

MRS. WM. BUTTS WAS VERY SICK

Gives Full Credit to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Remarkable Recovery

Wellston, O.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make me



strong. I was troubled with my back and sides hurting me till I could not do my work, and whenever I caught cold it made me irregular. Since I have taken the Vegetable Compound my side and back don't bother me and I can do my housework and care for my children now, where before I did not feel like doing anything or going around. After my first child was born about four years ago I saw an advertisement in the paper about the Vegetable Compound. I knew it would help me, but I was afraid to try it because people said it would help you to have children and I knew I was having children fast enough. But I thought if it would help me it would be better to have a whole house full of children and have good health. I became stronger from taking it and my husband says I look like a live woman instead of a dead one. When Spring comes I am going to take your Blood Medicine as I am very thin. I will answer letters from any woman who wishes to ask about your medicine." Mrs. WILLIAM BUTTS, Wellston, Ohio.

Beavers Increasing Fast

Possession of a new resource that within a short span of years may be expected to develop into a means of positive profit for land owners in various parts of South Dakota is seen by H. S. Hedrick, state game warden, on colonies which have been practically immune from trappers under the state law for the past six years, the St. Paul Pioneer Press says:

It is impossible to make even an approximation of the number of these fur-bearing animals, Mr. Hedrick says, but it is known that they have prospered to an unexpected degree and are beginning to invade many localities where they were never before seen.

Undersea City

Submerged 30 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean sea, off the coast of Tunis, the ruins of an ancient city have been found by divers. They report that many large stone buildings were visible, outlined in dim shadows and sandy bottom, and that fish swarms in and out of crumbled doorways. Scientists are preparing to make further explorations. Additional interest is attached to the discovery, as the city lies in waters described by Virgil and near the "Isle of the Lotus Eaters," of which Homer sang.

Paper Barrels

Winding barrels from a roll of tough "chipboard" paper is accomplished on a machine consisting of a cylinder, cut in two parts, which may be drawn apart on the axle to produce different lengths. The paper, passing through tension rollers and an adhesive device, is wound for a predetermined number of layers, then a slitting wheel divides the paper, the cylinder halves are drawn apart, and an additional thickness of paper wound on in the center to provide the bilge.

Eight mountains in British Columbia have been discovered and ascended by a University of Chicago professor and a New York engineer.

Stop that Cough!

Fresno, Calif.—"I had a heavy cold that settled on my lungs, with a constant cough. I could not sleep at night, had no desire for food, and had a feeling of fear and despondency. Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped me greatly, for it loosened up the tightness in my chest and rid me of my cold. I could eat and sleep naturally. I am enjoying good health now."—Mrs. Dora Flippin, 1220 San Antonio Street.

At all dealers, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkz. tablets.

SOAKS RIGHT IN and LIMBERS UP STIFF JOINTS

Stiff, swollen, inflamed, rheumatic joints should be treated with a remedy made for just that purpose and that purpose only.

Remember the name of this discovery is Joint-Ease and it will take out the agony, reduce the swelling and limber up any troubled joint after ordinary cure-alls have miserably failed. Just rub it on—60c a tube at any drugist—ask for Joint-Ease.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Household Ointment

The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

Copyright by W. G. Chapman

Chapter XII

Without a sound Lancaster leaped at him. Joan saw the secretary snatch up the lamp and hold it on high. She heard his screaming, terrified voice above the uproar. He stood like some squat statue illuminating the space above the dark in which Lancaster and Lawson sprawled, clutching at each other like two primeval cave men.

It was grotesque, for it was like a man fighting with himself; and, in fact, it might have been Lancaster fighting with his evil angel. He was no match for Lawson, but at first his pent-up fury, at last unleashed, matched the two equally. Then Lawson flung his adversary from him and struggled to his knees. As Lancaster grasped him and tried to rise he flung him down again. Lancaster's head struck the corner of the iron bedstead. His hands unclosed; he sighed and lay perfectly still. Joan saw the look of malignant rage upon Lawson's face, saw him raise his heel above the face of the unconscious man. He would have ground out Lancaster's life, but that Joan pulled the revolver from her pocket and thrust it into his face for the second time.

Lawson staggered backward, rage and terror depleted upon his features in the light of the swaying oil lamp. At that moment Myers was crouching near her. He set the lamp down. Joan felt a sharp pain in the upper part of her arm. She saw the secretary putting something into his pocket. He dodged the wavering revolver and backed toward the door, pulling Lawson with him.

"I'm going to finish this!" yelled Lawson.

Myers clutched at him and pulled him into the hall. Joan heard Myers' eager whispers, and Lawson's struggles and angry muttering gradually subsided.

Then she heard them enter the secretary's room, and, forgetting them instantly, she bent over Lancaster and raised his head upon her knee.

He was breathing heavily. The blow had only stunned him. Joan tried to lift him upon the bed, but he was too heavy for her. As she was attempting to do so, however, the door opened and Mrs. Fraser came in.

"I found a key," she whispered, trembling. "I heard them fighting. Heaven help me, what has that devil done to the doctor?"

