

# WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, headache, dizziness, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for 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 Compound.

If all flesh is grass then babies must be new moan hay.

# FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

At the age of twenty-one a man has more ideals than ideas.

# CLEANSE THE PORES

Of Your Skin and Make It Fresh and Clear by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

When suffering from pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, smear the skin with Cuticura Ointment. Then wash off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. These super-creamy emollients do much for the skin because they prevent pore clogging.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

High C is best attained by treading on a cat's tail.

# 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 druggist 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.

Innocence is always unsuspecting.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

A word to the unwise is wasted.

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A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

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C. H. McKernan, retired farmer, Illinois Ave., Lenox, Iowa, says: "My back pained me so badly at times I could hardly get around. After stooping it was all I could do to get straight and sharp pains caught me in the back so that I could hardly move. I was subject to rheumatic twinges. Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills I have improved wonderfully and my kidneys have given me but very little trouble."

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# THE GLOYED HAND

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holiday Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

## CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued.)

"In his favor, it may be urged that a man like Swain doesn't commit murder—though, as a matter of fact, this is a dangerous generalization, for all sorts of men commit murder; but if he should do so, it would be only under great provocation and in the heat of anger, certainly not in cold blood with a noose; and, finally, if the motion of the curtain Miss Vaughan noticed was made by the murderer, it couldn't possibly have been Swain, because he was with us at that moment. You will see that there is a mass of evidence against him, and practically the whole case is that such a crime would be impossible to one of his temperament. You know yourself how flimsy such a defense is.

"Against the Hindus, on the other hand, practically the only basis of suspicion is that such a crime might be temperamentally possible to them. They may have been on the ground, and the method of the murder savors strongly of Thuggee—though don't forget that Swain admitted he could have tied that knot. Besides, if it was the Hindu who followed them, he wouldn't have made any noise, and most certainly he couldn't have left the prints of Swain's fingers on the body. But, if Swain is right in his assertion that he saw the snake in the arbor, it is probable that the thug wasn't far away.

"Against an unknown it may be urged that neither Swain nor the Hindus could have committed the crime; but I don't see how an unknown could either, unless he happened to be one of the three or four people in the world with finger tips like Swain's. And that is just what I am sure of, Lester, and Godfrey leaned forward again—the murder was committed either by Swain or by someone anxious to implicate Swain. We agree that it wasn't Swain. Very well, then; the person who committed the murder made a noise in following Miss Vaughan and her father so that she should think it was Swain who was following them; he picked up the bloodstained handkerchief that Swain had dropped, perhaps when he fled from the arbor, and placed it beside the body, and in this way inconceivable me he passed the prints of Swain's fingers on the dead man's robe. Now, to do that, he must have known that Swain was injured—the bloodstained handkerchief would tell him that; but he must also have known that it was his right hand that was injured. There was no blood on Swain's left hand."

Godfrey paused. I was following his reasoning with such absorbed attention that I could feel my brain crinkle with the effort. "Now, listen," said Godfrey, and I could have smiled at the uselessness of the admonition—as if I were not already listening with all my faculties! "There is only one way in which the murderer could have known that it was Swain's right hand, and that was by overhearing the conversation in the arbor. But if he overheard that, he overheard it all, and he knew therefore what it was Swain proposed to do. He knew that Vaughan's sanity was to be questioned; he knew that he would probably be placed in a sanatorium; he knew that Miss Vaughan would probably marry; and he knew, presuming that it was Silva, he knew that, unless something was done to stop it, a very few days would place both Vaughan and his daughter beyond his reach."

"That is true," I admitted; "but Vaughan was beyond his reach a good deal more certainly dead than he would have been in a sanatorium. Besides, it isn't at all certain that he would have been sent to a sanatorium." "That's an objection, surely," Godfrey agreed; "but I must find out if Vaughan is really beyond his reach."

I stared at him. "You don't mean—" "I don't know what I mean, Lester. I can feel a sort of dim meaning at the back of my mind, but I can't get it out into the light."

"Besides," I went on, "if the yogi did it, how did he get back into the house before we got there?"

"He peeped in at the door, saw the coast was clear and went back through the library. Remember, Miss Vaughan was unconscious. That doesn't bother me. And another thing, Lester. How did Miss Vaughan's father come to burst in on her and Swain like that? How did he know they were in the arbor? It was dark and he couldn't have seen either of them."

"He might have been walking about the grounds and overheard them."

"I don't believe it. I believe somebody told him they were there. And only one person could have told him—that is Silva. No—there's only one point I can't get past—that's the finger-prints."

"And then I remembered. 'Godfrey,' I cried, 'there's one thing I forgot to tell you. You heard Swain remark that Vaughan was a collector of finger prints?'

"Yes."

"And that he had a set of Swain's?"

"Yes."

"Well, when I told Miss Vaughan about the prints on her father's robe, she ran to a bookcase and got out a book. It had Vaughan's collection in it, all bound together. But the page on which Swain's were had been torn out."

Godfrey sat for a moment, staring at me spellbound. Then he began tapping in its cage; up and down, up and down.

"I'm bound to add," I went on finally, "that Hinman suggested a very plausible reason for their disappearance."

"What was it?"

"He said they were probably destroyed by Vaughan himself, because of his dislike of Swain. He said that would be characteristic of Vaughan's form of insanity."

Godfrey took another turn up and down, then he stopped in front of my chair.

"What did Miss Vaughan think of that explanation?" he asked.

"It didn't seem to impress her, but I don't remember that she made any comment."

Godfrey of moment long staring down at me, and I could feel the intense concentration of his mind; then he ran his fingers impatiently through his hair.

I followed him out into the yard—Lester knew where he was going—among the trees and up the ladder. Silently we took our places on the limb; silently we waited for the darkness.

And there, presently, the strange star glowed and burned steel-blue, and floated slowly down, and burst above a white-robed figure, standing as though carved in marble, its arms extended, its head thrown back.

"The servants were not there," Godfrey muttered, as he led the way back to the house.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE YOGI CONQUERS.

The events of the day the following Sunday—I shall pass over as briefly as may be. It was for me a day of disappointment, culminating in despair, and, looking back at it, I remember it as a grey day, windy, and with gusts of rain.

Dr. Hinman stopped for us, and Godfrey and I accompanied him to the service over the body of the murdered man. We were the only outsiders there, besides the undertaker and his assistants, and they were not admitted to the ceremony. This was witnessed only by Miss Vaughan, Mahbub and us three. The servants were not there, and neither were Miss Vaughan's nurses.

I have never seen a more impressive figure than Silva made that morning. His robes were dead black, and in contrast to them his hair and beard, his face looked white as marble. But, after the first moments, the ceremony failed to interest me; for Silva spoke a language which I supposed to be Hindustani, and there was a monotony about it and about his gestures which grew on my nerves.

It lasted half an hour, and the moment it was over, Miss Vaughan slipped away. The yogi and Mahbub followed her, and then we three stepped forward for a last look at the body. The undertaker had managed to compose the features, and the high stock concealed the ugly marks upon the neck. So there was nothing to tell of the manner of his death, and there was a certain majesty about him as he lay with hands crossed and eyes closed.

We left the room in silence, and Hinman signed to the undertaker that the service was ended.

"I am going with the body to the crematory," he said, and presently drove away with the undertaker, ahead of which Godfrey and I stood gazing after it until it passed from sight, then, in silence, we walked down the drive to the entrance. The gardener was standing there, and regarded us with eyes which seemed to me distinctly unfriendly. He made no sign of recognition, and, the moment we were outside, he closed the gates and locked them carefully, as though obeying precise instructions.

"So," said Godfrey, in a low tone, as we went on together, "the lock has been changed. I wonder who ordered that done?"

"Miss Vaughan, no doubt," I answered. "She wouldn't want those gates gaping open."

"Perhaps not," Godfrey assented; "but would she want the barrier intact between Lester and the house, a barrier from one side as from the other?"

"Well, she won't be inside it much longer," I assured him. "I'm going to get her out this afternoon."

