

HELPED HER IN EVERY WAY

So Writes Mrs. Trombley of Sharon, Vt., Concerning Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sharon, Vermont.—"I was weak and run-down, had a tired feeling and bearing-down pains. I saw an advertisement in the newspaper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and began taking it. It has stopped these bearing-down pains and other bad feelings, and has helped me in every way. I have so much faith in the Vegetable Compound that I keep it on hand all of the time and recommend it whenever I have the opportunity."—Mrs. LEWIS TROMBLEY, Sharon, Vermont.

Glad to Help Others
 "I had pains in my back and sides for many months, and my work would have to be left undone at those times. My sister told me what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing her, so I tried it, and from the third bottle I was well and every one thought I looked better. I am glad to help others regain their health, and you may use my testimonial."—MABEL HARTMANN, 1824 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 You must believe that a medicine that has helped other women will help you. You should try it.

Associate of Aaron Burr
 Blennerhassett's Island is an island in the Ohio river near Parkersburg, W. Va., famous as the residence of Herman Blennerhassett, a wealthy Irishman. The island was purchased by him in 1793, and a spacious mansion was erected on it. In 1805 he was visited by Aaron Burr and induced to assist him in his treasonable scheme of founding an empire in the West. Blennerhassett was arrested as one of Burr's accomplices, but was finally discharged without trial. His house and grounds were ruined by a mob. The remainder of his life was spent in an unavailing attempt to retrieve his fortunes.—Kansas City Star.

Unparliamentary
 His Wife—What do you think of that oriental dance?
 The Congressman—The motion seems to be somewhat irregular, but there being no objection from the house, the chair will follow it.

Lies hurry; truth waits.

Get Back Your Health!

Are you dragging around day after day with a dull backache? Are you tired and lame mornings—subject to headaches, dizzy spells and sharp, stabbing pains? Then there's surely something wrong. Probably it's kidney weakness! Don't wait for more serious kidney trouble. Get back your health and keep it. For quick relief get **Doan's Pills**, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case
 B. F. Barker, 2008 N. 22nd St., Omaha, Neb., says: "I had aching pains through my back and at times was so bad I thought I would never get over it. I couldn't rest and mornings I felt tired and unrefreshed. My kidneys were weak and the secretions contained sediment. Doan's Pills relieved me of the trouble."

DOAN'S PILLS
 60c
 STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS
 Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.



MUNYON'S PAW PAW TONIC
 For Constipation use Munyon's Paw Paw Pills. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Don't Suffer With Itching Rashes Use Cuticura
 Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Malden, Mass.

The RAGGED EDGE

by Harold MacGrath

CHAPTER XIX

Meanwhile the doctor, upon returning to his office, found Ah Cum in the waiting room. "Why, hello, Ah Cum! What's the trouble?" Ah Cum took his hands from his sleeves. "I should like to know where Mr. Spurlock has gone." "Did he owe you money?" "Oh, no!" "Then why do you wish to know?" Ah Cum pondered. "I have a client who is very much interested in Mr. Spurlock. He was here shortly after the young man was taken ill."

"Ah. What was this man?" "A detective from the States."

"Why didn't he arrest Mr. Spurlock then?" "I imagine that Mr. O'Higgins is rather a kindly man. He couldn't have taken Mr. Spurlock back to Hong-Kong with him, so he considered it would be needless to give an additional shock. He asked me to watch Mr. Spurlock's movements and report progress. He admitted it would bore him to dally here in Canton, with the pleasures of Hong-Kong so close."

The doctor caught the irony, and he warmed a little. "I'm afraid I must decline to tell you. Do you know what Spurlock has done?"

"Mr. O'Higgins did not confide in me. But he told me this much that no matter how far Mr. Spurlock went, it would not be far enough."

A detective. The doctor paced the room half a dozen times. How easily an evil thought could penetrate a normally decent mind! All he had to do was to disclose Spurlock's destination, and in a few months Ruth would be free. For it was but logical that she would seek a divorce on the ground that she had unknowingly married a fugitive from justice. McClintock would be on hand to tell her how and where to obtain this freedom. He stopped abruptly before the apparently inebriated Chinaman.

"Your detective has been remiss in his duty; let him suffer for it."

"Personally, I am neutral," said Ah Cum. "I wish merely to come out of this bargain honorably. It would make the young wife unhappy."

"Very."

"There was a yacht in the river?"

"I have nothing to say."

"By the name of The Tigress?"

The doctor smiled, but shook his head. He sent a speculative glance at the immobile yellow face. Was Ah Cum offering him an opportunity to warn Spurlock? But should he warn the boy? Why not let him imagine himself secure? The thunderbolt would be launched soon enough. "I haven't a word to say, Ah Cum, not a word."

"Then I wish you good night."

Ah Cum went directly to the telegraph office, and his message was devoted particularly to a description of The Tigress. Spurlock had been taken aboard that yacht with the Kanaka crew, because The Tigress was the only ship marked for departure that night. Ah Cum was not a sailor, but he knew his water-front. One of his chair coolies had witnessed the transportation of Spurlock by stretcher to the sampan in the canal. There were three other ships at anchor; but as two would be making Shanghai and one rounding to Singapore two days hence, it was logically certain that no fugitive would seek haven in one of these.

bread and butter. The telegram dispatched, his obligation cancelled, Ah Cum proceeded homeward, chuckling occasionally. The Yale spirit! James Boyle O'Higgins was, as the saying goes, somewhat out of luck. Ah Cum's wire reached the Hong-Kong Hotel promptly enough; but O'Higgins was on board a United States cruiser, witnessing a bout between a British sailor and a sergeant in the U. S. Marines. It was a capital diversion; and as usual the Leatherneck bested the Britisher, in seven rounds. O'Higgins returned to town and made a night of it, nothing very wild, nothing very desperate. A modest drinking bout which had its windup in a fan-tan house over in Kowloon, where O'Higgins tussled with varying fortune until five in the morning.

When he was given the telegram he flew to the Praya, engaged the fast motor-boat he had previously bespoken against the need, and started for the Macao Passage, with the vague hope of speaking The Tigress. He hung round those broad waters from noon until three and realized that he had embarked upon a wild-goose chase. Still, his conscience was partly satisfied. He made Hong-Kong at dusk: wet, hungry, and a bit groggy for the want of sleep; but he was in no wise discouraged. The girl was in the game now, and that narrowed the circle.

The following morning found him in the doctor's waiting room, a black cigar turning unlighted in his teeth. When the doctor came in—he had just finished his breakfast—O'Higgins rose and presented his card. Upon reading the name, the doctor's eyebrows went up.

"I rather fancy, as you Britishers say, that you know the nature of my visit?"

"I'm an American."

"Fine!" said O'Higgins, jovially. "We won't have any trouble understanding each other; same language. There's nothing on the card to indicate it, but I'm a detective."

O'Higgins threw out his chest, gave a pat, and smiled. This smile warned the doctor not to underestimate the man. O'Higgins was all that the doctor had imagined a detective to be: a bulky policeman in civilian clothes. The blue jowl, the fat-lidded eyes—now merry, now alert, now tungsten-hard—the bullet head, the pudgy fingers and the square-toed shoes were all in conformation with the doctor's olden mental picture.

"Yes; I know I look it," said O'Higgins, amiably.

The doctor laughed. But he sobered instantly as he recollected that O'Higgins had found Spurlock once. Journeying blindly half way across the world, this man had found his quarry. "I never wear false whiskers," went on O'Higgins. "The only disguise I ever put on is a dress-suit, and I look as natural as a pig at a Mahomedan dinner."

O'Higgins was disarming the doctor.

"on't you sit down?"

"I beg your pardon! Come into the consultation office"; and the doctor led the way.

"What is it you want of me?"

"All you know about this young fellow Spurlock?"

"What has he done?"

"He has just naturally peevish his Uncle Sam. Now, you know where he is bound."

"Did Ah Cum advise you?"

"He did pretty well for a Chinaman. But that's his American education. Now, it won't do a bit of good to warn Spurlock. He carries with him something that will mark him anywhere—the girl. Say, that girl fooled me at first glance. You see, we guys bump up against so much of the seamy side that we look upon everybody as guilty until proved innocent, which is hind-side-to. The second look told me I was wrong."

"I'm going to put one question," interrupted the doctor.

"Was there any other woman back there in the States?"

"Nary a female. Oh, they are

married fast. What are you going to tell me?"

"Nothing." But the doctor softened the refusal by smiling. "For the sake of the girl. Well, I don't blame you on that ground. If the boy was legging it alone."

"I'm a doctor. I took him out of the hands of death. Unless he has killed someone, I sha'n't utter a word."

"Killed someone?" O'Higgins laughed. "He wouldn't hurt a rabbit."

"You won't tell me what he has done?"

