



Politician—There were several ungrammatical sentences in your speech last night. The Candidate—I know; I'm making a play for the uneducated vote.

SCALP WAS BADLY AFFECTED

I am more than gratified by the successful results I obtained by the use of the Cuticura Remedies. For several years my scalp was very badly affected with dandruff and scales. My scalp itched terribly at times and my hair fell out. My coat collar would be actually white with the dandruff that had fallen from my head. My profession being that of a barber, I was particularly about having my hair in good condition, and was also in a position to try many lotions, etc., for the scalp. These had little or no effect. I had heard so much about the Cuticura Remedies that I resolved to try them. I shampooed my head with Cuticura Soap twice a week and after drying my head thoroughly, I anointed parts of my scalp with Cuticura Ointment. I was pleased from the outset, and continued to keep up this treatment. To think that only three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one and one-half boxes of Cuticura Ointment rid my head of this annoying trouble made me feel quite contented. I have now got a thick growth of hair and I am never troubled with any dandruff or itching of the scalp. There is no question but that the Cuticura Remedies cured me. I frequently recommend them to my customers, and they think a great deal of them. (Signed) John F. Williams, 307 Norfolk Street, Dorchester, Boston, Mass., July 28, 1910.

Now What Did She Mean? At a recent wedding a baby had shrieked without intermission to the great annoyance of the guests, etc. As the bride party was leaving the church a slight delay occurred. One of the guests seized the opportunity to say to the first bridesmaid: "What a nuisance babies are at a wedding!" "Yes, indeed!" answered the bridesmaid, angrily. "When I send out invitations to my wedding I shall have printed in the corner, 'No babies expected.'"—Judge.

Hopelessly Outclassed. "Mrs. Caswell, while you were in Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?" "Oh, yes; I saw what they called that. But, my hand, I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania!"

Out of Date. "I am going to ask your father to-night for your hand in marriage." "How dreadfully old-fashioned you are." "In what way?" "Don't ask him; tell him."

A Distinction. "Jim may not be a successful man," said the optimist, "but he's full of possibilities." "Perhaps," granted the cynic, "but not of probabilities."

Between Women. "How exasperatingly clever she is?" "Yes, but how consolingly homely!" Puck.

Humor is a great solvent against snobbishness and vulgarity.—Seaman.

Get the Happy Mood—Post Toasties with cream for a breakfast starter produce it. And there's a lot in starting the day right. You're bound to hand happiness to someone as you go along, and the more you give the more you get. Buy a package of Post Toasties and increase the happiness of the family! "The Memory Lingers" POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

HALF A ROGUE

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Author of The Man on the Box, The Puppet Crown, Hearts and Masks, Etc. Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Mr. Warrington is in," answered the valet, with chilling dignity. "What is your business?" "Mine!" thundered Bill, who had a democratic contempt for a gentleman's gentleman. "I have important business to transact with your master. Take this card in to him. He'll see me." "I will take the card to Mr. Warrington," the valet promised reluctantly. There was, however, a barely perceptible grin struggling at the corners of his mouth. He was not wholly devoid of the sense of humor, as a gentleman's gentleman should at times be. "William Osborne? What the deuce does he want here?" asked Warrington impatiently. "He said his business was important, sir. If it is half as important as he acts."

"No comments, please. Show Mr. Osborne in." Warrington turned all his mail face downward. He knew Bill of old, in the old newspaper days. Bill had marvelously keen eyes, for all that they were watery. The valet ushered him into the study. He wore his usual blasé expression. He sat down and drew up his chair to the desk. "Well, Mr. Osborne, what's on your mind tonight?" Warrington leaned back.

"The truth is, Richard," began William, "I found this letter on the pavement this afternoon. Guess you'd been down to the hotel this afternoon, and dropped it. I found it out in front. There was no envelope, so I couldn't help reading it." Warrington seized the letter eagerly. It was the only letter of its kind in the world. It was enchanted. "Mr. Osborne, you've done me a real service. I would not take a small fortune for it. I don't recollect how I came to lose it. Must have taken it out and dropped it accidentally. Thanks."

"Don't mention it, my boy." Very few called him Mr. Osborne. "It's worth a good deal to me. Would you be offended if I gave you ten as a reward?" "I'd feel hurt, Richard, but not offended," a twinkle in the watery eyes. Warrington laughed, drew out his wallet, and handed William a crisp, crackly bank note. It went neatly creased, into William's sagging vest pocket. "Have a cigaret?" asked Warrington. Richard, there's one thing I never did, and that's smoke one of those coffin nails. Whisky and tobacco are all right, but I draw the line at cigarets."

Warrington passed him a cigar. William bit off the end and lit it. He sniffed with evident relish. "Seems impossible, Richard, that only a few years ago you were a reporter at the police station. But I always said that you'd get there some day. You saw the dramatic side of the simplest case. I knew your father. He was one of the best farmers in the county. But he didn't know how to invest his savings. He ought to have left you 'em."

"But he didn't. After all, it's a fine thing to make for the good things in life and win them yourself." "That's true. You're a different breed from some of these people who are your neighbors. We're all mighty proud of you, here in Herculaneum. What you want to do is to get into politics. Here Bill winked mysteriously. "You've money and influence, and that's what counts."

"I'm seriously thinking the thing over," returned Warrington, not quite understanding the wink. "Everything's on the bum in the town; it wants a clean bill. McQuade must go. The man never keeps a promise. Told me in the presence of witnesses, last election, that he'd give me a job on the new police board; and yet after election he put in one of those whipper-snappers who know nothing. Of course, you've been in town long enough to know that Donnelly is simply McQuade's creature. I never had any luck. "Oh, may change by and by," Warrington, at that moment felt genuinely sorry for the outcast. "Bill twirled his hat. "You've never laughed at me, Richard; you've always treated me like a gentleman, which I was. I didn't mind the letter because I wanted to see if you had changed any. If you had become a snob, why, you could fight your blamed battles yourself, no help from me. But you're just the same. He became very earnest. "I've brought something that'll be of more use to you than that letter, and don't you forget it!"

This man McQuade was something out of the ordinary. And he had defied him.

"I am very much obliged to you, Osborne. If I am not out of my word of honor, I'll do something for you." "You aren't afraid of McQuade?" anxiously. "My dear Mr. Osborne, I am not afraid of the Old Nick himself. I'll give you the card to the biggest fight he has ever had. Bolles will have his pains for nothing. Any scandal he can rake up about my past will be pure blackmail; and I know how to deal with that breed."

"McQuade will try something else, then. He's sworn to stop you. I'm glad you aren't afraid of him." "I can't think you enough." "I wander about town a good deal; nobody pays much attention to me; so lots of things fall under my notice. I'll let you know what I hear. You'll find all the decent people on your side, surprise or no surprise. They're tired of McQuade and Donnelly. Some of these paving deals smell well. I'm keeping you from your work." Bill rolled up his papers.

"Help yourself to these cigars," said Warrington gratefully, passing the box. "Bill took three. "Good night, Richard." "Good night, Mr. Osborne. If by any good luck, I become mayor of Herculaneum, I'll not forget your service tonight."

"That's all that's necessary for me," and Bill bowed himself out. He laid his course for his familiar haunts.

Warrington picked up the letter which Osborne had so fortunately come upon. He was often amused at the fascination it held for him, and yet would never meet the writer, and yet not a day passed that he did not strive to conjure up an imaginative likeness. And he had nearly lost it. The creases were turning it into a tablet. He scrutinized the edges and found signs of mullage. Here was something, but it led him to no solution. The post-office mark had been made in New York. To trace a letter in New York would be as intricate as subtracting gold from sea-water. It was a tantalizing mystery, and it bothered him more than he liked to confess. He put the letter in his wallet, and went into the sewing-room, where his aunt was knitting. The dear old lady smiled at him.

"Aunt, I've got a secret to tell you."

"What is it, Richard?" "I'm going to run for mayor." The old lady dropped her work and held up her hands in horror. "You are going to run for mayor?" "I am very serious, aunt."

"But politicians are such scamps, Richard." "Somebody's got to reform them." "But they'll reform you into one of their kind. You don't mean it!" "Yes, I do. I've promised, and I can't back down now."

"No good will come of it," said the old lady, prophetically, reaching down for her work. "But if you are determined, I suppose it's no use for me to talk. What will the Benningtons say?" "They rather approve the idea. I'm going up there early tomorrow. I'll be up before you're down. Good night." He lightly kissed the wrinkled face. "Have a good time, Richard; and God bless my boy."

He paused on the threshold and came back. Why, he did not know. But having come back, he kissed her once again, his hands on her cheeks. There were tears in her eyes. "You're so kind and good to an old woman, Richard."

"Pshaw! there's nobody your equal in all the world. Good night," and he stepped into the hall.

The next morning he left town for Bennington's bungalow in the district. He arrived at 2 in the afternoon, and found John, Kate and Patty at the village station. It was nearly a two hours' drive to the lake, which was circled by lordly mountains.

"Isn't it beautiful?" asked Patty, with a kind of proprietary pride. "It is as fine as anything in the Alps," Warrington admitted. "Shall we go for a fishing trip this morning?" "If you can get up early enough."

"Trust me!" enthusiastically. "How's the politician?" whispered Kate, eagerly. "About to find himself in the heart of a great scandal. The enemy has located us, and this afternoon the Times is to come out with a broadside. I haven't the least idea what it will say, nor care."

