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Women who recover their health, naturally tell others what helped them. Some write and allow their names and photographs to be published with testimonials. Many more tell their friends. If you need a medicine for women's ailments, try that well known and successful remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) for anything you need to know about these troubles.

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A Nebraska Case. Mrs. Harriet Stump, McLane and Seventeenth Sts., Falls City, Neb., says: "I suffered terribly from kidney trouble. I had rheumatic pains in my back and sides. Doan's Kidney Pills had been used in my family with good results, so I tried them. After taking them, I felt better. My kidneys were entirely cured. My limbs, which had been swollen, were reduced to normal size and the soreness all disappeared from my joints. The trouble has never returned."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. For Irritated Throats. Take a Dose and you will find that it acts promptly and effectively and contains no opiates.

PISO'S. For Irritated Throats. Take a Dose and you will find that it acts promptly and effectively and contains no opiates.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead, Author of "Kitchen and Other Poems". Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Bert Morrison's confession had, however, set up another very insistent train of thought in Irene's mind. She realized that Bert, with all her show of cynicism and masculinity, was really a very womanly young woman, with just the training and the insight into life that would make her almost irresistible should she enter the matrimonial market. And Bert and Dave were already good friends; very good friends indeed, as Irene suspected from fragments of conversation which either of them dropped from time to time. Although she never doubted the singleness of Dave's devotion, she sometimes suspected that in Bert Morrison's presence he felt a more frank comradeship than in hers. And it was preposterous that he should not know that Bert might be won for the winning. And meantime...

Irene Hardy chose to be frank with herself over the situation. She had not doubted the sincerity of her attachment for Dave Elden; but, had she experienced such a doubt, the entry of Bert Morrison into the drama would have forever removed it. In fairness she admitted that things could not continue as they were. If she continued to trifle with Dave Elden—Yes, trifle. She would be frank. She would not spare herself. She had been trifling with him. . . . She would lay her false pride aside. In the purity of her womanhood, which he could not misunderstand, she would divest herself of all convention and tell him frankly that—that—

"There, there," he said. "You must control yourself. Tell me. It will relieve you, and perhaps I can help." "Oh, I'm sure you can," she returned. "It's all over Irene and that—that I will say it—that cow puncher."

Everywhere were fields of dark-green wheat, already beginning to glimmer with the gold of harvest; everywhere were herds of sleek cattle stinging and blowing contentedly in the cool evening air. Away to the west lay the mountains, blue and soft as a pillow of velvet for the head of the dying day; overhead, inverted islands of brass and copper floated lazily in an inverted sea of azure and opal; up from the southwest came the breath of the far Pacific, mild and soft and gentle.

"We started at the wrong end in our nation building," Dave was saying. "We started to build cities, leaving the country to take care of itself. We are finding out how wrong we were. Depend upon it, where there is a prosperous country the cities will take care of themselves. We have been putting the cart before the horse."

But Irene's eyes were on the sunset; on the slowly fading colors of the cloudlands overhead. Something of that color played across her fine face, mellowing, softening, drawing as it seemed, the very soul to cheeks and lips and eyes. Dave paused in his speech to regard her, and her heavy eyelids upon him, engulfed him, overwhelmed him in such a poignancy of tenderness that it seemed for a moment all his resolves must be swept away and he must storm the citadel that would not surrender to siege. . . . Only action could hold him resolute; he pressed down the accelerator until the steel lungs of his motor were drinking power to their utmost capacity and the car roared furiously down the stretches of the country road.

arm to the shoulder, and the car had lided to a standstill. "I have fought as long as I can, Dave. I—I always wanted to—to lose, you know; and now—I surrender."

Elden lost no time in facing the unpleasant task of an interview with Mrs. Hardy. It was even less pleasant than he expected. "Irene is of age," said Mrs. Hardy, bluntly. "If she will, she will. But I must tell you plainly that I will do all I can to dissuade her. Ungrateful child!" she exclaimed, in an outburst of temper, "after all these years to throw herself away in an infatuation for a cow puncher when there are men like Mr. Conward!"

"Conward!" interrupted Dave. "He has the manners of a gentleman," she said, in a tone intended to be crushing. "And the morals of a coyote," Dave returned hotly.

"O-o-o-h!" said Mrs. Hardy, in a low, shocked cry. That Elden should speak of Conward with such disdain seemed to her little less than sacrilege. Then, gathering herself together with some dignity: "If you cannot speak respectfully of Mr. Conward you will please leave the house. I shall not forbid you to see Irene; I know that would be useless. But please do not trouble me with your presence."

When Dave had gone Mrs. Hardy rang up Conward's number. "Oh, Mr. Conward!" she said. "You know who is speaking? . . . Yes. You must come up tonight. I do want to talk with you. I—I've been insulted—in my own house. By that—that Elden. It's all very terrible. I can't tell you over the telephone."

