

Women of Middle Age

From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio.

Port Worth, Texas.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly. I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been some time since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—"During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

"One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and I shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a doctor for years. You may publish my letter."—Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORF, Munford, Ala.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam.

"I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORF, Munford, Ala.

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.

WANTED
HOMES FOR THE FAMOUS
FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS

Send 6 tops from ten-cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and get Miss Elizabeth Ann, 22 inches high. Send three tops from ten-cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Phoebe Primus or Miss Lily White, twelve inches high. Send one top from ten-cent packages if you wish, but twice as many are required. Give your name and address plainly. One of one ten-cent or two five-cent tops. Only one ad. will be accepted with each application. Write your name and address plainly.

THE BEST STARCH FOR ALL PURPOSES
FAULTLESS STARCH CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.



Pleasing the Public.
"Most popular district attorney New York ever had."
"How so?"
"Always timed his gambling house raids to accommodate the theater crowds."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Buying a Bird.
"This canary is a German bird, madam; a great singer."
"I don't know," murmured the bride doubtfully. "Will he sing in German?"

Why Old Backs Ache

What a pity that so many persons past middle age are worried with lame backs, aching kidneys, poor eyesight, sick headache, dizziness, gravel, dropsy or distressing urinary ills. Kidney weakness brings these discomforts in youth or age and is a dangerous thing to neglect, for it leads to Bright's disease and uric acid poisoning. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new strength to thousands of lame backs—have rid thousands of annoying urinary trouble.

An Arkansas Case
C. A. Hendricks, Rose Hill, De Queen, Ark., says: "I was injured and my kidneys were weakened. I suffered a great deal from kidney disorder and I had gravel. I took all kinds of medicine, but found no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Two boxes cured me and I haven't suffered since."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

The Army of Constipation
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.



PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Throat Cure. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS



SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him. She laughs during the service and is asked to leave. About Ashton, superintendent of schools, asserts Fran from the text. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she is sweetly in love with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to stay away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran related to the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her, and died the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. On Ashton's story, Mrs. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran declares she cannot marry. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Ashton declares that he cannot go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Ashton, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Ashton that she is not to marry. Fran tells her mother that she is in love with Fran. Bob Clinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts the quarrel between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares to Gregory that she must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission. He returns to Springfield, and at Fran's request, Abbott urges him not to discuss the matter with her. Fran tells her mother that she has learned the truth, and that she will leave Gregory at once. Clinton agrees to keep silent. Driven into a corner by the threat of exposure, Gregory is forced to dismiss Fran. He offers her the job of book-keeper. Clinton agrees, and Gregory's infatuation leads him to seek Grace at the grocery. He finds her alone and tells her the story. She points out that as he married the present Mrs. Gregory before the death of Fran's mother, he is now bigamist. They decide to flee at once. They attempt to escape during the excitement of a street fair and are forced to enter the lion tent to avoid Clinton.



FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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and made a rush for his end of the see-saw. He stepped upon it. He was conquered. His haste to obey, evidently the result of fear and hatred, produced a ripple of laughter. The other lion, feeling the sudden tremor of Samson's weight, opened his eyes suddenly and twitched his tail. He was not asleep, after all.

Abbott found himself intensely nervous. He longed to have it all over, anxious, above all, to prove his fears groundless. Yet how were so many coincidences to be explained away? Fran had been a show-girl, a trainer of lions, and Abbott distinctly remembered that she had spoken of a "Samson." Fran had just these movements, and this height. He missed Fran's mellow voice, but voices may be disguised; and the hands now raised toward the audience may have been stained dark. Who was that "sick friend" that Fran had possibly mentioned only as an excuse for escaping? Was that a subterfuge? And why this red mask which, according to Simon Jefferson, was an innovation?

At every trick, the black-maned lion balked. When the time came for the clown to hand the woman her violin he was afraid, and withdrew his arm with marvelous rapidity. His grotesque disguise could not hide his genuine uneasiness. The members of the band, too, played their notes with unusual care, lest the slightest deviation from routine work bring catastrophe. Nothing had gone right but the see-sawing act; but of all this, the crowd was ignorant.

