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 head-



aches, my back ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had taken a number of medi-cines 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. ADELINE B. LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.

Backache and nervousness are symp-toms or nature's warnings, which in-dicate 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,

Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound—and for special advice write to Lydis E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.





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6,000 acre Ranch, sandy land, 10 miles of main line of Rock island and 10 miles of main line of Santa Fe, extra good grass, 500 acres Arkansas river bottom, suitable for feed, sweet clover and alfaifa, 100 acres cultivated, about 10 miles of three and four wire fence, running water and shallow wells, light set of improvements. Price \$15 per acre on good terms. Discount for all cash. 920 acre pasture, black land, 3 miles of town, extra good buffalo, bunch and blue stem grass, fenced, good well and fair windmill, possession at once if desired. Price \$22.50 on good terms

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land, half tillable; \$40 acres in cultivation,
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\$5,090.

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EDGAR B. CORSE Greensburg, Kansas

Unrequited Love.

"Misery loves company." "Yes, but I never heard of company loving misery."

S. O. S.

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets"

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, or sour, gassy stomach—always trace this to torpld liver; delayed, fer menting food in the bowels.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissues it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you but by morning. They work while you sleep .- Adv.

Speculators in the 1917 Java sugar were hit hard by the low prices and

high freights to Europe.

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRI 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 75c. Testimoulals free.

F. J. Cheney & Co.. Toledo, Ohio. \$100 Reward, \$100

It's a good thing to be proud of your work but poor taste to brag about it.



The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

spot of color smoldering in his swarcation as the flood of deep, slowly acagainst the barrier of his habitual reticence, and found no outlet in speech. He clenched his hand on the stone rail of the steps.

"You've been to a party?" he questioned, rather hoarsely.

coat of dark velvet,

like to dance, boy?"

"I don't know. Do you want me to

"Oh, if you want to." Surprised. kid boot and smiled engagingly.

things I never even heard of; but his since the day of his arrest. To be man and not the other? I'll find out about them and I'll make in a place so repugnant; to hear a money to buy them. I'll give you swarming life about him or feel its plating he had forgotten the riders who a better house than this one. I've seen creatures brush past him in the cell were free, and the spider, also free for houses-I've worked on a boat since and be unable to see them or judge of a time. He was justly aggrieved when that day, and seen places-Yucatan, the Argentine, Brazil!" He made a vague gesture. "I'm going away again you're grown up. I made up my mind when you gave me your shoes. Will his nose on the memorable day when you marry me, princess, some day?" adaptability to new ideas, she considered him, her curly head tilted night to long for them. aside.

"Yes," she consented serenely, "if grandmamma will let me. I like you better than the boys I know." "You will not forget?"

"I don't forget," she reassured him. "Then will you keep this to remember me by? I bought it for you."

She readily held out her little gloved hand for the package he offered, but with a swift and unboylike passion he placed his hands on her shoulders and, stooping, kissed her childish mouth-a mouth as cool and unconscious of life as the red flower it resembled.

"I'll come for you," he promised. This time it was he who fled, leaving her standing there all amazed and rosy. So, if the first gift was hers, the second was his, but again it was he who carried the magic away with him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPECTACLES OF MR. BRUCE. In the year 1916, in a dark, foul odored cell in the prison of Rio Nabuco, a man sat on a three-legged stool and listened to the rain pour down with the unceasing violence of a waterfall. It was a noon in January, the season of rain in that interior of Brazil where Corey Bruce had made an end of life with as shocking suddenness as if he had stepped from the brink of a precipice. That shock was now a year old, yet he was its fact. He sat with his elbows on strength to escape. his knees, his forehead resting in his palms, his thin fingers clutched into the bush of his red hair. His angular figure had grown stooped from hours, day spent in this attitude. His eyes were closed, because there was nothing in his cell he wished to see and much that he did not; also, because In his ability to withdraw into the retreat of imagination lay his only of agitation. amusement, his only occupation, his only refuge from stark panic and madness.

Lest he lose that ability, he set, himself mental tasks to be done. He recalled books that he had read, chapter by chapter, and continued their narrative through additional episodes of his own creation. He rehearsed plays he had seen; his college days; his life at home in Philadelphia, Sometimes this latter form of discipline took on the torture of the unattainable, but natured and too sad himself to check and to look steadfastly at the prishe persisted: he believed that he had to persist. This aftrenoon he had set himself to cataloging the things he would first demand, supposing he should find himself free and at liberty to have his desires. Eyes shut, he in his camp, eight years ago." strove to attain the art of self hypnotism.

perspiring, reluctantly but undeniably ers and bandits. dirty body vociferated the answer. He would have a bath, a long drawn out, ceremonious bath: with unscented soap clothing next-wit hshoes. Somehow,

too late? Yet what rescue could be frock, visible through her half opened demned, convict? Corey Bruce had

he had been made captive. Bruce Astonished, but with a 10-year old's thought of those tortoise shell rimmed

> When he could no longer see the all, that hardly mattered; but what did it now intend by way of a campaign? Would it leave him in peace, or would it remain to run across his shrinking flesh after nightfall? He to imagine. He sighed wearily and returned to his stool and his meditation. But the door to his mental rereat was closed; crashed sut, as it were, by the shock of his encounter

> with the tarantula. Bruce sighed heavily. What was to awake nor asleep. Think, he did not dare. He was too apt to remember place, and that his sentence was 15.

> By and by the rain ceased, with the abruptness of a faucet turned off. An hour later, a thin voice broke the silence—the sharp, piping voice of a very old man,

"What are you saying, friend?"

"I did not speak," denied Bruce hoarsely.

was "the Little Bald One," a prisoner by the tremulous animation aroused sometimes privileged to wander about in him by this visit. still striving to accustom himself to the place from which he had not the The old half breed peered in between

the bars.

"It is bad today?" he questioned. "Yes."

"Shall I talk t othe senher?"

"If you like," said Bruce. He stammered slightly in his speech, not because he knew the language imperhe was trying to concentrate thought. fectly, but as a failing he had never been able to evercome in moments

The old man nodded, and squatted down on the opposite side of the barrier. Made garrulous by age and monotony of life, he loved to recite long, aimless tales of his active days. And the American had found a relief, sometimes, in listening to the confused, endless narrations that managed to retain a certain vividness and movement. Sometimes, as now, he merely let "the Little Bald One" have the enjoyment of a fancied listener, too good another's pleasure.

"Good," grunted the old man. "Today I will tell of a scene of yesterday, of when I followed the caudiflo, Dom David Noel. Yes, I was a cook

He launched into a long wandering story; an account of a military expe-What would he have first? His hot, dition against a group of cattle raid-

At first Bruce heard little. He had caught the rapid stamp of hoofs upon the road through the village without. I and piles of clean, agreeably rough A party of riders was passing. He Turkish towels. A savagely hot bath, could imagine their sinuous bodies followed by a cold shower. Fresh swinging to the horses' stride, their brown faces turned to the clean sky it always had seemed to him the last and the lift o ftheir sleek black hair degradation to be barefoot. And then, to the wind. Once such a call from after that orgy of cleanliness, food, without had stirred him to frantic re- my people's railroad bridge, and I real food! For 13 months he had been bellion against captivity. Months ago caught him at it. He was in the act either sickened or hungry, as a per- he had learned to listen apathetically. of touching off his dynamite. In a manent condition; he was free to But today he was stirred to bitter choose which he would endure. No envy. If he might only have one more for men when I caught him. I fireddoubt, the food was edible from a na- such ride! If he might even hope to go him!" tive point of view, but not from his. be transferred to another prison! But He was too badly out of condition for his trial was over, his sentence passed, appetite to arouse before bowls of nothing stretched before him except black beans and manioc. He craved monotony. If he had been in some air and exercise. Inaction, mental and countries-say, in Central Americaphysical, was killing him. Sometimes he might have hoped for a revolution, he blundered irto black alleys of bit Brazil lay basking in peace. To thought, wondering if a man could so fend offb desperation, Bruce began to mad from such things, without his fasten his attention on the old man's own knowledge, and if incan; men speech. And gradually attention sighted eyes dwelt on Noel with an

was snared.

called David Noel stood out like that There was a pause. The boy gazed roundings. Suppose a man should live of a living man standing before a wall at the small creature before him, a dull 30 or 40 years as an inkempt mad- of painted scenes laid on in crude, man in a lost village--insane men were barbaric colors: pictures of men and Noel was studying him. In the pause thy cheeks. He felt an actual suffo- said to be long lived-wou! 1 not such things, among which he was the only a man have done better to refuse food reality. Bruce, listening dazedly, head still; only the stir of insect lite cumulated thought surged and pressed and die while his last remnant of san- in hands, seemed to see the actual wall ity remai...ed? Yes-but how know and the celebrated South American when one stood at that last outpost standing before it. He himself never of hope? What if one lingered too had met David Noel, soldier, explorer, long? Or if one died too soon; just, statesman-and popular man. But he perhaps, as rescue arrived and arrived visioned him as arrogant success embodied in one of the local types he She glanced at her pale blue chiffon hoped for a condemned, and justly con- knew, a powerful leader in a country without middle class, a country of "big in a country where white men were in killed his man. He never had denied whites" and submissive masses. He "Only to my dancing lesson. Do you it ,he did not pretend to regret it. had known him to be a man of power; But he could not evade the payment. "the Little Bald One" was showing him A great spider ran across his bare to be a man of action, a fighter in out-! Or, if he could have some foot and startled him. He sat up and the strange green tropical wilderness saw the dark thing retreating as a as well as in the conflicts of cities and she poised on one small foot in a blue moving blotch across the earth floor- civilization. Bruce contrasted his own ing. The effort to trace the loath- life with that of this other man with "I want to learn whatever you want some creature's course recalled to him wonder rather than bitterness. How me to know." He moved nearer, his his greatest material desire. How had had he slipped into so deep an abyss, eyes fired by strange lights. He was he come to forget in his reverle that in the very places where the other had himself unconscious of the force that which in reality he most desired? At walked so securely? He felt quite made powerful his stumbling, inade- the head of his list should have stood sure that David Noel would have killed quate speech. "I found out who lived his eyeglasses. Only one who suffers as he had killed in the like circumin this house, so I know who you are, like him from nearsightedness could stance. The story to which he listened Your people are rich. You have had conceived the captive's misery of seemed to prove so much to him. Why things; you always have to have blurred sight; a misery that had been had the black walls closed around one Drawn into listening and contem

their quality; to live, as it were, in a the abrupt cessation of the monolog twilight, tortured by violent head- startled him from his welcome abstracaches-all these had been unwittingly tion as a man is startled from sleep. today, but I'm coming back when meted out to the prisoner by the zambo After waiting a moment vainly for "the who had snatched his spectacles from Little Bald One" to continue, Bruce languidly lifted his head from his hand. For one dazed moment he had all the sensations of an occultist who has spectacles by day and woke in the materialized a solid matter out of mind vapors. Against the wall opposite the door, a wall painted by a ray of sunspider, he fell to speculating as to the light to an unfamiliar brightness, stood insect's method of attaining its place a man in a gray linen riding costume, in his cell. Had it come from a tree holding a curious riding whip or gray branch through the slot like, high set braided leather in his hand, his gray window? Or had it crawled down the eyes intent upon the prisoner. He was corridor and under the door? After not playing with the riding whip. Afterward Bruce learned this man had no such nervous habits: when he stood still he was still as an animal at watch. He was still now, so still as to excuse Bruce's momentary doubt, could not know, and he did not like hampered as he was by his nearsightedness, of his guest's reality. Slowly the American arose from his stool, peering with anxious fixity at the figure in the corridor. As he moved forward, he more clearly distinguished the man. The stranger was, perhaps, half a dozen years older than Bruce be done now? He could neither dream himself, of medium height from the northerner's point of view, built very powerfully, and had a dark face too that he had spent one year in this strong for handsomeness. Fumbling for an appropriate speech, Bruce muffed his Portuguese rather badly.

"Good day," he stammered. "I-Iexcuse my staring, but I'm"-he touched his eyes in a futile attempt to remember any word expressive of short sight—"my eyes are bad," he fin-

ished lamely. What he actually said was that his eyes were "wicked," but the other man He did not move or look up to the did not smile. Indeed, Bruce presented door of rough wooden bars beyond a sobering spectacle of misery and dewhich the speaker stood. He knew it jection, rather enhanced than relieved

"Senhor Bruce? My name is David Noel." He spoke in smooth and exquisite Portuguese. "I am sorry to hear that your eyes trouble you. Pardon-" as Bruce would have spoken.

"Might you not prefer to speak English?" Bruce, already startled by the Mentity of the other man, and his knowledge of what David Noel coul's do for him if he chose, was overjoyed by the question that released his tongue from

the bondage of the half known lan-

guage. "By Jove, I certainly would," he gratefully exclaimed. "I have heard a lot about you, of course; but I never happened to learn that you understand English. Yes, I am about half blind without my glasses. My eyes are all right, you know, except for lack of them. But they are a big

lack!" "Broken, I suppose?" queried Noel. He continued to speak in Portuguese oner.

Bruce nodded ruefully. "A fellow pulled them off when I was arrested, and put his heel on

them.' "Here?"

"No, sir, back in the camp, at the bridge. I had some extra glasses in my grip, but I was hustled off before I could get at them. No doubt the natives cleaned up everything in sight, as soon as we were out of sight, after

"After you killed the man," finished Noel calmly.

Bruce's sallow cheeks colored. "Yes, I killed him. I never denied that, General Noel. He had been paid by a rival German concern to destroy tude. way it was self defense, too! He went

"And a 15-year sentence." "If my judge had not believed me justified to some degree. I should have

been shot," Bruce retorted. "Quite true. Still, 15 years! How long have you been here, Mr. Bruce?"

"One year," answered Bruce.

That he come here, this Brazilian? | "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" This time the story had a hero not Merely to amuse himself with the capthe old half breed himself. Against tive? The cruelty seemed improbable; the wild background of the tale of he could read nothing in Nocl's face courage and endurance, of adventure that hinted of delight in the pain of with man and beast, poisonous snakes others. It was not a soft or a gentle and insects-a tale possible only to face, but it was of tempered metal, not the tropics-the figure of one man base. And nothing in the narrative of stood out. Yes, the figure of the man "the Little Bald One" had spoken of

wanton cruelty in its hero. In his absorbed intentness upon Noel he was quite unaware of how closely that ensued the prison seemed very troubled the damp, foul air, and the occasional ring or stamp of a horse waiting outside the gate. Bruce gasped, breathless with the tension of waiting upon the event. Surely, he thought, there must be an event; Noei would not simply go and come no more. They were both white men, the minority. He did not expect Noel to free him, of course; but if he could have a cell from which he could see occupation!

"In the prisons in the south of the United States of America, convicts sometimes are hired to outside men in need of laborers, or paroled in custody of their employers," Noel finally spoke. "Do you know of that custom?"

Noel's penetrating gray eyes considerately looked away from the strained face before him.

"I understand you are a mechanical engineer, Mr. Bruce. A college graduate?"

"Pennsylvania, yes." "Would you like to vary the monotony of your sentence by working out-

side on parole?" Bruce caught his breath. All the evils attendant on peonage of which he had read at home rose before him. He knew absolutely nothing of Brazilian custom in such matters. He had a panoramic vision of convict camps, of himself in subjection to a native overseer, of toil and abuse; yet, better anything than dry rot and creeping insanity in this loathsome, seething den. At least he would be outdoors sometimes: sometimes breathe unpoisoned air.

"Yes," he made laconic reply.

He had hardly known what he expected from Noel's visit, but he was conscious of renewed dejection and vague disappointment.

"Good! You are on parole ,then, with the understanding that any attempt to escape means your return to this place?"

"Yes," said Bruce again. He wondered if he could ever be se supremely wretched as to grasp at that alternative of return here as a relief. Perhaps! He knew not at all what he must expect from this future.

Noel looked at him curiously, as if wondering at his attitude, but he made no comment on the absence of enthusiasm concerning the proposition. He dropped the gray riding whip with a decided movement, letting it swing from his wrist by its braided loop. His smile was infrequent, and illuminating as an unexpected light.

"Good!" he repeated his approval. Someone will come for you. Just allow yourself to be guided, please. will bid you farewell, Mr. Bruce."

The Latin formality of the leave taking aroused Corey Bruce to a sense of his own lack of graciousness. He could not doubt that Noel meant kindly w him in offering this amelioration of his sentence, however dubious its prospect of comfort.

"I-I-thank you, General Noel," he stammered, raising his hand to his eyes in a mechanical effort to adjust his missing spectacles, an old habit of his when in moments of embarrassment. "Awfully good of you to trouble over my affairs! I am-grateful. Before you go, may I ask what I am to be turned over to? For whom I

am to work, I mean?"
Noel turned back with an air of surprise, standing in the narrow corridor, which his broad shoulders seemed to fill, he leaned to survey the prisoner across the wooden bars.

prise; standing in the narrow corridor, (To be continued next week.)

Let Nation Give Pensions.

From the New Fork Times. When Andrew Carnegie had made up his mind that a certain thing should be done, and believed it could be done with money, he was not the man to hesitate as to his own fitness to do it. Years passed before it was thought wise to publish the fact that, at the close of the Spanish war, he went to the White House and proposed to pay the people of the United States \$20,000,000 for the privilege of giving the Philippines back to themselves. Even today the scene stage the imagination. And do we contemplate the imagination. And do we contemplate the imagination of the provisions in Mr. without a tremor the provisions in Mr. Carnegie's will by which he pensions our ex-presidents and their wives? Certain acts have a grandiosity which the mind is slow to comprehend. But the fact persists. What shall we eventually make But the fact of it?

people of the United States see fit to take successful citizens from private life, make use of the best they have to give, exalt them in service—and the cast them aside like a discharged employe, with the aura of a great office about them and no means of sustaining their dignity, and the dignity of the nation, beyond such makeshifts of employment as they can find. The process is mani-festly unfair to them, but that is the least of the evil. It brands us all with ingrati-

Suggests Premier For America. From the Springfield Republican.

Current issues of more immediate and absorbing interest may prevent public dis-cussion of the very natural question, now that Mr. Wilson's strength has failed him. whether the presidency has not come to be even in normal times too great a strain upon any one man's intellectual and physical energies. Its duties have steadily increased in range and its exactions upon body and mind have grown more and more severe. When an ordinary man com-pares what he himself does with what the president of the United States has He strove to speak calmly, but the he marvels how any holder of the offic muscles of his face twitched. His near pect is that hereafter the strain will be much greater that in the last owl g much greater that in the last ow

IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only-look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Mother! You must say "California." -Adv.

Described.

"Pa, what is the wisdom of the ages?"

"It's what the average young fellow about nineteen years old thinks he possesses."

"DANDERINE" PUTS BEAUTY IN HAIR

Girls! A mass of long, thick, gleamy tresses



Let "Danderine" save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor

and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful 'Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs this stimulating toxic; then its life, color, brightness and abundance will return-Hurry :-Adv.

Not Excused:

Artie-Oh! Excuse me, did I step ou your foot again? Gertle-I couldn't say. I did not know you were off vet.

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.

Rather Hard:

"Is young Mr. Daft such a foel ashe looks."

"No, indeed. More so."

Bad Sickness Caused by

Acid-Stomach If people only realized the health-destroy-ing power of an acid-stomach-of the many kinds of sickness and misery it causes—of the lives it literally wrecks—they would kinds of sickness and misery it causes—of the lives it literally wrecks—they would guard against it as carefully as they do against a deadly plague. You know in an instant the first symptoms of acid-stomach—pains of indigestion; distressing, painfulbloat; sour, gasy stomach; belching; food repeating; heartburn, etc. Whenever your stomach feels this way you should lose not lime in putting it to-rights. If you don't, serious consequences are almost sure to follow, such as intestinal fermentation, auto-intoxication, impairment of the entire nervous system, headache, biliousness, circhosis of the liver; sometimes even catamin of the stomach and intestinal ulcers and cancer. If you are not feeling right, see if it isn't acid-stomach that is the cause of your ill health. Take EATONIC, the wonderful modern stomach remedy. EATONIC Tablets quickly am surely relieve the pain, bloet, belching, and heartburn that indicates acid-stomach. Make the stomach stnong, clean and sweet. By Reeping the stomach in healthy condition so that you can get full strength from your food, your seneral health steadily improves. Results are manyelously quick. Just try EATONIC and you will be as anthusiastic as the thousands who have used it and who say they never dreamet anything caulid bring such mervelous relief. So get a big 50-cent box of EATONIC fron your dreamet from your dreagist today. If not satisfactory return it and he will refund your money.

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A Bad Cough