

**RHEUMATIC ADVICE**  
Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription Easily Mixed at Home.

"From your druggist get one ounce of Toris compound (in original sealed package) 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. This is said to be the quickest and best remedy known to the medical profession for rheumatism and backache. Good results come after the first dose. If your druggist does not have Toris compound in stock he will get it for you in a few hours from his wholesale house. Don't be influenced to take a patent medicine instead of this. Insist on having the genuine Toris compound in the original one-ounce, sealed, yellow package. Hundreds of the worst cases were cured here by this prescription last winter. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

**GOT LEFT IN THE RUSH.**



"Ruth is engaged to be married the coming winter."  
"The mischief she is! I intended to propose to that girl myself when I got time."

**Fair to All.**

"Recently," says a Richmond man, "I received an invitation to the marriage of a young colored couple formerly in my employ. I am quite sure that all persons similarly favored were left in little doubt as to the attitude of the couple. The invitation ran as follows:  
"You are invited to the marriage of Mr. Henry Clay Barker and Miss Josephine Mortimer Dixon at the house of the bride's mother. All who cannot come may send."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Weighed in the Balance.**

The young man was something of a bore and the young woman sent word that she was out.  
"But he has a box of candy with him," was the word that came back from the maid.  
The young woman reflected.  
"No," she finally said, "it isn't worth it. Tell him I'm out."

**Since October 16.**

"How's things in Boston?"  
"I hear they have added a frieze of baseball bats to the public library."

A man may worship the woman beautiful, but he usually marries the woman dutiful.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Married women like to board and pretend that they are doing light housekeeping.

Adam lost out when he parted with one of his ribs.

**LIFE'S STRUGGLE WITH ILLNESS**

**Mrs. Stewart Tells How She Suffered from 16 to 45 years old—How Finally Cured.**

Euphemia, Ohio.—"Because of total ignorance of how to care for myself when verging into womanhood, and from taking cold when going to school, I suffered from a displacement, and each month I had severe pains and nausea which always meant a lay-off from work for two to four days from the time I was 16 years old.

"I went to Kansas to live with my sister and while there a doctor told me of the Pinkham remedies but I did not use them then as my faith in patent medicines was limited. After my sister died I came home to Ohio to live and that has been my home for the last 18 years.

"The Change of Life came when I was 47 years old and about this time I saw my physical condition plainly described in one of your advertisements. Then I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot tell you or any one the relief it gave me in the first three months. It put me right where I need not lay off every month and during the last 18 years I have not paid out two dollars to a doctor, and have been blest with excellent health for a woman of my age and I can thank Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for it.

"Since the Change of Life is over I have been a maternity nurse and being wholly self-supporting I cannot over-estimate the value of good health. I have now earned a comfortable little home just by sewing and nursing since I was 52 years old. I have recommended the Compound to many with good results, as it is excellent to take before and after childbirth."—Miss EVELYN ADELIA STEWART, Euphemia, Ohio.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. BOTTLED BY JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO., Troy, N.Y.



**The Imprudence of Prue**  
A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman  
By Sophie Fisher

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**SYNOPSIS.**

In the time of Queen Anne, Lady Prudence Brook, widowed at 16 and still a widow at 20 and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London with her cousin Peggy, is accosted by a highwayman who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grandmother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her advanced years, maintains a gay social position in the court circles.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, daring, extravagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of a few guineas with which to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts on the strength of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beaudesert is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secretes herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey ask for advances of money, also on the strength of their engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow are buried in the coffin of her husband.

She conceives the whimsical idea of marrying Robin in order to escape her debts.

Accompanied by Peggy she visits Newgate prison and Robin, who is already in love with her, consents to the ceremony.

Afterward Prue asks to be alone with him for a few minutes and allows him to kiss her again and feels pity for his approaching execution.

Lord Beaucombe also visits Robin and Lord tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is not the legitimate heir to the title and threatens if he is not released to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.

**CHAPTER XIX—(Continued.)**

"I will tell you all about it as soon as you are able to lie still and listen," said Prue, who had laid her plans on her way from Essex street, and had her story all ready. The duchess quieted down and turned her face partly toward her.

"Is that Prudence Brooke?" she asked. "If you know anything about that accursed necklace, tell me quickly, before it is the death of me."

"I have news of it," said Prue, passing a cool, soothing hand over the hot brow and brushing away the heavy, straggling masses of hair, once the pride of Sarah Churchill and the envy of rival beauties. "If the necklace is returned, what reward will you give the finder?"

"Reward? Oh, he shall be well rewarded; the finder need not be afraid to ask his own price," cried the duchess. "And yet the thing is worthless—no one, child—worse than worthless—it is deadly! No one would steal it except to injure me! But they shall swing for it, no matter who is at the bottom of it. It is a conspiracy of those who hate me."

"It is a mistake," interrupted Prue; "the necklace was not stolen, it was taken by—by accident."

"Accident? Oh, I know what kind of accident it was; it was a conspiracy, I tell you!" the duchess reiterated.

"It was a mistake," Prue urged. "I am sure I can prove it."

"Prove it a conspiracy, Prudence Brooke—prove it so that I can get my revenge upon these wretches and you may ask what reward you will. Honors and emoluments shall be heaped upon you."

"I want neither!" cried Prue vehemently. "That is, the finder would not accept money or anything of that kind. She began to feel uneasy at the threatening tone the duchess took, and her nimble wit jumped for shelter. "For myself," she said, in her most cajoling way, "I would ask a favor—not now, but later—and I want you to promise that you will grant it, no matter how strange and unreasonable it may seem."

The duchess, who was now quite collected, sat up and looked searchingly into the guileless blue eyes, bent so eagerly upon her. "You would not ask anything that would injure me?" she said slowly. "My enemies are so many and so wily, I fear to trust—even you. Is it something you want for yourself? If so, I promise."

"A thousand thanks," cried Prue. "I may never ask for anything; certainly never for anything that would hurt my dear benefactress to grant. 'Twas but a fancy. And such strange things happen—one never knows what one may be led into. I have had the strangest adventure tonight."

"What time, dear Prue?" the duchess interrupted; "I can think of nothing now but the necklace."

"Yet you will own," persisted Prue, "when you have heard it to the end, that it is worth listening to; for thus—as soon as I heard of your grace's troubles, I set out to offer my heartfelt condolences. Scarce 100 yards from home, the chair was stopped and a rough hand thrust a paper through the curtains. Here it is; shall I fetch a lamp for you to read it by?"

"No, read it to me. I have wept myself purlblind," replied the duchess, without attempting to disguise her impatience and lack of interest.

Prue unfolded the paper, now soiled and crumpled from frequent handling, and read:

"Follow the bearer and you will find the queen's diamond necklace."

Prue unfolded the paper, and seized her arms convulsively. "Is this true, Prue?" she demanded tragically. "Then why did you not go at once without coming to make terms with me first?"

Prue was too well acquainted with this suspicious and selfish nature of the woman to take any offense. "I thought you would be interested," she replied sweetly. "Have a moment's patience and I will tell you how reckless of me I ordered the chairmen to follow this unknown leader, who took us through narrow by-ways, where I momentarily expected to be waylaid and perhaps murdered. But my desire to serve your grace was stronger than my fears; besides, as you are well aware, I am not very timid, especially when there is an adventure to the fore."

"Yes, yes, I know how reckless you are, but where did you find the necklace?" the duchess broke in.

"I am coming to that. The chair stopped at last and I descended in a dark and muddy street, where I followed my conductor afoot to a lonely house, apparently uninhabited."

"Prudence—you reckless girl—you ventured into such a place alone and unprotected!" exclaimed the duchess, excited to such a pitch by the story that she absolutely forgot its reference to herself. "What madness!"

"Oh! that is nothing to what I would have done, if necessary, for—your grace's sake," cried Prue. "But come, less that living creature appeared except to keep up my courage. Inside the house my situation was even more terrifying. All was dark and empty—it seemed the very place for secret deeds of horror—yet no attempt was made to harm me; not a living creature appeared except the person who wrote this message and who, without any ado, placed this in my hand and begged me to take it away."

Having arrived at the climax of her story, Prue drew forth the embezoned casket and displayed the diamond necklace.

The duchess snatched it from her and gazed at it with entranced eyes. She flung her arms about Prue, calling her a heroine and a marvel, and the truest friend woman ever had.

"Any one but you would have gone straight to the queen and left me to my fate. There are those about that ungrateful woman who would have paid mighty high for such a chance of humiliating me. What reward did the robber demand, and how did you satisfy him?"

"There was no robber; only an old woman," said Prue, whipping out her carefully planned lie without a tremor. "I know not how she came by it, but she asked for no reward and only seemed to wish to be rid of it. Indeed, there was no time for me to ask an explanation, if she had one to give, for at the very moment when the casket was in my hands, there arose a hubbub in the streets outside and the house was surrounded by soldiers. The old woman disappeared as if by magic, and when the soldiers broke into the room I was alone; nor could they find any trace of her, though they battered the place to pieces."

"She shall be found and compelled to give up her accomplice," cried the duchess furiously. "Soldiers surround the house and yet the miscreant escaped. Pretty soldiers, forsooth!"

"Yes, truly," cried Prue. "And more than that—they arrested poor little me—because I was all alone there with the queen's diamonds; think of that. I had a narrow escape of spending the night in jail. However, my tears and entreaties prevailed upon them to bring me here, and all that remains to be done is to dismiss my captors and permit me to take my leave of your grace."

"Not so fast, Prue; you have still something to do for me," said the duchess. "I must hasten to the queen and you must go with me, and repeat what you have just told me. Marie-Alice—leave off chattering and tire me with all despatch. I must see the queen without momentary delay."

"Surely, 'tis too late tonight," remonstrated Prue, who was sinking with fatigue. "Her majesty will have retired."

"That's no matter," retorted the duchess arrogantly. "I am still Mistress of the Robes, and by virtue of my office entitled to enter the queen's bed chamber at all hours of day or night. You must accompany me, and repeat your story, else I might be disgraced by word or deed."

"At the royal ear, poisoning poor, faithful Mrs. Morley's mind against her once beloved Mrs. Freeman. Come, I am ready."

As they descended by a private staircase to the chamber, the groom of the chambers approached, and deferentially inquired what was to be done with the Viscountess Brooke's military escort.

"Faith, 'tis the honest soldier who wanted to hale me off to jail," cried Prue in reply to the duchess's surprised inquiry. "He came prepared to arrest a houseful of robbers or conspirators—he seemed uncertain just which—and finding me alone, with the queen's necklace in my hand, would have taken me to prison if I had not coaxed him to bring me to you first. If I might venture to suggest that your grace bid him attend us, he can corroborate my story, if needful."

"Let him attend us," the duchess commanded. "I would I had 100 witnesses that it was not found in Marlborough house."

**CHAPTER XX.**

**A THREAT AND A PROMISE.**

When Prue reached home, about midnight, Peggy, who had been watching at the window during several anxious hours, met her at the door and almost carried her upstairs in a strenuous embrace.

"What the Marlborough carriage!" she demanded eagerly.

"Yes; the duchess insisted on bringing me home."

"Then all is well. You have no idea how uneasy I have been. About 10 o'clock Sir Geoffrey came to see you; on a matter of the utmost importance," he declared, and the mysterious hints he threw out about the danger your rashness and love of adventure had led you into, positively drove me distracted."

"I am deeply indebted to him for his solicitude," said Prue disdainfully, "but the worst danger my rashness ever brought me near—that of marrying Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert—is happily averted. 'Tis true I have committed other follies—one of which has snatched me from the jaws of that peril only to plunge me into a host of others, from which I know not how I shall extricate myself. Alack, my dearest Prue, methinks poor Prue is but a sorry fool after all this."

Peggie's countenance fell into an expression of deep concern. For Prue to express a doubt of her own ready wit, was to utter heresy against the first article of Peggy's faith in her.

"Why what has happened?" Peggie asked, almost tearfully.

"Oh! nothing but good; indeed, the fates have showered me with good luck until I am afraid I shall be buried alive under it."

"Come, there are worse ways of being buried than that," cried Peggie, brightening up. "A fig for Sir Geoffrey's creaking, if there be nothing else to fear. Now tell me where you have been all the evening; with the duchess, of course, as she brought you home?"

"Not Sir Geoffrey, Missis," exclaimed Hannah. "The duchess gave me nothing, that's jes' a talk dollar."

queen. And now, Peggie, bring down your eyebrows out of your hair and don't open your mouth wide enough to engulf me, and I'll tell you everything that has happened to me, if you will undress me, for I am too tired to move a finger."

Peggie most gladly set to work and had her cousin unlaced and unpinned and comfortably tucked in bed, long before the history of the evening's events had been expounded. From her, Prue hid nothing; in fact, she was craving to pour her confidence into that kindly ear and receive such ungrudging sympathy and shrewd advice as the circumstances prompted.

When Peggie had exhausted the vocabulary of astonishment, admiration, congratulation and anticipation—has shuddered at Prue's danger laughed at her wily devices, marveled incredulously at her passionate avowal of love, and rejected all possibility of fear for Robin's safety, she withdrew reluctantly, declaring that with her arm tucked close an eye that night—and was fast asleep almost before her head reached the pillow.

Prue was less fortunate, and for an hour or two tossed and turned, vainly trying to get into a comfortable position. Her racked nerves and weariness, high spirit flung in the darkness and silence of night. Her faith in his courage and resource could not entirely resist the paralyzing touch of fear, and even her confidence in the value of the pledge she had extracted from the duchess was shaken by the unmistakable coolness of the queen, who had listened in silence to the explanations of her former favorite and reserved all her praises and expressions of satisfaction for Prue, to whom she had been cordially attached.

Toward morning she slept so long and heavily, that Peggie came and went a dozen times before the long lashes lifted and the sweet blue eyes smiled drowsily up at her. And even when she awoke, she was loath to rise, and fain to rest more than once during the tedious process of her toilet, interrupted as it was by an obsequious procession of maids and modistes, eager to make their peace with the rest and disinterested services.

But a curious change had come over the wilful beauty, and instead of throwing herself heart and soul into the entrancing discussions of hoops and puffs, sarsenet and tabbinet, plumes and perfume, she declined the counsel of this one and the coaxing of that one, and sent the sycophant crowd away wondering what had happened to turn the most extravagant of court butterflies niggardly. The most bewitching and the richest farthingale won but a passing glance and a word of careless criticism, and when Peggie, almost as dissatisfied as the rejected tradesfolk, remonstrated against such a blind neglect of opportunity, Prue said back wearily in her chair and dropping her arms loosely at her side, said impatiently:

"Cousin, cousin—I am sick to death of it all!"

"All of what?" cried Peggie briskly. "All you have lost for a whole year and won back in less than a week?"

"Aye, all that and more; sick of court and courtiers, sick of idle men and vapid women, sick of myself most of all."

Then she sprang to her feet and burst out laughing. "What a fool am I, Peg, and what a fool you look standing there, open mouthed, drinking in my vapors as though you never had heard me grumble before! Did you think I was in earnest? Why, I was never so happy in my life. Did not the queen kiss me on the cheek, and the duchess swear to give me whatever I might ask of her; even the first choice of the places she has no longer to dispose of and the royal favor to any one, child—no longer influence? Am I not invited to Windsor as lady-in-waiting on probation and lauded to the skies as a heroine by—"

"Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert wishes to know if your ladyship will receive him."

The voice of James at the door produced a silence so profound that after a short pause he repeated his message in a louder tone. "Sir Geoffrey Beaudesert is below, my lady, and wishes to see your ladyship most particularly."

"You had better see him," said Peggie, in response to Prue's startled and questioning glance.

"I will see Sir Geoffrey," said Prue. "Tell him I will be down immediately."

"Shall I come with you?" asked Peggie.

"Oh, no, no. I can play my little comedy better to an audience of one; besides, you know the truth," she cried, and ran to the mirror to see if the beauty of her charms was in order for the fray.

Sir Geoffrey, his face set in a mechanical smile, met her with a deep bow and pressed a ceremonious kiss upon her extended hand.

"Greet your slave to offer his humble congratulations, my dear Prudence," he said. "I hear that you have distinguished yourself with even more than your usual brilliancy."

(Continued Next Week.)

**His Childish Wish.**

Here is an excerpt from Paul West's "Just Boy" letters, which reads like a clipping from the "Little Johnny" papers by Ambrose Bierce in the early volumes of the Argonaut: "I ast my father why ministers move so much and he said he-guessed they was forced to on account of thare sons. I wisht my father was a minnister."—San Francisco Argonaut.

**WHITE PIMPLES ON HEAD**

Ransom, Ill.—"The trouble started in our baby when he was only about two weeks old. Started like little white pimples, looked like an old scab of blood and matter. His whole head was covered for a few months, then it went to his ear, shoulders, and his whole body. It seemed to come out thick and sticky on his head, while on the other parts of his body it was more like water coming out of the skin. He would scratch until the eruption would be all covered with blood and gradually spread. The least little stir or rub would cause the sores to bleed, spread and itch. Never had a full night's sleep, restless all night. "The sores were horrid to look at. It lasted until he was about two and a half years old. Then we saw an eczema advertisement in the paper to use —, but it did no good. Then we used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. We put the Cuticura Ointment on thick at bed time and put a tight hood on so he could not scratch the sores. Then we washed it clean with Cuticura Soap and warm water twice a day, and he was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. E. F. Sulzberger, Dec. 30, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

The Kind.  
"What would you recommend as the fish diet for sailors?"  
"Roe, of course."

**PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES**

Housework is hard enough for a healthy woman. The wife who has a bad back, who is weak or tired all the time, finds her duties a heavy burden. Thousands of nervous, discouraged, sickly women have traced their troubles to sick kidneys—have found quick and thorough relief through using Doan's Kidney Pills. The painful, trying times of woman's life are much easier to bear if the kidneys are well.

A California Case  
Mrs. E. Walsh, 122 Tenth Ave., San Francisco, Cal., says: "I had such sharp, shooting pains through my kidneys, it seemed that a knife were being thrust into me. My back was so lame I could hardly stop. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after doctors failed. I have had no trouble since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

**The Wretchedness of Constipation**

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

**DEFIANCE STARCH** never sticks to the iron.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**GOO DROPS**  
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN  
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral Not NARCOTIC  
Recipe of Old Dr. SANUEL PITCHER  
Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloesenna -  
Rhehella Salts -  
Aster Seed -  
Peppermint -  
Bismarckia Seed -  
Worm Seed -  
Cleansed Sugar -  
Washgreen Flavor  
A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP  
Fac Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.  
64 DROPS - 15 CENTS  
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act  
Exact Copy of Wrapper

**Stops Backache**

Sloan's Liniment is a splendid remedy for backache, stiff joints, rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica. You don't need to rub it in—just laid on lightly it gives comfort and ease at once.

Best for Pain and Stiffness  
MR. GEO. BUCHANAN, of Welch, Okla., writes:—"I have used your Liniment for the past ten years for pain in back and stiffness and find it the best Liniment I ever tried. I recommend it to anyone for pains of any kind."

**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**

is good for sprains, strains, bruises, cramp or soreness of the muscles, and all affections of the throat and chest.

Got Entire Relief  
R. D. BURGON, of Maysville, Ky., R.R. 1, Box 5, writes:—"I had severe pains between my shoulders. I got a bottle of your Liniment and had entire relief at the fifth application."

Relieved Severe Pain in Shoulders  
MR. J. UNDERWOOD, of 2000 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I am a piano polisher by occupation, and since last September have suffered with severe pain in both shoulders. I could not rest night or day. One of my friends told me about your Liniment. Three applications completely cured me and I will never be without it."

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