

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.

All Agreed.

"I fear your parents don't care for me. Your father said he would mop up the floor with me."

"And what did mother say?" "Said she was glad to see him for once evince a willingness to assist in the house cleaning."

BREAKS YOUR COLD IN JUST A FEW HOURS

"Pape's Cold Compound" instantly relieves stuffiness and distress

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all grippe misery.

The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine—insist upon Pape's!—Adv.

Hint to Reformers.

Doubtless the world is wicked enough, but it will not be improved by the extension of a spirit which self-righteously sees more to reform outside of itself than in itself.—J. G. Holland.

ARMISTICE!

Constipation, Headache, Colds, Biliousness, Surrender to "Cascarets"

Bring back peace! Enjoy life! Your system is filled with liver and bowel poison which keeps your skin sallow, your stomach upset, your head dull and aching.

No "Garage" for Him.

Edwin had seen a cemetery where there were many mausoleums. One day he said to his mother: "When I die, I don't want to be buried in one of those garages in the cemetery."

SHE THOUGHT DRESS WOULD LOOK DYED

But "Diamond Dyes" Turned Her Faded, Old, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes" guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

Good Neighbors.

"Have you good neighbors?" "Fine. They haven't refused to lend us a single thing we've had to borrow, so far."

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 can always tell an inventor by the cloud of hecklers who disappear when the invention works.

MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy

The TWICE AMERICAN

By ELEANOR M. INGRAM

Noel watched the appetite with which she finished the sweet, half melted during their dance. What should he say to her? How pleasant a thing it would be to awake that fresh candid enjoyment of hers with more durable sensations than orange juice and ice cream!

Noel clenched his hand on the napkin across his knee. Because he distrusted his own folly, he did not speak at all.

Yet, when he was silent, that inexplicable excitement surged up again, shaking him as a strong wind shakes a structure which it cannot overthrow. It was as if some opportunity, muffled from his recognition, were thundering upon the closed door of his understanding.

"You said"—the girl's voice slipped into his reverie—"that a princess lived in that house. It was abroad, then? In Europe?"

"No," he slowly replied. How she returned to that subject! "I said that it was built for a princess. She never lived in it."

"She will?" "Never. Some other woman may."

"And look across from the mountains to the sea, and go through the gate of the little shoes and walk in the deep garden? Oh! But you are spoiling the play when you say so. You told me as a play, didn't you? I mean, as a play at a theater is just to amuse?"

He checked the answer that rushed to his lips.

"You know all about theaters, I suppose," he forced himself to remark casually. "Of course, you are a professional dancer—on the stage, I mean. Your beautiful skill—"

"No," she denied. "No, I am not."

David Noel experienced a sharp shock of disillusion; a revulsion that overturned his heart and scattered all the winged impulses and desires that had flown there to nest since the morning when this girl had faced him in the street. For she spoke a lie!

He knew that only tireless, hourly practice, day after day, could have produced that grace of hers; that exquisite suppleness and strength masked in apparent fragility; that trained, unconscious posing of even each slender finger in action or in repose. It was as absurd to deny that as to assert that some Italian garden of fastidious cultivation had grown up out of a wilderness alone and unaided, producing of itself the contrast of snowy sun dial against clipped turf, or the upleap of fountains in the sun. She was a dancer, and she had lied!

Why? He was saved the embarrassment of finding speech by the approach of Deltaile with the doll, amid an approving murmur from those who watched. No one wondered at the award, or desired further contest; the superiority of this couple had been too obvious, too far beyond rivalry.

Miss Arloff turned in her chair to meet the manager, and held out both hands for the doll with such an innocent face of eagerness that the delighted room broke into a little tempest of hand clapping.

"Thank you so very much!" she said to the smiling Deltaile. "It is a very lovely doll, and I am very glad!" Against his will, Noel noted again her natural self possession, at once so modest and so high bred. She settled the doll in the curve of her arm with the simplicity of a little girl at play. But the charm was broken. Why had she flung into their idyl the shattering mischief of a lie?

Well, it was done, and done in time. He stood committed to nothing. Tomorrow he would ask the girl on Long Island to marry him. He met Miss Arloff's glance, when it returned to him, without a flicker of expression in his gray eyes. His rather hard face was locked in coldness as a winter lake.

