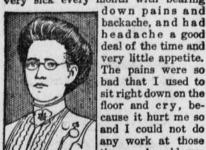
IN SUCH PAIN **WOMAN CRIED**

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota. - "I used to be very sick every month with bearing



down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do

times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. P. W. Lanseng, Route No. 1, Florence, South Dakota,

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, halfhearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

NO EXPERT WITNESS NEEDED

Ruite Evident Mr. Miggs Was Right When He Testified as to the Handwriting.

"Libel, Indeed!"

Old Miggs repeated the words to himself dully and uncomprehendingly, as he tramped along to the court, where he was to appear as a witness in a local libel suit.

Nervously he entered the witness The flerce looking lawyer eyed him

calculatingly. "Do you swear," he asked, "that this

is not your handwriting?"

don't think so," stammered Miggs

"Now, be careful," insinuated the awyer. "Are you prepared to swear that this handwriting does not resem-

ble yours?" "Yes," answered Miggs trembling. "You take your oath that this does lot in any way resemble your hand solemnly queried the

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the witness, how thoroughly frightened.

the lawyer triumphantly, as he thrust his head toward the witness. This action woke the last spark of drooping courage in poor Miggs; and, thrusting forth his head, he yelled: "'Cos I can't write!"

No Use.

When visiting the wounded men in a field hospital an army chaplain came to one poor fellow who was groaning pitifully.

"Come, my poor fellow, bear the pain like a man," said the chaplain. It's no use kicking against fate."

"Bedad, sorr," murmured the sufferer, "you're right, especially when, as in my case, they're the fate of an

Delays **Sometimes** Expensive

Business or social engagement-just a few minutes for lunch-can't wait for service. What can be had quickly?

Order

Post **Toasties**

with fresh berries or fruit and cream. They will be served immediately, they are nourishing and taste mighty good, too.

Sold by Grocers -everywhere!

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author The Perfect Tribute. etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII-(Continued).

five years. It was a mere chance, he had heard, that this young signor had not been sent to Spielberg instead of this place; to horrible Spielberg, where one might see high bred nobles of Italy chained to felons, living in underground cells. Battista shuddered. He had come to have a great affection for this prisoner; he trembled at the thought that some caprice of those in power might send him even yet to Spielberg. cells. Battista shuddered. He had come to have a great affection for this prisoner; he trembled at the thought that some caprice of those in power might send him even yet to Spielberg. Moreover—Battista hardly dared think it in his heart, but he himself was Italian—a patriot. And behold him a jaller to a man who was suffering—he believed—for the patriot cause. His soul longed to help him, yet he was afraid, even to be too gentle with his prisoner. longed to help him, yet he was afraid, even to be too gentle with his prisoner. It was an off chance that had left him

felons. So Battista was trusted as if he were Austrian born.

All this flashed through his mind as he gazed pitifully at the sick prisoner, only just out of boyhood, yet with that band of white hair, the badge of his captivity, in the thick brown thatch of his head. He lay very still row, as if his tossing were all finished, his face turned to the wall; Battista, softhearted, cautious, stopped to look at him a moment before going out. As he looked the dark head turned swiftly and the bright eyes met

"I did not dream of it; I never knew what castle this was; I never dreamed of Castelforte; you would not tell me."
"I could not, signor. It was forbidden. I am risking my life every minute."

"Go. Battista," and Francois pushed him away with weak hands. "Go quick-ly—you have been here too long. There

might be suspicion. I could not live if I brought trouble on you."

must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

With that he slipped to his knees and lifted the feverish hand to his lips. "The friend of my young master," he said simply, but his voice broke on the words. The traditional faithfulness of centuries was strong in Battista; the Zappis had been good masters; one had been cared for and contented always; one was terrorized and ground down by these "Austrian swine;" the memory of the old masters, the personality of any one connected with them, was sacred. Battista bowed his head over the hands in his own, then he stood up.

Hers come to do. He went on then, in a low voice.

"If there were good fairies, if I had three wishes: Alixe—the prince made emperor—Francois Beaupre, a marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe I shall do that —I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain.

But, if he were to escape ever, the going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him

sether, the boyish adventures innumerable. Every word Battista drank in the had not seen the young marquis since had not seen the young marquis since him. He is going in two days."

