

DR. CALDWELL'S GUIDE TO GOOD HEALTH

The natural tendency of people in this busy age to demand of the digestive organs more than nature intended they should perform, frequently results in throwing the entire digestive system into disorder. When the stomach fails to freely digest and distribute that which is eaten, the bowels become clogged with a mass of waste and refuse which ferments and generates poisonous gases that are gradually forced into the blood, causing distress and often serious illness.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell says that if the bowels are kept regular there will be much less sickness, and prescribes a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that is most effective in relieving any congestion of matter in the bowels. This compound can be bought in any drug store under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and costs only 50 cents a bottle. It is mild in its action, pleasant to the taste and positive in effect, a dose at night bringing relief next morning, naturally and without griping or other discomfort. A bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house will save many times its cost in doctor bills. Your name and address on a postal to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 West St., Monticello, Ill., will bring a free trial bottle by return mail. Adv.

Open Air Schools Grow in Favor.
With the opening of the fall school term over 200 open-air schools and fresh-air classes for tuberculous, and anaemic children, and also for all children in certain rooms and grades, will be in operation in various parts of the United States, according to the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. All of these schools have been established since January, 1907, when the first institution of this character was opened in Providence, R. I. On January 1st, 1910, there were only 13 open-air schools in this country and a year later the number had increased only to 29. Thus, the real growth in this movement has been within the last two years. Massachusetts now leads the states with 86 fresh-air schools and classes for tuberculous, anaemic and other school children, Boston alone having over 80. New York comes next with 29, and Ohio is third with 21. Open-air schools have now been established in nearly 50 cities in 19 different states.

Jackson's Relief.
Wilson (who has met his friend whom he hasn't seen for some time)—Let me see, you knew poor old Jackson, didn't you?
Johnson—Yes, I knew him well.
Wilson—Then you will be pleased to hear he is out of his misery at last.
Johnson—You don't say so. Poor old fellow; but I always thought he would pop off suddenly. When did he die?
Wilson—Oh, he's not dead; it's his wife.

Serious Lack.
An old Englishwoman, who was extremely stout, was making vain efforts to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The driver leaned over good-naturedly, and cried:
"Try sideways, mother, try sideways!"
The old woman looked up breathlessly, and replied:
"Why, bless ye, James, I ain't got no sideways!"—Youth's Companion.

Too High.
"There is nothing higher than a king in a monarchical country."
"What? Not even an ace?"

Most people would rather take advice from strangers.

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS.
He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People.

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do. An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent, in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Well-being,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy."

"There's a reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.



SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy.

CHAPTER XXXIV (Continued.)

Betty Malroy and Carrington had ridden into Raleigh to take leave of their friends. They had watched the stage from sight, had answered the last majestic salute the judge had given them across the swaying top of the coach before the first turn of the road hid it from sight, and then they had turned their horses' heads in the direction of Belle Plain.

"Bruce, do you think Judge Price will ever be able to accomplish all he hopes to?" Betty asked when they had left the town behind. She drew in her horse as she spoke, and they went forward at a walk under the splendid arch of the forest and over a carpet of vivid leaves.

"I reckon he will, Betty," responded Carrington. Unfavorable as had been his original estimate of the judge's character, events had greatly modified it.

"He really seems quite sure, doesn't he?" said Betty.

"There's not a doubt in his mind." He was still at Belle Plain, living in what had been Ware's office, while the Cavendishes were domiciled at the big house. He had arranged with the judge to crop a part of that hopeful gentleman's land the very next season; the fact that a lawsuit intervened between the judge and possession seemed a trifling matter, for Carrington had become infected with the judge's point of view, which did not admit of the possibility of failure; but he had not yet told Betty of his plans. Time enough for that when he left Belle Plain.

His silence concerning the future had caused Betty much thought. She wondered if he still intended going south into the Purchase; she was not sure but it was the dignified thing for him to do. She was thinking of this now as they went forward over the rustling leaves, and at length she turned in the saddle and faced him.

"I am going to miss Hannibal dreadfully—yes, and the judge, and Mr. Yancy!" she began.

"I am to be missed, too, am I, Betty?" he inquired, leaning toward her.

"You, Bruce?—Oh, I shall miss you, too, dreadfully—but then, perhaps in five years, when you come back—"

"Five years!" cried Carrington, but he understood something of what was passing in her mind, and laughed shortly. "Five years, Betty?" he repeated, dwelling on the numeral.

Betty hesitated and looked thoughtful. Presently she stole a surreptitious



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE
By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

glance at Carrington from under her long lashes, and went on slowly, as though she were making careful choice of her words.

"When you come back in three years, Bruce—"

Carrington still regarded her fixedly. There was a light in his black eyes that seemed to penetrate to the most secret recesses of her heart and soul.

"Three years, Betty?" he repeated again.

Betty, her eyes cast down, twisted her rein nervously between her slim, white fingers, but Carrington's steady glance never left her sweet face, framed by its halo of bright hair. She stole another look at him from beneath her dark lashes.

"Three years, Betty?" he prompted.

"Bruce, don't stare at me that way, it makes me forget what I was going to say! When you come back—next year—"

and then she lifted her eyes to his and he saw that they were full of sudden tears. "Bruce, don't go away—don't go away at all—"

Carrington slipped from the saddle and stood at her side.

"Do you mean that, Betty?" he asked. He took her hands loosely in his and relentlessly considered her crimsoned face. "I reckon it will all be right hard to refuse you anything—here is one settler the Purchase will never get!" and he laughed softly.

"It was the Purchase—you were going there!" she cried.

"No, I wasn't Betty; that notion died its natural death long ago. When we are sure you will be safe at Belle Plain with just the Cavendishes, I am going into Raleigh to wait as best I can until spring." He spoke so gravely that she asked in quick alarm.

"And then, Bruce—what?"

"And then—Oh, Betty, I'm starving—"

All in a moment he lifted her slender figure in his arms, gathering her close to him. "And then, this—and this—and this, sweetheart—and more—and—oh, Betty! Betty!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The End and the Beginning.
When Murrell was brought to trial his lawyers were able to produce a host of witnesses whose sworn testi-



"Oh, Betty! Betty!"

mony showed that so simple a thing as perjury had no terrors for them. His fight for liberty was waged in and out of court with incredible bitterness, and, as judge and jury were only human, the outlaw escaped with the relatively light sentence of twelve years' imprisonment; he died, however, before the expiration of his term.

The judge, when he returned to Raleigh, resumed his own name of Turberville, and he allowed it to be known that he would not be offended by the prefix of General. During his absence he had accumulated a wealth of evidence of undoubted authenticity, with the result that his claim against the Ferriss estate was sustained by the courts, and when The Oaks with

its stock and slaves was offered for sale, he, as the principal creditor, was able to buy it in.

One of his first acts after taking possession of the property was to have Mahaffy reentered in the grove of oaks below his bedroom windows, and he marked the spot with a great square of granite. The judge, visibly shaken by his emotions, saw the massive boulder go into place.

"Harsh and rugged like the nature of him who lies beneath it—but enduring, too, as he was," he murmured. He turned to Yancy and Hannibal, and added: "You will lay me beside him when I die."

Then when the bitter struggle came and he was wrenched and tortured by longings, his strength was in remembering his promise to the dead man, and it was his custom to go out under the oaks and pace to and fro beside Mahaffy's grave until he had gained the mastery of himself. Only Yancy and Hannibal knew how fierce the conflict was he waged, yet in the end he won that best earned of all victories, the victory over himself.

"My salvation has been a costly thing; it was bought with the blood of my friend," he told Yancy.

It was Hannibal's privilege to give Cavendish out of the vast Quintard tract such a farm as the earl had never dreamed of owning even in his most fervid moments of imagining; and he abandoned all idea of going to England to claim his title. At the judge's suggestion he named the place Earl's Court. He and Polly were entirely satisfied with their surroundings, and never ceased to congratulate themselves that they had left Lincoln county. They felt that their friends, the Carringtons at Belle Plain, though untitled people, were still of an equal rank with themselves; while as for the judge, they doubted if royalty itself laid it any over him.

Mr. Yancy accepted his changed fortunes with philosophic composure. Technically he filled the position of overseer at The Oaks, but the judge's activity was so great that this position was largely a sinecure. The most arduous work he performed was spending his wages.

Certain trifling peculiarities survived with the judge even after he had entered what he had once been



Hannibal's education and the preparation of his memoirs, intended primarily for the instruction of his grandson, and which he modestly decided to call "The History of My Own Times," which clearly showed the magnificence of his mind and its outlook.

THE END.

SHOULD BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

Childish Mind, Groping in Darkness, is Craving for Information That is Denied It.

Every trace of useful information is carefully concealed from the very young child. A rattle, or at most a rubber doll, is its only plaything. As it grows older it is very slowly and gradually introduced to the various forms of the animal kingdom. Of the mysteries of numbers and of languages it has as yet no conception. Its constant questions are for the most part answered "humorously" and hence incorrectly, or they are not answered at all. This eternal "humor" is most galling of all. Why should a human infant be such an irresistible joke? The lower animals take their young seriously and train them from the start with a very definite purpose in view. Yet their possibilities are infinitesimal as compared with those of the average baby. And we sit calmly by and enjoy the "humor" of childhood and insist that the child is enjoying itself also, even though its little soul may be thirsting for information which is laughingly denied it. And we continue to put off the inevitable day when the child will have to take life seriously and hence, according to our tradition, sadly.

One important point which is quite overlooked by the upholders of the brainless child is the fact that nonsense and silliness are just as taxing to the infant mind as useful information would be. It requires no more mental effort to realize that A is A than to grasp the extraordinary fact that a mass of brownish softness is a "fussy little Teddy bear, yes it is."

In fact, the letter A has a distinct advantage. And at a more advanced age it is certainly less puzzling to be told that five and five make ten than to have one's own respectable pink toes described as a series of pigs going to market or entering into the various other activities of life.—Sigmund Spaeth in Harper's Weekly.

Graceful East Indians.
Describing the women of India, a writer says: "Even the most withered toll-worm hag has a dignity of carriage and a grace of motion that the western woman might envy. The 'sari' is draped in an easy flowing style and adjusted as it slips back with a graceful turn of the silver bangles arm, the skinny legs move rhythmically, and the small feet fall with a silent and pantherlike tread. It is the beauty of natural and untrammelled motion, and says much in favor of the abolition of the corset, for the Indian women retain their uprightness and suppleness of figure till bowed with age."

The commonest type is the coiffe woman, who undertakes all sorts of rough work, carrying heavy burdens on her head, and she is, perhaps, the least attractive, for her workaday garments are usually faded and dirty; yet, even among this poor class of burden bearers, we see many with handsome straight features and supple well proportioned figures.

No matter how poor their garments, jewelry of some sort is worn; necklaces of gold or beads, colored glass or silver bangles and heavy silver anklets.

Poor Nobles of Italy.
Lecturing in London on an out-of-the-way tour in Central Italy, Alexander Keighley said he learned on good authority that a fine medieval castle in good preservation in one of these Italian hill towns had been sold to an Englishman for \$195.

The poverty of the nobles in Italy was sometimes pitiful. He found one majestic pile inhabited by an old woman of aristocratic family but miserably poor. Showing outwardly as much as possible, of its ancient state, the only furniture within it was a deal table, a chair and a battered candlestick.

In the town of Asisi, while he was talking to a priest, some poor little children persisted in begging, and the priest told him they were the children of a count.

Youthful Grandmother.
Probably the youngest grandmother in the world is Mme. Kuni Medsukami, the wife of a farmer in the province of Idza, Japan. The woman, who is now 28 years old, was married when she was 13. She has a daughter fifteen years old who was married a year ago and has given birth to a son. Mme. Medsukami's grandmother is still alive at the age of 92.

SOMETHING AKIN TO GENIUS

Young Man With Financial Ability So Well Developed Should Make Mark in World.

"Do you think there is any such thing as financial genius?"
"I am sure there is. I know a young man who has it in a marked degree. After he had persuaded a beautiful daughter of one of our most prominent jewelers to become his wife he went around and induced the old man to let him have an engagement ring at the cost price."

"I don't see any indication of remarkable financial genius about that."
"Wait. When he and the girl broke their engagement he took the ring back to her dad and got him to pay eight per cent. interest on the money that had been invested."

JUDGE CURED, HEART TROUBLE
I took about 6 boxes of Dodds Kidney Pills for Heart Trouble from which I had suffered for 5 years. I had dizzy spells, my eyes puffed, my breath was short and I had chills and back-ache. I took the pills about a year ago and have had no return of the palpitations. Am now 63 years old, able to do lots of manual labor, am well and hearty and weigh about 200 pounds. I feel very grateful that I found Dodds Kidney Pills and you may publish this letter if you wish. I am serving my third term as Probate Judge of Gray Co. Yours truly,
PHILIP MILLER, Cimarron, Kan.

Correspond with Judge Miller about this wonderful remedy.
Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Easy Road in Music.
"My boy, Louis, is indolent," said the musician, "but I must say he is smart."

"Is he going to follow in your foot steps?"
"No. I learned to play the clarinet and I've got to march at least eight miles every time there is a parade. Louis is learning the harp, so that they will have to let him sit down."

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 *Wm. C. Little* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Comparative Luxury.
"My father has a horse and buggy."
"Yes, but my brother was run over by an automobile."

Of Course.
"Her husband is a self-made man."
"She's sure to insist on alterations."
—Boston Transcript.

CURES ITCHING SKIN DISEASES.
Cole's Carbolicine does itching and makes the skin smooth. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

When Dame Fortune knocks at a man's door he always "rubbars" to see if the neighbors are looking.

WOMAN SICK TWELVE YEARS

Wants Other Women to Know How She Was Finally Restored to Health.

Louisiana, Mo.:—"I think a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but complete restoration to health means so much to me that I cannot keep from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women."

"I had been sick about twelve years, and had eleven doctors. I had dragging down pains, pains at monthly periods, bilious spells, and was getting worse all the time. I would hardly get over one spell when I would be sick again. No tongue can tell what I suffered from cramps, and at times I could hardly walk. The doctors said I might die at one of those times, but I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got better right away. Your valuable medicine is worth more than mountains of gold to suffering women."—Mrs. ESTER MURR, 503 N. 4th Street, Louisiana, Mo.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PINKHAM'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS