

BITRO-PHOSPHATE IS GOOD FOR THIN NERVOUS PEOPLE

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Kelle, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.

This particular phosphate is the discovery of a famous French scientist, and reports of remarkable results from its use have recently appeared in many medical journals.

If you do not feel well; if you tire easily; do not sleep well, or are too thin; go to any good drug store and get enough Bitro-Phosphate for a two weeks' supply—it costs only fifty cents a week.

Eat less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you were for months; if your nerves are not steadier; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing.

Cuticura Soap IS IDEAL For the Hands

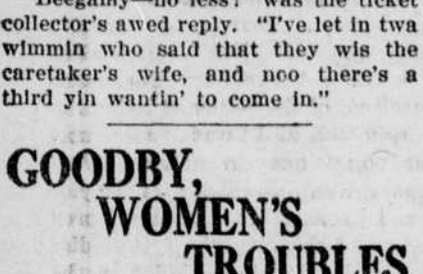
Soap Co., Ointment & Co., Talcum Co. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

Break! Break! Break! "Let's go to the beach for a few weeks," said Brown's wife. "Just think, dear of the soothing murmur of the sea, the constant breaking of the waves and—"

"And the equally constant breaking of the \$20 bills," put in her more practical husband.—Boston Evening Transcript.

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

A Bit Too Much.

During a concert in a Scottish hall the official who was collecting tickets at the door sought out the caretaker. "Ca' danny, mon, or ye'll be haein' trouble," he whispered mysteriously. "Beegamy—no less!" was the ticket collector's awed reply. "I've let in twa wimmin who said that they wis the caretaker's wife, and noo there's a thrid yin wantin' to come in."

GOODBY, WOMEN'S TROUBLES

The tortures and discomforts of weak, lame and aching back, swollen feet and limbs, weakness, dizziness, nausea, as a rule have their origin in kidney trouble, not "female complaints." These general symptoms of kidney and bladder disease are well known—so is the remedy.

Next time you feel a twinge of pain in the back or are troubled with headache, indigestion, insomnia, irritation in the bladder or pain in the loins and lower abdomen, you will find quick and sure relief in GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. This old and tried remedy for kidney trouble and allied derangements has stood the test for hundreds of years. It does the work. Pains and troubles vanish and new life and health will come as you continue their use. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported from the laboratories at Haarlem, Holland. Do not accept a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

A Vanished Custom.

"Isn't it terrible the way food prices have gone up?" "Yes, indeed—I'm positively ashamed to ask the butcher for a nickel's worth of dog meat any more."

A SUMMER COLD

A cold in the summer time, as everybody knows, is the hardest kind of a cold to get rid of. The best and quickest way is to go to bed and stay there if you can, with a bottle of "Boschee's Syrup" handy to insure a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning.

But if you can't stay in bed you must keep out of draughts, avoid sudden changes, eat sparingly of simple food and take occasional doses of Boschee's Syrup, which you can buy at any store where medicine is sold, a safe and efficient remedy, made in America for more than fifty years. Keep it handy.—Adv.

The wife of a photographer doesn't always look pleasant.

The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAIL OF THE SHOES.

A great deal has been written about David Noel, by his chosen people and by others, but few of the chroniclers look farther back than his 18th or 20th year. It was then that his figure began to move before the public vision from which it has never since withdrawn. Yet the years between the gift of the little shoes and his return to New York at 16 were those of deepest change in him. They, perhaps, fixed what he was to be.

David made his first trip down the coast, on the Maya Girl, as a useful port rather than a serious employe. He was so very small and thin, so intensely earnest and uncannily acute, that he was almost embarrassing to the good natured men about him. He insisted upon being hard working, and he learned with avidity. He wanted to stay on the Maya Girl; indeed, he was secretly superstitious about her good luck for him ever since the evening he came to her wharf in wistful inquiry and found she had docked that very day. It really seemed that she had come for him, come at the first moment when he was able to go with her. His sailor had remembered him, too; and bribed a Chinese boy to desert that David might have his opportunity. The sailor had not yet been ashore to dispose of his wages in riotous living, and had aided the boy in the wise outlay of his own money. Decidedly, fortune was with the Maya Girl, in David's judgment.

"Am I gettin' enough done?" was his most frequent query during the first weeks. "Am I?"

And the answer was always an assent. David had never read sea tales of the abuse of cabin boys, and was quite unaware of how his experience contradicted tradition. He merely enjoyed the fact of kind treatment.

When the south began to open before him, there stirred in David Noel the seed of that strong love which was to grow, like a vine, and bind him by green tendrils to the tropics. From the biting cold which his body loathed in every shrinking fiber, the ship slipped down the coasts into a warmth like nothing his experience could match. He knew stove heat, in its inevitable association with foul, unaltered rooms and evil odors, yet nevertheless a magnificent luxury seldom enjoyed. He knew the sickening, poisonous heat of summer in the slums of a huge city; heat accompanied by sounds as nauseous as the atmosphere when the tenement dwellers lounged in windows or doorways and filled the dirty streets instead of huddling within walls. But this new warmth—clean, both salt and sweet, wind swept and universal. Before it he was unarticulate.

There were details which might have marred the voyage of a sybarite, details of which David was scarcely conscious. Cockroaches of unbelievable size and lustiness were nothing to him, or the later advent of great spiders and still stranger creatures. He learned to dispose of them nonchalantly, with casual indifference, when they trespassed over far. The food seemed to him delicious, and of an almost ludicrous abundance and regularity in appearance.

At Montevideo he was allowed to go ashore with the men. Mr. Blake, the ship's second officer, had a business visit to pay and took David with him.

That visit marked a new development for the boy. He saw beauty of life for the second time, and recognized it. The wide avenues of villas set in private parks violently colored by such greens and flower hues as he had never conceived possible, the play of fountains in shaded patios, the leisurely people attended by native servants clad in white—David walked through it all with a sensation of windows suddenly flung wide on every side of him, so that vista after vista leaped into his view. He said little. But changed forever were his ambitions. Never again would the house on Madison avenue represent for him the epitome of handsomeness and wealth.

"Rotten climate, old man!" Mr. Blake observed to his small companion as they walked back through the town. "It's the wind off the pampas; the pampero."

He moved his shoulders disgustedly. But David did not agree with him. "I'm goin' to live here, sometime," he stated, soberly.

The officer stared, then laughed. "Don't pick your town too quick," he counseled. "Wait until you've seen more. Uruguay, the Argentine—pooh! Too flat! Too much clay! Now, farther down—there is something to see." David nodded gravely.

"I'll see more, first," he accepted the advice. "I meant some place like this. I mean to have a house like one of these."

His voice trailed out into silence, his habitual reticence in revolt at having said so much.

"You had better learn the lingo, then," said Mr. Blake, without irony. He found David Noel an unusual boy, and he had seen fortunes made in these lands with less foundation of forcefulness than his.

"I will," promised David, with equal brevity.

He was unconsciously heartened by the man's lack of surprise. Later, when the Maya Girl finally reached her port at Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Blake's advice gained precious value for the boy. He had bade him wait

and see "lower down." When the matches harbor opened before David, the stretches of pure water made opalescent by delicate mists in which islands seemed to float like bouquets, the shining city clasped by forests densely rich that rolled back to distant mountains starting up against the horizon in lofty, jagged peaks, the dazzled boy understood the wisdom of the counsel. He thought then, and never afterward altered the opinion, that he had come to the most beautiful place in the world.

On the return voyage up the coast David hired a sailor from Argentina to teach him Spanish. No one had told him of the difference in language in Brazil, or that he really wished to study Portuguese. The fee to his teacher was one of the dollars remaining from the bounty of the princess of the little shoes. Perhaps that knowledge helped him to hard study; it was part of his adventure fund. He learned with rapidity, with the accurate mimicry of youth to help him; and practiced assiduously at every port the boat touched.

That study called his attention to a difference in English diction. The captain and Mr. Blake did not speak like the dark eyed gentleman who had bought the white shoes, but neither did they speak like the man of the crew nor like David himself. The boy set himself to the tasks of observation and imitation of what he found desirable. He made comparisons, and took mental notes; becoming, in time, a fastidious critic of himself and others. From language, he passed to the consideration of many details of manner and deportment.

The Maya Girl did not return to New York. Her new cargo was consigned to a port in South Carolina, and from there she again ran down the coasts far below the equator. David did not forget the erratic movements of the floating home he had adopted, but welcomed the changes. He would have shunned New York, from choice, in those days. He had a shy, proud dread of meeting the little girl or the gentleman, lest they might think him begging more favors. He was in no hurry; his thoughts were the long, long thoughts of youth.

He spent two years on the Maya Girl. Then Mr. Blake attained a position for which he had maneuvered for years. He became master of a vessel belonging to Brazilian owners, and plying between Boston and Rio de Janeiro. He took his protegee, David, with him to this new position. The boy was 13 years old, then, and much Spanish intercourse had made the language almost as truly his own as English.

On its first voyage the ship had the honor of carrying as passenger the brother of its owner. He was an aristocrat of the extinct Brazilian empire; an old man with a voice that flowed like poured cream and a manner at once mild and lofty. He had an air of being magnificently indifferent to everyone about him while in reality observing all things with an insatiable inquisitiveness. The lives and emotions of other people entertained him enormously. He was not slow to perceive an entertainment of novelty in Captain Blake's interest in David; and proceeded to investigate its source by the simple method of himself talking to the boy.

The baron soon found there were depths in David Noel beyond shallow soundings. Delighted by an unanticipated diversion, he summoned the boy to him on every possible occasion, delightfully grappling for the satisfaction of his curiosity. So deftly managed were these conversational grappling irons that the inexperienced David never perceived their use. Yet quite unconsciously he continued to baffle the searcher's whim to know: a whim akin to the passion of a collector. David never imagined himself as an enigma, or the distinguished passenger as a student of such matters. He was too young to conceive, as the Brazilian did, that the most simple person in the world has secret ways of thought, concealed windings of the heart rarely traced by any knowledge save his own, and therefore offering to an explorer the allure of all forbidden places. It never occurred to him to speak of himself, still less of his days as a street boy in New York, although he was always glad to pause beside the baron's deck chair for a chat in English or Spanish. The Brazilian spoke both flawlessly.

It was the question of language that dredged up his first desired pearl shell of knowledge for the Senhor da Fuentas.

"You speak better Spanish than English, my boy," the old man one day informed him. "Do you understand what I mean? Your Spanish is that of a shop keeper; your English is that of the slums."

David Noel looked at the other with his vivid gray eyes, and nodded.

"Yes, sir, I learned Spanish by talking in the shops and to sailors. The English—well, I grew up where you say! But I'm trying to fix it. Some day I've got to talk decent!"

"Decently," supplied the baron. "Decently! Why?"

"Because," said David, his voice low, "some day I'm going to talk to a lady."

"Ah!" the baron looked long at the boy. "Well, we have a long voyage before us. Suppose I teach you the Portuguese of a gentleman?"

The scantiness of kindness in David's life had made gratitude a fervent emotion with him. How ines-

timable a gift the senhor was making him, he could not divine, but his glance was an ardent answer.

Before the end of the voyage the two who were so different became friends. Afterward David spent the intervals of his voyaging at the da Fuentas house in Rio de Janeiro. The baron was not a very wealthy man, but he had a library open to the boy. He had a wife and a family of grown sons and grandchildren who were good nature itself to the little northerner.

When David was 16 he had assembled the oddest sort of education. He had had two tutors, two schools. He learned of Captain Blake and the life aboard ship; and he learned of the old grandee and his household. From the last he gained something of the quiet bearing, the gentle courtesies, the stately amiability that made an atmosphere he eagerly and easily assimilated, seeing its worth. Youth and the baron aided his desire, until a stranger might have supposed him a young kinsman of the house.

In the other half of his life, with Captain Blake and the sailors, he learned practical navigation and an understanding of the vast business and shipping affairs of South America. He could fight with the cunning and hardihood practiced on the East Side and perfected in ports all down both coasts. He was a fair shot with a revolver and a good one with a rifle. As a contrast to the charming home life of the da Fuentas, he had seen in his short experience more varieties of wickedness than most men or women ever hear of; and learned to look on as such things with the unsurprised, matter of fact distaste that he felt for the huge spiders and roaches sometimes brought on board the boat with cargoes of rankly tropical things. They were to be kept aloof from, when possible. When not possible, they were to be crushed out of the path, of course. One had to go on!

That cold, steady persistence in going on was David Noel's most individual trait throughout his life. His tenacity of purpose, an idea once conceived, never loosened. His methods were fluent; he would abandon essay after essay without regret to take up new means of possible accomplishment, but he never abandoned the object toward which he had set himself. Among the more volatile, easily swayed people of the south he found a mass ductile to that force of his, rarer among them than among his own race, yet rare even there in one so young. And he was in a land where men have been revolutionary leaders at 18 and, dying before their majority, yet have left histories behind them.

There was something more, without which he might never have reached and maintained himself on the heights; he loved the people and the country. He did not exploit them, he was one of them. He liked the mobile faces that smiled readily instead of grudgingly; he thrived in the strong light and heat like an Indian; he was at home in the swarming, good natured, dangerous cities.

One day he came to Captain Blake, when the ship lay in a port far to the south of Brazil.

"I'm going to stay here next trip, sir," he announced. "I'm going up country."

Captain Blake studied him thoughtfully. Even when he spoke English David had grown to use unconsciously the grave, composed manner caught from the old grandee of the empire. He was fastidious about the neatness of his coarse white shirt and trousers girded by a broad black belt as the baron could have been. But he moved with the soundless swiftness of a moccasin Indian instead of the southerner's languor. The meagerness of starvation had long since given place to wiry litherness. Yes, he had changed amazingly, Blake reflected, sensing the approach of still further change.

"What for?" Blake asked.

"To work! I don't want to be a sailor, as you know, sir. I've got a plan."

Captain Blake shook his head doubtfully.

"Going to stay ashore now?"

"Next time, sir. I"—a heat that was not of the sun flared over the boy's dark face—"I've got to go back to New York for a day. I've not been there for five years—and I've got an errand. I can go down from Boston and get back the same day, can't I?"

"Pretty nearly," nodded Blake.

He was very curious, but somehow David did not invite and never had invited questioning.

So once more David made the familiar voyage north.

CHAPTER II.

THE KISS.

The day was exquisite, with the breath of spring in the air, when David Noel returned to New York. Spring sunshine overlay the city graciously and gaily. David had debated much in his foreseeing mind as to how he might obtain an interview with the little lady of the shoes. He had considered the matter during long warm nights when he lay stretched upon the deck of the ship. He had rebuilt the scene with patient exactitude, recalling each detail etched upon his inner vision. If he went up the stone steps and boldly rang the bronze door bell, there would appear one of those sleek servants he remembered. Perhaps he might not see Constance at all; or, if he did, it might be in the presence of one of the two elder ladies who had entered the carriage after the little girl. His only near approach to social life had been in South America; consequently, he had an exaggerated idea of the severe chaperone exercised over well bred girls, even girl children. He could not bear the thought of a witness to what he planned to say to the small creature upon whose large heart he had launched his future. Per-

haps, if it should be the gentleman who was with her—the gentleman with the quick dark eyes and the lazy voice who had called him a Dante? But not even that was unthinkable! He must see her alone. Already he knew how to wait for what he wanted. He would wait a day, two days, a week, but he would see her as he wished.

When he emerged from the old Central station that morning he knew the weather was playing for him. Surely such a day as this must bring out even the children of this cold haunted city!

He walked the crowded streets with a pleasure he had not anticipated, being still unaware of the difference in any place whether one sees it hungry or full fed. He looked at the shops, the hotels, the passersby with an agreeable sense of equality with them all. Once he was halted by a row of people standing in stolid patience, a human line that reached across the sidewalk into the lobby of a theater, where it coiled upon itself to accommodate more people who moved in slow progression toward the ticket office. Glancing up at the wall, David saw it was covered by an immense poster displaying the one word: "Vasili." The isolated name brought back to him vague recollections. It had covered walls and fences beneath which he had found shelter before he went away from the city on the Maya Girl. His companions of the streets had picked up the name with gamin facility; he remembered they had said Vasili was the greatest dancer living.

"Matinee today?" he asked of a man near him. It enchanted his boyish vanity to think that he was able to buy a ticket if he chose.

The other nodded.

"Last appearance before he sails for Europe," he said, with a vicarious relish of so much celebrity. "They're paying \$20 a seat, I heard, and \$5 for standing room. He's giving a new ballet, written for him. Oriental piece!"

David turned back to gaze at the waiting people. He respected everyone who had succeeded magnificently, as he himself meant to succeed!

There was a portrait poster in the lobby, of which he could just glimpse the general effect from where he stood. And suddenly he was seized with one of those vivid recollections of trifles which are so strangely impressed upon childhood. He remembered that there had been such a poster upon the door of the wretched tenement in whose cellar he had contrived a refuge for himself; the portrait of a slender, straight man wrapped in a richly furled overcoat. The little David Noel had passionately envied him the possession of that coat—not the great Vasili's fame or wealth, but his coat!

If anything could have intensified his gratitude to the baby Constance, it would have been that remembrance of past misery. David, sobered beyond thoughts of vanity or theaters, hurried on his way.

Opposite the house on Madison avenue he took his stand beside one of the few trees progress had left. The house looked just the same; just as immaculate and correct, with its polished window panes that always appeared to have just been washed, its gleaming door fittings, its steps and rails upon which grime never seemed to settle.

He noticed here a quality apart from subaquatorial luxury, and mentally added a requisite to his plans; cleanliness and sumptuousness were not enough, a house must also possess order within and without. He was glad to have seen that fact so early.

The aquarium was still in the window; the goldfish, all fringed and fantastically tailed, moved like flashes of sun through their submarine groves of delicate green. David, who had seen the marvelous hues and forms of tropical under sea life, eyed the captives with lofty contempt. They were hers, no doubt. He remembered her admiration of them. He must have furnished when he built his house.

He leaned there against the tree an hour, watching the life of the avenue, and the windows of the house. Surely she must come out some time!

But she did not; she came in. About 2 o'clock a carriage trotted up to the curb and halted. The footman descended, opened the coupe door, and a little figure sprang out. David started forward. The carriage drove on at once, to his relief, leaving him all he desired. She was running up the steps when he boldly stopped her.

"Excuse me," he said. "I have to tell you something. Do you remember me?"

The little girl studied him, arrested in her dancing flight upward. Five years may be a long space, or a very short one, and surely the five years from 11 to 16 are longer years than those from 5 to 10. At 16 a boy may have become a man, but a child of 10 is surely a child. There was little to recall the boy of five years before in the neatly clothed youth who challenged her memory. David Noel dressed as a man. It had not occurred to him that he could be considered of less than that estate. She was too young to criticize the cut or fineness of his dark gray suit. Her glance passed lightly over his attire, but dwelt upon his unchanged gray eyes, upon the enduring energy and power of the strong young face which had claimed her baby attention.

"Why—why—you are the shivering boy!" she exclaimed in swift recognition.

"And you are the little princess," he answered.

Her red-brown eyes laughed surprise at the title, then she looked down.

"You have shoes now," she approved naively.

"Yes."

(To be Continued Next Week.)

More than seven tons of dust are carried by tramping feet of New York into the subways every 24 hours.

Was Laid Up In Bed

Donn's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Hasn't Suffered Since.

"I had one of the worst cases of kidney complaint imaginable," says Mrs. Wm. Vogt, 4215 Audrey Ave., Wichita, Mo., "and I was laid up in bed for days at a time."

"My bladder was inflamed and the kidney secretions caused terrible pain. My back was in such bad shape that when I moved the pains were like a knife-thrust. I got so dizzy I couldn't stoop and my head just throbbled with pain. Beds of perspiration would stand on my temples, then I would become cold and numb. My heart action was affected and I felt as if I couldn't take another breath. I got so nervous and run down, I felt life wasn't worth living and often wished that I might die so my suffering would be ended. Medicine failed to help me and I was discouraged."

"Donn's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I could let me get better after the first few doses. I kept getting better every day and continued use cured me. My health improved in every way and best of all, the cure has been permanent. I feel that Donn's saved my life."

HENRY B. SURKAMP, Notary Public.

Get Donn's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE "BLUES"

Caused by Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. Not a day goes by without some one suffering with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, bloating, etc., will, if not checked in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. The victim of acid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his ailments, feels his hope, courage, ambition and energy slipping. And truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach!

Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach hold you back, wreck your health, make your days miserable, make you a victim of the "blues" and gloomy thoughts. There is a marvelous modern remedy called BIONIC that brings on such quick relief from your stomach misery—sets your stomach to rights—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vigor, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So many thousands upon thousands of sufferers have used BIONIC with such marvellously helpful results that we are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 50 cent box of BIONIC—the good tasting tablet—each box eat like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. He will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.

BIONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Remedying and Flushing. Attachment that works on all sewing machines, \$1.50. Add. J. F. Light, Box 127, Birmingham, Ala.

Knowledge of the Language.

Bugler Overtop—Yes, in France I had to be an early riser. I got up every morning on the first crow of the roosters.

Miss Homestopper—And could you really understand the French roosters when they crowed?

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum. When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Too Much Luck.

"It is very wrong to envy any man his prosperity."

"Of course, it is," replied Cactus Joe. "But when Tarantula Tim holds three ace fells in succession we're entitled to indulge in a certain amount of inquisitiveness about the deck and the deal."

DEWS OF EVE

No More Gentle Than "Cascarets" for the Liver, Bowels

It is just as needless as it is dangerous to take violent or nasty cathartics. Nature provides no shock absorbers for your liver and bowels against colic, harsh pills, sickening oil and salts. Cascarets give quick relief without injury from Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Gases and Sick Headache. Cascarets work while you sleep, removing the toxins, poisons and sour, indigestible waste without gripping or inconvenience. Cascarets regulate by strengthening the bowel muscles. They cost so little, too.—Adv.

Made Out of Hair.

"Remember when they made watch ring? That was made out of human hair!" asked the one who loved to ruminate.

"Well, do you see that diamond ring? That was made out of human hair!" replied the girl who is engaged to a barber.—Yonkers Statesman.

B.A. THOMAS' HOG POWDER

Saves the Bacon

Mr. Pleasant, Ia.—"When I found sickness spreading in my herd, I got a box of Hog Remedy, before I finished feeding it, I was so satisfied that I got another, and when my pigs were all well I got a third and a fourth. Now my weak feed keeps them well." Jim Kermetz, S. E. 1, Old Kentucky Mfg. Co., Inc., Paducah, Ky.