

# HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

## GERMOZONE

The Ideal Flock Treatment for Poultry, preventive as well as remedial for Roup, Colds, Canker, Swelled or Sore Head, Diarrhoea, Bowel Troubles, Limber Neck, etc. Tablet form per package, postpaid 75c (C. O. D. if desired). Sold by most dealers in both liquid and tablet form. Book on diseases, free. GEO. H. LEE CO., Dept. 5, Osahe, Neb. A Lee Poultry Library, 8 books FREE with package of GERMOZONE. If requested.

**GIRLS** Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair With Cuticura

Boys, Ointment, Tablets, Soap, each. Sample each of "Cuticura," Dept. 5, Boston.

DON'T Sacrifice Liberty Bonds. Highest Cash Price Guaranteed. Partly paid bonds also bought. Lewis & Co., 604 Levee Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

SIoux CITY PTG. CO., NO. 3-1919.

NICKNAME THAT WILL STICK

"Tommy's" Idea of What Surgical Dressing Should Be Called Is Likely to Be Permanent.

A Tommy will find a nickname for anything. He calls the men who throw the bombs tickler's artillery. At the very beginning of the war, before the British knew much about bombs, the first ones were made of empty jam tins, and because most of the jam that was used in the trenches was made by a firm called Tickler, the bombers have always been Tickler's artillery. So when they began to talk about "bipp," is it any wonder that one has no idea whether it is a French village or a brand of tobacco, or a new bit of slang? But it is none of these; it is a new dressing for wounds, composed of bismuth, iodoforn and paraffin paste, hence the name—bipp. It was discovered by a famous English surgeon, Dr. Rutherford Morrison. The wound to be treated is carefully prepared, pure alcohol is poured over it, then a thin layer of "bipp" is spread on it and it is sewed up. Its action is said to be almost miraculous.

Poetic Camouflage. "Poetry does change life." "It tries to. For instance, what a poet calls a sun-kissed maid, to everybody else is just a freckle-faced girl."

Never punish children by striking them on the head. There are other places.



**The Popular Choice**

People of culture, taste and refinement are keen for health, simplicity and contentment. Thousands of these people choose the cereal drink

**INSTANT POSTUM**

as their table beverage in place of tea or coffee.

Healthful Economical Delicious

# The CURVED BLADES

By CAROLYN WELLS

Author of "A Chain of Evidence," "The Gold Bag," "The Clue," "The White Alley," Etc.

CHAPTER FIVE—(Continued.)

"Yes," returned Pauline, "we telephoned a cablegram to the city to be sent to him in Egypt. But I don't know when he will get it, nor when we'll get a response."

"Where is he?"

"His permanent address is Cairo, but he is off in the desert, or somewhere, so much that sometimes he is away from communication for weeks at a time. Still I've sent it, that's all I can do."

"What did you tell him?"

"I made it rather long and circumstantial. I told him of Aunt Lucy's death, and that she was killed by a blow on the head by a burglar, which fractured her skull. I asked him if he would come home or if we should go there. You see, we were intending to sail for Egypt in February."

"Who were?"

"Myself, my aunt, Miss Frayne and Mr. Haviland. Carrington Loria had been begging us to make the trip, and at last Aunt Lucy decided to go. Our passage is engaged, and all plans made."

"And now—?"

"Now, I do not know. Everything is uncertain. But, if the burglar can be found and punished, I see no reason why I, at least, shouldn't go on and make the trip. The others must please themselves."

Pauline looked at Anita and at Haviland with a detached air, as if now they were no longer members of the household, and their plans did not concern her.

Not so Haviland. "Sure I'll go," he cried; "I fancy Carr will be mighty glad to keep me on in the same capacity I served Miss Carrington. He'll need a representative in this country. I doubt he'll come over—there's no need if I look after all business matters for him."

"What does he do in Egypt?" asked the inspector, who was half engrossed looking over his memorandum, and really took slight interest in the absent heir.

"He's excavating wonderful temples and things," volunteered Anita, for Pauline and Gray were looking, amazed, at a man who came into the room. He was the detective who had been left in charge of the boudoir, and he carried a strange looking object.

"What is it?" cried Pauline.

"It's a blackjack," replied the detective. "I found it, inspector, just under the edge of the tassel trimmin' of the lounge. The fellow slung it away, and it hid under the fringe, out of sight."

Gravely, Inspector Brunt took the weapon. It was rudely made, of black cloth, a mere bag, long and narrow, and filled with bird shot.

"That's the weapon!" declared Brunt. "A man could hit a blow with that thing that would break the skull without cutting the skin. Yes, there is no further doubt that Miss Carrington was murdered by a burglar. This is a burglar's weapon; this it was that crushed the shell comb to fragments, and fractured the skull, leaving the body sitting upright and un mutilated. Death was, of course, instantaneous."

"But the jewels!" said Detective Hardy, wonderingly; "why—?"

"I don't know why!" said Brunt, a little testily; "that is for you detectives to find out. I have to go by what evidence I find. Can I find a broken skull and a blackjack in the same room and not deduce a burglarious assault that proved fatal? The thief may have been scared off or decided he didn't want the loot, but that doesn't affect the certainty that we have the weapon and therefore the case is a simple one. That burglar can be found, without a doubt. Then we shall learn why he didn't steal the jewels."

"But the snake?" said Pauline, looking wonderingly at the inspector; "the burglar must have been a maniac or an eccentric to put that snake around my aunt's neck after he killed her—and nothing will ever make me believe that she allowed it there while alive!"

"That's what I say," put in Haviland; "the whole affair is so inexplicable—excuse me, Mr. Brunt, but I can't think it such a simple case as you do—that I think we should engage expert skill to solve the mysteries of it all."

"That must come later," and Inspector Brunt resumed his usual gravity of manner, which had been disturbed by the discovery of the blackjack. "Will you please give me some detailed information as to the circumstances? Is the house always securely locked at night?"

"Very much so," answered Haviland; "Miss Carrington was not overly timid, but she always insisted on careful precautions against burglary. She had a house full of valuable furniture, curios, and art works, besides her personal belongings. Yes, the house was always supposed to be carefully locked and bolted."

"Whose duty is it to look after it?"

"The butler Haskins, and his wife, who is the cook, had all such matters in charge."

"I will interview them later. Now please tell me, any of you, why Miss Carrington was arrayed in such peculiar fashion last evening?"

"I can't imagine," said Pauline. "My aunt was not a vain woman. I have never known her to sit before a mirror, except when necessary to have her hair dressed. It is almost unbelievable that she should deliberately don those jewels and scarf and sit down there as if to admire the effect. Yet it had that appearance."

"But she wore the jewels during the evening, did she not?"

"Not all of them. She wore her pearls because, as she told us and as I have often heard her say, pearls must be worn occasionally to keep them in condition. But she added a large number of valuable gems—or some one did—after we left her last night."

"Whom do you mean by we?"

"Miss Frayne and myself. We were in her room to say good night to her, and we left at the same time."

"At what time?"

"About 12:15, I should think, wasn't it, Anita? We went upstairs about midnight, and were with my aunt 10 or 15 minutes."

"Were your good nights amicable?" asked the inspector, and Pauline looked up in surprise. Then, recollecting the last words of her aunt, she shut her lips obstinately and made no reply.

"Indeed, they were not!" declared Miss Frayne; "Miss Carrington told both Miss Stuart and myself that it would be our last night beneath this roof! That today we must seek some other home, for she would harbor us no longer!"

"Ah! And why did she thus treat you?"

"There was no especial reason," and Anita's lovely blue eyes looked straight at the inspector with a pathetic gaze; "she was in a tantrum, as she frequently was."

"She didn't mean it," put in Pauline, hastily.

"She did!" asseverated Anita; "I've heard her threaten to send us away before, but never so earnestly. She meant it last night, I am sure. And, too, she knew something would happen to her last night—she said so."

"What? What's that?"

"Do hush, Anita!" said Pauline; "those foolish words meant nothing!"

"Proceed, Miss Frayne," and the inspector spoke sternly.

"She did," went on Anita; "I don't remember the exact words, but she said I little knew what was going to happen to her, and she said 'tomorrow you may sing another song!' Surely such words meant something!"

"If they did," said Pauline, angrily, "they merely meant that she was going to dismiss you today!"

"Not at all," and Anita glanced at her, "she distinctly said something would happen to her—not to me."

"You know better than to take things she said in a temper seriously! If we are to repeat idle conversations, suppose I say that I heard you say last evening that you'd like to kill her!"

"I didn't!" shrieked Anita.

"You did," declared Pauline, calmly; "and Gray said she ought to be killed, too. I know you didn't mean to kill her, but I've just as much right to quote your foolish words as you have to quote hers."

"Nonsense!" said Haviland; "let up, Polly! You two are always at each other! As there is no question as to who killed poor Miss Lucy, why rake up our foolish words spoken under the intense provocation of her exhibition of temper, which was specially trying last night. Inspector, can we tell you anything more of importance?"

So far the inspector had been almost silent, and appeared to be learning some points from the conversation not addressed to him. Now he changed his manner, and began briskly to ask questions.

"This glove," he said, holding it out, "was, as you know, found clasped in her hand. Is it yours, Mr. Haviland?"

"No," said the young man, as, after a close examination of the glove he handed it back; "no, it is a size smaller than I wear, and it is of a different make from mine."

"Have you any idea whose it can be? It is highly improbable the burglar left it."

"I've no idea," and Haviland shrugged his shoulders. "But if it was not left by the intruder, where could it possibly have come from? It is a man's glove."

"Could it be one of Cousin Carr's?" said Pauline. "Aunt Lucy was awfully fond of anything of his. She kept one of his caps in her drawer for months after he left the last time."

"No," replied Haviland; "it isn't Loria's. He wears larger gloves than I do. My theory points to a sort of gentleman burglar, a 'Raffles,' you know, and I think he talked with Miss Lucy before he struck that blow, and disarmed her mind of fear."

"What an extraordinary idea!" and Pauline looked thoughtful.

"But how else explain the glove?"

"And the snake? Did your gentleman burglar persuade her to wear that paper thing? Never! Gray, you're absurd!"

"Another thing," went on Inspector Brunt, returning the glove to his roomy pocketbook, "in the bedroom we noticed a glass of milk and beside it an empty plate. Was it the lady's habit to have a night lunch?"

"Yes," said Anita; "but she rarely ate it. In case of insomnia she had ready a light repast, but she almost never touched it."

"The glass of milk is still untouched," said Brunt, "but the plate is empty. What did it contain?"

"A sandwich, I think," said Anita. "That is what Estelle usually prepared for her. She will know—Estelle, the maid."

"Miss Carrington's lady's maid?"

"Yes; though not hers exclusively. She was expected to act as maid for Miss Stuart and myself also at such times as Miss Carrington didn't require her services."

"And she, then, brought the breakfast tray that is upset on the floor?"

"Yes; Miss Lucy always had an early cup of tea before she dressed for breakfast with the family."

"And the maid took it to her this morning? Did she not then discover the—the tragedy?"

"She says not!" cried Pauline; "but I'm sure she did! She says she saw Miss Lucy at the mirror and, thinking her engrossed, merely left the tray on the tabouret and went away."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Haviland. "What does Estelle mean by such lies? Of course she saw Miss Carrington's strange appearance, of course she was frightened out of her wits, and of course she dropped the tray and ran. But why not say so? And why not give an immediate alarm? She took that tray, probably, about 8. Pauline went up at 9. What was Estelle doing all that time? Why didn't she go in to dress Miss Carrington? I tell you, Mr. Inspector, there's a lot of queer work to be explained and, with all due respect to the force, I'm pretty sure you'll need expert service if you're going to get anywhere. And I'm sure, too, that if we can get word to Carrington Loria and back, he'll spare no trouble or expense to avenge his aunt's murder. He is equally her with you, Pauline, and he ought to be consulted."

"The will hasn't been read

yet," said Miss Stuart; "we can't assume anything until that is done."

"Pshaw! you know perfectly well half of the bulk of the estate is yours and half Carr's. I have a small slice and Miss Frayne a bit. The older servants have small legacies, and there are a few charities. That, Mr. Brunt, is the gist of the will. Do you not agree with me that, as I was the man of business for the late Miss Carrington, I am justified, in the absence of Mr. Loria, in continuing my services at least until we can get definite directions from him?"

"Those matters are outside my province, Mr. Haviland. Miss Carrington's legal advisers will doubtless come here soon, and such things will be decided by them. Now, here's another point: I noted in the course of our investigation in the boudoir a quantity of powder fallen on the floor near the dressing table, in such relation to it that it would seem Miss Carrington was using the face powder as she sat there. Was this her habit?"

"Her habit? Yes," said Anita; "Miss Carrington was in the habit of using face powder—even cosmetics. It is not strange then that such a proceeding was part of her night toilet."

"No, not at all," agreed Mr. Brunt. "But where the powder was thickest, on the hard floor near the rug, was a muddled spot, as if some one had wiped out or swept up a mark or print. Can any of you explain this?"

No one spoke, and the stern voice went on: "I remember, Miss Stuart, that you began to say something bearing on this while we were in that room, and you suddenly stopped, appearing confused. I ask you why?"

Pauline hesitated, bit her lip, looked at Gray and then at Anita, and finally said: "I may as well tell. It is nothing. When I went to my aunt's room and found what I did find I was so excited and nervous I scarce knew what I did. But I remember seeing a footprint in that powder, and in obedience to an impulsive instinct I—obliterated it."

"With what?"

"With my handkerchief. I merely slapped at it, and the light powder flew about it."

"Why did you do this?"

"I don't know. I had no real reason. I was not thinking of what I was doing."

"Then you did not have a desire to shield some one from possible suspicion?" The words were shot at her so swiftly that Pauline gasped.

"Suspicion! What do you mean? Was it not the work of a burglar?"

"Was the impression of a foot that you saw the foot of a man or a woman?"

"How can I tell? It was large, but as it was a bare or stockinged foot I could not judge. Might not the burglar have removed his boots before entering the room?"

"He might, indeed, and that is just what he did do. For more prints of that stockinged foot have been discovered on the stairs, and there is no doubt that the tracks are those of the assailant of Miss Carrington. With your permission, Miss Stuart, I will now go to interview the servants. May I ask you to await me here, all of you? I shall not be very long."

As the inspector and the detectives left the room Haskins appeared to announce Mrs. Frothingham and Count Henri Charlier.

VI.

A NEIGHBOR'S CALL.

"Oh, is it not terrible? What can I say to comfort you?"

Mrs. Frothingham's distressed tones and her air of eager, intense sympathy met with little response from Pauline.

Haviland had been called from the room on an errand and Anita's willingness to receive the neighbor's condolences did not seem acceptable. The overdressed, forward mannered widow continued to direct her attention entirely to Pauline, and that young woman merely surveyed her visitor coolly and replied in monosyllables.

"Thanks," she said, and her icy air would have deterred a less determined intruder.

"I simply couldn't help running over as soon as I heard the dreadful news. For we are neighbors after all, though not so well acquainted; and neighbors have a camaraderie of their own, I think."

"Yes?" said Pauline, and her eyelids fell slightly with an expression of boredom.

(Continued Next Week.)

Sweeping electoral reforms effected in Sweden, providing the "most extended universal suffrage for both men and women irrespective of taxability," are described in a cable dispatch received from the foreign minister at Stockholm.

## END INDIGESTION. EAT ONE TABLET

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES ANY DISTRESSED, UPSET STOMACH.

Lumps of undigested food causing pain. When your stomach is acid, gassy, sour, or you have flatulence, heartburn, here is instant relief—No waiting!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all that dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make sick, upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Most Unkind. "Do you think I could borrow \$50 somewhere around here?" asked Jibway.

"You might," answered Doppel. "What security can you offer?"

"My word of honor."

"You misunderstand me. I mean what security can you offer that anybody who knows you would be willing to accept?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Brain Work. "Adam gave a name to each of the animals."

"Yes," commented the lesson-weary small boy. "Maybe having to study all that zoology was one reason why he wasn't happy and contented in the garden."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure.

Druggists' Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Joy Promoter. "Did you do anything to make the little holiday party more cheerful?"

"Yes," replied the small girl; "when father and mother tried to make me sing and recite I absolutely refused."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. E. F. Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

## A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. PROF. HEMMETER says: "The liver is an organ of secondary importance only to the heart."

We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the chiders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe, jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

STOCKTON, CALIF.—"For constipation, sick headache, an inactive liver, indigestion and biliousness there is nothing to equal Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I have tried other things but like the 'Pellets' best of any."—Mrs. F. CAMPBELL, 329 S. Grant Street.

Children's Coughs may be checked and more serious conditions of the throat will be often avoided by promptly giving the child a dose of

## PISO'S