"That's the proper way to talk," replied Kate approvingly. "But what's this talk about politics?" John demanded. Warrington looked at Patty and Kate in honest amazement. "Do you two mean to tell me," he asked, "that you have really kept the news from John?"

"You told us not to tell," said Kate reproachfully. "Well, I see that I shall never get any nearer the truth about women. I thought sure they'd tell you, Jack, that I'm going to run for mayor this fall."

"No!" "Truth. And it's going to be the fight of my life. I accepted in the spirit of fun, but I am dead in earnest now."

"I'll harangue the boys in the shops," volunteered John, "though there's a spirit of unrest I don't like. I've no doubt that before long I shall have a fight on my hands. But I shall know exactly what to do," grimly. "But hang business! These two weeks are going to be totally outside the circle of business. I hope you'll win, Dick. We'll burn all the stray barrels for you on election night."

say against the character of Mr. Warrington. After a fashion he is a credit to his native town. But we reaffirm, he is not a citizen, he is not eligible to the high office. If he accepts, after this arraignment, he becomes nothing more than an impertinent meddler. What has he done for the people of Herculaneum? Nothing. Who knows anything about his character, his honor, his worth? Nobody. To hold one's franchise as a citizen does not make that person a citizen in the honest sense of the word. Let Mr. Warrington live among us half a dozen years, and then we will see. The senator, who is not without some wisdom and experience, will doubtless withdraw this abortive candidate. It's the only logical thing he can do. We dare say that the dramatist accepted the honor with but one end in view; to find some material for a new play. But Herculaneum declines to be so honored. He is legally, but not morally, a citizen. He is a meddler, and Herculaneum is already too well supplied with meddlers. Do the wise thing, Mr. Warrington; withdraw. Otherwise your profit will be laughter and ridicule; for the republican party can never hope to win under such equivocal leadership. That's all we have to say."

Warrington, who had been reading the article aloud, grinned and thrust the paper into his pocket. "What shall you do?" asked John curiously. "Go into the fight tooth and nail. They dub me a meddler; I'll make the word good."

"Hurrah!" cried Kate, clapping her hands. She caught Patty in her arms, and the two waited around the dock. The two men shook hands, and presently all four were reading their private letters. Warrington received but one. It was a brief note from the senator. "Pay no attention to Times' story. Are you game for a fight? Write me at once, and I'll start the campaign on the receipt of your letter."

"Patty, where do you write letters?" he asked. He called her Patty quite naturally. Patty was in no wise offended. "In the reading room you will find a desk with papers and pens and ink. Shall I go with you?"

"Not all all. I've only a note to scribble to Senator Henderson." Warrington found the desk. Upon it lay a tablet. He wrote hurriedly: "Start your campaign; I am in it now to the teeth."

"As he reread it, he observed a blur in the grain of the paper. On closer inspection he saw that it was a water mark. He had seen one similar, but where? His heart began thumping his ribs. He produced the inevitable letter. The water mark was identical. He even laid the letter unfolded on the tablet. It fitted exactly.

"Patty!" he murmured in a whisper. Patty had never written him a single line; whenever she had communicated with him her commands, it had been by telephone. "Patty! The light of this knowledge was blinding for a space. So Warrington came into his own romance. It was not the grand passion, which is always meteoric; it was rather like a new star, radiant, peaceful, eternal."

"Patty!" He smiled.

CHAPTER X.

"Patty? Do you ever look in your mirror?" asked Warrington. "The ideal! Of course I do. I look in it every morning and every night. And as often as I find time. Why?"

"Nothing; only, I do not blame you." "What's all this leading to?" frowned Warrington. "Heavens knows! But I feel sentimental this morning. There is so much beauty surrounding me that I feel impelled to voice my appreciation of it." He was fishing with Patty, in the lake.

"There is no remedy, I suppose." "None, save the agony of extemporization." "I have never heard you talk like this before. What is the matter?"

"Perhaps it is the exhilaration I feel for the coming fight. Would you like to see me mayor?" "Indeed I should. Think of the circus tickets you'd have to give away each year! You know they always give the mayor a handful for his personal use. No, Mr. Warrington, I shall be very proud of you when you are mayor."

"What's the matter with your calling me Richard or Dick?" "We must not advance too suddenly." "Is there anything the matter with the name?"

"Oh, no; Richard is quite musical in its way. But I am always thinking of the humpbacked king. If I called you anything it would be Dick." "Richard was not humpbacked. Moreover, he was a valiant king, greatly maligned by Mr. Shakespeare."

"I see that I shall not dare argue with you on the subject; but we cannot banish on so short a notice the early impressions of childhood. Richard III. has always been a bugaboo to my mind. Some day, perhaps, I'll get over it."

