

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."

Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio. Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

The Anti-Meat League. C. H. Taylor, president of the Algonquin club, said at a dinner in Boston: "Two aged vegetarians were talking at the Anti-Meat League, about an aged meat eater."

"I saw him of the bank yesterday," sneered the first vegetarian, "and he had the face to tell me he felt like a two-year-old."

"How," said the second vegetarian. "How, how? I guess he meant a two-year-old egg."

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Stale Tale. "Are you fond of fiction, darling?" "Yes, dearest, but don't tell me I am the only girl you ever kissed."

Verge of Happiness. He—Are you happy, dear? She—I'm within a hat and two gowns and a parasol of being so.

Stop That Backache! Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back that dull, throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, stone in the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, dependent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

A South Dakota Case. Chas. H. Wright, bridge, prop. of feed store, Main St., Springfield, S. D., says: "My kidneys were disordered and I had backache. I suffered from pain in the small of my back most of the time and had a pair of twinges took me when I stooped over to lift anything. I had to pass the kidney secretions too often and I suffered from headaches, dizzy spells, too. Several boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-DIAMOND CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

320 Acres — 320 Acres — 320 Acres OIL OIL OIL. 320 acres right in the heart of the latest big strike in Butler County, Kansas. Discovery well on our royalty, 10 ft. in sand producing 400 BARRELS DAILY.

THE GUARANTEE TITLE & TRUST CO. of Wichita, Kansas. Issue certificates and pay dividends. This royalty is paying dividends now. Will Johnson, offset to Holden No. One, drilling at about 2,500 ft. We look for this well to come big. When it does price of units will advance.

I own and offer for sale a limited number of units Stanley-Jones Royalty on the Holden-Johnson Spindles-Land at \$2.00 each. \$50.00 smallest amount accepted. 10% discount on \$100.00 or more. Act quickly before the price advances. If price has advanced your money will be returned. Make your check payable and address all letters to FORD L. WRIGHT, 310 Schweitzer Bldg., Wichita, Kansas. 320 ACRES — 320 ACRES — 320 ACRES.

B.A. THOMAS HOG POWDER. "Saves the Bacon"

Mr. Pleasant, Ia.—"When I found sickness appearing in my hogs I got a box of B.A. Thomas Hog Powder. Before I finished feeding it, I was so satisfied that I got another, and when my hogs were all well I got a third and found that every week kept them well." Jim Karmoson, R. No. 1, OLD KENTUCKY MFG. CO., Inc., Paducah, Ky.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Kill all flies, mosquitos, house flies, and other insects. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals.

FLY KILLER. Kill all flies, mosquitos, house flies, and other insects. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals. Kills all insects, and is safe for all animals.

GREEN FANCY BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON



Author of "GRAUSTARK," "THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND," "THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARK," ETC.

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"SHE CAN DO NO WRONG"

Synopsis.—Thomas K. Barnes, a wealthy young New Yorker, on a walking trip in New England near the Canadian border, is given a lift in an automobile by a mysterious and attractive girl bound for a house called Green Fancy. At Hart's tavern Barnes finds a stranded troupe of "barn-storming" actors, of which Lyndon Rushcroft is the star and "Miss Thackeray" the leading lady. He learns Green Fancy is a house of mystery. That night Andrew Roon and his servant, guests at the tavern, are shot near Green Fancy. Barnes comes under suspicion and stays to help clear up the double murder. He gets into the Green Fancy grounds; meets the mysterious girl, who gives him the cut direct, and is politely ejected by O'Dowd, an interesting adventurer. Enter at the tavern another man of mystery, Sprouse, "book agent." Barnes visits Green Fancy with the sheriff and stays to dinner. Enter still another mysterious personage, "Loeb," secretary to Curtis, owner of Green Fancy, who does not appear because of illness. Barnes again meets "Miss Cameron," the mysterious girl, who is a ravishing beauty in evening dress. She is a prisoner and secretly appeals to him for help. Sprouse reveals himself as a secret service man.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"The deuce you say!" cried Barnes. "We will get right down to tacks," said Sprouse. "My government—which isn't yours, by the way—sent me up here five weeks ago on a certain undertaking. I am supposed to find out what is hatching up at Green Fancy. Having satisfied myself that you are not connected with the gang up there I cheerfully place myself in your hands, Mr. Barnes. You were at Green Fancy last night. So was I. You had an advantage over me, however, for you were on the inside and I was not."

"Confound your impudence! I—"

"One of my purposes in revealing myself to you, Mr. Barnes, is to warn you to steer clear of that crowd. You may find yourself in exceedingly hot water later on if you don't. Another purpose, and the real one, is to secure, if possible, your co-operation in beating the game up there. You can help me, and in helping me you may be instrumental in righting one of the gravest wrongs the world has ever known."

"Will you be good enough, Mr. Sprouse, to tell me just what you are trying to get at? I know nothing whatever against Mr. Curtis and his friends. You assume a great deal—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Barnes, I'll admit that you don't know anything against them, but you suspect a whole lot. To begin with, you suspect that two men were shot to death because they were in wrong with someone at Green Fancy. Now I could tell you who these two men really were and why they were shot. But I shan't do anything of the sort—at least not at present."

Barnes was impressed. "Perhaps you will condescend to tell me who you are, Mr. Sprouse. I am very much in the dark."

"I am a special agent—but not a spy, sir—of a government that is friendly to yours. I am known in Washington. My credentials are not to be questioned. At present it would be unwise for me to reveal the name of my government. I dare say if I can afford to trust you, Mr. Barnes, you can afford to trust me. There is too much at stake for me to take the slightest chance with any man. I am ready to chance you, sir, if you will do the same by me."

"Well," began Barnes deliberately, "I guess you will have to take a chance with me, Mr. Sprouse, for I refuse to commit myself until I know exactly what you are up to."

"In the first place, Mr. Barnes," said Sprouse, salting his eggs, "you have been thinking that I was sent down from Green Fancy to spy on you. Isn't that so?"

"I am answering no questions, Mr. Sprouse."

"You were wrong," said Sprouse, as if Barnes had answered in the affirmative. "I am working on my own. You may have observed that I did not accompany the sheriff's posse today. I was up in Hornville getting the final word from New York that you were on the level. I telephoned to New York seven dollars and sixty cents. You

were under suspicion until I hung up the receiver, I may say."

"Jones has been talking to you," said Barnes. "But you said a moment ago that you were up at Green Fancy last night. Not by invitation, I take it."

"I invited myself," said Sprouse succinctly. "Are you inclined to favor my proposition?"

"You haven't made one."

"By suggestion, Mr. Barnes. It is quite impossible for me to get inside that house. You appear to have the entree. You are working in the dark, guessing at everything. I am guessing at nothing. By combining forces we should bring this thing to a head, and—"

"Just a moment. You expect me to abuse the hospitality of—"

"I shall have to speak plainly, I see." He leaned forward, fixing Barnes with a pair of steady, earnest eyes. "Six months ago a certain royal house in Europe was despoiled of its jewels, its privy seal, its most precious state documents and its charter. They have been traced to the United States. I am here to recover them. That is the foundation of my story, Mr. Barnes."

"Without divulging the name of the house I will say that its sympathies have been from the outset friendly to the entente allies—especially with France. There are two branches of the ruling family, one in power, the other practically in exile. The state is a small one, but its integrity is of the highest. Its sons and daughters have married into the royal families of nearly all of the great nations of the continent. The present—"

"I should say, the late ruler, for he died on a field of battle not many months ago, had no direct heir. He was young and unmarried. I am not permitted to state with what army he was fighting, nor on which front he was killed. It is only necessary to say that his little state was gobbled up by the Teutonic allies. The branch of the family mentioned as being in exile lent its support to the cause of Germany, not for moral reasons but in the hope and with the understanding, I am to believe, that the crown lands would be the reward. The direct heir to the crown is a cousin of the late prince. He is now a prisoner of war in Austria. Other members of the family are held by the Bulgarians as prisoners of war. It is not stretching the imagination very far to picture them as already dead and out of the way. At the close of the war, if Germany is victorious, the crown will be placed upon the head of the pretender branch. Are you following me?"

"Yes," said Barnes, his nerves tingling. He was beginning to see a great light.

"Almost under the noses of the forces left by the Teutonic allies to hold the invaded territory the crown jewels, charter and so forth, heretofore mentioned, as they say in legal parlance, were surreptitiously removed from the palace and spirited away by persons loyal to the ruling branch of the family. As I have stated, I am engaged in the effort to recover them."

"Now we come to the present situation. Some months ago a member of the aforesaid royal house arrived in this country by way of Japan. He is a distant cousin of the crown, and in a way remotely looked upon as the heir apparent. Later on he sequestered himself in Canada. Our agents in Europe learned but recently that while he pretends to be loyal to the ruling house he is actually scheming against it. I have been ordered to run him to earth, for there is every reason to believe that the men who secured the treasure have been duped into regarding him as the avowed champion of the crown. Now, Mr. Barnes, without telling you how I have arrived at the conclusion, I am prepared to state that I believe this man to be at Green Fancy, and that in time the loot—to use a harsh word—will be delivered to him there. I am here to get it, one way or another, when that comes to pass."

"What led you to suspect that he is at Green Fancy, Mr. Sprouse?"

"History. It is known that this Mr. Curtis has spent a great deal of time in the country alluded to. As a matter of fact, his son, who lived in London, had rather extensive business interests there. This son was killed in the Balkan war several years ago. It is said that the man I am looking for was a friend of young Curtis, who married a Miss O'Dowd in London—the Honorable Miss O'Dowd, daughter of an Irish peer and sister of the chap you have met at Green Fancy. About six weeks ago a former querry in the royal household arrived in New York. Through him I learned that the daughter of the gentleman in whose house the senior Mr. Curtis was a frequent guest had been in the United States since some time prior to the beginning

of the war. She was visiting friends in the States and has been unable to return to her own land, for reasons that must be obvious. I may as well confess that her father was, by marriage, an uncle of the late ruler.

"Since the invasion and overthrow of her country by the Teutonic allies she has been endeavoring to raise money here for the purpose of equipping and supporting the remnants of the small army that fought so valiantly in defense of the crown. These men, a few thousand only, are at present interned in a neutral country. I leave you to guess what will happen if she succeeds in supplying them with arms and ammunition. Her work is being carried on with the greatest secrecy. To bring the story to a close, I was instructed to keep close watch on the man O'Dowd. I traced him to this place. I was on the point of reporting to my superiors that he was in no way associated with the much-sought-after crown-cousin, and that Green Fancy was as free from taint as the village chapel, when out of a clear sky and almost under my very nose two men were mysteriously done away with at the very gates of the place. The killing of those two men changed the aspect completely. You will certainly agree with me after I have explained to you that the one known as Andrew Roon was no other than the querry who had undertaken to find the—young woman."

Barnes drew a long breath. His mind was made up. He had decided to pool issues with the secret agent, but not until he was convinced that the result of their co-operation would in no way inflict a hardship upon the young woman who had appealed to him for help. He was certain that she was the fair propagandist described by Sprouse.

"And the young woman, what of her? She would, in any case, be held for examination and—"

"My dear sir, I may as well tell you now that she is a loyal subject, and, far from being in bad grace at court, is an object of extreme solicitude to the ambassador. From what I can gather she has disappeared completely. Roon was sent over here for the sole purpose of finding her and inducing her to return with him to Paris."

"And to take the treasure with her, I suppose," said Barnes dryly.

"Naturally."

"Well," began Barnes, introducing a harsh note into his voice, "I should



"Six Months Ago a Royal House Was Despoiled of its Crown Jewels, Seal and Charter."

say that if she is guilty of receiving this stolen property she ought to be punished. Jail is the place for her, Mr. Sprouse."

Sprouse put down his coffee cup rather suddenly. A queer pallor came into his face.

"You do not understand the situation. Haven't I made it plain to you that she is innocent of any intent to do wrong?"

"You have said so, Mr. Sprouse, but your idea of wrong and mine may not jibe."

"There cannot be two ways of looking at it, sir," said Sprouse, after a moment. "She could do no wrong."

Whereupon Barnes reached his hand across the table and laid it on Sprouse's. His eyes were dancing.

"That's just what I want to be sure about," he said. "It was my way of finding out your intentions concerning her."

"What do you mean?"

"Come with me to my room," said Barnes, suppressing his excitement. "I think I can tell you where she is—and a great deal more that you ought to know."

In the little room upstairs he told the whole story. The little man listened without so much as a single word of interruption or interrogation. Somewhat breathlessly Barnes came to the end.

"And now, Mr. Sprouse, what do you make of it all?" he inquired.

Sprouse leaned back in his chair, suddenly relaxing. "I am completely at sea," he said, and Barnes looked at him in surprise.

"By Jove, I thought it would all be as clear as day to you. Here is your man and also your woman, and the traveling bag full of—"

"Right you are," interrupted Sprouse. "That is all simple enough. But, my dear Barnes, can you tell me what Mr. Secretary Loeb's real name is? Why has he established himself so close to

the Canadian line, and why the mobilization? I refer to his army of huskies."

"Heirs apparent usually have some sort of a bodyguard, don't they?" Sprouse was staring thoughtfully at the ceiling. When he finally lowered his eyes it was to favor Barnes with a deep, inscrutable smile.

"I dare say the first thing for me to do is to advise the Canadian authorities to keep a sharp lookout along the border."

CHAPTER XII.

The First Wayfarer Accepts an Invitation.

Barnes insisted that the first thing to be considered was the release of Miss Cameron.

"If we can't think of any other way to get her out of this devilish predicament, Sprouse, I shall apply to Washington for help."

"And be laughed at, my friend," said the secret agent. "It is not a matter for the government to meddle in at all."

"Well, something has to be done at once," said Barnes doggedly. "She is depending on me. If you could have seen the light that leaped into her glorious eyes when I—"

"Yes, I know. I've heard she is quite a pretty girl. You needn't—"

"Quite a pretty girl!" exclaimed Barnes. "Why, she is the loveliest thing that God ever created. She has the face of—"

"I am beginning to understand O'Dowd's interest in her, Mr. Barnes. He has probably fallen in love with her with as little difficulty as you have experienced, and almost as expeditiously. He has seen a little more of her than you, but—"

"Don't talk nonsense. I'm not in love with her."

"Can you speak with equal authority for Mr. O'Dowd? He is a very susceptible Irishman, I am told."

"I don't believe he will get much encouragement from her, Mr. Sprouse," said Barnes stiffly.

"If she is as clever as I think she is she will encourage him tremendously. I would if I were in her place. Mr. O'Dowd is only human. He isn't immune."

"I catch the point, Mr. Sprouse," said Barnes, rather gloomily. He did not like to think of the methods that might have to be employed in the subjugation of Mr. O'Dowd. "There is a rather important question I'd like to ask. Is she even remotely eligible to her country's throne?"

"Remotely, yes," said Sprouse. "So remotely that she could marry a chap like O'Dowd without giving much thought to future complications?" he ventured.

"She'd be just as safe in marrying O'Dowd as she would in marrying you," was Sprouse's unsatisfactory response. The man's brow was wrinkled in thought. "See here, Mr. Barnes, I am planning a visit to Green Fancy tonight. How would you like to accompany me?"

"I'd like nothing better," said Barnes, with enthusiasm.

"Will you agree to obey instructions? I can't have you muddling things up, you know."

"The grounds are carefully guarded," said Barnes, after they had discussed the project for some time. "Miss Cameron is constantly under the watchful eye of one or more of the crowd."

"I know. I passed a couple of them last night," said Sprouse calmly. "By the way, don't you think it would be very polite of you to invite the Green Fancy party over here to have an old-fashioned country dinner with you tonight?"

