

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

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

Fulton, N. Y. — "Why will women pay out their money for treatment and receive no benefit, when so many have proved that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make them well? For over a year I suffered so from female weakness I could hardly stand and was afraid to go on the street alone. Doctors said medicines were useless and only an operation would help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved it otherwise. I am now perfectly well and can do any kind of work."—Mrs. NELLIE PHELPS, care of R. A. Rider, R.F.D. No. 5, Fulton, N. Y.



We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If you have had symptoms and do not understand the cause, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
Offers Complete Course in Agriculture
Full courses also in Letters, Journalism, Library Science, Chemistry, Pharmacy, Medicine, Architecture, Commerce and Law.

METROPOLIS OF THE WILDS

Spokane, City of a Hundred and Fifty Thousand People, Has Good Trout Fishing Within Limits.

A city of a hundred and fifty thousand people that has good trout fishing within its city limits and Indians living in their tepees a mile and a half away is something that you cannot grasp unless you know the West. And even if you do, Spokane would strike you as something of a surprise. It looks as though it had been built yesterday in what was a virgin wilderness the day before—and yet made complete with street cars and electric lights and everything that you could find in a New England town, except, perhaps, the cultured atmosphere.

The Spokaneites do not miss the cultured atmosphere. If you asked about it they would probably tell you that they prefer the smell of the pines. For they are an outdoors-loving crew. A citizen of Spokane may attend a board of directors' meeting in the heart of the city at 10 a. m. and at 4 p. m. he may be hunting bear. The mountains crowd right down upon the city and there are fifty lakes within a radius of a hundred miles.

Spokane, like Rome, was not built in a day, but it was set up at a rate that makes all of those old saws about how long it takes to do things look hollow and meaningless. It was only in 1853 that the Indians got their first decisive defeat in this region and the first locomotive arrived in 1881. By 1890 they had something of a town started, but it was wiped out by fire that year.

The real growth began when the river was turned into electric power—170,000 horse. From this giant dynamo electricity reaches out through the canyons to hundreds of mines, driving the power trans into the bowels of the mountains, bringing wealth to the city, which sits like a spider at the center of its mighty web or current.

Conservation.

"Did you have any luck fishing?"
"Well, I didn't catch any fish. But I made the same piece of bait last a remarkably long time."

Many a man able to speak six languages never thinks of anything worth saying.

INSTANT POSTUM

as coffee's successor on the family table makes for better health and more comfort. Preferred by Thousands

There's a Reason

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER SEVEN (Continued.)

"I must warn you again, Brison, and you, Madame," he said, severely, "that of this not a single word must be breathed—to no one. Let it pass from your minds as though it had never been. It is an affair of high diplomacy; and you might suffer much were it known that you are concerned in it. In behalf of France, I thank you, and I shall have care that your so great service is brought to the attention of the proper persons. But remember—not a word!"

Monsieur and Madame were faithful—only in the seclusion of their bedroom, with the light extinguished, and in bated whispers, did they ever discuss it. And, as at this point they pass from this story, let it be added that, some months later, a parcel was delivered at their door, which, when opened, was found to contain a handsome vase of Sevres. Inside the vase was a card, "To Monsieur and Madame Aristide Brison, from Theophile Delcasse, as a slight recognition of their services to France."

It would be impossible to say which this worthy couple valued most highly, the vase or the card. Certain it is that, if you are ever a guest at the du Nord, you will be shown both of them, the vase in a velvet lined case against the wall and the card, neatly framed, just below it. And, in consideration of their increased importance, Monsieur and Madame have considered themselves justified in increasing their tariff 10 per cent.

As soon as Lepine and Crochard were alone together, the former took the photograph from his pocket, looked at the number on the back, and then consulted a typewritten list of names. Then, with a hand not wholly steady, he handed the list to his companion. "Number 18," he said.

Opposite that number Crochard read, "Admiral H. Pachman, chief of the wireless service;" and then he gazed at the photograph long and earnestly, as though impress it indelibly upon his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECOND INSTALLATION.

The board of inquiry begins its sessions that afternoon, at the prefecture of marine. It was composed of the most distinguished officers of France, who had donned for the occasion their most brilliant uniforms. There was much paraphernalia—secretaries, portfolios, red taped papers, reports—all that display so dear to the French temperament; and every one wore an air of importance and solemnity befitting time and place.

M. Delcasse opened the session with a ringing speech, forming a notable contrast to the platitudes uttered by the president in the morning. In fact, it was so bold in its allusions to an approaching struggle with "the implacable enemy of the republic," that the members of the board glanced covertly at each other in astonishment. Their astonishment was the greater because, as they well knew, M. Delcasse was not given to indiscretions. At least, his indiscretions were always nicely calculated ones. He knew when to speak and when to hold his tongue—none better; and the fact that he thought it necessary to speak now proved that the affair was serious indeed. At the end of the speech, the board proceeded in a body to an inspection of the wreck.

