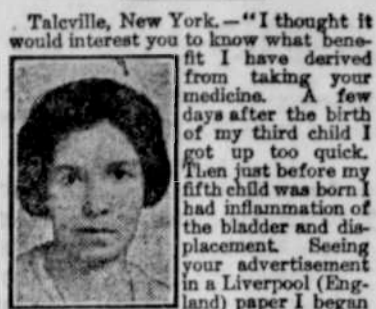


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Trouble Caused by Getting Up Too Soon. Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Talleville, New York.—"I thought it would interest you to know what benefit I have derived from taking your medicine. A few days after the birth of my third child I got up too quick. Then just before my fifth child was born I had inflammation of the bladder and displacement. Seeing your advertisement in a Liverpool (England) paper I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and that was the best confinement I had. Whenever I feel run-down I always take the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. We have just removed from Brockville (Canada) so I was pleased when the store ordered the medicine for me and I got it today. I would not be without it for any price and I recommend it to ladies around here because I feel so sure it will benefit any woman who takes it."—Mrs. AGNES WIGNALL, Talleville, New York.

Simple Life for Them

Tom and Mary had lived in a hotel for so long, they were both ready to lead a simple, quiet life. One evening after donning a sleeveless dress, short coat and black tie, the two started down to the dining room for the usual evening meal.

Mary looked at Tom and sheepishly said: "Honey, I'm ready to put on an old-fashioned house dress and bake biscuits."

"And I'm ready to don overalls and eat them," came Tom's reply.

For Two Score Years and Ten She Has Taken Beecham's Pills

"I was just 18 when I commenced to take Beecham's Pills. They have been of great benefit to me in relieving sick-headache, constipation, and biliousness. Next March I will be 68 years old so you see I have lived to a good old age."

Miss ELEANOR WILCOX
Newburgh, N. Y.

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Beecham's Pills

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The fogging of show windows, if they are of the boxed-in type, may be prevented by placing a flat glass or porcelain dish containing calcium chloride in the window. This chemical substance quickly absorbs moisture from the air with the result that the moisture is prevented from condensing against the outside glass, says Popular Science Monthly.

The contents of the dishes must be renewed every two or three days, and the moist calcium chloride thoroughly dried, after which it may be used again.

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King Tommy

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"Even so," said the king, "you can scarcely expect me to answer that question in detail. Even at the age of forty-five, if you really are forty-five—"

"Fifty-two," said the king, "such confessions are embarrassing, embarrassing for both of us. Besides, it isn't only with Calypso that I want you to use your influence. There's the patriarch. Do you know our patriarch?"

"I hope to. I'm going to Lystris in order to enlist his sympathies in our great movement."

"And I'm sure you'll succeed," said the king. "Our patriarch is full of sympathy with all good causes, and I'm certain that your movement is one of the best."

Janet helped herself to some of the veal which a waiter was pushing at her in a large dish. The king refilled her glass. She had sipped away almost half of what was in it.

"It's the establishment of world peace," she said, "through the medium of the United Christian Churches."

"In that case," said the king, "you can count with certainty on our patriarch. There's nothing, absolutely nothing, he likes better than the establishment of world peace except perhaps the Unity of Christian Churches, though perhaps he's a little inclined to take the view that the other churches should unite with his and not his with them. I mean to say, he thinks that if there's to be a compromise, it must be on the basis of every one else giving way. But all ecclesiastics are like that. Our patriarch isn't peculiar."

"When we speak of the union of churches," said Janet, "we mean a concordat based on the essentials of the Christian creed."

"Of course," said the king, "and you'll find our patriarch absolutely agrees with you about that so long as you don't ask him to shake hands with the Megalian Archimandrite. He might draw the line there, though, as I said, he's always on for anything really good. A good cause simply fascinates him. If he has a weakness—as we all have—it is that he's not so fond as he might be of the things which aren't quite so good as the Causes. Take young men now. As you very rightly said a few minutes ago, young men are young men."

"I said they ought not to be."

"But they are," said the king, "that's what the patriarch cannot be got to see, but I am sure I can rely on you to put the thing before him in the proper light. After all, Miss Temple is a long way off. It isn't as if she was in the least likely to turn up in Lystris."

"I fear that I can scarcely undertake—"

Janet was softened, perhaps for the first time in her life. If it had not been for the wine, the good food, and the king's charming manners, she would no doubt have replied to him much more blankly than she did. She might even have spoken fiercely.

"I fear," she said, "I cannot undertake to persuade the patriarch that Miss Temple doesn't exist."

"Well, perhaps not," said the king. "After all, the patriarch is a very difficult man to persuade. I never could do it. I dare say it will really be better if he doesn't hear about Miss Temple at all. And he never will if Calypso doesn't tell him."

