

THREE YEAR OLD WASHED ASHORE

Mrs. Dingman Tells of Adventure of Childhood When Father's Ship Was Wrecked.

RELATES LATER EXPERIENCE

Declares That the Way Tanlac Restored Her Health Is More Remarkable Than Anything She Has Ever Had Happen to Her.

"I've had some remarkable experiences in my life, but none more wonderful than the way Tanlac overcame my troubles and made me gain twenty pounds," was the statement of Mrs. Christina K. Dingman, 1216 Alice St., Oakland, Calif. One of the experiences to which Mrs. Dingman refers is well known to her friends. When a child of three years, accompanying her father, a noted sea captain, on an ocean trip, the vessel was wrecked, but she was almost miraculously saved, the small box into which she was put being washed ashore. According to her statement, Mrs. Dingman enjoyed the best of health until three years ago when she began to suffer from a bad form of stomach trouble and later from rheumatism. How she was completely restored to health is best told in her own words:

"Nobody knows how I suffered for the past three years. No matter how carefully I ate I would endure agonies afterwards from smothering and sinking spells. Sometimes they were so severe I would fall to the floor and would have to be carried to bed. I went for days at a time without eating, as I dreaded the misery I knew would follow, no matter what I ate. Then rheumatism set in and my shoulders and arms hurt me so I couldn't comb my hair. My back felt like it was breaking in two.

"I was almost in the depths of despair when I began on Tanlac, but this grand medicine has made me a well and happy woman. I'm not even troubled with constipation now, thanks to the Laxative Tablets, which are far superior to anything of the kind I ever tried. It seems almost too good to be true, but here I am in the best of health and spirits after I had given up hope, and I'll always praise Tanlac for it."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

She Had an Object.

Benham—"Why do you wear your hair over your ears?" Mrs. Benham—"So that I won't hear your clothes."

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Other people's mistakes cause us a lot of unnecessary trouble.

Cuticura for Sore Hands. Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

Opportunity does a great deal that ability gets the credit for.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

The American Tobacco Co.



CHAPTER SIX—Continued.

Hiram sat dozing in a corner of the bar-room of the Eagle hotel that day. He had been ashamed to go to his comfortable room over the garage. He did not feel entitled to the hospitality of Mr. Singleton. Somehow, he couldn't bear the thought of going there. His new clothes and silk hat were in a state which excited the derision of small boys and audible comment from all observers while he had been making his way down the street. His money was about gone. The barkeeper had refused to sell him any more drink. In the early dusk he went out of doors. It was almost as warm as midsummer and the sky was clear. He called at the door of the Widow Moran for his dog. In a moment Christmas came down from the Shepherd's room and greeted his master with fond affection. The two went away together. They walked up a deserted street and around to the old graveyard. When it was quite dark, they groped their way through the weedy, briared aisles, between moss-covered toppling stones, to their old nook under the ash tree. There Hiram made a bed of boughs, picked from the evergreens that grew in the graveyard, and lay down upon it under his overcoat with the dog Christmas. He found it impossible to sleep, however. When he closed his eyes a new thought began nudging him.

It seemed to be saying, "What are you going to do now, Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop?"

He was pleased that it seemed to say Mr. Hiram Blenkinsop. He lay for a long time looking up at the starry moonlit sky, and at the marble, weather-spotted angel on the monument of the Reverend Thaddeus Sneed, who had been lying there, among the rude forefathers of the village, since 1806. Suddenly the angel began to move. Mr. Blenkinsop observed with alarm that it had discovered him and that its right forefinger was no longer directed toward the sky but was pointing at his face. The angel had assumed the look and voice of his Old Self and was saying:

"I don't see why angels are always cut in marble and set up in graveyards with nothing to do but point at the sky. It's a cold and lonesome business. Why don't you give me a job?"

His Old Self vanished and, as it did so, the spotted angel fell to coughing and sneezing. It coughed and sneezed so loudly that the sound went echoing in the distant sky and so violently that it reeled and seemed to be in danger of falling. Mr. Blenkinsop awoke with a rude jump so that the dog Christmas barked in alarm. It was nothing but the midnight train from the south pulling out of the station, which was near the old graveyard. The spotted angel stood firmly in place and was pointing at the sky as usual.

