Murfreesboro, Tenn. - "I have wanted to write to you for a long time to tell you what your



wonderful remedies have done for me. I was a sufferer from female weakness and displacement and I would have such tired, worn out feelings, sick headaches and dizzy spells. Doctors did me no good so I tried

the Lydia E. Pinkham Remedies - Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash. I am now well and strong and can do all my own work. I owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and want other suffering women to know about it."- Mrs. H. E. MABEN, 211 S. Spring St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Why Lose Hope. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope un-til she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

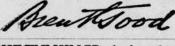
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do

their duty CureCon-stipation, ousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE, Genuine must bear Signature





Sometimes. "Do you believe it pays to get next

to the soil?" "It did me when I went out prospecting and struck pay dirt."

AT THE FIRST SIGNS

Of Falling Hair Get Cuticura. It Works Wonders. Trial Free.

Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment, and follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. This at once arrests falling hair and promotes hair growth. You may rely on these supercreamy emollients for all skin troubles.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Girls should beware of young men who pose as candy kids; as husbands they are apt to develop into lemon фторы.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Because one is not leading the procession it is no sign that he is down and out.

Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especial ly if the kidney action seems disordered.

Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case



Mrs. M. Clinker,
N. State St., Tama,
Iowa, says: "For
two years I was
afflicted with dull
pains in the small
of my back and in
my shoulders. If I
sat long I could
hardly get up and
mornings my back
w a s extremely
lame. On a friend's
advice I u s e d
Doan's Kidney
pills and they
od shape. I am now

DOAN'S HIDNEY FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MARY MIDTHORNE

IIII IIII IIII

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

Copyright, 1911, By Dodd, Mead & Co.

IIII IIII IIII

CHAPTER XI .- (Continued).

He undressed in the dark, leaped into bed and although the night was very warm, pulled the coverlet over his shivering frame, and closed his eyes so tightly that they hurt, in the effort to go to sleep instantly whether his brain willed it or no. Many minutes passed and sleep came not because he courted it so zealously. He heard the muffled strokes of the ancient clock in the hallway below. He remembered that it was out of repair—it had been ever since he could recall—and was as likely to strike 15 as it was one; it never struck the correct number. The hour was 3, he knew, but he found himself wondering how far out of the way the futile timepeace would prove to be. He counted 11. Then the silence was more deathlike than before. The incongruous thought flashed through his mind that his uncle, being a methodical person, was singularly remiss in allowing the clock to go on such a prolonged tantrum as this.

Suddenly he remembered that he had not said his prayers. He never had missed saying them before. Mr. Presbrey had been particularly imperative about the prayers. Formerly he had knelt at the rail of the bed to say had knelt at the rail of the bed to say them, but of late he had been mumbling them in bed, asserting an independence that rather pleased him, although he was careful not to apprise Mr. Presbrey of the departure. Impelled by a strange power which would not be resisted, he slipped out of bed and knelt once more in the old, accepted way. Before he knew what had happened, in the course of the set prayer which the minister had prepared for him, he mumbled the sentence, "bless Uncle Horace and Aunt Rena and Cousin Chetwynd and bless Rena and Cousin Chetwynd and bless my dear sister—"

my dear sister—"

But there he stopped. Chetwynd!
The name seemed to strike back at his
lips. The prayer was ended.
As he started to rise, a long, quavering cry came from Mary's room. He
sprang to his feet, electrified, his
whole body rigid from the shock to his
overwrought nerves. With bated breath
and glaring eyes, he waited for a repetition of the sound. It came a moment later, this time louder and with
a note of terror.

overwrought nerves. With bated breath and glaring eyes, he waited for a repetition of the sound. It came a moment later, this time louder and with a note of terror.

"Eric!"

It was Mary's voice after all. A wave of relief surged over him. In two bounds he was at her door.

"What is it? What is the matter, Mary?"

"Come here, Eric," she cried plaintively. "Gh, I've had such a terrible dream. Please light the gas, just for a minute. It was so real. I wonder if it could have been true. Did you hear any one go out of my door?"

"No," he replied, stopping in the middle of the room, conscious of a strange premonition. "You were dreaming. No one has been here."

"Light the gas. I am so nervous. I thought Chetwynd was in the room, standing at the side of my bed, with his face. He was saying something to me. I couldn't catch all of the words. I was so frightened, and his voice was so thick and hoarse. But I did under the winds we sound not go on being the sweet. He could not go on being the sweet.

He started. "Before I get home?"

"Ioked Into your room at 10 clock into the came a moment there."

"Ioked Into your room at 10 clock into the came a moment there."

"I lestned nearly all night for him. He was out, too. Go and listen at his door, Eric. See if he is in there."

"Nonense. I can't go snooping around like that. He's in, of course. He won't dare come in here. You're a minute. It was so real. I wonder if it could have been true. Did you hear any one go out of my door?"

"No," he replied, stopping in the middle of the room, conscious of a strange premonition. "You were dreaming. No one has been here."

"Light the gas. I am so nervous. I thought Chetwynd was in the room, standing at the side of my bed, with his hands reaching out to grab hold of me. He had home?"

"I leave your door wide open, please, and in the reom, and Ilke that other God fearing man—a Christian whose—"

"Leave your door wide open, please, and is prevented the prevented with shame, or will you publicly consign him to the devil as you did your "Ho strange premonition. "You were dreaming. No one has been here."

"Light the gas. I am so nervous. I thought Chetwynd was in the room, standing at the side of my bed, with his hands reaching out to grab hold of me. He had the most awful look in his face. He was saying something to me. I couldn't catch all of the words, I was so frightened, and his voice was so thick and hoarse. But I did understand part of it. It was bad, oh, so vile. I don't know why I should dream such I don't know why I should dream such things. Won't you light the gas, things. Won'

But he stood there as if turned to tone—the blood in his veins congealed. She heard strange, mumbled words on

"Oh, God, I wonder if he was here.
"Oh, God, I wonder if he was here.
"No, no, you ninny," cried she, with a shrill little laugh. "Of course, it was a dream. I'm wide awake now. I'm sorry I disturbed you, Eric. Butplease stay with me for a little while. It was so real, and I'm such a coward. You know how frightened I am of him, anyway. Sit down on the bed, Eric."
"I shan't light the gas," he said resolutely. He would not let her see his face. That was out of the question.
He sat down on the edge of the bed. In the darkness her eager little hand sought his, and found it as cold as ice, "How cold your hand is." she cried.

"Werslep, I dare say," remarked Adam the here oldest employe.
"Overslep, I dare say," remarked Adam laconically.
"He never does that, sir," replied the and laconically.
"He never does that, sir," replied the and laconically.
"He never does that, sir," replied the and laconically.
"It was it," said Adam. "By the way, his son here?"
"No, sir. That's what makes me think the way, his son here?"
"No, sir. That's what makes me think there's something wrong up at the house."
"Have you telephoned?"
"Mr. Gray did, a moment ago. No one is ever late here, sir. That is among the employes. It's Mr. Elagden's rule. Sickness is the only excuse, or a death in the family."
"Umph!" said Mr. Carr.
"The whole blighting story of Chet-God. I wonder if he was here.

"I shan't light the gas," he said resolutely. He would not let her see his face. That was out of the question.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. In the darkness her eager little hand sought his, and found it as cold as ice.

sought his, and found it as cold as ice.

"How cold your hand is." she cried.

"Is it?" he asked mechanically.

"Listen, Eric, and I'll tell you why
I had the dream. They say there is no
explanation for one's dreams, but I
don't believe it. I think, if one can only
go back into one's mind, in some little
forgotten corner of it, he will be sure
to find an impression, or a thought, or
a memory, that will furnish the cause
for every single dream. Sometimes we
may have to go back of our present existence, into the one before this, or
maybe we project ourselves into a future incarnation, but we—"

ture incarnation, but we—"
"Don't talk nonsense, Mary," he interrupted gruffly. "It isn't nonsense," she cried. "Joan

and I were talking about reincarnation today. She believes in it. just as I do. She thinks when we die our souls pass on to another body, and the good in us grows while the bad decreases," Tell me: what caused this dream of

liberately. "You must promise me first that you

"You must promise me first that you won't—fight him. Oh, I am so afraid, Eric, that you will let your temper get the better of you."

"What has he said to you—what has he done?" demanded her brother, his hatred for his cousin lifting itself above all other sensations. Oddly, he let a sudden, fierce desire to fall upon and destroy a living Chetwynd."

"Premise me."

'Premise me."
'All right. I—I shan't do anything."
groaned, and she mistook the tone or one of bitter resignation.

"Well, he insulted me today. I—I can't tell you what he said to me, Eric. It was too vile. I could have killed him myself. He—"
"What did he say?" demanded Eric. She was struck by the sudden, exultant note in his voice. It was as if he were glad that she had been subjected to the affront. to the affront.

