

THIS WOMAN RELIEVED FROM SUFFERING

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Remarkable Story

Dover, Del.—"I wish every woman would take your wonderful medicine as it has done much good to me. I had cramps and faint spells and very bad pains. One day I was over to my neighbor's house and she told me I ought to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So I went to the store on my way home and got a bottle, and took the first dose before supper. I have been taking it ever since, and you can hardly believe how different I feel. I had just wanted to lie in bed all the time, and when I started to brush up I would give out in about ten minutes. So you know how badly I felt. I used to go to bed at eight and get up at seven, still tired. Now I can work all day and stay up until eleven, and feel all right all the time. My housework is all I do in summer, but in winter I work in a factory. I have told a good many of my friends, and I have had three come to me and tell me they wouldn't do without the Vegetable Compound." —Mrs. SAMUEL MURPHY, 219 Cecil St., Dover, Delaware.

Dispute Over Seed Wheat F. S. Johnston, a farmer at Morton, Wash., is pointing with pride to a wheat crop which he says originated from seed taken from a burying place in the Nile valley. He says he started his experiment four years ago and that the grain from his present crop is "white and very hard, the straw short and the heads prolific." Some scientists dispute the claim, saying that seed so long dormant, as it must have been if it came from the tomb, would not grow.

Head Noises and Deafness. Frequently go together. Some people only suffer from Head Noises. LEONARD EAR OIL relieves both Deafness and Head Noises. Just rub it back of the ears, in and out, and follow the directions of Dr. J. B. Bergeson for "Care of Hearing," enclosed in each package. Leonard Ear Oil is for sale everywhere. Interesting descriptive folder sent upon request. A. O. Leonard, Inc., 705th Ave., New York.

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HINDER CORNS Remove Corns, Old Sores, etc. Stop all pain, secure relief to the itching, burning, and smarting sores. Sixteen Cents a Box, Parker's, N. Y.

The RAGGED EDGE by Harold MacGrath

Here was Ruth Enschede—sick of love! Love—something the world would always keep hidden from her at least human love. All she had found was the love of this dog. She threw her arms around Rollo's neck and laid her cheek upon the flea-bitten head.

"Oh, Rollo, there are so many things I don't know! But you love me, don't you?" Rollo wagged his stump violently and tried to lick her face. He understood. When she released him he ran down the beach for a stick which he fetched and laid at her feet. But she was staring seaward and did not notice the offering.

October. The skies became brilliant; the dry monsoon was setting in. Then came the great day. It was at lunch when McClintock announced that in the mail-pouch he had found a letter addressed to Howard Taber, care of Donald McClintock and so forth.

Spurlock grew cold. All that confidence, born of irony, disappeared; and fear laid hold of him. The envelope might contain only a request as to what he wanted done with the manuscripts. In mailing the tales he had not enclosed return postage or the equivalent in money.

"So you're writing under a nom de plume, eh?" said McClintock, holding out the letter. "You open it, Ruth. I'm in a funk," Spurlock confessed. McClintock laughed as he gave the letter to Ruth. She, having all the confidence in the world, ripped off an end and drew out the contents—a letter and a check. What the editor had to say none of the three cared just then. Spurlock snatched the check out of Ruth's hands and ran to the window.

"A thousand dollars in British pounds! . . . A thousand dollars for four short stories!" The tan on Spurlock's face lightened. He was profoundly stirred. He returned to Ruth and McClintock. "You two both of you! But for you I couldn't have done it. If only you knew what this means to me!" "We do, lad," replied McClintock, gravely. The youth of them! And what was he going to do when they left his island? What would Donald McClintock be doing with himself, when youth left the island, never more to return?

Ruth was thrilling with joy. Every drop of blood in her body glowed and expanded. To go to Huddy, to smother him with kisses and embraces in this hour of triumph! To save herself from committing the act—the thought of which was positive hypnotism—she began the native dance. Spurlock (himself verging upon the hysterical) welcomed the diversion. He seized a tray, squatted on the floor, and imitated the tom-tom. It was a mad half-hour.

"Well, lad, supposing you read what the editor has to say?" was McClintock's suggestion, when the frolic was over. "You read it, Ruth. You're luck."

"Aye!" was McClintock's inaudible affirmative. Luck. The boy would never know just how lucky he was. Ruth read. "Dear Sir: We are delighted to accept these four stories, particularly 'The Man Who Could Not Go Home.' We shall be pleased to see more of your work. 'The Man Who Could Not Go Home.' Why," said Ruth, "you did not read that to us." "Wanted to see if I could turn out one all on my own," replied Spurlock, looking at McClintock, who nodded slightly. "It was the story of a man, so to speak, who had left his vitals in his native land and wandered strange paths empty. But never mind that. Come along home, Ruth. I'm burning to get to work."