It was probably an hour or so later, when Mr. Blenkinsop was awakened by the barking of the dog Christmas. He quieted the dog and listened. He



Hiram Sat Dozing in a Corner of the Bar-Room of the Eagle Hotel That Day.

heard a sound like that of a baby crying. It awoke tender memories in the mind of Hiram Blenkinsop. One very sweet recollection was about all that the barren, bitter years of his young manhood had given him worth having. It was the recollection of a little child which had come to his home in the first year of his married life.

"She lived eighteen months and

three days and four hours," he used to say, in speaking of her, with a tender note in his voice.

Almost twenty years she had been lying in the old graveyard near the ash tree. Since then the voice of a child crying always halted his steps. It is probable that, in her short life, the neglected, pathetic child Pearl—that having been her name—had protested much against a plentiful lack of comfort and sympathy.

So Mr. Blenkinsop's agitation at the sound of a baby crying somewhere near him, in the darkness of the old graveyard, was quite natural and will be readily understood. He rose on his elbow and listened. Again he heard the small, appealing voice.

"By thunder! Christmas," he whispered. "If that ain't like Pearl when she was a little, teeny, weeny thing no bigger'n a pint o' beer! Say, it is, sir, sure as sin!"

He scrambled to his feet, suddenly, for now, also, he could hear the voice of a woman crying. He groped his way in the direction from which the sound came and soon discovered the woman. She was kneeling on a grave with a child in her arms. Her grief touched the heart of the man.

"Who be you?" he asked.

"I'm cold, and my baby is sick, and I have no friends," she sobbed.

"Yes, ye have!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "I don't care who ye be. I'm yer friend and don't ye forget it." There was a reassuring note in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. Its gentleness had in it a quiver of sympathy. She felt it and gave to him—an unknown, invisible man, with just a quiver of sympathy in his voice—her confidence.

If ever one was in need of sympathy, she was at that moment. She felt that she must speak out to some one. So keenly she felt the impulse that she had been speaking to the stars and the cold gravestones. Here at last was a human being with a quiver of sympathy in his voice.

"I thought I would come home, but when I got here I was afraid," the girl moaned. "I wish I could die." "No, ye don't, either!" said Hiram Blenkinsop. "Sometimes, I've thought that I hadn't no friends an' wanted to die, but I was just foolin' myself. To be sure, I ain't had no baby on my hands but I've had somethin' just as worrisome, I guess. Folks like you an' me has got friends a-plenty if we'll only give 'em a chance. I've found that out. You let me take that baby an' come with me. I know where you'll git the glad hand. You just come right along with me."

The unmistakable note of sincerity was in the voice of Hiram Blenkinsop. She gave the baby into his arms. He held it to his breast a moment, thinking of old times. Then he swung his arms like a cradle saying:

"You stop your hollerin'—ye got-darn little sneezucks! It ain't decent to go on that way in a graveyard an' ye ought to know it. Be ye tryin' to wake up the dead?"

The baby grew quiet and finally fell asleep.

"Come on, now," said Hiram, with the baby lying against his breast. "You an' me are goin' out o' the past. I know a little house that's next door to heaven. They say ye can see heaven from its winders. It's where the good Shepherd lives. Christmas an' I know the place—don't we, o' boy? Come right along. There ain't no kind o' doubt o' what they'll say to us."

The young woman followed him out of the old graveyard and through the dark, deserted streets until they came to the cottage of the Widow Moran. They passed through the gate into Judge Crooker's garden. Under the Shepherd's window, Hiram Blenkinsop gave the baby to his mother and with his hands to his mouth called "Bob!" in a loud whisper. Suddenly a robin sounded his alarm. Instantly, the Shepherd's room was full of light. In a moment, he was at the window sweeping the garden paths and the tree tops with his searchlight. It fell on the sorrowful figure of the young mother with the child in her arms and stopped. She stood looking up at the window bathed in the flood of light. It reminded the Shepherd of that glow which the wise men saw in the manger at Bethlehem.

"Pauline Baker!" he exclaimed. "Have you come back or am I dreaming? It's you—thanks to the Blessed Virgin! It's you! Come around to the door. My mother will let you in."

It was a warm welcome that the girl received in the little home of the Widow Moran. Many words of comfort and good cheer were spoken in the next hour or so, after which the good woman made tea and toast and broiled a chop and served them in the Shepherd's room.

"God love ye, child! So he was a married man—bad 'cess to him an' the likes o' him!" she said as she came in with the tray. "Mother o' Jesus! What a wicked world it is!"

The prudent dog Christmas, being afraid of babies, hid under the Shepherd's bed, and Hiram Blenkinsop lay down for the rest of the night on the lounge in the cottage kitchen.

An hour after daylight, when the judge was walking in his garden, he wondered why the widow and the Shepherd were sleeping so late.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

In Which High Voltage Develops in the Conversation.

It was a warm, bright May day. There was not a cloud in the sky. Roger Delane had arrived and the Bings were giving a dinner that evening. The best people of Hazelmead were coming over in motorcars. Phyllis and Roger had a long ride together that day on the new Kentucky saddle horses. Mrs. Bing had spent the morning in Hazelmead and had stayed to lunch with Mayor and Mrs. Stacy. She had returned at four and gone to her room for an hour's rest when the young people returned. She was not yet asleep when Phyllis came into the big bedroom. Mrs. Bing lay among the cushions on her couch. She partly rose, tumbled the cushions into a pile and leaned against them.

"Heavens! I'm tired!" she exclaimed. "These women in Hazelmead hang onto one like a lot of hungry cats. They all want money



"Married! To Whom Are You Married?"

for one thing or another—Red Cross or Liberty bonds or fatherless children or tobacco for the soldiers or books for the library. My word! I'm broke and it seems as if each of my legs hung by a thread."

Phyllis smiled as she stood looking down at her mother.

"How beautiful you look!" the fond mother exclaimed. "If he didn't propose to-day, he'd be a chump."

"But he did," said Phyllis. "I tried to keep him from it, but he just would propose in spite of me."

The girl's face was red and serious. She sat down in a chair and began to remove her hat. Mrs. Bing rose suddenly, and stood facing Phyllis.

"I thought you loved him," she said with a look of surprise.

"So I do," the girl answered.

"What did you say?"

"I said no."

"What!"

"I refused him!"

"For God's sake, Phyllis! Do you think you can afford to play with a man like that? He won't stand for it."

"Let him sit for it then and, mother, you might as well know, first as last, that I am not playing with him."

There was a calm note of firmness in the voice of the girl. She was prepared for this scene. She had known it was coming. Her mother was hot with irritating astonishment. The calmness of the girl in suddenly beginning to dig a grave for this dear ambition—rich with promise—in the very day when it had come submissively to their feet, stung like the tooth of a serpent. She stood very erect and said with an icy look in her face:

"You young upstart! What do you mean?"

There was a moment of frigid silence in which both of the women began to turn cold. Then Phyllis answered very calmly as she sat looking down at the bunch of violets in her hand:

"It means that I am married, mother."

Mrs. Bing's face turned red. There was a little convulsive movement of the muscles around her mouth. She folded her arms on her breast, lifted her chin a bit higher and asked in a polite tone, although her words fell like fragments of cracked ice:

"Married! To whom are you married?"

"To Gordon King."

Phyllis spoke casually as if he were a piece of ribbon that she had bought at a store.

Mrs. Bing sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands for half a moment. Suddenly she picked up a slipper that lay at her feet and flung it at the girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A legal light naturally feels put out if the judge turns him down,

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZGERALD, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR MAY 29

CHRIST PICTURES A REAL NEIGHBOR.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 10:25-37; Acts 2:44-47.

GOLDEN TEXT—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; love therefore is the fulfillment of the law.—Rom. 13:10.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Prov. 25:18; Matt. 25:31-40; Rom. 12:9-10; 15:1, 2; Eph. 4:25-32.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Man Who Helped.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Good Samaritan.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Being a Good Neighbor.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Who Is My Neighbor?

1. Christ Questioned (Luke 10:25-29).

1. By whom (v. 25). A certain lawyer. He was not a lawyer in the modern sense of that term; most nearly corresponds to our theological professors.

2. The purpose of (v. 25). It was to tempt Jesus as to whether He was really learned in the law; and also to entrap Him to show Him to be herodox.

3. The question (v. 25). "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Though a lawyer, his theology was defective. He thought eternal life was to be obtained by doing. The very words he used involve a contradiction. An inheritance is not obtained by doing, but by being.

4. Jesus' reply (vv. 26-29). He cited him to the law. This is the proper place to send one who is expecting to get eternal life by doing. The lawyer answered well, for supreme love to God and love to one's neighbor as he loves himself is the sum total of human obligation. "This do and thou shalt live." But this is the very thing he could not do. Man needs God's enabling grace to love at all; so he stood condemned by his own conscience enlightened by the law. He set out to trap Jesus, and now he is caught in a trap, and in order to justify himself he said to Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" The question is answered in the story of the Good Samaritan.

11. Playing the Neighbor (vv. 30-37). In this story of the Good Samaritan the question is shifted so as to make clear that the supreme question is not, "Who is my neighbor?" but "Whose neighbor am I?"

To be a neighbor is—
1. To see those about us who need help (v. 33). We should be on the lookout for those in need of help; and love is keen to discern need.

2. Have compassion on the needy (v. 33). Since Christ is the compassionate One, all who have His nature will be likewise moved when they see need.

3. Go to those in need (v. 34). The personal touch many times is more important than material aid. It is easier to give money than personal aid. The true neighbor gives both.

4. Bind up wounds (v. 34).

5. Set the helpless ones on our beasts while we walk (v. 34). Willingness to deny ourselves in order to help others is a proof of the genuineness of love.

6. Bring to the inn and take care of the unfortunate (v. 34). The true neighbor is not spasmodic in his giving help.

7. Give money (v. 35). It costs much to be a neighbor. Love is the most expensive thing in the world. It cost God His only Son; it cost Jesus Christ His life. May we go and do likewise!

111. The Behavior of the Early Church (Acts 2:44-47).

1. They were together (v. 44). They were together because they were baptized into the one body of which Christ was head by the Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 12:13). The oneness of the body was symbolized by the breaking of bread. Such unity is only possible to believers in Christ, that is, those regenerated by the Holy Ghost. To get unity, therefore, in the neighborhood we must get people to be saved.

2. Had a community of goods (vv. 44, 45). They sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need. This proved that they were under the power of the Holy Spirit, that is, that the supernatural was being manifest; for it is not natural to abandon one's title of possession.

3. They were filled with gladness and singleness of heart (v. 46). Those who were really born again have no ulterior motive. What they seem to be, they really are. Unsaved men and women are controlled by selfish motives; they seek their own, not another's good. This they do while feigning love for others.

4. Praising God and having favor with all the people (v. 47). Such unselfishness gained the attention of the people and induced them to yield themselves to God, who added daily such as were being saved.

Deal Not Treacherously.

The Lord, the God of Israel, saith that He hateth putting away; for one covereth violence with his garment, saith the Lord of hosts; therefore take heed to your spirit, that ye deal not treacherously.—Malachi 2:16.

Let the Power of My Lord Be Great.

And, I beseech thee, let the power of my Lord be great, according as thou hast spoken, saying, the Lord is long-suffering, and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression.—Numbers 14:17, 18.

Watch Your Kidneys!

That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing headache or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease! Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. Thousands have saved themselves more serious ailments by the timely use of *Doan's*. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case



Chas. E. Southwick, 105 E. Park St., Blair, Neb., says: "I had an attack of what I seemed like lumbago. I was lame and sore through the muscles of my back and hips. Every move I made felt like a knife cutting me. My people had used Doan's Kidney Pills successfully, so I got some and used them. Doan's cured me of the attack."

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A Resolution.
"See here," said Adam to Eve, "do you realize that the high cost of living is crimping me badly? You simply must be less extravagant in the matter of clothes."
"All right, dear," answered Eve, obligingly, "I'll help you to economize by turning over an old leaf."—American Legion Weekly.

ASPIRIN

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Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. Monacmark of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Arts of Expression.
"That last speech of yours was what I call commonplace," remarked the cold-hearted constituent.

"I was only endeavoring to speak the simple truth in plain terms," replied Senator Sorghum. "You wait till I try to put something across when nobody's looking and I'll show you some phraseological ingenieties that'll sound perfectly brilliant!"

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.

A Celestial Victim.
The Comet—I'm really afraid to go near the earth—they give you such awful names.—New York Sun.

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