

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Effects a soothing cure for the nervous ills of life.
Makes life more pleasant and cheers the heavy heart.
Brings good fellowship to all who partake in moderation.
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Cowardice Court

By
GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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SYNOPSIS

Lord Baselhurst's servants, ordered to throw Randolph Shaw into a brook marking the boundary lines between the Shaw and Baselhurst estates, are thoroughly duped by Shaw himself.

Lord Baselhurst, incited by his ill-natured American wife, invades Shaw's land, but runs when Shaw appears.

Shaw, more in jest than earnest, ejects from his premises Penelope Drake, Lord Baselhurst's sister. Penelope admires him very much.

They meet frequently and become interested in each other. Baselhurst's servants shoot Shaw's dog and slightly wound Shaw.

This cruel act makes Shaw furious and also angers Penelope, who declares that Shaw is coming armed to the teeth to visit Baselhurst.

CHAPTER VII.

"They are after me!"

LONG afterward she recalled his exultant exclamation, checked at its outset—recalled it with a perfect sense of understanding. With rare good taste he subdued whatever it was that might have struggled for expression and simply extended his right hand to relieve her of the lantern.

"We never have been enemies, Miss Drake," he said, controlling his voice admirably. "But had we been so up to this very instant I am sure I'd surrender now. I don't know what has happened at the villa. It doesn't matter. You are here to ask my protection and my help. I am at your service, my home is yours, my right hand also. You are tired and wet and nervous. Won't you come inside? I'll get a light in a jiffy and Mrs. Ulrich, my housekeeper, shall be with you as soon as I can roust her out. Come in, please." She held back doubtfully, a troubled, uncertain look in her eyes. "You will understand, won't you?" she asked simply.

"And no questions asked," he said from the doorway. Still she held back, her gaze going involuntarily to the glasses on the table. He interpreted the look of inquiry. "There were two of us. The doctor was here picking out the shot, that's all. He's gone, it's all right. Wait here and I'll get a light." The flame in her lantern suddenly ended its feeble life.

"Dark as Egypt, eh?" he called out from the opposite side of the room.

"Not as dark as the forest, Mr. Shaw."

"Good heavens, what a time you must have had. All alone, were you?"

"Of course. I was not eloping."

"I beg your pardon."

"Where were you sitting when I came up?"

"Here—in the dark. I was waiting for the storm to come and dozed away, I daresay. I love a storm, don't you?"

"Yes, if I'm indoors. Ah!" He had struck a match and was lighting the wick of a lamp beside the huge fireplace.

"I suppose you think I'm perfectly crazy. I'm horrid."

"Not at all. Sit down here on the couch, please. More cheerful, eh? Good Lord, listen to the wind! You got here just in time. Now, if you'll excuse me I'll have Mrs. Ulrich down in a minute. She'll take good care of you. And I'll make you a nice hot drink too. You need it." In the door of the big living room he turned to her, a look of extreme doubt in his eyes.

"By Jove, I bet I do wake up. It can't be true." She laughed plaintively and shook her head in humble self-abasement. "Don't be lonesome. I'll be back in a minute."

"Don't hurry," she murmured apologetically. Then she settled back limply in the wide couch and inspected the room, his footsteps noisily clattering down the long hallway to the left. She saw, with some misgiving, that it was purely a man's habitation. Shaw doubtless had built and furnished the big cottage without woman as a consideration. The room was large, comfortable, solid. There was not a suggestion of femininity in it—high or low—except the general air of cleanliness. The furniture was rough hewn and built for use, not ornamentation. The walls were hung with English

THREE YEARS OF MISERY

Mrs. Burnside Escaped an Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mahoningtown, Pa.—"For three years I suffered untold misery every month, and had to stay in bed the first two or three days. I also had a displacement and other ailments peculiar to women. I became so weak and run down I could scarcely walk across the floor.

"The doctor told me I would never be well unless I would undergo an operation, but I was advised by my mother to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after I had taken four bottles I am strong and well. I have got others to take your medicine with the same good results and they cannot say enough for it."—Mrs. J. A. BURNSIDE, Mahoningtown, Pa.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

prints, antlers, mementoes of the hunt and the field of sport. The floor was covered with skins and great "carpet rag" rugs. The whole aspect was so distinctly mannish that her heart fluttered ridiculously in its loneliness. Her cogitations were running seriously toward riot when he came hurriedly down the hall and into her presence.

"She'll be down presently. In fact, so will the cook and the housemaid. Gad, Miss Drake, they were so afraid of the storm that all of them piled into Mrs. Ulrich's room. I wonder at your courage in facing the symptoms outdoors. Now I'll fix you a drink. Take off your hat—be comfortable. Cigarette? Good! Here's my sideboard. See? It's a nuisance, this having only one arm in commission; affects my style as a barkeep. Don't stir; I'll be able—"

"Let me help you. I mean, please don't go to so much trouble. Really I want nothing but a place to sleep to-night. This couch will do—honestly. And some one to call me at daybreak so that I may be on my way." He looked at her and laughed quizzically. "Oh, I'm in earnest, Mr. Shaw. I would not have stopped here if it hadn't been for the storm."

"Come, now, Miss Drake, you spoil the fairy tale. You did intend to come here. It was the only place for you to go, and I'm glad of it. My only regret is that the house isn't filled with chaperons."

"Why?" she demanded with a guilty start.

"Because I could then say to you the things that are in my heart—aye, that are almost bursting from my lips. I—I can't say them now, you know," he said, and she understood his delicacy. For some minutes she sat in silence, watching him as he clumsily mixed the drinks and put the water over the alcohol blaze. Suddenly he turned to her with something like alarm in his voice. "By George, you don't suppose they'll pursue you?"

"Oh, wouldn't that be jolly? It would be like the real story-book—the fairy and the ogre and all that. But, doubtfully, "I'm sorely afraid they consider me rubbish. Still—looking up encouragingly—"my brother would try to find me if he—if he knew that I was gone."

To her surprise, he whistled softly and permitted a frown of anxiety to creep over his face. "I hadn't thought of that," he observed reflectively. Then he seemed to throw off the momentary symptoms of uneasiness, adding, with a laugh: "I daresay nothing will happen. The storm would put a stop to all idea of pursuit."

"Let them pursue," she said, a stubborn light in her eyes. "I am my own mistress, Mr. Shaw. They can't take me, willy nilly, as if I were a child, you know."

"That's quite true. You don't understand," he said slowly, his back to her.

"You mean the law? Is it different from ours?"

"Not that. The—er—situation. You see, they might think it a trifle odd if they found you here—with me. Don't you understand?" He turned to her with a very serious expression. She started and sat bolt upright to stare at him comprehensively.

"You mean—it isn't quite—er—"

"Regular" perhaps," he supplied. "Please keep your seat. I'm not the censor. I'm not even an opinion. Believe me, Miss Drake, my only thought was and is for your good."

"I see. They would believe evil of me if they knew I had come to you," she mused, turning quite cold.

"I know the kind of people your sister-in-law has at her place, Miss Drake. Their sort can see but one motive in anything. You know them, too, I dare say."

"Yes, I know them," she said uneasily. "Good heavens, what a fool I've been!" she added, starting to her feet. "I might have known they'll say all sorts of terrible things. They must not find me here. Mr. Shaw, I'm—I am so ashamed—I wonder what you are thinking of me." Her lip trembled,

and there was such a pleading look in her dark eyes that he controlled himself with difficulty. It was only by imposing the severest restraint upon his susceptibilities that he was able to approach her calmly.

"I can't tell you now—not here—what I am thinking. It isn't the place. Maybe—maybe you can read my thought, Penel—Miss Drake. Look up, please. Can't you read—oh, there now—I beg your pardon! You come to me for protection and I—well, don't be too hard on me just yet. I'll find the time and place to tell you." He drew away almost as his hand was ready to clasp hers—all because her sweet eyes met his trustingly—he could have sworn lovingly.

"Just now I am a poor little reprobate," she sighed ever so miserably. "You are very good. I'll not forget." "I'll not permit you to forget," he said eagerly.

"Isn't the housekeeper a long time in coming?" she asked quickly. He laughed contentedly.

"We've no reason to worry about her. It's the pursuers from Baselhurst that should trouble us. Won't you tell me the whole story?" And she told him everything, sitting there beside him with a hot drink in her hand and a growing shams in her heart. It was dawning upon her with alarming force that she was exposing a hitherto unknown incentive. It was not a comfortable awakening. "And you champion me to that extent?" he cried joyously. She nodded bravely and went on.

"So here I am," she said in conclusion. "I really could not have walked to Ridgely tonight, could I?"

"I should say not."

"And there was really nowhere else to come but here?" dubiously.

"See that light over there up the mountain?" he asked, leading her to a window. "Old man Grimes and his wife live up there. They keep a light burning all night to scare Renwood's ghost away. By Jove, the storm will be upon us in a minute. I thought it had blown around us." The roll of thunder came up the valley. "Thank heaven you're safe indoors. Let them pursue if they like. I'll hide you if they come, and the servants are—er—mouthing."

"I don't like the way you put it, Mr. Shaw."

"Hello, hello—the house!" came a shout from the wind ridden night outside. Two hearts inside stopped beating for a second or two. She caught her breath sharply as she clasped his arm.

"They are after me!" she gasped.

"They must not find you here. Really, Miss Drake, I mean it. They would not understand. Come with me. Go down this hall quickly. It leads to the garden back of the house. There's a gun room at the end of the hall. Go in there, to your right. Here, take this! It's an electric saddle lantern. I'll head those fellows off. They shan't find you. Don't be alarmed."

She sped down the narrow hall, and he, taking time to slip into a long dressing coat, stepped out upon the porch in response to the now prolonged and impatient shouts.

"Who's there?" he shouted. The light from the windows revealed several horsemen in the roadway.

"Friends," came back through the wind. "Let us in out of the storm. It's a terror."

"I don't know you." There was a shout of laughter and some profanity.

"Oh, yes you do, Mr. Shaw. Open up and let us in. It's Dave Rank and Ed Hunter. We can't make the cabin before the rain." Shaw could see their faces now and then by the flashes of lightning, and he recognized the two woodmen, who doubtless had been visiting sweethearts up toward Ridgely.

"Take your horses to the stable, boys, and come in," he called, laughing heartily. Then he hurried off to the gun room. He passed Mrs. Ulrich coming downstairs yawning prodigiously. He called to her to wait for him in the library.

There was no one in the gun room. The door leading to the back porch was open. With an exclamation he leaped outside and looked about him.

"Good heavens!" he cried, staggering back.

Far off in the night, a hundred yards or more on the road, leading to Grimes' cabin he saw the wobbling, uncertain flicker of a light wending its way like a will-o'-the-wisp through the night. Without a moment's hesitation and with something strangely like an oath, he rushed into the house, almost upsetting the housekeeper in his haste.

"Visitors outside. Make 'em comfortable. Back soon," he jerked out as he changed his coat with small respect for his injured arm. Then he clutched a couple of raincoats from the rack and flew out of the back door like a man suddenly gone mad.

(To be continued.)

Flying Men Fall.

victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles just like other people, with like results in loss of appetite, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that as T. D. Peabody, Henry, Tenn., proved. "Six bottles of Electric Bitters" he writes, "did me. I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes M. E. Gebhardt, Oriole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

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Mr. W. S. Gonsaulus, a farmer living near Fleming Pa., says he has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for fourteen years, and that he has found it to be an excellent remedy, and takes pleasure in recommending it. For sale by all dealers.

Socialists of Coosa county gave a picnic at North Bend Sunday, August 18, that was attended by at least 2500.

"Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased," writes Lindsay Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

Dr. C. H. Ellsworth, dentist, 16 Baldwin St. Rochester, N. Y., says Foley Kidney Pills gave him immediate relief and strengthened him wonderfully. "For some time past I have been bothered with weak kidneys and bladder trouble. Irregular action, pain and dizzy spells all troubled me. Foley Kidney Pills gave me immediate relief and strengthened me wonderfully. I am pleased to recommend their use." Foley Kidney Pills are specially prepared for kidney and bladder ailments, and are always effective for rheumatism, backache, weak back and lumbago. Dr. Stone Drug Store.

Portland has an auto mystery. Joy riders stole a fine auto, and drove it over a 35-foot bank. There were torn garments and some blood, but no clue to those who were in the car.

Woodburn reports strawberries in the market August 23.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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