

HAS NO PAIN NOW

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did for Mrs. Warner.

Onalaska, Wis.—"Every month I had such pains in my back and lower part of stomach I could not lie in bed. I suffered as though I would die, and I was not regular either. I suffered for a year and was unfit to do my housework, could only wash dishes once in a while. I read an advertisement of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other women and decided to try it. It surely did wonders for me. I have no pains now and I can do my housework without any trouble at all. I will always praise your medicine as I do not believe there is a doctor that can do as much good in female weakness, and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. LESTER E. WARNER, R. 1, Box 69, Onalaska, Wis.

The reason women write such letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. and tell their friends how they are helped is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives. Freed from their illness they want to pass the good news along to other suffering women that they also may be relieved.

No More Constipation or Blotchy Skin

Want a clear, healthy complexion, regular bowels, and a perfect working liver? All easy to obtain if you take **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**, the sure safe and easy acting remedy. For headache, dizziness, upset stomach and constipation, they have no equal. Purely vegetable. Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price. **DR. CARTER'S IRON PILLS**, Nature's great nerve and blood tonic for Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Female Weakness. See our seal signature *W.C. Carter*

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Removes Dandruff, Itch, Scalp Itching, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sold in 25c and 50c at drug stores. *Wm. Parker, N.Y.*

HINDER CORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc. Stops all pain, restores comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at drug stores. *Hiscox Chemical Works, Patagonia, N.Y.*

FRECKLES Positively removed by Dr. Perry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 25c. *Dr. Perry's Freckle Ointment, Chicago.*

Almost Indecent. "The star is supposed to be dead, yet here she is responding to a curtain call, as brisk as ever."

"You think that destroys the illusion?" "Certainly. When an actress falls on the floor in her death throes and paws a bearskin rug, she ought to at least stay dead until the next performance."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—*Adv.*

Slight Sympathy. "You say you want no government whatever?" said Mr. Rafferty. "None whatever," rejoined Mr. Dolan. "I hope you get your wish for a minute or two. Then I can handle you any way I feel like without a chance of your calling a policeman."

FIND THE CAUSE!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headache, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

An Iowa Case
Mrs. A. Spickerman, 1715 7th Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia., says: "My back was lame and ached and I was lame through my hips. My lower limbs pained and my ankles and feet swelled so that I couldn't get in my shoes. Whenever I would press my fingers on the back the pain would stay. I felt sleepy and tired all the time and I would have dizzy spells. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after using them I was better. I haven't been troubled since."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

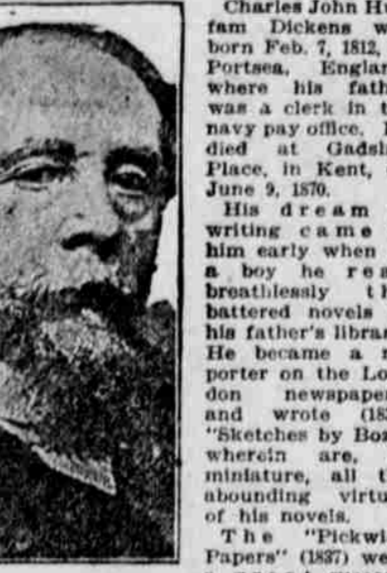
A Bad Cough
If neglected, often leads to serious trouble. Relieve your throat, soothe your inflamed throat by taking **PISO'S**

CONDENSED CLASSICS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by Miss Sara A. Hamlin



Charles John Huffam Dickens was born Feb. 7, 1812, at Portsea, England, where his father was a clerk in the navy pay office. He died at Gadshill Place, in Kent, on June 9, 1870. His dream of writing came to him early when as a boy he read breathlessly the battered novels in his father's library. He became a reporter on the London newspapers, and wrote (1836) "Sketches by Boz," wherein are, in miniature, all the abounding virtues of his novels. The "Pickwick Papers" (1837) were a great success. Their inimitable rollicking humor captivated the English reading world. His first extended novel was "Oliver Twist" (1838), followed by "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838-39), "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" (1840-41). He produced some sixteen major novels, the last, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870), being unfinished. "David Copperfield" (1849-50), held by many to be his masterpiece, and by not a few to be the greatest story ever written, is supposed to be semi-autobiographical. Many of his novels were published in installments, and never before or since has any literary publication excited such a furore. After his initial successes Dickens' life was a triumphal procession, saddened only by domestic unhappiness. He visited America, where his works were even more popular than in England, in 1842 and 1857-58. He wrote in his will his own best epitaph: "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works." He might well have substituted "the world" for "my country."

Perhaps the quality that distinguishes his novels among all others is their abounding humor. On a cold November night, in the year 1775, the English mail coach, on its way from London to Dover, was carrying among its passengers a Mr. Jarvis Lorry, a London banker of the well-known firm of Tullson & Co. As the coach stumbled along in the darkness, there arose before him the vision of an emaciated figure with hair prematurely white. All night between him and the spectre the same words repeated themselves again and again.

