

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oakaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."



—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oakaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

For Constipation
Carter's Little Liver Pills will set you right over night.
Purely Vegetable
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Carter's Iron Pills

Will restore color to the faces of those who lack iron in the blood, as most pale-faced people do.

Catarh of the Head cured while you sleep. No snoring, no spraying. Failure unknown. From Flax Woods of the South, Season's Late Discovery. One bottle usually sufficient. \$1. Your druggist or send to Season's Remedy Co., Lumberton, N. C.

THE PAXTON HOTEL Omaha, Nebraska. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rooms from \$1.00 up single, 75 cents up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

'Scuse Me, Mamma.
Ruth is just three years old. Recently she has been playing with the neighborhood children, and has learned to use words which until then had been foreign to her vocabulary. The other day she was on her back porch. The screen door came to with a bang, tipping over the chair in which were her playthings. "Darn!" she exploded, wrathfully. Immediately her mother, who had heard the expression, came to the porch. "What did you say, Ruth?" she demanded.
Ruth looked up from the scattered playthings and smiled her most alluring smile. "'Scuse me, mamma," she returned.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. All Druggists 75c. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

His View.
"Wives are sold in the Fiji Islands for \$5 each."
"Ugh!"
"Shame, isn't it?"
"Yes," growled the grouchy bachelor; "more profiteering."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Exception.
"I believe in handling all things without gloves."
"How about live wres?"

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.

Philadelphia convicts want to be sent to France to fight.

Your Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, No Stinging, No Discomfort. At Your Druggist or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye Free Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.



Carolyn of the Corners

—BY—
RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT

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CAROLYN AND PRINCE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF AUNTY ROSE, MR. STAGG'S HOUSEKEEPER

Synopsis.—Her father and mother reported lost at sea when the Dunraven, on which they had sailed for Europe, was sunk, Carolyn May Cameron—Hannah's Carolyn—is sent from New York to her bachelor uncle, Joseph Stagg at The Corners. The reception given her by her uncle is not very enthusiastic.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

A voice calling, "Chuck! Chuck! Chuck-a-chuck!" came from behind the old house. A few white-feathered fowls that had been in sight scurried wildly away in answer to the summons.
Mr. Stagg, still looking at the little girl, set down the bag and reached for the dog's leash. The loop of the latter he passed around the gatepost. "I tell you what it is, Car'lyn May. You'd better meet Aunty Rose first thing. I've my fears about this mongrel."

"Oh, Uncle Joe!" quivered his niece. "You go ahead and get acquainted with her," urged Mr. Stagg. "She don't like dogs. They chase her chickens and run over her flower beds. Aunty Rose is peculiar, I might say."
"Oh, Uncle Joe!" repeated the little girl faintly.

"You've got to make her like you, if you want to live here," the hardware dealer concluded firmly.
He gave Carolyn May a little shove up the path and then stood back and mopped his brow with his handkerchief. Prince strained at the leash and whined, wishing to follow his little mistress.
Mr. Stagg said: "You'd better keep mighty quiet, dog. If you want your home address to be The Corners, sing small!"

Carolyn May did not hear this, but disappeared after the fowls around the corner of the wide, vine-draped porch. The pleasant back yard was full of sunshine. On the gravel path beyond the old well, with its long sweep and bucket, half a hundred chickens, some guineas and a flock of turkeys scuffled for grain which was being thrown to them from an open pan.

That pan was held in the plump hand of a very dignified-looking woman, dressed in drab and with a sun-bonnet on her head.
Aunty Rose's appearance smote the little girl with a feeling of awe. There was no frown on her face; it was only calm, untroubled, unemotional. It simply seemed as though nothing, either material or spiritual, could ruffle the placidity of Aunty Rose Kennedy.

She came of Quaker stock and the serenity of body and spirit taught by the sect built a wall between her and everybody else.

"Child, who are you?" asked Aunty Rose with some curiosity.
The little girl told her name; but perhaps it was her black frock and hat that identified her in Aunty Rose's mind, after all.

"You are Hannah Stagg's little girl," she said.

"Yes'm—if you please," Carolyn May confessed faintly.

"And how came you here alone?"
"If you please, Uncle Joe said I'd better prob'ly come ahead and get acquainted with you first."

"First? What do you mean, 'first'?" asked Aunty Rose sternly.

"First—before you saw Prince," responded the perfectly frank little girl.

"Uncle Joe thought maybe you wouldn't care for dogs."

"Dogs!"
"No, ma'am. And of course where I live Prince has to live too. So—"

"So you brought your dog?"
"Yes, ma'am."

"Of course," said Aunty Rose composedly. "I expected you to come here. I do not know what Joseph Stagg expected. But I did not suppose you would have a dog. Where is Joseph Stagg?"

"He—he's coming."
"With the dog?"
"Yes, ma'am."

Aunty Rose seemed to take some time to digest this; but she made no further comment in regard to the matter, only saying:

"Let us go into the house, Car'lyn May. You must take off your hat and bathe your face and hands."
Carolyn May Cameron followed the stately figure of Aunty Rose Kennedy into the blue-and-white kitchen of the old house, with something of the feeling of a culprit on the way to the block.

was all washed away and a fresh glow came into her flowerlike face. Aunty Rose watched her silently.

Such a dignified, upright, unresponsive woman as she seemed standing there! And so particular, neat and immaculate was this kitchen!

Carolyn May, as she dried her face and hands, heard a familiar whine at the door. It was Prince. She wondered if she had at all broken the ice for him with Aunty Rose.

"Oh," the little girl mused. "I wonder what she will say to a mongrel."

CHAPTER II.

Going to Bed.

Mr. Stagg had fastened Prince's strap to the porch rail and he now came in with the bag.

"Is that all the child's baggage, Joseph Stagg?" asked Aunty Rose, taking it from his hand.

"Why—why, I never thought to ask her," the man admitted. "Have you a trunk check, Car'lyn?"

"No, sir."

"They sent you up here with only that bag?" Mr. Stagg said with some exasperation. "Haven't you got any clothes but those you stand in?"

"Mrs. Price said—said they weren't suitable," explained the little girl.

"You see, they aren't black."
"Oh!" exploded her uncle.

"You greatly lack tact, Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, and the hardware dealer cleared his throat loudly as he went to the sink to perform his



"Child, Who Are You?" Asked Aunty Rose With Some Curiosity.

pre-supper ablutions. Carolyn May did not understand just what the woman meant.

"Ahem!" said Uncle Joe gruffly. "S'pose I ought t've read that letter before. What's come of it, Car'lyn May?"

But just then the little girl was so deeply interested in what Aunty Rose was doing that she failed to hear him. Mrs. Kennedy brought out of the pantry a tin pie plate, on which were scraps of meat and bread, besides a goodly marrow bone.

"If you think the dog is hungry, Car'lyn May," she said, "you would better give him this before we break our fast."

"Oh, Aunty Rose!" gasped the little girl, her sober face all a-smile. "He'll be de-light-ed."

She carried the pan out to Prince. When the door closed again, Mrs. Kennedy went to the stove and instantly, with the opening of the oven, the rush of delicious odor from it made Carolyn May's mouth fairly water.

Such flaky biscuit—two great pans full of the brown beauties! Mr. Stagg sat down at the table and actually smiled.

The little girl took her indicated place at the table timidly.

"Joseph Stagg," said Aunty Rose, sitting down, "ask a blessing."

Uncle Joe's harsh voice seemed suddenly to become gentle as he reverently said grace.

Mr. Stagg was in haste to eat and get back to the store. "Or that Chet Gormley will try to make a meal of some of the hardware, I guess," he said gloomily.

"Oh, dear me, Uncle Joe!" exclaimed Carolyn May. "If he did that, he'd die of indignation."
"Huh? Oh! I guess 'twould cause indignation," agreed her uncle.

Aunty Rose did not even smile. "Bless me!" Mr. Stagg exclaimed suddenly. "What's that on the mantel, Aunty Rose? That yaller letter?"
"A telegram for you, Joseph Stagg," replied the old lady composedly.
"Well!" muttered the hardware dealer, and Carolyn May wondered if he were not afraid to express just the emotion he felt at that instant. His face was red and he got up clumsily to secure the sealed message.
"Who brought it, and when?" he asked finally, having read the lawyer's night letter.

"A boy, this morning," said Aunty Rose, utterly calm.

"And I never saw it this noon," grumbled the hardware dealer.

Mrs. Kennedy quite ignored any suggestion of impatience in Mr. Stagg's voice or manner. But he seemed to lose taste for his supper after reading the telegram.

"Where is the letter that this Mr. Price wrote and sent by you, Car'lyn?" he asked as he was about to depart for the store.

The little girl asked permission to leave the table and then ran to open her bag. Mr. Stagg said doubtfully: "I s'pose you'll have to put her somewhere—for the present. Don't see what else we can do, Aunty Rose."

"You may be sure, Joseph Stagg, that her room was ready for her a week ago," Mrs. Kennedy rejoined, quite unruffled.

The surprised hardware dealer gurgled something in his throat. "What room?" he finally stammered.

"That which was her mother's, Hannah Stagg's room. It is next to mine and she will come to no harm there."

"Hannah's!" exclaimed Mr. Stagg. "Why, that ain't been slept in since she went away."

"It is quite fit, then," said Aunty Rose, "that it should be used for her child. Trouble nothing about things that do not concern you, Joseph Stagg," she added with, perhaps, additional sternness.

Carolyn May did not hear this. She now produced the letter from her lawyer.

"There it is, Uncle Joe," she said. "I— I guess he tells you all about me in it."

"Hum!" said the hardware man, clearing his throat and picking up his hat. "I'll read it down at the store."

"Shall I—shall I see you again to-night, Uncle Joe?" the little girl asked wistfully. "You know, my bedtime's half-past eight."

"Well, if you don't see me to-night again, you'll be well cared for. I haven't a doubt," said Uncle Joe shortly, and went out.

Carolyn May went soberly back to her chair. She did not eat much more. Somehow there seemed to be a big lump in her throat past which she could not force the food. As the dusk fell, the spirit of loneliness gripped her and the tears pooled behind her eyelids, ready to pour over her cheeks at the least "joggle." Yet she was not usually a "cry-baby" girl.

Aunty Rose was watching her more closely than Carolyn May supposed. After her third cup of tea she arose and began quietly clearing the table. The newcomer was nodding in her place, her blue eyes clouded with sleep and unhappiness.

"It is time for you to go to bed, Car'lyn May," said Aunty Rose firmly. "I will show you the room Hannah Stagg had for her own when she was a girl."

"Thank you, Aunty Rose," said the little girl humbly.

She picked up the bag and followed the stately old woman into the back hall and up the stairway into the ell. Carolyn May saw that at the foot of the stairs was a door leading out upon the porch where Prince was now moving about uneasily at the end of his leash. She would have liked to say "good night" to Prince, but it seemed better not to mention this feeling to Aunty Rose.

The fading hues of sunset in the sky gave the little girl plenty of light to undress by. She thought the room very beautiful, too.

"Do you need any help, child?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, standing in her soldierly manner in the doorway. It was dusky there and the little girl could not see her face.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Carolyn May faintly.

"Very well," said Aunty Rose and turned away. Carolyn May stood in the middle of the room and listened to her descending footsteps. Aunty Rose had not even bidden her good night!

Like a marooned sailor upon a desert island the little girl went about exploring the bedroom which was to be hers—and which had once been her mother's. That fact helped greatly. Then she looked at the high, puffy bed.