"I shall not consider it my duty to tell him," said Janet. "My business with him—"

"Is world unity through peaceful Christian churches."

"World peace," said Janet, "through the Unity of Christian Churches."

"Quite so," said the king, "and even if it had been World Churches Through the Unity of Christian Peace, it would still be far more important than our little affairs. Still, if you persuade Calypso not to tell the patriarch—"

If Calypso had been there he might have said that the king, like poor old Lear's worst daughter, gave "sweet oiled and most speaking glances" to Janet. I doubt very much whether any one had ever made eyes at her before. The treatment had a certain effect.

"I shall not," said Janet, "advise that the patriarch be told."

I dare say Janet's conscience was gnawing her a little. She had drunk a glass and a half of Burgundy and the king was putting a liqueur glass full of cognac beside her coffee. That was enough to make her uneasy. She had promised to conceal, or help in concealing a scandal. I suppose she had never before in her whole life agreed to do such a thing, and no doubt the thought of it was unpleasant. By way of compounding with her conscience and so quieting it, she made up her mind to say something really nasty about Tommy.

"Are you aware," she said, "that the young man about whom we have been speaking is not what he pretends to be?"

"He pretends to be a curate?" said the king.

"Exactly, and I'm perfectly certain he's nothing of the sort."

"I thought not," said the king. "I thought not, I'm glad you've confirmed my suspicion."

"I've known many curates," said Janet, "perhaps hundreds of them, and I've never known one yet who behaved as this one does. He drinks cocktails in the morning and goes to the Mascotte in the evenings."

"The patriarch wouldn't dream of doing such things," said the king.

"Which makes me certain that he's not a curate or indeed a clergyman at all."

"That," said the king, "is more the sort of way a young man like Lord Norheys might behave."

"Very possibly. I don't know Lord Norheys."

"At the same time," said the king, "it is not our business to expose the unfortunate young man. Deplorable as his conduct is, I don't see that we need warn the patriarch against him."

"For the sake of the reputation of the Church of England," said Janet. "I feel that I ought to make it clear that he is not one of our clergy."

"If he does anything scandalous while he is in Lystris," said the king, "kisses a housemaid, or anything like that, of course you'll have to tell the



"He Pretends to Be a Curate," Said the King.

patriarch and Calypso too, that he isn't a clergyman. You'd be bound to do that for the sake of the Church of England. But if he behaves with ordinary decorum—After all, he may have good reasons for pretending to be a clergyman. I'm pretending to be a head waiter in order to earn my living. There's nothing really wicked about that. I don't see that either you or I are bound to tell the patriarch that he's not a curate."

"So long as you know the facts I don't see that it's anybody else's business."

"And I do know them thoroughly."

"I felt bound to tell you," said Janet, "but I don't see that I need tell anyone else."

"Thanks," said the king.

Part III.—Lystris

CHAPTER XIV

It took Casimir two days to complete his arrangement for the reception of the princess at the Schloss. The little party—Tommy, the princess and Janet Church—stayed in the best hotel in Breslau. The king took rooms for them before he went back to Berlin, a bedroom for Tommy, two bedrooms and a sitting room for the ladies. The head waiter of the Mascotte is an important person in hotel keeping and restaurant circles in Germany. Tommy's party was treated with the greatest courtesy and consideration.

But the two days in Breslau were not very pleasant for Tommy. He saw but little of the princess, and he never saw her alone. They met at meals; but Janet Church was always there. Afterward the princess and Janet either retired to their own sitting room, or took a walk without asking Tommy to go with them. He got no chance of explaining himself to the princess or trying to convince her that he knew nothing of Miss Temple. This worried him. On the other hand, the princess' manner became gradually more and more agreeable. The extreme hostility with which she had greeted him in the Mascotte and afterward in the train gave way to ordinary politeness and at last to friendliness.

Janet, of course, was with the princess all day and talked to her incessantly, almost always about world peace and the Unity of Christian Churches. This would have inclined any girl to feel kindly toward a young man, even if he were the callous breaker of another girl's heart. And Calypso came to be doubtful whether Tommy had really broken Miss Temple's heart. Janet, when her mind could be diverted from the Union of

Churches, dropped hints about Tommy which set Calypso wondering. She said, for instance, that Tommy was not the man he professed to be. So far as Calypso knew, Tommy professed to be Lord Norheys, and she thought that he might be somebody else gave her a queer little thrill of pleasure. If he were not Lord Norheys, then he was not bound in honor to marry Miss Temple.

