

# BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy.

Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering. Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lee had.

**A Texas Case**  
J. E. Lee, 417 W. Walnut St., Cleburne, Tex., says: "For four years I endured misery from kidney trouble. My back ached, my head ached, my eyes ached, my ears ached, my nerves ached. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me quick, and I have been well ever since."

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

# GOITER

Completely removed by internal medicinal treatment at home. Full particulars upon application. Address **E. B. STILES, Superintendent, 810 5th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

# BOY OBEYED ORDERS GIVEN

Meant Well, but Information Was Not Welcomed by Hotel Manager Just at That Time.

A certain New York hotel manager is one of those nervous men who constantly warn their employes against keeping them in ignorance of any happening around the place. He hired a new bell boy recently, and gave him the usual warning:

"Remember," he warned, "if anything happens around here I'm to be the first person to know about it."

Soon after that he was showing three haughty Daughters of the Confederacy one of the best rooms in the place, when the new bell boy rushed in with his hair on end.

"Something's happened!" he yelled.

The three Daughters of the Confederacy turned coldly, and the manager, anxious to get rid of the boy, demanded to know the trouble.

"That old cat down stairs," said the boy, "has just had kittens! What shall we do?"

The manager's suggestion was rough.

Hit the Danger Spot.

A tippler with a very red nose got a day's work as a laborer in a boiler works. The same day he appeared before the surgeon at the hospital with his nose smashed.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the surgeon. "How did you manage to get your nose smashed like that?"

"Oh, cried the sufferer, "I put my nose through a hole in the boiler for a sniff of fresh air, and the man outside with the hammer mistook it for a red-hot rivet. And he only hit once—that's all."

To Pop Corn.

Very often corn will not pop quickly, even over a very hot fire. If you will put the corn to be popped in a sieve and pour cold water over it, not allowing the water to stand on the corn, it will not only pop quickly, but the open kernels will be larger and lighter and more flaky than they otherwise would have been.

**COFFEE THRESHED HER.**  
15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little ill woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating by condition. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me.

"Several years ago, while at a friend's house I drank a cup of Postum and though I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum instead of coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless.

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given upon request. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

"Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—45 to 50-cup tin 30 cts., 90 to 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.—Adv.

# 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, Mrs. Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

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 retrieve 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 Beadesert.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beadesert 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 been 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 Robin tells him that he has proof that Beaucombe is the author of the letter to the title and threatens if he is not released to see that proof of this fact gets to Beaucombe's enemies.

On Monday Peggy is suffering keenly because of her belief that Robin, now being hanged, is a hero in her eyes, is about to be hanged she is astonished at seeing him enter the house and is told that he has been reprieved and set at liberty.

### CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

"You allude to the fortunate accident that enabled me to return the lost necklace to her majesty, I presume?" Prue replied, seating herself and negligently pointing with her fan to a sufficiently distant chair. "I assure you I deem myself most happy in rendering a service, which has been only too highly appreciated, but I can not lay claim to brilliancy, for I was but a passive instrument."

"The brilliancy I refer to, dear Viscountess, was not so much the 'fortunate accident' as the ready wit by which you turned so compromising an adventure to such good account," said Sir Geoffrey significantly.

The challenge of his tone and words was unmistakable and Prue responded with more spirit than wisdom.

"You must speak more plainly if you wish to be understood, she answered. 'Compromising adventures, you know very well, are not rare in my experience—or yours'—she laughed rather maliciously—"but I seldom turn them to good account. Now, the accident that gave the queen's necklace into my hands—"

"Was the happy result of a little visit to Newgate," interposed Sir Geoffrey, with veiled insolence. "Why beat about the bush with me, dearest girl? I know you gave you the necklace—"

"I know you have been accustomed to the danger of keeping it! and how it came about that he was lucky enough to escape before the soldiers arrived to arrest him."

"What in the world are you talking about, Sir Geoffrey?" she cried, with rather over-acted bewilderment.

"What is every one talking about today, but the madcap viscountess, who coaxed the highwayman out of the stolen necklace, and being caught in the act, sprang to her feet, and for Robin Freemantle, circumvented the soldiers, cozened the Duchess of Marlborough and beguiled the Queen Majesty. Am I not right in congratulating you on this brilliant series of achievements?"

"My dear Sir Geoffrey, you have mistaken your vocation," she laughed. "With such an imagination you ought to have been, not a member of Parliament, but a dramatist. I am quite interested in this romance, surely there is more of it?"

"Considerably more," he went on, lowering his voice and drawing his chair closer to her. "There are those who say the beautiful shepherdess in close conversation with a masker in the borrowed plumes of Beaucombe. You have enemies, fair Prudence—men you have liked, and women you have excelled in wit and beauty—and by some of these you were seen, in company with the Red Domino, very near the queen's tiring-room, from which the necklace was stolen. Can you wonder that when a story is bruited about that Lady Prudence Brook, in dead of night, was discovered with the necklace in her possession, in the place where Robin Freemantle was looked for, these good people should compare notes about her ladyship's latest exploit, and place their own construction upon it?"

"And you, Sir Geoffrey?" she asked, her thoughtful eyes upon his. "What construction do you place upon this curious rodomontade?"

"Oh!" he laughed softly. "I hold all the clues, so it seems less of a rodomontade to me than, perhaps, to others. I know the most valuable thing he could lay his hands on—"

"Oh! then you don't give me the credit of the robbery?" she exclaimed with a pout. "It would have added so much to the interest of the romance if—"

"You? Oh! Lady Prudence, can you

to be—his widow? I congratulate you—and myself."

All Prue's forebodings revived at these words, uttered with an air of triumphant security that struck a chill to her heart. "I—I do not understand you," she stammered, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Oh! I think you do," he replied, "only you love to torment me by playing the inexorable prude. You were at Robin's house and witnessed—nay, possibly conceived at his escape. You were still there when the soldiers overtook the boat in which he and his band were attempting escape, and shot the fugitives and sank their boat. The news in today's Courant can not but confirm your own hopes of regaining the joys of freedom, with all the advantages for which you married Captain—de Cliffe."

As she remained silent, he drew the news sheet from his pocket and, with a great show of searching out the item, handed it to her. She waved it away with a careless gesture and when he offered to read it to her, she merely bent her head slightly, never moving her eyes from his face.

"At a time when the whole country is terrorized by highwaymen and boat-stealers, and in the midst of the extermination of the notorious gang of robbers under the leadership of Robin Freemantle (recently condemned to be hanged at Tyburn for his crimes and later mysteriously released) will he be highly gratified, if some traveling public, who go in constant fear of their lives because of the boldness of these marauders, who infest the very streets of the metropolis. No longer ago than last Monday, 1—d—B—d—s was attacked by these very miscreants, robbed and held in captivity (doubtless for ransom), while Robin Freemantle, disguised in his captive's domino, attended the masquerade at Marlborough house and robbed the duchess' guests, and evading pursuit, if rumor may be credited, the queen's most sacred majesty."

"But for this piece of shameless audacity, the ruffians might still be at large and the hangman still looking forward hopefully to his fees. We have it on unimpeachable authority that certain beautiful v—s—s, renowned equally for her lively adventures and her incomparable charms, determined to avenge this outrage upon her sovereign mistress, and with undaunted courage and marvellous quickness, tracked the robber to his lair and actually recovered the stolen jewels. Then, at a preconcerted signal, soldiers surrounded the house, and when the robber band attempted to escape by the river, sank the boat with all its crew on board. The exact number is not known, but must assuredly have been large—probably a dozen or a score. One thing only is certain—none remained in the house and none can possibly have escaped."

"There is more about the affair, but nothing that will interest you as much as that certain paragraph," said Sir Geoffrey, folding the sheet.

"It is certainly most interesting to hear that there were 20 miscreants in the house," cried Prue, who had had time during the reading (which was impressively deliberate and pompous) to recover her self command. "My exploit is vastly enhanced by the large number of human lions and tigers I bearded in their den. I begin to feel myself a heroine indeed."

"There could be but one opinion as to that," said Sir Geoffrey, with a profound bow that scarcely accorded with the cold irony of his smile.

"Pray keep my counsel, and do not tell any one that I never saw any of the 20 robbers, and in fact had no idea that there were any in the place," said Prue. "You don't know how much I am indebted to you, Sir Geoffrey, for all the information you have given me about my little adventure."

"I am indeed happy in being the first to assure you of its fortunate ending," said Sir Geoffrey, rising. "Surely you will now permit me, dearest, to urge my suit"—he dropped upon one knee before her, and had pressed several passionate kisses upon her hand before she made any attempt to repel him.

"For the present, Sir Geoffrey," she said at last. "Please get up and be rational. You do not expect me, I presume, to send for a parson and marry you offhand? I may be a widow again; but I must have surer proof of your own sincerity, such as this, before I wed again. I have yet to be convinced that Captain de Cliffe left that house—that he ever was in it. 'Tis strange you should insist upon that—m thinks that for a suitor so eager to press his own claims, you are over-ready to accuse me of keeping tryst with another—husband."

"Accuse, sweet Prudence! You mistake me altogether. Too well, alas, do I know the coldness of your heart and the insupportable distance from which your adorers are expected to admire you. Surely, you do not think me capable of a doubt?"

"You were capable of spying on me and following me, by your own showing," she retorted sharply.

"For your own sake, dearest; merely to be ready in case you needed a strong arm and a skilled sword to defend you. And all I ask now is that you will accept that protection for life and give me the right to silence every malicious tongue with the public announcement of our approaching marriage. Who will dare," Sir Geoffrey went on, in his most grandiloquent manner, "to defame the lady of whom I am ready to say, 'This is my promised wife; her honor is mine.'"

(Continued Next Week.)

### Anvil Sparks.

From the Christian Herald.

A hot temper causes some folks to be treated coldly.

When the proud fall no man can foretell the landing place.

No one is so narrow as he who thinks he is big enough to hold all the truth.

There are more people who watch and don't pray than there are who pray and don't watch.

If the grass is skimmed, the sheep have gone into the wrong pasture.

Some folks just store their lofty ideals in the loft and let the dust of neglect cover them up.

The heart was never made to carry a grudge, and such a burden always sags it out of shape.

Some folks imagine that they are cut out for a career and do very little to cut out one for themselves.

Some folks hate mightily to grow old, and yet they have so much time on their hands that they do not know what to do with it.

The pessimist is color blind; he sees nothing but the shadows in the picture. The optimist has a normal eye; he knows the shadows are there, but they make the colors stand out in greater glory to his vision.

Taking Care of Baby.

From the National Monthly.

One day a woman sent her little boy out in the yard to play with the baby, as she was busy.

The boy had a new shovel his mother had given him.

After they had played a while, she heard the baby crying. She went out to see what was the matter with baby.

She asked Johnny what the trouble was. He said proudly: "A dirty pig bit him on the head and I killed it with my shovel."

# After Long Suffering

## Women Are Constantly Being Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Worth mountains of gold," says one woman. Another says, "I would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all the other medicines for women in the world." Still another writes, "I should like to have the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound thrown on the sky with a searchlight so that all suffering women could read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their ills."

We could fill a newspaper ten times the size of this with such quotations taken from the letters we have received from grateful women whose health has been restored and suffering banished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished such a universal success? Why has it lived and thrived and kept on doing its glorious work among the sick women of the world for more than 30 years?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has ever approached its success is plainly and simply because there is no other medicine so good for women's ills.

Here are two letters that just came to the writer's desk—only two of thousands, but both tell a comforting story to every suffering woman who will read them—and be guided by them.

### FROM MRS. D. H. BROWN.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctored with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken 12 bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. H. Brown, 809 North Walnut Street, Iola, Kan.

### MRS. WILLIAMS SAYS:

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for 14 years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.



Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

### Not a Complaint.

"Miss Brown," said the art inspector, pausing before a student's easel, "you might with all propriety worship that drawing of yours."

The poorest pupil in the class looked up, surprised and pleased.

"I'm so glad you like it, sir. But why—why—"

"The Bible expressly commands us not to worship the likeness of anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, does it not?"

### The Young Bride's First Discovery.

Their wedding tour had ended, and they entered their new home to settle down to what is known as the one long uninterrupted blissful honeymoon.

But alas! the young bride's troubles soon began, when she tried to reduce the cost of living with cheap big can baking powders.

She soon discovered that all she got was a lot for her money, and it was not at all baking powder, for the bulk of it was cheap materials which had no leavening power. Such powders will not make light, wholesome food. And because of the absence of leavening gas, it requires from two to three times as much to raise cakes or biscuits as it does of Calumet Baking Powder.

Thus, eventually, the actual cost to you of cheap baking powders is more than Calumet would be.

Cheap baking powders often leave the bread bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and often unpalatable. They are not always of uniform strength and quality.

Now the bride buys Calumet—the perfectly wholesome baking powder, moderate in price, and always uniform and reliable. Calumet keeps indefinitely, makes good cooking easy, and is certainly the most economical after all. Received Highest Awards: World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.; Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912—Adv.

### Flattery.

"It is an easy matter for an agent to sell Gupp an edition de luxe set of books."

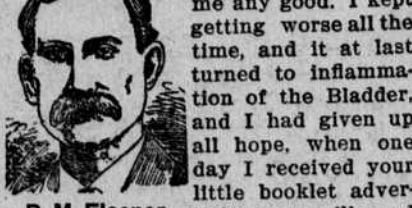
"How so?"

"All the agent has to say is, 'Mr Gupp, you look like a man of intelligence.'"

### SUFFERED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. R. M. Fleanor, R. F. D. 39, Otterbein, Ind., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble for about 25 years. I finally got so bad that I had to quit work, and doctors failed to do me any good. I kept getting worse all the time, and it at last turned to inflammation of the Bladder, and I had given up all hope, when one day I received your little booklet advertising your pills, and resolved to try them. I did, and took only two boxes, and I am now sound and well. I regard my cure as remarkable. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one who is suffering from Kidney Trouble as I was." Write to Mr. Fleanor about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.



Appropriate Connections.

"So Miss Jiggers had an eye to the vaudeville stage."

"Yes, but she got the hook."

### Serious Doctor.

Griggs—I saw the doctor's carriage at your door yesterday. Anything serious?

Briggs—I should say so! He wanted to collect his bill.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### What a Funny Teacher.

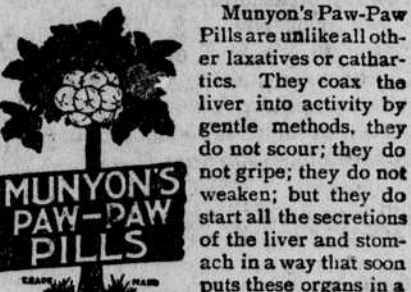
An east side lad of six summer has a child's faculty for seeing things, often in the way they are not. He came home from school the other day and found his father reading the daily paper.

"Pop," he said, "my teacher don't know nothin'!"

"Why, son, what's the matter now?" asked the father.

"Well," replied the youngster, "she held a big red apple up in front of us this morning and said: Children, what is this I have in my hand?"—Indianapolis News.

# CONSTIPATION



Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. Price 25 cents. All Druggists.

## Get a Canadian Home

In Western Canada's Free Homestead Area

THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA



### For Grain Growing and Cattle Raising

this province has no superior and in profitable agriculture shows an unbroken period of over a quarter of a century.

Perfect climate; good markets; always convenient; soil the very best, and social conditions most desirable.

Vacant lands adjacent to Free Homesteads may be purchased and also in the older districts lands can be bought at reasonable prices.

For further particulars write to W. Macdonald, Dever 778, Waterloo, S. B., W. J. Russell, See Below, Omaha, Nebraska, or E. A. Garrett, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents, or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

### PISO'S REMEDY

Best Cough Syrup. Tasteless. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

### FOR COUGHS AND