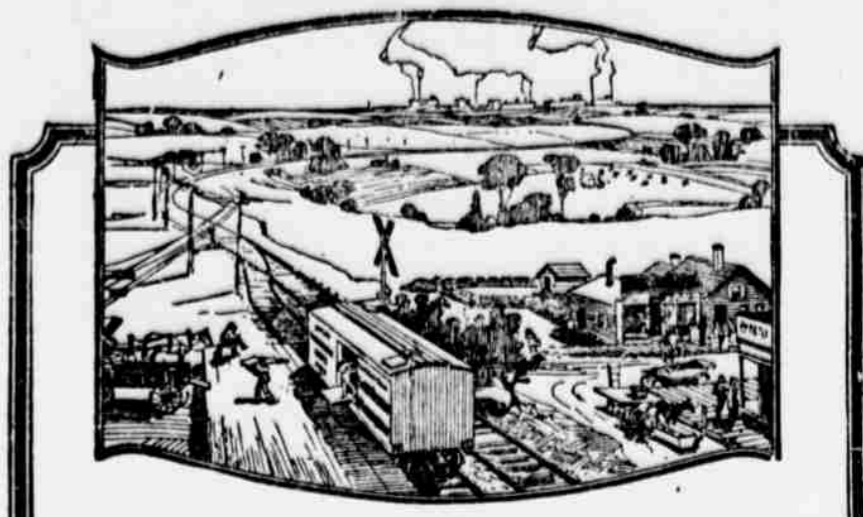
"How ever can I get into it?" sighed Carolyn May.

She had to stand upon her tiptoes in her fluffy little bedroom slippers to pull back the quilt and the blanket and sheet underneath it. The bed was just a great big bag of feathers!

"Just like a big, big pillow," thought the little girl. "And if I do get into it I'm liable to sink down and down and down till I'm buried, and won't ever be able to get up in the morning."

Joseph Stagg is filled with dismay when he learns from a lawyer friend of his brother-in-law that Carolyn has been left penniless and has been assigned to his care. His frame of mind does not promise well for Carolyn's future happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



You Can't Eat Meat 100 Miles Away

Preparing meat is only a part of Swift & Company's usefulness.

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Swift & Company efficiency has made it possible to place complete lines of products in the smallest and most remote communities.

To be sure the work is done well Swift & Company, through its branch houses and car routes, brings the meat to the retail dealer for you.

Swift & Company lays out car routes covering towns—big, little, medium size—which are not served by a Swift branch house.

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They are followed by refrigerator cars loaded with retailers' orders, which are delivered at each town—fresh, clean, and sweet—once or twice each week.

Swift & Company operates a large number of car routes like this, from fourteen distributing plants.

This is a necessary and natural part of the packers' usefulness. It fits into the industry in an orderly, effective way. It makes better meat cheaper from one end of the land to the other.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Jerusalem to Gaza by Rail.

The modern Ethiopian travels from Jerusalem to Gaza on the way to his home country far up the Nile by railroad train. Reports from Palestine indicate that since the British occupation of the country Gaza, the chief city of the Philistines in Old Testament days, and the scene of Samson's exploits, has become an important railroad center, the broad-gauge railway having been extended from Gaza to a point 50 miles to the northward, and the old Turkish line from Ludd to Jerusalem, as well as the recently constructed branch line from Gaza to Surar Junction, has been restored and is now in operation.—Rochester Post Express.

New Gospel Hymn.

At a New Jersey camp meeting a new song is becoming popular as the old gospel tunes. It is "Telephone to Heaven." Many of the old hymn writers never heard of such a thing as a telephone, but a 1918 audience, sits in the grove and makes it ring with the strains of "Central," never busy, always on the line; you may hear from heaven almost any time.—Utica (N. Y.) Press.

Briton Conquers Bees.

There is at least one man in England whose nerves have not been budged by the war.
He was bicycling from Newton Farnell recently when a swarm of bees settled on his hat. He alighted calmly and impersonated a lamp post, until a bee-man came and lived the bees.
The stolid hero was not stung.

One Sure Thing.
"Who is back of this show?"
"I don't know who is back of it, but I know the sheriff is in front."

Chemical analysis shows no significant changes in fish held 27 months in frozen condition.

Scenes of Prosperity Are Common in Western Canada



The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre—get \$2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

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