

Health for Sick Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been Woman's Most Reliable Medicine—Here is More Proof.

To women who are suffering from some form of woman's special ills, and have a constant fear of breaking down, the three following letters ought to bring hope:—



North Crandon, Wis.—“When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years I gave birth to twins and it left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies.”—Mrs. M. A. McCasland, North Crandon, Wis.

Testimony from Oklahoma.

Lawton, Okla.—“When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ailing women because it has done so much for me.”—Mrs. A. L. McCasland, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.

Roxbury, Mass.—“I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it.”—Mrs. B. M. Osceon, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass.



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.

Simplified.
“I'm trying to figure out a way to enlarge the lobby of my theater,” said the manager. “It's entirely too small.”
“Why not cut out the box office?” suggested one of his patrons. “I haven't been able to buy a ticket there in three years. The speculators have them all.”

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.
To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any drugist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

That New Hat.
Mamie—How do you like my new hat, Susie?
Susie—Lovely, Mamie; I had one just like it last year.

SUDDEN DEATH
Caused by Disease of the Kidneys
The close connection which exists between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. As soon as kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uric acid poisoning occurs, and the person dies and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.
It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a large trial package of Dr. Pierce's. Also send a sample of your water. This will be examined without charge by expert chemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, describe your symptoms and get his

Three Hundred Million Bushel Crop in 1915
Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.
Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: “Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions.”
Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre
Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre
Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre
Prices are high, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.
There is no war tax on land, nor is there any conscription. For complete information as to best locations for settlement, reduced railroad rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, or
J. M. MacLACHLAN, Drawer 197, Waterton, S. D.; W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.; and R. A. GARRETT, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.
Canadian Government Agents

THE GLOYED HAND

A Detective Story
By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of “The Holladay Case,” “The Marathon Mystery,” “The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet,” etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).
“Mr. Sylvester,” said the coroner, “you consider the fingerprint method of identification a positive one, do you not?”
“Absolutely so.”
“Even with a single finger?”
“Perhaps with a single finger there may be some doubt, if there is no other evidence. Somebody has computed that the chance of two prints being exactly the same is one in 64,000,000.”
“And where there is other evidence?”
“I should say that a single finger was enough.”
“Suppose you have two fingers?”
“That it is absolutely certain.”
“And three fingers?”
Sylvester shrugged his shoulders to indicate that proof could go no further. Goldberger took back the photographs from the foreman of the jury and ranged them before him on the table.
“Now, Mr. Sylvester,” he said, “did you notice any correspondence between these prints?”
“Yes,” answered the witness, in a low voice, “the thumb prints on both robes were made by the same hand.”
The audience sat spell bound, staring, scarce breathing. I dared not glance at Swain. I could not take my eyes from that pale faced man on the witness stand, who knew that with every word he was on my feet an awful crime to a living life being.
“One question more,” said Goldberger. “Have you any way of telling by whom these prints were made?”
“Yes,” said Sylvester again, and his voice was so low I scarcely heard it. “They were made by Frederic Swain. The prints he made just now correspond with them in every detail.”

CHAPTER XV.
THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.
An instant's silence followed Sylvester's words, and then a little murmur of interest and excitement, as the reporters bent closer above their work. I heard a quick, deep intake of the breath from the man who sat beside me, and then a low, hoarse cry.
“Your honor,” I said to Goldberger, “it seems that an effort is to be made to incriminate Mr. Swain in this affair, and he should therefore be represented by counsel. I myself intend to represent him, and I should like for an hour's adjournment in order to consult with my client.”
Goldberger glanced at his watch. “I intended to adjourn for lunch,” he said, “as soon as I had finished with Mr. Sylvester. You wish to adjourn now, if you wish—until 1:30,” he added.
The battery of cameras was clicking at Swain, and two or three artists were making sketches of his head; there was a great bustle as the reporters gathered up their papers and hurried to their cars to search for the nearest telephone. The jury walked heavily away in charge of an officer to get their lunch at some near by roadhouse; Sylvester was gathering up his prints and photographs and putting them carefully in his pocket; Swain, who had come down to speak to me, but Swain did not glance up.
“I can parole him in your custody, I suppose, Mr. Lester?” the coroner asked.
“Yes; certainly,” I assented.
“Sylvester's evidence makes it look bad for him.”
“Will you introduce me to Sylvester? I should like to go over the prints with him.”
“Certainly,” and, a moment later, with the prints spread out before us, Sylvester was showing me their points of similarity.
Goldberger came forward while he was talking and stood looking over his shoulder.
“I had heard of fingerprint identification, of course, many times, but had made no study of the subject, and, in fact, the blurred photographs which Sylvester offered for my inspection seemed to me mighty poor evidence upon which to accuse a man of murder. The photographs showed the prints considerably larger than life size, but their enlargement had also exaggerated the threads of the cloth, so that the prints seemed half concealed by a heavy mesh. To the naked eye, the lines were almost indistinguishable, but under Sylvester's powerful glass they came out more clearly.”
“The thumb,” said Sylvester, following the lines first to the right and then to the left with the point of a pencil, “is what we call a double whorl. It consists of 14 lines, or ridges. With the micrometer,” and he raised a lid of a little leather box which stood on the table, took out an instrument of polished steel and applied it to one of the photographs, “we get the angle of these ridges, see how, as adjusted,” and I watched him, as with a delicate thumb screw, he made the needle like points of the finder coincide with the outside lines of the whorl.
“Now here is a photograph from the other robe, also showing the thumb, and he applied the micrometer carefully to it. “It also is a double whorl of 14 lines, and you see the angles are the same. And here is the print of the thumb which your client made for me.” He applied the micrometer and drew back that I might see for myself.
“But these photographs are enlarged,” I objected.
“That makes no difference. Enlargement does not alter the angles. Here are the other prints.”
He compared them one by one, in the same manner. When he finished there was no escaping the conviction that they had been made by the same hand—that is, unless one denied the theory of fingerprint identification altogether, and that, I knew, would be absurd. As he finished his demonstration, Sylvester glanced over my shoulder with a little deprecating smile, as of a man apologizing for doing an unpleasant duty, and I turned to find Swain standing there, his face lined with perplexity.
“You heard?” I asked.
“Yes; and I believe Mr. Sylvester is right. I can't understand it.”
“Well,” I said, “suppose we go and have some lunch, and then we can talk it over,” and thanking Sylvester for his courtesy, I led Swain away. Goldberger fell into step beside us, and for some moments we walked on in silence.
“There is only one explanation that I can see,” said Goldberger, at last. “Swain, you remember, got to the library about a minute ahead of us, and

