

# ATODD'S WITH THE REGENT

A Story of the Cell am are Conspiracy by Burton Egbert Stevenson

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## CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

"Adieu, mademoiselle," I said, and was off under the trees. The sounds grew louder as I approached, and it was evident that the whole palace had been aroused. Windows were thrown open, soldiers were pouring out of a room in the left wing, and near the edge of the garden five or six men had a single man surrounded. At a glance I saw the latter to be Richelieu. He had placed his back against a tree and was fencing coolly. Even as I ran I saw one of the assassins totter and fall. I kept on without a sound, reached the group, and ran a man through before they perceived they were attacked in the rear. They gave back a pace.

"Come, monsieur," I cried, "there will be others here in a moment."  
"Ah, gentlemen," said Richelieu, saluting with his sword in careless disregard of the thrusts aimed at him, "believe me, were there only myself, we should not think of leaving until our argument had reached a conclusion, but as it is, I regret that we must go." And then he added to me, in a lower tone, "Retreat towards the horses. If we can reach them we are safe."

I heard hurrying feet from the direction of the palace and did not doubt that we should be overwhelmed unless we reached the horses quickly. Richelieu had disabled another of our opponents, so that there were only three, and they drew off and followed us more warily. I saw others hastening towards us under the trees, but we had not far to go, and soon reached the horses.

"Charge them!" I cried, for they were just out of sword reach. Our nearest pursuers retreated before us, and in the instant that followed we threw ourselves into the saddle. As we dashed out into the open an overhanging branch caught my companion's hat and tore it from his head, leaving his face fully exposed in the bright moonlight.

"This Richelieu" cried one of the men. With an oath, the duke snatched a pistol from the holster and fired. The man threw his arms above his head and fell like a log. In a flash we were out of the avenue and in the city.

There was need of haste, for once the regent should learn that Richelieu had been in the garden, he would lose no time in getting to the bastille to find out the truth. So we put spurs to our horses and dashed on like the wind, raising a veritable cannonade of echoes. In 10 minutes we were at the Hotel de Richelieu, and throwing our bridles to a lacquey, rushed up the stairs, tore off our masks, and over them the suits of the two sentries.

"One moment," I said, as Richelieu started out of the room; "we shall need money, monsieur. Have you any?"  
"You are right," cried the duke, and he ran to a secret drawer, opened it, and filled his pockets with pistoles. "Now we are ready. Come."  
"The cement?" I asked. "Where is it?"

"Here," and Richelieu handed me a small packet in a pocket of my waist. I tucked it carefully in a pocket of my own suit.  
"All right," I cried, and we descended the stairs in three bounds. Richelieu led the way along the corridor down which Jacques had taken his prisoner two hours before. He passed before a door and tried to open it. It was locked on the inside.

"Who is there?" cried a voice.  
"It is I, Richelieu; open quickly." The bolt was thrown and the door opened. Instantly Jacques and I entered, while Maison-Rouge was pacing nervously up and down.  
"Ah, messieurs," he cried, "I thought you were never coming! It is near midnight."

"We have still 10 minutes," said Richelieu, coolly, "but there is no time to lose. Come," and he led the way towards the door. We picked up the muskets as we passed through the hall, and as the door opened we fell a pace behind Maison-Rouge, and resumed our character of simple sentries, followed him to the carriage.

"To the bastille!" cried the governor, and in a moment we were thundering along the street.  
"M. de Maison-Rouge," said Richelieu, in a low voice, "do not be astonished if you receive an early visit from the regent."  
"From the regent? And why so?"  
"My friend and I had the misfortune to encounter some of the regent's guards this evening," said the duke calmly, "and I fear that I was recognized."

"The devil!" exclaimed Maison-Rouge. "Then all is lost."  
"Not at all," I said, quickly. "At 12 o'clock we will be sent to the roof to go on guard. We will regain our rooms and remove all traces of our flight. You, monsieur, will go directly to bed, and should you be aroused, must consume as much time as possible in putting on your clothes. Even if the regent is right at our heels, that will give us at least 10 minutes, and 10 minutes is more than we shall need. I think when you show him that you have us safe, he will have little more to say."

"I trust so, at least," murmured Maison-Rouge, "though I confess I do not understand how you will accomplish all this. Until tonight I had thought the bastille impregnable, but you seem to have found some miraculous way of leaving your cells and entering them again."  
I smiled as I encountered his dazed glance, but I judged it best to say nothing more. A moment later we reached the prison, the gates of which opened to the governor's coach on the instant. There was a short delay at the first drawbridge, when the sentry again peered into the coach to see that all was right. Then we were in the court, the carriage stopped, and we sprang out, just as midnight pealed from the tower.

"Lieutenant Perrault," said the governor to a man who hastened toward us and saluted, "let Bastien and Drouet here take the next watch on the parapet. Tomorrow let them have a holiday to repay for this double duty."  
"Very good, monsieur," answered the lieutenant.  
"You have nothing to report?" asked the governor, sharply.  
"Nothing, monsieur. Everything has gone as usual." I breathed a sigh of relief. The prisoners in the chimneys had not, then, been discovered.  
"That is all, lieutenant," said the governor. "I am going to bed immediately. Awake me if there is need."  
We saluted and followed Perrault. I blessed the impenetrable darkness of the narrow court which rendered it impossible to recognize friend or foe, and we walked in silence across the drawbridge and up the winding staircase.

"Montjoy," cried Perrault, opening the door which led to the roof.  
"St. Denis," two voices answered.  
"Hurry up," cried Perrault. "It's devilish cold up here."  
The two sentries appeared and descended the stairs. We emerged upon the roof.

"You have my sympathy, comrades," said Perrault, and closed the door. There was not a moment to lose. I ran to the nearest chimney, clambered to the top and felt inside. I found the prisoner's head in an instant. Catching him by the shoulders, I dragged him to the top and lowered him to Richelieu who awaited him below. The other prisoner was soon standing beside him.

"Messieurs," I said to them, "we have returned, as you see, and I wish you to listen to me very carefully. There remains only one thing for us to do. That is to silence you." I saw them shudder. "It is necessary only to decide how you are to be silenced. In short, you must either engage to keep silence or we shall be obliged to silence you once and for all. Which do you prefer, a hundred pistoles holes each or a blow of the poniard and a drop over the parapet?" I loosened their gags as I spoke.

"Monsieur," said one of them, "a fool could choose. I will take the pistoles, will not you, Bastien?"  
"I also," answered his comrade, readily, "provided no one else knows of your escape, messieurs."  
"No one knows of it. Every one thought we were you. At the end of the watch you will be relieved; you will go down. Tomorrow you will have a holiday in which to spend your pistoles. If anyone interrogates you, swear that no one passed this way. You will be quite safe."  
"But you, messieurs?" asked Bastien. "We return to our cells and everything is as it was before. Do you agree?"

"We agree," they cried with one voice, though by the way they looked at us it was plain they thought us fools to have returned.  
"Very good. Now we will unbind you and you will go to the other side of the parapet. We will take off your uniforms and leave them here with your muskets. After we have descended you will come and loosen the rope which you will find secured there. Let it fall, as we wish to keep it. You understand?"

"Yes, yes," they cried. Richelieu counted out 200 pistoles and placed them by the muskets.  
"Here is the money," he said. I untied the ropes and the two men retreated to the other side of the roof. In a moment I had knotted the pieces of rope together, made one end secure and dropped the other over.

"I will go first," I said. "The knots may slip, and before the duke could protest was over the battlement. I let myself down hand over hand until I was opposite my window, but I found the bars beyond my reach. By a supreme effort I touched the wall with my feet, and pushed myself up, and as I swung in I grasped one of the bars and pulled myself to the window ledge. I tied the end of the rope to the bars so that the duke could reach them without difficulty and then slipped to the cell. He followed me a moment later and the rope was loosened from above and fell. I drew it in.

"You must get back to your cell at once," I said, and raised the slab in the roof, slid the one below it back and crawled aside for him to pass.  
"But the window?" he asked. "If they find a bar out they will know everything."  
"Leave that to me," I answered. "I will replace it."  
The duke wrung my hand and dropped through the opening into the cell below. I replaced the slab, loosened the rope, for which we might have further need. Then I ran to the window and forced the bar back into place. I opened the box of cement, moistened it was water from my can, and rapidly filled up the spaces where the old cement had been broken away, rubbing my fingers over it until convinced that it was quite smooth. It was drying rapidly and would soon set. I raised the slab again and placed the box with the remainder of the cement beneath it, rubbed my hands on the floor and then over the new cement, until I could see by the moonlight which filtered through the bars that it was dirty as the adamant which surrounded it. Satisfied that it could not be detected without close examination, I threw myself exhausted upon the bench.

Scarcely had I done so when I heard a noise in the cell below. In an instant I was at the loosened slab.  
"What is it now?" I heard Richelieu ask, in a sleepy voice of some one who had evidently entered his cell. "Upon my word," he continued, "'tis the regent! To what do I owe the honor of this visit, monsieur?"  
"You see 'tis as I told your highness," cried the voice of Maison-Rouge. "The prisoners are safe, and assuredly will not leave their cells until I get an order permitting them to do so."  
"You are playing with me, gentlemen," I muttered the regent, in a terrible voice. "Richelieu was recognized not half an hour since in the gardens of the Palais Royal."  
"Some mistake, I do not doubt," said Richelieu, carelessly. "Perhaps it was some mistake that I met my daughter returning to her apartment? Do you deny that it was with you she had a rendezvous?"

"Oh, M. le Regent, I deny nothing," cried Richelieu, airily. "Why should I? It is so manifestly absurd. You say I was at the Palais Royal a few minutes since. You rush here with all speed. You find me asleep in my cell. All the doors are bolted, all the drawbridges raised, every sentry at his post. I ask you, monsieur, if the bastille is so easily left and entered? Besides, monsieur could easily interrogate the sentries."  
The regent caught at the suggestion. "Maison-Rouge," he said, "call that sentry in the corridor."  
The man was called.  
"Has any one passed since you have been on duty?" asked the regent.  
"No one but yourselves, monsieur."  
"You are certain?"  
"Perfectly certain, monsieur."  
"How long have you been on duty?"  
"Over three hours, monsieur."  
Here was a facer for the regent.

"Come," I heard him exclaim, suddenly, "perhaps the other has not returned. I do not doubt that it was he who was with Richelieu."  
I was on my bench in an instant. The door opened, and I lifted my head as from a heavy sleep. I saw Maison-Rouge on the threshold carrying a lantern, and back of him the regent. I was on my feet with a bound.  
"It appears to me that your prisoners sleep with suspicious soundness, Maison-Rouge," said the regent, pushing into the room. He glanced about it keenly, went to the

window and shook the bars, but found nothing suspicious.  
"How does it happen," he asked, "that the window here has only single bars, while those of the floors below have double ones?"  
"Good God! what would you have, monsieur?" cried Maison-Rouge. "Suppose there were not bars at all, still to escape the prisoner had a drop of 40 feet into a court yard full of sentries, with a wall 40 feet high to pass before he is free. A man would need wings to escape from here, monsieur."  
"I am beginning to think so myself," muttered the regent. And then, turning sharply, "So you have been here all evening, Monsieur—I forget your name?"

"Jean de Brancas," I said, bowing. "So you have been here all evening, monsieur, M. de Brancas?"  
"It seems to me a useless question," I answered. "Monsieur forgets that I have been in the zastille only since yesterday afternoon."  
"What then?"  
"To consider monsieur's question seriously would mean that he deemed it possible for a man, in the short space of six or eight hours, not only to force his way out of this formidable prison, but to force his way in again, and to leave no trace of his passage in either direction."  
"You are right," and the regent bit his lips. "Come, Maison-Rouge," he added, let us go. Your prisoners are doubtless anxious to resume their slumber," and he smiled into my eyes and turned away.

They left the cell, and I heard their footsteps die away down the corridor. A moment later Richelieu signalled me. "They discovered nothing," he asked, as I answered the signal.  
"Absolutely nothing."  
"But how did you replace the bar in the window?"  
"That was what the cement was for," "De Brancas, you are a genius!" exclaimed Richelieu. "But we both need sleep. Good night, my friend."  
"Good night," I answered, and lay down again upon the bench. My eyes closed in sheer exhaustion despite the cold, and I dreamed that I was again walking in the Palais Royal gardens with Louise Dacour at my side and her warm little hand in mine and I dreamed that I was again walking in the Palais Royal gardens with Louise Dacour at my side and her warm little hand in mine.

CHAPTER VIII.  
AN AUDIENCE WITH THE REGENT  
The sun was shining brightly through the bars of my window when I opened my eyes. So soundly had I slept that I had not heard the entry of the guard, who had placed my breakfast on the chair beside me. It consisted of a pound of bread, which I learned afterwards was the daily allowance for each prisoner in the bastille, and a plate of haricot, in which bones and turnips were most conspicuous, and which I judged to consist of the remains of the dinner of the previous day. A can of water completed the repast, and I ate without grumbling. Not knowing that the bread was to last me the entire day, I ate it all. Then I sat down to think over the adventures of the night before, but I saw only the sweet face of Louise Dacour, and my heart trembled as I thought of the abysmal needs must spare if I could stand beside her, an equal in rank and fortune. Yet a stout heart might accomplish even that.

A tapping on the floor brought me back to earth, and I heard Richelieu's voice calling me.  
"De Brancas," he cried, "de Brancas, tell me that it was not all a dream."  
"A dream," I answered; "then I, too, have dreamed, monsieur."  
"And we really did escape? We were at the dryad fountain?"  
"If you could see my hands, monsieur, you would not doubt it," and I looked at them myself with tender solicitude for they were braced and blistered in many places.  
"Ah, yes," cried Richelieu, "it was you who devised that plan,—who did the work. It was a masterpiece, Jean. I shall always remember it."  
"And he called me a dreamer."  
"You saw her, did you not, Jean?" he asked, suddenly.  
"Yes, I saw her."  
"Her eyes?"  
"Yes, and are they not the most beautiful in the kingdom?"  
"I am glad you think so, monsieur," I said.  
"As for me, I have found two others which content me admirably."  
"Two others?" he questioned, in an astonished voice. "But to whom do they belong?"  
"To Mlle. Dacour," I answered simply.

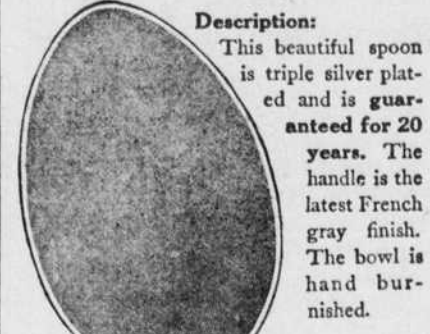
"Oh, my poor friend!" exclaimed Richelieu, and I heard him laughing. "It is you who are also in the toils? In faith, you have my sympathy. But come, the affair is not altogether hopeless. What do you know of Mlle. Dacour?"  
"Nothing absolutely nothing, but that she is beautiful and mixes divinely," I cried. "Ah, tell me all you know!" and I hung upon every word.

(Continued Next Week.)

AMERICAN IDEA.  
The American—What's your father's business?  
The Englishman—My-aw-fathaw-haz-aw-no business.  
The American—Then what's his graft?  
Irish Peers.  
From London Truth.  
The number of peers who enjoy any popularity in Ireland is very small, although personally many are qualified to attract it. But the Irish masses know the history of the peerage better than the classes know it. They have long memories and know by tradition what Lecky states with authority, that "the majority of Irish titles are historically connected with memories not of honor, but of shame." A "Union" peer stands very much in the same category as a "Crown" peer, and holds in the eyes of those who hold so tenaciously to the "old stock."

Sixty per cent of the population of Japan still find employment in the cultivation of the soil.

## Free with Mother's Oats



Description: This beautiful spoon is triple silver plated and is guaranteed for 20 years. The handle is the latest French gray finish. The bowl is hand burnished.

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut this out and send to us with only 2 more coupons taken from two packages of Mother's Oats and we will send this beautiful 20-year guaranteed spoon free. Only one advertisement accepted from each customer as 10 coupons.

Buy a package of Mother's Oats today and send a postal for complete premium book. Address

## Mother's Oats, Chicago

BEST TRICK NOT IN THE AIR  
Aviator Was Clever at His Work, but Shown Best in Another Line of Endeavor.

Henry M. Neely, the aviator poet of Philadelphia, said at a recent banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford:  
"Yes, it is true that it takes a lot of money to become an aviator. You can't get an aeroplane and you can't learn to fly without plenty of cash."  
Mr. Neely smiled.  
"I was watching a brother aviator making a volplane the other day when I heard a young lady say: 'He can do a lot of tricks, can't he?'"  
"Yes, you bet he can," her companion agreed.  
"What is his best trick?" she continued.  
"His best trick far and away," was the reply, "is buying a biplane on credit. He's done it twice now, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him pull it off a third time before he breaks his neck."

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH ITCHING ECZEMA  
"Eight years ago I got eczema all over my hands. My fingers felt bled and it itched until it almost drove me frantic. The eruption began with itching under the skin. It spread fast from between the fingers around the nails and all over the whole hands. I got a pair of rubber gloves in order to wash dishes. Then it spread all over the left side of my chest. A fine doctor treated the trouble two weeks, but did me no good. I cried night and day. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment but without much hope as it had gone so long. There was a marked change the second day, and so on until I was entirely cured. The Cuticura Soap we have always kept in our home, and we decided after that lesson that it is a cheap soap in price and the very best in quality. My husband will use no other soap in his shaving mug." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redonda Beach, Cal., Jan. 15, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 24 K, Boston.

His Theory.  
Teacher—What is it, Tommie, that Shakespeare tells us "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown?"  
Tommie—Hair.—Harper's Bazar.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

And the love of money is also the root of much matrimony and all matrimony.  
Mrs. Whinslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Many a man's handshake is less sincere than the wag of his dog's tail.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES  
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

Her Resignation.  
"Papa," she said, "I am very angry with Geraldine."  
"What's Geraldine done?" asked her father.  
"Why, I told her a secret last summer," said the little girl, indignantly, "and she has just told me she's going to tell it."  
"That's very wrong of Geraldine. Has she any excuse?"  
"Why, I told her it was wicked to tell a secret, and what do you think she said? She said: 'Oh, I know, but I've resigned from the secret.'"  
"Papa," she concluded, earnestly, "you can't resign from a secret, can you?"  
The mental processes of children are past finding out.

Young, but Oh, My!  
The lawyer was sitting at his desk, absorbed in the preparation of a brief. So bent was he on his work that he did not hear the door as it was pushed gently open, nor see the curly head that was thrust into his office. A little sob attracted his notice, and turning, he saw a face that was streaked with tears, and told plainly that his feelings had been hurt.  
"Well, my little man, did you want to see me?"  
"Are you a lawyer?"  
"Yes. What is it you want?"  
"I want—" and there was a resolute ring in his voice—"I want a divorce from my papa and mamma!"

CREAM OF RYE  
For health and energy eat it for breakfast. Reduces cost of living. Free Silver Spoon in every package. Ask your grocer for a package.

Physical Proof.  
"Mr. Jims, I saw your double on the street today."  
"Impossible, madam. I'm a single man."  
Women are more economical than men. A man will manufacture a lie out of the whole cloth, but a woman will generally use remnants.

You need expect no quarter from the footpad until you give up your last cent.

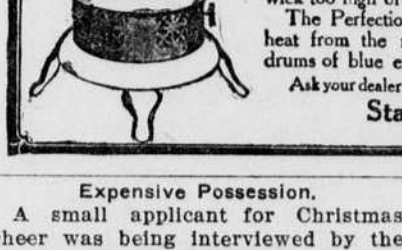
Sore Throat is no trifling ailment. It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamlin Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

You'll generally always find that the person who is most suspicious of others, himself needs watching.



Discouraged  
The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.  
Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of  
**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.**

It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures weakness.  
IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.  
Refuse substitutes offered by unscrupulous druggists for this reliable remedy.  
Sick women are invited to consult by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.



PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER  
Smokeless Odorless Clean Convenient  
The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater warms up a room in next to no time. Always ready for use. Can be carried easily to any room where extra warmth is needed.  
A special automatic device makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low. Safe in the hands of a child.  
The Perfection burns nine hours on one filling—glowing heat from the minute it is lighted. Handsomely finished; drums of blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.  
Ask your dealer or write for descriptive circular to any agency of  
**Standard Oil Company**  
(Incorporated)

Expensive Possession.  
A small applicant for Christmas cheer was being interviewed by the charity worker.  
"What is your father?" asked the latter.  
"E's me father."  
"Yes, but what is he?"  
"Oh! E's me stepfather."  
"Yes, yes, but what does he do? Does he sweep chimneys or drive busses, or what?"  
"O-o-w!" exclaims the small applicant, with dawning light of comprehension. "No, 'e ain't done nothin' since we've 'ad 'im."—London Answers.

Work, but don't worry; work is a tonic, worry a poison; a day of worry will bring more gray hairs than a week of work.—Speed.

Rayo  
Rayo lamps and lanterns give most light for the oil used. The light is strong and steady. A Rayo never flickers. Materials and workmanship are the best. Rayo lamps and lanterns last.  
Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps and lanterns, or write for illustrated booklet direct to any agency of  
**Standard Oil Company**  
(Incorporated)

## A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking a desertspoonful of the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them. It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine, bearing the name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

## 44 Bu. to the Acre

Is a heavy yield, but that's what John Kennedy of Edmonton, Alberta, Western Canada, got from 40 acres of Spring Wheat in 1910. Reports from other districts in that province show other excellent results—such as 45 bushels of wheat from 150 acres, or 33 1/2 bu. per acre, 25.50 and 40 bushels of oats were raised. As high as 102 bushels of oats to the acre were threshed from Alberta fields in 1910.

Free Homesteads of 160 Acres  
At the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta government a \$100,000 prize for its exhibit of grains, grasses and vegetables. Reports of excellent yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.  
Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emption lands of 100 acres (at \$3 per acre) are to be had in the choicest sections of the West. Schools, convenient climate, excellent soil, the best building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable. In price, water easily procured, mixed farming, stock raising. Write us to best place for settlement, settlers' jobs, railway rates, descriptive literature. "Last Best West" (sent free on application) and other information, to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.  
J. M. Macdonald, Drawer 157, Waterloo, S. D.  
W. V. Bennett, Room 4, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

FISH  
Cut butcher bills in two. Order early. Fish better than ever. Prompt shipment. 100 lb. sack Fat Frozen Split Hock 10c. 25c. SEASIDE FISH COMPANY, Galveston, Texas.

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Work, but don't worry; work is a tonic, worry a poison; a day of worry will bring more gray hairs than a week of work.—Speed.

Rayo  
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
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