

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST
The MILLANDERS
By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON
Author of THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS, KEEPER etc. etc.
Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).
Harlan whirled suddenly to the rack and took his hat. Then he turned to the group at the table. "See here—just now I told you I wouldn't take a nomination for district attorney, just because of these insults I'll run! Yes—and not on your ticket, either!"
He had started for the office. McBride's cold eye followed him. Then he was on his feet and about the table. "Shake!" he growled. "I'm with you!"
Harlan stared at him without speaking. Man to man, and something in McBride's eye went through him. "Well," he muttered, "suppose you didn't mean it against father?" He took the labor leader's hand square palm. "But, damn you, I'll run against you!"
McBride was laughing softly. His eyes were brightening. "Good! But you can't—I'm with you!"
Harlan glanced at his wondering friends. "I'm going," he announced, and left the room.
McBride's look was on him until he reached the hotel office. The he pointed. "The son-of-a-gun! He's paying for his own dinner! Then he looked belittlingly at Wiley Curran and Arne. "Mac," put in Wiley, "the squarest chap you ever saw—and the county's best people."
"I know it. My kind of people. Fight in blood. I'm going to support him!"

CHAPTER XVI
JINNEE OF THE TAILOR-MADE.
Miss Vance met Harlan one afternoon of mid August. She stopped his saunter across the courtyard and helped her hand span of fructious coils. She pressed a handkerchief to her flushed face.
"Thank you! You look so awfully cool, Harlan. And clean! You've been driving, too—and look at me!"
His leisurely smile followed her interested glance. It was their first meeting since he had announced his candidacy for the district attorneyship—a brief announcement, coming after an equally brief conference with the party leaders. The outside information was that the Honorable Mr. Tanager had selected young Mr. Van Hart as the best and most representative young man of the county to give strength to the old-line ticket against the new progressive league. There was some comment on his youth and lack of experience, but it was regarded as a shrewd move, nevertheless, of the old court house ring. County politicians said there would be none to contest young Mr. Van Hart's nomination or election.
Now, Miss Vance looked him over and sighed. "I feel a grudge against you, Harlan! I wish fortune would give you a quarrel now and then. Everything comes so easily to you. But this is mere envy, isn't it?"
He smiled and walked with her to the News office. The sense of his rugged fitness and clean truth gripped her as it must all women.
"Your battle will come after you're elected, Harlan. They will expect to use you as they used me," she stated. She had been about to say "your father," and then knew better. Harlan had the same charm of breeding as his father; but the county ring had kept the judge in office for 20 years; it found its strength among "the best people."
"Nobody owns me, Janet." He found amusement in her caution. "And as for politics, here is Arne, and those other long-horn students, traveling over the county trying to interest the farmers in seed sections. The state board pays their way, but now, really, aren't they out to talk politics for the governor and our eccentric friend, Wiley T. Curran?"
She smiled in turn. She was too practical to be sensitive over the methods by which any movement of party interest was attained. When they reached the News door Mr. Curran was standing there, a gallery of type in his hand. He waved to the prospect past the tower, a spurt of yellow stubble, like a flame licking down from the upland corn which was now high. "I can smell the tassel bloom," murmured Wiley, "and the damp cloddy earth, and hear the rattle of the blades in the breeze off the river. Bless me, I was about to knock off and steal away to the hills, but here you two come, abominably suggesting work. And ambition—and achievement!"
"Indeed you do!" Janet smiled at his whimsical grimace. "And to remind you what the papers said of your speech at the Dallas county fair, 'Brilliant,' 'aggressive,' 'eloquent!'"
His grimace deepened. Through the weeks Janet had watched his progress. He had astonished every one as a campaigner; "tricky," his opponents said, but winning by his likableness. He had been filled with a boy's delight to find that he could really speak in public—that his old nervous hesitations had gone like a mist before his new ardors, his mercurial enthusiasms. Out in the other counties he had won dashingly; but among his home people, he confided to Janet, he was a tame duck."
He could not explain that. She knew it was because here they had seen his purpose, his hope, his imaginative life come to nothing. He was of that type of which the towns and provincial cities have many—a person whose chaste tastes, intellectual aspirations and social qualities had starved under the stress of making a livelihood. Ideas, finer achievement, all bartered with the standards fixed by a vulgar need. Janet herself had felt the impact; she knew his battle. And so long he had given up! And so late had arisen! He seemed to have forgotten his useless years, his defeats, he had gone out among men, and they had honored him. Today he was in one of his "slumps." Janet went on with her ingenious encouragement. "I wish you knew what a rare mystery you are to the country people. And how splendidly they believe in you! You're a new sort of politician. And I'm very proud, Wiley!"
He looked at her. "The fool editor," he murmured—"I wonder if I spoke here—as I listen some time—would turn out to listen? You and Aunt Abby, and my printer, and doubtless the undertaker." He sighed and waved his hand out to the town. "Some times the old feeling comes back. I don't belong here. I'm the misfit, Janet. The dreamer!"
He let his eyes go off to the summer land. It was too rich; he never had hungered, and never from it could arise his epic song—never from this would come the watchers of dawns. "I think, sometimes, even now, that I ought to be a starving poet in a garret. Eh, then, Janet! I'd do something. Why?"
He came to Harlan with his direct affection and put a hand upon the shoulder of the younger man. "I'd like to be