After the violin playing—"Now," Simon Jefferson announced, gleefully, "there's only one more act, but it's a corker, let me tell you—that's why she's resting a minute. La Goniatti gets astride of Samson—the one that's mad—and grabs his mane, and pretends to ride like a cowboy. Calls herself a rough rider. Makes Samson get on top of that table, then she gets on top of him."

"But this isn't La Goniatti," Abbott protested, shuddering again. "Now you've said something. That's right. But it looks like she's game—she'll try it—we'd better stand a little farther back."

A hand was laid upon Abbott's arm. "Abbott," said the voice of Robert Clinton, harsh from smothered excitement, "you went to Gregory's house—did you see him?"

Abbott did not hear. The refractory lion, knowing that his time had come to be ridden, was asserting his independence. He would not leap upon the table. The other lion stood watching sleepily to see if he would obey. "That you, Clinton?" Simon's greeting was tense with enjoyment. "Got here for the best of it didn't you! Seems to me I saw Gregory somewhere not long ago, but I wasn't thinking about him."

"Hercules!" the masked woman addressed the gentler of the lions. "Go to your place. Hercules—go to your place!" Hercules turned to his blue box, and seated himself upon it, leaving his tail to take care of itself. The show-girl was fiercely addressing the black-maned lion. "Now! Now! To the table! To the table!" Samson did not budge. Facing the woman of the mask, he opened his mouth, revealing the red cave of his throat—past the ivory sentinels that he not only stood guard, but threatened, one could look down and down. This was no yawn of weariness, but a sign of rebellion—a sort of noiseless roar. The trainer retreated to the farther side of the cage, then made a forward rush, waving her whip, and shouting clangorously, "Up, Samson, up, Samson, up!" She did not pause in her course till close to his face.

Again he opened his mouth, baring every tooth, voiceless, but unconquered. Hercules, finding that affairs had come to a halt, slowly descended from his box, keeping his half-opened eyes upon the woman. Restlessly he began to pace before the outer door. The slight figure withdrew several steps, then smote the rebellious lion a sharp blow across the mouth. He snapped at the lash. It slipped away

whispering sound of the silken mask, as it struck the plank floor of the cage, was distinctly audible. "Grace!" Gregory whispered in horror—"it's Fran!"

Gregory's brow was moistened with a chilled dew. "It's Fran," he murmured, "it's Fran! Grace—pray for her!"

Fran looked Samson steadily in the eyes, and Samson glared back fixedly. For a few moments, this quiver between life and death remained at the breaking point. Had a stranger at that moment looked under the tent-entrance, he might have thought everybody asleep. There was neither sound nor movement.

Grace whispered—"It is the hand of God!"

Her tone was almost inaudible, but Gregory shrank as from a mortal blow; its sinister meaning was unmistakable. Swiftly he turned to stare at her.

In Gregory's eyes was a wild and ominous glare akin to that of the threatening lion. It was a savage conviction that Fran was at last confronted by the justice of heaven.

Suddenly Fran crouched forward till her head was almost on a level with her waist, in so much that it was a physical exertion to hold her face upright. In this sinuous position she was the embodiment of power. If she felt misgivings concerning this last resource, there was no look to betray it. Straight toward Samson she rushed, her body lithe and serpentine, her direction unerring.

To the beast, Fran had become one of those mysterious flying serpents which bite from afar. He felt the sting of her terrible eyes and his gaze grew shifty. It wandered away, and, on returning, found her teeth bared, as if feeling for his heart. Rushing up to his very face—"Samson!" she cried, impellingly. Again he seemed to feel the lash upon his tawny skin. "Samson. Up, Samson, up, Samson—up!" Suddenly Samson wheeled about, and leaped upon the table. Fran stamped her foot at the other lion. "Go to your place, Hercules!" she cried, with something like contempt.

Hercules slowly rose, stretched himself, then marched to his box. He looked from Fran to the immovable Samson waiting upon the table, then mounted to his place, and seemed to fall asleep.

And now, at last, Fran looked at the spectators. Stepping lightly to the bars, she threw kisses this way and that, smiling radiantly. "Oh!" she cried, with vibrating earnestness, "you people out there—you can't think how I love you! You've saved my life. You are perfect heroes. Now make all the noise you please."