Lepine, meanwhile, armed with the description Crochard had given him, set his men to work to discover the dwelling place of the white haired stranger who had been seen passing back and forth along the road outside the city gate. But, to his chagrin, evening came and his men had discovered nothing. It is true that the investigation was rendered more than usually difficult by the fact that the town was still in an uproar, and no one wished to speak of anything but the disaster. For the moment, the memories of the people went no farther back than dawn of the previous day. In a day or two, when the first excitement had passed, there would be a much better chance of success.

So, at least, reasoned Inspector Pigot, whose watchword was always patience! But the reasoning did not satisfy Lepine. Patience

was not always a virtue. In this affair, it was impossible to wait a day or two. With every hour, no doubt, the man they sought was putting fresh leagues between himself and his pursuers. Crochard, so Lepine told himself miserably, Crochard would not wait a day or two. Perhaps, already . . .

He put on his hat and sought the Cafe de Voyageurs. Choosing the seat which he had occupied that morning, he ordered a liqueur and sat for an hour contemplating the crowd. Again he perceived that the proprietor was absent; but this time the head waiter did not approach, or even meet his glance. He thought, for a moment, of calling him and asking for Crochard; but he finally decided that that would be too great an indiscretion. Besides, as Crochard had pointed out, in this affair it was Lepine who followed. It was for him to receive instructions, not to give them. At last, with a feeling of depression and dependency quite new to him, the great detective left the cafe, returned to his hotel and went to bed.

But early next morning, things began to move again. He had scarcely finished his breakfast, when a summons came from M. Delcasse to attend him at once, and when Lepine entered his office, he saw that something of importance had occurred. Delcasse already had a visitor—a tall, thin man, dressed severely in black with the word "banker" written all over him. Lepine was therefore not surprised when the visitor was introduced to him as the manager of the Toulon branch of the Bank of France.

"We have something of interest here," said Delcasse, and tossed over to Lepine two notes for 100 francs each.

The latter's eyes were shining as he picked them up, glanced at their numbers, and then compared them with a third note which he took from his pocketbook.

"They are of the same series," he said. "Where did you get them, sir?" and he turned to the bank manager.

"They were deposited with us by the cashier of the central railway station."

"On the afternoon of Monday, the 25th."

"How did you discover them?"

"We received instructions yesterday from Paris to report immediately the receipt of any notes of this series. Our cashier, while checking up our deposits yesterday evening, happened upon these notes, and identified them as a part of the railway deposit of the day before. The matter was reported to me, and I at once forwarded the report to Paris. This morning I received a telegram instructing me to report in person to M. Delcasse, and I hastened to do so."

"You have done well, sir," said the minister, "and I thank you. We will ask you to exchange these notes for two others, and furthermore to say nothing to any one of this discovery or of having seen me."

The exchange was made, the banker departed, and Lepine, with the notes in his pocketbook, hastened away to the Gare Centrale. Arrived there, he asked for the chief, introduced himself, and stated his business.

"I have here two notes," he said, "which were deposited by your cashier last Monday afternoon. It is most important that I find out from whom this money was received, and to what point tickets were purchased. The purchase was made, no doubt, some time during Monday."

"The money might have been received Sunday," the chief-dun-gare pointed out. "Since the bank is closed Sunday, we can make no deposit on that day."

"I have reason to believe it was not received until Monday," said Lepine. "May I interrogate the cashiers, beginning with the one who was on duty at daybreak Monday?"

"There are two men on duty at all hours," explained the chief; "and each trick is eight hours in length. The first begins at 6 o'clock in the morning. At which hour was daybreak on Monday?"

"At 5 o'clock and 49 minutes." "The clerks who were in the bureau at that hour are not here

now, but I can have them called." "Let us interrogate the ones who are here," suggested Lepine. "Perhaps it will not be necessary to disturb the others."

The chief pressed a button and summoned the ticket sellers, one after the other. The first had no recollection of having received the notes, but with his companion Lepine was more successful.

"Yes, yes, I remember them perfectly," he said, when they were shown to him. "My attention was called to them because they were both quite new. I looked at them closely to make certain that they were genuine, and noticed that they were numbered consecutively. Another detail which caused them to remain in my memory was the striking appearance of the person who gave them to me."

Lepine's heart was throbbing with triumph.

"Describe this man," he said. "Ah, sir," said the clerk, "that is just it. It was not a man, but a girl—a girl of 18 or 20. That is what drew my attention. It is not usual to have a girl like that ask for two tickets, second class, to Paris."

"A girl?" stammered Lepine. "You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure, sir."

"Well, describe her, then."

The clerk half closed his eyes in order the better to visualize his memory. "She was, as I have said, of about 19, and she was not a Frenchwoman."

"How do you know that?"

"Because, in the first place, she spoke French not very well; and, in the second place, there was in her manner an assurance, a freedom from embarrassment, which a French girl of her station would not possess."

"Was she light or dark?"

"She was dark, sir, with bright black eyes, with which she looked at one very steadily. She was slightly built, of medium height, simply dressed, so far as I could see through the little window, not fashionably, with with good effect. However, what impressed me most was her calm assurance—almost American; but she was too dark to be of America."

Reading between the lines, Lepine suspected that the clerk had attempted to start a flirtation with the selfposessed unknown, and had been rebuffed. And yet, what he said was true—young girls in France were not, ordinarily, entrusted with the buying of railway tickets, especially for so considerable a journey.

"You are sure the tickets were to Paris?"

"Yes, sir; second class. I remember distinctly giving her 64 francs in change."

"At what hour was this?"

"About 8 o'clock, sir."

"Of Monday morning?"

"Yes, sir; of Monday morning."

"At what hour was the next train for Paris?"

"At 8:15, sir, the express departs."

"The girl had no companion?"

"I saw none, sir."

"She certainly had a companion, or she would not have bought two tickets?"

"Perhaps the inspector at the gate can tell us something," the chief suggested, and the clerk was dismissed and the inspector summoned. But he could give them no information. There had been many passengers for the express, and, besides, every one, himself included, was so distressed and overwrought by the catastrophe of the morning that there had not been the usual attention to detail. The inquiry was extended to the baggage porters, but with no better success. They, too, had been upset by the disaster and had thought of nothing else. Some of them had frankly deserted their posts in order to hasten to the harbor front. None of those who remained had noticed a white haired man and a dark haired girl.

"Come!" said Lepine savagely to himself, as he left the station. "This is not getting ahead—we must try the cabs. But first . . ."

He turned toward the prefecture and quickened his steps, for suddenly he scented a new danger. This white haired man, then, was in the pay of Germany. He had destroyed La Liberte for a price—an immense price, no doubt! And now he had gone to Paris. From there, where would he go? To Brest, perhaps, to work similar mischief there. Lepine shivered a little. The best men he had left at Paris must be sent to Brest with instructions to arrest the fugitives at sight. Two people, so unusual in appearance, would find it difficult to avoid the police in so small a town. But in Paris—that was different. Yet even there something might be done. And then there was always chance, divine

chance, which might, at any moment, deliver them into his hands. Ah, if only he were strolling along the boulevards, looking into this face and that!

"Decidedly, I must be getting back!" Lepine murmured; and, having arrived at the prefecture, he sent a long telegram to his assistant at Paris and another to the prefect at Brest. Then he summoned Pigot. "You will interrogate the cabmen at the Gare Centrale," he said, "as to which of them drove a white haired man and a dark haired girl to the station for the Paris express, Monday morning. And, understand well, Pigot, there must be no failure this time!" Then, as the door closed behind Pigot's retiring figure, he slapped himself smartly on the forehead. "I am a fool!" he cried, and hurried from the building and called a cab.

There are many dealers in electrical supplies at Toulon, and it was not until he reached the fourth one that Lepine found a ray of light. No; its proprietor had no recollection of any sales to strangers. A little white haired man? No. But stay—there had been a white haired man! No, he had bought nothing. He had had a battery recharged—a heavy battery of an unusual type. Yes, it had been delivered. One moment, and the man slowly turned the pages of his ledger, while Lepine bit his lips with impatience. Here it was—the address—80 Rue du Plasson, fourth floor.

In another moment, Lepine's cab was rattling over the cobbles in the direction of the quays.

"Faster! Faster!" he urged.

And then they were in the Rue du Plasson.

"Behold No. 80, sir," said the cabman, and pulled up sharply.

There was already a cab at the curb, and as Lepine jumped out, the door of the house opened and Pigot appeared on the threshold. He stared at his chief in astonishment.

"I was just coming to report to you, sir," he said. "The birds have flown."

"Indeed!" sneered Lepine. "So you have discovered that, have you? But the installation is here, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pigot, very red. "On the fourth floor."

Lepine bounded up the stairs, and Pigot followed in silence. He felt that he had been used unjustly; after all, he was not a wizard—what did the chief expect!

At the top of the house, Lepine glanced first into the narrow room which he had already seen; then he returned to the landing and opened the other door. It led into a still narrower room, also extending to the front of the house, and lighted by a single window. Lepine went to the window and looked out. Over the roof of the low market across the way, he could see the harbor, the workshops, and the wreck of La Liberte. Then he turned to an examination of the room.

A heavy box stood before the window, and on the floor beside it were three large batteries. Some pieces of copper wire were lying about, but there was nothing else. In the top of the box, however, four holes had been bored, as though for the reception of bolts, and one side of the box was badly burned. The sill of the window was also scorched and blistered.

