

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS?
Simple Prescription Said to Work
Wonders for Rheumatism.

This has been well known to the best doctors for years as the quickest and most reliable cure obtainable for rheumatism and backache. It has been published here for several years and hundreds of the worst cases cured by it in a short time. "From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed packages) and one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Shake the bottle and take a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime." Results come the first day. If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take some patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

Result.
"I'll hurl the insult back in that fellow's teeth."
"Then he'll have to eat his words."

The Way of it.
"Have you got a cook yet?"
"No, but one is coming today to see if we suit her."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

Agreeing With Her.
"I was a fool when I married you!"
"Yes, and you married a fool!"

**WOMAN SICK
FOURTEEN YEARS**

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.:—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

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 have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

**Stiff Joints
Sprains, Bruises**

are relieved at once by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Don't rub, just lay on lightly.

Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."
WILTON WATKINS, Morris, Ala.

Good for Broken Sinews
G. G. JONES, Hallsville, L. I., writes:—"I used Sloan's Liniment for broken sinews above the knee cap caused by a fall and to my great satisfaction was able to resume work in less than three weeks after the accident."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
Fine for Sprain

MR. HENRY A. YORRL, 34 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J., writes:—"A friend sprained his ankle so badly that it went black. He laughed when I told him that I would have him out in a week. I applied Sloan's Liniment and in four days he was working and said Sloan's was a right good Liniment."

Price 25c., 50c., and \$1.00
Sloan's Book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.
Address
Dr. Earl S. Sloan



Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

**The net from
Car! Bagdad**

by HAROLD M^{AC}GRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER
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SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Box company of New York, starting for Rome in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryannette arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryannette sells Jones the famous holy Yhiorde rug, which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he has loaned \$25,000. Fortune, some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother, Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryannette interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryannette, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryannette makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declines she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryannette steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires agent in New York in Jones' name, that he is in a renting house in New York to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy rug, is on Ryannette's trail. Fortune promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mahomed accuses Ryannette and demands the Yhiorde rug. Ryannette tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones' room. Fortune quarrels with her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune meets a man purporting to be from Ryannette asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Jones receives a message asking him to meet Ryannette at the English Bar the same evening. Jones is carried off into the desert by Mahomed and his accomplices after a desperate fight. Fortune discovers that Ryannette and Fortune also are captives, the former is badly battered and unconscious. Ryannette recovers consciousness and the sight of Fortune in captivity reveals to him the fact that Mahomed intends to get vengeance on him through the girl. Fortune acknowledges that she stole the rug from Jones' room. She offers to return it to Mahomed if he will free all three of them. Mahomed agrees to liberate Fortune and one of the men in return for the rug, but returns with the information that Mrs. Chedsoye and her brother have sailed for New York. Fortune spurs offered freedom which does not include her two companions. The caravan continues the journey toward Bagdad. Ryannette tells Jones that Mrs. Chedsoye is the most adroit smuggler of the age, and is overheard by Fortune. The three captives are rescued by Henry Ackermann, who is in charge of a carpet caravan. Mahomed escapes. Mrs. Chedsoye discovers the absence of Fortune and Ryannette. Fortune takes the girl's belongings with her. Through forged letters Mrs. Chedsoye, the major and Fortune take possession of the Yhiorde rug. Ryannette and Fortune arrive at Damascus. Ryannette falls in his resolution to lead a better life. Ryannette secretly leaves for New York. At Jones' solicitation his partner, Mortimer, offers Fortune a home, but she declines. Jones then declares his love and finds that it is reciprocated. Jones and Fortune arrive in New York and go to the Mortimer home. Jones finds Mrs. Chedsoye, Ryannette and the rest of the gang in his home with a million in money looted from an adjoining bank packed ready for flight. Jones summons Wallace, president of the bank, who it develops is Ryannette's brother.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)
"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.
"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryannette, who was acting as master of ceremonies.
"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryannette. "Into the cars with it; over to Jersey City; on to Philadelphia; but there for Europe; quietly transfer the gold to the various Continental banks; and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryannette laughed.
"It's all right to laugh," said the Major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."
"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."
"He might cable."
"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryannette."
"We all know that," said the Major. "It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind any?"
The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chedsoye did not move hers.
"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"
"Ay, damnable wretch!"
A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolvers leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