"May we move?" called a cautious voice from a few feet away. It was Abbott Ashton, with eyes like stars.

Fran looked at him, wondering at his thoughts. She answered by an upward movement of her hand.

As though by a carefully rehearsed arrangement, the audience rose to its feet, hand boys and all. Such a shout! Such waving of hats and handkerchiefs! Such unabashed sobs! Such inarticulate gasps and gaspings of neighboring hands! The spectators had gone mad with joyful relief.

Fran leaped upon the table, and mounted Samson.

"Now, I'm a rough rider!" she shouted, burying her hands in the mane, and lying along the lion's back in true cowboy fashion. She plunged, she shouted loudly, but Samson only closed his eyes and seemed to sleep.

After that, making the lions return to their cramped side cages was a mere detail. The show was ended. Fran, remaining in the empty cage, stood at the front, projecting her hand through the bars to receive the greetings of the crowd. Almost every one wanted to shake hands with her. "Look, look!" Simon Jefferson suddenly grasped Robert Clinton's hand, and pointed toward the tent-roof. "There they are!"

IRVING WAS NOT ALL MIND

English Actor One of the Most Lovable of Men, According to Life-long Associate.

It has been said of Irving that he lacked feeling, that he was all mind and no heart. Speaking to me, Miss Ellen Terry said: "He is gentle, not tender." The late Henry Labouchere wrote of him that "he was always acting." Greater errors could not have been made. Irving knew enough of human nature to know that it is frequently selfish and in many ways infirm, and he realized that "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face," but, essentially, he was one of the most loving and lovable of men—when and where he fully trusted. He was singularly sensitive to kindness, and any little token of remembrance that reached him from a friendly hand, if it was always a trifling case—was treasured by him with a gratitude almost pathetic. He did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and he did not trust many

Something very strange had happened up there, but it was lost to Clinton's keen jealous gaze—one of those happenings in the soul, which, however momentous, passes unobserved in the midst of the throng.

"Not so fast!" Grace cautioned Gregory. "We must wait up here till the very last—don't you see Mr. Clinton? And Simon Jefferson is now pointing us out. We can't go down that way—"

"We!" Gregory harshly echoed. "We! I have nothing to do with you, Grace Noir. Go to him, if you will." Grace turned ashen pale. "What do you mean?" she stammered. "You tell me to go to Mr. Clinton?"

"I tell you to go where you please. That girl yonder is my daughter, do you understand? Don't hold me back! I shall go to her and proclaim her as my child to the world. Do you hear me? That's my Fran!"

Grace shrank back in the suspicion that Hamilton Gregory had gone mad like the rest of the crowd. "Do you mean that you never want to see me again? Do you mean that you want me to marry Mr. Clinton?"

"I do not care what you do," he said, still more roughly. "You do not care?" she stammered, bewildered. "What has happened? You do not care—for me?"

She looked deep into his eyes, but found no incense burning there. The shrine was cold. "Mr. Gregory! And after all that has passed between us? After I have given you my—myself—"

Gregory seized her arm, as if to hold her off. His eyes were burning dangerously. "I saw murder in your heart while you were watching Fran," he whispered fiercely. "That's my daughter, do you understand? I know you now, I know you now."

Grace stared after him with bloodless cheeks and smoldering eyes. Clearly, she decided, the sight of Fran's fearful danger had unbalanced his mind. But how could he care so much about that Fran? And how could he leave her, knowing that Robert Clinton was beginning to climb upward with eyes fastened upon her face? But it was not the sight of Fran's danger that had for ever alienated Gregory from Grace Noir. In an instant, she had stood revealed to him as an unlovely monster. His sensitive nature, always abnormally alive to outward impressions, had thrilled responsively to the exultation of the audience. He had endured the agony of suspense, he had shared the universal enthusiasm. If, in a sense, he was a series of moods, each the result of blind impulse, it so happened that Grace's hiss—"It's the hand of God!" turned his love to aversion; she was appealing as a justification of personal hatred, to the God they were both betraying.

