

HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS

Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all run down in health, was nervous, had headaches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medicines which did me no good. One day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for women, so I tried it. My nervousness and backache and



headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."—Mrs. ADELINA B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.

Backache and nervousness are symptoms or nature's warnings, which indicate a functional disturbance or an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment. Women in this condition should not continue to drag along without help, but profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience, and try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Headaches disappeared. I gained in weight and feel fine, so I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman who is suffering as I was."—Mrs. ADELINA B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.



Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura

Small size, Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Talcum 75¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. 5, Boston.

TURNED TABLES ON OFFICER

Offending Soldier Proved He Knew the Value of a Little Soft Soap, Judiciously Applied.

It was the general's inspection day, and his remark was heard all over the square. "Splendid!" he exclaimed, as a company passed the flagstaff.

"Did you hear that, Bill?" said a ranker, just after passing the saluting base.

"You stand fast in the ranks after parade," snapped a sergeant, "for talking during inspection."

Next day he was brought before the adjutant.

"Private So-and-so, you are charged with talking in the ranks during an inspection parade. What excuse have you to offer?"

"Well," replied the ranker, "as we were passing the saluting pole I heard the general remark, 'Well done, lads! Splendid!' and, of course, me being elevated over hearing such praise, remarked, 'Yes, and you've got the smartest officer in the whole army to thank for making us splendid, and that's our adjutant!'"

"I—I say, sergeant, dismiss this man at once, and don't bring such frivolous complaints before me again!"

Forewarned.

Little Dorothy adored her oldest brother John; in fact, was his abject slave. But one day John was guilty of some misdeed for which his father thought a spanking was the only appropriate punishment, and proceeded to administer it.

Dorothy witnessed it with her little hands tightly clenched; then she turned to her mother, and between sobs exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, I'm so sorry that cross man is going to be the grandfather of my children."—Harper's Magazine.

New York's combined railway ticket office requires 60 ticket clerks.

THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN (Continued.)

"And if I give you my word of honor, Monsieur le President, to return the moment my task is done and give myself up?"

Valenglay struck the table with his fist and, raising his voice, addressed Don Luis with a certain genial familiarity:

"Come, Arsene Lupin," he said, "play the game! If you really want to have your way, pay for it! Hang it all, remember that after all this business, and especially after the incidents of last night, you and Florence Levasseur will be to the public what you already are; the responsible actors in the tragedy; nay, more, the real and only criminals. And it is now, when Florence Levasseur has taken to her heels, that you come and ask for your liberty! Very well, but damn it, set a price to it and don't haggle with me!"

"I am not haggling, Monsieur President," declared Don Luis, in a very straightforward manner more extraordinary and tremendous than you imagine. But if it were twice as extraordinary and twice as tremendous, it would not count once Florence Levasseur's life is in danger. Nevertheless, I was entitled to try for a less expensive transaction. Of this your words remove all hope. I will therefore lay my cards upon the table, as you demand, and as I had made up my mind to do."

He sat down opposite Valenglay, in the attitude of a man treating with another on equal terms.

"I shall not be long. A single sentence, Monsieur le President, will express the bargain which I am proposing to the Prime Minister of my country."

And looking Valenglay straight in the eyes, he said slowly, syllable by syllable:

"In exchange for 24 hours' liberty and no more, undertaking on my honor to return here tomorrow morning and to return here either with Florence, to give you every proof of her innocence, or without her, to constitute myself a prisoner, I offer you—"

He took his time and, in a serious voice, concluded:

"I offer you a kingdom, Monsieur le President du Conseil."

The sentence sounded bombastic and ludicrous, sounded silly enough to provoke a shrug of the shoulders, sounded like one of those sentences which only an imbecile or a lunatic could utter. And yet Valenglay remained impassive. He knew that, in such circumstances as the present, the man before him was not the man to indulge in jesting.

And he knew it so fully that, instinctively, accustomed as he was to momentous political questions in which secrecy is of the utmost importance, he cast a glance toward the Prefect of Police, as though M. Desmoulin's presence in the room hindered him.

"I positively insist," said Don Luis, "that Monsieur le Prefect de Police shall stay and hear what I have to say. He is better able than any one else to appreciate the value of it; and he will bear witness to its correctness in certain particulars."

"Speak!" said Valenglay. His curiosity knew no bounds. He did not much care whether Don Luis's proposal could have any practical results. In his heart he did not believe in it. But what he wanted to know was the lengths to which that demon of audacity was prepared to go, and on what new prodigious adventure he based the pretensions which he was putting forward so calmly and frankly.

Don Luis smiled.

"Will you allow me?" he asked. Rising and going to the mantelpiece, he took down from the wall a small map representing Northwest Africa. He spread it on the table, placed different objects on the four corners to hold it in position, and resumed:

"There is one matter, Monsieur le President, which puzzled Monsieur le Prefect de Police and about which I know that he caused inquiries to be made; and

that matter is how I employed my time, or, rather, how Arsene Lupin employed his time during the last three years of his service with the Foreign Legion."

"These inquiries were made by my orders," said Valenglay.

"And they led—?"

"To nothing."

"So that you do not know what I did during my captivity?"

"Just so."

"I will tell you, Monsieur le President. It will not take me long."

Don Luis pointed with a pencil to a spot in Morocco marked on the map.

"It was here that I was taken prisoner on the twenty-fourth of July. My capture seemed queer to Monsieur le Prefect de Police and to all who subsequently heard the details of the incident. They were astonished that I should have been foolish enough to get caught in ambush and to allow myself to be trapped by a troop of forty Berber horse. Their surprise is justified. My capture was a deliberate move on my part."

"You will perhaps remember, Monsieur le President, that I enlisted in the Foreign Legion after making a fruitless attempt to kill myself in consequence of some really terrible private disasters. I wanted to die, and I thought that a Moorish bullet would give me the final rest for which I longed."

"Fortune did not permit it. My destiny, it seemed, was not yet fulfilled. Then what had to be was. Little by little, unknown to myself, the thought of death vanished and I recovered my love of life. A few rather striking feats of arms had given me back all my self-confidence and all my desire for action."

"New dreams seized hold of me. I fell a victim to a new ideal. From day to day I needed more space, greater independence, wider horizons, more unforeseen and personal sensations. The Legion, great as my affection was for the plucky fellows who had welcomed me so cordially, was no longer enough to satisfy my craving for activity."

"One day, without thinking much about it, in a blind prompting of my whole being toward a great adventure which I did not clearly see, but which attracted me in a mysterious fashion, one day, finding myself surrounded by a band of the enemy, though still in a position to fight, I allowed myself to be captured."

"That is the whole story, Monsieur le President. As a prisoner, I was free. A new life opened before me. However, the incident nearly turned out badly. My three dozen Berbers, a troop detached from an important nomad tribe that used to pillage and put to ransom the districts lying on the middle chains of the Atlas Range, first galloped back to the little cluster of tents where the wives of their chiefs were encamped under the guard of some ten men. They packed off at once; and, after a week's march which I found pretty arduous, for I was on foot, with my hands tied behind my back, following a mounted party, they stopped on a narrow upland commanded by rocky slopes covered with skeletons moulder under the stars and French swords and other weapons."

"Here they planted a stake in the ground and fastened me to it. I gathered from the behavior of my captors and from a few words which I overheard that my death was decided on. They meant to cut off my ears, nose, and tongue, and then my head."

"However, they began by preparing their repast. They went to a well close by, ate and drank and took no further notice of me except to laugh at me and describe the various treats they held in store for me."

"Another night passed. The torture was postponed until the morning, a time that suited them better. At break of day they crowded round me, uttering yells and shouts with which were mingled the shrill cries of the women."

"When my shadow covered a line which they had marked on the sand the night before, they ceased their din, and one of them, who was to perform the surgical operations prescribed for me, stepped forward and ordered me to put out my tongue. I did so. He took hold of it with a corner of his burnous and, with his other hand, drew his dagger from its sheath."

"I shall never forget the ferocity, coupled with ingenuous delight, of his expression, which was like that of a mischievous boy amusing himself by breaking a bird's wings and legs. Nor shall I ever forget the man's stupefaction when he saw that his danger no longer consisted of anything but the pommel and a harmless and ridiculously small stump of the blade, just long enough to keep in its sheath. His fury was revealed by a splutter of curses and he at once rushed at one of his friends and snatched his dagger from him."

"The same stupefaction followed: this dagger was also broken off at the hilt. The next thing was a general tumult, in which one and all brandished their knives. But all of them uttered howls of rage."

"There were 45 men there; and their 45 knives were smashed."

"The chief flew at me as if holding me responsible for this incomprehensible phenomenon. He was a tall, lean old man, slightly hunch-backed, blind of one eye, hideous to look upon. He aimed a huge pistol blank at my head and he struck me as so ugly that I burst out laughing in his face. He pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire. He pulled it again. The pistol again missed fire."

"All of them at once began to dance around the stake to which I was fastened. Gesticulating wildly, hustling one another and roaring like thunder, they leveled their various firearms at me: muskets, pistols, carbines, old Spanish blunderbusses. The ham-clicked. But the muskets, pistols, carbines, and blunderbusses did not go off!"

"It was a regular miracle. You should have seen their faces. I never laughed so much in my life; and this completed their bewilderment."

"Some ran to the tents for more powder. Others hurriedly reloaded their arms, only to meet with fresh failure, while I did nothing but laugh! The thing could not go on indefinitely. There were plenty of other means of doing away with me. They had their hands to strangle me with, the butt ends of their muskets to smash my head with, pebbles to stone me with. And there were over 40 of them!"

"The old chief picked up a bulky stone and stepped toward me, his features distorted with hatred. He raised himself to his full height, lifted the huge block, with the assistance of two of his men, above my head and dropped it—in front of me, on the stake! It was a staggering sight for the poor old man. I had, in one second, unfastened my bonds and sprung backward; and I was standing at three paces from him, with my hands outstretched before me, and holding in those outstretched hands the two revolvers which had been taken from me on the day of my capture!"

"What followed was the business of a few seconds. The chief now began to laugh as I had laughed, sarcastically. To his mind, in the disorder of his brain, those two revolvers with which I threatened him could have no more effect than the useless weapons which had spared my life. He took up a large pebble and raised his hand to hurl it at my face. His two assistants did the same. And all the others were prepared to follow his example."

"Hands down!" I cried, "or I fire!" The chief let fly his stone. At the same moment three shots rang out. The chief and his two men fell dead to the ground. "Who's next?" I asked, looking round the band.

"Forty-two Moors remained. I had eleven bullets left. As none of the men budged, I slipped one of my revolvers under my arm and took from my pocket two small boxes of cartridges containing 50 more bullets. And from my belt I drew three great knives, all of them nicely tapering and pointed. Half of the troop made signs of submission and drew up in line behind me. The other half capitulated a moment after. The battle was over. It had not lasted four minutes."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Arsene I Emperor of Mauretania.

Don Luis ceased. A smile of amusement played round his lips.

The recollection of those four minutes seemed to divert him immensely.

Valenglay and the Prefect of Police, who were neither of them men to be unduly surprised at courage and coolness, had listened to him, nevertheless, and were now looking at him in bewildered silence. Was it possible for a human being to carry heroism to such unlikely lengths?

Meanwhile, he went up to the other side of the chimney and pointed to a larger map, representing the French roads.

"You told me, Monsieur le President, that the scoundrel's motor car had left Versailles and was going toward Nantes?"

"Yes, and all our arrangements are made to arrest him either on the way, or at Nantes or at Saint-Nazaire, where he may intend to take ship."

Don Luis Perenna followed with his forefinger the road across France, stopping here and there, marking successive stages. And nothing could have been more impressive than this dumb show.

The man that he was, preserving his composure amid the overthrow of all that he had most at heart, seemed by his calmness to dominate time and circumstances. It was as though the murderer were running away at one end of an unbreakable thread of which Don Luis held the other, and although Don Luis could stop his flight at any time by a mere movement of his finger and thumb.

As he studied the map, the master seemed to command not only a sheet of cardboard, but also the highroad on which a motor car was spinning along, subject to his despotic will.

He went back to the table and continued:

"The battle was over. And there was no question of its being resumed. My 42 worthies found themselves face to face with a conqueror, against whom revenge is always possible, by fair means or foul, but with one who had subjugated them in a supernatural manner. There was no other explanation of the inexplicable facts which they had witnessed. I was a sorcerer, a kind of marabout, a direct emissary of the Prophet."

Valenglay laughed and said: "Their interpretation was not so very unreasonable, for after all, you must have performed a slight-of-hand trick which strikes me also as being little less than miraculous."

"Monsieur le President, do you know a curious short story of Balzac's called 'A Passion in the Desert'?"

"Yes."

"Well, the key to the riddle lies in that."

"Does it? I don't quite see. You were not under the claws of a tigress. There was no tigress to tame in this instance."

"No, but there were women."

"Eh? How do you mean?"

"Upon my word, Monsieur le President," said Don Luis gayly, "I should not like to shock you. But I repeat that the troop which carried me off on that week's march included women; and women are like Balzac's tigress, creatures whom it is not impossible to tame, to charm, to break in, until you make friends of them."

"Yes, yes," muttered the Premier, madly puzzled, "but that needs time."

"I had a week."

"And complete liberty of action."

"No, no, Monsieur le President. The eyes are enough to start with. The eyes give rise to sympathy, interest, affection, curiosity, a wish to know you better. And that merest opportunity—"

"And did an opportunity offer?"

"Yes, one night. I was fastened up, or at least they thought I was. I knew that the chief's favorite was alone in her tent close by. I went there. I left her an hour afterward."

"And the tigress was tamed?"

"Yes, as thoroughly as Balzac's: tamed and blindly submissive."

"But there were several of them?"

"I know, Monsieur le President, and that was the difficulty. I was afraid of rivalry. But all went well; the favorite was not jealous, far from it. And then, as I have told you, her submission was absolute. In short, I had five staunch, invisible friends, resolved to do anything I wanted and suspected by anybody."

(Continued Next Week.)

It is expected that there will be a drop in the average attendance at the London (England) schools this year, of 11,000 owing to removals on account of air raids.

TOO WEAK TO FIGHT

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the National Remedy of Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful! Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from uric acid poisoning, the kidneys, gravel or stone, in the bladder, stomach derangement or other ailments that befall the over-zestful American. The best known, most reliable remedy for these troubles is GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This remedy has stood the test for more than 200 years since its discovery in the ancient laboratories in Holland. It acts directly and gives relief at once. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.—Adv.

It is illegal in Saskatchewan, this year, to destroy straw stacks in accordance with a general farm custom in the Canadian as well as in the United States West. In the past, farmers, after setting aside sufficient straw for their own use, burned the apparently useless remainder. The war is dispelling the belief, in country as well as in town, that there are such things as useless remainders. Straw has become a necessary raw material, and the order prohibiting its destruction may be followed by another forbidding the wholesale burning of autumn leaves, instead of using them for fertilizing purposes.

"Cold in the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, clear the blood, and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. BORO for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

In Perfect English.

Private Speedy, formerly a New Orleans citizen, and a late arrival in France, happened to walk alongside of two French-appearing girls and remarked to his pal, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the girls: "Aren't those two girls pretty? I could learn to love them." Whereupon the girls turned around and one said in perfect English: "For the love of Mike cut it out. How do you get that way?" Speedy retreated in great haste.

Cuticura Beauty Doctor

For cleansing and beautifying the skin, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the most effective preparations. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ and 50¢.—Adv.

New York judge rules tenants must pay rent whether contract heat materializes or not.

Chicago will give medals to most successful war gardeners.

ASTHMA
INSTANTLY RELIEVED WITH
ASTHMADOR
OR MONEY REFUNDED ASK ANY DRUGGIST

Small Pill
Small Dose
Small Price

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR
CONSTIPATION

have stood the test of time. Purely vegetable. Wonderfully quick to banish biliousness, headache, indigestion and to clear up a bad complexion. Genuine bears signature
Wm. Wood

PALE FACES
Generally indicate a lack of Iron in the Blood
Carter's Iron Pills
Will help this condition

DON'T KILL YOUR CATTLE BY DRENCHING

Salts and oil are DANGEROUS. Few cattle die of constipation; many of PARALYSIS of the bowels. Give

LAXOTONIC
dry on the tongue. Positively prevents and overcomes both. Excellent for loss of appetite.

AT OUR DEALERS or Postpaid 50 Cents. Send for price list of medicines. Consult DR. DAVID ROBERTS about all animal ailments. Information free. Get a FREE copy of "The Cattle Specialist" with full information on diseases in Cattle. DR. DAVID ROBERTS VET. CO., 100 Broad Ave., Waukesha, Wis.

A Bad Cough

If neglected, often leads to serious trouble. Safeguard your health, relieve your distress and soothe your irritated throat by taking

PISO'S

POSTUM

When the morning cup is unsatisfactory suppose you make a change from the old-time beverage to the snappy cereal drink

INSTANT POSTUM

You'll be surprised at its cheering, satisfying qualities and delightful flavor. It's all health—no caffeine.

Try a Tin