"Make it Dick as a compromise." "Some day, when I have known you a little longer. Has John ever told you about Mr. McQuade?" "McQuade?" Warrington realized that he had been floating on a pleasant sea. He came upon the hidden shore rather soundly. "McQuade?" he repeated.

(Continued Next Week)



SHE RAVED. "Henpek entered into an agreement with his wife soon after marriage ten years ago that whenever either lost temper or raved the other was to keep silence." "How did it work?" "Henpek has been silent for nearly ten years."

Clever Indeed. From the Detroit Free Press. "He seems to be very clever." "Yes, indeed. He can even do the problems that his children have to work out at school."

A Cold Meeting. From the Boston Transcript. "Maud—I wasn't aware that you knew Mr. Jones. Where did you meet him?" "Yes—Oh, I fell in with him while skating."

Health For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

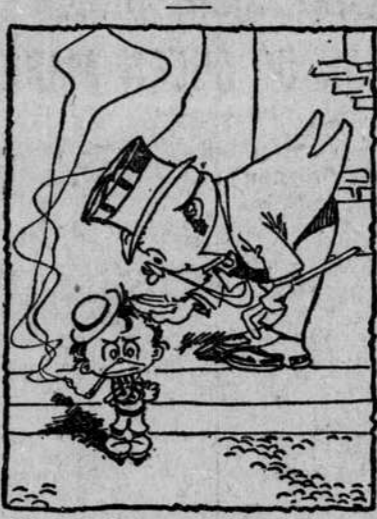
The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Coloma, Wisconsin. — "For three years I was troubled with female weakness, irregularities, backache and bearing down pains. I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. After taking several bottles I found it was helping me, and I must say that I am perfectly well now and can not thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. John Wentland, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 60, Coloma, Wisconsin.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

IGNORANCE!



Old Gentleman—And what's your name, my boy?

Kid—Sech is fame! He don't recognize de 45-pound champeen of the Plotheenth ward!

Time Saving. A new version of the new long familiar "while you wait" sign is found in an uptown avenue where a barber shop and a tailoring shop stand side by side. In front of the building hangs a sign on which are displayed the same of the tailoring concern and the same of the barber shop and this announcement:

"Suits cleaned and pressed while you are getting shaved."—New York Sun.

Far From Bohemia. Bjenks—How is that lean, unscoured bohemian getting on these days?

Tjarks—Why, they say he is desperately in love with the girl down in 'e laundry and is to be married soon. Something suspicious about it, though. Bjenks—I should say so. What is a rue bohemian doing around a laundry, anyway?

One Close Tip. "Your wandering life as an actor must cut you off from all ties."

"Ah, madam, say not so. The railroad ties are ever with us."

He that is not sensible of another's happiness is a living stone.—Beaumont.

A READER CURES HIS CONSTIPATION—TRY IT FREE

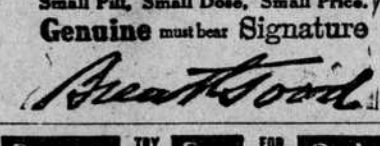
Simple way for any family to retain the good health of all its members.

The editors of "Health Hints" and "Questions and Answers" have one question that is put to them more often than any other, and which, strangely enough, they find the most difficult to answer. That is "How can I cure my constipation?" Dr. Caldwell, an eminent specialist in diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels has looked the whole field over, has practiced the specialty for forty years and is convinced that the ingredients contained in what is called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the best claim to attention from constipated people. Its success in the cure of stubborn constipation has done much to displace the use of salts, waters, strong cathartics and such things. Syrup Pepsin, by training the stomach and bowel muscles to again do their work naturally, and with its tonic ingredients strengthening the nerves, brings about a lasting cure. Among its strongest supporters are Mr. John Graveline of 88 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich., Mr. J. A. Vernon of Oklahoma City and thousands of others. It can be obtained of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, or if you want to try it first a free sample bottle can be obtained by writing the doctor. For the free sample address: Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Bilelessness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.



TRY THE BEST Eye FOR EYE SALVE

The Most Beautiful Thing. A newspaper recently invited its readers to state in a few words what they considered the most beautiful thing in the world. The first prize was awarded to the sender of the answer: "The eyes of my mother." "The dream of that which we know to be impossible" suggested an imaginative person, and this brought him second prize. But the most amusing thing was that which read: "The most beautiful thing in the world is to see a man carrying his mother-in-law across a dangerous river without making any attempt to drop her in."

A Classic Note. "Archimedes," read the pupil, "leaped from his bath, shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'" "One moment, James," the teacher says. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka!'" "Eureka" means 'I have found it!'" "Very well. What had Archimedes found?"

James hesitates a moment, then ventures hopefully: "The soap, mum."—Christian Intelligencer.

On the Level. "Do you assimilate your food, aunty?" "No, I doesn't sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—Woman's National Daily.