Grace began to tremble as she watched Robert Clinton coming up, and Hamilton Gregory descending. She had trusted foolishly to a broken reed, but it was not too late to preserve the good name she had been about to besmirch. The furnace-heat in which rash resolves are forged, was cooled. Gregory had deserted Fran's mother; he was false to Mrs. Gregory; he would perhaps have betrayed Grace in the end; but Clinton was at hand, and his adoration would endure. In the meantime, the voice of Fran was to be heard above that of the happy crowd: "I love you all. You helped me do it. I should certainly have been mangled but for you perfect heroes. Yes, thank you, men and women. I could just feel your spirits holding mine up till I was so high—I was in the clouds. That's what subdued Samson. He knew I wasn't afraid. He knew it! And I wanted to win out for your sakes as well as my own—yes I did! Thank you men. . . . Thank you, women. . . . Well, if there aren't the children, too—bless your brave hearts! . . . And is that your baby? My goodness, and what a baby it is! . . . No, I'm not a bit tired!"

She stopped suddenly, on feeling a crushing grip. She looked down, a frown forming on her brow, but the sun shone clear when she saw Abbott Ashton. She gave him a swift look, as if to penetrate his inmost thoughts. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIKE PIRATE DAYS OF OLD

Men Who Were Shingled From Norfolk, Va., Seek Satisfaction From Authorities.

The days of the oyster pirates and old wild jammers were recalled when Walter McGrath, son of a North Carolina farmer, and Ebert Cooran, son of a former Pittsburg banker, told how they had been chantageed at the point of a pistol and forced to work their way as seamen to Hamburg when they thought that they were going to ship to Boston, says the Philadelphia Times. The immigration authorities are handling the case and a deputy United States marshal, accompanied by the two men, is on the way to Norfolk to arrest the agent who shipped them. The two young men met last November in Norfolk, Va. Both were out of employment and sought work about the docks. They were met, according to their story, by an alleged crew shipping agent, who offered to book them on the steamer Dortmund of the Hamburg-American line, which was lying at the docks. The young men were

told that the ship was bound for Boston. They accompanied the agent to an office.

They say that they met a Swede on the way and he consented to go along. The three were asked to sign shipping papers, but the Swede refused to sign until he had read them. This angered the agent, who is alleged to have drawn a revolver and knocked the Swede unconscious.

The young men say that they were given about \$3 worth of clothing and put aboard the ship. Then they learned that they were bound for Hamburg instead of Boston, but were forced to work. When the steamer reached the other side of the Atlantic the young men went to Consul General Skinner at Hamburg and lodged their complaint. Mr. Skinner sent them back to this country to make their complaint to the immigration authorities.

the new, long, upstanding plumes adorning her new small hats, finds the task of reconciling her headgear with her way of getting around rather tempting.

If she only had to lower her haughty crest and but into her car like a goat at a cat, it would be only temporary inconvenience. Once in the plume is again in the way of the roof, and must either be injured or its wearer's head must be bowed as in grief for the whole of the journey.

Holes could, no doubt, be made in the top of cars for hat trimmings to go through in fine weather. These might be regarded in the light of roof gradens or roof feather farms, and would surely enhance the appearance of covered cars.

After all, knights of old wore their plumes above closed visors!—London Sketch.

Not Her Fault.

Mr. Robinson—What a singular girl you are, Miss Jones! Miss Jones (copy)—Well, that can be altered, you know.—Stray Stories.

persons. He had suffered much, and he was lonely to the last. He was one of the most intellectual persons that ever trod the stage, but those who knew him best could testify that his sympathy was as wide as the widest experience of mankind and as deep as the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness that ever possessed the human heart.—William Winter, in Collier's Weekly.

Pretty Story.

A charming story about William Dean Howells was told at the Thursday Evening club by a poet. "When Gilbert and Sullivan," the poet said, "were touring America together I met Gilbert at a dinner, and he asked me about Mr. Howells' books, in which he was most interested. Among other things I said to him: 'Mr. Howells' story of "Their Wedding Journey" is very popular. Few young couples set off on their honeymoon nowadays without including a copy with their luggage.' 'Well,' said Mr. Gilbert, 'Sullivan and I are not a very young couple, but I think we'd better include a copy with our luggage, too.'"