

WILL ANSWER ANY WOMAN WHO WRITES

Woman Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes This Offer

Cumberland, Md.—"My mother gave me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was between thirteen and fourteen years old and was going to school, because I suffered with pains and could not rest. I did not have any more trouble after that until I was married, then I always was troubled in my back while carrying a child and could not do my work until I took the Vegetable Compound. I am strong, do all my washing and ironing and work for seven children and feel fine. I always have an easy time at childbirth and what it did for me will do for other women. I am willing to answer any woman if she will write asking what it did for me."

Mrs. JOHN HEIER, 53 Dilley St., Cumberland, Md.

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and has brought contentment and happiness to thousands of home seekers and the families who have started on their FREE homesteads or bought land at attractive prices. They have established their own homes and secured prosperity and independence. In the great grassy growing sections of the prairie provinces there is still to be had on easy terms

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—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre—outlets, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. Healthful climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, excellent markets and shipping facilities. The climate and soil offer inducements for almost every branch of agriculture. The advantages are:

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make a tremendous appeal to industrious settlers wishing to improve their circumstances. For certificate containing copy of reduced railway rates, illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, etc., write

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Authorized Agent, Dept. of Immigration and Colonization, Dominion of Canada

Strong Persuasion.
"That was a fine editorial you had on 'Woman As a Power in Politics.'"
"Thanks," said the editor of the Chiglersville Clarion. "A delegation of lady voters called and ordered me to write it on the pain of their instant displeasure. After they'd gone I got to thinking about the way they came in, what they said, and the way they went out, and I concluded that maybe they are a power in politics."

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE DOES IT
When shoes pinch or corns and bunions ache, get a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions, gives instant relief to smarting, itching, swollen feet. 100,000,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.—Advertisement.

Great Stuff.
"Gonna put Hamlet in the films."
"Can get some great effects with the ghost."
"Huh?"
"Look at the way he can fade in and out."—Judge.

Recklessness is sham individuality

ARE YOU GIVING OUT?

Does every day mean just another day of suffering? Are you lame, stiff and aching—tormented with a nervous backache? Surely there's a reason why you feel so badly and likely it's weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail, poisons accumulate and upset the whole system. That's why you have constant backache and sharp, stabbing twinges. You may have headaches, nervous and dizzy spells with annoying bladder irregularities. Don't risk serious kidney disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case

Mrs. Wm. Crockett, Mrs. N. S. D., says: "My kidneys caused me to suffer and my back ached as if it would break. Mornings I felt dull and had no energy. I often had headaches and dizzy spells. The action of my kidneys was irregular, too. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they put an end to the backache and other signs of kidney trouble."

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Freckles Positively Removed
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THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz

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Mary departed on her errand and Ruth went to the telephone and called up the Cameron number.

The sadness of the answering voice struck her even in her haste. Her own tone was eager, intimate, as she hastened to convey her message.

"Mrs. Cameron, this is Ruth Macdonald. Has your son left yet? I was wondering if he would care to be taken to the train in our car?"

"Oh! he has just gone!" came a pitiful little gasp that had a sob at the end of it. "He went in somebody's car and they were late coming. I'm afraid he is going to miss his train and he has got to get it or he will be in trouble! That is the last train that connects with Wilmington."

Ruth's heart leaped to her opportunity. "Suppose we try to catch him then," proposed Ruth gleefully. "My car can go pretty fast, and if he has missed the train perhaps we can carry him on to Wilmington. Would you like to try?"

"Oh, could we?" the voice throbbed with eagerness.

"Hurry up then. My car is all ready. I'll be down there in three minutes. We've no time to waste. Put on something warm!"

She hung up the receiver without waiting for further reply, and hurried softly out of the room and down the back stairs.

