Louisville, Ky .- "I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered

from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in opera-

tions. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. RESCH, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter wil be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WHERE HE WAS CARELESS

Miranda Was Surely Capable of Giving Expert Opinion Upon One Point, at Least.

"What do you know of the charac ter of the defendant?" the judge asked a negro washerwoman subpoenaed in an accident case. A white man had been arrested for careless driving of a second-hand car.

Hit's tollable," Miranda said. "Have you ever seen him drive his car before?"

"Yes. sah."

"Would you consider him careless?" Well, jedge, ez fer de car-dat little thing ain't gwinter hurt nobuddy. but being us is all here, I might cz well tell yo' dat he sho' is keerless 'bout payin' fo' his wash!"-Case and

Unexpected Reply.

The teacher had been giving a long lecture on the need of a good education and, wishing to know if it was making a good impression on her pupils, she asked: "What is the best thing to take through life with you?"

You can imagine how pleased she was when her favorite pupil, who was usually rather dreamy, quickly raised his hand. "Well, John, I'm glad to see that you've been paying attention. You may tell us."

She was much dismayed when he innocently answered, "A good girl!"

His Good Points.

"How in the world do you manage to stand for that fellow Thompson?" "Oh, believe me, he has a lot of

things one can find to like about him?" "He has? What, for instance?" "Well, a fine automobile, a big yacht

and a country place with seven spare bedrooms.

HARD ON CHILDREN When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live." When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in

the school room. When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour. and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

Creek, Mich. Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cercal—the original form-

must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pack-Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c

and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers

MARY MIDTHORNE

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

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III III

CHAPTER XX-(CONTINUED).

she set out for Mrs. Payson's home at once, with the view of finding Eric. It was still early and he was doubtless there in consultation with Payson, who was not to return to New York until

was not to return to New York until late in the afternoon.

"Go, my dear," said her aunt. "Lose no time. It is most imperative."

As for Eric, we know that he did not go to the Widow Payson's.

With Judge Bright he entered the county court house at 10 o'clock, They had gone to the office of the lawyer in Bank street, only to be told by the clerk that Mr. Gates unexpectedly had been called to the sheriff's office a few minutes earlier. He did not know the nature of the business, but it was important, as his superior had departed in haste.

As they walked down the corridor

in haste.

As they walked down the corridor they were met by the editor of the Courier, who came up from the other entrance, quite out of breath and visibly excited.

"Hello," he said. Being an editor, he was on familiar terms with everyone, great and small. A justice of the supreme court possessed no terrors for him. "Morning, judge. Well, well, Eric, let me congratulate you. Great piece of news. All in type by this time, too. I—"

"Congratulate?" gasped Eric.

considerable excitement.

"So here you are, Midthorne," he greeted, stepping forward. "Glad to see you. How are you this morning? Morning, judge. Well—" he affected a pleasant grin—"I guess if won't take long to fix it all up. This is the state's attorney, Mr. Midthorne. Reckon you know Mr. Gates. He is to represent you, I believe. Course, I suppose, to be quite regular, I should put you under arrest, Mr. Midthorne. But what's der arrest, Mr. Midthorne. But what's the use going over all that? We un-derstand each other, I reckon, so-" "But I do not understand," cried Eric astonishment. "How do you happen

to know what I am here for? How one "Oh, Mr. Blagden's upstairs in the court room now, waiting for us," explained the sheriff. "Got the bond all ready to be signed and everything. So, don't worry. Mr. Collins here has got the affidavit drawn—on information and belief, ain't it?—and as long as you're satisfied to give yourself up, it won't be necessary for me to have a warrant. Course, the affidavit will have to be read, and all that, but it won't

take long." "My uncle has been here?" gasped Eric, recovering from his surprise.

Mr. Gates came forward. "He has attended to everything, Mr. Midthorne. tended to everything, Mr. Midthorne. You may leave it all in my hands. I think we will have no difficulty in securing a speedy trial. You—but we will discuss the matter later in my office." He waved his hand in the direction of the state's attorney, smiling blandly. "You see, we can't afford to play into the hands of the enemy."

Completely dazed, Eric followed the men out of the office and up the broad steps to the court room. Mr. Cooper steps to the court room. Mr. Cooper took it upon himself to walk beside the

young man.

"What's up?" he whispered eagerly.

"What's going on? Put a fellow next,
Eric. The—old geezer upstairs isn't
thinking of a divorce, is he?"

"Good heaven, no!" exclaimed Eric.
He liked Joe Cooper. "Wait a few minutes. I can't tell you now."

The count room was quite empty, are

The court room was quite empty, except for the presence of a long figure seated inside the railing, quite close to the bench, and two bailiffs who conversed lazily at one of the windows overlooking Main street.

Despite its deserted appearance, court was in session. The judge leaned forward to converse in subdued tones with the man below. He looked up as the group came through the swinging doors. and settled back in his chair to com-pose himself for that typical exposition of judicial indifference that never fails of judicial indifference that never falls to create in the mind of the layman doubt as to whether the court is asleep or awake, or merely thinking of something entirely foreign to the cause before him. And just when you think he is sleeping the soundest, he starts up and says something so pertinent that you know he has been listening all the time. Only it does make one drowsy to watch the half recumbent court on a warm day late in the April term. You wonder if he, too, isn't thinking of meadow larks.

Eric, a trifle dazed and bewildered, stopped just inside the rail, while the

stopped just inside the rail, while the others went forward—that is to say, with the single exception of the sheriff, with the single exception of the sheriff, who, after several leisurely strides, bethought himself of his prisoner and halted in some conflict between his duty as a custodian and a certain inborn tendency to avoid anything that might give offense to Mr. Horace Blagden. He managed to console himself with the thought that, figuratively, he had haled his prisoner into court. Still. had haled his prisoner into court. Still,

It was then that Mary proposed that not sit down, but stood there staring at the set out for Mrs. Payson's home at the tall, thin figure of his uncle, who the tall, thin figure of his uncle, who had risen and was facing him. The domineering look had come back into the face of Horace Blagden. It was the look of the man who takes things in his own hands and has his own way, no matter what the issue. He had quite overlooked the fact that this was Eric's affair, to be handled as he saw fit, and had taken the initiative without consulting his nephew's wishes—a very characteristic Blagden trait that had not been completely overcome, it would appear.

would appear.

Suddenly a smile crept into his face, an appealing, wistful smile, that was more of an apology than all the words he could have uttered. A moment before he would have commanded Eric to approach; now he hesitatingly motioned with his hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MORNING IN HANDY STREET

In the meantime, Mary Midthorne had found Jack Payson. She descended from exxclusive Upper Corinth into the prim but humble district known as the Fourth ward, where lived the plain people; here no man was downright poor, yet none was rich, save in honor and contentment. man was downright poor, yet hone was rich, save in honor and contentment. You had but to look at the long rows of cottages to know that peace reigned external if not eternal. There were no outward signs of envy or jealousy, yet doctor is there, too. But tell me, Mary, what is up with Frie? What is it you outward signs of envy or jealousy, yet how well the woman was despised what is up with Eric? What is it you want me to do?"
that he was looking at property 'way up town with a view to building a house that was "fit to live in." Even the erection of a summer kitchen or the expansion of the front stoop into a veranda was proof of an affluency that came in for general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in hor general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in hor general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in hor general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in for general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in for general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in for general resentment and all sorts of talk about "pride going before the same in the sorts of talk about "pride going before

But the people of Corinth never fell in But the people of Corinth never fell in just that way. Their thrift was their pride. If they fell it was not because pride had anything to do with it, but because it was the height of extravagance to carry fire insurance. You might burn them out, but in no other way could you humble them—especially those who lived in the Fourth ward. The Widow Payson lived in one of the clean little streets that lay within easy clean little streets that lay within easy walking distance of every other place in Corinth. If you had a springy, projecting stride, you could easily make the docks in five minutes, or you could circle the court house square and do a block or two extra in six or seven. Besides, it wasn't far to Upper Corinth, and was farther removed from the detested Todville. There was really something in that. By an odd perfection of thing in that. By an odd perfection of street nomenclature, it was called Han-

dy street, in commemoration of a citizen who went to war as a private and came out a corporal. A great favorite with Washington, the story goes, and intensely disliked by King George the At any rate, Mrs. Payson lived in Handy street. Hers was a neat little cottage, with vines growing all over it, and a garden at the back with a white washed fence around it, just as you might have expected. There was a great knocker on the vine surrounded door inside the porch, and a name plate, and

a peep hole, with a sliding shutter. As quaint a place as you would see in a day's journey through old New Eng-Mary, flushed and suddenly shy, rat-

Mary, flushed and suddenly shy, rattled the knocker after a rather timid fashion. The door was opened at once, to her great surprise. She had been watching the closed shutter in the ancient peep hole as if fascinated, confidently expecting to see it slide back to reveal a gruesome, questioning eye. John Payson himself opened the door. A certain, haggard, tired expression left his face as if by magic. If she had been less absorbed in her own feelings, she would have noticed something more than surprise in the eyes of her lover.

than surprise in the eyes of her lover.
"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, throwing the door wide open. "What has happened? Has anything gone wrong with Eric?" "Hasn't he been here? You have not

seen him?" she inquired anxiously.

He had not asked her to enter, but He had not asked her to enter, but stood before her, blocking the doorway.
"I have not seen him," he said, a queer nervousness in his manner.
"What has happened? Tell me. Can I be of any service to him?"
"May I not come in. Jack?" she asked at east and confused; he was keping something back from her. "Why do you look at me so queerly? Oh, Jack, he—he—hasn't tried to—" She was terrified. The ugly suspicion could not be put into words." put into words.

He made haste to reassure her. "I have not seen him. My mother says he was here last night, when I was away." He hesitated for a moment and then went on, his face ghastly white. "I would ask you to come in, Mary, but something terrible has happened You would better go on to Eric

and leave me to look after—"
"Not your mother, Jack?" she cried, His eyes fell. For a moment his lips

worked painfully, then became rigid, When he looked up again the utmost desolation lay in his eyes.

"No, Mary. My father," he said lev-

elly She peered intently into his eyes. Her

brain was absolutely clear.
"You—you mean—" Every vestige of color had fled from her face. He did not permit his gaze to waver, nor his face to change expression. His voice fell to a dull monotone.

voice fell to a dull monotone.

"My father did not go down with the Lanigan. He lies there on my bed, stricken, helpless, perhaps dying. That is all, Mary. Why ask me to say more?" She ieaned against the trellis, trembling in every limb.

"It is true, then" she whispered dully. "He is in there," said he, with dogged acquiescence.

acquiescence

acquescence.

"Adam Car?"

"My father."

They stood there for a long time, looking into each other's eyes, the misery deepening in their faces. He turned

minutes earlier. He did not know the nature of the business, but it was time that the business, but it was time the business, but it was time the business, but it was time that the business are superior had departed in haste walked down the corridor. As they walked down the corridor they were met by the editor of the entrance, quite out of breath and visibly excited.

As they walked down the corridor they were met by the editor of the entrance, quite out of breath and visibly excited.

As they walked down the everyone entrance quite out of breath and visibly excited.

As they walked down the everyone entrance quite out of the entrance quite out of breath and visibly excited.

As they walked down the everyone entrance quite out of the entrance of the entran

He closed the door gently, even carefully. She turned to look at him. He was peering fixedly at the drawn curtains of the door that opened into the room beyond: the attitude of one listening. The odor of a familiar and potent drug was faintly distinguishable. The girl experienced a queer feeling of diz-

ward, ziness, of nausea "Where is your mother?" she asked abruptly.

what is up with Eric? What is it you want me to do?"
He made no effort to embrace her,

passing expression of doubt and won-in her eyes. "Hasn't Mr. Ad-your-I mean, hasn't Mr. Carr told you any-thing?" she asked. She fell into his way of speaking in hushed tones. He shook his head, and waited for her to go on. Her gaze involuntarily went to the curtained door. "He can keep a

the curtained door. "He can keep a secret," she murmured.
"I am afraid he is beyond the telling of secrets," was his grim conclu-

(Continued next week.) Dr. Hillis' Case. From the Marshalltown (Ia.) Times-Republican.

Dr. Hillis, noted divine and former Iowan whose friends and admirers are legion in the middle west, came before his

Dr. Hillis, noted divine and former lowan whose friends and admirers are legion in the middle west, came before his congregation of Plymouth church Sunday and told them that he was unworthy to unloose the latchets of the shoes of a Christian slum worker. In abject humiliation and self reproach he made confession that he had forgotten the greatness of his high office in a greedy scramble for wealth and put his future with the church in the hands of its membership.

Hillis, it appears had been speculating, seeking a fortune. Little by little he had involved himself and when the obligations accumulated and his inability to meet them became more evident a suit was brought against him. He settled it somehow but falled to face the questions that arose through exposure. In an effort to save his face he explained that he was paying obligations created by his nephew. Then the nephew sued him for libel and the truth came out. That is about the way the story reads. The result was a broken man bowed in confession before those who had trusted and followed him.

Let us not be over eager of condemnation in this case. The speculative ventures that wrecked the career of the ministers are as human as other men in their desires however much more they may repress them. Hillis came from a little lowatown and from a quiet career into an environment of vast wealth and speculative activity. He learned to think in millions. Had he remained in Magnolia, Ia., he would have continued to think in millions. Had he remained in Magnolia, Ia. he would have continued to think in millions. Had he remained in Magnolia in come that would permit him to live safely and happliy there in his old ags. His view point changed from a modern home in a small town to the mansion on the avenue, from four-cylinder stock cars to Packard ilmousines, from one hired girl to a corps of servants. Atmosphere and environment and elevation affect men as they affect vegetation. It shows merely that Hillis was very human. Even his attempt to save himself at the expense o

had haled his prisoner into court. Still, he halted and motioned for Eric to draw nearer and sit down.

The prisoner—for he was a prisoner in the strict sense of the word—did

The strict sense of the word—did

The prisoner—for he was a prisoner came over her. He was so palpably ill

Experiments by a British expert of reforesting some of the hills of China have led to the establishment of a comprehensive course in forestry in a university in that country.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

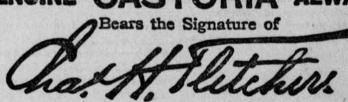
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Charffeltcher Sonal supervision since its infancy.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregorle, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colle, all Teething Troubles and Diarrheea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS



In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

MUCH OF AN ABBREVIATION

Youngster's Name Considerably Shortened From the One That Was Originally Given Him.

A northern man who was visiting in Baltimore stopped on the street one day to have his shoes polished. A bright-eyed little black boy stepped forward to give the desired shine. Becoming interested in the little chap, the Northerner asked his name, to which the boy promptly replied: "Gen, sah!"

After a few moments of silence, the Northerner continued: "I suppose that is an abbreviation for General?"

The word "abbreviation" gave the little fellow pause; however, he was equal to the occasion, and recovered himself. "No, sah," he said, "'tain't 'xactly dat; ma shore-'nough name am 'Genesis 30:33, So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me Gen for short."-Youth's Compan-

TOUCHES OF ECZEMA

At Once Relieved by Cuticura Quite Easily. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better than these fragrant supercreamy emollients for all troubles at fecting the skin, scalp, hair and hands. They mean a clear skin, clean scalp, good hair and soft, white hands.

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

Improving on Shakespeare.

A member of the business staff of Robert Mantell, the actor, tells of a conversation he overheard "in front" on the occasion of Mr. Mantell's production of "Hamlet" in a Western

"Oh, Harry," said the young woman. 'I think it's an awful shame to drown Ophelia and kill Hamlet. They ought

to have been married." Whereupon Harry heaved a sigh and looked earnestly at his compan-

"I ain't great on tragedy," said he. 'but that's how I should fix it."

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole

Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name

of your Seminole dealer. Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00. -Adv.

Changed.

"I wasn't always as you see me now," said the beggar. "So I noticed," said the man. "Yes-

The man who is expert with the garden hoe seldom plays golf.

terday you only had one leg."

Why He Wasn't Good. "I hope you are always a good boy,

"Well, I don't, sir. I don't want to die young."

If all men were compelled to prac-

tice what they preach the majority

would discontinue the preaching habit.

Going It Too Hard

We are inclined nowadays to "go it too hard;" to overwork, worry, eat and drink too much, and to eat and drink too much, and to neglect our rest and sleep. This fills the blood with uric acid. The kidneys weaken and then it's a siege of backache, dizzy, nervous spells, rheumatic pains and distressing urinary disorders. Don't wait for worse troubles. Strengthen the kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills.

A Nebraska Case

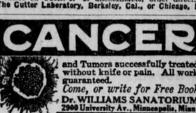
J. P. Adams, Minden, Neb., says: "For years I had sharp, shooting p a in s through the small of my back, along with lameness and soreness. Sharp stitches often darted through me and I had blinding headaches a n d dizzy spells. The kidney secretions pained awfully in passage. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up all right and when I have used them since, they have work."

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

Vanishes Forever Prompt Relief-Permanent Cure CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegeta-ble — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress-cure indigestion

improve the complexion, brighten the eyes SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

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and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY