

# A LETTER FOR WOMEN

From a Woman Whose Serious Illness Was Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Garnett, Kas.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a complete nervous breakdown following the birth of my oldest child. I got up too soon which caused serious female trouble. I was so weak that I was not able to be on my feet but very little and could not do my household work. I had a bad pain in my left side and it would pain terribly if I stepped off a curb-stone. One day one of your booklets was thrown in the yard and I read every word in it. There were so many who had been helped by your medicine that I wanted to try it and my husband went to town and got me a bottle. It seemed as though I felt relief after the second dose, so I kept on until I had taken five bottles and by that time I was as well as I could wish. About a year later I gave birth to a ten pound boy, and have had two more children since and my health has been fine. If I ever have trouble of any kind I am going to take your medicine for I give it all the praise for my good health. I always recommend your medicine whenever I can."—Mrs. EVA E. SHAY, Garnett, Kansas.

## Prayed for Cure Finds it After 10 Years Food Would Sour and Boil—Teeth Like Chalk

Mr. Herbert M. Gessner writes from his home in Berlin, N. H.:

I had stomach trouble over ten years; kept getting worse. I tried everything for relief but it came back worse than ever. Last fall I got awfully bad; could only eat light loaf bread and tea. In January I got so bad that what I would eat would sour and boil; my teeth would be like chalk. I suffered terribly. I prayed every day for something to cure me. One day I read about EATONIC and told my wife to get me a box at the drug store as I was going to work at 4 p. m. I took one-third of it and began to feel relief; when it was three-fourths gone, I felt fine and when it was used up I had no pains. Wife got me another box but I have felt the pain but twice. I used five tablets out of the new box and I have no more stomach trouble. Now I write to tell you how thankful I am that I heard of EATONIC. I feel like a new man; I eat what I like, drink plenty of water, and it never hurts me at all.

## For Sale, 320 Acres

in the corn belt of western Minnesota; 20 acres under cultivation, 20 acres of pasture, good improvements on house, barn, cattle shed, hog house, chicken house. Price \$125 an acre on easy terms.

McKRILL LAND CO., Glenwood, Minn.

## No Soap Better For Your Skin Than Cuticura

Soaps 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

## FRECKLES

Mount McKinley Sinking. Mount McKinley, the Oregon mountain, is sinking with the weight of ages. Within the last several years, when the peak shrugged its rocky shoulders in earthquakes, the loftiest mountain in North America has subsided at least 500 feet from its original altitude of 20,400 feet. Such was the assertion of Herschel C. Parker, geologist and mining engineer, who first scaled Mount McKinley in 1912.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Finger-Prints in Babylon. A group of valuable historic tablets from the excavations of the city of Babylon, bearing dates as far back as three and a half centuries before the Christian era, was recently secured. Several of the pieces carry the distinct prints of the fingers which molded them over 2,000 years ago.

SHOES WEAR LONGER. When you walk in comfort, so do stockings. A package of Allen's Foot-Ease, the anti-septic powder to shake into the shoes and sprinkle in the foot-bath, gives you that "old shoe" comfort and saves wear. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller by shaking some Allen's Foot-Ease in each shoe in the morning. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Meant What She Said. Mabel—How can you be so insensitive? You told Mr. Boreleigh that you were sorry you were out when he called.

Marie—Oh, no, my dear, I said I was sorry he called when I was out. You see, he's likely to call some time when I am in.—Boston Transcript.

Use **MURINE** Night Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A. W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 24-1920.

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### LES MISERABLES

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by Nathan Haskell Doh



Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besancon, France, on Feb. 26, 1802, so puny an infant that it was not believed he could live. He was the third son of a distinguished soldier under Napoleon. He came from sturdy but not noble stock, his ancestors on his father's side having been simple peasants. He was well educated in France and in Spain, where his father held high rank under Napoleon's brother. He was a precocious lad, writing long plays in verse and prose while hardly more than a child. Before his 21st year he had won several high prizes for his verse. But, thrown on his own resources by the death of his mother, he found it difficult to live by his pen. He moved into an attic, where he had his only experience of actual poverty. His writings, however, soon became popular and he was able to marry, at the age of 21, Adele Foucher, his playmate of childhood days. It was a happy marriage for 10 years. Then Hugo became infatuated with an actress to whom he was devoted 50 years. From his youth until his death, on May 22, 1885, Hugo wrote rapidly—poems, plays and novels. No other man of his time had such an international reputation. Swinburne hailed him as "the greatest man born since the death of Shakespeare."

His most famous novel, "Les Misérables," was published in 1862, but he had been working on it for 15 years. Thirty years before had appeared his first great prose romance, "Notre Dame," and the third, "Toilers of the Sea," came out in 1865.

ABOUT the time of the French revolution, Jean Valjean of La Brie, a day-laborer, earned a scanty living for his sister and her seven children. One time, when the family was starving, he stole a loaf of bread, was caught and condemned to the galleys for five years. Twice he attempted to escape and failed. He was a convict for 19 years. When he was discharged in 1815 he was wicked, silent, chaste, ignorant and ferocious; his affectionate nature had been poisoned against society. But he had taught himself how to read, and he had thought.

Refused shelter or food at tavern or private house, he came to Monsignor Myriel, Bishop of D—, in the foothills of the Alps. He was treated like a prince, but in the night he stole some of the bishop's silver plate, was caught as he made off and was brought back to the good bishop, who, with a smile, assured the gendarmes that the articles were not stolen but given. Adding two silver candlesticks, the bishop said to him: "Take them and become an honest man. My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I give it to God."

As he fled, he yielded to one last temptation to do wrong; he took from a hurdy-gurdy boy a two-franc piece, but almost immediately, filled with remorse, he tried in vain to find the boy. Two years later a stranger, dressed like a workman arrived at the little city of M— sur M—. Just as he arrived a fire broke out in the Town Hall and he rescued two children belonging to the captain of the police. This saved him from having to show his passport. He made an invention and soon became prosperous. He built great workshops, endowed a hospital, founded schools, paid high wages and was made mayor.

Employed in his factory was Fantine, a girl who had been deserted in Paris by an unworthy lover. She had left her baby, Cosette, with a crafty and hideous pair named Thenadier. When it was learned that she had an illegitimate child, she was discharged without the knowledge of M. Madeleine, the benevolent manufacturer, and was reduced to such poverty that she could not pay the Thenadiers, who took Cosette's clothes for their own girls and wrote Fantine for more. The girl sold her beautiful blonde hair; then they informed her that Cosette was ill, which was a lie, and demanded 100 francs. To obtain this she sold her front teeth to a traveling dentist; then she went on the town, and when a dissolute dandy, to annoy her, put snow down her back, she scratched his face and was arrested by Javert, inspector of police, a brutal and over-officious tyrant, who had been attached to the galleys when Jean Valjean was there and suspected the mayor of M— of being the former convict. The mayor freed Fantine. She supposed he was the cause of her misfortunes and spat in his face. He took the affront meekly and investigated her complaint. She was ill of consumption and he provided for her and promised to look out for her child.

About the same time the police arrested another man who three former convicts swore was the missing Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean's conscience would not allow an innocent person to be punished in his place. Surmount-

ing extraordinary difficulties, he went to Arras, where the trial took place, and just as the judge was condemning the wrong man, he confessed he was the missing convict that had robbed the bishop and the hurdy-gurdy boy. The judge let him go; but Javert was implacable and apprehended him at Fantine's death-bed. He was lodged in jail, but having enormous strength, he broke out and returned to his house to secure his great fortune. He had time to hide his money in the haunted forest of Montfermeil, but was captured and sent to the galleys for life.

Nine months later at Toulon he broke his chain and saved the life of a sailor who was hanging head down from the topmast of a ship, but he himself either fell or jumped off from the spar and was reported drowned. The battle of Waterloo had taken place and the Thenadiers, who had been guilty of robbing the dead on the fatal field, kept a wretched inn at Montfermeil. They treated Cosette, now eight years old, with great cruelty. Christmas, 1823, was the climax of her wretchedness; she was sent after dark to fetch water from a spring in the dreadful forest. A poorly dressed stranger, passing, carried her heavy bucket. At the tavern he protected her from her mistress' threatened punishment, and the next morning he paid Thenadier 1500 francs and took Cosette to Paris, where he occupied a tumble-down habitation just outside of the city; the gloomiest place in all the gloomy boulevard. By day ugly, at twilight lugubrious, and at night sinister. He thought himself secure there, but his benevolence made him conspicuous, and the old care-taker, being full of envy and uncharitableness, grew suspicious of her lodger.

One day he saw Javert. He took Cosette and again fled. But Javert was on his track. Only by unexampled adroitness and by his colossal strength did he escape by climbing over a high wall. He found himself in the garden of the convent of the Petit Picpus, where worked Pere Fauchelevent, whose life M. Madeleine has saved when he was mayor of M—. The gardener, out of his gratitude, got him appointed his assistant by representing him to be his brother. Cosette was taken into the convent school. She grew up into a charming girl; beauty suddenly came to her like the blossoms to a cherry tree in April, and Jean Valjean, happy in loving her as his daughter, as his granddaughter, as the only woman he had ever loved, guarded her as a sacred treasure.

He had good reason to be wary, for the Thenadiers had come to Paris and joined a band of robbers; and Javert never forgot. He had several desperate encounters with them. On the one side outlaws; on the other undeviating law personified. He took part in the abortive revolution of 1830 and saved Javert's life, at last winning the admiration of that implacable and fatal honorable man.

But there was one danger from which he could not protect Cosette: the most beautiful thing in the world, which nevertheless seemed to him his worst enemy—love.

Baron Marius, the son of a man whom Thenadier had robbed at Waterloo and incidentally saved from a terrible death, had been turned out of his house by his royalist grandfather and was earning a poor livelihood by literature. He saw her and they met. Their love went through more than the usual vicissitudes. During the insurrection Jean Valjean carried the youth through the mazes of the Paris sewers and brought him desperately wounded to his grandfather's house. The old man relented and consented to the marriage. Jean Valjean gave Cosette a dowry of about 600,000 francs. In order to have a conscience perfectly clear he told his life story to Marius, who, not understanding the grandeur of the spirit that had never done anything but good, allowed him to go away with a broken heart. Thenadier, however, came to the baron to blackmail him and unconsciously revealed what a noble life Jean Valjean had led. Marius, taking Cosette, hastened to the old man's death-bed, and gave him one last taste from the cup of happiness. He died in their arms.

Victor Hugo calls "Les Misérables" "a drama in which the hero is the Infinite, the second character is Man." It is in reality a melodrama in which are mingled scenes of history, a host of characters from the highest to the lowest, improbabilities which strain one's credulity, a vast amount of rare and curious information on all sorts of subjects, dissertations on philosophy, science, politics, and religion. Its treatment of social injustice had a powerful influence on public opinion, not only in France but in many countries. It has been an epoch-making book.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post).

Soon a Lost Art. Among the lost arts of the world, it is to be feared that Indian basket making must soon be included. And it is a very great pity, too. It is a wonderful art, and one that has been created at vast pains and sacrifices.

The younger generation of California and desert Indians are not learning to make baskets. Like the younger generation of the white race, they are not fond of hard work. And who ever buys an Indian basket for a few dollars has seldom a realization of the work and the patience that has been expended upon it.

As a Favor. Boreleigh—I expect to start for Europe to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?

Miss Blunt—Yes, you can take particular care not to miss the steamer.—Boston Transcript.

## MADE DEATH TRAP

Fatal Pathway Through Cave to Deep Pit.

Visitor on Sightseeing Expedition Within a Moment of a Miserable End in Pool From Which There Was No Escape.