hypnotised to do a thing which, in his normal condition, would be profoundly repugnant to him. Indeed, few men can be hypnotised against their will. To be hypnotised, you have to yield yourself. Of course, the more you yield yourself, the weaker you grow, but that doesn't apply to Swain. I shouldn't advise you to use that line of argument to a jury,” he added, with a smile. “You'd better just leave the whole thing up to the air.”
“Well,” I said, “I'll make the best fight I can. I was hoping Swain could help me; since he can't, we'll have to trust to luck.”
Godfrey left us to get his story of the morning hearing into shape, and fell into a gloomy reverie. I could see no way out of the maze; either Swain had touched Vaughan's body, or it had been touched by another man with the same finger markings. I sat suddenly upright, for if there was such a man, he must be one of two.
“What is it?” Swain asked, looking at me.
“A long shot,” I said. “An exceedingly long shot—a three-hundred-million to one shot. How many people are there in the world?”
“I'm sure I don't know,” and he stared at me in bewilderment.
“I think it's something like a billion and a half. It that is true, then it's possible that there are four people in the world, beside yourself, with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand marked exactly as yours are.”
“We must have a reunion, some day,” Swain remarked, with irony.
“But I refused to be diverted.”
“Allowing for imperceptible differences,” I went on, “I think it is safe to assume that there are 10 such people.”
“Well,” said Swain, bitterly, “I know one thing that it isn't safe to assume, and that is that either of those Hindus is one of those 10. I suppose that is the assumption you will make next.”
“It's an assumption I intend to put to the proof, anyway,” I answered, somewhat testily, “and if it fails, I'm afraid you'll have to go to jail, till I can dig up some more evidence.”
He turned toward me quickly, his face working.
“See here, Mr. Lester,” he said, “don't misunderstand me. I'm awfully grateful for all you're doing for me; but I don't mind going to jail—not on my own account. I'm innocent, and I'll be able to prove it in time. But Marjorie mustn't be left alone. I'd be ready to face anything if I knew that she was safe. She mustn't be left in that house—not a single night. Promise me that you'll take her with you as soon as the next's over!”
“I'll promise that, Swain, gladly,” I said, “provided, of course, the doctor consents.”
“We must get him,” and Swain sprang to his feet. “We must explain to him how important it is.”
“Perhaps I can get him on the phone,” I said; but the person who answered told me that he had already started for the inquest. And, a moment later, Mrs. Hargis tapped at the door of the study and said that the doctor was outside. I told her to show him in at once.
“The truth is,” said Hinman, shaking hands with both of us, “I thought I'd drop in to find out if there was anything I could do. No reasonable person, when he's turned to Swain, believes you killed that defenseless old man; but those finger prints certainly do puzzle me.”
“They puzzle me, too,” said Swain; “but I'll prove my innocence—though it will take time.”
“I'll take that,” said the doctor, slowly, “that about the only way you can prove your innocence is to catch the real murderer.”
“That's exactly what we're going to try to do,” I assented.
“And meanwhile Mr. Swain will be in jail?” asked the doctor.
“I'm afraid there's no help for it,” I admitted ruefully.
“I was just telling Mr. Lester that I didn't mind that,” said Swain earnestly, “that I could stand anything, if I was only sure that Miss Vaughan, and Swain's safe in that house. Mr. Lester has arranged to place her with the family of his partner, Mr. Royce, where she will be properly taken care of. Is there any reason why she can't be taken there today?”
“The doctor considered for a moment.”
“Ordinarily,” he said, at last, “I would advise that she be left where she is for a few days; but, under the circumstances, perhaps she would better be moved. You can get an easy riding carriage—or a car will do, if you drive carefully. The nurses, will, of course, go along. The only thing is, she will probably wish to attend her father's funeral, which takes place tomorrow.”
Swain bit his lips nervously.
“I have a horror of her staying in that house another night,” he said; “but I hadn't thought of the funeral. There is one nurse on duty all the time, isn't there, doctor?”
“Yes.”
“All right, then; we'll risk one night more. But you promise me that she shall be taken away immediately after the funeral?”
(Continued next week.)

PERUNA TONIC
Are You Well?
What would you give to be perfectly well? All you have got, of course, it may be that your trouble is of a catarrhal nature. Catarrh of the head. Catarrh of the stomach. Catarrh of some internal organ. If so, Peruna will help you on the road to perfect health. If you want to be convinced, buy one bottle. No further argument will be necessary.
Coughs Colds Catarrh
PERUNA TONIC
Up-to-Date.
“How is Doctor Wombat as a physician?”
“Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure.”
PREPAREDNESS!
To Fortify the System Against Grip
When Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, destroys germs, acts as a Tonic and Laxative and thus keeps the system in condition to withstand Colds, Grip and Influenza. There is only one “BROMO QUININE.” E. W. GROVE'S signature on box, 25c.
It's one of fate's decrees that lovers fall in love before they can fall out.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.
Some people know too much to be loved anything.
Why That Lame Back?
Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. We Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.
An Iowa Case
W. H. Simmons, Forest City, Iowa, says: “My back pained as though it were being pulled apart. Often, sharp, knife-like pains darted through me, making me almost helpless. Mornings I could hardly get out of bed and to stoop took all my strength. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills did me so much good that I kept on. I took four boxes in all and since then my back has never bothered me.”
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Frightful Cold Today Good As Ever Tomorrow
HILL'S CASCARA QUININE
The old standard remedy—In tablet form—No unpleasant after-effects—No opiate—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails—Insist on genuine—Box with red top—Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 Cents
At Any Drug Store—25c
W. H. Hill Company Detroit

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
Bentley's
SHIP YOUR HIDES Furs and Wool
Pattern of No. 1 Hide
to Bolles & Rogers, Sioux City, Iowa. If we get the goods, you get the money. Have your bank look us up.

PILES I treat piles by a mild safe method without knife or hospital operation. Established for years. Write for list of patients.
C. Y. CLEMENT, M. D. 555 Good Bldg., Des Moines
Kodaks DEVELOPING and PRINTING
Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List.
ZIMMERMAN BROTHERS, 606 Pierce St., Sioux City, Ia.
EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA LANDS FOR SALE—For colonization, stock raising, general farming. Delightful climate, fertile soil, convenient transportation. For information write Ravenwood Plantation Co., New Bern, N. C.
SIOUX CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 6-1916.