

HER PHYSICIAN APPROVES

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sabatius, Maine.—"You told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills before child-birth, and we are all surprised to see how much good it did. My physician said 'Without doubt it was the Compound that helped you.' I thank you for your kindness in advising me and give you full permission to use my name in your testimonials."—Mrs. H. W. MITCHELL, Box 3, Sabatius, Me.

Another Woman Helped. Granville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Granville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Queer Questions. Queer questions come over the telephone to the newspaper offices. Here was one that the man who chanced to answer the phone had put up to him the other day:

"Say," began the unknown seeker after the truth, "do you—do you remember who it was that killed Abel?"

"Why, Cain, of course," replied the newspaper man, who put in several years at Sunday school. "Who'd you suppose?"

"Well," observed the man at the other end in an annoyed tone, "doggon if I ain't gone and made a fool of myself. Course it was Cain, now that you mention it, but I made a two to one bet with a fellow that 'twas Goliath, and now I'll have to go without a new overcoat, I reckon, this next winter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Childish Reasoning. "Look at the brownies, papa!" exclaimed a little miss as she gazed upward at a Wall street skyscraper.

"They are not brownies, dearie," replied papa. "They are big men, like me, but they look so tiny because they are so high."

"If they were twice as high, would they look twice as small?" she asked, showing the mathematical turn not unnatural in the offspring of a successful broker.

Papa answered "Yes."

She made a quick calculation and remarked: "They won't amount to much when they get to heaven, will they?"

A Good Job. Jacob H. Schiff, at a dinner on the yacht Ramona, condemned a concern that had gone up.

"Straight business methods are the only ones," he said. "There is a moral in the receiver story."

"A man, you know, said one day to a little boy:

"Well, Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A receiver, sir," Tommy answered promptly. "Ever since pa's been a receiver we've had champagne for dinner and two automobiles."

DAME NATURE HINTS When the Food is Not Satisfied.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food. The old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

TAVERNAY A Tale of the Red Terror

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON. Author of "The Marathon Mystery," "The Holladay Case," "A Soldier of Virginia," etc. Copyrighted, 1909, by Burton E. Stevenson.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued.) Here there was a wall of stone. We rested a moment on top of it, then I helped her down into the narrow, rutted road beyond. It ran, as nearly as I could judge, east and west, and turning our faces westward, we hurried along it, anxious to put all chance of capture far behind.

The night was sweet and clear, and my heart sang with the very joy of living. I felt strong, vigorous, ready to face any emergency. My recent encounter had left no souvenir more serious than a tender throat, and as I thought of it I wondered again at the resolution which had nerved that soft and delicate arm to drive the blade home in the back of my antagonist. She, too, had proved herself able to meet a crisis bravely, and to rise to whatever heroism it demanded.

"Why that profound sigh, M. de Tavernay?" asked my comrade, looking up at me with dancing eyes, quite in her old manner. "Surely we are in no present danger?"

"I was thinking not of the present but of the future, mademoiselle," I answered.

"You think, then, that danger lies before us?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But why cross the bridge till we come to it?"

"Because," I answered, "since the bridge must be crossed, it is as well to do it now as any time."

"But perhaps it may be avoided—one can never tell."

"No," I said gloomily, "it is a destiny not to be escaped."

"You frighten me!" she cried, but when I glanced at her, she looked anything but frightened. "What is it that awaits us? Let me know the worst."

"It was of myself I was speaking," I explained.

"Another instance of your selfishness. Are you going to face the enemy and bid me run away? Depend upon it, I shall fight twice before obeying."

"This is an enemy which you will never be called upon to face, mademoiselle. I was thinking of that moment—a moment not far distant—when I have placed you in the hands of your friends and must bid you adieu."

"To turn your face southward toward Potliffers? Inconstant man. I did not think you so eager."

"No, mademoiselle; I turn back to Dange, as you know, on an errand of vengeance."

"To Potliffers on an errand of love. To the hero his reward!"

"Say rather on an errand of duty," I corrected.

as safe as could be hoped for, I made my way back to it and walked softly to the dark figure on the grass. She was lying on her side, her head pillowed on her arm, and as I bent above her to make sure that she was protected from the chill of the night, I knew by her regular breathing that she slept. That sleep, so peaceful and trusting, consecrated the little girl, halting it, transmuting it to such a temple that I dared lay me down only upon its margin, as though it were a holy place.

Long I lay staring up at the heavens, wondering if I might indeed hope to win this superb creature. Weaving a golden future which we trod arm in arm. To possess her, to have her always at my side, the mother of my children—the thought shook me with a delicious trembling. But at last cold reason snatched me down from my dreamy height and reminded myself I was a fool, and so turned on my side, closed my eyes resolutely, and in the end sank to sleep.

I awoke with the full sun staring me in the face and sat up with a start to find my companion smiling at me across the little grassy meadow.

"Good morning, monsieur," she said. "Good morning," I responded and rose and went toward her.

In some magical way, she had removed the stains of travel; to my eyes she seemed to have stepped out of the moment from her bath. A sudden loathing of my own foul and hideous clothing came over me. How, in that guise, could she regard me with anything but disgust?

"Mademoiselle," I said, "I am ashamed to stand here before you in this clear light, for you are sweet and fresh as the morning, while I—"

"Choose the harder part," she interrupted. "In order to serve me better, I understand what you are suffering and I thank you for it."

"But to be hideous?"

"Oh, I do not look at the clothes," she said, "and as for the face—"

"Well," I prompted, as for the face she stole a glance at me.

"As for the face," she continued, "you will remember that I bathed it last night, monsieur, while I was attempting to revive you, and so it is nearly as attractive as nature made it."

"A poor consolation," I retorted.