"You have the proprietor of this house?" Lepine inquired.

"He is below," Pigot announced, and went to fetch him.

But from the proprietor, a nervous little man with a dirty beard, Lepine learned little. He lived at the rear of the ground floor, and 10 days or perhaps two weeks before, a man had knocked at the door and asked if the upper floor was to rent.

"What sort of man?" Lepine inquired.

"A dark man, with white hair, sir; not a bad looking man, but not a Frenchman."

"A German, perhaps?"

"No, most certainly not a German; an Italian or a Spaniard."

"What was his business?"

"He said he was an inventor and desired the top floor for his experiments. I told him that in that case I should have to charge extra, as experiments were always dangerous. He did not object, and paid a month in advance. He seemed a very harmless person."

"Was he alone?"

"At that time, yes, sir. But when he returned with his baggage, his daughter accompanied him."

"How do you know it was his daughter?"

"He told me so, sir. The resemblance was very evident. Besides, he insisted that I supply material to curtain off a portion of the room for her bed."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

SOLO SHOTGUN FOR TEN DOLLARS

And Filed on Western Canada Land. Now Worth \$50,000.

Lawrence Bros. of Vera, Saskatchewan, are looked upon as being amongst the most progressive farmers in Western Canada. They have had their "ups-and-downs," and know what it is to be in tight pinches. They persevered, and are now in an excellent financial position. Their story is an interesting one. Coming in from the states they traveled overland from Calgary across the Battle river, the Red Deer river, through the Eagle Hills and on to Battleford. On the way their horses were stolen, but this did not dishearten them. They had some money, with which they bought more horses, and some provisions. When they reached Battleford they had only money enough to pay their ferrage over the Saskatchewan river, and this they had to borrow. It was in 1906 that they fled on homesteads, having to sell a shotgun for ten dollars in order to get sufficient money to do so. Frank Lawrence says:

"Since that time we have acquired altogether a section and a half of land, in addition to renting another three quarters of a section. If we had to sell out now we could probably realize about \$50,000, and have made all this since we came here. We get crops in this district of from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre and oats from 40 to 50 bushels to the acre. Stock here pays well. We have 1,700 sheep, 70 cattle and 60 horses, of which a number are registered Clydes."

Similar successes might be given of the experiences of hundreds of farmers throughout Western Canada, who have done comparatively as well. Why should they not dress well, live well, have comfortable homes, with all modern equipments, electric light, steam heat, pure ventilation, and automobiles. Speaking of automobiles it will be a revelation to the reader to learn that during the first half of 1917, 16,000 automobile licenses were issued in Alberta, twice as many as in the whole of 1916. In Saskatchewan, 21,000 licenses were issued up to the first of May, 1917. In its monthly bulletin for June the Canadian Bank of Commerce makes special reference to this phase and to the general prosperity of the West in the following:

"Generally speaking the western farmer is, in many respects, in a much better position than hitherto to increase his production. Two years of high prices for his products have enabled him, even with a normal crop, to liquidate a substantial proportion of his liabilities and at the same time to buy improved farm machinery. His prosperity is reflected in the demand for building materials, motor cars and other equipment. It is no doubt true that some extravagance is evidenced by the astonishing demand for motor cars, but it must be remembered that many of these cars will make for efficiency on the farm and economize both time and labor."—Advertisement.

Her "Meatless Day."

The day after Prosecuting Attorney Horace G. Murphy and his deputies and constables made a Sunday morning raid on a Muncie "blind tiger" and arrested 50 persons found there, many of the men going to jail on various charges, the wife of one of those whose fate it was to be locked up, was confiding to Billy Blaney, the elevator man at the Wyser building, in which Murphy has his office, says the Indianapolis News.

"I'm considerably worried," she told him, "about my Sunday dinner yesterday and thought Mr. Murphy might straighten things out. You see, my husband started away from home about ten o'clock in the morning to get some meat for dinner said he intended to stop in at the club (all 'tigers' are clubs in Muncie) and get a bottle of beer on the way. Hek he always does Sundays. Well, he hasn't brought that meat home yet, and meat nowadays costs too much to waste."

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF

The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly—Trial Free.

Anoint spots of dandruff, itching and irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man, and next morning if a woman. When Dandruff goes the hair comes. Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet.

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

Has to Worry.

Patient—How can I be quiet and easy when I have nothing to do but lie here and think of the high cost of living?

Nurse—No, you mustn't think of it. Here, let me take your temperature.

Patient—Yes, and I'll bet you'll find that is going up, too.

Many a man who is cramped for time in this world may have it to burn in the next.

After the Merline is Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids—Blepharitis—Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as you give your teeth and you will have them as young and with the eye regularity. CARE FOR THEM. YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES. Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Merline Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.