CHAPTER XXII.
The End of the Puzzle.
The elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.
"Let me go!" he cried, his voice nasal and high. "Do you hear me? Let me go!"
"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without turning his head or letting his eye waver, "keep him back. Thanks." George stepped over the threshold. "Now gentlemen, I shall shoot the first man who makes a movement."
And Ryannette, who knew something about George, saw that he meant just what he said. "Steady, every one," he said. "My friend George here can't shoot; but that kind of a man is deadliest with a pistol. I surrender."
The brother was struggling. "The telephone! The telephone! I demand to call the police. This is necessary to the fact! I tell you, let me go!"
"Mr. Wadsworth," replied George, "if you do not get still and let me run this affair, I'll throw the pistols to the floor, and your brother and his friends may do as they bally please. Now, step back and be quiet. Stop!" to Ryannette, whose hand was reaching out toward the table.
"Don't shoot, Percival; I want only a final glass of wine." Ryannette calmly took the slender stem of the glass between his fingers, lifted it and drank. He set it down empty. From his outside pocket he drew a handkerchief and delicately dried his lips. He alone of his confederates had life. It was because he alone understood. Prison wasn't staring him in the face just yet. "Well, Arthur, old top, how goes it? Nearly got your money-bags, didn't we? And we surely would have but for this delicious vintage."
"Damn you and your wine!" roared the Major, shaking with rage. "This adventure had been no joke to him, no craving for excitement. He wanted the gold, the gold. With what would have been his share he could have gambled at Monte Carlo and Ostend till the end of his days. For the first time he saw long, black bars of iron running up and down a window. And all for a bottle of wine!"
"Damn away, old sport!" Ryannette reached for the bottle and filled his glass again. "Percival, I'm blamed sorry about that olive-tree of yours." He waved his hand toward the bags. "You can see that my intentions in regard to refunding that hundred pounds were strictly honorable. Now, what's on the ticket?"
"I suppose your luggage is outside in the automobiles?"
"Right-O!"
"Well, I need not explain my reasons; you will understand them; but I am going to give you all two hours' time. Then I shall notify the police. You will have to take your chance after that time."
The circling faces brightened perceptibly. Two hours—that would carry them far into Jersey.
"Accepted with thanks," said Ryannette.
"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."
"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryannette wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."
Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jamb of the door.
"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first," with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first-man. "Forward march, front door. Go on!"
"What about me?" asked Ryannette.
"In a moment," George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly: what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late! "Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here," Mr. Mortimer; take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically bade them God-speed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's face; she could have rent her clothes, torn her skin, pulled her hair; and yet she sat there without physical sign of the onset.
On her side, Fortune knew, that had there been a single gesture inviting

the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply. The note was from Ryannette. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that much was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his—Horace's—brother that the coup hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit-cases something like two hundred thousand dollars in bills of all denominations. "Tell that dear brother of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million in ten years. To you, my boy, I add: Fortune favors the brave!"
"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."
"Bless your heart, help yourself!" And George turned to Fortune.
"Ah," she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"
"And for what?" astonished.
"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"
"I understand, heart of mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunny morning; eh?" He held her off a ways and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon—"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."
"Please!"
"How brave you are!"
"I? Oh, pshaw!"
"Would you have shot one of them?"
"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.
"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."
And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhiorde, the magic old Yhiorde from Bagdad.

Lucky to Get Anything.
The law of the land had spoken, and the verdict was \$5,000 damages.

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SUCCESS Depends largely upon one's physical condition. No man or woman can do their best work if troubled with a weak stomach or a torpid liver. Don't be careless. Don't procrastinate.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

promotes the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It makes men and women strong in body and active in mind.
Ask Your Druggist

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Wood
We've Done Our Share. Woodby—is there any money in writing for the magazine? Scribblers—Sure! The postal department is about half supported that way.—Boston Transcript.

A FREE SURPRISE BOX.
In another part of this paper you will find a large ad of the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Omaha, Neb. They offer to send to any reader a box of assorted biscuits absolutely free. Don't miss this opportunity. Cut out the coupon from their ad and mail it today.

Sure.
"Don't you think that we should have a more elastic currency?" asked the Old Fogey.
"It's elastic enough," replied the Grouch. "Why don't they make it more adhesive?"

Compromise.
Senator Fletcher of Jacksonville, apropos of the recent peace conference in London, said:
"Such conferences usually end in a compromise, and the people concerned depart homeward with sour smiles."
"A compromise, you know, has been accurately described as an agreement whereby both parties get what they don't want."

Incompetent George.
Little George was six years old and the family was much interested in having him start to school, but he insisted that he was not going.
One day his grandmother said to him: "George, you are going to school with sister this winter, aren't you?"
"No, grandma, I'm not going to school at all. I can't read, nor I can't write, nor I can't sing, and I'd like to know what good I'd be at school?"

At the Studio.
A motor stopped in front of the photographer's, and a woman lacking none of the artificial accessories deemed necessary to "looks," entered the studio.
A couple of days later the photographer submitted proofs for her approval.
"Not one of these pictures looks anything like me," the woman insisted.
The photographer tried in every way to pacify her, but finding this an impossibility, lost control of his temper.
"Madam!" he exclaimed, "did you read my sign?"
"Yes."
"Well! It does not say 'cleaning, dyeing and remodeling.' It says 'portraits.'"

Shivery Mornings

You can have a taste of the summer sunshine of the corn fields by serving a dish of

Post Toasties

These crisp flavoury bits of toasted white corn make an appetizing dish at any time of year.

Try them in February and taste the delicate true maize flavour.

A dish of Toasties served either with cream or milk, or fruit, is surprisingly good.

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Toasties

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



"I Am Going to Give You All Two Hours' Time."