"Well," she said, looking at it critically, "I confess I have seen handsomer ones."

"Yes," I encouraged, as she hesitated.

"But never one I liked better," she added, a heavenly shyness in her eyes.

"Mademoiselle," I said, suddenly taking my courage in my hands, "last night, while I was unconscious, I dreamed such a beautiful dream. I would it were true."

"Dreams are never true," she said, decidedly. "They go by contraries. You will have to bedaub four faces before you venture forth again."

"But the dream," I insisted, refusing to be diverted. "Shall I tell you what it was?"

"I have never been interested in dreams," she responded, calmly, and brushed from her skirt an imperceptible speck of dust.

"Not even this one, I am sure. How long are we to remain here, M. de Tavernay?"

BRODERICK DENIES PAYING OUT BRIBE

Her Alleged Wealthy Suitor Turns Out to Be a Waiter, and She Plunges Into Ocean.

Chicago, Oct. 8.—State Senator "Big John" Broderick, who is under indictment at Springfield on a charge of bribery, in connection with the election of Senator William Lorimer, took the witness stand in the senatorial investigation today and entered a general denial of the charges.

Broderick was questioned on direct examination by Attorney Haney, representing Senator Lorimer. The legislator denied he had promised to give or had given any money or other valuable thing to State Senator Holstlaw, or any other person in connection with the election of Mr. Lorimer.

He admitted Holstlaw had been in his West Side saloon in June, 1909, but declared the visit had no significance. Holstlaw, who is a prominent Baptist, has confessed that Broderick bribed him.

Attorney Austrian's first question was: "Did you ever write to Holstlaw to call on you?"

"I refuse to answer," was the reply. "On what grounds?"

"I might be giving testimony against myself," replied the witness, availing himself of his constitutional privilege. He returned the same answer to a number of questions touching the alleged letter to Holstlaw. Broderick, in admitting that Holstlaw had called on him at his saloon, denied that Holstlaw had ever given him any note of receipt.

Answering questions put by Senator Frazier, Broderick said there was no caucus or conference of democrats on the Lorimer vote.

"How did it happen that all these democrats reached the conclusion it was the right thing to vote for Mr. Lorimer if there had been no conference or agreement?" asked Senator Frazier.

"I do not know."

"How did you reach the conclusion to vote for Mr. Lorimer?"

"Mr. Lorimer asked me that morning to vote for him that day."

"Who was present while Holstlaw was in your saloon?"

"I refuse to answer."

"Would not the persons who were there be able to corroborate your statements here and thus help this hearing?" continued Senator Frazier.

"Yes, I know that," replied the witness, "but there might be bad results later."

Applying to interrogations from Senator Burrows and Attorney Austrian, Broderick said that he did not leave the saloon while Holstlaw was present. He declined to say whether he had introduced State Senator Holstlaw to any person in the saloon.

GIN RICKEYS CAUSE WOE FOR PREACHER

Quaker City Parson Is Likewise Accused of Attending Improper Shows.

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.—Members of the special judicial commission appointed to take evidence in the case of the Rev. Dr. William H. Pheley, charged with drinking gin rickeys and with visiting a burlesque theater, have spent many hours in their deliberations without concluding the hearing. All members of the commission and lawyers on both sides were pledged to secrecy concerning the transaction pending the trial, but at the time of adjournment the attitude of the jurors and of the accused minister himself did not seem to indicate that a verdict of guilty would be forthcoming.



HOMESEEKERS get information on Fourche River Valley, Western Arizona, the land of double crops. T. L. Irwin, L. D. Olin, Ark.

SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., No. 42-1910.

Simple Expedient. An American student at a German university tells of a professor who was reading aloud in a classroom papers on a celebrated living German novelist, who had been written by the members of the class. After reading one he commented upon its excellence. "You show an exact comprehension of the matter," he said, addressing the student who had written the paper; "tell us what method you used."

"Oh," replied the student, "I just wrote to X—, stating what I wanted to know, and that was what he sent back."

AN OLD-TIME CLOWN.

J. B. Agler, (Tony Parker), Praises Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Agler is one of the best known men in the circus world, having been on the road with a wagon show 53 years. When interviewed at his home in Winfield, Kans., he said: "I contracted kidney trouble in the war, and suffered intensely for twelve years. Backache was so severe I could hardly walk and my rest was broken by distressing urinary trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and my cure has been permanent for five years. This is remarkable as I am in my 83rd year."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

His Inalienable Right. When Willie goes to school next week he will have a new teacher.

The new teacher will like Willie when she begins to know him, but the process may take several terms.

Willie's teacher began to like him just before the close of the school year, and she testified to her affection by offering him a pocketknife.

"There, Willie," she said, "you have tried so hard to be a good boy that I am going to give you this nice four-bladed pocketknife—but you must promise me never to cut the school furniture with it."

"Take it back, teacher," said Willie, sadly.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Privilege of Man. B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the executive board of the Frisco system of railroads, on one occasion took to task a young man in his employ who had announced his intention of marrying.

The youth in question was drawing a small salary, and Yoakum remonstrated with him on the ground that he could not afford to marry and that his wife would have to suffer great privations.

"Oh," said the young man, "I guess I've got as much right to starve a woman to death as any other man has."

Not Responsible. Nurse—What's that dirty mark on your leg, Master Frank? Frank—Harold kicked me. Nurse—Well, go at once and wash it off. Frank—Why? It wasn't me what did it!—Punch.

The average married man kicks because his wife worries because he doesn't get home right on time, but suppose she didn't care whether he ever came or not?

Four Pellets of **MUNYON'S DYSPEPSIA CURE** every hour will heal, soothe and invigorate worn out stomachs and relieve distress.

PISO'S IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS