

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."
—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, headache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Good Word for Adam.
A Tommy, writing home from the Garden of Eden, says: "I think it's rotten hole, and I don't blame Adam for getting thrown out."

**ANY CORN LIFTS OUT,
DOESN'T HURT A BIT!**

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of Frezone, says a Cincinnati authority. For little cost one can get a small bottle of Frezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any Frezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Want Good Marksmen.
At the time of the Spanish-American war an expert rifle shot was refused enlistment as a sharpshooter on the ground that good marksmanship is of no advantage on the field of battle. There are still some military authorities who believe this to be the case. They point out that when the distance is not accurately known, the good marksman will be sure to miss, while a volley from poor marksmen will cover a large area and score some hits. Nevertheless, the policy is now to encourage marksmanship by every possible means.

Concrete is Preferable.
Steel is going up, and concrete, as a result is coming into wider use. Railway bridges, for example, which used always to be of steel, are now often of concrete. A beautiful concrete railway bridge is being built across the James river at Richmond, Va., and it is much prettier than a steel bridge. For like reasons, concrete is replacing wood in mining structural works, where it has the great advantage of being waterproof.

When Man is Caught.
Many a man has been caught at his own foolish game by people who let him think he was fooling them.

Poor Old Rich Man.
No one seems to sympathize with the poor, old rich man paying income tax.

People eat Grape-Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them



The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED)

"It was because I was thinking of you. I have been thinking of you all day. I tried to go to you, just now. I had something to tell you. But the guard at the ladder stopped me."

He looked around to make sure that there was no one near.

"He didn't stop me," she said.

"No; first class passengers have the run of the ship. How does it happen that you are first class, Kasia?"

It was the first time that he had used the word with intention, and his voice trembled a little over it. She told him rapidly of the odor which had suddenly developed in her former stateroom, and how the ship's people had finally been compelled to transfer her and her father to the first cabin.

"Oh, to quite sumptuous quarters," she went on; "you should see them. Two bedrooms and a sitting room and bath—an imperial suite. There are no places left at the tables, so our meals are served in our sitting room, as though we were royalties. I'm afraid our tips will have to be something enormous! I can't help but feel that the steamship company is getting very much the worst of it. Both father and I offered to continue eating second class, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. He seems to think, poor man, that the odor has disgraced his boat. He was quite humble about it!"

Dan breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I'm glad it's so simple," he said. "I had begun to imagine all sorts of things. Last night, when we were talking here, it happened that my roommate, a fellow named Chevrial, was sitting on that bench yonder, and overheard a little of our talk. He was quite solemn with me this afternoon about it."

"In what way?" asked Kasia, quickly.

"He said there were always spies on board these big boats, and that you oughtn't to go around talking about blowing up battle-ships—not at this time, anyway, since it is only three or four days since a French ship was blown up."

He could hear the startled breath she drew, and the hand she laid on his sleeve was trembling.

"Did he say that?" she gasped.

"But he doesn't suspect—"

"That your father blew up La Liberté?" laughed Dan. "Of course not. He said that was absurd. But, just the same, he thought it unwise to talk about it."

"He is right," Kasia agreed. "What else did he say?"

"He seemed to think your being moved to first class was part of a plot of some kind, and thought you ought to be warned not to make any acquaintances or confide in any one. But of course that was just his imagination. If the captain himself moved you why that settles it. He wouldn't be concerned in any plot. The whole thing, anyway, sounds like a bit of 10-20-30. I told Chevrial so."

"Who is this Chevrial?" asked Miss Vard.

"I don't know. He told me he was a dealer in wine. He seems to have travelled a lot, and he is certainly a well educated fellow, and one of the best talkers I ever met. A Frenchman all through, from the way he got worked up over Alsace-Lorraine. He said it was as bad as Poland. But I suspect he was letting his Gallic imagination run away with him when he got on the subject of spies."

"I am not so sure of that," she said, and fell silent for a moment.

"I have seen more of spies than have you, Mr. Webster—I know how Europe is honeycombed with them. At any rate, it can do no harm to follow his advice. Please make sure that there is no one near us. I have something most important to say to you."

Dan glanced at her in surprise; then he got up, looked behind the boat in whose shadow the bench stood, and made a careful survey of their surroundings. Then he sat down again.

"There is no one near," he assured her.

"Mr. Webster," she began, leaning so close that a tendril of her hair brushed his cheek, and speaking in a voice that was almost a whisper, "I told you that I

had need of a friend. It is a desperate need. I may rely upon you, may I not?"

For answer, he sought her hand, found it and held it fast. It was very cold.

"I was sure of it," she said, and her fingers closed upon his. "I knew, in my first glance at you, that you were to be counted on."

Dan's heart was glowing and he could not trust himself to speak.

"My need is this," she went on rapidly, as though, having nerved herself to speak, she must hurry through with it before her resolution failed. "My father has perfected an invention—oh, a great invention—which he fears some one may try to steal from him. He has many enemies who would stop at nothing to gain possession of it. Even on this boat, perhaps, there are some of them—he does not know; there is no way that he can tell; but he is very anxious. For eight years he labored at this invention, and at last it is finished. But if some one should steal his model, all this would be for nothing—for worse than nothing. It is not a money loss he fears—this invention will not bring him money—but his whole life would be wrecked—all his plans, all his hopes. Today he agreed with me that this model should be destroyed; he put it in my hand and he expected me to drop it into the sea. But I was afraid to do that; perhaps he could not make another. It is so complicated, so delicate, perhaps he would go wrong. So I thought and thought—I thought if I had a friend whom I could trust absolutely, whom no one would suspect of possessing it, I might entrust it to him . . ."

Dan's pressure on her hand grew stronger.

"Give it to me," he said.

Kasia gazed into his eyes for a moment, as though reading his very soul; then her other hand came forward under her cloak and touched his. He felt that it held a package; and he took it quickly and slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

"Now it is safe," he said. "You are not to worry about it any more."

She breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"But you must make me two promises," she said.

"What are they?"

"You must permit no one, under any circumstances, to open that package."

"I promise."

"Rather than do that, rather than permit any one to see it, you must destroy it—throw it overboard, stamp upon it—destroy it in some way."

"I promise."

"No matter who may be trying to get it—the captain of this ship, an officer of the police—it must make no difference."

"I promise."

She leaned against the seat, suddenly relaxed as from a great strain, and closed her eyes. But she did not draw her hand away. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him, and her lips were quivering. An immense longing to take her in his arms, to stoop and kiss those lips, to hold her close to him, rushed through the man's veins. But he held himself back. To do that would be base; to do that would be asking payment! He could not do that. But sometime, sometime . . .

She saw the change in his face, sat for an instant very still, then drew her hand away, got out her handkerchief and passed it across her eyes.

"Now we can talk," she said, in another tone. "You may choose the subject."

Dan pulled himself together.

"Oh, any subject will do," he laughed. "Ships or shoes or sealing wax—just so you do the talking."

And he got out his pipe and filled it with trembling fingers. He was absurdly happy.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST CONFERENCE.

In the captain's cabin meanwhile, another conference was going forward, and one of a very different character from that on the after boat deck. The curtains had been carefully drawn, and three men sat facing each other.

They were Ignace Vard, Pachmann, and the young man whom he addressed habitually as "Prince." Vard was on the divan in the corner of the room, the others lounged in two luxuriously upholstered chairs which had been wheeled in front of the divan. Their attitudes suggested careless unconcern, but their eyes were glowing with repressed excitement. Cigars and liquors were on a table between them, and the air was blue with smoke.

The captain had been chatting with a group of passengers when Pachmann's card was handed to him, but after a glance at it, he excused himself at once.

"Show the gentlemen to my cabin," he said to the messenger, and himself hastened to it. There, a moment later, Pachmann and the prince appeared.

"It is necessary that we have a conference tonight," said Pachmann, "with this Ignace Vard. It must be in a room where we cannot by any possibility be overheard."

"It is, I suppose, an affair of state?" asked the captain.

"Yes; of the first importance."

"My cabin, then, is at your disposal."

"Thank you, sir," said Pachmann. "There could be no better place. I was hoping that you would offer it."

"You will understand, sir," Hausmann went on, stroking his beard nervously, "that an explanation of all this will have to be made to my company."

"I will see that a satisfactory explanation is made, sir," Pachmann assented.

The captain nodded his relief.

"That is what I desire. I will have Vard brought to you," he said, saluted and withdrew.

He sent a messenger for the inventor, waited until he had entered, and then summoned a sailor and posted him as a sentry outside the door, with instructions to permit no one else to enter or even knock. Then he had another man stretch a rope across the deck some 20 feet abaft the door; and finally mounted thoughtfully to the bridge, considerably to the surprise of his subordinates, and spent the whole evening there, pacing slowly back and forth with an appearance of restlessness the other officers could not understand, for the weather was very fine and the barometer high and steady.

In the cabin below the conference proceeded.

"It is as well, Mr. Vard," Pachmann was saying, "that we should understand each other. The prince and myself are here as the direct personal representatives of the emperor, who has given us his fullest confidence and the most complete authority. Any agreement we may make with you, he will recognize as binding. It was a condition of yours, I believe, that you would meet only with persons so empowered."

"I should have preferred to treat with the emperor himself," said Vard.

"You could scarcely expect him to make this trip to America," Pachmann pointed out, with a smile. "If you had been content to go to Berlin . . ."

"That was impossible," Vard broke in. "It was stipulated that the treaty should be signed in America, and the emperor agreed."

"And we are here to carry out that agreement," Pachmann added. "But before we proceed to a consideration of it, I will outline the progress of affairs to the present moment, in order that the prince may be thoroughly familiar with the matter. If I am mistaken in any detail, please correct me."

Vard nodded, and lay back in his seat, watching the smoke from his cigar, as it wreathed itself toward the ceiling.

"About the middle of July," Pachmann began, "Mr. Vard called on Count Eulenberg, the chief marshal of the imperial court, and asked for a private audience with the emperor. The request was so preposterous that the count was astounded when Mr. Vard persisted in it. After that he was shadowed night and day, his lodgings were searched, his mail opened, and the police authorities were about to expel him from the country as a dangerous person, when something still more astonishing happened. With incredible good fortune, Mr. Vard had in some way managed to secure an audience with Admiral von Tirpitz, secretary of the navy; two days later, a secret audience was arranged, at which the emperor was present. At the request of Admiral von Tirpitz, I was also present, in my capacity as chief of the wireless service.

"At this conference Mr. Vard stated that he had discovered a principle, or invented an appara-

tus, by which he could explode the magazines of a fort or battleship at any distance up to five miles, and that he believed the perfection of the invention would greatly increase its range. This new principle, which worked in conjunction with the ordinary wireless, was something which there was no way to guard, since it penetrated both wood and metal. Every ship, every army, every fort was at the mercy of the man controlling it. If a single nation controlled it, that nation would become mistress of the world; if it was common to all nations, war, as we know it, would be impossible.

"Mr. Vard went on to say that it was not his purpose to make this discovery the property of a single nation. His purpose was to render war so impossible that all nations would consent to universal disarmament, and enter into an agreement for universal peace. He had come to Germany first, he said, because she was the greatest of the armed nations, and if she agreed to his proposal, the example would be very great. His proposal was that he would prove that he was able to do everything he claimed, in any way that Germany might prescribe; in the event of his success, Germany was to sign an agreement to disarm, to secure the signature of Russia and such other nations as she could influence, and this alliance was then to force the agreement of all other nations; the navies and coast defenses of such nations as would not agree to be blown to pieces and their consent compelled."

Pachmann paused for a moment and wiped his glistening forehead.

"Am I stating your proposal correctly, Mr. Vard?" he asked.

The inventor nodded, without lowering his eyes from the ceiling.

"I need not say with what astonishment I listened to this extraordinary proposal," Pachmann continued. "It seemed impossible that any merely human brain should have been able to work out the details of a plan so stupendous. But it impressed the emperor; it impressed all of us. We held other conferences, and it was finally agreed that, before we went further, Mr. Vard should give us the proof he had suggested. The test to which he finally consented was to be a conclusive one. He was to blow up a French battleship in Toulon harbor. As his funds were limited, we agreed to bear the expense of the experiment and to reimburse him for the apparatus which he would have to leave behind. If he succeeded, we would be ready to treat definitely with him; two commissioners, with full power from the emperor, would accompany him to America, where such treaty as might finally be agreed upon would be signed. Am I right so far, Mr. Vard?"

The inventor had lowered his eyes and was looking at the speaker keenly.

"Yes," he said, "except that you should add that it was distinctly understood that the treaty was to be one for universal disarmament, and that Germany was to do everything in her power to secure the consent of all other nations."

"You are right," agreed Pachmann, readily. "That was to be the general purpose of the treaty. It was only its details we were to discuss—the exact manner in which this end could best be accomplished."

The prince had been listening intently, and at the words, his eyes and Pachmann's met. Vard was again gazing at the ceiling.

"On the 20th of this month," Pachmann continued, "Admiral von Tirpitz received from Mr. Vard, in a code agreed upon, a telegram stating that the test would occur at daylight on Monday the 25th." He paused for a moment, then went on more slowly. "At that hour, a companion and myself were on the harbor front of Toulon; and at that hour La Liberté was indeed destroyed."

He stopped, his eyes on the inventor's face. Vard met his glance without flinching.

"Understand," he said, in a low tone, "that I am no monster, that I recognize the sacredness of human life. The test proposed was yours, not mine; I protested against it, and I consented at last because I saw that you would with nothing else be satisfied. But for the destruction of that ship, you will have to atone; to those men who were killed a great monument shall be built; they shall be recognized by all the world as heroes and martyrs; their families shall weep for them, indeed, but with tears of joy and pride. To banish war from the world those men laid down their lives, even as I would lay down mine—even as any brave man would—gladly eagerly!"

(Continued next week.)

HOOVER'S SIX RULES.

In an article in the September Woman's Home Companion, a writer gives Herbert Hoover's six rules for food economy. They are:

- "First—To save the wheat. It we eat as usual from our harvest this year we shall have little more than enough for our own supply, but we can divide with our allies. If each individual makes some sacrifice by eating at least one wheatless meal a day.
- "Second—We want to save the meat, for our cattle and hogs are decreasing, and we must send meat to our allies.
- "Third—We wish to save the fats. We wish no butter used in cooking. Less served on the table. We want less lard, bacon and other food products used.
- "Fourth—Deficiencies in food supply can be amply covered by increasing the use of fish, potatoes, beans, turnips, cabbage and vegetables generally, corn, buckwheat, rye and rice, which we will have in abundance this harvest.
- "Fifth—We want to save transportation. Most of us were quite sure for munition men and coal, everyone should consume products of local origin so far as possible.
- "Sixth—We want to save the 'gospel of the clean plate,' to see that nothing of value goes into the garbage can.

Aside from eating an increased proportion of these commodities in order to save on the staples, it is extremely important that any surplus of these commodities shall be preserved or well stored for winter use."

A Plain Answer.

From the London Observer.

It is appropriate that the first reply to the papal peace note should come from the United States. President Wilson has been an even more strenuous worker for peace than the sovereign pontiff himself. The sincerity has been proved by his attitude under outbreak of hostilities, sufficient to satisfy the most exacting religious standards. The impossibility of reaching a cessation of hostilities, which was the accommodation and compromise was sufficiently attested when the head of the American republic—the world's greatest pacifist—stood forth in a magnificent self-driven to take up arms. The necessity of perseverance until the German war gods are finally overthrown is conclusively exhibited in the message which has gone from Washington to Rome. The essence of the pope's conception, as the president expressed it, that the status quo ante should be restored. But the status quo ante, as events have proved, was a fool's paradise. It rested on the assumption that the rights of smaller nations were inviolable, that the conduct of the great powers of Europe was regulated by established principles. Over every one of these points the world has found that it was living under the grossest of delusions. The advance of civilization has rendered the insolent claim to trample on Belgium neutrality, the contemptuous rupture of agreements to which the Hohenzollerns had set their seal—how can the world pretend to return to a state of things which the very basis is mocked by this triple revelation. How can there be a peace by agreement with a power whose word of honor is demonstrably worthless? And what sort of a peace would it be with all Europe waiting to watch and listen for the next outbreak of that "furious and brutal power" which knows no law, but its own appetites? Every attempt to blot out the responsibility of the war is vitiated by its elimination both of morals and of reality. The idea of making another submerged if the issue of responsibility were passed over in silence. The cause of the future—and of all who are to be born into it—would be left to the mercy of the possible for the nation which has broken all the shackles of law to give renewed rein to its dusts and passions. The effort for the enslavement of humanity. Mr. Lloyd-George says, there must be no next time. Any policy which leaves the "bloody beast" with change of power is as repugnant to reason as to humanity.

War of Materials Rarer Than Man.

A letter from France reports Gen. Jan. Smuts, the South African leader, as saying:

What is described as the standstill of today is the result of yesterday's fundamental mistake, namely that the only important thing was the raising of effective. "This war," he said, "is a war of materials, a fact we discovered rather late. Fortunately the harm has been made good and we have no more to fear."

"This," he continued, "is the reason we were so slow in going forward. The slow progress was due to the development of war machines which favored a defensive rendering swift victories almost impossible, as was seen at Verdun. In the future, it will be necessary to know how the results are certain. Gradual and limited advances in zones rendered untenable by a superior concentration of artillery have cost us very little in men, but have inflicted a maximum of loss on the enemy. This policy will certainly be persisted in without pause or respite."

"I do not know," he said, "whether the public realizes that there is no longer any question as to who is going to win and that all we need is the maintenance of our conquest. Victory is ours and the Germans understand that perfectly. If we look at the present situation in the perspective, we see Germany near to the same position that she occupied in 1914 or 1915."

After referring to the growing feeling of terror which is gripping the European nations range themselves side by side against her, financial markets closed to her, her food products are no longer so much in demand, her economic future hopelessly compromised and her name more and more detested, he said that she is faced with the prospect of being annihilated unless the entente powers again open the doors of the world to her.

What does the future offer her even on the impossible hypothesis of a reversal of the military situation?

"There is nothing Germany longs for more ardent than peace, but before thinking of peace we must," General Smuts said, "be certain of having finished with military imperialism. The stake is the greatest the human race has ever played for, and the patience and confidence are all we need in order to be certain of winning."

How Funston Broke a Strike.

From the Youth's Companion.

In 1893 Frederick Funston set out for Alaska on a mission to collect botanical specimens. Today the trail over which he went is familiar, but at that time it was known only to Indian guides and a few daring miners who had found their own ways. Funston with two companions went up the pass and over the Yukon. One incident of the trip he describes in his own picturesque language as follows:

The Indians carried the loads while we dragged the empty sleds. The snow fell incessantly for five days, and it lay along our route from five to 50 feet deep. Day after day we followed and struggled on as we worked our way gradually upward to the summit of the range. One cheerful little diversion occurred on the second day. The low browed chief, who seemed to have charge of the other Indians, threw his load into the snow and announced that unless he paid more materially increased he and the other packers would get themselves back to the village, and thus leave us in a pretty pickle. My temper had been at white heat all day, and without thinking what might be the consequences of such a move, I shoved the muzzle of a cocked rifle into the face of the advisory committee of that strike, and the way the most serene grand master of the Amalgamated Order of Chilkoot Salmon Fishers rethought his sack of beans and tugged along through the broad expanse of the beautiful snow shows that it is somewhat of a good thing for every well regulated family to have a gun in the house.

Still Stranger.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor, "he may say that he is actually strangled on them."

Now it's a \$1,000,000 war budget. And they told us in school that a dither stood for nothing.