

DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

When the kidneys are sick, the whole body is weakened. Aches and pains and urinary ills come, and there is danger of diabetes and fatal Bright's disease.



Mrs. M. A. Jenkins, Quannah, Texas, says: "I was so badly run down that the doctors told me there was no hope. I was so low my relatives were called in to see me before I died."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOT VERY REASSURING.



"The doctor throws lots of work in his brother's way."

"Is his brother a doctor, too?"

"No. He's an undertaker."

Britain's Rulers.

Mr. Lloyd George is pleasantly proud of his nationality, but it is amazing that he had to go back to Queen Elizabeth and the Tudors to find historical precedence for a Welsh government of Great Britain.

The Large Way.

Apocryph of J. Pierpont Morgan's immense resources, as shown in his recent proffer of \$100,000,000 wherewith to build more New York subways, a broker said:

"Mr. Morgan's wealth causes him to look at money in a large way. Once, at the Metropolitan club in Fifth avenue, I told him of the death of a mutual friend."

"How much did he leave?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"A matter of five or six millions, I believe," said I.

"Mr. Morgan's eyebrows lifted. 'How deceptive circumstances sometimes are,' he said. 'I always supposed him quite comfortably off.'"

The Marine Naturalist.

The Ancient Mariner told of shooting the albatross.

"Were you photographed in the act, and did you save the bullet?" asked the wedding guests.

Sadly the old tar realized that he was out of date.

Money cannot make a man good, but it can give him the conditions of a good life.—William Smart.

ABANDONED IT

For the Old Fashioned Coffee Was Killing.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table."

"I had been troubled some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily."

"Sometimes it would beat fast and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain."

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be caused by coffee drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum. The change came quickly. I am now glad to say that I am entirely well of the heart trouble and attribute the relief to leaving off coffee and the use of Postum."

"A number of my friends have abandoned the old fashioned coffee and have taken up with Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if it is boiled long enough, according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage. We have never used any of the old fashioned coffee since Postum was first started in our house."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her niece, were entrusted to the care of Laurance Donovan, a writer, summering near Port Aemulphale. Miss Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who, ruined by a bank failure, had returned to her. Donovan discovered and captured an intruder, who proved to be the half-brother of Helen, the man she had loved.



"It is Ordained That We Continue the Game of Last Night."

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"I have been shot at in three languages, and half drowned in others, and rewards have been offered for me. Do you think I'm going down before a mere matter of beaux yeux? Think better of me than that!"

"But she is treacherous; she will deliver you to the Philistines without losing a heart-beat."

"She could, Miss Patricia, but she won't!"

"She has every intention of marrying Gillespie; he's the richest man she knows!"

"I swear to you that she shall not marry Gillespie!"

"She would do it to annoy me if for nothing else."

I took both her hands—they were like rose-leaves, those dear slightly tremulous hands!

"Now, Miss Pat—I'm going to call you Miss Pat because we're such old friends, and we're just contemporaries, anyhow—now, Miss Pat, Helen is not half so wicked as she thinks she is. Gillespie and I are on the best of terms. He's a thoroughly good fellow and not half the fool he looks. And he will never marry Helen!"

"I should like to know what's going to prevent her from marrying him!" she demanded as I stepped back and turned to go.

"Oh, I am, if you must know! I have every intention of marrying her myself!"

I ran away from the protest that was faltering upon her lips, and strode through the garden. I had just reached Glenarm gate on my way back to the boathouse when a woman's voice called softly and Sister Margaret hurried round a turn of the garden path.

"Mr. Donovan!"

There was anxiety in the voice, and more anxious still was Sister Margaret's face as she came toward me in her brown habit, her hands clasped tensely before her. She had evidently been watching for me, and drew back from the gate into a quiet recess of the garden. Her usual repose was gone and her face, under its white veil, showed plainly her distress.

"I have bad news—Miss Helen has gone! I'm afraid something has happened to her."

"She can't have gone far, Sister Margaret. When did you miss her?" I asked, quietly; but I confess that I was badly shaken. My confident talk about the girl with Miss Pat but a moment before echoed ironically in my memory.

"She did not come down for breakfast with her aunt or me, but I thought nothing of it, as I have urged both of them to breakfast upstairs. Miss Patricia went out for a walk. An hour ago I tried Helen's door and found it unlocked and her room empty. When or how she left I don't know. She seems to have taken nothing with her."

"Can you tell a lie, Sister Margaret?"

She stared at me with so shocked an air that I laughed. "A lie in a good cause, I mean? Miss Pat must not know that her niece has gone—if she has gone! She has probably taken

one of the canoes for a morning paddle; or, we will assume that she has borrowed one of the Glenarm horses, as she has every right to do, for a morning gallop, and that she has lost her way or gone farther than she intended. There are a thousand explanations!"

"But they hardly touch the fact that she was gone all night; or that a strange man brought a note addressed in Helen's handwriting to her aunt only an hour ago."

"Kidnaped!"—and I laughed aloud as the meaning of her disappearance flashed upon me!

"I don't like your way of treating this matter!" said Sister Margaret icily. "The girl may die before she can be brought back."

"No, she won't—my word for it, Sister Margaret. Please give me the letter!"

"But it is not for you!"

"Oh, yes, it is! You wouldn't have Miss Pat subjected to the shock of a demand for ransom. Worse than that, Miss Pat has little enough faith in Helen as it is; and such a move as this would be final. This kidnaping is partly designed as a punishment for me, and I propose to take care of it without letting Miss Pat know. She shall never know!"

Sister Margaret, only half convinced, drew an envelope from her girdle and gave it to me doubtfully. I glanced at the superscription and then tore it across, repeating the process until it was a mass of tiny particles, which I poured into Sister Margaret's hands.

"Burn them! Now Miss Pat will undoubtedly ask for her niece at once. I suggest that you take care that she is not distressed by Helen's absence. If it is necessary to reward your house-maid for her discretion—" I said with hesitation.

"Oh, I disarranged Helen's bed so that the maid wouldn't know!"—and Sister Margaret blushed.

"Splendid! I can teach you nothing, Sister Margaret! Please help me this much further: get one of Miss Helen's dresses—that blue one she plays tennis in, perhaps—and put it in a bag of some kind and give it to my Jap when he calls for it in ten minutes. Now listen to me carefully, Sister Margaret: I shall meet you here at 12 o'clock with a girl who shall be, to all intents and purposes, Helen Holbrook. In fact, she will be some one else. Now I expect you to carry off the situation through luncheon and until nightfall, when I expect to bring Helen—the real Helen—back here. Meanwhile, tell Miss Pat anything you like, quoting me! Good-by!"

I left her abruptly and was running toward Glenarm House to rouse Ijma, when I bumped into Gillespie, who had been told at the house that I was somewhere in the grounds.

"What's doing, Irishman?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Buttons; I'm just exercising."

His white flannels were as fresh as the morning, and he wore a little blue cap perched saucily on the side of his head.

I linked my arm in his and led the way toward Glenarm House. There was much to be done before I could bring together the warring members of the house of Holbrook, and Gillespie could, I felt, be relied on in emergencies. He broke forth at once,

"I want to see her—I've got to see her!"

"Who—Helen? Then you'll have to wait a while, for she's gone for a paddle or a gallop, I'm not sure which, and won't be back for a couple of hours. But you have grown too darling. Miss Pat is still here, and you can't expect me to arrange meetings for you every day in the year."

"I've got to see her," he repeated, and his tone was utterly joyless. "I don't understand her, Donovan."

"Man is not expected to understand woman, my dear Buttons. At the casino last night everything was as gay as an octogenarian's birthday cake."

He stopped in the shadow of the house and seized my arm.

"You told her something about me last night. She was all right until you took her away and talked with her at the casino. On the way home she was moody and queer—a different girl altogether. You are not on the square; you are playing on too many sides of this game."

"You're in love, that's all. These suspicions and apprehensions are leading symptoms. Up there at the casino, with the water washing beneath and the stars overhead and the hand playing waltzes, a spell was upon you both. Even a hardened old sinner like me could feel it. I've had palpitations all day! Cheer up! In your own happy phrase, everything points to plus."

"I tell you she turned on me, and that you are responsible for it!"—and he glared at me, angrily.

"Now, Buttons! You're not going to take that attitude toward me, after all I have done for you! I really took some trouble to arrange that little meeting last night; and here you come with sad eye and mournful voice and rebuke me!"

"I tell you she was different. She had never been so kind to me as she was there at the casino; but as we came back she changed, and was ready to fling me aside. I asked her to leave this place and marry me today, and she only laughed at me!"

"Now, Buttons, you are letting your imagination get the better of your common sense. If you're going to take your lady's moods so hard you'd better give up trying to understand the ways of woman. It's wholly possible that Helen was tired and didn't want to be made love to. It seems to me that you are singularly lacking in consideration. But I can't talk to you all morning; I have other things to do; but if you will find a cool corner of the house and look at picture-books until I'm free I'll promise to be best man for you when you're married; and I predict your marriage before Christmas—a happy union of the ancient houses of Holbrook and Gillespie. Run along like a good boy and don't let Miss Pat catch sight of you."

"Do you keep a goat, a donkey or a mule—any of the more ruminative animals?" he asked, with his saddest intonation.

"The cook keeps a parrot, and there's a donkey in one of the pastures."

"Good. Are his powers of vocalization unimpaired?"

"First rate. I occasionally hear his vesper hymn. He's in good voice."

"Then I may speak to him, soul to soul, if I find that I bore myself."

"We climbed the steps to the cool shadows of the terrace. As we stood

a moment looking out on the lake we saw, far away toward the northern shore, the Silfetta, that seemed just to have slipped out from the lower lake. The humor of the situation pleased me; Helen was off there in the sloop playing at being kidnaped to harass her aunt into coming to terms with Henry Holbrook, and she was doubtless rejoicing in the fact that she had effected a combination of events that would make her father's case irresistible.

But there was no time to lose. I made Gillespie comfortable indoors and sent Ijma to get the bag I had asked for; and a few minutes later the launch was skimming over the water toward the canoe-maker's house at Red Gate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Rocket Signal.

Rosalind was cutting sweet peas in the garden where they climbed high upon a filmy net, humming softly to herself.

"A penny for your thoughts!" I challenged.

She snipped an imaginary flower from the air in my direction.

"Keep your money! I was not thinking of you! You wear, sir, an intent commercial air; have you thread and needles in your pack?"

"It is ordained that we continue the game of last night. To-day you are to invade the very citadel and deceive your aunt. Your cousin has left without notice and the situation demands prompt action."

I was already carrying the suitcase toward the house, explaining as we walked along together.

"But was I so successful last night? Was he really deceived, or did he just play that he was?"

"He's madly in love with you. You stole away all his senses. But he thought you changed toward him unaccountably on the way home."

"But why didn't she tell him?—she must have told him."

"Oh, I took care of that! I rather warned her against betraying us. And now she's trying to punish me by being kidnaped!"

Rosalind paused at the threshold, gathering the stems of the sweet peas in her hands.

"Do you think," she began, "do you think he really liked me—I mean the real me?"

"Like you! That is not the right word for it. He's gloomily dreaming of you—the real you—at this very moment over at Glenarm. But do hasten into these things that Sister Margaret picked out for you. I must see your father before I carry you off. We've no time to waste, I can tell you!"

The canoe-maker heard my story in silence and shook his head.

"It is impossible; we should only get into deeper trouble. I have no great faith in this resemblance. It may have worked once on young Gillespie, but women have sharper eyes."

"But it must be tried!" I pleaded.

"We are approaching the end of these troubles, and nothing must be allowed to interfere. Your sister wishes to see you; this is her birthday."

"So it is! So it is!" exclaimed the canoe-maker with feeling.

"Helen must be saved from her own folly. Her aunt must not know of this latest exploit; it would ruin everything."

As we debated Rosalind joined her persuasions to mine.

"Aunt Pat must not know what Helen has done if we can help it," she said.

While she changed her clothes I talked on at the house-boat with her father.

"My sister has asked for me?"

"Yes; your sister is ready to settle with Henry; but she wishes to see you first. She has begged me to find you; but Helen must go back to her aunt. This fraudulent kidnaping must never be known to Miss Pat. And on the other hand, I hope it may not be necessary for Helen to know the truth about her father."

"I dare say she would sacrifice my own daughter quickly enough," he said.

"No; you are wrong; I do not believe it! She is making no war on you, or on her aunt! It's against me! She enjoys a contest; she's trying to beat me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Origin of "Caucus."

"Caucus" is said to have arisen from a corruption of the term "calkers' house." After violent fighting between the military and the ropemakers of Boston in 1770 the ropemakers and the calkers, the better to meet the soldiers, formed themselves into a society, "at the meetings of which inflammatory addresses were delivered and the most violent resolutions passed against the British government and its agents and instruments in America." The Tories scoffed at the calkers' meetings and the term became in time softened into caucus. However, Dr. Murray declares that the word existed previously, and he suggests the Greek "kaucos," a cup—perhaps because at private meetings the flowing bowl is sometimes found.

A Minister's Indigestion

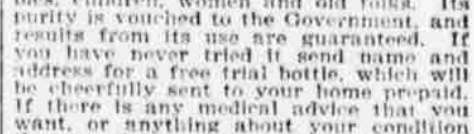
Rev. Fletcher of Tennessee Suggests a Remedy Based on Personal Experience—You Can Get It Free.

There is nothing that is so much sought after as a remedy for stomach trouble, and hence you will be interested to know how the Rev. A. J. Fletcher of Rutherford, Tenn., whose picture we present herewith, cured his indigestion. To use his own words, he says, in part:

"I received the simple bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin that I asked you to send me, and I made no mistake in ordering it. I have been troubled with dyspepsia and indigestion more or less for about sixty years, and have taken many remedies, but Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has done me more good than anything else. I am 79."

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has been sold in drug stores for twenty years. The price is only 50 cents or \$1 a bottle. It is especially adapted to the uses of babies, children, women and old folk. Its purity is vouched to the Government, and results from its use are guaranteed. If you have never tried it send name and address for a free trial bottle, which will be cheerfully sent to your home prepaid. If there is any medical advice that you want, or anything about your condition that you don't understand, write the doctor. Address your letter, Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

NO TIME TO LOSE.



Turtle—Wait a minute; I want to see you!

Snail—I can't; I'm in a hurry; I want to get home before dark, and it's nearly 12 o'clock now.

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limb, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope."

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt-Verein, Kemptner Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

The Vested Interests.

"Yes, Mrs. Snoggs, I oped as 'ow they would get tariff reform and make the foreigner pay, as we've got one in our top-floor back and I ain't a nothink of him for six weeks now."—The Tattler.

DOCTOR YOURSELF

When you feel a cold coming on by taking a few doses of Perry's Peppermint Cure, it is better than Quinine and safer. The large dose bottles are the cheapest.

Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends.—John Oliver Hobbes.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

OR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

For Every Man and All Men

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water