While he wondered sullenly how he was to end a situation suddenly grown distasteful to him, the girl forestalled his intention. "We may go now!" she questioned. "I shall never be able to thank you enough, but I shall always remember how kind you have been—always! I remember things. We may go?"

She was poised to rise; her expectant eyes awaited his movement. Obviously, it had not occurred to her that they might remain in pleasant dalliance after

the business of their evening was over. She was not afraid or rude; it was simply that they had finished their affair.

"Certainly," Noel stiffly agreed.

But he was scarcely pleased by her calm dismissal of him, after all. He signalled his waiter, signed the check when it was brought, and rose, still tongue-tied.

Apparently his guest noticed nothing wrong. She smiled happily at the attendant who drew back her chair. Leaning across the pink lighted table, she lifted a stalk of gladiolus from the central vase.

"As an echo from the ball!" she said lightly, drawing the flower through her belt.

And she denied being an actress! Noel made a caustic mental comment. Why had she stooped to falsehood? Surely she did not suppose him so stupidly narrow minded as to be prejudiced against her because she was a dancer? He was neither a puritan nor an infant.

They made their way out, the target of many glances. The music for the next contest was already commencing—a noisy fox trot marked by the crash of brasses and the beat of a drum. There was no languorous enchantment there, or anywhere, now.

Midnight was bringing little coolness to the panting city, but the streets were less stifling than the interior of the restaurant had been. Carrying her doll, the girl walked silently beside the silent man, her aerial lightness and swiftness of step easily keeping pace with his longer stride. Evidently she had perceived at last that something was wrong. Noel felt the puzzled scrutiny of her gaze upon him as they passed beneath each street lamp.

He was not pleased with his own dumb mood. Why could he not conclude gracefully a daintily fantastic adventure? What was it to him if this girl who flitted across his path for an evening chose to speak falsely or truly of herself? Surely it should be no hard task to talk with a pretty woman while they walked a few streets in company!

The streets were passed, yet he continued mute. The girl had ceased to look toward him. She carried her little head high, and there was no meekness in her silent dignity; but he fancied that she moved less buoyantly.

David told himself that a gentleman would have finished the episode gallantly. He was finishing it like a gamin of the slums!! They were in that still, ghostly street where she lived. And now, when their separation loomed as a gate in the act of closing between this night and all future nights, Noel was gripped and shaken anew by that curious and terrible sense of opportunity lost.

A huge white hand, seemingly thrust arrestingly out of the darkness before him, made his nerves leap in almost superstitious recoil before he realized that it was only the sign of a glove cleaner's shop. He wondered if the heat was affecting him. Then he could have laughed at the absurdity of that idea as applied to a veteran of the tropics.

They were climbing the steps to her door, and he had not yet spoken. If only she had been honest with him!

On the threshold, the girl faced him and put over her hand. "I shall never forget your very great goodness," she said, gravely formal, yet tricked by the soft cadences and delicious irregularities of her voice into unsteady wifeliness. "I hope you may always be as happy as you are kind!"

That was all. For an instant he saw her face against the shadow, like a water lily floating on a dark lake. Her eyes, so hauntingly like the eyes of long ago, braved his sternly hostile regard. Then she was gone through the dim opening, and the thick door had closed its barrier.

Too late, Noel would have spoken; but she was gone, and he had not found one word to give her—not even a bald "good by."

Slowly he turned away to the head of the steps, and confronted a man at their foot. David stopped. The other man ascended without pause or haste. Opposite Noel, he halted with stately deliberation, bowed to the younger man, and passed into the house. It was the fine, old world figure of the Jew, the dancing girl's guardian.

Gradually there returned to Noel's recollection, as he stood astonished, the knowledge that an-

other footfall than their own had echoed in the dull street when he and the girl came here. The old man had followed them, no doubt, both in their going and coming.

More—Noel remembered a dark figure which he had glimpsed from the window beside their supper table—a man who leaned in the shadow of the building opposite. If she was not a princess, she was guarded like one! Since he was never to see her again, there was no reason for the satisfaction Noel felt in that fact; yet he did feel it.

Why had her small palm against his moved him to depths unstirred for years? Why did he walk back to his hotel with a heavy sense of weariness and self reproach?