"I can't tell you. He is the vilest thing in all this world. Oh, I hope God will punish him—I know he will. When I cried and told him never to speak to me again, he said—Oh, Eric, dear, I can't tell you."

"Go on, go on!"

"He said I wasn't any better than mother was, and for me to stop whining. He scared me by threatening to tell people that I—I had already been bad—like the girls at French Fannie's—and if I didn't—"

Eric stood up and lifted his elenched there had not been a thief among its tent.

Eric stood up and lifted his clenched hands to heaven, a great sob of joy bursting from his throat. "Oh, now it's all right! It's all right! I'm glad! Curse him, I'm glad!"

Mary sat bolt upright and cried out

"What are you saying, Eric? Glad?
Why—why are you glad?"
He caught his breath, The thrill of exultation passed in a flash; his turbulent thoughts crowded into a narrow bulent thoughts crowded into a narrow channel that led him back to safety. For the first time since the events of the afternoon, he found himself in full pos-session of his wits. A wonderful cun-ning took lodgment where despair and

session of his wits. A wonderful cunning took lodgment where despair and remorse had been. God had punished. It was God, after all. Adam had said so, Mary had hoped it would be so. God had punished, through him—the ione best qualified to be His agent. It was as it should be.

His brain worked quickly. "I'm glad we know just the kind of a scoundrel he is. There won't be any row between lus, Mary, but I'm going to tell him in the morning that he's got to let you all tell in the morning that he's got to let you telling what I know about the girl he's keeping in New York."

Then, to ease his own mind, he briefily told her of that single phase in the wasy refraining from any mention of his peculations, leaving that to the developments of another day. Mary was appailed by the disclosure.

"What would Aunt Rena say if she knew?" she whispered, in awe.

He plied her with questions, eager to botain further justification for himself, and succeeded in getting a rather tearful statement of facts. Chetwynd had made vile proposals to this 16 year old girl, and had threatened her in no vague terms. The hateful encounter took place at the noon hour, just before the started out for her drive with Joan, "Won't it be fine if they will let me so to Miss Sinnox's with Joan," she cried in the end. "If only to get away from Chetwynd. I—I don't believe I could stay here next winter, Eric, with you away at college. I am so afraid of him. Why—why. I placed a chair against my door tonight, I was afraid to he might try to come in before you got home."

So to Miss Sinnox's with Joan," she cried in the end. "If only to get away from Chetwynd. I—I don't believe I could stay here next winter, Eric, with you away at college. I am so afraid of him. Why—why. I placed a chair against my door tonight, I was afraid to be might try to come in before you got home."

against my door tonight. I was afraid he might try to come in before you got

He started. "Before I get home?" 'I looked into your room at 10 o'clock

there thinking it all out.

He could not go on being the sweetheart of Joan Bright!

At 10 o'clock Adam Carr presented himself at the bank and inquired for President Blagden. He was informed that Mr. Blagden had not yet come down. He had not been late before in the memory of the oldest employe.

"Overslep, I dare say," remarked Adam laconically.

house."

"Have you telephoned?"

"Mr. Gray did, a moment ago. No one is ever late here, sir. That is among the employes. It's Mr. Blagden's rule. Sickness is the only excuse. Or a death in the family."

"Umph!" said Mr. Carr.

Horace came in at 10:30. His first glance was in the direction of the teller's cage occupied by his son. Adam noticed a slight contraction of his eye-brows, and a no uncertain pursing of the lower lip. the lower lin.

the lower up.

He intercepted Mr. Blagden before he reached the door leading to his private office.
"Just a word, Mr. Blagden—" he be-

"Not at present, if you please," in-terrupted Horace, so irritably that the listening clerks forgot themselves and looked up. Mr. Blagden was never anything but suave.

"I can't wait," announced Adam shortly. Horace paused. His austerity seemed to crumble before the very eyes of the furtive watchers. Indeed, they were permitted to witness an amazing metamorphosis. He had turned sharply at "Tell me: what caused this dream of yours?"

Her hand began to tremble. "I ought not to tell you," she said nervously. "You will quarrel with Chetwynd. You—you—Oh. Eric, you might do something dreadful."

"What, for instance?" he asked deliberately.

amorphosis, He had turned sharply at Adam's curt remark. For a second or two his haughty stare held. Then his lips parted and his hand went up with a spasmodic jerk as if to reclaim physical control of his features, but no power of his own could conquer the sudden feeling of dread and apprehension that rushed up from within to reveal itself in his eyes. Intuitively, here were the sudden feeling of dread and apprehension that rushed up from within to reveal itself in his eyes. Intuitively, here were the sudden feeling of dread and apprehension that rushed up from within to reveal itself in his eyes. reveal itself in his eyes. Intuitively he knew that calamity was upon him. A blow was about to be struck.