"I was wrong," I went on with a confidence I was far from feeling, and I rather expected Godfrey to challenge it, but he walked on without replying, his head bent in thought, and did not again speak of Miss Vaughan or her affairs.

I drove into the city shortly after lunch, and it was about the middle of the afternoon when I presented myself again at the gates of Elmhurst and rang the bell. I waited five minutes and rang again. Finally the gardener came, then he unlocked the gates and asked me what I wanted. I told him I had an appointment with his mistress; but, instead of admitting me, he took my card and shuffled away with it.

I confess that I grew angry, as I stood there kicking my heels at the roadside, for he was gone a long time, and all these precautions and delays were incomprehensible to me. But he came back at last, unlocked the gate without a word, and motioned me to enter. Then he locked it again, and led the way up the drive to the house. The house maid met us at the door of the library, as though she had been stationed there.

"If you will wait here, sir," she said, "Miss Vaughan will see you."

"Another 10 minutes elapsed, and then, just as I was thinking seriously of putting on my hat and leaving the house, I heard a step coming down the stair. A moment later Miss Vaughan stood on the threshold.

I had taken it for granted that, relieved of her father's presence, she would return to the clothing of every day; but she still wore the flowing white semi-Grecian garb in which I had first seen her. I could not but admit that it added grace and beauty to her figure, as well as a certain impressiveness impossible to petticoats; and yet I felt a sense of disappointment. For her retention of the costume could only mean that her father's influence was still dominant.

"You wished to see me?" she asked, and I again was surprised, for I had supposed she would apologize for the delay to which I had been subjected. Instead, she spoke almost as to a stranger.

"I had an appointment for this afternoon," I reminded her, striving to keep my vexation from my voice. "I stood in the room, but her face lost none of its coldness. 'I had forgotten. It is not to speak of business?'"

"No," I said; "it is to speak of your going to friends of Mr. Swain and me—for a time, at least."

"You will thank your friends for me," she answered calmly; "but I have decided to remain here."

"But—but," I stammered, taken aback at the finality of her tone, "do you think it wise?"

"I can't get it, Lester," he said. "I can't get it. But I will see it. It's there! It's there! Just out of both."

He shrugged his shoulders and glanced at his watch. "I'm getting dippy," he added, in another tone. "Let's go out and get a breath of air."

"Safe?" she echoed, looking at me in

astonishment. "Certainly. What have I to fear?"

I had to confess that I myself did not know very clearly what she had to fear, so I temporized. "I'm sure," I said, "you're keeping the nurses?"

"No; I do not need them. They left an hour ago."

"But the servants," I said, in a panic, "they are here? They are going to stay?"

"Your questions seem most extraordinary to me, Mr. Lester. Of course the servants will stay."

"And—and the Hindus?" I blurted out.

"Yes, and the Hindus, as you call them. This is their home. It was my father's wish."

I gave it up; her manner indicated that all this was no concern of mine, and that my interference was a mere impertinence. But I tried one parting shot.

"Mr. Swain is very anxious you should not stay here," I said. "He will be deeply grieved when he learns your decision."

To this she made no answer, and, finding nothing more to say, sore at heart, and not a little angry and resentful, I started to leave the room.

"There is one thing more," I said, turning back at the threshold. "I shall have to go in to the city tomorrow, but I shall come out again in the evening. Would it be convenient to have our business conference after dinner?"

"Yes," she agreed; "that will do very well."

"At 8 o'clock then?"

"I shall expect you at that time," she assented; and with that I took my leave.

It was in a most depressed state of mind that I made my way back to Godfrey's; and I sat down on the porch and smoked a pipe of bitter meditation. For I felt that, somehow, Miss Vaughan was slipping away from me. There had been a barrier between us today which had not been there before, a barrier of coldness and reserve which I could not penetrate. Some hostile influence had been at work; in death, even more than in life perhaps, her father's will weighed upon her. I could imagine how a feeling of remorse might grow and deepen, and urge her toward foolish and useless sacrifice.

And just then Mrs. Hargis came out and told me that someone wanted me on the phone. It was Swain.

"They let me come out here to the office to 'phone to you," he said, as he heard my exclamation of surprise. "Simmonds happened in and told them it would be all right. He's here now."

"And they're treating you all right?"

"They're treating me all right," he said, laughing. "And then his boarder, he laughed. And then his voice grew suddenly serious. 'Have you seen Miss Vaughan?'"

"Yes," I answered; "for I knew of course that the question was coming."

"Well?"

"Miss Vaughan refuses to go to the Royces," Swain said.

"There was a moment's silence. 'Then where will she go?'"

"She won't go anywhere."

"You don't mean," he cried, panic in his voice, "that she's going to stay out there?"

"Yes; she laughed when I mentioned danger. There's one consolation—the servants will stay."

"Did you tell her how anxious I was for her?"

"Yes, I did my best, Swain."

"And I made no difference. The fact is, Swain, I fancy she's a little remorseful about her father—his death has unnerved her—and there was the funeral today—and as a sort of atonement, she's trying to do what she imagines he would wish her to do."

"I wished her to become a priestess," said Swain, his voice ghastly.

"Oh, well, she won't go that far," I assured him cheerfully; "and no doubt in a few days, when the first impression of the tragedy has worn off, she will be ready to go to the Royces. I'll have Mrs. Royce call on her."

"Thank you, Mr. Lester," he said, but his voice was still shaking. "I'm sure of it. God knows what he'll try—any villany. You must watch the house, Mr. Lester—day and night you must watch the house!"

"All right," I said, again, strangely impressed by his words. "You may count on me."

"Thank you," he said. "Remember, we've only you. Goodbye."

(Continued next week.)

## Potato a Spanish Discovery.

From "Source, Chemistry and Use of Food Products," by E. H. S. Bailey.

The potato is a native of Chile, Peru and Mexico. It is a much traveled tuber, and was probably taken from Peru to Spain in the early sixteenth century, and to Florida and Virginia by the Spanish explorers, then to Great Britain from Virginia about 1600. The wild potato is found in South America, but with a less developed tuber.

It was cultivated in Europe, and in 1600 recommended by the Royal Society of London on account of its great yield, for introduction into Ireland as a safeguard against famine. This, however, proved to be a mistake, as later, when much reliance was placed in the potato by the Irish, and when a potato disease made the crop a failure in 1846 great suffering resulted.

For many years the potato was extensively cultivated in Virginia, but was only introduced into New England when carried there from Ireland in the eighteenth century. As late as 1771 it was regarded in England as valuable only as food for stock.

## Use Plenty of Sugar.

From the Outing Magazine. A disputed point in dietetics is the food value of sugar and indeed of the carbohydrates in general. (Sugar is pure carbohydrate.) Voit's standard diet for a man at hard physical labor is 133 grams per day of protein, 95 grams fat, and 437 grams of carbohydrates. Bearing in mind that cereals and vegetables are the articles high in carbohydrates, while meat consists of protein and fat, it will be observed that this preponderance of carbohydrates is the usual thing in our ordinary diet.

Until quite recently, however, it was the idea of athletic trainers that the food required for extreme physical fitness was an excess of protein. More recently the pendulum has taken a swing back toward Voit's standard. Scott laid considerable stress on the high nutritive value of the carbohydrates and his sledging ration on the dash to the south pole, consisting of pemmican, butter, biscuits, cocoa, sugar and tea, contained its full share.

Edward Berry, of West Pittsfield, drives a sleigh which he asserts is 184 years old. He says it was bought by the West Pittsfield Shakers in 1761, and was supposed to be the oldest in the world. It is now owned by Irving Weller, and has been in his family 45 years.

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## SUFFERED FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mr. J. M. Sinclair of Olivehill, Tenn., writes: "I strained my back, which weakened my kidneys and caused an awful bad backache and inflammation of the bladder. Later I became so much worse that I consulted a doctor, who said that I had Diabetes and that my heart was affected. I suffered for four years and was in a nervous state and very much depressed. The doctor's medicine didn't help me, so I decided to try Dodds Kidney Pills, and I cannot say enough to express my relief and thankfulness, as they cured me. Diamond Dinner Pills cured me of Constipation."

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c. per box.—Adv.

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