She began to look at Tommy with interest, at first as a man whom it might be her duty to marry, later on as a man whom she might be content to marry even if it were not her duty. Her view of Miss Temple changed in an odd way. It occurred to her as possible that this London dancer might be one of those wicked women who lure young men into entanglements and then hold them to their half-made promises. She came by degrees to think of Miss Temple as a nuisance, some one who had no right to be there at all, certainly no right to interfere with Lord Norheys' life.

Tommy could not fail to observe the change in Calypso's manner, and the thought that her feelings toward him were becoming more friendly filled him with a determination to go through with his adventure whatever happened.

There were difficulties. One, trifling in itself, but singularly embarrassing, met him almost at once.

On the evening of his arrival, while he was smoking a pipe before going to bed, Tommy was greeted by a cheerful, intelligent looking young Englishman.

"Excuse me, sir, but aren't you Colonel Heard?"

Tommy was not Colonel Heard any more than he was Lord Norheys; but he knew he had Colonel Heard's passport in his pocket and his party were entered in the hotel register as Colonel and Mrs. Heard and Miss Gisborne. The king had done that for them before he went back to Berlin.

"My name," said the stranger, "is Allen. I don't think we've ever met."

"Never," said Tommy firmly, thankful that Allen was not one of Colonel Heard's oldest friends.

"But when I saw your name in the hotel register," said Allen, "I thought I'd introduce myself. I'm doing Reparations, you know."

He gave that piece of information as if it formed some excuse for having seen Colonel Heard's name in the register book. Perhaps it was an excuse. Any one concerned with Reparations is bound to be filled with curiosity and ought to investigate everything he comes across. How else is he to know whether the conquered nations can or cannot pay the fines imposed on them?

"I hope," Allen went on, "that you'll introduce me to Mrs. Heard. I'd like to tell my sister that I've met her."

Tommy could not do anything else but promise to introduce Allen to Mrs. Heard next morning. But he could not help wondering which of his two ladies were the better suited for the part. Janet Church was almost the age that colonels' wives generally are. But Tommy knew that he himself looked absurdly young. There cannot be many instances of colonels of twenty-six years old married to ladies of fifty-two, and Janet looked every day of her age. On the other hand, one of his two ladies had to pose as the secretary of the Graves Registration commission. Calypso did not look like a secretary and it would be difficult to convince any one that she was chiefly occupied with graves. Janet, with her face and figure, looked exactly like a lady who spent her time in typing letters about tombstones. Tommy made up his mind that Calypso must be Mrs. Heard.

"I want to thank Mrs. Heard," said Allen, for all her kindnesses to my sister in 1915. She was like a mother to the girls in that canteen, and she kept a tight hand over them, too. Quite right. They needed it."

The date gave Tommy a shock. In 1915 Calypso was at the utmost fourteen years of age and could not possibly have kept a tight hand over any one, except perhaps the inhabitants of a dolls' house. Tommy altered his plan. Janet would have to be Mrs. Heard. But he was by no means certain of how Janet would like that. She had already accepted the position of his aunt, and it is distinctly laid down in the Prayer Book that an aunt may not marry her nephew. Janet, with her strong ecclesiastical instincts, might very well object to committing herself to a breach of the marriage laws of the Church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do Not Force Plants

If a plant has been growing thriftily for some time and then begins to go back it probably needs a rest, and no amount of forcing will do any permanent good. During the resting period a plant is better if left entirely alone in a dry, cool cellar. It will of its own accord and without any attention of any kind begin to put out new green shoots. When these new shoots show themselves the plant should be given a thorough watering, a re-potting if necessary, and brought up into its place in the sun. After it is growing well it may be given fertilizer.

MY FAVORITE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

Why Drag It Out?

The president of one of our largest railroads has always enjoyed life and the living of it. He has ever favored good things to eat and plenty of them, good things to drink and more of the same, long black, strong cigars to smoke and a box full handy.

Until he reached middle age and had progressed a trifle beyond it, his customary modes seemed to agree with him. But about a year ago his health rather failed him. At least, he developed nerves and curious sensations.

In the midwestern city where he lives he had the best available medical advice. But treatment, as locally applied, did not seem to help him any. The annoying and alarming symptoms persisted.

So in the fall he packed up and went to New York. Arriving there he summoned three of the leading diagnosticians in stomach troubles. These high-priced scientists came to him, equipped with small black bags. They examined the sufferer thoroughly. They asked him countless questions—all about his diet, his habits, his family history, his emotions, sensations, feelings, likes and dislikes. Then they withdrew for a consultation.