He had seen a mocking ghost of the princess—nothing more than a mockery. To him it was abominable that the girl who looked like Constance Bruce should speak a lie!

CHAPTER XIV.

The Daughter of Vasili Arloff.

The next day Noel went out to Long Island, as had been agreed over the telephone on the previous evening, when he'd broken his dinner engagement.

He was entertained by his hosts with a cordiality almost affectionate. He loitered through the sunny morning with the young lady whose blond handsomeness and cool amiability had decided his choice of her as his future wife. He was seated beside her during the intimate family luncheon, which was served on a shaded veranda overlooking the sound. But in the afternoon he drove back to New York, away from all that beauty and kindness; and he had not asked the blond princess to marry him.

He had come to a more sensible view of the episode of the previous night, Noel told himself. Why should he blame Miss Arloff for not having the heart of Constance Bruce merely because their faces were alike? The girl could be nothing to him, of course; but that gave him no right to insult her. No, he had behaved outrageously!

He did not want to see the dancing girl again; but he had resolved to write a brief note of apology for his dumb mood of that last half hour and to send it to her with some flowers. Then he could put the incident out of his mind. At least, he hoped that he could.

When he entered the hotel, Noel paused at the florist's stand. The pretty clerk smiled at him, arranging the bangle bracelets on her wrists with a display of elaborately manicured hands.

"How do you do, Mr. Noel? Violets or a boutonier?" "No, thanks!" He surveyed with distaste the costly flowers massed in gilded baskets and jars. "Something less commonplace."

"Roses? Sweet peas?" "Have you any water lilies?" "No, sir—lilies of the valley."

He hesitated in indecision. The woman eyed him with a touch of malice. "For a lady, sir? I see you got a dancing prize last night. Of course, your partner is a dancer?"

"Yes," he returned impassively. "You may give me the sweet peas—that little triangular basket there."

But he mentally quivered at this confirmation of his judgment. Miss Arloff had lied; that much was now a certainty. "Shall I send the peas, Mr. Noel?" the clerk asked, tying the box smartly with green ribbon. "Where to? A card goes with them?"

"Yes," he said absently. "At what theater did you see Miss Arloff?" He knew that the question was unwise, yet could not refrain from it. The clerk lifted her eyes with a stare of curiosity.

"I didn't say she was on the stage. She ain't. She teaches fancy dancing to a class of kids at the Salle du Ballet Russe, on the avenue. I know, because I know the mother of a girl who's learning there. What address did you say, Mr. Noel?"

"You may give me the box," he slowly answered. "I will take it myself."

It was the hour when the workers of the city swarm through the streets, seeking a million homes after the long day of labor. When David Noel stepped out into the summer evening, he was caught in the swirl of chattering, hurrying humanity.

Six o'clock was ringing from a lofty tower nearby. New York glowed under level sun rays, shot across heaps of gold and rose colored clouds piled in the west. All was cheer, color, life. Surely this was the city's happy hour, the man thought; not its most brilliant hour, nor the hour of most gaiety, but surely its happiest.

He walked quietly, one with the

fired, good humored crowd, his box under his arm. The dancing girl had told him the truth, and he was on his way to apologize to her!

As yet, his plans went no further than that errand, but he felt a content as soothing as sleep.

When he reached the street where she lived, most of its business places were closed, and the pouring stream of workers had flowed out, to be dissipated in a thousand directions, like a river flowing into sand. Still, enough people were passing to give the street an air of animation.

Noel climbed the steps of the house, and received his first surprises. The heavy old door stood partly open. He saw into a vestibule, floored with squares of black and white marble and panelled with black walnut, highly carved. In odd contrast to this old fashioned elegance, a row of brass mail boxes and push buttons was affixed to the wall. The one time mansion was now inhabited by several families.

While he hesitated before this new situation, a woman came down the curved stairs—a fat woman who looked like a middle class dressmaker. She was hurrying and panting with heat and exertion.

"Arloff?" she answered Noel's inquiry. "Second floor."

She bustled out, and he used the implied freedom to go up without further ceremony.

On the second floor the door opposite him also stood ajar, with only a curtain drawn across. No doubt the heat had prompted any measure which promised a current of air. Between the folds of drapery Noel saw into the room beyond. Involuntarily, he remained at gaze.

The room was furnished as a drawing room, but in the center was a table laid for two. At one place stood a glass of milk and some thin slices of bread. At the other place was a plate of clear soup, and arranged around this were two chops with brave collars of pink paper, two cream cakes on a standing dish, and a frosted goblet of claret. In the center of the table, a slender vase upheld that single stalk of gladiolus which the dancing girl had taken from the hotel board the night before.

Opposite the plate of bread and glass of milk was seated the young girl herself. At the place across from her sat the most dazzling old man Noel had ever seen or imagined.

He was not old. Noel withdrew that term a moment later. His crisp, white hair curled around a dark, vivid, virile face without a mark of age. All the fire, the energy, the swift changing play of expression that makes youth beautiful, were still his. There was even youth's touch of spoiled arrogance in the curve of his lips, and more than a little of youth's sweetness.

He was a small man, rather less in stature than the average Anglo-Saxon; yet he gave the observer an impression that he was possessed of unusual strength.

While Noel, unseen, arrested, stared at him, the man spoke in English perfectly constructed, yet delicately foreign:

"You like the gift of your poor papa, my child?"

"Oh, yes!" the girl answered, her voice gaily caressing. She raised from her lap the French doll of the dancing contest, and with a delightful gesture of coquetry pressed its rosy bisque cheek and yellow curls against her own white cheek and curls of bronze. "It was adorable of you to give her to me, good papa. But she has not a name yet!"

"Vraiment? What, then, shall we call her?"

"Salome, perhaps?"

"Bah! Salome was a vixen!"

"But she danced on her own heart," she murmured, with a faint sigh. "Shall it be Carmencita, papa?"

"Or Anitra, who was an enchantress?"

"It shall be Anitra. Thank you, papa! But you do not eat. This dreadful heat!"

"Pardon, by Rosalind, but I devour ravenously."

At the father's first movement, Noel, still standing in the shelter of the curtain, drew a breath of wondering comprehension, for it was plain, now, who had taught Rosalind Arloff. The man's grace was a thing unnatural in its perfection. As with the girl, his smooth movements seemed to melt from one unconscious pose into another as water flows from one ripple to the next.

(To be continued next week.)

Upon his landing a few days ago, a New York reporter enticed the opinion from Maurice Maeterlinck that: "Death is powerless against life. What it takes from those who die enters into those who are left. The lamps grow less, but the flames grow more intense and higher."

Backache and Kidneys



Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the sick kidneys, hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache.

You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, hang under the lids, and lack ambition to do things.

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty of water between meals and take a single Anuric tablet before each meal for a while.

Simply ask your druggist for Anuric (anti-uric-acid) if you aren't feeling up to the standard. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, drowsy, begin immediately this treatment with Anuric.

The physicians and specialists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., have thoroughly tested this prescription and have been with one accord successful in eradicating these troubles.

Patients having once used Anuric at the institution have repeatedly sent back for more. Such a demand has been created that Doctor Pierce decided to put Anuric in the drug stores of this country, in a ready-to-use form.

Omahas, Neb.—"I ached all over and felt so badly that I could not sleep at night, my bladder seemed weak, gave me considerable trouble, and caused stinging sensations. I read an advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid) and purchased a bottle. It was only a few days before I felt wonderfully relieved, and all the soreness left me. I am glad to endorse such a worthy medicine and always shall recommend it."—MRS. W. C. ZESCHMANN, 1832 N. 17th St.

HEARTBURN

Caused by

Acid-Stomach

That bitter heartburn, belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloating after eating—all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, sciatica, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, dizziness, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH.

Thousands—yes, millions—of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat.

Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief from heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach miseries. Improves digestion—helps you get full strength from your food. Thousands testify that EATONIC is the most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brought them relief when everything else failed.

Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big 50c box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, return it and get your money back.

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1895. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes. All druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth, but try him in the traces before deciding he's worth his feed.

"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, cleanse 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. Send for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Ingratitude is the curse of republics and the immediate family.

COLDS breed and Spread INFLUENZA KILL THE COLD AT ONCE WITH

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 25 years—min. tablet form—acts, sure, 20 minutes—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores