossy. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also the smooth, cooling, fragrant Cuticura Talcum.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample with free. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 34, Malden, Mass.

600 Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.



She Hung Her Head and Answered Shyly, "My Lips is for the Man I Marry!"