After the lapse of an hour they re-entered his presence. The oldest specialist acted as spokesman.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "my conferees and I have considered your case from every standpoint. I now give you our deliberate judgment. You must cut out those thick steaks and rich pastries that you've been eating; you must cut out black coffee and heavy cigars; above all things, you must cut out all alcoholic stimulants. You must alter your plan of life altogether—live hereafter on the strictest and simplest of diets, refrain from smoking, avoid all exertion and all excitement, go to bed every night at nine o'clock and get up every morning at six."

"And if I should do all these things which your gentlemen recommend—what then?" asked the railroad.

"In that event you should live at least five years."

Mr. Blank took a deep breath. "What for?" he asked.

A Small Job for the Colored Brother

To an inquiring Northerner a Louisiana officeholder was explaining why the colored vote in a state election was invariably so small, whereas the colored population in that particular section of the state outnumbered the white population by at least ten to one.

"Do you use force or threats to keep the negroes away from the polls?" inquired the visitor.

"No, suh," said the Louisianan. "The test is absolutely educational."

"For whites and blacks alike?"

"Suttinly, suh, for both races alike. It's strictly constitutional."

"How do you apply the test?"

"Well, suh, it's this way: If it's a white man who wants to vote and he happens to be a stranger to the polling officers we ask him if he's a Democrat, and if he says 'yes' to that, we ask him if his father fought for the Confederacy and if he says 'yes' we ask him if he chews tobacco, and if his answer still is 'Yes,' we say to him: 'Walk right in and vote.'"

"But suppose the applicant is colored?"

"Well, in that case, we don't ask him any of these questions. We ask him something else."

"What do you ask him?"

"We merely ask him to demonstrate the bimedial theorem."

The Prudent Mr. Finnerty

The lawyer picked his way to the edge of the excavation for the new terminal station and called down for Michael Finnerty.

"Who's wantin' me?" inquired a deep voice.

"I am," said the lawyer. "Mr. Finnerty, did you come from Castlebar, County Mayo?"

"I did."

"And was your mother named Mary and your father named Owen?"

"Then, Mr. Finnerty," said the lawyer, "it is my duty to inform you that your Aunt Kate has died in the old country, leaving you an estate of twenty thousand dollars in cash. Please come on up."

There was a pause and a commotion down below.

"Mr. Finnerty," called the lawyer, craning his neck over the trench, "I'm waiting for you!"

"In was minute," said Mr. Finnerty. "I just stopped to lick the foreman!"

For six months Mr. Finnerty, in a high hat and with patent leather shoes on his feet, lived a life of elegant ease, trying to cure himself of a great thirst. Then he went back to his old job. It was there in the same excavation that the lawyer found him the second time.

"Mr. Finnerty," he said, "I've more news for you. It is your Uncle Terence who's dead now in the old country; and he has left you his entire property."

"I don't think I can take it," said Mr. Finnerty, leaning wearily on his pick. "I'm not as strong as I wance was; and I'm doubtin' if I could go through all that again and live!"



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Pain Lumbago
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which contains proven directions Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Sherman Prepared for Any Emergency

Judge Gary at a banquet was praising an efficient overseer.

"The man's surprising efficiency," he said, "reminds me of Sherman on his march to the sea. The way Sherman could repair railroads! The Confederate cavalry hovering in his rear would tear up a mile of track or burn a bridge, and an hour or so later they would hear one of Sherman's trains go whistling by. This naturally disgusted them."

"In a Confederate conference one day an engineer proposed that they try blowing up some tunnels. But another engineer gave a sour laugh and said: 'No use, boys, Sherman's prepared for that. He carries duplicate tunnels with him. Better save our powder.'"

Detroit Free Press.



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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Cure for Insomnia

An inventor of Macclesfield, England, is said to have perfected a machine that will cure insomnia. The machine is placed alongside of the bed and emits light rays of 12 different colors, flashing at prearranged periods. The effect of this combination of colors and periodicity is intended to be soothing and to induce sleep. The color flashes at such regular intervals have a peculiar effect upon the retina, it is said. The inventor maintains he has cured several stubborn cases of sleeplessness in ten to fifteen minutes.

Friend in Need

The Judge fixed his eyes severely on the prisoner.

"Flaherty," he demanded, "why did you dump your hod of bricks on your friend Nolan?"

"Ye see, judge," explained the offender, "O' once told Nolan that if he was hard up for money to come to the building where O' was workin' and O'd do him a favor, and when O' saw him comin' along the street, dead broke, O' dropped the bricks down on his head knowin' he had an accident policy."—Forbes Magazine.

Farewell to Fog?

Experiments have been carried out by United States aviators in the dispersal of fog by discharging showers of electrified sand. It is reported that the sand showers had the effect of causing a series of small clouds to precipitate as rain, thus breaking up the heavier cloud masses.

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