It was whispered quickly and Battista stood erect.

'It was whispered quickly and Battista stood erect.

'The signor's food will get cold if days, the boy of 18 had come back to his country, the castle had already been bis country, the castle had already been selected by the Austrians, and it had not feed for prisoners who do not appresent the signor does not eat it." he spoke aroffly. "I do not like to carry good select by the Austrians, and it had not feed for prisoners who do not appresent the come in the prisoner who do not appresent the feed for prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte with his father the prisoners who had left Castellorte him. He is going in two days."

It was whispered quickly and Battista stood erect.

The signor does not eat it." he spoke aroffly the prisoners who do not appresent the prisoners who had left Castellorte him his pris

Yet he knew well how the Austrian tyrants left men for a little thing, for a suspicion, for nothing, lying in dungeons worse than this for three times five years. It was a mere chance, he had heard, that this young signor had not been sent to Spielberg instead of this place; to horrible Spielberg, where the influence of Francois without having an affection for him, but the day ling an affection for him, but the day ling an affection for him, but the day ling an affection for him, but the day ing an affection for him; but the day of his mention of Pietro had made Bat-tista his slave.

longed to help him, yet he was afraid, even to be too gentle with his prisoner. It was an off chance that had left him here, Battista Serrani, in the castle of his old masters, after the castle had been confiscated by the Austrians, to be used by them as a prison. But what could he do? He was a poor man; he had a wife and children to think of; his knowledge of the place had been useful at first to the new lords, and then they had seen that he was hard working and closed mouthed, and had kept seemed, that he was Italian at all. So here he was, set to guard men whom he would give his life to make free. But the masters knew well and he knew that it meant more than his life to be disloyal—it meant the lives of his wife and children. There would be small pity for such as Battista when great noblemen were treated like felons. So Battista was trusted as if he were Austrian born.

All this flashed through his mind as he gazed pitifully at the sick prisoner, only just out of boyhood, yet with that band of white hair, the badge of this captivity, in the thick brown thatch of his head. He lay very still it; he had a fine voice and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to

sa he gazed pliffully at the sick private one of his captivity, in the thick brown of his captivity, in the bright year not captilly and the bright year not him, and the thick brown of a that time was away on a visit of every day reason.

"You are good to me, lattista," when the propriet of a change within the health have these evenings and a captivity when the captivity when the captivity when the captivity has the bright year not captivity and the bright year not him, of it for you see it thought what the captivity has the bright year not be thought what the captivity has the bright year not at that time was away on a visit of every day reason.

"You are good to me, lattista," but the proported of a change within the proported of the proported of a change within the proported of the proported of a change within the proported of which had landed him in the desolation of an Austrian prison. He had saved the prince's life; it was an omen of greater things which he should do for the prince. If no more came of it he would have done his part; he could de happy, but he believed without a shadow of doubt that more was to come.

"Some day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he said to himself one day, staring through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched home spun clothes."

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little brown, trudging figure so well remembered.

"Some day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte." he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his meadow—he called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne of France—that is my work—my life."

He talked aloud at times, as prison— I brought trouble on you."

I brought trouble on you."

"It is right so far, signor," Battista answered. "It is known you are ill; I must care for the sick ones a little. But I had better go now."

To help place in.

He talked aloud at times, as prisoners come to do. He went on then, in a low voice.

"If there were good fairles, if I had

he stood up.
"I shall be back at bedtime, signor," shut up absolutely. It had been so "I shall be back at bedtime, signor," he said quietly, and was gone.

In Francois had an ally now, and he knew it. The excitement of the thought, the joy of dim possible results buoyed his high-strung temperament like a tonic. He must be, he would be careful beyond words to guard against any danger, any suspicion for Battista, but— There were chances even with that provision. Here was hope. It is necessary, perhaps, to have been five years a prisoner in a cell in an unknown castle in a foreign land to know what the first glimpse of hope may mean.

Instantly, with the hope working in him, he began to get well. Little by

Instantly, with the hope working in him, he began to get well. Little by little, watching fearfully against the peril of conversations long enough to seem suspicious to eyes always alert, he told Battista of the close friendship of the clateau in France, of the splendid old officer of Napoleon and of his daughter, the beautiful demoiselle, who was Alixe; of the years at school together, the boyish adventures innumerable. Every word Battista drank in: he

o'vn country. But the man's memory of his little lord was vivid and loving:
be listenel easerly to the least detail of his unknown older life.

And day by day the prisoner who could tell im such things, who was the

Going to Vicques, the little Battista. From Castleforte. And he, Francois, must stay here in prison. His soul From Castleforte. And he, Francois, must stay here in prison. His soul was wrung with a sudden wild home-sickness. He wanted to see Alixe, to see his mother, to see the general, to see his mother, to see the general, to see the peaceful little village and the stream that ran through it, and the stream that ran through it, and the steep-arched bridge, and the poppy fields, and the corn. The gray castle with its red roofs, and the beech wood and the dim, high walled library, how he wanted to see it all! How his heart ached, madly, fiercely. This was the worst moment of all his captivity. And with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something was slipped under the bedclothes.

"Paper—pens. The signor will write a letter this afternoon. And tomorrow little Battista will take it."

And the heart of Francois gave a sudden throb of joy as wild as its anguish. He could speak to them before he died; it might be they could save him. His hands stole to the package under the coarse blanket. It seemed as if in touching it he touched his mother and his sweetheart and his home.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD NEWS.

In the garden of the chateau of Vic-

In the garden of the chateau of Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down to the sun dial and the round lawn on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alixe and Pietro sat, where Alixe and Francois had sat five years before.

Alixe, again in her dark riding habit, with the blue feather in her hat and the gauntleted hands, was grown from an exquisite slip of a girl into a woman more lovely than the girl. Her eyes, when she lifted the long, exaggerated, curied lashes, held fire and force, and knowledge of suffering, it might be, under their steady smile, but held all these in control. This was a woman able not only to endure things, which is the gift of most women, but to do things. Pietro, his big arm stretched along the back of the stone seat, watched her—as Pietro had watched her always. It seemed never to trouble her to turn and find his honest eyes fixed calmly on her face. Pietro, whose illness at Ancona had put Francois into his place in the escape of Louis Napoleon, had put Francois in his place as the prisoner of Austria now these five years—Pietro had managed to get away from Italy and had joined Queen Hortense and her son before they entered Paris. Both the prince and Pietro had moved heaven and earth to find out the fate of Francois. That he had been taken by the Austrian squad at the end of his wild ride they knew. More than this they could not discover, except that one or two things pointed to the conclusion that he had been immediately executed.

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little brown,
trudging figure so well remembered.
Then she tossed up her head sharply
"Who?"—and then she laughed. "I
shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was he

back in the beech wood."
"I see no one." Pietro stared.
"But you have no eyes, Pietro—I can always see a thing two minutes before you." Alixe threw at him. "There—

w."
"A peasant—from some other vil- vet slope of purple one. lage." Alixe spoke carelessly. " I do not know him," and they went on talk-ing, as they had been doing, of Fran-

tro's arm. The letter was clutched her other hand thrust back of her.

to listen, as he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave

with that she three, up her head and he lay in bed at night and listened less traveled highways.

this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, re-What manners are these?"

me to say to Monsieur the Marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imagine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I have him brought here? He must have something to tell us."

Alixe, her letter tight in her hands, struggled in her mind. Then: "The letter will keep—yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for what he may tell us."

So Moison, having orders to produce

So Moison, having orders to produce sto Molson, having orders to produce at once the said little Battista, retired, much excited, and returned shortly—but not so shortly as to have omitted a fling of the great news into the midst of the servants' hall. He conducted, marching behind him, the little Battista on appropriate the servants of great of the servants. marching behind him, the little Battista, an enormous young man of six feet, four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a worshiping joy, and kissed his hand. Having done which, he arose sllently and stood waiting, with those beaming eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but otherwise decorous.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in seeing his old servant and the friend of his childhood, and the big man of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the color flushing his happy face. Then "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?"

"My father," answered Battista laconically.

onically. "How did your father get it?" "From the signor prisoner, my sig-

nor."

Alixe and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what means this was possible. Pietro, remembering the little Battista of old, vaguely remember that he was incapable of initiative in speech. One must number him painfully.

able of initiative in speech. One must pump him painfully.

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alixe asked.

The little Battista turned his eyes on her a second, approvingly, but briefly.

They went back without delay to their of dayouring the face of the mean.

as things were; that even if released he might not regain his health, would not live, perhaps; that the only thing which could save him would be a long sea voyage.
"A long sea voyage!" Alixe groaned

and put her face into her hands suddenly, and Pietro looked very sorrow-ful. "A long sea voyage for a political prisoner in the hands of the pitiless Austrians!"

At the end of the interview the little Battista put his hand into his breast pocket and brought out another letter, thickly folded. Would mademoiselle thickly folded. Would mademoiselle have him instructed where to find the mother of the signor prisoner? He had promised to put this into her own hands. He must do it before he touched

And Jean Phillippe Moinson, who had lurked discreetly back of the nearest "Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are more than natural, Alixe. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I see him now. Mon Dieu: he is a big felbetween the scarlet flowers, up the velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the

Half an hour later the general

not know him," and they went on talking, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Phillippe Moison, 40 now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tail gray vases, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letter was on it.

"For Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were astoinshed to see her fall to shivering as it in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back of her.

"Pietro!" ther other hand thrust back of her.

"Pietro!"

"What is it, Alixe?" His voice was quiet as ever, but his hand was around her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Alixe?"

She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook, rustled with her trembling. "It is—from Francois!"

that Pietro loved the girl; he knew that the girl loved Pietro, at least as a sister loves a brother. But she was not a sister; why had it gone no further? Alixe, now a very beautiful woman, a woman of charm greater than beauty, had had many lovers, but no one of them had touched her heart, and this Frenchman and his daughter were on strange terms for a French family. So lling. "It is—from Francois!"

Jean Phillippe Moison, having stayed o listen, as he ought not, lifted his always that the general would not have

eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, volubly, unrebuked. By now the unsteady fingers of Alixe had opend the paper, and her head and Pietro's were bent over it, devouring the well known writing. Alixe, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running comment.

"From prison—our Froncois—dear Francois!" And then: "Pive years, Pietro! Think—while we have been free!" And then, with a swift clutch again at the big coat sleeve crowding against her. "Pietro! See, see! The date—it is only two months ago. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I knew it. Pietro! A woman knows more things then a man."

With that she threw, up her head and

fixed Jean Phillippe, drinking in all through the stillness to the Cheulte rushing down over its stones half a mile away. He wished above all oth-"What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a flash into pure human trust and affection toward the anxious old servant: 'My dear, old, good Moison—he is alive—Monsieur Francois, his boy Francois, whose carson—he is alive—Monsieur Francois, his boy Francois, whose called the is alive—Monsieur Francois, his boy Francois, whose carreer had promised so brilliantly, whose alive—in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Moison!" And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Moison?"

Jean Phillippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young person speaks little language. But he told me to say to Monsieur the Marquis that he was the little Battista."

mile away. He wished above all other wishes to know Alixe married to Pietro; yet when he saw them together when he saw them together he was jealous for the memory of Francois, his boy Francois, whose carreer had promised so brilliantly, whose dashing courage, whose strength and brains and beauty and charm had been brains and delight almost as much as the brave bright character of Alixe. He himself had sent the boy away to keep him from Alixe. It might be he had sent him to his death; it might be he had sent him to his death; it might be he had sent him to his death; it might be he had sent he came up

He puzzled over it as he came up through the park—and then he saw Alixe and Pietro coming joyfully toward him, running light heartedly, calling to him with excited gay voices. It stabbed the general's heart; a quick thought came of that other who had been always with them, now dead or worse, of that other whom these two had forgotten. And with that they were had forgotten. And with that they were upon him, and Alixe was kissing him, hugging him, pushing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face—anywhere.

where.
"Father—good news—the best news

almost the best! Father, be ready for the good news!"

"I am ready," the general growled impatiently. "What is this foolery? Sabre de bols! What is your news, then, you silly child?"

And Alixe, shaking very much, laid her hand on his cheek and looked earn-estly into his eyes. "Father, Francois is alive!" For all his gruff self-control the geno

eral made the letter an excuse shortly to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees should suddenly bend and give way because of a thrill of rapture in a man's psychological makeup! But the general had to sit down. And then and there all that had been extracted from

there all that had been extracted from little Battista was rehearsed and the letter read over from start to finish.

The letter, still kept in that cabinet in Virginia, told them all that has already been written or told, and which was of importance to this chronicle. But some of it was what has been quoted about the old days when the three children rode Coq in the park, and about the morning when the Marquis Zappi came with his little boy, Pietro. The general, hearing that, was afflicted with all varieties of a cold, and Alixe choked, reading it, and broke down and read again, half crying, half laughing.

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead."

dead."

And the general, getting up and striding about flercely, ripped out savage words such as should be avoided—many of them—and alternating with symptoms of sudden severe influenza. Then he whirled on the two.

"Alive—yes! But in prison—in that devil's hole of an old castle!" And Alixe looked at Pietro and laughed, but the general paid no attention. "He must be got out. There is no time to waste. Diable! He is perishing in that vile stable! What was that the lad said about the doctor's speech, that only a long sea voyage could save him? One must get him out, mon Dieu, quick!"

Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her

quick!"
Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her head down on it suddenly and stood so for a moment, her face hidden, Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looked at the general with wide gray eyes, considering. With that Alixe flashed up, turned on the young Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; her eyes shone blue fire.

(Continued next week.)

Charitable Toward Newspapers.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. Of course, every man has a reason for allowing his beard or mustache to grow. The youth is perfectly determined to see how he'll look; he is not in the least willing to accept the judgment of his mother, who decides at once that he looks like an unwashed bandit; but, doubtless, when a man arrives it but, doubtless, when a man arrives it is the contract of the second at the age of Senator James Hamilton Lewis, and attains the prestige of a United States senator from Illinois, it does not matter what anyone thinks,

from a personal point of view.
In this day and age of the careless world. Beau Brummel must have some distinctive characteristic beside his beard, and so the distinguished senator from Illinois has also cultivated the aesthetic. It is almost impossible to think about him as once working on the docks in Seattle for his daily bread, and his fare out of town-because he

wanted to get away.

But such is the story of J. "Ham"
Lewis, and, according to that individual himself, he is not so unlike the average gentleman, except as he himself laugh-ingly explains, when he is pictured "as

"My whiskers," he exclaimed to an eminent Washington interviewer, not long ago, "why, to cut them off would deprive the papers of one of their funniest paragraphs."

"Only a Living" on the Farm.

"Only a Living" on the Farm.

From the Breeder's Gazette.

"We are only making a living on the farm," complained a friend not long ago. We happen to know that it is a good living, that the home is a roomy, comfortable sort of place, that there is a sleeping porch, a bath room, a fireplace, a sunny dining room. He has cows, fowls, horses, carriages and a garden. Besides, certain improvements and soil ameliorations that he has undertaken will some day yield him far more of the fruits of the earth than he is today receiving.

Leaving this friend and his farm we took a journey and awoke to look out at a manufacturing city. Closely set were the tall houses, dusty, smoked, between them hot and dirty streets. In such environment lies a great proportion of a America's people; fewer than the haif of us dwell on farms, the rest in cities.

A living? Seeing men emerging from these smoke begrimed homes dinner pails in hand to go to their places of toil we remembered our friends on farms. They arise and go forth in the freshness of the dewy morning, the air is clean, the birds are al labout them, the sun shines, the fresh breezes blow. Theirs is no such toil as that of shop or office. A living? Commend us to the living that goes with the peaceful fields.

Should a Man Hait?

From the Clinton Herald.

The Burlington Gazette says that a Chicago policeman was within his rights when he shot and killed a man who was running along the street at night, and who did not stop when ordered to. The Gazette overlooks two important facts. First, there had been no crime committed. Secondly, the policeman was behind the running man, the night was dark, and the man did not know it was a policeman who called it. It might have been a thug, and the fact, as recorded by the policeman himself, that the man increased his speed when ordered to stop, is pretty good evidence that he thought a footpad was after him. The man was a waiter in a restaurant, with a good reputation.

If that policeman was within his rights, then there is no security for anyone in this country, A man has a right to run on the street if he wants to. And he doesn't have to stop when ordered to, unless he knows that the order is from some one in authority. Should a Man Halt?

Big Job of Diplomacy. From the South Bend Tribune.

If diplomacy really wants to accomplish something, why not try mediation between the neighbor who raises a garden and the one who raises chickens?

Vermont has decided to return to