"He isn't badly hurt," said Joan. "Help me get him upon the bed." Mrs. Fraser and Joan succeeded. Lancaster lay there, still unconscious. The matron clung heavily to the bedstead, looking at Joan piteously.

"I know it all now," she muttered. "I should have known before if I'd listened to the Millville gossip. That devil is his brother."

"Yes," said Joan shortly. "What are you going to do, Mrs. Fraser?"

"I'm going to stand by the doctor," the woman answered. "I stood by him year after year when I thought he was possessed by an evil spirit. Wouldn't I stand by him now?"

"Good," said Joan. "And I, too. Tomorrow we'll make short work of those men."

"Heaven save you, you don't know that man, Miss Wentworth," muttered the matron. "He's a devil. He has no pity. And he has a devil ten times worse than himself."

"Myers? Who is he?"

"He was his assistant here. He was tried once, they tell me, for poisoning his sweetheart. He sent her candy—but they couldn't find any poison in her body. It was his master made the analysis, and he lied to get Myers free and have his hold on him. It's all plain to me now, Miss Wentworth."

"If you knew this," said Joan, "you should have told me; you should have told the police. I told anyone rather than let him drug Doctor Lancaster day after day."

"I thought it was the doctor who was in league with him," the matron muttered. "Miss Wentworth, I'm timid. I'm easily frightened, but not another day will I keep silent. Tomorrow—"

"Yes, tomorrow," said Joan. "You'd better go to bed now, Mrs. Fraser. I'll guard the doctor with my revolver, and tomorrow we'll end these years of slavery. Doctor Lancaster is a free man. Think of him as a free man. The past is all behind us."

The matron slipped away stealthily to her room. Joan took her seat beside Lancaster, listening to the incoherent mutterings which had begun. Presently his eyes opened. He stared at her for some minutes until recognition came into them.

"Joan!" he whispered, stretching out his hand to hers.

She let him take and hold it, and sat beside him, while he began muttering again. Gradually he began to realize where he was, and to remember.

"It is all true, then, Joan," he said. "He has had his revenge for his fancied wrongs. He has had the best years of my life, and he has beaten me in the end."

"Beaten you?" asked Joan. "You

are not beaten. They are at their wits' ends what to do now, and tomorrow you will send them packing and begin your new life."

"A pitiful hope," he answered. "For he has given me back one thing—my faith in that poor woman upstairs, and, with it, a greater faith in humanity; but he has robbed me of all my hope."

"Why, John?"

"Because I could not have imagined that humanity was so vile. Joan, I am crushed by his revelation. If he entered this room now I feel that his will would dominate mine."

"Those are the words of a sick man," said Joan. "Tomorrow you will adjust yourself. Tomorrow you will be strong. Why, hardly a man on earth could do what you have done with the morphine."

"I suppose I shall carry on my fight," he answered wearily. "But victory will mean nothing to me."

"I shall stand by your side until I have seen you conquer, and until I have seen you happy in your success."

"And then, Joan?"

"Then? Then I shall go somewhere, I suppose."

"Go away? From me? Is it because of Mrs. Dana?"

"Because of her, John." She was never anything. Even my monomania of revenge rose out of wounded pride, not love. Surely you will not leave me because I once thought that I loved another?"

"It isn't that, John. But, you see, she has been an integral part of your life all these years. Even though her mind was gone, there was the consciousness of her presence that ate into your brain; she was the mainspring of your existence here. She would have been your wife today, but for that dastard's scheme. She is innocent, she has been deeply wronged, and her life has become bound up with yours indissolubly. You see, John, there is no getting away from that."

"Joan, don't you know she hates me? She thinks that my death will avenge her wrongs and cure her of her troubles. She has tried three times to kill me. In some mysterious



Joan saw the secretary snatch up the lamp and hold it on high.

manner she has learned the location of my room. Once she stabbed me in the wrist with a table-knife. Once she got the matron's revolver, but fortunately it was unloaded. I have been planning to send her somewhere where she could be better cared for and where my presence would not be a constant incitation to her."

Joan shook her head. "It is all part of the past," she said. "One can't cancel the past. One must just carry it with one and try to profit by it. You know that, John."

"You do not love me, Joan."

She turned her face away; tears that filled her eyes came from the depths of her being. Lancaster took both her hands in his.

"You love me, Joan?"

"Too well to wrong you and myself," she answered. "Too well to let our love build a wall between us. So well that I would rather let the spiritual bond remain, rather than mar it."

He drew her toward him, and she remained with her cheek resting against his, with his arms about her. She could not stir. A strange physical lethargy seemed to hold her limbs, but her will was unshaken.

"Your last word, Joan?" whispered Lancaster.

"No, dear," she answered. The humorous look that came at such odd moments into Lancaster's eyes flickered there now. "Your very last?" he asked.

"O, don't ask me to deny my resignation," she said.

She released herself and stood beside him. As she did so she had a sensation as if her feet rested on a cushion of air. Her physical weakness was matched by her sense of in-

stability; she longed with all her heart to lean within the arms outstretched toward her; she knew that, if she had given Lancaster life, he could give her the strength of life; he was of her own people, and all that was chivalric and dear in the land she had loved seemed embodied in him. And before her she saw the closing hospital walls of some far distant city; she must exile herself from everything that she had known.

"You little stubborn thing, Joan!" said Lancaster tenderly. "But I shall go on loving you."

"I shall love you, Joan."

"I shall hear from you sometimes?"

"Yes. And I shall remain in Avonmouth until your battle is won. But there will be no battle. They know that they are beaten. You will never be weak again."

"No," said Lancaster. "But, O Joan, if you had said 'yes' to me it would have been so easy."

With the maternal feeling that is part of every woman's love for the man she loves, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

"You must try to sleep now," she said. "I shall leave the revolver with you, and you shall lock your door."

"I am not afraid of them," he answered. "They can do nothing, Joan. Keep it to assure you of your own safety."

That seemed the better way. There was nothing that the pair could do to Lancaster. If they aimed at anyone it would be she. She saw that, and she went out without speaking to Lancaster again. In the hall she breathed more freely. It was ended now, and she knew that she had done the right thing, the only possible thing. But Lancaster had not surmised the terrific woman's battle which she had fought during those last few minutes.

She stood in the hall for a few moments in uncertainty. She did not mean to sleep, but to lie awake with her door open, resting, and listening for any movements in the house. But, though her brain was awake, she was more tired than she had ever been in her life. She could hardly drag her limbs upstairs, and again she had that sense of walking on air. Under the little burning lamp she stopped again to gather strength to go to her room. The ticking of the clock in the hall below was the only sound in the house. She strained her ears to catch the sound of voices from Myers' room, but she could hear nothing. Yet the men could not be asleep. They must be planning together.

The silence in the ramshackle old building was a ghastly one. It seemed to hide innumerable thoughts, as if those of all who had ever lived within its walls survived, breaking upon her brain in invisible waves. She felt enmeshed in a web, as the dreamer who struggles to wake into free life from the horrors of nightmare. The wind had gone down, and the raindrops dripped rhythmically from the eaves.

Joan had an intense inclination to surrender, to run back into Lancaster's room, cry to him to help her, to let her fight beside him as long as they lived. And the silence, which was becoming more terrific every moment, was unmistakably malevolent.

She reached her room and tried to shake away her fears. She went to the window and leaned out. The night was clearing, and a delicious air blew in from the hills. Not a light was to be seen in Millville or Lancaster. And she wept again, heartbroken. It was all ended, that peace which had begun to inclose her, and all her hopes, and all that love within was bound up so intimately with the idea of home.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Genius of Philology Given Stern Justice

Curious pleas have sometimes been put forward in support of the reprieve of notorious criminals. One of the strangest was that on behalf of George Ruloff, an American school teacher, who was convicted in 1870 of a series of robberies and murders. His own wife and daughter being among the victims. For cold-blooded cruelty his record would be hard to beat, but Ruloff had his other side. He was an ardent philologist, and had been engaged for years on the invention of a universal language. No one could attempt to palliate his crimes, but a widely signed petition was presented to the governor of Virginia for his reprieve on the ground that as his invention, if completed, would be of the utmost benefit to mankind it would be criminal folly to extinguish such a light of learning. The governor thought otherwise and Ruloff was duly hanged.

Copying Nature

Cover a billiard table in a bright red cloth instead of the customary soft green and every billiard hall would be deserted in half an hour. Billiard tables from the beginning were covered with green for the same reason that nature covers her open stretches usually with green, because it is soothing to the eye.

Hardly

Hewitt—Money talks. Jewett—It can't when it goes so fast it gets out of breath.

We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works die too.—Cowper.

Keeping With the Gang

There is plenty of room at the top, but most of us prefer the companionship of our friends.—Boston Transcript.

Sympathy

Joe—"I've got a bad head this morning." Bill—"I'm sorry, Joe. Hope you'll be able to shake it off."

He that labors and thrives, spins gold.

Human Nature

The thing only that we hate more than having to dodge an automobile going a heap faster than 15 miles an hour is to ride in one that is only going that fast.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Right Way to Lay Carpet

Carpets should always be laid so that the pile is smooth when brushed toward the door. This will save much trouble when sweeping.

Dialects in South Africa

There are many different dialects spoken by the Dutch inhabitants of South Africa, the most common being Plat Deutsch or Low Dutch similar to Low German.

Astronomy Ancient Science

The earliest indications of the existence of the science of astronomy are found in Babylonian records that date back to 2234 B. C. Astronomy was known in China at least as early as 1100 B. C.

Demands "Bayer" Aspirin

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Counsel

He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle: to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; as so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him.—Roger Ascham, 1554.

Unworthy Citizens

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Benjamin Franklin.

My Rheumatism is gone

THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains, and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood cells had the effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I believe today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more. S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly.

Free Booklet

Send name and address to S. S. S. Co., 111 S. S. S. Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for special booklet on Rheumatism & Blood.

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