Conward called early in the evening. Mrs. Hardy had heard the bell and bustled into the room. She had not yet recovered from her agitation, and made no effort to conceal it. "Come into my sitting room, Mr. Conward. I am so glad you have come. Really, I am so upset. It is such a comfort to have some one you can depend on—some one whose advice one can seek, on occasions like this. I never thought—"

"There, there," he said. "You must control yourself. Tell me. It will relieve you, and perhaps I can help."

"Oh, I'm sure you can," she returned. "It's all over Irene and that—that I will say it—that cow puncher."



Flatterers Are Seldom Proof Against Their Own Poison.

To think it should have come to this! Mr. Conward, you are not a mother, so you can't understand. Ungrateful girl! But I blame him. And the doctor. I never wanted him to come West. It was that fool trip, in that fool motor—"

Conward smiled to himself over her unaccustomed violence. Mrs. Hardy must be deeply moved when she forgot to be correct. He had readily surmised the occasion of her distress. It needed no words from Mrs. Hardy to tell him that Irene and Dave were engaged. He had expected it for some time, and the information was not altogether distasteful to him. He had some somewhat under the spell of Irene's attractiveness, but he had no deep attachment for her. He was not aware that he had ever had an abiding attachment for any woman. Attachments were things which he put on and off as readily as a change of clothes. He planned to hit Dave through Irene, but he planned that when he struck it should be a death blow. Their engagement would lead a sharper edge to his shaft.

It may as well be set down that for Mrs. Hardy Conward had no regard whatever. Even while he shaped soft words for her ear he held her in contempt. To him she was merely a silly old woman. . . . From the day he had first seen Mrs. Hardy his attitude toward her had been one of subtle flattery, partly because it pleased his whim and partly on that same day he had seen Irene, and he was shrewd enough to know that his approach to the girl's affections must be made by way of the acquaintance which he would establish under the guise of friendship for her mother. Since his trouble with Dave Conward had a double purpose in developing that acquaintanceship. He had no compunctions as to his method of attack. While Dave was

manfully laying siege to the front gate Conward proposed to burglarize the home through the back door of family intimacy. And now that Dave seemed to have won the prize Conward realized that his own position was more secure than ever. Had he not been called in consultation by the girl's mother? Were not the inner affairs of the family now laid open before him? Did not his position as her mother's adviser permit him to assume toward Irene an attitude which, in a sense, was more intimate than even Dave's could be? He turned these matters over quickly in his mind and congratulated himself upon the wisdom of his tactics.

"It's very dreadful," Mrs. Hardy was saying, between dabbings of her perfumed handkerchief on eyes that bore witness to the genuineness of her distress. "Irene is not an ordinary girl. She has in her qualities that justified me in hoping that—that she would do—very different from this. Need I conceal from you, Mr. Conward—from you, of all men—what have been my hopes for Irene?"

Conward's heart leaped at the confession. He had secretly entertained some doubt as to Mrs. Hardy's purpose in opening her home to him as she had done; absurd as the hypothesis seemed, still there was the possibility that Mrs. Hardy saw in Conward a possible comfort to her declining days. He had no doubt that her vanity was equal to that supposition, but he had done her less than justice in supposing that she had any directly personal ambitions. Her ambitions were for Irene. She had hoped that, by bringing Conward into the house, by bringing Irene under the influence of a close family acquaintanceship with him, that young lady might be led to see the folly of the road she was choosing. She had hoped that he would be the successful suitor for Irene. And Conward's heart leaped at the confession.

"I suppose I need not conceal from you," he answered, "what my hopes have been. It is reasonably safe to judge a daughter by her mother, and by that standard Irene is one of the most adorable of young women."

"I have been called attractive in my day," confessed Mrs. Hardy, warming at once to his flattery.

"Have been?" said Conward. "Say rather you are. If I had not been rendered, perhaps, a little partial by my admiration of Irene, I—well, one can scarcely give his heart in two places, you know. And my deep regard for you, Mrs. Hardy—my desire that you shall be spared this—ah—threatened humiliation, will justify me in using heroic measures to bring this unfortunate affair to a close. You may trust me, Mrs. Hardy. Irene is—you will forgive me, Mrs. Hardy, but Irene is, if I may say it, somewhat headstrong. She is—"

"She is her father over again," Mrs. Hardy interrupted. "I told him he should not attempt that crazy trip of his without me along, but he would go. And this is what he has brought upon me, and he not here to share it."

Mrs. Hardy's tone conveyed very plainly her grievance over the doctor's behavior in evading the consequences of the situation which his headstrong folly had created.

"She is set in her own mind," Conward continued. "We must not openly oppose her. We must adopt other tactics."

"You are very clever," said Mrs. Hardy. "You have been a student of human nature."

Conward smiled pleasantly. Little as he valued Mrs. Hardy's opinion, her words of praise fell very gratefully upon him. Flatterers are seldom proof against their own poison.

"Yes, I have studied human nature," he admitted. "The most interesting—and the most profitable—of all studies. And I know that young couples in love are not governed by the ordinary laws of reason. That is why it is useless to argue with Irene—sensible girl though she is—on a subject like this. We must reach her some other way. "The way that occurs to me is to create distrust. Love is either absurdly trustful or absurdly suspicious. There is no middle course, no balanced judgment. In the trustfulness of love little virtues are magnified to angelic qualities, and vices are quite unseen. But change that trust to suspicion, and a hidden, sinister meaning is found behind the simplest word or act. We must plan two campaigns: One, which I have already suggested, and one, if that should fail, to cause Elden to distrust Irene. No, no," he said, raising his hand toward Mrs. Hardy, who had started from her seat, "there must be no vestige of reason, except that the end justifies the means. It is a case of saving Irene, even if we must pain her—and you—in the saving."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWAUGH, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 15

PETER AND CORNELIUS.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 10. GOLDEN TEXT—The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.—Rom. 10:12. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Acts 15: 1-35; Gal. 2:1-21. PRIMARY TOPIC—God's Love for Everybody. JUNIOR TOPIC—Peter Wins a Roman Captain. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Overcoming of Prejudice. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Significance of the Conversion of Cornelius.

The conversion of Cornelius broke down the "middle wall of partition" between the Jews and Gentiles (Eph. 2:4).

- 1. Cornelius (vv. 1, 2). 1. His official position (v. 1). He was a Roman officer over a company of 100 soldiers, perhaps of about the same rank as a captain in the American army. 2. His character (v. 2). (1) A devout, pious man. His heart was filled with godly fear. (2) He was a praying man; he observed the Jewish hour of prayer. (3) He was charitable; he gave much alms. (4) He was respected by his family.

The Lord chose Cornelius for the transition of the Gospel to the Gentiles because of his character and position. No Jew could find any fault with him. He was a good man, but not a saved man.

- II. The Supernatural Preparation for the Transition of the Gospel to the Gentiles (vv. 3-5).

1. Two visions were given. (1) The vision of Cornelius (vv. 3-5). While engaged in prayer an angel of God instructed him to send to Joppa for Peter, who would tell him what to do. The angel told him that Peter lodged with Simon, a tanner, to show Cornelius that Peter was not the strictest Jew. The calling of a tanner was regarded as unclean by the strict Jews, and the tanners were commanded to dwell apart. Cornelius sent at once for Peter. He was living up to the best light he had, so he received more. (2) The vision of Peter (vv. 9-10). This took place while Peter was praying (v. 9). If one would receive visions from God, let him pray to God; for the heavens are open to those who pray. He saw a certain vessel containing clean and unclean animals let down from heaven, and heard the command: "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." Peter protested that he had never eaten any unclean thing. God replied: "What God hath cleansed, call not thou common." This vessel let down from heaven and taken back indicated that both Jew and Gentile were accepted on high.

2. Messengers from Cornelius (vv. 17-22). Peter was greatly perplexed over what he had seen, but not for long; for messengers from Cornelius made inquiry at the gate for him. The spirit informed Peter of the matter and bade him go, nothing doubting. 3. The meeting of Cornelius and Peter (vv. 23-33). (1) Peter took six witnesses along (v. 23). He had the good judgment to know that on a matter of so great importance he must have witnesses. This was proved at the Jerusalem council in the consideration of the question of the reception of the Gentiles into the church (11:1-18). (2) Cornelius waiting for Peter (v. 24). He called together his kinsmen and near friends. (3) Cornelius about to worship Peter (vv. 25, 26). Peter repudiated this act and protested that he was but a man. The true man of God not only dislikes, but refuses to be worshipped. (4) The reciprocal explanation (vv. 27-33). Peter explained to him how God had taken from him his Jewish prejudice and asked that Cornelius state the purpose of his having sent for him. Cornelius explained how God had appeared unto him and instructed him to send for Peter.

- III. Peter's Sermon (vv. 34-43).

1. The introduction (vv. 34, 35). He showed that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation those who fear God and work righteousness are accepted of him. 2. The discourse (vv. 36-43). In the discourse he touches briefly upon the mission of Jesus, showing that by means of his baptism and anointing with the Holy Spirit he was qualified for his work as mediator. He then exhibited the work of Christ (1) in his life (vv. 36-39). (2) in his death (v. 39). (3) in his resurrection (vv. 40, 41).

- IV. The Holy Spirit Poured Out (vv. 44-48).

This was a new Pentecost. As the Gospel was entering upon its widest embrace the Spirit came in new power.

- Power of Faith.

Christians are the best exponents in the lives of the saints. It is only when our needs pass into the iron of the blood that they become vital and organic. Faith is not transmuted into character until it is power.—L. Thompson.

- No Man is an Island.

For long as we live, we serve; so long as we are loved by others we are loved; and so long as we are loved by others we are loved. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

- You can trust me.

Conward assured her. "There is no time to be lost, and I must plan my campaigns at once." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Settled at Last. Flatbush—So their child is christened at last? Bensonhurst—Oh, yes; last night. "Were you there?" "Sure, I was." "Some occasion, I'll bet." "You said it." "And what was the dear child christened?" "A boy!"

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In one minute your clogged nostrils will open, the air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffing, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh will be gone. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly. It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh—Relief comes so quickly—Adv.

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