

# AFTER SUFFERING TWO LONG YEARS

Mrs. Aselin Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"After my little one was born I was sick with pains in my sides which the doctors said were caused by inflammation. I suffered a great deal every month and grew very thin. I was under the doctor's care for two long years without any benefit. Finally after repeated suggestions to try it we got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the third bottle of the Compound I was able to do my housework and today I am strong and healthy again. I will answer letters if anyone wishes to know about my case."—Mrs. JOSEPH ASELIN, 628 Monroe St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy we know for woman's ills. If you need such a medicine why don't you try it?

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, 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.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Pettit's Eye Salve. SMARTING SORE LIDS.

Expended Currency. Traveler—I am delighted to have known the four quarters of the earth. Bumpkins—An acquaintance with 75 cents makes me feel pretty comfortable.

Getting a "Thrill" in Formosa.

The traveler who is tired of conventional journeys and who is anxious to visit an "unspoiled" country where he can enjoy the comforts of civilization and at the same time taste some of the thrills and excitement attendant upon encounters with unsubdued savage tribes should certainly make a trip to Formosa, that wonderful island lying off the coast of China which passed into the possession of Japan in 1895.

Here, along the eastern coast, he will find prosperous towns, with fine harbors and wharves, spacious streets and magnificent residences, schools and churches, electric lights and ample water supply—all the luxuries, in fact, of a European city. He can journey comfortably by train from one place to another, passing through vast tea gardens and rice fields. Everything is civilized, orderly and safe. Yet only a few miles inland, among the mountains and forests, dwell fierce, unconquered tribes, whose chief aim and ambition in life is to gather human heads.—Wide World Magazine.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food. Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of cause and effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless. A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly and as a last resort, I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

## The MILLADERS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

THE DAY OF SORES, MY BROTHERS, KEELER etc. etc.

(CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.)

"Ah, well!" She turned: "I will have to believe it, Judge Van Hart! I thank you. — she stared at Harlan. He must have sat without a sound. He was by the table, his head resting on his hands. Something like a whispered cry came from him when Janet moved toward the door. When her fingers were on the knob, his voice arrested her.

"Don't go, Janet! In God's name let me think! Aurelie—Aurelie!" The father was staring at him in his turn. It seemed to the woman that the judge's face was gray. He reached to touch his boy's arm and could not, his hand dropped uselessly.

"My son?" he quavered, "what do you mean? Aurelie? His child—and you?" The other man raised his head. "I love her—that is all."

He arose and faced them. "Know it now, all of you!" His stubborn speech forced its way between set teeth. "And Wiley—God help Wiley! I understand! I'm going to him—going—going!"

He found his hat and was rushing to the door when Janet stopped him. "Wait! I want you, Harlan!" "I'm going to Wiley. They beat him down with this! His life's ambition, his hope—he renounced it all for her! I see that, Janet!"

"Yes. But here—you can save him!" "Save him?" "Does he want the truth known? Do you want it known? You love her, Harlan!"

He stopped. The judge raised his hand dispassionately. Janet hurried on: "You can save him. I'm sure of it—I saw him when I came in, talking with the sheriff. In the corridor! Bring him!"

Harlan stared. "I'll kill him!" he muttered. Then she saw a light break on his face. He was gone.

The good face to face, Janet and the marquisate, when Harlan returned. They had not spoken. The judge appeared unnerved at last. Tanner put a curious face in the door. When Harlan closed it behind him, he started in grinning repudiation. The younger man motioned him to the table. He laid upon it the papers from Boydson's slip. Then he turned to the little gray boss and quietly, as if beginning an address to a jury, he spoke:

In January, a year ago, you paid Dan Boydson \$250 to be divided with Curry and another supervisor for putting through the contract you got for building the Broad creek bridge. On April 2 of this year, you paid Boydson \$400 to secure the road contracts in June and in June you paid him \$500 to award your company the Sinsawa creek dam work. And before that, he glanced over the slips, "you have bribed two, and possibly three, of the board, for the last seven years to put road and bridge work not where the county wanted it, but where it was most profitable to you. I am going to bring all these instances before the January grand jury."