Astride the boundary separating two states of the middle West, a Companion contributor writes, there lies one of those barren regions where nature seems to have forgotten her uncompleted task. On one side of the line are sand hills; on the other, dry mud cut by deep cracks and ravines. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, he continues, business called me to a homesteader's claim on an oasis in the sand-hill tract, and after a long drive from the distant railway station I arrived just at dusk on Saturday evening, to stay until the following Monday.

Sunday morning I rose before the family and went out to view the landscape. After examining a number of petrified tree stumps and logs, which time and climatic influence had changed into black-and-white onyx, I was about to return when I chanced to spy a peculiar opening in the earth some distance away. Desiring to explore, I soon found myself walking down the smooth, water-worn floor of a canyon that was so narrow that my elbows grazed the sides.

I was soon a hundred feet or more below the surface of the mesa, yet the chasm showed no indication of widening. I walked on, casting my eyes upward occasionally to where a scrub juniper hid for a moment the narrow slit of blue far above, and thus I noticed that the opening terminated shortly. Dropping my gaze, I discovered on the left the abrupt turn that I had expected, and, again looking skyward, I became interested in the antics of a colony of bank swallows. The footing was so good that I walked steadily forward, my eyes fastened on the swallows.

Suddenly becoming aware that the light about me, which heretofore had come only through the slit far above, was increasing, I stopped abruptly, with my body already thrown forward and my right foot raised for the next step.

Just ahead the canon did indeed terminate. Also, the floor ended a few inches in front of my left foot. Only by instantly pressing my both forearms with all my strength against the sides of the chasm did I overcome the momentum that in another moment would have precipitated me into a semi-circular cistern of ooze twenty feet below and at least sixty feet wide. Its sides were scooped out of the river cliff in the form of an arch, through which came the light that had arrested my attention in the nick of time.

My host told me at breakfast that many young cattle, colts and other farm stuff had disappeared thereabouts and were supposed to have been lost in the place, which was of unknown depth, and was called locally, "The Jug."—Youth's Companion.

### Earnest Work Brings Success.

No class of men have a monopoly of opportunity. History is filled with records of the poor man's progress. As the race is not always to the swift, so is success not always to the naturally talented. It's the man who trains the talents he has who rises above his fellows. How often have we seen the man whom the neighbors all looked upon as a genius flash into a temporary prominence soon to give place to the ordinary but tireless worker who substituted ceaseless effort and constant pains for special gifts. The fact is men of exceptional talents often lean upon them and cease to make real efforts to improve. You will find them in middle life where they were in youth. Often they are disappointed and grouchy creatures criticizing the efforts of others who attempt on meager talents to do what they ought to have done. They have made no progress in developing their own personality.

### Joy in Winning Success.

The training of personality is often a matter of compulsion. Men shun loads and dodge responsibilities whenever they can. They covet ease and wealth and try taking the shortest road to it. That may land them there and it may not. Usually men have to rise through struggle. That has a way of making men turn to themselves for what they get. Others are busy with the same job and they can't give help to anyone. As men learn to do they develop power to do and eventually the love of doing takes possession of them. It's not just a matter of poetry, but it's according to fact. There's no joy like that of conscious success and it grows with what is done.

### Gave Him the Snub.

I was sore at a certain boy at school and when I walked by him in the hall always put my head high. One day when I was going home at noon I met him in the hall with a big bunch of boys. I gave him the snub and put my head up high. I didn't see the steps. I fell all the way down, and to my mortification this boy came and picked me up.—Exchange.

### Big Supply of Yellow Pine.

In the southern states there is a yellow pine area of about 124,000,000 acres. Fully stocked and carefully forested this will produce about 70 cubic feet an acre a year, or more than 27,500,000,000 board feet a year.

## LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit! Sore corns lift right off with fingers.



Magic! Costs few cents! Drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out with the fingers. Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of discovery of the Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

A Gambling Way. "How does she bridge over the gap in her finances?" "By playing it."

## Ugly, Unsightly Pimples Are Signals of Bad Blood

Give Heed to the Warning. Pimples on the face and other parts of the body are warnings from Nature that your blood is sluggish and impoverished. Sometimes they foretell eczema, boils, blisters, scaly eruptions and other skin disorders that burn like flames of fire. They mean that your blood needs S. S. S. to cleanse it of these accumulations that cause unbecom-

## LEARNED LESSON OF THRIFT

Boys and Girls of New Jersey Town Have Made Record of Which They Are Proud.

If there has been less talk of the servant problem in Bridgeton, New Jersey, than elsewhere, it is quite explainable. Not to be outdone by their European sisters and brothers in matters of thrift and industry, 25 youngsters in that town have lavished \$1,000 in United States thrift stamps this year, thanks to their own hard work. Boys and girls alike have welcomed opportunities of doing remunerative dishwashing, sweeping, dusting, store-clerking, baby-minding, errand-running, etc., with the goal of economy symbolized by government stamps ahead of them. The more ambitious have undertaken cutting weeds, carrying coal, sifting ashes, selling papers, raising chickens, cleaning pavements, and some have even won prizes to add to their savings. Having found that time can be converted into money it is doubtful whether these boys will again find the street corner a worthwhile place for spending idle hours, or the girls be content to waste periods in porch chatter.

### What Really Counted.

Bachelor—Are you in favor of Home Rule? Married Man (sadly)—Yes; but you see, my wife is also.—Stray Stories.

## Backache Slowing You Up?

Are you dragging along with a dull, throbbing backache? Feel lame mornings, tired all day; suffer torturing twinges at every move? Often the kidneys are to blame. A cold, strain or overwork congests the kidneys; poisons accumulate and mysterious aches and pains result. You may have headaches and dizzy spells, too, with perhaps bladder irregularity. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

### A South Dakota Case

B. D. Ray, Armour, S. D., says: "I was made off with backache about a year ago. Often when I got up out of a chair sharp pains caught me in the small of my back and I had to straighten slowly. Nights I had to get up often to pass the kidney secretions, which were scanty and highly colored. I often got dizzy and things would blur. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills entirely rid me of the backache and straightened me up in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Restores Dandruff-Scalped Hair Falling Restores Color and Faded Hair Turns to Gray and Faded Hair Black and Red Hair Brown. It is the best hair dressing in the world. It is made of the finest oils and is guaranteed to do anything. Guaranteed.

## HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, Warts, etc. All kinds. Causes comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. The mail or at drug stores. Hineco Chemical Works, Pathegoe, N. Y.

## Kill All Flies!

THEY SPREAD DISEASE. FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Non-toxic, non-staining, convenient and cheap. Lasts all summer. No need to re-apply anything. Guaranteed.

FLY KILLER at your dealer or by EXPRESS, prepaid, U.S. HAROLD SOMERS, 100 E. Main Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Investors, \$1,000 buys 1-50 interest in \$50,000 mill that will produce \$300,000 yearly. Terms, contract let. Mayfield, 1664 Humboldt, Denver.

## WANTED IT AS A WARNING

Old Gentleman Had Particular Use for That Peculiarly Atrocious-Looking Beetle.

On the counter of the Christmas bazaar stood all the usual horrors which an unscrupulous world insists on giving the poor kiddies as "toys." There were animals, birds and insects which resembled nothing save the creatures of a particularly fierce nightmare.

The customer staided himself by a chair, and after a careful selection, picked up one specially terrible beetle. "I'll take that," he told the assistant, "How much is it?" "Half a dollar!" replied the girl, "Is it for your little boy?" "No, I want to take it to a dinner party I have to attend."

"Whatever for?" exclaimed the girl, surprised out of her carefully acquired calm.

"Well, I'm going to stand it in front of me on the table when the drinks are going round and when I see two beetles—well, it's time to go home!"

### Open Bribery.

Jane had just commenced school, and the teacher asked her a question in numbers which she was unable to answer. She walked up to the teacher and said in a low voice: "If you won't ask me that I'll give you some of my animal crackers."

# A Coffee-like Beverage

in flavor and appearance

# Instant Postum

but Postum is different because it contains no health-disturbing drug. A saver in many ways.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.