down. Tell me all about yourself. I thought"—she hesitated—"since you'd been east you'd be a great man by now!"
"I'm practicing law here," he answered quietly.
"Going to settle down here?"
"Yes."
She looked at him with a pity that stung him. She had grown so amazingly in the year. "I shouldn't think you could stand it. I couldn't. Oh, to be somebody! And do something! I remember the nights I used to climb the hills and stare off across the river and wonder. Out there was something and I wanted it. And if Mr. Curran hadn't sent my picture to the paper I'd have been there yet—climbing Eagle Point trail at sunset to watch the light go out—just as lonely as of old."
"Some way or other they were still. 'And dear Old Mich!' she went on softly. "Done come up-river! Done goin' to occupy the land! That's what he'd say. Done goin' to and the land of the South Sea!"
"And before I go I'm going to climb the hills once more. And I'm going out to see 'em all, if Papa Lindstrom will let me on the place. I just want somebody whose eyes get brighter when I come among 'em. And Uncle Mich's will, Mr. Curran!"
"I know they will, Aurelie. And Knute's and Peter's and the baby's! And surely all of us! The land of joy? You'll bring it to them out there, Aurelie. You've sent them so much stuff and money—they'd have half-starved last winter, when Albert, the pedler, was sick, if you hadn't done that. John knew you were sending the money, too, but he pretended he did not. Why, we all like you, Aurelie!"
"I'm glad," she answered, and stood in the doorway looking over the town with a forgiving and proud simplicity.
"They do like her," drawled the tired blonde woman from her chair. "I've been in stock five years, and before that seven over the Beckmeyer & Grady circuit spot-lighting a song, and I've seen 'em all. When I tie to a kid, she's got to have it. Spilt-weak vaudeville and cheap stock don't leave you no illusions. But Aurelie—I'm going to take this kid to New York and get her in right if I have to sell my shoes."
"Are you going there to act?" inquired Mr. Curran innocently.
"Who? Me? The spot-light artist sat up and turned her heavy, good-humored face to him. "Oh, Gawd—me on Broadway! Say, you're out there, jay humorists, ain't you? Cut out the funny stuff!"
"Now, Ada"—burst forth Aurelie—"you mustn't talk so! You're the best and kindest woman I ever knew!" She turned defiantly to the others. "Oh, these days at nights she catches me, and rehearsed me—and dressed me—and told me how to behave at hotel tables—and everything! Mon Dieu! Each night I say a little prayer for Ada Norman! She finished softly, and was staring out the window. "Maybe this town was right in laughing at me in the old days. I guess I was funny! And I felt so bitter when I went away. But sitting here in Mr. Curran's old shop, somehow, all that is dead. The birds are singing up the side of the small of the corn and clover—it's all so peaceful. I guess I was wrong—everybody would have been my friend if I'd have let them. And now life is big and beautiful! I almost think people would be glad to see me—I could just love the old place!"
Miss Vance glanced out to where her brother was bringing the buggy across the street. Harlan, in the doorway, was listening. But only Mr. Curran looked at her. If Aurelie had breathed a prayer for forgiveness she could not have stood in more pure reverence. And suddenly Janet turned to see his eyes. Then she crossed to Aurelie and lifting the girl's face, kissed her cheek. She could not tell what compassion, what maternal renunciation, moved her. Only she knew that to Curran, Aurelie would ever be the princess whom he had released from the witch's spell. This was the secret of his kindling fires, his new and exultant life. For Janet there would be the steady work, the long road. She would still the faint dream of a man's love. The other sort of woman, the primal appeal, would win. Well, she did not need this love, then.
"She is in it," said Mr. Curran, and Wiley in wonder at this demonstration. Janet was not given to it. He watched her and Arne drive away, and Harlan cross to the court house. They were guessing at his madness, it seemed.
Aurelie decided that she and Miss Norman would put up at the Parsons house. She wanted to be seen by Miss Amelia and to order, with her new air of the world, the best room and to come to the Parsons family dinner. The Parsons family had kept the Parsons house and once had entertained Stephen A. Douglas. Miss Amelia kept the tradition as well as the hostility so that she was not critical of the Parsons house. There is no happiness in the neighborhood. Hard feelings are created. False competitions are started. You try to outdo one another, and the further this is pursued, the worse it is for everybody. More than one town or small city goes bankrupt on its own prejudices, when all might be avoided by proper neighborliness.

