CHAPTER XII .- (Continued).

"Miss Lindstrom," put in Morris "Miss Lindstrom," put in Morris Feldman, "believe me—don't listen to these here playwrights. Mr. Gratz, the stage manager, will see you're coached. We're going to take you to Dubuque tomorrow, and Miss Norman, she'll help you, and don't get cold feet on this. We're out to grab the one night stands.

piece that way—loose!"
"But, oh, Mr. Hanbury! When they

find out I can't act—"
"Miss Lindstrom," put in Morris Feldmen complacently, "they'll never find it out until we're beating it to the

Beat it in and grab the money, and

"Beat it in and grab the money, and beat it out—" corrected Angel Hen Mc-Fetridge joyously.

"Just a joy ride all the way," chirruped Angel Ben seraphically.

The future star seemed dazed. She bit the end of her frayed little glove. Wiley Curran looked nervously at her: "Hen," he said sadly, "this is simply awful!"

"I guess it is Worse they see the said said.

I guess it is. Worse than cow tracks. "I guess it is. Worse than cow tracks. But the rubes are just spoiling to be stung. And now we're all going to have lunch at the Metropole to meet Miss Norman. We're going to advance Miss Lindstrom \$100 so she can get some traveling clothes. Maybe"—he added delicately—"she'd like to shop this morning."

this morning.' One hundred dollars for clothes! She looked helplessly at Mr. Curran. But here was Angel Hen McFetridge calmly counting out the bills. She didn't know what to do—she sat fingering and star-ing. And then she murmured some thanks and was out in the sunlight with Wiley, blinded by the effulgence with Wiley, blinded by the of the money and its magic.

of the money and its magic.

The conspirators back in the lobby looked after her. "Nice girl." sighed young Mr. Hanbury. "Got me dippy."

"Young man," warned Ben, "you ain't mo playwright when we get started—you're only the advance man. Don't let her worry you. You blow over to the Mercury-Journal and slip 'em half a column. And slip in something about me and Hen cleaning up \$15,000 yesterme and Hen cleaning up \$15,000 yester-day on Tulare oil up five points. It

reads good."
Morris Feldman's calf like face was put through the box office window: 'Now, easy on this oil talk with the papers. We're troupin' now, and don't

far too young to write plays even if he was sporting critic of the Dubuque Register. "But they can't have the

the playwright, the manager, the stage director, the second woman, the leading man, the juvenile, the heavy and the star. The actors were all very pleasant, which was right, seeing that they had been stranded in Earlville for a week and none of them could get their baggage out of the hotels until the McRetridges advanced the meney. the McFetridges advanced the money So they were all very pleasant, the secso they were all very pleasant, the second woman chewing gum and reading a dramatic review, and calling Aurelie, "Dearie". The rest of the histrions sprawled about over the seats, rather unshaven and dowdy; while the heavy man told Aurelie all about his wife and two babies, and the petunias they raised in a window box last summer when they were playing stock in Toledo. And by and by, for he knew she had had by and by, for he knew she had had her salary advanced, and no one else had, he confidently borrowed \$2. And that night the pink cheeked juvenile told her about the hit he made in Denver in summer stock, only now he was crazy to get back to Broadway and sign up with Frohman and he borrowed \$2.

up with Frohman, and he borrowed \$2.

And the next day after the reading rehearsal, when the others were there, from Chicago, and they all sat forlornly on boxes and wheezy chairs on the cold dark stage, listening to young Mr. Hanbury read "The Beauty Winner"; while carpenters maybed and how while carpenters mauled and ham-mered in front of the curtain, the lead-ing man came to Miss Lindstrom. He Ing man came to Miss Lindstrom. He was gently humorous, even with his sad eyes; and he said apologetically; "Miss Lindstrom, you know my wife? Yes—that girl in gray—Miss Frazier. Well, you know I sent her every cent her every cent I had to come and join us—and she had to leave every rag she's got in a North State street boarding house. You see the poor kid's been up against it all season since 'The Rounders' falled. Well, I—don't know any of these people, or the McFetridges, or I wouldn't ask you \* \* \* but could you let us have \$10 till pay day?"

He saw her eyes flush with sudden tears, and she gave him \$20, and a smile that haunted him all the gray day's work. She knew so well how it was!

Little girl," he whispered softly, "we are a bunch of hard troupers, but you made a hit with us. You don't need no prize face—you'll do!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. CURRAN ALSO HAS A VISION. The brown and stately autumn faded to the first bleak coat of winter. The hills grew clearer in outline, and over the sycamore, elm and linwood, patches of the distant river showed. One saw lonely roads rising from the black bottoms to the gashed bluffs where summer had robed this nakedness in green, toms to the gashed bluffs where
mer had robed this nakedness in green,
and down these came the farm wagons
miring under loads of yellow grain. At
the cribs the droning shellers' song
mingled with the roar of the quarry
crusher, and this not unpleasing duo
of industry was in the village's ears
week long. Every one was autumn
what with the husking, the hogwhat with the husking, the hogmingled with the roar of the quarry
crusher, and this not unpleasing duo
of industry was in the village's ears
week long. Every one was autumn
what with the husking, the hogmbat with the husking, the hogmbat with the husking the hogmbat with the roar of the name of the name of the way or other the fragrance of Mr. Curway or other

exchanges to have time for this bread-and-butter work. Janet found him so when she came in with the program of the county teachers' institute. He declined to print it before Thanksgiv-

tomorrow, and Miss Norman, such that you, and don't get cold feet on this. We're out to grab the one night stands while the jay towns are still talking about you, and we don't care much what the play is."

"But remember." warned young Mr. Hanbury. "any time you don't know what else to do—faint. Then we'll jump the mob on, pull a quick curtain, and the hicks out in front will think it's great. And Gratz will blow up something off stage. You see—" went on the playwright confidently, "I wrote the plece that way—loose!"

When they is going to run for congress!"

He was happy as a boy over it. He had been seeing a number of people, he assured her. "Surprised 'em! It seemed quite a novel idea! But do you know it's much as aunty says. For 50 years the News has given columns—free advertising and ticket printing to every church fair, raffle, oyster supper and what-not in the county—boosted all the benefits and lodges, welcomed the labor unions over around Earlville, pleaded for the farmers' co-operative association, and all that—and never pleaded for the farmers' co-operative association, and all that—and never asked a thing from any one. And now asked a thing from any one. And now when I go to these men—just the run of workaday men—and tell them I'm going into the primary against Jim Hall, they look surprised and then say: 'Why, of course, Wiley!' Just as if we all ought to have thought of it before!" "Of course!" she smiled gravely. "What did I tell you?" And she did not subdue the pride in her voice.

He was cleaning his hands of the printer's ink to go up the hill to his

He was cleaning his hands of the printer's ink to go up the hill to his supper, talking eagerly all the time. Janet must come up and see the new window boxes he had made for Aunt Abby's primroses, working nights and between times; and presently she found herself, as of old, going with him laughingly up the path back of the shop.

"I'm not a dead failure!" he declared. "I'm not a dead failure!" he declared.
"If only a man comes to have a sense
of his place and work somehow things
appear brilliantly easy. You see, before, I never stopped to inquire anything. Life appears simple enough to
a man who has but two shirts—he
takes off one and puts on the other!
And that's all I've been doing here in
Rome, Janet—till now."
"And now?" Her serene glance was
on him as they reached the crest by the

"Their homes," Wiley whispered—
"theirs! The people whom you wish
me to go to—the rough-coated and silent farmers driving into town, tolling away, but thinking, too. You wanted me to go among them, tell them that I —Curran of the News, was of them, and would fight for them if they would let him! That what they believed in and him! queer the show.'

And after the McFetridge twins had young Mr. Hanbury in the ribs. "Don't the sloppy about the girl before these two feetback for Coultry and watch the lights come out in those two fatheads from California. Keep off their route. Let 'em unhusk. What we want is for 'em to loosen right down to their shoe tacks."

Young Mr. Hanbury sighed. He was far too young to write plays even if he was sporting critic of the Dubugue.

Register. "But they can't have the girl," he murmured, "I'm dippy about her. Morris, she's going to be it! I'm stuck on her, Morris." He took out the second act and looked over it and sigh again—"Ain't you?"

'In a month," answered Morris solemnly, "soon as she gets to know how to wear the clothes these two blobs from California are going to buy, that girl is going to pull the whole show away from Norman—act or no act!"

And the next day they went away in a chair car up the valley: nine of them the two argels in real wards. She had had her eyes on wider horisms. So well she knew him! It had to be that way with him—an appeal to his imagination, his heart, his undefeatable and simple romance. Well, so good. She would be practical for him: she would find the way. He stopped now with a sudden rueful curiosity.