"Come into my room," he said harsh-ly. It would never do for those fel-lows behind the counters to see the blow fall, and to go forth with the story of how he shrivelled beneath it. Adam followed him into the private

"Well," said Horace, turning upon him as soon as the dor was closed.
"I have discovered the thief," said Adam quietly. For a full minute the two men faced each other.

"How much do you ask? What is your price, Adam?" asked Horace, a deathly pallor in his cheek. He put out his hand to steady himself against the table.

table.

"Price?" demanded Adam, with a frown. "What do you mean? I ask for nothing but the private reward you offered in the name of the bank."

"It—it isn't young Payson?"

"No, it isn't. If I were you, Horace, I'd put that fellow back in his job here. He's honest."

"Speak out man. Tell me the truth."

there had not been a thief among its employes. This thief was the only thief. You were determined to make a lasting example of him. You were going to punish him if it took years to

find the necessary proof. Well, I've got the proof, all of it. There's enough of it to put him comfortably where all thieves ought to be."

Horace made a great effort to puil himself together.

horace made a great effort to purhimself together.

"Will you be more specific, Carr?" he said, but his voice shook.

Adam looked at him in wonder, and with a trace of pity in his eyes.

"It's going to be pretty hard, Horace. I hope you'll take it like a man."

Horace straightened up; his gaze tried to meet that of the detective without quailing.

without quailing. "I have asked you to be quite specific,

Carr," he repeated,
"Where is your son?" demanded

Adam abrutly.

Horace seemed to draw his shoulders in as if his body was undergoing a

"Do you mean to say that you dou't know where he is?" demanded Adam loudly. "Isn't he at home?" loudly. "Isn't he at home?"

"Sh! Not so loud, please! No, he is not at home. I will be quite frank with you, he did not come home last night. He's—he's gone."

"Are you speaking the truth?"

"Sir!"

"I understand, Horace. It is natural for a father to shield his son. He con-

have of your son's rottenness for all the money in this bank. You can't pay my price in money, Horace. You can only pay it with suffering. You are 2 only pay it with suffering. You are a

"Have you done with this! What do you mean to do?"
"I am going to put my proofs—and they are unassallable—before the people of Corinth."
Horace eyed him quite calmly. He was master of himself once more, so far as outward appearances are concerned.

"This institution will not prefer charges against the son of its president. I shall restore all of the money that is missing. That will be the end of it"

"Not exactly," said Adam, with a smile, "You forget me. I am going to hunt this world over until I find

The whole blighting story of Chet-wynd's crime was to find its way into

the great newspapers.
Corinth was appalled!
Once more Todville rejoiced, and along the water front the denizens spoke without fear or restraint. The smug little city was shaken as by a monster convulsion.

A Blagden had gone wrong! A male Blagden! A son of The Blagden at

(Continued next week.)

Paris Tries Hard to Be Herself Again.

Paris Tries Hard to Be Herself Again. By Edith Wharton, in Scribner's. It is a good sign to see the crowds pouring into the shops again, even though the sight is less interesting than that of the other crowds streaming daily—and on Sundays in immensely augmented numbers—across the Pont Alexander III to the great court of the Invalides where the German trophles are displayed. Here the heart of France beats with a richer blood, and something of its glow passes into foreign veins as one watches the perpetually renewed throngs face to face with the long triple row of German guns. There are few in those throngs to whom one of the deadly pack has not dealt a blow; there are personal losses, lacerating memories, bound up with the sight of all those evil engines. But personal sorrow is the sentiment least visible in the look of Paris. It is not fanciful to say that the Parislan face, after six months of trial, has acquired a new character. The change seems to have affected the very stuff it is moulded of, as though the long ordeal had hardened the poor human clay into some dense commemorative substance. I often pass in the street women whose faces look like memorial medals—idealized images of what they were in the flesh. And the masks of some of the men—those queer tormented Gallic masks, crushed—in and squat and a little satyr-like—look like the bronzes of the Naples museum, burnt and twisted from their baptism of fire. But none of these faces reveals a personal pre-occupation; they are looking, one and all, at France erect on her borders. Even the women who are comparing different widths of Valenciennes at the lace counter all have something of that vision in their eyes—or else one does not see the ones who haven't.

It is still true of Paris that she has not the air of a capital in arms. There are as few troops to be seen as ever, and but for the coming and going of the orderlies attached to the war office and the military government, and the sprinkling of uniforms about the doors of barracks, there would be no sign

Lusitania is the ancient Latin name for a country whose borders were al-most identical with those of modern Portugal.



Canada is Calling You to her Rich Wheat Lands

She extends to Americans a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just This year wheat is higher but Canadian land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help to feed the world by tilling some of her soil—land similar to that which during many years has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think what you can make with wheat around \$1 a bushel and land so easy to get. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain growing.

growing.

The Government this year is asking farmers to put increased acreage into grain. Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. The climate is healthful and agreeable, railway facilities excellent, good schools and churches convenient. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

J. M. MacLachian, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.; W.Y.Bennett, 220-17th St., Room 4, Bee Bidg., Omaha, Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jacksen St., St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Government Agents.

SAW NO REASON FOR SPEED

Some Food for Thought in Epigram Made by Moroccan Statesman

About the Lusitania. The sinking of the Lusitania recalls an epigram about this ship which the sultan of Morocco's grand vizier made

to Jules Huret. The grand vizier, a very old man, received M. Huret, who is a French journalist, in Fez. M. Huret described the wonders of modern science and invention to his host. He told him about the Lusitania, then just completed,

which could do her 27 knots an hour. "Think of it!" said M. Huret, enthusiastically. "Think of it! A great ship that goes 27 knots an hour!"

But the vizier yawned and said: "Why do you Christians always want to go so fast, when all roads alike lead to the grave?"

Two Kinds of Water. It was a training school for navy re-

cruits and the young ensign had been detailed to teach the "rookies" the rudiments of learning. "Name the various bodies of water,"

wrote he on the blackboard, "and state how many there are." It was a simple question to big John

"Two kinds of water," wrote he,

carm and rouf."

Aggrieved.

"Did you say that my production s a thoughtful, educational and moral entertainment which couldn't offend the most refined sensibilities?" asked the manager.

"Yes," replied the playgoer. "Isn't it true?" "Maybe it is. But I don't see why

you should want to knock business by talking about it." A Test.

"I am sure that I have made my commencement essay properly profound and dignified." "How do you know?"

"At last," said the young woman,

understand a word of it.

It Depends. He-W-w-will you k-k-kiss m-m-me1

She (shyly)-How long will the real thing take?

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for the TROOPS Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the Front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to Corns and Bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try It TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

Fine for Love-Making.

"The planet Jupiter has five moons." "How romantic the nights must be there!"-Kansas City Journal.

In the Kitchen.

The Vanilla Bean-I have a great association with epicures as a flavoring for desserts. Nutmeg-Ah, but I have a grater.

The Modern Brand. Omar-That new barber is an up-todate artist, all right.

Omar-He gave a friend of mine a

cubist haircut the other day.

Henry-How do you knew?

The Lawyer—But how did you manage to rob that big corporation so systematically without being discovered? The Former Employee-Oh, the big corporation was too busy working the

same kind of a game on the public to

notice me.

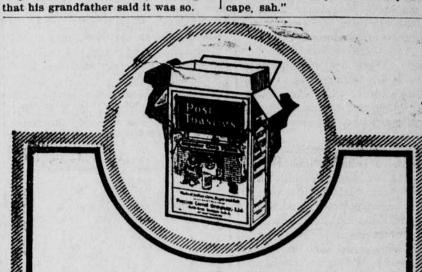
Its Handicas. "First the Russians took Przemysl from the Austro-German forces, and now the latter are attacking it in

turn." "Well, that is one place where I don't see how anybody can make a pronounced success."

A Last Resort. Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel, says Harper's Magazine. He was shown to his room by the one boy the

place afforded, a colored lad. "I am glad there's a rope here ha case for fire," commented Mr. Thompkins as he surveyed the room, "but "I read it to father and he didn't what's the idea of putting a Bible

the room in such a prominent place?" "Dat am intended foh use, sah." re-A man is too credulous when his plied the boy, "in case de fire am too only reason for believing a thing is far advanced for yo' to make you' escape, sah."



First, the inner container of paper, next the big yellow carton, and then, the outer wrapping of waxed paper, sealed air-tight and dustproof. Superior protection for the Superior Corn Flakes—

Triply Protected

Post Toasties

These delightful flakes are made of the finest white Indian Corn, steam-cooked, daintily seasoned, rolled and toasted-crisp and golden-brown.

Post Toasties reach you fresh and delicious, perfectly protected and ready to eat. They are mighty good with milk or cream, or with any kind of fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

-sold by Grocers everywhere.

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 26-1915.



