

Back Bad Since the Grip?

Has a cold or grip sapped your strength? Do you suffer constant backache, feel nervous and depressed? Then look to your kidneys! Many cases of kidney trouble are the result of infectious disease. The kidneys have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-created poisons from the blood. That's why a cold or grip often leaves backache, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Help your weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Andy Summ, 33 Logan St., Holdrege, Neb., says: "I was suffering from an attack of lumbago and the muscles through my sides were so lame and sore I could hardly get around. My back ached all the time. I think the trouble was caused by a cold which settled in my kidneys. A couple boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills was all I needed to cure me of the attack."

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

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEN OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Right Again.

Jack—Where are you going in such a hurry?
Bill—I want to get a look at Henpeck. The professor told us to describe an atom, the smallest thing in the world.

Jack—Well, why see Henpeck?
Bill—He's the smallest thing in the world when his wife gets through roasting him. I want to get an accurate description of him and palm it off on the professor for the description of an atom.

MOTHER! MOVE

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Hurry, mother! Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

True Enough.

"Why is the Kaiser so vehement in declaring he didn't start the war?"
"Nobody likes to take credit for a losing venture."

Red Cross Ball Blue should be used in every home. It makes clothes white as snow and never injures the fabric. All good grocers.—Advertisement.

Many a man's cowardice has kept him from getting in bad.

Are You a Mother? Do You Need Help?

THEN THIS LETTER IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO YOU

Omaha, Neb.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was a splendid tonic and relieved me of all nauseating conditions during expectancy. My baby and I were both strong and hardy in every way. I surely am glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to the expectant mother because I know by actual experience that it is good."—Mrs. Jobe Cooper, 4318 Erskine St.
You should obtain this famous Prescription now at your nearest drug store in bottles or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. tablets and write for free medical advice.

Garfield Tea Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful

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

Storm Country Polly

by Grace Miller White

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"LOVE! H—!"

SYNOPSIS.—Occupying a dilapidated shack in the Silent City, a squatter settlement near Ithaca, New York, Polly Hopkins lives with her father, small Jerry, and an old woman, Granny Hope. On an adjacent farm, Oscar Bennett, prosperous farmer, is a neighbor. He is secretly married to Evelyn Robertson, supposedly wealthy girl of the neighborhood. Polly alone knows their secret. Marcus MacKenzie, who owns the ground the squatters occupy, is their determined enemy. Polly overhears a conversation between MacKenzie and a stranger, in which the former avows his intention of driving the squatters from his land. The stranger sympathizes with the squatters, and earns Polly's gratitude. Evelyn Robertson discovers from her mother that they are not rich, as she supposed, but practically living on the bounty of Robert Percival, Evelyn's cousin.

CHAPTER III.

As she ran, Polly Hopkins cogitated on MacKenzie's words. Evelyn's mother had said that she was as odd as she was filthy.

Mrs. Robertson! The arrogant woman who lived on the hill in a house almost big enough to hold every person in the Silent City ought not to say anything against the squatters. If the grand lady only knew it, her own daughter had stooped to a trick such as would put to shame any hut-woman. A squatter wife would not leave her man to do for himself or deny him before the world. Added to Polly's personal humiliation was MacKenzie's threat against Daddy Hopkins.

The hope Robert Percival's words had instilled in her seemed to die as she traveled, and her heart beat with fear, for should Old Marc get his fingers on Daddy Hopkins, Polly had no doubt there would be nothing but imprisonment for him and the graveyard for her and Jerry. She could not think of life without her father. Not a single night had she ever been away from his kindly love and attention—and Wee Jerry! A vivid picture rose before her of the baby's grief if he could not straddle daddy's neck and play his father was a horse.

When she reached the top of the ragged rocks, she pulled up and cast a glance out over the lake. The calling of her name made her turn swiftly. Recognizing Evelyn Robertson's voice, she waited while the other girl came down the path from MacKenzie's woods. She was quite unlike the little squatter. A fashionable raincoat protected her from the wet; and she carried a light umbrella in her gloved hand. The greeting between them was one of embarrassment.

"I were goin' to find my daddy," Polly explained. "He's somewhere along the lake. I didn't know I'd come on you this mornin'."

The memory of Mrs. Robertson's words brought a rush of color to her face, and she looked down at her feet. There surged up in her a feeling that she did not want anything to do with any of these people. Why should she? They were rich; and she was only a squatter brat! She started to walk away.

"I said," she flung over her shoulder, "I were lookin' for my daddy. Good-by."

Evelyn Robertson was not interested in Jeremiah Hopkins. As far as she was concerned, the whole Silent City might be washed off into the waves and carried away. Her own troubles filled her mind. The shock of her mother's disclosure stunned her, for without the help she had expected, she could see no way out of Oscar Bennett's clutches. In the meantime, the squatter girl was her only means of communication.

"Wait, Pollyop, wait a minute! I came down just to speak to you."

Wheeling slowly around, Polly faced her.

"What do you want?" she asked in surly tones.

"Pollyop," ejaculated Evelyn, coming swiftly to her side, "I'm almost scared to death. My cousin, Bob—oh, you've got to help me again!"
Bob! Then the soldier in the uniform was Evelyn's cousin. Bob! That was the nicest name in all the world, a name fitted for the man who had dropped into the Silent City to help along the squatters. Suddenly her mood changed. She forgot Oscar Bennett and his odious words, forgot that the girl crying for her aid had allowed her mother to say dreadful things against her and Daddy Hopkins. If Evelyn were related to the soldier, then Polly Hopkins would do anything Miss Robertson asked of her.

"What do you want?" she repeated shyly, blushing.

"It's this," answered Evelyn. "Mr. MacKenzie's home—and my cousin came with him. My cousin, Robert Percival!"

"Is your cousin a handsome feller with long legs an' a face—"

Pollyop stopped for lack of words. How could she describe the fine, sympathetic countenance she had seen from the hut roof?

"Yes," Evelyn interjected, "Bob's awfully good-looking, and he's tall too. Now listen, Pollyop; you must go to Oscar again for me this very day—Oh, dear, he's so mean to me!"

Polly considered the pretty face a moment. She could not understand why the home-coming of the cousin and Old Marc should make Evelyn so flustered. With her steady eyes upon her she was studying over this question when Evelyn burst forth:

"Tell Oscar I haven't any money! I just can't get it now! And, Pollyop, tell him too that he mustn't write me any more letters. My mother—well, if she found one of them, she'd turn me out of the house."

Polly's mouth flew open. She could not conceive of a girl doing anything in the world bad enough to make her mother turn her out of her home.

"Lordy! Would she, now?" she gasped.

"My mother's proud," said Evelyn, in excuse. "You know that, Polly."

Certainly Polly knew it! Hadn't she ducked out of sight of the unsympathetic lady many a time when lurking near the Robertson home with a message from Oscar to Evelyn?

"I don't know what I will do, Polly," the other girl went on, "if you don't help me—and some time I'll really do something for you."

A temptation to blurt out the words Marcus MacKenzie had spoken assailed the squatter girl; but Evelyn looked worried! Polly's heart was as soft as the velvet in her eyes when she came upon trouble of any kind.

"You've been good to Wee Jerry," she interposed gently. "Awful good. He most giggles his little life away when I bring him the goodies you send him."

"I'm going to do a lot for both of you," returned Evelyn impulsively, "and today I brought this bag of candy for the baby. Here! Take it! And you'll go to Oscar for me as soon as you can, won't you?"

Smiling, Polly slipped the package of sweets into her pocket. She could forgive anything against herself for the sake of seeing Wee Jerry smile and hearing him crow over the contents of the small bag.

"Yep," she agreed, "an' say all you tell me to. But what if he kicks up a row? He's gettin' awful pernickity, Oscar is!"

A sharp cry from Evelyn was followed by:

"Tell him he mustn't! Make him promise he won't! And—and, Pollyop, I'll tell you something else, if you'll promise never to tell."

"I never told anything yet, have I?" Pollyop protested in low, indignant tones.

"No one must ever know about Oscar and me," Evelyn began, still harping

on the great fear that obsessed her, "because—"

"Because of your ma," interrupted Polly. "Sure I know that!"

A slim hand was raised in partial protest.

"Mother's an awful worry to me sometimes, but it's not she altogether. But—but—"

"Then—then—it's your fine-lookin' cousin," came brokenly from Polly, during the pause in Miss Robertson's statement.

"Of course, I wouldn't have him know for anything," Evelyn nodded assent. "Oh, goodness, I might as well tell it and get it over. I love some one else, and he loves me, Pollyop. I want to be his wife more than I've ever wanted anything before. He's wealthy, dear, and I've got to marry him."