"Buried how long?" "Almost eighteen years." "I hope you care to live?" "I can't say." "About eighteen years before the story opens, Dr. Manette, a prominent young physician of Paris, had suddenly disappeared. Everything was done to discover some trace of him, but in vain. The loss of her husband caused his wife such anguish that she resolved to bring up her little daughter in ignorance of her father's fate; and when in two years she died, she left little Lucie under the guardianship of Tullson & Co., to whose care Dr. Manette for many years had intrusted his financial affairs.

Strange tidings concerning the Doctor had just come from Paris, and Mr. Lorry was on his way to meet his ward, and explain to her the facts of her early life. This was a duty from which the kind-hearted banker shrank, and when he saw the slight golden-haired girl who came to meet him, his heart almost failed him; but his task was accomplished at last. "And now," concluded Mr. Lorry, "your father has been found. He is alive, greatly changed, but alive. He has been taken to the house of a former servant in Paris, and we are going there. I to identify him, you to restore him to life and love."

The servant that sheltered Dr. Manette was a man by the name of Defarge who, with his wife, kept a wine-shop in the obscure district of St. Antoine. The banker and Lucie were taken to an attic where a haggard, white-haired man sat on a low bench, making shoes, a wreck of a man, oblivious of all around him. Again was the Channel crossed, and again the old inquiry whispered in the ear of Jarvis Lorry: "I hope you care to be recalled to life?" "I can't say."

Five years later, in the court room of the Old Bailey in London, a young Frenchman was on trial for his life. Near him sat an untidy looking individual by the name of Sydney Carton. With his eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was unobtrusive, apparently, of all that passed around him; but it was he, who, first noticing the extraordinary resemblance between the prisoner and himself, rescued Charles Darnay from the web of deceit which had been spun around him.

Between these two young men, the striking resemblance was in outward appearance only. Charles Darnay was of noble birth; but his ancestors had for many years so cruelly oppressed the French peasantry that the name of Evremonde was hated and despised. Wholly unlike them in character, this last descendant of his race had given up his name and estate, and had come

eager to begin life anew. Sydney Carton was a young English lawyer, brilliant in intellect, but steadily deteriorating through his life of dissipation, able to advise others but unable to guide himself, "conscious of the blight on him and resigning himself to let it eat him away."

He and Darnay soon became frequent visitors at the small house in Soho square, the home of Dr. Manette and his daughter. Through Lucie's care and devotion, the Doctor had almost wholly recovered from the effects of his long imprisonment, and it was only in times of strong excitement that any trace of his past insanity could be detected. The sweet face of Lucie Manette soon won the hearts of both the young men, but it was Darnay to whom she gave her love.

And so that interview between Lucie and Sydney Carton has a pathos that wrings our hearts. He knew that even if his love could have been returned, it would have added only to his bitterness and sorrow, for he felt it would have been powerless to lift him from the slough of selfishness and sensuality that had engulfed him. But he could not resist this last sad confession of his love; and when she wept at the sorrow of which she has been the innocent cause, he implores: "Do not weep, dear Miss Manette; the life I lead renders me unworthy of your pure love. My last supplication is this: Think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

But dark days were to come. In the year 1789 the downtrodden French peasantry turned upon their oppressors. The streets of Paris were filled with crowds of people whose eager cry was for "blood." Madame Defarge no longer sat behind the counter of her small wine shop, silently knitting into her work the names of her hated enemies, but axe in hand and knife at her belt, headed a frenzied mob of women on to the Bastille. The French Revolution had actually begun.

Madame Defarge was one of the leading spirits of the Revolution. Early in life she had seen her family fall victims to the tyranny and lust of the cruel nobility and from that time her life had been devoted to revenge.

Three years of crime and bloodshed passed, and in 1792 Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Charles Darnay landed in Paris, the former to protect the French branch of Tullson & Co., and the latter to befriend an old family servant who had besought his help. Not until they and set foot in Paris did they realize into what a caldron of fury they had plunged. Mr. Lorry, on account of his business relations, was allowed his freedom, but Darnay was hurried at once to the prison of La Force, there to await his trial. The reason given for the outrage was the new law for the arrest of all returning French emigrants, but the true cause was that he had been recognized as Charles Evremonde.

These tidings soon reached London, and Dr. Manette, with his daughter Lucie, hastened to Paris, for he felt sure that his long confinement in the Bastille would win for him the sympathy of the French people, and thus enable him to save his son-in-law. Days and months passed, and although the Doctor succeeded in gaining a promise that Darnay's life should be spared, the latter was not allowed to leave his prison. At last came the dreadful year of the Reign of Terror. The sympathy which at first had been given to Dr. Manette had become weakened through the influence of the bloodthirsty Madame Defarge. Also, there had been found in the ruins of the Bastille a paper which contained Dr. Manette's account of his own abduction and imprisonment, and pronouncing a solemn curse upon the House of Evremonde and their descendants, who were declared to be the authors of his eighteen years of misery. Charles Darnay's doom was sealed. "Back to the Conciergerie and death within twenty-four hours."

To Sydney Carton, who had followed his friends to Paris, came an inspiration. Had he not promised Lucie that he would die to save a life she loved? By bribery, he gains admittance to the prison; Darnay is removed unconscious from the cell, and Carton sits down to await his fate.

Along the Paris streets six tumbrils are carrying the day's wine to la guillotine. In the third car sits a young man with his hands bound. As the cries from the street arise against him they only move him to a quiet smile as he shakes more loosely his hair about his face.

Crash! A head is held up and the knitting women who are ranged about the scaffold count "One."

The third cart comes up and the supposed Evremonde descends. His lips move, forming the words, "a life you love."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, then all flashes away. "Twenty-three!"

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Copyright, 1915, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post.) Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved.

Relic Goes Like Hot Cakes. "You say this is the only autograph of Charlemagne in existence?" asked the customer suspiciously. "It is." "It must be very desirable." "Yes," said the absent-minded salesman. "We're selling lots of 'em."

GRUMPY?

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Brain foggy? Blue devils got you? Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping you head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. They work while you sleep.—*Adv.*

Bible Quotations. Two brothers, Francis, four years old, and Fred, Jr., two years old, have been taught Bible sayings by their aunt. The other day while both babies were playing their mother heard Francis say: "Jesus said, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.'" Fred, Jr., said: "And Jesus said, 'All little children come to supper.'" Francis said: "'Suffer little children to come unto me.'" Fred, Jr., declared: "No, come to supper," and insisted he was right.

OLD GARMENTS NEW WHEN DIAMOND DYED

Shabby, Faded, Old Apparel Turns Fresh and Colorful.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, colorless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything! Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—*Adv.*

Answer That Was No Answer. George M. Cohan was cross-examining applicants for parts in one of his new productions. "Can you dance?" he asked of a young chap who had been waiting an hour. "Sure," replied the candidate. "Can you sing?" continued Cohan. "Well," replied the other, "I can sing as good as you can." "But I asked you," retorted Cohan, "can you sing?"

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound. Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—*Adv.*

Rich deposits of potash have been discovered on the Island of Sicily.

WRIGLEY'S



For rosy cheeks, happy smiles, white teeth, good appetites and digestions.

Its benefits are as GREAT as its cost is SMALL!

It satisfies the desire for sweets, and is beneficial, too.



Sealed Tight Kept Right

"After Every Meal" **The Flavor Lasts A12**

Missing Something. "Anybody around here who might buy a little stock?" asked the flashy stranger. "It's lucky you came to me first," said Squire Witherbee. "How's that, sir?" "Everybody around here has bought a little stock except me. That's why I'm giving you a chance to catch the next train out of town instead of calling my boys together and sending a rush order for a bucket of tar, a sack of feathers and a good, stout rail."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Useful Kerosene. Housewives, with but few exceptions, do not properly value kerosene. As a lubricant a drop or two will set things going which refused to go before. As a cleanser it can often be used with great advantage in place of soap and water. Floors can be more quickly and more thoroughly cleaned with a well-oiled mop than with soap and water, leaving a bright, shining surface.

The Pianist. "This pianist is charging me enough for a little music. I wonder how he figures it—by the note?" "Dunno. He's making a fearful racket." "I'll say he is. Probably he charges by the sound."—*Judge.*

Wants to Know. The Daughter—Mercy, no! I never wear this costume on the street. I had it made just for gym. Her Father—Jim who?

Fresh, sweet, white, dainty clothes for baby, if you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Never streaks or injures them. All good grocers sell it, 5c a package.

Kindness does not have to speak very loud to be heard.

If you don't like the rules of the game—start a game of your own.

Marriage is sometimes an illusion—and sometimes a dis-illusion.

Another Royal Suggestion

GRIDDLE CAKES and WAFFLES

From the NEW ROYAL COOK BOOK

THERE is an art in making flapjack pancakes, griddle cakes or waffles, call them what you will. But it is an art very easily and quickly acquired if you follow the right recipes.

Here are some recipes for a variety of breakfast cakes that will make grandmother envious. The secret, of course, is Royal Baking Powder.

Royal Hot Griddle Cakes
2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1 1/2 cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening
Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well. Bake on slightly greased hot griddle.

Griddle Cakes with Eggs
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening
Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; mix well. Bake immediately on hot griddle.

Buckwheat Cakes
2 cups buckwheat flour
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 cups milk or milk and water
1 tablespoon molasses
1 tablespoon shortening
Sift together flours, baking powder and salt; add liquid, molasses and melted shortening; beat three minutes. Bake on hot greased griddle.

Waffles
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted shortening
Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well greased hot waffle iron until brown. Serve hot with maple syrup. It should take about 1 1/2 minutes to bake each waffle.

FREE
New Royal Cook Book containing these and scores of other delightful recipes. Write for it today.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
115 Fulton Street
New York City

"Bake with Royal and be Sure"