The little boss had stood hat in hand, his cigar cocked downward, listening. He never moved until the recital was done. Then with a grimace, he tilted the cigar. His eyes shifted to Janet Vance.

"Where did you get them facts?" "Do they read right?" "I ain't saying anything. But where did you get them figgers?" "Boydson confessed."

The judge was staring. Tanner took a step nearer on the rug. He adjusted his glasses critically.

Harlan's hand came down on the table before him. "Don't touch that paper!" "Young man, I ain't no ruffian. Let me see." He looked slowly.

"Boydson's writing, isn't it?" "The boss watched Harlan. "I never could account for folks. For the only," he looked past Janet to the judge. "What the hell do you want, young man?"

"I want you to say!" "I ain't saying anything. You must have been crazy."

Harlan was folding over the notes in his pocketbook. "All right, Thad! Don't! But I'll be district attorney on the first of next month!"

"The little boss took out a cigar. "Judge," he grinned, but his lips were trembling. "what the hell have we got into?"

The judge suddenly burst from them with a groan. "Tanner! Don't speak to me—don't look at me, I tell you." "The boss watched Harlan. "I never could account for folks. For the only before election things are moving into a mighty rumput! Look at the folks in town? I been waiting half an hour for the boy to bring me a copy of the News."

"And I," retorted Harlan, "am waiting here for the paper you have in your pocket. Curran's signed withdrawal."

"Eh?" The boss fidgeted. His eyes were on the judge. "You told them?" "I did. Tanner, this is damn nice! This is an outrage," the judge turned on Harlan. "My boy, you misunderstand me. I knew nothing—know nothing. The hate of this—she shivered—this purity, I could not dream dishonor of you. But you—you hesitate. You stand still. It is not enough in a man—not enough in a judge. The only good is the fighting good."

"What do you mean?" "I want Curran's withdrawal. I demand it."

"He is out of the fight. He dare not speak tonight! His own paper is printing his resignation!" "Give me that resignation," Harlan advanced on Tanner. "Give it to me—or I'll take it from you."

The boss retreated. He looked toward the door. Janet was moving to it. "Keep off, damn you!" he growled. Harlan was following him. Thad's hand went into his coat pocket. "Keep off! Here then, make a trade. Give me that stuff of Boydson's, I tell you! I'll keep my mouth shut, if you give me that stuff that damn fool wrote!"

"Well!" Harlan's grim smile came. The little gray boss reached a trembling hand from his pocket. From the door Janet turned. She had torn the paper from Tanner, even as Harlan was searching for his own.

"Go!" she cried. "That's enough. Those notes are mine, Harlan. You can't trade them!" Harlan's smile deepened. With a sweep of his hand he hurried Tanner against the wall. "You rascal!" He looked back to his father. "I want you all to listen. I am going to marry Aurelie Lindstrom. I am going to

proceed to outwear theories of wealth and privilege, he had fallen. He thought of how they would discuss him tomorrow about the polls, his name on the ballots—a man apart, branded with a nameless stain, the eternal whisper following him. Yes, he had found bottom after the residue of his life had risen to fall. Love had made the way and then defeated him.

From the high point he saw a yellow scar and knew it was the quarry, with beyond the shanties of the pocket squatters. Up this trail she had romped and grown, his child, his little girl, laughing the way of her vulgar upbringing, all unknown and uncared for. And he—he might have done so much—had needed the touch of a hand in his!

He tried to recall the first time he had seen her—a dark-haired child in a red dress going past his shop with the barelegged Lindstrom boys. Then a schoolgirl, slim, with sharp-eyed lithe and grace, and then a woman, and then the maid he had come to know. Moody at times, and lonely; passionate still with eagerness to live and be. And then on to his miracle—laughing her way into his dreams, the bizarre romance in his obscure struggle, lifting him by her kinship feeling, of adventure, of follies and extravagances. Oh, the way they had come unknowingly—the two outcasts to their triumph!

Then he bowed his head with humbleness at this other miracle. With all her fond playing with him, her grateful fondness for him, he had been the pure in heart. The wonder of it! That always, his passion had been a shelter and protecting one—a fatherhood, indeed, she defended her against the town's tongues, that exulted in her success. And once again he looked off to the east and his mystic impulse came. He kissed his fingers to the dusk and whispered: "Because you're there, Aurelie—just because you're there!"

At dark he went to the cabin, and before a tiny fire sat long. A morrow was to be thought of—a sober reckoning tomorrow, the long straight road. He would have to go, he reasoned; he was crushed, he had here. And then a flame of dogged courage swept him. No, he would not go! He had done no wrong. Fate had struck him down, but he accepted. He would make his fight—a losing fight, perhaps—with the infinite cruelty of ostracism and the sneers of misunderstanding; the mutter of nameless things that men whisper only to their kind, always about him. But he would stay; he would steel his soul to it, with some sort of new patience and pride in renunciation that none could know. Unless it was best for her! Then he would go, gladly the wanderer; silent, crying down his fatherhood, his lonely love for her. For she had best not know he whispered—never, never!

In the dark he groped about this circle, and nothing could be found except that what was for her, he would do. Nothing else would matter. Then he slept, as he had not dreamed he could sleep, in a child's peace; or as one who had emptied his soul, beholding a flame burn it out to purity. Once, in the night, he awakened and found his lips muttering: "Thank God!" and then slept again in his inexplicable peace.

Only, on this consciousness, there seemed to come sounds, faint and far, like the firing of a shot now and then. When dawn came he arose, hungry and stiffened with weariness and cold, but with a cleansed hunger, a somber resolve, a feeling of the need of men. When he looked out the morning there came again sounds that he could dimly recall in his dreams—gunshots. Once they were almost like a volley.

Now, on his descent to town, he could see black distant figures, men moving out the road along the creek.

CHAPTER XXIV

### THE PRICE IS PAID

At sunset Curran was far in the hills. There was a tiny hunting shack in the thick of an oak scrub ridge where he had often spent the night in other seasons, with Harlan or Arne, seeking the squirrels and wild pigeons, and now, unconsciously, his steps led him to the same place, on the same purpose—only he must be alone with his crisis of defeat; he must keep reason, he must grope for the tatters life had left him.

All the afternoon he had wandered, leaving the road, and meeting no one. He had beheld the silent middle country, the cloud patches chasing one another over the close cropped meadows from ridge to ridge, the valleys bleak in the November hush. Afar he heard the hum of the morning train from the frozen husks, throwing it with a rough cadence against the bump boards of the wagons; and now and then he saw the yellow piles among the shocked fodder and the pumpkin vines. Again he saw a threshing crew, the red machine, the "flow of chaff, the glint of the fork tines as the pitchers threw the bundles to the hand cutters; the farm boys wallowing in the bright straw, the girls coming out to bid the hands to dinner which the neighbor women had gathered to prepare. All this fine hearty life seemed strangely unreal, but curiously his mind absorbed itself in it. He pictured the long table in the farmhouse, the host welcoming the guests, the discussion of the yield and price with the weighers and sack sewers, as the owner let the brown wheat run through his fingers. All this he had been giving up with his new larger life; this proxy country, he had discovered and loved, and which had made place for him, given him honor. And now, at the moment of his miracle, the precious knowledge of their trust, and that he was equal to this man's work, he was, again, the wanderer, the man without understanding, the poet without song.

He turned from it all with tear-filled eyes, climbing higher in the bluffs. The leaves were new-fallen, showing the faint green of the new growth, and the corn coming up to the top of the roads, leading to the towns, first past the modest homes of the workers and hired folk, and then to the heavy-faced houses of the rich. After all, a pleasant friendly town, coming at last to know him; a wholesome town, always with odorous airs; and filled with the voices of young people, boys climbing the cattle trails, sweethearts wandering along the pebbly water-courses of Sunday afternoons; or old men and women coming slowly along the walks under the arching maples, speaking kindly, knowing every one and the children of every one.

From the last high ridge, where the bluffs began, he could see the great vistas. The smoke over the mines and factories in Earlville, the Mississippi, a band of dull silver strung along the hills of Illinois; and now, on his home shore, far to the north, a single farm wagon, following up the red gash of a road to the yellow bluff, then rattling on a crawling speck at last the wrapped figure in the seat alone and desolate under the sky, the low-pressing globe of gray. He thought it might be his friend, Hemminger, going back to his home people. He would tell them the news. He wondered how they would receive it; if they would not be saddened? They would open their weekly paper, the damp and soggy little sheet that came from its old press, and read his announcement. The smoke would go about—some nameless blight that had struck down their champion, and only the infinite silence would answer. He thought of the farmers driving homeward from the rally that would not take place, rough garbed, silent, in a sort of awe of Thad Tanner, the little gray boss who was on top again. They would guess at this much. But Curran who, somehow, had appealed to their own secret sentiment; who had come clearing an obscure message, the fighting good, the newer ideal of democracy—something past the money lust of the republic—he, who had dreamed that out of their gray and honest lives he might weave the colors of his own infinite possibilities—what would they think of him?

Tomorrow was the election, and by night the great fight would be won. They would all win, Delroy, the mill-tant governor, the junior senator; all the men of the north in the brilliant campaign. But he who had been of them, of whom the home folk had been

CHAPTER XXV

### THE COMMUNAL LAW

It was still very early when Curran left the trail in the road back of his cottage and came down past it to the News shop. The housekeeper was not about. He wondered at that, she must be sleeping later than usual. In the back yard was a heap of burned paper ash that puzzled him. He came through the shop, opened the front door and looked out.

The square was deserted. One or two clerks were setting out the vegetable crates and displays, but around the hitching rail there was not a team, nor all down High street a human being. Curran was surprised—it must still be very early.

Then about the corner by the bank a stiffened lame old figure crept. Curran regarded Uncle Michigan in surprise. His eyes had the look of a hunted animal, staring above his shaggy beard.

"Mr. Wiley!" "Uncle Mich!" "I'm going to the station to meet her, Mr. Wiley. I telegraphed last night, and she'll come to save Knute and Peter and the baby!" "Save them? Mich!"

(Continued next week.)

Showing a Churlish Spirit. From the Duluth Herald.

There is a very petty project before the Senate. Recognizing that the shipping trust must be forced to let go the subsidy provided by the law for the American coastwise vessels from the payment of canal tolls, some of the senators propose, instead of repealing the provision, to amend it so that the president can suspend it if he wishes.

This may seem to these senators to be a way to save their dignity by avoiding direct action, but in point of fact it is most undignified subterfuge, because it is mean and churlish.

It is unworthy of the Senate or of any senate. The honest, manly thing to do, the only honest and manly thing that can be done, is to repeal the provision which contributes not only a ship subsidy but a direct action, in a treaty to which the nation's word and good faith are pledged.

What is a Newspaper. (Taken from a paper published in the '90s.) Articles able and wise, my boy. At least in the editor's eyes, my boy. With logic so great, my boy. That few understand To what in the world it applies, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy. Banished by somebody's pills, my boy. 'Till you ask with surprise Why anyone has ills, my boy. Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy. The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy. The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy. The state of the crops, my boy. And the styles of the fops, my boy. And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

Who has got married to whom, my boy. Who has cut off his hair, my boy. Who has had mirth, my boy. On this sorrow-stained earth, my boy. And who has been laid in the tomb, my boy.

The cost of living in Austria recently has grown so great that the government will take steps to check further advance in prices if possible. The people desire that the cattle and meat business of Vienna be taken over by a proposed agrarian bank that has advanced from 20 to 30 per cent.

## SCATTER MORSELS OF CHEER

Impossible to Estimate How Much a Kind Word May Mean to Those in Misfortune.

It is often told that Eugene Field one day wandered into a basement restaurant, sat down at a table, put his chin in his hands and gazed moodily into space. A waiter came to him and after the manner of his kind enumerated the long list of dishes that were ready to be served.

"No, no," said Field, dejectedly, "I require none of those things. All I want is some sliced oranges and a few kind words."

Whether or not the incident be true, it is suggestive. Unquestionably, deeds weigh far more than words, and yet it is almost tragic to think how much happier and better this struggling world would become if kind words were more often heard. We all, every day, come in contact with those who are in Eugene Field's state of mind. They are in our own homes; mothers and fathers and children. They are behind the counters of stores; they are employes on trains; they are servants in kitchens; they are everywhere, and their name is legion. A word of appreciation would brighten the whole day and would make it easier for them to keep on trying.—Youth's Companion.

The Editorial Usage. The Club Duffer—Boy, we've made another mistake—we're in the bunker over the green.

The Caddie (resenting the use of the pronoun)—So we are, sir. What price us for a couple of proper bloom-in' dud golfers, eh?—London Opinion.

His Job. "How does your husband spend his Sundays?" "Cleaning up the automobile, mostly."

Putnam Fadeless Dyes make no muss. Adv.

Accurate. Military Examiner—What must a man be to be buried with military honors? Recruit—Dead—London Opinion.

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.

Blow to Scientist. Professor Beanhrough was jubilant. "Ah, ha!" he cried, as he rested on his shovel. "Look what we have unearthed! I believe we have discovered the remains of some herbivorous amphibian of the order of pleisosauri!"

Farmer Sodbuster took a good look. "Nope, you're wrong, prof," he said. "Them bones belonged to a hog I buried here two years ago last fall."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Had it the Night Before. "Well, Sis," said her brother at the breakfast table as Agnes, daughter of the household, appeared at table, heavy-eyed after she had entertained a tiresome and late-staying admirer the evening before, "you look as if you need something to keep you awake."

"I do not," she responded wearily. "I had it last evening."

ERUPTION ON CHILD'S BODY

R. F. D. No. 2, Jackson, Mo.—"Our daughter who is ten months old was suffering from an eruption all over the body. In the beginning they were small red spots and afterwards turned to bloody sores. We tried all sorts of ointments but they did not procure any relief for our child. She cried almost day and night and we scarcely could touch her, because she was covered with sores from head to foot.

"We had heard about the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and made a trial with them, and after using the remedies, that is to say, the Soap and the Ointment, only a few days passed and our child could sleep well and after one week she was totally well." (Signed) August F. Bartels, Nov. 25, 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.

Almost the only time a suffragette objects to standing up for her rights is in a crowded car.

ADDRESSED TO WOMEN

In the Expectant Period

Before the coming of the little one—women need to be possessed of all their natural strength. Instead of being harassed by forebodings and weakened by nausea, sleeplessness, or nervousness—if you will bring to your aid

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

You will find that most of the suffering will not make its appearance.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of a life study of ailments, disorders and irregularities peculiar to women. Its continued supremacy in its particular field for more than forty years is your assurance of the benefit to be derived from its use.

1. either narcotics nor alcohol will be found in this vegetable prescription, in liquid or tablet form. Sold by druggists or a trial box will be sent you by mail on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps.

Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels

## Displeased With Bargain.

Jean sorely wanted a kitten, but her mother not liking felines, this joy was denied her until a severe operation became prospective. Then a bargain was made with the frightened child.

"If you will be a brave girl, Jean, and go through the operation without fussing you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

The child, delighted, climbed upon the operating table and took the ether without a struggle. As she came out of the anesthetic and began to feel, horribly sick and weak, she murmured something. The nurse leaned over to catch the faintly uttered words:

"What a bum way to get a cat!"

Knew What He Was Doing. A little boy had a colt and a dog, and a friend of the family took special delight in teasing him with questions such as "Won't you give me one of your pets?"

One day the boy said: "All right; I'll give you my colt."

The mother, much surprised, asked: "Why didn't you offer him the dog?" "Sh!" whispered the boy; "say nothing, say nothing, mother, but when he goes to get the colt I'll sic the dog on him."

Solomon Not in It. Two old vagrants were discussing how wise the large-rimmed tortoiseshell mandarin spectacles made Magistrate Freschi look.

"It makes him look as wise as Solomon," said one.

"Solomon ain't in it," replied the other, "in them big cheaters the judge looks as wise as tree full of owls."—New York World.

## W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$3.50 to \$5.00  
Women's \$2.50 to \$3.50  
Misses, Boys, Children \$1.50 to \$2.50

Began business in 1878, now in my 40th year. My shoes are made in my own factory, 210 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

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