"If you'll tell me where he's heading."

"You can give me a little of his history, can't you? Something about his people?"

"Oh, his folks were all right. His father and mother are gone now. Rich folks, once. The boy had all kinds of opportunity; but it's the old story of father making it too easy. It's always hard work for a rich man's son to stand alone. Then you won't tell me where he's going?"

"I will tell you six months from now."

"Prolonging the misery. Unless he deserts the girl, he won't be so hard to find as formerly. You see, it's like this. The boss says to me: 'Higg, here's a guy we want back. He's down in Patagonia somewhere.' So I go to Patagonia. I know South America and Canada like the lines in my hand. This is my first venture over here. The point is, I know all the tricks in finding a man. Sure, I lose one occasionally—if he stays in New York. But if he starts a long jog, his name is Dennis. You may not know it, but it's easier to find a guy that's gone far than it is when he lays dogo in little old New York."

"You had Spurlock once."

O'Higgins grinned. "Women are always balling up and muddling clean cases. If this girl hadn't busted into the game, Spurlock would still be at the hotel."

The doctor was forced to admit the truth of this. Ruth out of the picture, he wouldn't have concerned himself so eagerly in regard to Spurlock's departure.

"I'm sorry, Mr. O'Higgins, but I decline to give you the least information."

The detective ruefully inspected the scarlet band on his perfect. "And I'll bet a doughnut that boy in his soul is crazy to have it over with. Well-born, well-educated; those are the lads that pay in full."

"You're a philosopher, too. I'll tell you something. One of the reasons why I decline to talk is this: that boy's punishment will be enough."

"That's not my game. They order me to get my man, and I get him. There ends my duty. What they do with him afterward is off my ticket, no concern of James Boyle; they can lock him up or let him go. Say, how about this Ah Cum; is he honest?"

"As the day is long."

"Didn't know but what I'd been out-bid. I offered him a hundred to watch Spurlock. Fifty in advance. This morning I met him at the dock, and he wouldn't take the other fifty. A queer nut. Imagine any one on this side refusing fifty bucks! Well, I'll be toddling along. Don't feel fussed upon my account. I get your side all right. H'm!"

Over the desk, on the wall, was a map of the South Pacific archipelagoes, embossed by a number of little circles drawn in red ink. O'Higgins eyed it thoughtfully.

"That's your hunting ground," said the doctor.

"It's a whale of a place. Ten thousand islands, and each one good for a night's rest. Why, that boy could hide for thirty years—without the girl. She's my meal-ticket. What are those little red circles?" O'Higgins asked, rising and inspecting the map. A film of dust lay upon it; the ink marks were ancient. For a moment O'Higgins had hoped that the ink applications would be recent. "Been to those places?"

"No. Years ago I marked out an itinerary for myself; but the trip never materialized. Too busy."

"That's the way it goes. Well, I'll take myself off. But if I were you, I shouldn't warn Spurlock. Let him have his honeymoon. So long."

For a long time after O'Higgins had gone the doctor rocked in his swivel chair, his glance di-

rected at the map. In all his life he had never realized a dream; but the thought had never before hurt him. The Dawn Pearl. It did not seem quite fair. He had plugged along, if not happy, at least with sound philosophy. And then this girl had to sweep into and out of his life! He recalled McClintock's comment about Spurlock being the kind that fell soft. Even this man-hunting machine was willing to grant the boy his honeymoon.

Meantime, O'Higgins wended his way to the Victoria, mulling over this and that phase, all matters little and big that bore upon the chase. Mac's. In one of the little red circles the doctor had traced that abbreviation. That could signify nothing except that the doctor had a friend down there somewhere, on an island in one of those archipelagoes. But the sheer immensity of the tract! James Boyle was certainly up against it, hard. One chance in a thousand, and that would be the girl. She wouldn't be able to pass by anywhere without folks turning their heads.

Of course he hadn't played the game wisely. But what the deuce! He was human; he was a machine only when on the hunt. He had found Spurlock. In his condition the boy apparently had been as safe as in the lock-up. Why shouldn't James Boyle pinch out a little fun while waiting? How was he to anticipate the girl and the sear-tramp called The Tigress? Something that wasn't in the play at all but had walked out of the scenery like the historical black cat?

"I'll have to punish a lot of tobacco to get the kinks out of this. Sure Mike!"

At the hotel he wrote a long letter to his chief, explaining every detail of the fizzle. Later he dispatched a cable announcing the escape and the sending of the letter. When he returned to Hong-Kong, there was a reply to his cable.

"Hang on. Find that boy."

Some order. South America was big; but ten thousand islands, scattered all over the biggest ocean on the map! Nearly all of them clear of the ship, lanes and beaten tracks! The to call up the Quai d'Orsay and turn over the job to Lecoq, best thing he could do would be Only a book detective could dope this out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Members of the Marshalltown, Ia., Voiture of the 40 and 8, the playground society of the American Legion, recently honored O. H. Allbee, a member of the Voiture, at a banquet given in honor of his being elected state chef de gare. Mr. Allbee was elected chef de gare at the annual convention of the 40 and 8 at Ottumwa recently.

TELL CHARACTER BY THE TEETH

New European Science Gives Rules for Character Analysis

Berlin.—A new "science" is developing in Europe whose devotees claim they're able to tell a person's character from the teeth—their number, size, position, form, condition and peculiarities. The principal, general rules for such a character analysis are given as follows: The man who opens his lips slightly when he smiles so his upper teeth are visible is an open, agreeable person. The man, however, who draws his lips tightly together and seemingly seeks to hide his teeth, is untrustworthy. Whoever shows his teeth constantly and without cause is stupid. Whoever has too many teeth is talkative and a bore. People with a fourth big molar are dangerous or criminal. Women with very irregular upper teeth lack moral balance. A Russian criminologist is cited as having found that 40 per cent. of woman slayers and 58 per cent. of women thieves he examined had abnormalities on their upper teeth. Women whose upper teeth protrude far over the lower ones are quarrelsome, cunning and revengeful. Small, white teeth, set close together indicate their possessor is mean and spiteful. The same characteristics are possessed by people whose eyeteeth are narrow from the gums to the top, but then spread a bit. If the eyeteeth are imbedded very deeply, they indicate unusual energy and perseverance. If the eyetooth is broad near the gums and pointed at the tip, it indicates that its owner can be trusted to the limit. A preponderance of upper teeth over the lower ones point towards thoughtfulness and high mental capacity.



Perfectly Normal

"Is there any cure for absent-mindedness?" asked a man of his doctor friend.

"Why, are you absent-minded?" the physician asked, laughing at the question.

"No," sighed his friend; "it's my wife. The poor dear makes the strangest mistakes. I gave her a \$20 bill the other day with which to buy some shirts and B. V. D.s for myself, and she came home with a hat and shoes for herself."

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELLANS
 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Skin so sore could not touch water to it

Resinol relieves it within few hours

Washington, D. C., Aug. 25.—"I am so grateful to you for your splendid products and for what they have accomplished for me that I feel I must give you the details."

In attempting to improve the appearance of my chin, I used a soap which had been recommended for that purpose but which proved to be too harsh for when I washed off the lather, the skin came with it. I applied cold cream, but the damage was too severe to yield to so mild an agent. My husband consulted our neighborhood druggist and asked if it would not be advisable to call in our family doctor. The druggist said: "You do not need a doctor in this case. Get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap and have your wife use them according to directions—they will 'beat everything else a hundred ways.'" So my husband bought the Resinol products and hopefully brought them home.

My skin was so tender and sore that I could not touch water to it, so I cleansed it gently first with pure olive oil and then applied the Resinol. I used a soft handkerchief that night for protection. In the morning, I bathed it gently with warm water and Resinol Soap, rinsing off with tepid water, and I could hardly believe that such a miracle of healing could occur during one night. The raw surface had filmed over and now looked only like a bad case of sunburn. I kept my face anointed with Resinol all that day and by night the improvement was so great that I was able to go out.

This experience is now only a memory for my face is softer, fairer and smoother than ever. A jar of Resinol is my best pal in the future and I will never be without it." (Signed) Mrs. C. P. Tapley, 1028 8th St., N. W.

Lying Down to Fly

To lie luxuriously on soft cushions and thus pilot your own small air machine is the latest possibility in aerial flight.

Tiny air-cars are being designed and are to be tested in flight, in which the narrow body, with wings on either side, accommodates just one occupant, lying prone. This will enable the tiny engine to drive the machine more swiftly through the air than would be possible with the air-resistance set up if a body was provided big enough for the pilot to assume the ordinary sitting position.

Perfect comfort will, it is claimed, be assured by a sofa-like reclining frame. On this the pilot, enclosed in his miniature machine, will lie face downward, looking outward through a front window or sideways and downward through other little windows.

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is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

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