

CHAPTER I CAPTAIN TINKLETOES.

CAPTAIN TINKLETOES. It was the morning of the king's pa-rade when Aurelie was ost to the holy family. The holy family was on its way to mass at Saint Louis cathedral, Sister Anastasia leading the sedate procession with the larger girls, and Sister Laure at the rear with the smaller ones. Aurelie was the smallest one of all. She clung tightly to Sister Laure's skirts for in the asylum one one of all. She clung tightly to Sister Laure's skirts, for in the asylum, one saw nothing like this. All Royal street was filled with bawling Mardi Gras maskers ringing bells, tooting horns and bumping into the holy family as though, on such a morning there should not be such a thing as an or-phan in the whole round world. And on the corner Aurelie, very frightened. on the corner Aurelie, very frightened, looked up into the eyes of an old man who stared down at her with crafty and deliberate intent, and then stumped after the procession on his wooden peg leg, bound round with a shiny brass band, as if now the matter was settled, and of all the orphans, big ones, middle sized ones and small-er ones, "light mixed," "dark mixed"— and some almost black—there was just one he wanted, and that was the littlest one of all.

Many, many years after, a blackeyed and vivacious young woman, whom all the land had read about, starting on her wedding journey, eved starting threw her arms about a silvery headed, one-legged old rebel and kissing him, said

'Now, Uncle Michigan, before we say goodby, tell me the real reason you stole me.

The old rebel chuckled as he had done a thousand times at this same vexed question. "Well, you had on a little blue wammus and the little blue pants and I done reckoned you was a boy. So I follered you right up close and when a lot of them Mardy Graws and when a lot of them Mardy Graws come along blowing horns and bumped into the convent sisters every way, I just grabbed you up and stumped off, for I says, 'By mighty, this is the one Captain Tinkletoes'll want—this little one with the little blue pants.' So off to the woods we went." Then she bubbled with a fond re-proving laughter. "Now, don't be silly. That story is awfully silly. But, Uncle Mich, I'm glad you stole me—then is when everything began to happen." Well, let us see Aurelie off on her honeymoon, while we go back 20 years to the morning when Uncle Michigan seized her out of the demoralized holy family and stumped off to the French market lugger landing in Oid New

market lugger landing in Old New Orleans, where he put her on Etienne Guillimet's crab boat bound for Barataria bay He gave her a praline to suck lest she cry, and turned a crab basket over her head, and not until the Caminada had wheezed some miles up the yellow Mississippi and turned off through a canal leading to the wild Louisiana swamps did he take the basket off

Aurelie still sucked the praline un-Aurelie still sucked the praime un-blinkingly Never such a feast with the decorous holy family. Her first taste of the wicked world was good. When the Cajun captain saw the child he was amazed.

"By damn, ole man-whose ees dat?" "Oh," said Uncle Michigan, scratching a match evasively on his wooden leg, "a baby done goin' down by its wimmin' folks—'way off past John-the-Fool and Africa and them camps. t's a right lonesome country." But if Captain Etienne and the Ca-

jun crew had remembered they might have known that, long before the lower

land!' How'd you find him, Michigan? Did he done come right out o' a cloud

o' glory?" Michigan pushed aside the mosquito-bars under the palm thatch where a tiny fire flickered in the clay furnace. He fanned it with his hat and the child gravely watched one old man and then the other. One was tall and the other short, but each had lost a leg! The two brass bands shone valiantly. She smiled out of her dark-eyed, thin little face which had looked upon much brief change and indifference in a meager little life and was not given to whim-

pering. "Wasn't no cloud o' glory," answered Michigan, mournfully. "I done could-n't get hold of a child anywhere till along come a lot of orphans with them convent sisters. And I see the littlest one and just then the sisters got flustered with all the Mardy Graws blow-

in' horns and yellin'--" Done know'd it!" crowed Old Man Captain delightedly. "A cloud o' glory or some excitement!"

"Old Man Captain, I got to tell you something. I grabbed the littlest one -with the little blue pants; but we made an awful mistake "Huccome mistake, Michigan?" "She's a girl!"

Old Man Captain looked fearfully at

Aurelie in the gloom of the falling night. "Go on, now," he murmured, "go on, now!"

"How could I tell when she had on them little blue pants? Just like a boy, Old Man! And we got 'way down in the swamps before I found out." Old Man Captain could hardly whis-er. He peered at his partner doubt-ully. "Huccome you find out, Michiper. fully. gan?"

Michigan was more terribly embar-rassed than he had been since the sur-render. His pink cheeks burned, while

render. His pink cheeks burned, while his partner pulled his own white beard nervously. "Huccome, Michigan?" gasped Old Man Captain. "Oh, well, equivocated Michigan, "I see a little chain with a silver cross hangin' about her neck under her dress, so I just got to peekin' round!" Old Man Captain was terribly shocked. He spat off in the swamp as he squatted by the fire. The serpent had entered Eden. In 25 years of wan-dering they had their first dilemma. "How's a girl goin' to lead 'em?" asked Old Map Cartier manual.

Old Man Captain mournfully. Michigan raised his eyes with a great idea. "Who said a girl couldn't? Reck-on nothin' was said in your revelation about it bein' a boy? It just said child!"

Old Man Captain stared. The great idea was too big for him. The mosqui-toes were drifting in with their night-fall singsong, and when they bit Aurelie she whimpered, and her dark eyes relie sne whimpered, and her dark eyes sought Old Man Captain's appealingly. She put out a trustful hand to touch his wooden leg. That was too much. He smiled. She crawled over and pat-ted Michigan's wooden leg. The two shy old swampers laughed together. "We done got a babby, Michigan!"

"We done got a babby, Michigan!" "We done have, Old Man! All along o' yore crazy notion! You wouldn't let me alone till I go to N'Awlyns and get a child to bring up."

"Wa'nt no crazy notion. It was re-vealed to me, I done tell you. But I reckon it didn't say it had to be a

reckon it didn't say it had to be a boy exactly." "Well, Old Man, if we keep this girl we got to quit driftin' 'round the swamps. No møre bush-cattin' upriver when the big water's comin', or turt-lin' down the lakes, or diggin' up the shells for pirate's hide-ups. No, sir-if we keep her we got to stay right here like we was a fambly."

*********************** **TEAM WORK WINS.** By William T. Ellis.

********************** The business of being a hermit, a pioneer or a prophet in the wilderness used to be easier than it is now. Individualism grows more difficult every year. The department store idea is coming to dominate retail business, and all life as well. Every personality is linked up with a multitude of interests. Living is becoming more and more complicated; and everybody's dependence upon a complex social system is steadily increasing. The tendency of all this is to conventionalize life. Like the standard parts of automobiles, human beings show a ten-dency to become standardized frag-ments of a great social machine. The trend of the times is forcing us to live and work more closely with our fellow men. This timely tepic calls upon us to consider how we may co-nerate with our fellows operate with our fellows.

Somewhere a commonplace woman was given fame by being described on her tombstone thus: "She was so pleasant to live with." That phrase, which might with equal applicabil-ity, be cut into a million tombstones, here been given corresponder by many ity, be cut into a million tombstones, has been given currency by many writers. It is worth quoting. For that test probes the depths of char-acter. Are we easy to live with? This ability to get shong serenely with oth-er people is more desirable than some of the ornate social gracea. It be-speaks a wise philosophy or else a fine natural dispesition. There is real point to the fact that Jesus was surround-ed by fellow workers. He was the sort of man who knew how to work with men as well as for them.

All who labor together with Christ find themselves fellow laborers with a goodly company of his ether friends. To walk Christ's way is to fellow-ship with many kinds of folks.

ship with many kinds of folks. National elections, which often determine grave policies of historic importance, are the work of the many, the co-operation of millions of men for for a common end. In fixe fashien, it needs the concerted activity of the whole church to deal with the grave social and moral problems of the heur. As we look about us at tremendous tasks which await beth leaders and workers, we see that our day calls for efficiency in Christian co-operation. If the work is not to fall apart, the workers must stand together. City life conceals a person's funda-mental qualities. A man may seem wholly fine when met only in social relationships amid our complex civili-zation. But when we to campla witt a man we quickly discover his real nature. Does he do his share of the camp chores? When out fishing, does he bear a fair half of the rowing? Does somebody else have to waken him in

he bear a fair half of the rowing? Does somebody else have to waken him in the morning, or is he one who assumes his part of the responsibility of life in the woods? No experienced camper would ever go twice with a man who does not know how to work in co-operation with others.