United States Exports Growing.
From the Christian Science Monitor.
The United States is a tariff circles, to be sure, that the December statistics show the beginning of a great wave of importations from all parts of the world seeking a share in the trade of the United States under freer conditions, but it is well to set up against this the fact that the export trade of the United States is also growing very rapidly. If the rest of the world may share in the prosperity of the United States through the instrumentality of the Underwood tariff, this, as indicated by statistics, is evidently not to prevent the United States from sharing in the world's prosperity. And it will be a better prospect than any that will be distributed universally. There shall be distributive justice, not that any single nation, or group of nations, should thrive at the expense of human comfort elsewhere.

Rebutting a Libel.
John D. Rockefeller, talking to a Cleveland clergyman, said one day, with a whimsical but rather sad smile:
"From the stories that are told about my love of money and my disregard for humanity you'd think I was some such monster as the criminal of the anecdote."
"A judge once said to a terrible criminal:
"And you actually had the heart to murder this poor man for a matter of 50 cents!"
"Well, your honor," said the criminal, with an injured-innocence air, "well, your honor, what do you expect? Fifty cents here and fifty cents there—it soon mounts up."
ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED
Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it. It was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day.
"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Father's Surprise.
Widower (to his little daughter, aged ten)—Dora, do you know that Susanne, our housekeeper, is going to be married?
Dora—Oh, I'm so glad we're getting rid of the old pelican! Won't it be jolly? But who is going to marry her?
Father—Well, I am.

Ourselves and Our Neighbors.
From Woman's World.
Did it ever occur to you that welfare of the world depends upon the welfare of ourselves and our neighbors? It is a simple proposition. If you carry it out to the logical conclusion you get all the problems of society, diplomacy and statesmanship. If you are at loggerheads with your neighbor, and there are enough of you to be at loggerheads with enough neighbors to make a real showing, the situation assumes the form of statesmanship, and if you wish to carry the comparison across seas, you have the trouble and irritation of international entanglements. So the relation of neighbor to neighbor becomes the chief thing in the world. You know very well, your neighbor is faultfinding and surly, your family suffers in many ways. There are slights. There is no happiness in the neighborhood. Hard feelings are created. False competitions are started. You try to outdo one another, and the further this is pursued, the worse it is for everybody. More than one town or small city goes bankrupt on its own prejudices, when all might be avoided by proper neighborliness.

Drug House Enjoined BY FEDERAL COURT
Judge Jeremiah Neterer, of the United States district court, today granted a permanent injunction in behalf of the Centaur Company of New York, the manufacturers of Fletcher's Castoria, against the Stewart & Holmes Drug Company of this city.
The controversy arose from the simulating of the labels of this well-known preparation, and from the evidence filed in the case it was shown that the infringing label was first discovered in its origin here in Seattle.
The defendant company is one of the oldest and largest concerns of its kind in the Northwest.
The decree carries with it an order that the Stewart & Holmes Company recall the goods which are on the market under the infringing label, and to pay all costs in the suit and damages assessed at \$400.—Seattle, Wash., "Times"—Adv.

In Dire Disgrace.
"What's the matter?"
"I'm in disgrace with my wife."
"What about?"
"She sent me down town to match some hair. I got some like the sales-lady's. I thought it was prettier."—Washington Herald.
Queer Sort.
"What bent has this young man in the drama?"
"Straight work."
Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs.

Feel All Used Up?

Ever feel that you can go no further—that you must have rest for that lame and aching back—relief from that constant, dead-tired feeling?
Have you suspected your kidneys? Kidney disease shows itself in back-ache, nervous troubles and disorders of the kidney secretions. If tired, worried, lame, rheumatic, dizzy and nervous don't let a possible weakness of the kidneys escape attention until it turns into a case of gravel, dropsy or Bright's disease.
Sick kidneys go from bad to worse. Their useful work of filtering the blood is only partly done. Poisons that should be passed out with the kidney secretions are held in the blood, circulating freely, attacking muscles, nerves and vital organs. The kidneys inflame, swell and throb, and that is the cause of sharp pains in the back, or that dull, constant heavy ache.
For quick help use Doan's Kidney Pills. No other kidney remedy is used and recommended so generally. Take them when you feel the first bad backache, or see the first disturbance of the kidney secretions. Doan's have



Every Picture Tells a Story

"What will help my back?"