Polly's face gathered a shocked expression. How could she marry any one when she was already wedded to Oscar Bennett? By any law Polly knew of, a girl could not have two husbands at the same time. Even the squatters, in their careless way of living, did nothing like that.

"You can't tie up to no other man

while you belong to Oscar, Miss Eve," she ventured gravely.

"Well, I know it; of course I know it," retorted Evelyn, resenting the censure in the other's tones; "but I've got to be free. I'm so frantic, I don't much care how. That's the way Oscar's got to help me! Anyway make him understand he's got to wait; he must be quiet and not bother me. Then come tonight, and let me know what he says. Will you, Polly?"

The squatter girl nodded. She would rather have been switched than see Oscar Bennett again.

"Yep," she assented. "I'll hunt him up late this afternoon and then hustle right over to you. I got to go now!"

For some moments after Evelyn left her, Polly watched the slim figure on the path to the woods. Then she suddenly remembered Marcus MacKenzie and without a backward glance hurried swiftly toward the south.

Meantime three squatters from the Silent City were in the Bad Man's ravine, dressing the fish they had netted the night before. One enormous man was seated on a flat rock, his bare feet almost touching the water as it hurried by to the lake. On his shoulders, with his legs wound tightly around the man's neck, sat a small boy, little more than a baby. He was shivering with cold, and, as the spring rain shot its drops upon his face, he lifted a small hand and brushed them away. Seemingly oblivious of the weight against his swarthy head, the man picked up a fish and contemplated it with a scowl. Then he proceeded to clean it deftly.

The silence was unbroken for a long time except by the rushing of the water, the gruesome running of the knives over the fish scales and a little whimper, now and then, from the child astride the man's neck.

"I heard in town," broke forth Lye Braeger, "that Old Marc MacKenzie's comin' home. Here's where us squatters get h—l slung at us good and plenty."

Jeremiah Hopkins stopped his work and frowned at the speaker.

"He'd best be a-lookin' out for hisself," he muttered. "Mebbe he'll get a taste of the hot place if he does any struttin' around the Silent City."

"Mebbe," repeated Larry Bishop, and no more. Marcus MacKenzie, handsome, snug and rich, had been the instrument that had moved the hands of the law to swing open the prison doors and shove Larry Bishop inside just when his young wife needed him most.

In spite of the roaring water, rushing in torrents from the Bad Man's ravine, Polly sent out a peculiar little trill; and the hoarse answer of a man's voice mingled with its echo as it struck the enormous, up-roaring rock slabs.

Polly's heart bounded and lost its heavy weight of fear. Daddy Hopkins had responded ponderously to her first call. In another moment she was crawling up the jagged sides of the deep gulf. As she came up to them, Hopkins' companions waved her a greeting, but stopped their work at the sight of her sober face.

"What's up, lassie?" demanded Hopkins. "You ain't seen a ghost, have you?"

"Worse'n that, Daddy," she replied. "Much worse'n that! Old Marc's home, an' I heard him say he's goin' to root us squatters out of the Silent City."

A brute-like glare flashed into Larry Bishop's eyes.

"Did he, now, brat?" he muttered, taking up his knife and looking at it. Polly squatted down beside her father, slipping one hand under his arm. The other she gave to the child, who grasped it eagerly.

"Did he, now?" came in repetition from Bishop's throat.

"Yep," asserted Pollyop, with an emphatic bob of her head, "an' I come to tell you all you'd best be a-lookin' out for 'im. Daddy, he says you're the worst man in the settlement, but everybody knows he's a liar."

"He'd best be lookin' out for his own hide," Hopkins shot back like a flash of steel. "I ain't in any mind to stand much of his guff, the dirty duffer."

Withdrawing her arm from her father's, she leaned her chin on her hand. She wanted to urge them not to worry too much, to tell them of the other man, rich like old Marc, who had expressed in tender tones a kindly interest in their welfare. Somehow, though, the words would not come. The peaceful figure did not fit in with the secret understanding that expressed itself in the frowning, furtive glances that passed from one to the other of her men-folks.

"He's awful, powerful strong," she ventured in answer to the look she had intercepted, "an' powerful rich!"

"An' money's what makes the mare go," struck in Lye Braeger.

"Sure, so 'tis," answered Polly. "But 'tain't everything in the world. I got Granny Hope's word for that. An' she knows a lot about love, Granny does."

Larry Bishop's sudden laugh cracked in the middle, and he swallowed fiercely.

"Love! H—!" he burst out husk-

ily. "Granny'll know soon what havin' money means. Some mornin' the Silent City'll wake up an' find the Hope shack burned to the rocks."

"Mebbe not," replied Polly simply. "Anyway, Granny don't need her hut now she's livin' with us."

A sudden thought of Robert Percival shot a queer little thrill through her, and she got confusedly to her feet.

"Lordy, but the wind's cold this mornin'!" she exclaimed.

"That's so," answered her father. "It's too blamed cold for the baby to stay here. Get off'n my neck, boy, an' go along home with Poll, an' get het up a bit."

The child set up a howl that flung itself back and forth in squealing echoes from side to side of the ravine, but the struggle of unloosening Wee Jerry's fingers from his father's thick hair was short and sharp.

"Take him home, brat," said Jeremiah to Pollyop. "He's like a frog."



"Sure, so 'tis," answered Polly. "But 'Tain't Everything in the World."

poor imp. We got a full hour's work yet."

With the child's hand in hers, Polly looked at her father.

"Come when you can, Daddy. I got a s'prise for you."

"Good little kid, your girl is, Jeremiah," droned Braeger, and he grunted as he straightened out his legs.

Hopkins bent over to catch another glimpse of his children.

"Yep," he agreed, a wavering smile touching his lips. "God love 'er! She's like her ma was at her age—as near like as two peas in a pod."

CHAPTER IV.

On entering the shack Pollyop found Granny Hope still asleep. Then she replenished the fire and sat down with Jerry on her lap. She disrobed him, dried the small body, and placed him on the cot under the blankets. Another piece of candy was popped into the ever-ready little mouth; and he cuddled down contentedly.

His daughter's cheerful face, when Jeremiah came home for his dinner, drove away, for the time being, the dread her announcement of MacKenzie's return had stirred in him. Her description of mending the roof brought a wry smile to his face. She sat on his knee while he smoked his pipe and chattered of the little intimate things of the lakeside, and later sent him and Jerry off to Larry Bishop's shack, feeling the better for food and warmth and love.

At five o'clock, milk-pail in hand, she took the lane that led to the Bennett farm. Nothing but her promise to Evelyn would have dragged her again that day into Oscar's presence. Nor did she consider that the message she had to deliver would incline the farmer to be very generous in the matter of milk. Suppose he demanded pay for it on the basis he had suggested!

She rounded the building and went into the cow stables. On a nail in the wall hung a lantern, and the farmer sat milking a cow.

"Hello, Oscar!" was her greeting. "I saw Miss Eve, but I didn't tell her nothin' about the kisses you wanted."

Bennett turned and studied her curiously, taking quick stock of her, even to the brown of her bare feet. No, he had not made a mistake in summing her up that morning.

"You better hadn't," he growled, without interrupting his work. "I suppose you brought me some fool message from her, eh?" Having finished the cow, he rose and stood with the brimming pail of milk in his hand. "She sent you, didn't she?"

"Evelyn! I-I believe you care for me, I really believe you do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SWEET LITTLE BABY BOY

Makes a Bright Spot in Every Home. A Comfort in Years to Come

Park Rapids, Minnesota.—"I have taken your medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—when I was a girl for pains and before and after my marriage. I now have a sweet little baby boy and will send you his picture if you wish to publish it. My sisters also take your medicine and find it a great help, and I recommend it to those who suffer before their babies are born."

—Mrs. Wm. Johnson, Box 155, Park Rapids, Minn.

To marry and arrive at middle age without children is a great disappointment to many women. Think of the joy and comfort other women have in their children as they grow older.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped to bring great happiness to many families by restoring women to health. Often the childless home is due to a run down condition of the wife, which may be helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It brought health and happiness into the home of Mrs. Johnson. Why not to yours?

Stop Laxatives Which Only Aggravate Constipation

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—6c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Olney Chem. Wks., Patheogue, N. Y.

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ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at your risk. Sold by all reliable druggists. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas

Leave it to Her. Sultor—I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy, I hope I will be made to suffer for it.

Father—Don't let that worry you; she'll attend to that.

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that a woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run. So easy to use.—advertisement.

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