

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Mrs. Bradford Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Phoebus, Virginia.—"Having this opportunity I just cannot refrain from saying a word of praise for the Lydia E. Pinkham medicines. I have used them as occasion required for twenty years, and my three sisters have also used them, and always with the most gratifying results. During the Change of Life I had the usual distressing symptoms—hot flashes, insomnia, etc.—and I am pleased to testify to the wonderful results I obtained from the Vegetable Compound. I heartily recommend it to any woman and I will be pleased to answer any inquiries that might be sent to me through the publication of my testimonial."—Mrs. H. L. BRADFORD, 109 Armistead Street, Phoebus, Virginia.

Consider carefully Mrs. Bradford's letter. Her experience ought to help you. She mentions the trials of middle age and the wonderful results she obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are suffering from nervous troubles, irritability, or if other annoying symptoms appear and you are blue at times, you should give the Vegetable Compound a fair trial. For sale by druggists everywhere.

SPOHN'S
DISTERPER
COMPOUND

A safe, dependable and effective remedy for Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Influenza, Hoarseness and Worms among horses and mules. Absolutely harmless, and safe for colts as it is for stallions, mares or geldings. Give "Spohn's" occasionally as a preventive. Sold at all drug stores.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSHEN, IND. U.S.A.

Bonus for Babies

With the idea of increasing the birth rate in Greater Berlin, which is below normal, the German city decided that every new baby is to be given a savings account of three gold marks by the municipality. Where twins, triplets or quadruplets are born, extra bonuses are to be bestowed. The savings account will be made out in the name of the baby itself and will draw interest. The money may be withdrawn from the bank only when the child reaches the age of fourteen.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

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.

CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS

WORLD'S GREATEST STANDARD PRICE 50 CENTS

AT ALL STORES FOR TWO GENERATIONS

CURES LA GRIPE IN 3 DAYS

DETROIT, WASH-HILL CO., MICHIGAN

Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp

Cuticura Soap and Ointment Work Wonders

Try Our New Shaving Stick

Mystery of the Marshes

"Foolish Fire" is the translated name of the Latin *Ignis fatuus* commonly known as "will-o'-the-wisp." It is a light which appears floating in the atmosphere a few feet above the ground in marshes or other places where there is decaying animal matter. When approached it appears, as a rule, to recede. It has been attributed to phosphoric or carbureted hydrogen escaping from the decaying substances.

Nervous prostration was unknown when people had more to do and less to think about.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine will do what we claim for it—aid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

The RAGGED EDGE

by Harold MacGrath

Not since she had discovered it had Ruth touched or opened the mission Bible; but to-night (the same upon which the wonderful manuscripts started on their long and circuitous voyage to America) she was inexplicably drawn to it. In all these weeks she had not once knelt to pray. Why should she? she asked rebelliously. God had never answered any of her prayers. But this time she wanted nothing for herself: she wanted something for Hoddy—success. So, not exactly hopefully but earnestly, she returned to the feet of God. She did not open the Bible but laid it on the edge of the bed, knelt and rested her forehead upon the worn leather cover.

It was not a long prayer. She said it audibly, having learned long since that an audible prayer was a concentrated one. And yet, at the end of this prayer a subconscious thought broke through to consciousness. "And someday let him care for me!"

She sprang up, alarmed. This unexpected interpolation might spoil the efficacy of all that had gone before. She hadn't meant to ask anything for herself. Her stifled misery had betrayed her. She had been fighting down this thought for days; that Hoddy did not care, that he did not love her, that he had mistaken a vagary of the mind for a substance, and now regretted what he had done—married a girl who was not his equal in anything. The agony on the sands now ceased to puzzle her.

All her tender lures, inherent and acquired, had shattered themselves futilely against the reserve he had set between them. Why had he offered her that kiss on board The Tigress? Perhaps that had been his hour of disenchantment. She hadn't measured up; she had been stupid; she hadn't known how to make love.

Loneliness. Here was an appalling fact: all her previous loneliness had been trifling beside that which now encompassed her and would for years to come. If only sometimes he would grow angry at her, impatient! But his tender courtesy was un-failing; and under this would be the abiding bitterness of having mistaken gratitude for love. Very well. She would meet him upon this ground; he should never be given the slightest hint that she was unhappy.

She still had her letter of credit. She could run away from him, if she wished, as she had run away from her father; she could carry out the original adventure. But the cases were not identical. Her father—man of rock—had never needed her, whereas Hoddy, even if he did not love her, would always be needing her.

Love stories! . . . A sob rushed into her throat, and to smother it she buried her face in a pillow.

Spurlock, filled with self-mockery, sat in a chair on the west veranda. The chair had extension arms over which a man might comfortably dangle his legs. For awhile he watched the revolving light on Copeley's. Occasionally he relit his pipe. Once he chuckled aloud. Certain phases of irony always caused him to chuckle audibly. Every one of those four stories would be accepted. He knew it absolutely, as if he had the check in his hand. Why? Because Howard Spurlock the author dared not risk the liberty of Howard Spurlock the malefactor; because there were still some dregs in this cup of irony, or what could be more ironical than for Howard Spurlock to see himself grow famous under the name of Taber? The ambrosia of which he had so happily dreamt!—and this gall and wormwood! He stood up and rapped his pipe on the rail.

"All right," he said. "Whatever you say—you, behind those stars there, if you are a God. We Spurlocks take our medicine, standing. Pile it on! But if you can hear the voice of the note, the speck, don't let her suffer for anything I've done. Be a sport, and pile it all on me!"

He went to bed.

There is something in prayer; not that there may be any noticeable result, any definite answer; but no human being can offer an honest prayer to God without gaining immeasurably in courage, i fortitude, in resignation, and that alone is worth the effort.

On the morrow Spurlock (who was unaware that he had offered a prayer) let down the bars to his reserve. He became really companionable, discussed the new story he had in mind, and asked some questions about colour. Ruth, having decided a course for herself—that of renunciation—and having the strength to keep it, met these advances in precisely the mood they were offered. So these two young philosophers got along very well that day; and the succeeding days.

She taught him all the lore she had; about bird-life and tree-life and the changing mysteries of the sea. She taught him how to sail a proa, how to hack open a milk-coconut, how to relish bamboo sprouts. Eventually this comradeship (slightly resented by Rollo) reached a point where he could call out from the study: "Hey, Ruth!—come and tell me what you think of this."

Her attitude now entirely sisterly, he ceased to be afraid of her; there was never anything in her eyes (so far as he could see) but friendly interest in all he said or did. And yet, often when alone, he wondered: had McClintock been wrong, or had she ceased to care in that way? The possibility that she no longer cared should have filled him with unalloyed happiness, whereas it depressed him, cut the natural vanity of youth into shreds and tatters. Yesterday this glorious creature had loved him; today she was only friendly. No more did she offer her forehead for the good-night kiss. And instead of accepting the situation gratefully, he felt vaguely hurt!

One evening in September a proa rasped in upon the beach. It brought coconut. There stepped forth a tall brown man. He remained standing by the stem of the proa, his glance roving investigatively. He wore a battered sun-helmet, a loin-cloth and a pair of dilapidated canvas shoes. At length he proceeded toward McClintock's bungalow, drawn by the lights and the sound of music.

Sure of foot, noiseless, he made the veranda and paused at the side of one of the screened windows. By and by he ventured to peer into this widow. He saw three people: a young man at the piano, an elderly man smoking in a corner, and a young woman reclining in a chair, her eyes closed. The watcher's intake of breath was sibilant.

It was she! The Dawn Pearl! He vaulted the veranda rail, careless now whether or not he was heard, and ran down to the beach. He gave an order, the proa was floated and the sail run up. In a moment the brisk evening breeze caught the lank canvas and belied it taut. The proa bore away to the northwest out of which it had come.

James Boyle O'Higgins knew little or nothing of the South Seas, but he knew human beings, all colours. His deduction was correct that the beauty of Ruth Enschede could not remain hidden long even on a forgotten isle.

CHAPTER XXIV

Spurlock's novel was a tale of regeneration. For a long time to come that would naturally be the theme of any story he undertook to write. After he was gone in the morning, Ruth would steal into the study and hurriedly read what he had written the previous night. She never questioned the motives of the characters; she had neither the ability nor the conceit for that; but she could and often did correct his lapses in colour. She never touched the manuscript with pencil, but jotted down her notes on slips of paper and left them where he might easily find them.

She marvelled at his apparent imperviousness to the heat. He

worked afternoons, when everybody else went to sleep; he worked at night under a heat-giving light, with insects buzzing and drooping about, with a blue haze of tobacco smoke that tried to get out and could not. With his arms bare, the neck-band of his shirt fussed in, he laboured. Frequently he would take up a box of tael and send a shower down his back, or fill his palms with the powder and rub his face and arms and hands. He kept at it even on those nights when the monsoon began to break with heavy storms and he had to weight down with stones everything on his table. Soot was everywhere, for the lamp would not stay trimmed in the gale. But he wrote on.

As the novel grew Ruth was astonished to see herself enter and dominate it: sometimes as she actually was, with all her dreams reviewed—as if he had caught her talking in her sleep. It frightened her to behold her heart and mind thus laid bare; but the chapter following would reassure her. Here would be a woman perfectly unrecognizable, strong, ruthless but just.

This heroine ruled an island which (in the '80s) was rich with shell—pearl-shell; and she fought pearl thieves and marauding beachcombers, fought them with weapons and with woman's guile. No man knew whence she had come nor why. That there would eventually be a lover Ruth knew; and she waited his appearance upon the scene, waited with an impatience which was both personal and literary. If the creator drew a hero anything like himself, she would accept it as a sign that he did care a little.

Ruth did not resent the use of her mind and body in this tale of adventure. She gloried in it: he needed her. When the hero finally did appear, Ruth became filled with gentle self-mockery. He was no Hoddy, but a tremendous man, with hairy arms and bearded face and drink-shattered intellect. Day by day she followed the spiritual and physical contest between this man and woman. One day a pall of blackness encompassed the sick mind of the giant; and when he came to his senses, they properly functioned; and he saw his wife by his bedside!

An astonishing idea entered her head one day—when the novel was complete in the rough—an astonishing idea because it had not developed long ago. A thing which had mystified her since childhood, a smouldering wonder why it should be, and until now she had never felt the urge to investigate. She tucked the mission Bible under her arm, and crooking a finger at Rollo, went forth to the west beach where the south-west surge piled up mudlily, burdened with broken spars, crates, boxes, and weeds. During the wet monsoon the west beach was always littered. Where the stuff came from was always a mystery.

The Enschede Bible—the one out of which she read—had been strangely mutilated. Sections and pages had been pasted together, and all through both Testaments a word had been blotted out. The open books she knew by heart; aye, they had been ground into her, morning and night. One of her duties, after she had been taught to read, had been to read aloud after breakfast and before going to bed. The same old lines and verses, over and over, until there had come times when shrieking would have relieved her. How she had hated it! . . . All these mummings which were never explained, which carried no more sense to her brain than they would have carried to Old Morgan's swearing parrot. Like the parrot, she could memorize the lines, but she could not understand them. Never had her father explained. "Read the first chapter of Job"; beyond that, nothing. Whenever she came upon the obliterated word and paused, her father would say: "Faith. Go on." So, after a time, encountering the blot, she herself would supply the word Faith. But was it Faith? That is what she was this day going to find out.

She closed her eyes more vividly to recall some line which had carried the blot. And so she came upon the word Love. Blotted out—Love! With infinite care, through nearly a thousand pages, her father had obliterated the word Love. Why? Love was a word of God's, and yet her father had denied it—denied it to the Book, denied it to his own

flesh and blood. Why? He could preach the Word and deny Love!—tame the savage heart, succour broken white men!—pray with his face strained with religious fervors! The idea made her dizzy because it was so inexplicable. She could accord her father with one grace: he was not in any manner a hypocrite. Tender with the sick, firm with the strong, fearless, with a body that had the resistance of iron, there was nothing of the hypocrite in him.

She recalled him. A gaunt, powerful man: no feature of his face decided, and yet for all that it had the significance of a countenance hewn out of rock. Never had he corrected her with hand or whip, the ring in his voice had always been sufficient to cower her. But never had the hand touched her with a father's caress; never had he taken her into his arms; never had he kissed her. She had never been "My child" or "My dear"; always her name—Ruth.

Love, obliterated, annihilated, out of his heart and out of his Bible. Why? Here was a curtain indeed. No matter. It was ended. She herself had cut the slender tie that had bound them. Ah, but she could remember; and many things there were that she would never forgive. Sometimes—a lonely forlorn child—she had gone to him and put her arms around his neck. Stolidly he had disengaged himself. "I forbid you to do that." She had brought home a puppy one day. He had taken it back. He destroyed her clumsily made dolls whenever he found them.

Once she had asked him: "Are you my father?"

He had answered: "I am."

She had no reason to doubt him. Her father, her own father! She remembered now a verse from the Psalms her father had always been quoting; but now she recited it with perfect understanding.

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? For ever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

She came upon the Song of Songs—which had been pasted down in the Enschede Bible—the burning litany of love; and from time to time she intoned some verse of tender lyric beauty. There was one verse that haunted and mocked her.

Stay me with figs, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

While walking through a field, a farmer in South Africa noticed a crow suddenly drop dead. When he examined the bird he found that it had been choked by a 7-carat diamond.

FRENCH WEATHER, COLD, HELPS FEW, INJURES OTHERS

Paris.—Persistent rains and cold weather, which have made many a good soul lose his disposition here this summer, nevertheless made good business for the Paris theaters and other indoor amusements. The gross revenue for the month of August showed an increase of over a million and one-half francs as compared with the receipts of last year.

Then the unusual cold, which has been the despair of the ice-cream dealers, has been a source of joy for the cafes which sell hot coffee and chocolate.

Bathing establishments and outdoor restaurants along the river have been practically empty all summer. But the umbrella sellers have no reason to complain.

Tax Swindles Drive Police Across Frontier

Warsaw.—Its suspicions having been aroused by the abnormally small income returns filed by some important concerns in Polish Upper Silesia, the government sent a special mission to make investigations on the spot.

It was disclosed that two industrial firms had carried duplicate sets of books, one secret and the other public. One concern reported a taxable income of 150,000,000 zlotys while the hidden books showed it should have reported 600,000,000. The fines to be imposed will reach 5,000,000 zlotys. Some arrests have been made but the directors of the two companies have escaped to Germany.

Geological Survey in Alaska Enters Twenty-Sixth Year

Juneau, Alaska.—The twenty-sixth consecutive year of investigating mineral resources in Alaska has been started by the geological survey, announced the department of interior.

The geological survey has mapped the topography and geology of more than one-third of the territory. It has investigated every productive mining district in a preliminary way and has mapped a few in detail. Since 1905 it has published annually statistics of mineral production. Altogether 280 reports have been published and more than 400 maps issued on Alaska's mineral production.



Resinol ready for scalds and burns

The tormenting, insistent pain of a burn or scald is quickly subdued by Resinol Ointment. Its cooling ingredients remove the inflammation, and hasten the healing. Cover the burn well with Resinol and bandage with soft gauze. In severe burns or scalds covering a large surface always see for a doctor.

Resinol products at all druggists.

Excavations at Kish

Show Man's Progress

Discovery of the stylus, the oldest known writing instrument, in excavations at Kish, the world's most ancient "mystery city," has solved the riddle of how cuneiform script was written. It was stated by D. C. Davies, director of the Field museum at Chicago.

Mr. Davies stated that records of man's progress dating back 6,500 years had been excavated at Kish. He declared indisputable evidence that the Sumerians gave the art of writing to the world.

These people, Mr. Davies explained, existed before "the splendors of Babylon" arose, and in the same country as that occupied by the Babylonians at a later day. Kish, their capital, was nine miles from Babylon on the banks of an old channel of the Euphrates. It was a vast metropolis, with a civilization older than Egypt's.

Boschee's Syrup

Allays irritation, soothes and heals throat and lung inflammation. The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucus membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition, which BOSCHEE'S SYRUP gently and quickly heals. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-eight years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing with easy expectoration in the morning. You can buy BOSCHEE'S SYRUP wherever medicines are sold.—Adv.

Sparrow Air Champion

Even the lowly sparrow still can outfly the dirigible ZR-3, if the record of a Belgian farmer can be trusted. Desiring to test the speed of a sparrow which nested under the eaves of his cottage, the farmer tagged the sparrow and four carrier pigeons and mailed them to a friend at Compiègne, France, 146 miles distant from his home, with instructions to release the birds.

According to the farmer, it took the pigeons more than five minutes to find their bearings. On the other hand, the sparrow started homeward immediately, and, flying a straight course, arrived at its nest in an hour and eight minutes.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Take Tablets Without Fear If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Dollar a Mile

If a driver is caught speeding through Middletown, Conn., he may expect to pay a dollar a mile for every mile he has been going. A recent offender charged with going 40 miles an hour paid \$40.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum, and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

Slack and you slip.

Around the World

Winona, Minn.—"A few years ago I had a severe attack of ptomaine poisoning which left my blood in very bad condition. I tried a great many so-called tonics but felt no better until a friend suggested my trying a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which gave me immediate relief. It is surely an excellent tonic, does not purge and is not objectionable to the taste. I have since been around the world, and always carried a bottle of the 'Discovery' right with me. I would not be without it."—Walter Dunston, R. F. D. 2, Willow Farm. All dealers.