Thomas was well trained. The ears were always in order. He was used to Ruth's hurry calls, and when she reached the garage she found the car standing in the back street waiting for her. In a moment more she was rushing on her way toward the village without having aroused the suspicion of the two men who so impatiently awaited her return. Mrs. Cameron was ready, eager as a child, standing on the sidewalk with a great blanket shawl over her arm and looking up the street for her.

It was not until they had swept through the village, over the bridge, and were out on the broad highway toward Chester that Ruth began to realize what a wild goose chase she had undertaken. Just where did she expect to find them, anyway? It was now three minutes to 5 by the little clock in the car and it was full 15 minutes' drive to Chester. The plan had been to delay him on the way to the train, and there had been mention of a short cut. Could that be the rough stony road that turned sharply just beyond the stone quarry? It seemed hardly possible that anybody would attempt to run a car over that road. Surely John Cameron knew the roads about here well enough to advise against it. Still, Ruth knew the locality like a book and that was the only short cut thereabout. If they had gone down there they might emerge at the other end just in time to miss the train, and then start on toward Wilmington. Or they might turn back and take the longer way if they found the short road utterly impassable.

Which should she take? Should she dare that rocky way? If only there might be some tracks to guide her. But the road was hard and dusty and told no tales of recent travelers. They skimmed down the grade past the stone quarry, and the short cut flashed into view, rough and hilly, turning sharply away behind a group of spruce trees. It was thick woods beyond. If she went that way and got into any trouble with her machine the chances were few that anyone would come along to help. She had but a moment to decide, and something told her that the long way was the safe one and shorter in the end. She swept on, her engine throbbing with that pleasant purr of expensive well-groomed machinery, the car leaping forward as if it delighted in the high speed. The little woman by her side sat breathless and eager, with shining eyes, looking ahead for her boy.

They passed car after car, and Ruth scanned the occupants keenly. Some were filled with soldiers, but John Cameron was not among them. She began to be afraid that perhaps she ought after all to have gone down that hilly way and made sure they were not there. She was not quite sure where that short road came out. If she knew she might

run up a little way from this further end.

The two women sat almost silent, straining their eyes ahead. They had said hardly a word since the first greeting. Each seemed to understand the thought of the other without words. For the present they had but one common object, to find John Cameron.

Suddenly, as far ahead as they could see, a car darted out of the wooded roadside, swung into their road and plunged ahead at a tremendous rate. They had a glimpse of khaki uniforms, but it was much too far away to distinguish faces or forms. Nevertheless, both women fastened their eyes upon it with but one thought. Ruth put on more speed and forged ahead, thankful that she was not within city lines yet, and that there was no one about to remind her of the speed limit. Something told her that the car she was seeking was in that car ahead.

It was a thrilling race. Ruth said no word, but she knew that her companion was aware that she was chasing that car. Mrs. Cameron sat straight and tense as if it had been a race of life and death, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining. Ruth was grateful that she did not talk. Some women would have talked incessantly.

The other car did not go into Chester proper at all, but veered away into a branch road and Ruth followed, leaping over the road as if it had been a gray velvet ribbon. She did not seem to be gaining on the car; but it was encouraging that they could keep it still in sight. Then there came a sharp turn of the road and it was gone. They were pulsing along now at a tremendous rate. The girl had cast caution to the winds. She was hearing the complacent sneer of Harry Wainwright as he boasted how they would get John Cameron into trouble, and all the force of her strong young will was enlisted to frustrate his plans.

It was growing dusk, and lights leaped out on the munition factories all about them. Along the river other lights flashed and flickered in the white mist that rose like a wreath. But Ruth saw nothing of it all. She was straining her eyes for the little black speck of a car which she had been following and which now seemed to be swallowed up by the evening.

She had not relaxed her speed, and the miles were whirling by, and she had a growing consciousness that she might be passing the object of her chase at any minute without knowing it. Presently they came to a junction of three roads and she paused. On ahead the road was broad and empty save for a car coming towards them. Off to the right was a desolate way leading to a little cemetery. Down to the left a smooth wooded road wound into the darkness. There were sign boards up. Ruth leaned out and flashed a pocket torch on the board. "To Pine Tree Inn, 7 Miles" it read. Did she fancy it or was it really true that she could hear the distant sound of a car among the pines?

"I'm going down this way!" she said decidedly to her companion, as if her action needed an explanation, and she turned her car into the new road.

"But it's too late now," said Mrs. Cameron wistfully. "The train will be gone, of course, even from Wilmington. And you ought to be going home. I'm very wrong to have let you come so far; and it's getting dark. Your folks will be worrying about you. That man will likely do his best to get him to camp in time."

"No," said Ruth decidedly, "there's no one at home to worry just now, and I often go about alone rather late. Besides, aren't we having a good time? We're going a little further anyway before we give up."

She began to wonder in her heart if she ought not to have told somebody else and taken Thomas along to help. It was rather a questionable thing for her to do, in the dusk of evening—two women alone! But then, she had Mrs. Cameron along and that made it perfectly respectable. But if she failed now, what else could she do? Her blood boiled hotly at the thought of letting Harry Wainwright succeed

in his miserable plot. Oh, for cousin La Rue! He would have thought a way out of this. If everything else failed she would tell the whole story to Captain La Rue and beg him to exonerate John Cameron. But that, of course, she knew would be hard to do, there was so much red tape in the army, and there were so many unwritten laws that could not be set aside just for private individuals. Still, there must be a way if she had to go herself to someone and tell what she had overheard. She set her pretty lips firmly and rode on at a brisk pace down the dark road, switching on her head lights to see the way here in the woods. And then suddenly, just in time she jerked on the brake and came to a jarring stop, for ahead of her a big car was sprawled across the road, and there, rising hurriedly from a kneeling posture before the engine, in the full blaze of her headlights, blinking and frowning with anxiety, stood John Cameron!

CHAPTER 10.

The end of her chase came so unexpectedly that her wits were completely scattered. Now that she was face to face with the tall soldier she had nothing to say for her presence there. What would he think of her. How could she explain her coming? She had undertaken the whole thing in such haste that she had not planned ahead. Now she knew that from the start she had understood that she must not explain how she came to be possessed of any information concerning him. She felt a kind of responsible shame for her old playmate Harry Wainwright, and a certain loyalty toward her own social set that prevented her from that, the only possible explanation that could make her coming justifiable. So, now in the brief interval before he had recognized them she must stake the next act, and she found herself unable to speak, her throat dry, her lips for the instant paralyzed. It was the jubilant little mother that stepped into the crisis and did the most natural thing in the world:

"John! Oh, John! It's really you! We've caught you!" she cried, and the troubled young soldier peering into the dusk to discover if here was a vehicle he might presume to commandeer to help him out of his predicament lifted startled eyes to the two faces in the car and strode forward, abandoning with a clang the wrench with which he had been working on the car.

"Mother!" he said, a shade of deep anxiety in his voice. "What is the matter? How came you to be here?"

"Why, I came after you," she said laughing like a girl. "We're going to see that you get to camp in time. We've made pretty good time so far. Jump in quick and we'll tell you the rest on the way. We mustn't waste time."

Cameron's startled gaze turned on Ruth now, and a great wonder and delight sprang up in his eyes. It was like the day when he went away on the train, only more so, and it brought a rich flush into Ruth's cheeks. As she felt the hot waves she was glad that she was sitting behind the light.

"What! You!" he breathed wonderingly. "But this is too much! And after the way I treated you!"

His mother looked wonderingly from one to the other:

"Get in, John, quick. We mustn't lose a minute. Something might delay us later." It was plain she was deeply impressed with the necessity for the soldier not to be found wanting.

"Yes, please get in quickly, and let us start. Then we can talk!" said Ruth casting an anxious glance toward the other car.

His hand went out to the door to open it, the wonder still shining in his face, when a low murmur like a growl went up behind him.

Ruth looked up, and there in the full glare of the lights stood two burly civilians and a big soldier:

"Oh, I say!" drawled the soldier in no very pleasant tone, "you're not going to desert us that way! Not after Pass came out of his way for us! I didn't think you had a yellow streak!"

Cameron paused and a troubled look came into his face. He glanced at the empty back seat with a repression of his disappointment in the necessity.

"There's another fellow here that has to get back at the same time I do," he said looking at Ruth hesitatingly.

"Certainly. Ask him, of

course." Ruth's voice was hearty and put the whole car at his disposal.

"There's room for you, too, Chalmers," he said with relief. "And Passmore will be glad to get rid of us I suspect. He'll be able to get home soon. There isn't much the matter with that engine. If you do what I told you to that carburetor you'll find it will go all right. Come on, Chalmers. We ought to hurry!"

"No thanks! I stick to my friends!" said the soldier shortly.

"As you please!" said Cameron stepping on the running board.

"Not as you please!" said a gruff voice, "I'm running this party and we all go together! See?" A heavy hand came down upon Cameron's shoulder with a mighty grip.

Cameron landed a smashing blow under the man's chin which sent him reeling and sprang inside as Ruth threw in the clutch and sent her car leaping forward. The two men in front were taken by surprise and barely got out of the way in time, but instantly recovered their senses and sprang after the car, the one nearest her reaching for the wheel. Cameron leaning forward sent him rolling down the gully, and Ruth turned the car sharply to avoid the other car which was occupying as much of the road as possible, and left the third man scrambling to his knees behind her. It was taking a big chance to dash past that car in the narrow space over rough ground, but Ruth was not conscious of anything but the necessity of getting away. In an instant they were back in the road and flashing along through the dark.

"Mother, you better let me help you back here," said her son leaning forward and almost lifting his mother into the back seat, then stepping over to take her place beside Ruth.

"Better turn out your back lights!" he said in a quiet, steady voice. "They might follow, you know. They're in an ugly mood. They've been drinking."

"Then the car isn't really out of commission?"

"Not seriously."

"We're not on the right road, did you know? This road goes to The Pine Tree Inn and Singleton!"

Cameron gave a low exclamation:

"Then they're headed for more liquor. I thought something was up."

"Is there a cross road back to the Pike?"

"I'm not sure. Probably. I know there is about three miles farther on, almost to the Inn. This is an awful mess to have got you into! I'd rather have been in the guard house than have this happen to you!"

"Please don't!" said Ruth earnestly. "It's an adventure! I'm enjoying it. I'm not a doll to be kept in cotton wool!"

"I should say not!" said Cameron with deep admiration in his tone. "You haven't shown yourself much of a doll tonight. Some doll, to run a car the way you did in the face of all that. I'll tell you better what I think when we get out of this!"

"They are coming, I believe!" said Ruth glancing back. "Don't you see a light? Look!"

Mrs. Cameron was looking, too, through the little back window. Now she spoke quietly:

"Wouldn't it be better to get out and slip up in the woods till they have gone by?"

"No, mother!" said Cameron quickly, "just you sit quiet where you are and trust us."

"Something awful might happen, John!"

"No, mother! Don't you worry!" he said in his gentle, manly tone. Then to Ruth: "There's a big barn ahead there on your left. Keep your eye out for a road around behind it. If we could disappear it's too dark for them to know where we are. Would you care to turn out the lights and let me run the car? I don't want to boast but there isn't much of anything I can't do with a car when I have to."

Instantly Ruth switched out every light and with a relieved "Please!" gave up the wheel to him. They made the change swiftly and silently, and Ruth took the post of lookout.

"Yes, I can see two lights. It might be someone else, mightn't it?"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

The little two-cylinder, 20-year-old motor truck in which Henry Landru, the "Bluebeard of Gambais" executed last February, took his 10 women victims out riding and later hauled coal to burn their bodies, was sold at auction to a Paris plumber. He wanted the car as a souvenir.

HARDING'S COAL PLAN OUTLINED

Daugherty O. K.'s Program Announced by Hoover for U. S. to Control Situation—Profiteers Can't Sell Fuel.

Universal Service.

Washington, July 25—Here is what President Harding proposes to do in the coal and railroad strike emergency as announced late Monday by Secretary of Commerce Hoover. The plan is predicated upon an opinion of Attorney General Daugherty authorizing wide legal powers for the government.

1—Appointment of a "presidential committee" made up of Secretary Hoover, Attorney General Daugherty, Secretary Fall, of the interior department, and Chairman McCord, of the Interstate Commerce commission. This committee will have general charge of all plans for distribution and regulation.

2—Representatives of coal and rail operatives to have delegations on the presidential committee.

3—Agents of president's committee in every coal field.

4—A committee of coal operators, or owners in each district. (In the event of mine owners not naming men the president will do so without their approval.)

5—Co-operation in every way in carrying out orders for preferential movement of freight.

6—Careful check on movements of freight cars.

7—Operators to be allowed wide latitude at mines.

8—Cars to be allotted to only those mine owners who agree to fair price arrangements.

9—All operators agree to tentative maximum price fixed by commerce department on June 1 (\$3.50 per ton at mine).

DETAILS OF CONFERENCE.

Universal Service.

Washington, July 25—Government agencies late Monday were completing plans to immediately take charge of coal and railway distribution throughout the country.

The government is acting under direction of the president through the Interstate Commerce commission and the department of justice and in cooperation with bituminous coal producers and the American Railways Association.

The general plan worked out by Secretary Hoover is aimed to relieve the dual strike emergency situation to the end that coal and other necessities of life may be furnished the American people in sufficient quantities and at reasonable prices.

Conference Draft Submitted.

The Hoover plan was put in detail form at a conference lasting four hours Monday afternoon, and participated in by Secretary Hoover, Commissioner Aitchison, of the Interstate Commerce commission; J. G. Gormleigh, of the American Railway Association; a drafting committee of six from the producing non-union coal operators and a representative from the department of justice. The conference draft was submitted Monday night to the operators called in conference here Monday by Secretary Hoover. Tuesday it will go to the Interstate Commerce commission for approval and then to the department of justice to finally pass on its legal phraseology.

General Daugherty already has approved the general plan and legal and not in conflict with the anti-trust laws.

Coal operators' representatives are a unit in agreeing with the administration on plans for distribution. Some opposition developed in their conference with Secretary Hoover Monday, however, to an agreement to fix prices. Mine owners in western Kentucky and West Virginia said it would be necessary for them to get from \$7 to \$8 per ton for coal at the mines. Secretary Hoover sought at the conference to have the price of coal set at \$3.50 per ton agreed on by operators of other sections at the conference early in June.

Coal dealers who seek to profiteer will not be able to sell their coal. This was decided upon by the newly created "presidential committee" late Monday. Under the wide powers of the government operators who do not fall in line in prices will not be given coal cars to get their products to market. It is officially announced.

The first step will be to invoke that section of the transportation act giving the Interstate Commerce commission complete control over the distribution and use of all railway motive power, cars, terminals and other facilities necessary to the movement of traffic. It is stated it will take but a few days to set up the machinery for this purpose.

Hundreds of telegrams were sent out Sunday and replies received Monday by the Interstate Commerce commission taking a census of the available railway equipment of the country and its present location. With this data experts of the commission will be enabled to ascertain where there is a surplus of serviceable equipment that can be transferred to sections where equipment is lacking to move traffic.

CHEROKEE GIRL DROWNS NEAR SIOUX FALLS

Sloux Falls, July 25 (Special).—

Helen Conklin, 16, of Cherokee, Ia., was drowned at the Horseshoe Bend swimming hole in the Big Sioux river, two miles north of Sioux Falls, Monday afternoon. Although the body was recovered quickly and a pulmotor used, all efforts to save the girl's life failed.