"What's this I hear about you being asked to go out and speak in the national campaign for women's suffrage—the big fight in some of the states?"

'I was asked." Janet looked away. It had been an anticipation come true. She had had her eyes on wider hori-Janet nodded slowly. Her fond smile

It had been an anticipation of the man and the next day they went away in a chair car up the valley; nine of She had had her eyes on wider horithem, the two angels in red neckties, zons; she had felt the supreme pleasure them. of efficiency, of power recognized. She went on calmly: "But I declined it, Wiley, this year."

He was watching her face in the usk. "I know why," he retorted bruptly. "It was to stay here and abruptly. help me." "Yes."

He was silent. Some consciousness of her bigness, of the richness of her life, was finding way into his vision. It was portion of his new delight in all this buoyant modernity, just as he had awakened to kinship with the Midlanders, stern with the sense of patient and long-endured wrongs, and needing leadership. His esthete's indrawing, his dabbling with art and affairs, had got him nothing; life had rebuffed him, but now he had come upon realness. Janet suddenly typified all this; he saw her and with her all women as the new enfranchised companions of men, the efficient helpers and counselors. efficient helpers and counselors.

"By George!" he broke out. "You're coming on so grandly, Janet! I always guessed at it, but you've grown so! 'Way—'way beyond me!"

"Most men are in a state of arrested development in their view of women," she answered, "playthings to be possessed, or parasites to be endured. But a companion, reliant, helpful, demanding freedom, extending it—I thought, will would grew to see that. Wiley, you would grow to see that,

"Yes, yes—" he cried, "I can!" He was fired with her largeness, her faiths. But she left him to go home with a trace of playful cynicism.

"If you will only keep the oncoming way, Wiley!" She shook her head. "But, tomorrow, I'll find you back again, the old indolent chap—Curran of the News."

of the News."

He waved an ardent protest. When Aunt Abby came home from the Congregational sewing circle, where she was loved for her helpfulness, and reproved for her tolerance of Mr. Curran's beer drinking, she found him staring out at the starlit country. "Aunty," he murmured, "why do you suppose I never make any money?"

"Some men jest have it in 'em, Wiley; and some just run country papers." She took off her black and lavender cap, but powdered her nose again, for she had only waddled home to get his supper and then she would be off once so to assist at a church social. As she cooked her nose grew social. As she cooked, her nose grew redder, and when she was done with Wiley's supper, she powdered it again. It was mortifying indeed to a good ro-tund lady, who knew that when she came to the circle to join in the reju-venating of small Congregational

with him for 40 years, and I guess until He forbids, I shall too!"

"That limb, Wiley T.," knew vaguely that he owed much to this loyal chamthat he owed much to this loyal cham-pionship in circles he did not enter, just as he did to Janet Vance and her faith in him. Women were always do-ing for him, one way and another. And he had carelessly allowed them; they were a part of the old dienysian delight of life the youth he had given so fully. were a part of the old dienysian delight of life, the youth he had given so fully, and which even now called to him above this eternal dawdling ever the damp paper on press day, the clank of the machine, the grind of work. Getting out the News was like having a baby, so he told Aunt Abby. The press groaned excrutiatingly; there was much daubing of ink, flapping of belts, heaving of rollers—then off it came, a soualling brat, this Rome News, withsqualling brat, this Rome News, with-out profit to its parents or reverence for the neighbors.

Arne Vance came home from his agricultural school holiday week, and one bleak day brought in a farmer who had a grievance. Somehow or other, every farmer with a grievance had been finding. "But the News does need the money!" he concluded. "For, Janet, the News is going to run for congress!" ing his way to the News office for the last 40 years. Bert Hemminger, the in-surgent board member from the north bottoms, was with them. The new-comer took a huge ear of corn from the oad of his wagon and wrathfully shook it in the editor's face. He had falle of a prize at the seed warehouse's an He had failed nual distribution, and he knew what was the matter!

"They give it to that Dutch tenant who farms Dan Boydston's west 80.
And what did I get, hey? Skunked—yes, sir—skunked! And there ain't ary ear of my load that ain't better'n Boydston's land can raise. But I know. Bodston's a board member, and Tananara and Tananara over the seed. ner's man, and Tanner owns the seed company! That's it, by cracky! Poli-tics and rotten!"

The editor listened sympathetically. He always did. The farmer roared and flourished his disprized seed ear. He was "agin the tariff" and the administration and everything else. It was rotten when a man couldn't get a blue ribbon on corn like his corn!

Arne Vance figured Mr. Sourds' product. He chew a grain and felt over the golden spike. "It's good, he continued, "but the kernels break before they run over the nub, and they're shallow. Ike, some day I'll show you how to judge corn the way we do up at the agricultural college."

The man was suspicious of this fool book farming.

"And let me send a dozen of your ears to the state board," put in Curran. "He's a great man, that secretary. He'll sit down and write you a letter worth all the ribbons Tanner's seed house could give you."

Ike Sourds did not know. He was there was something crooked "I tell you what we'll do," exclaimed

Hemminger. "This editor, he's going to run for congress in the primary and we want him to come out and Arne with him, and they can talk politics and corn together. Hey, Arne?"

and corn together. Hey, Arne?"

The farmer student's black eyes snapped. Go? It was a great idea! Hemminger's sad eyes it. The suspictions Sourds grew interested. "By Jinks, if there was anything like that going on in Hemminger's district, our district ought to have it, too! We wan't much for style, our folks, in Numbes five, but Arne Vance can come talk seed corn and sour soil, and then this editor can get up and whale the plutocrats! It's a right lonesome road out crats! It's a right lonesome road out our way, but we take the News and we know something!"

And he and Hemminger went off with a promise. Curran watched the shaggy farm horses steaming in the cool sunshine, the bundled figures on the seat, until the wagon drew into a gap of the hills. They wanted him, did they? After all, his yellow brat of a paper did find its way out to the lonely farms and was read and here. lonely farms and was read and be-

He turned to discover Arne watch-ng him curiously. "You're going, ing him curiously. Wiley?"

"We'll elect you, Wiley! We and they! Quite your grubbing away in this dinky shop and come out among us! Janet's been seeing things very clearly. There never was such a chance—the county needs a leader. I'm telling you what the young men say over the county. And there's Father Doyle, who's trying to build his church up among the foreigners at the new mines, and McBride, this state labor organizer, who's working to unionize the new factory people around Earlyille— none of them cares a damn about the od gang in this town—the best families and the court house jobs and all that!"
"I know," said Curran quietly.
"They've both talked with me—urged

Arne's eyes glittered. "Janet-" muttered grimly. "Her work!"

(Continued next week.)

Protected by the Flag. From the Christian Herald.

There was a sudden halt in the battle between the Mexican federals and constitutionalists at Monterey on the afternoon of October 23. All day long the fight had raged. Machine guns and rifle fire swept the city streets. In an old Mexican residence, right in the line of fire, lived an American family named Stockhouse, whose members found shelter in a wardrobe, where they huddled together, weak from hunthey huddled together, weak from hunger and thirst, and in momentarily increasing danger. Suddenly, before the eyes of the astonished combatants, there appeared a girl of 14, Elsie Stockhouse. She dashed out of the house with an American flag wrapped around her slender shoulders, and the firing halted as she ran through the center of the melee toward the American consulate a few blocks off. The hewildof the melee toward the American consulate a few blocks off. The bewildered soldiers, saluting her with cries of "Viva la senorita Americana!" opened a line to let her pass. In a few moments the entire family were conveyed to a place of safety. Both armies recognized and respected the flag, and during the fierce fighting that followed not a single shot struck any house where "Old Glory" was exposed. It was the symboly of protection and safety, and as such was recognized by all nationalities in Monterey.

An Orderly Service.

From the National Monthly. A Methodist parson, called to preach at an out-of-the-way town in California, was informed, before entering the pulpit, that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to pull him from the pulpit if his remarks did not suit them.

The minister made no reply, but having reached the sacred desk, he took from his pocket two revolvers, and placing one on each side of the bible, gave a sharp glance around the room, and said: "Let us pray." room, and said: "Let us pray."

A more orderly service was never held.

Upholds Cook's Claim.

From the Springfield Republican findustry was in the village's ears seek long. Every one was autumn usy, what with the husking, the hog-liling, the spreading of fertilizer and the halling of wood.

Curran was busied also with a rush fholiday job printing. He shortened is editorials and stole personals from the still. He had a bad way of hiding the bottles in her clothes in her clothes, and then roaring abominably when her nose, on Sewing circle night, took the sympathetic hue of his own "That limb, Wiley T.," she would plead to the church people. "But, sisters, the Lord has been putting up as an Arctic explorer.

## No Rest-No Peace

There's no rest and but little peace for a person whose kidneys are out of order

Lame in the morning, suffering cricks in the back and sharp stabs of pain with every sudden strain, the day is just one round of pain and trouble.

It would be strange if all-day backache did not wear on the temper, but it is not only on that account that people who suffer with weak kidneys are nervous, cross and irritable.

Uric acid is poison to the nerves, and when the kidneys are not working well, this acid collects in the blood and works upon the nerves, causing headache, dizziness, languor, an inclination to worry over trifles, and a suspicious, short temper.

Rheumatic pain, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis and gravel are further steps in uric acid poisoning.

Don't neglect kidney weakness. An aching back, with unnatural passages of the kidney secretions, is cause enough to suspect the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy which has been used for years, the world over, for weak kidneys, backache, ir-



"Oh, I shall go mad."

regular kidney action and uric acid trouble. Thousands of grateful recom-mendations throughout the country prove their worth.

> LAID UP IN BED Gave Up All Hope of Recovery

Mrs. Frank L. Mann, 1000 W. Main St., Vermillion, S. Dak., says: "When I was six years old I had diptheria and it left my kidneys and bladder very weak. From that time until I was seventeen years old. I had kidney weakness, but as I got older I thought I would outgrow the trouble. I didn't however, and as time passed I got worse. My feet and limbs were terribly swollen and I couldn't wear my shoes. My back was so stiff I could hardly bend over and I was laid up in bed for over a month. I lost much weight and in spite bf the doctors' medicine, I didn't improve. Dizzy spells came over me and my sight was affected. Finally I gave up the doctors in despair and life certainly looked blue. I didn't think I would ever be well again. When everything else had failed, a friend urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I did. After I took the first box, I noticed improvement and gradually the allments left me. I picked up in weight and strength and by the time I had used eight boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was cured. I have never had any sign of kidney trouble since."

## "When Your Back is Lame Remember the Name"

## WITH FATHER AS A MODEL

Seems Likely That Is Where Imperi ous Youth Got His Idea of the Duties of a Wife.

"You fill the pails with sand, and let me turn them out," suggested six year-old Jack to little Doris.

His playmate obediently complied. "Now we'll build a castle, and you

shall fetch the water to go round it, exclaimed Jack. Dutifully the little maid struggled up and down the beach, carrying buck-

ets of water. "Can't you fetch the water now

Jack," she suggested, "and let me pour it round?" "Girls can't do that properly," an-

swered the boy. "Let's paddle. But, I say, Doris, do you want to marry me when you grow up?"

"Yes-oh, yes!" Doris was delighted at the prospect. The boy, however, assumed a bored air, and lazily extended his feet to-

ward her. "Very well, then," he said nonchalantly. "If you're going to be my all." wife, take off my shoes and stock-

ECZEMA ON ENTIRE SCALP

R. F. D. No. 2, Sunfield, Mich.-"I was troubled with eczema. It began with a sore on the top of the scalp, broke out as a pimple and grew larger until it was a large red spot with a crust or scab over it. This became larger finally covering the entire scalp and spread to different parts of the body, the limbs and back and in the ears. These sores grew larger gradually until some were as large as a quarter of a dollar. They would itch and if scratched they would bleed and smart. The clothing would irritate them at night when it was being removed causing them to itch and smart so I could not sleep. A watery fluid would run from them. My scalp became covered with a scale and when the hair was raised up it would raise this scale; the hair was coming out

terribly. "I treated about six months and got no relief and after using Cuticura Soap and Ointment with two applications we could notice a great difference. It began to get better right away. In a month's time I was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha

Underwood, Jan. 3, 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 Vow Came to an Anti-Climax. A much-bearded man rambled into a barber shop and submitted to a shave, a haircut, a shampoo, a singe, a massage and everything else the barber could think of, at the same time listening with keenest enjoyment to the tonsorialist's remarks about all things on earth and in the waters under the earth. So long before that he had forgotten the gentleman's name and what office he was running for the old man had vowed never to be shaved or shorn until So-and-So was elected. When he at last awoke to a realization that nobody cared if he never shaved he concluded to shave just to show 'em that he didn't care whether they cared or not,-Kansas City Star.

Deadly Work of Scorpion. Some scorpion bites cause little more than burning pain and numbness in the part affected for a few days. But the more poisonous varieties cause death, and that especially, when they sting young children or debilitated old people. The lower classes of people in Mexico suffer more than the well-to-do, because of their custom of going about half naked most of the time.

Misunderstood.

Visitor (at the National Gallery)-Why, them's the very same pictures I saw here the day before yesterday! Attendant (dryly)-Quite likely.

Visitor-Then the landlord where I'm staying is wrong. He told me that the pictures were changed daily in all the leadin' picture houses.

Beauty is only skin deep. Also lots of modesty is only on the surface.

Children Not Naturally Destructive. Be gentle with the child who smashes his toys. The fault is not his, but yours, who provided him with toys too complicated for his immature little mind to understand. Dottoressa Maria Montessori, in her lecture at Carnegie hall, said little children were not naturally destructive, as most parents had reason to suppose, but that the instinct to pull the object to pieces was the only natural thing for a child to do with something it did

not understand. Most toys given to children are too complicated, Dr. Montessori asserted. "Instead of expecting children to

amuse themselves with toys they do not understand, mothers should assume more responsibility for their children's entertainment," she continued. "The mother who drives her child away from her side when she is working makes a pitiful mistake. It is impossible to estimate the effect upon the child's mind if he were never turned away, if he could always

be sure of sympathy and understanding from the person he loves most of

Common Form of Insanity. A party of Clevelanders entertained some holiday visitors and having showed them everything interesting in Cleveland proper they had to take them to Newburg for a view of the asylum. The superintendent was in a genial frame of mind and he con-

ducted the bunch personally. "Here is a queer case, ladies," he said, pausing at a particular cell. 'This man has the delusion that he possesses the motive power that runs the universe. He is perfectly harmless, but he actually believes that without him the world would not

move. Strange notion, isn't it?" "Why, not at all!" exclaimed one of "My husband has same idea and he always has had it. Is he crazy, too?"

Blame Located.

A crabbed old misogynist said to Ethel Barrymore at a dinner in Bar Harbor:

"Woman! Feminism! Suffrage Bah! Why, there isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent."

"That's because," said Miss Barry more, calmly, "so many men are stupid while so few are blind."

Had the Proof. Stonemmason (in box describing assault)-He walks into my yard and rams me up agen one o' me own stones.

Counsel-Did he hurt you? Stonemason-Hurt me! Why, I've got "sacred to the memory of" stamped all down me back.—Tatler.

What He Did. Grace-I told him he must not see me any more.

Her Brother-Well, what did he do? Grace-Turned out the light!-Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Their Kind. "Have these aircraft any kind of wheels?

"Certainly, they have-fly wheels."

Harsh Judge. Judge Stephen C. Greene, at a dinner in Charleston, was defending a harsh sentence.

"I am a conservative," said Judge Greene, "and I believe that it is better for law and order that sentences should err on the side of harshness rather than on the side of lenity.

"Look at nature, the great judge of us all. Was there ever a harsher, severer judge than nature, who sentences each and every one of us to hard labor for life?"

Joy and Utility.

"Still have two cars?"

"Yes." "I thought you intended to sell the older one."

"No. My son and his high-school friends keep the old car busy." "I see. You get the use of the new

car yourself." "No, I don't. It keeps the new car hustling to tow the old car home."-

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mean Fling. They were discussing horse racing. "I guess," observed the Yankee, "I've seen the closest race ever run, for I once saw a horse adjudged winner by a tongue's length."

"Is that so?" drawled the Englishman. "Well, I've seen a closer race than that. I lived two years in Scotland."—Cleveland Leader.

Blundered.

Exe-Cigar, old man? Wye-Thanks! (puff, puff). Capital weed this. Aren't you going to

smoke, too?

Exe (examining the remaining one) No, I think not. Wye-What's the matter? Did you

give me the wrong one?-Boston Transcript.

Complimentary. "Harold, I dreamed about you last

"You dear girl, did you?" "Yes. I think it was something I ate."-Judge.

Suiting Her. "Show me a hat at once. I'm a very

busy woman." "Then here's a beaver."

Platonic love never tempted a fellow to treat her to lobster salad and fize

Your Liver Is Clogged Up That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts
-Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS CARTERS will put you right in a few days. They do. their duty. CureCon-stipation,

Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature

Breut Good

That Weak Back

accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nervine prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pelicts regulate stomach, Ever and bowels—sugar-coated, they grangles

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