To set 10 men to work, and to help them keep at it, is more useful than to do 10 men's work.

Marriage is going to shipwreck in many medern instances, because the man and the woman have net the fun-damental idea of co-operation. When a woman marries merely to find a home and a provider, thus saving her the necessity for work, she is likely to find the marriage altar but the first station on the recky road to divorce. So also with the man whose object in marriage is equally selfish. But when two sincere and unselfish persons, dominated by a spirit of true love, un-dertake married life together, each eager to bear a share of the burdens and responsibilities antailed, then a happy home is certain. Co-operation is the master key to success in mar-riage, as in most of the other of life's relationships. relationships.



JUST THROWING OUT A HINT

the Needy, He Could Use

school class had contributed their pennies for weeks to a fund which was to be devoted to charitable purposes, and on the day when they were to decide on the matter of its distribution each child was called upon to express an opinion as to how it should be spent.

The teacher explained to them that there were several charities which would be glad to receive the fund, either in Boston or among the foreign missions. She had impressed upon them, however, that the money might be spent to good advantage among the sick and needy children of their own parish. Several bright speeches on the subject had been made, when one seven-year-old boy arose and, evidently bearing in mind the teacher's remarks about charity beginning at home, said:

"I want you to know that I have put a good many pennies in that box-" and then, after some delay-"and I've got a terrible cold myself." -Boston Post.

Finance as She Is Wrote.

To add to troubles of the Wall street man forced to spend his summer in the city comes the necessity of employing a substitute stenographer in vacation season. Wall street diction is hard enough for the regular stenographer; the substitute finds it next to impossible.

The employer of one of the substitutes not long ago tried to be particularly careful and distinct in his dictation. Nevertheless, "comptroller of the currency" emerged as "comptroller of the corn belt." A remark about the drought district in Kansas" was interpreted as "grouch district in Kansas." Reverting to money matters again,

the employer talked about taking bullion into the Bank of England, and the copy showed that bouillon soup had been taken into the bank.

Right there the bell rang for a new typist .--- Wall Street Journal.

FIGURING OUT THE SCHEDULE

Farmer Needed No Time Table to Know Just When the Car Would Come Along.

"Out at Stop-well, on second thought we will not give the number of the stop, because that would identify the person this story is about a little too closely. Out in the country, at a place where the interurban cars stop, we waited for a homebound trolley, the other day. A man came out of a house by the side of the road, and waited beside us. "Are you going to take this car?"

we asked. "Hope so," he replied, "if my wife

gets here in time, I will." "How soon does the car come?"

'Wait an' I'll see," was the reply. Then he shouted to the house:

"Mary, how soon are you goin' to be ready?"

"In just ten minutes, John," came the reply through an open upstairs window. The farmer nodded to us.

"If she's tellin' the truth," he said, "the car 'll be here in jest nine minutes an' a half. An' they ain't another car fer an hour."-Cleveland Plain

Dealer. Many Norweglans In U. S.

So many Norwegians have either worked for a few years in the United States or have relatives now working there, or have traveled or been educated there, that the number familiar with American goods is sufficient to have an appreciable effect upon the local demand.

> Too Economical. "He'll never be rich." "But he's just bought himself a fine auto?" "Yes, but he bought it to save

street car fare."

Hash is the stuff some queer dreams are made of.



From 40 to 50 Woman's Critical Period.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, severe headaches, melancholia, dread of impending evil, palpitation of the heart, irregularity, constipation and dizziness are promptly treated by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life.

This is the most critical period of woman's life and she who neglects the care of her health at this time invites incurable disease and pain. Why not be guided by the experience of others and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is an indisputable fact that this grand old remedy has helped thousands of women to pass through this trying period with comfort and safety. Thousands of genuine and honest testimonials support this fact.

Seldom Are

"Did you attend that terrible play? "I did?" "And was it as immoral as you ha

been led to hope?"

Mrs.Winalow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces information, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottled

New Yarn.

Kind Lady-But that isn't the same story you told me the last time yo were here.

Tramp-No, mum; you seemed to doubt de other one.

Cupid's Lottery. "Whatever became of that women who was married on a bet?"

"She is now giving her time to crusade against gambling."-Judge.

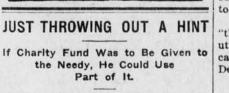


What a pity that so many persons past middle age are worried with lame backs, aching kidneys, poor eyesight, sick headache, dizziness, gravel, dropsy or dis-tressing urinary ills. Kidney weakness brings these disconforts in youth or age and is a dangerous thing to neglect, for it leads to Bright's disease and uric acid poisoning. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new strength to thousands of lame backs—have rid thousands of annoying urinary trouble

An Arkansas Case

C. A. Hendricks, Rose Hill, De Rose Hill, Queen, Ark., "I ----"I was injured and my kidney were weakened. I suffered a great deal from kidney disorder and I had gravel. I took all kinds of medicine, but found lief until Doan's Kidney Pills. Two boxe cured me and

Get Donn's at Any Store, 50c DOAN'S RIDN PILL FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



The children of a Boston Sunday

lakes were reached, a trapper's pl-rogue shot out from the overhanging jungle, and Uncle Michigan handed down the child to another old man who sat it before him in the tiny canoe and stared at it with incredu-lous adoration. The Caminala wheezed off to the south and all about the off to the south, and all about the mighty woods grew still with only the hoot of an owl in the twilight gloom under the moss-hung cypress. The little old man still started at the child who looked back expectant, yet fearless.

"Done come!" he breathed in his exultation. "Done come!" He took her in his arms and held

He took her in his arms and held her off, in his eyes the light of the magi as they stood in the door of Bethlehem. And when Michigan pad-died on to where a great bar of the sunset broke through the forest he saw the child in a golden light and laughed his happiness. "A little child shall lead 'em. Michigan, here I be, an old fool reb off in the swamps with the frogs and owls and snakes and the frogs and owls and snakes and 'gators, waitin' for the child to come to lead 'em to occupy the land—and here it be."

But Michigan was silent. He had

They went on past the evil spikes of the cypress lifting out of the black water where once a giant gar stirred the depths; and once an alligator crossed slowly before them; and once a gray shark swam lithely in the salt tide setting up from the gulf; and once far off an owl called, and from a palmetto overhanging the cance a copperhead snake fell by the child's side, but she seemed without fear. And in the last rosy light a snowy egret sailed above them, and on a shell ridge a four-point buck watched until the swampers' nirogue bad

until the swampers' pirogue had stolen on into the black, wet forest. They came to a tiny garden at the end of a canal filled with purple hyacinth and all about the thatched fence the green cane grew. The lean hound pups came to greet them from under the palmetto hut, and the old man lifted the child and set her there among them. "Yere's home" he said "And yere

'Yere's home," he said. "And yere you'll grow up to lead 'em. Lee'll come on his big white horse, and Stonewall a-chargin' and rarin'; and ole Jeb a-chargin and rarin'; and ole Jeb Stuart and Colonel Maramaduke of my ole bat'ry. And up and up'll come the old gray lines jest as it's done been revealed to me, and this little child shall lead 'em to occupy the land." "Old man, you been drinkin' too much o' that Cajun coffee since I left. Now yore ole head is done bussin' Did

Now yore ole head is done buzzin'. Did you feed them pups?"

Mush and pot liqueh, every day, Michigan."

"Done strotch them mink pelts on the ole China-tree?"

"Done stretch every pelt, Michigah!" "Done tote out that moss from the deep swamp?"

"Done tote every pound. Michigan! Done set the traps and run the crab line and tend the lily boom, and every minute I says, 'Yere I be down in the swamps where I never surrendered and up nawth's the government and it minute I says, 'Yere I be down in the swamps where I nover surrendered and up nawth's the government and it ain't never surrendered, but now Mich-igan's comin' to bring the child that'll lead the ole gray line to occupy the

like we was a fambly

like we was a fambly." Old Man Captain stared again. This was a sudden turning of the long road of romance. Thirty years he and Mich-igan had fished and seined and trapped and drifted logs and prospected pirates' treasure from Grand Isle to Butte La Base and this was the first time fate Rose, and this was the first time fate had put a finger across the path. He rubbed his head. "Reckon so. Bein' a girl, I reckon so!"

"Got to stay right yere," pursued Michigan relentlessly, "and make a home and get a woman." "A woman?" That was too much. Old Man Captain was dismayed. "Yes sir. How's two old fool John-

"Yes sir. How's two old fool John-nies like you and me goin' to raise her to be a lady if we ain't got a woman?" "Now you begin to raise problems when I thought everything was ca'am," quavered his partner. "Well, how's she goin' to lead 'em if she ain't raised to be a lady?" Old Man Captain could not answer. "I reckon," he murmured. "Only yere's you and me hung together year in and out since the surrender, and every Christmas, Michigan, I whittle out a new les for you and you whittle out new leg for you and you whittle out one for me, and nary a word o' wim-Twenty-eight legs we cut out for min. ach other, and nary a word o' wim-

min 'Well, yere we are," retorted Michigan helplessly, "got to have a woman. Meb-be we can get one of the Chino wim-men from the platforms, or mebbe we can get the Bia Woman."

(Continued next week.)

Pegoud, the Machine.

From the Kansas City Star. k of the nerve of this Frenchman,

Think

Pegoud. He mounts more than half a mile into the air in his monoplane. Then he drives head down. Instead of righting himself he sweeps into a curve that brings his machine upside down. Another drop and another curve right the plane.

Imagine the self possession, the abso-lute mechanical control of nerve and mus-cle, required to accomplish such a feat. The slightest wavering might have up-set the machine and sent it plunging earthward to destruction.*

There was no chance to got accustomed to the strange position with precautions for safety. Pegoud had to assume that he would be just as calm, just as self-possessed, driving his monoplane at that dizzy height upside down, as he would be in an ordinary flight. He had to have ab-solute confidence in his immunity from the slightest touch of giddiness. Under such conditions even the disturbance of wrist and arm arising from an accelerated heart beat might prove fatal. The event proved he had taken his own measure correctly. Pegoud the aviator was no more human than the monoplane in which he performed his aerial acro-batics. Man and mechanism formed one automatic machine.

automatic machine.

Did you notice what he said after com ing down from a sensation as thrilling as a human being ever experienced? "I remained for a long time head downward because I wanted to, not because I couldn't belp it. The sensation is strange, but not unpleasant."

You cannot work with others if you are thinking about your own henor, or whether you are doing more than your fair share of the work; think about the task.-Amos R. Wells.

Two soldiers who will squabble like fishwives over the erection and interior arrangement of their tent, will yet charge tegether as one into the jaws of death. It is often the importance of the objective which determines the extent of the concentration. Give extent of the co-operation. Give Christians a great enough task and their minor disagreements will disappear straightway.

Team work wins. "All-star" com-binations, in athletics and in dra-matics seldom last long or go far. Where the worker is thinking of himself, rather than of the work, both he and it are sure to suffer. It takes qualities of greatness to mold one's self into the great objective, working with all who work for the common end.

The Drink Metive. From the Chicage Tribune

From the Chicage Tribune. The desire for alcoholic drinks is in-creasing with the advance of civilization, in spite of the vigorous and often success-ful efforts to restrain it, asserts a writer in the Popular Science Menthly, and asks why. He dismisses as valueless the theory that men drink "to drown sorrew." The desire for alcoholic drinks, the waiter as-serts, is as strong among the classes liv-ing in luxury as it is among the classes liv-ing in luxury as it is among the classes liv-therefore, must be more basic, more uni-versal, he says. The writer, Prof. G. T. W. Patrick, finds

The writer, Frof. G. T. W. Patrick, finds this drink motive in the "sterm and stress" of modern life on the one hand, and in the lack of proper relaxation af-forded by modern society on the other. As civilization advances, he says, life be-comes more and more intense. Fragress drives mankind on with a "relentless whip." It demands "ever greater and greater specialization, application, con-centration, and powers of conceptual analysis." Against this "ceaseless urging" the tired brain rebels. It cries out for rest and relaxation. It is at this point that the alcohol motive springs into be-ing. ng.

that the alcohol motive springs into be-ing. The kind of rest and relaxation which the overstrained brain demands is best supplied by wholesome outdeor sport and play. That kind of relaxation tends to put the higher brain canters to alcep, says the writer, "while providing employment for the lower ones." But the active, vig-orous sport and play needed to restore and refresh the tired brain are not to be had in our large, consected cities. Re-laxation, however, the brain must have, and if it cannot get it in a wholesome, natural way it will seek "artificial relaxa-tion." In the early history of the race artificial means of relaxation were found in drugs. The oplum smoker of the orient today is an example. In using the drug he responds to his brain's cry for relaxation and supplies it quickly and easily for the moment, though, of course, at a fearful cost in the end. The period of relaxation induced by drink is followed by a period of depression which tires and weakens the brain and leaves it less fit and less recuperated than it was before inducing this artificial relaxation.

Driven by a petroleum motor, a field wireless outfit, with a 25-mile radius, that can be carried on a horse, is being tried by the English army.

He Obeyed.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, said the captain, he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher. Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then with an apprehensive glance around the class he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

1413 E. Genessee Ave., Saginaw, Mich .- "Cuticura Seap and Ointment cured me of a very bad disease of the face without leaving a scar. Pimples broke out all over my face, red and large. They festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and caused me to scratch them and make sores. They said they were seed warts. At night I was restless from itching. When the barber would shave me my face would bleed terribly. Then scabs would form afterwards, then they would drop off and the so-called seed warts would come back again. They were on my face for about nine months and the trouble caused disfigurement while it lasted.

"One day I read in the paper of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I received a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it was so much value to me that I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment at the drug store. I used both according to directions. In about ten days my face began to heal up. My face is now clear of the warts and not a scar is left." (Signed) LeRoy C. O'Brien, May 12, 1913.

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

His Place.

"The operatic tenor we heard lately ought to come under the dog laws.' "Why so?" "Because his songs are mostly

barky-roles."

UTNAM FADELESS DYES Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One loc 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, calendar, blotters, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Loc Monroe DRUG COMPANY

From Mrs. HENRY HEAVILIN, Cadiz, Ohio,

Fort Worth, Texas. - "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and derived great benefit from its use. It carried me safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had safely through the Change of Life when I was in bad health. I had that all gone feeling most of the time, and headache constantly, I was very nervous and the hot flashes were very bad. I had tried other remedies and doctors, but did not improve until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has now been sometime since I took the Compound and I have had no return of my old complaints. I always praise your remedies to weak women."—Mrs. HENEY HEAVILIN, R. F. D. No. 5, Cadiz, Ohio.

From Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

Fleetwood, Pa.—" During the Change of Life I was hardly able to be around at all. I always had a headache and I was so dizzy and nervous that I had no rest at night. The flashes of heat were so bad sometimes that I did not know what to do.

'One day a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me a strong, well woman. I am very thankful that I followed my friend's advice, and _ shall recommend it as long as I live. Before I took the Compound I was always sickly and now I have not had medicine from a cloctor for years. You may publish my letter."-Mrs. EDWARD B. HILBERT, Fleetwood, Pa.

From Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Ala.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the Change of Life that I could hardly live. My husband had to nall rubber on all the gates for I could not stand to have a gate slam. "I also had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend it to all women afflicted as I was."-Mrs. F. P. MULLEN-

DORE, Munford, Ala. 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.





shells is due to the Winchester method of construction and loading, which has been developed during over forty years of manufacturing in a country where shotgun shooting is a science. Loaded shells that meet the exacting conditions of American sportsmen are sure to satisfy anybody. Try either of these shells and then you'll understand. LOOK FOR THE RED W ON THE BOX