"It would be useless, Mr. Sprouse. They will not come."

"I am perfectly aware of that, but it won't do any harm to ask them, will it?"

Barnes chuckled. "I see. Establishing myself as an innocent bystander, eh?"

"Get O'Dowd on the telephone and ask him if they can come," said Sprouse.

"But there is Jones to consider. The telephone is in his office. What will he think—"

"Jones is all right," said Sprouse briefly. "Come along. You can call up from my room." He grinned slyly. "Such a thing as tapping the wire, you know."

Sprouse had installed a telephone in his room, carrying a wire upstairs from an attachment made in the cellar of the Tavern. He closed the door to his little room on the top floor.

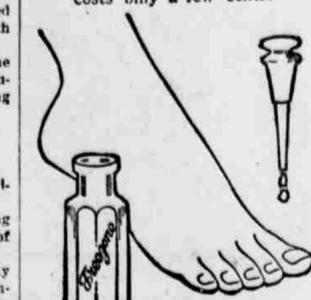
Barnes and Sprouse make an exciting midnight visit to Green Fancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Great Test. Self-control is an easy matter when we are alone, says New Success Magazine. But the moment our lives are thrown in with others, then comes the struggle. To maintain our equanimity, to restrain the sharp retort, the impatient exclamation, to get along smoothly with disagreeable people, without friction or jarring—this is the great life test. This is what builds character, what tests manhood or womanhood, what makes the ideal employee.

Burning Truth. Said the facetious feller: "These golf fanatics get a lot of satisfaction out of reduc'n' their strokes from last season, but the real joy of life comes from bein' able to reduce the number of tons of coal from the winter before."

Lift off Corns! Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

From the Middle of the Pack.

He was a well-dressed and intelligent man, somewhat crowding Father Time, but he didn't know a single thing about buying tickets. For he said to the young fellow in the box office, in the loud voice of one accustomed to calling across the open:

"Give me a couple out of the middle of the pack, son. I'm taking my city cousin to the theater tonight and she told me to be sure and get seats in the center."

His Idea of Salary.

Employer—All we can pay is a living wage.

Applicant for Job—That suits me and I'd like to begin living on about \$10,000 a year.—Judge.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, legs and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curves of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who feel their excessive thinness and weakness are often due to a lack of phosphorus. Our bodies need phosphorus to be contained in our food. Phosphorus is a necessary element in the appearance of the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

CAUTION.—Although Bitro-Phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.



GEORGIA HAMILTON.

Nothing that will supply the phosphorus so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphorus elements, bitro-phosphate should produce a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, dull eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health. Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and frail, reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-Phosphate has brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never before felt so well."

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BAD BREATH Often Caused by Acid-Stomach

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

EATONIC, the wonderful new stomach remedy in pleasant tasting tablet form that you eat like a bit of candy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries. EATONIC sweetens the breath because it makes the stomach sweet, cool and comfortable. Try it for that nasty taste, congested throat and "heavy feeling" after too much smoking.

If neglected, Acid-Stomach may cause you a lot of serious trouble. It leads to nervousness, headaches, insomnia, melancholia, rheumatism, sciatica, heart trouble, ulcer and cancer of the stomach. It makes its millions of victims weak and miserable, listless, lacking in energy, all tired out. It often brings about chronic invalidism, premature old age, a shortening of one's life. You need the help that EATONIC can give you if you are not feeling as strong and well as you should. You will be surprised to see how much better you will feel just as soon as you begin taking this wonderful stomach remedy. Get a big 50 cent box from your druggist today. He will return your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

4,000 ACRES, schools, railroad, telephone, fenced, abundant water, 1,400 acre meadow, open to forest reserve; A-1 for stock, dairy, sheep ranch; in the temperate Blister Root Valley, Geo. F. Brooks, owner, Missoula, Mont.

Hosley—Buy direct from mill, 1 pr ladies' silk agent's sample, \$1.00 postpaid. Sell friends. H. McCain, 214 Moss St., Reading, Pa.

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