When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors

Had Told the Exact Truth
Lecture's "Outpouring" Was Just as Had Been Stated in His Letter of Recommendation.
A lecturer went to Yonkers with a letter to a Yonkers citizen from a man in New Rochelle and succeeded in getting an engagement. His three-hour lecture proved dull, dry and uninteresting. Next day Mr. Yonkers met Mr. New Rochelle.
"What did you mean?" asked Yonkers, "by recommending that lemon lecturer?"
"Well, I just guess you did. I've got your letter right here in my pocket."
"Better read it over again—carefully."
Mr. Yonkers did. It was purposely noncommittal:
"I have heard Mr. B.'s lecture. It is as interesting as it is instructive."
"And it wasn't either," said Yonkers.
"Then the comparison holds," said New Rochelle.—New York World.

Rare Work.
Fogg reports that he overheard this in the book department of one of our big stores:
Customer—Have you Arnold's poems?
Salesgirl (turning to head of department)—Miss Simpson, have we Benedict Arnold's poems?—Boston Transcript.
Where the Improvement Lies.
Mrs. Sauer—Among the barbarous people of the earth a man can have as many wives as he desires, while civilization limits each man to one. Now, you can't tell me but that civilization makes man better morally.
Mr. Sauer—Not necessarily. It merely gives him better sense.—Puck.

Sharp and Flat.
Mr. Philat—I must come and play my violin for you some evening, Miss Sharp. You like music, don't you?
Miss Sharp—I do, indeed, Mr. Philat, but come all the same.—Judge.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Both Careful.
"Our cook is so careful about thieves. She always locks the door, even in the daytime."
"That's nothing. Our cook always keeps a policeman in the kitchen."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take. Adv.

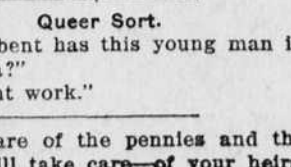
The Right Kind.
"What kind of a line would you recommend in a matrimonial expedition?"
"I should say, a beau-line."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss. Adv.
Who gives a trifle mealy is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

From Girlhood

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a keen enemy to the physical weaknesses of woman. A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.
It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo, N. Y.



Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians and Specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her free.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

Rheumatic Twinges
yields immediately to Sloan's Liniment. It relieves aching and swollen parts instantly. Reduces inflammation and quiet that agonizing pain. Don't rub—it penetrates.
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
Kills Pain
gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say:
Relief from Rheumatism
"My mother has used one 50c bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and although she is over 83 years of age, she has obtained great relief from her rheumatism."—Mrs. E. Lindholm, Quincy, Cal.
Good for Cold and Croup
"A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."—Mr. W. H. Strang, 1721 Elmwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sloan's Liniment is the best medicine in the world. It has relieved me of neuralgia. Those pains have all gone and I can truly say your Liniment did stop them."—Mrs. C. M. Dowler of Johannesburg, Mich.
At all Dealers. Price 25c, 50c & \$1.00
Sloan's Instructive Booklet on DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

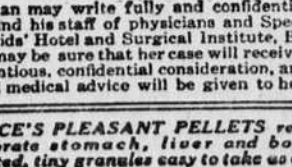
Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Bile-stress, Sick Head, Ache and indigestion, as millions know.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
Bent's Wood
THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY. U.S. PATENTED. Used in French for CHRONIC WEAKNESSES, HOSPITALS with RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BLOOD POISON, POISONING, etc. DR. HENRI MANDEL, 112, RUE DE LA HARPE, PARIS. Write for FREE BOOK TO DR. L. LE GROS MED. CO., HARVESTERS RD., LAMPERTS, LONDON. SEND TRY NEW DRUGS (TASTELESS FORM) EASY TO TAKE. SAFE AND PAINLESS. LASTING CURE. SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IS ON BRIT. GOVT. STAMP APPLIED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS.

RUPTURE CURED in a few days without pain or a surgical operation. No pay until cured. Write DR. WRAY, 30 - Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., No. 10-1914.

The change may be critical and cause untold suffering in after-life. The modern young woman is often a "bundle of nerves"—"high strung"—fainting spells—emotional—frequently blue and dissatisfied with life. Such girls should be helped over this distressing stage in life—by a woman's tonic and nervine—that has proven successful for over 40 years.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is a keen enemy to the physical weaknesses of woman. A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.
It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo, N. Y.



Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians and Specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her free.

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

to Womanhood

DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.