He took her arm and drew it under his; and together they went down the veranda steps. Ruth's arm trembled and her step faltered, but he was too far away in thought to be observant. He saw rifts in clouds—sunshine. The future was not so black. All the money he earned—serving McClintock and the muse—could be laid away. Then, in a few years, he and Ruth might fare forth in comfort and security. After five or six years it would not be difficult to hide in Italy or in France. No; the future was not so dark; there was a bit of dawn visible. If this success continued, it would be easy to assume the name of Taber. Ruth could not very well object, since an air of distinction would go with Taber.

Suddenly he felt Ruth swing violently away from him and he wheeled to learn the cause. He beheld a tall gaunt man, his brown face corrugated like a winter's road, grim, stony. His gangling body was clothed in rusty twill trousers and a long black seersucker coat, buttoned to the throat around which ran a collar which would have marked him the world over as a man of the Word. His hand rested heavily and cruelly upon Ruth's shoulder.

"So, wanton, I have found you!" "Wanton! Why, you infernal liar!" cried Spurlock, striking at the arm. But the free arm of the stranger hit him a flail-like blow on the chest and sent him sprawling into the yielding sand. Berserker, Spurlock rose, head down, and charged. "Huddy, Huddy! . . . No, no! This is my father!" warned Ruth.

Spurlock halted in his tracks. "But what does he mean by calling you a wanton—you, my wife?" Enschede's hand slipped from his daughter's shoulder. The iron slipped from his face, leaving it blank with astonishment. "Your wife?" "His lawful wife," said Ruth, with fine dignity. For a moment none of them stirred; then slowly Enschede turned away. To Spurlock's observing eye, Enschede's wrinkles multiplied and the folds in his clothes. The young man's imagination suddenly pictured the man as a rock, loosed from its ancient bed, crumbling as it fell. But why did he turn away?

"Wait!" Ruth called to her father. The recollection of all her unhappiness, the loveless years, the unending loneliness, the injustice of it, rolled up to her lips in verbal lava. It is not well that a daughter should talk to her father as Ruth talked to hers that day.

The father, granite; the daughter, fire: Spurlock saw the one and heard the other, his amazement indescribable. Never before had he seen a man like Enschede nor heard a voice like Ruth's. But as the mystery which surrounded Ruth fell away that which enveloped her father thickened.

"I used to cry myself to sleep, Huddy, I was so forlorn and lonely. He heard me; but he never came in to ask what was the matter. For fifteen years!—so long as I can remember! All I wanted was a little love, a caress now and then. But I waited in vain. So I ran away, blindly, knowing nothing of the world outside. Youth! You denied me even that," said Ruth, her glance now flashing to her father. "Spring!—I never knew any. I dared not sing, I dared not laugh, except when you went away. What little happiness I had I was forced to steal. I am glad you found me. I am out of your life forever, never having been in it. Did you break my mother's heart as you tried to break mine? I am no longer accountable to you for anything. Wanton! Had I been one, even God would have forgiven me, understanding. Some day I may forgive you; but not now. No, no! Not now!"

Ruth turned abruptly and walked toward the bungalow. mounted the veranda steps, and vanished within. Without a word, without a sign, Enschede started toward the beach, where his proa waited. For a time Spurlock did not move. This incredible scene fobbed him of the sense of locomotion. But his glance roved to the door through which Ruth had gone, to Enschede's drooping back. Unexpectedly he found himself speeding toward the father. "Enschede!" he called. Enschede halted. "Well?" he said, as Spurlock reached his side. "Are you a human being, to leave her thus?" "It is better so. You heard her. What she said is true." "But why? In the name of God, why? Your flesh and blood! Have you never loved anything?" "Are you indeed my daughter's lawful husband?" Enschede countered. "I am. You will find the proof in McClintock's safe. You called her a wanton!" "Because I had every reason to believe she was one. There was every indication that she fled the island in company with a dissolute rogue." Still the voice was without emotion; calm, colourless. Fired with wrath, Spurlock recounted the Canton episode. "She travelled alone; and she is the purest woman God ever permitted to inhabit the earth. What—you know so little of that child? She ran away from you. Somebody tricked you back yonder—baited you for spite. She ran away from you; and now I can easily understand why. What sort of a human being are you, anyhow?" Enschede gazed seaward. When he faced Spurlock, the granite was cracked and riveted; never had Spurlock seen such dumb agony in human eyes. "What shall I say? Shall I tell you, or shall I leave you in the dark—as I must always leave her? What shall I say except that I am accused of men? Yes; I have loved something—her mother. Not wisely but too well. I loved her beyond anything in heaven or on earth—to idolatry. God is a jealous God, and He turned upon me relentlessly. I had consecrated my life to His Work; and I took the primrose path."

"But a man may love his wife!" cried Spurlock, utterly bewildered. "Not as I loved mine. So, one day, because God was wroth, her mother ran away with a blackguard, and died in the gutter, miserably. Perhaps I've been mad all these years; I don't know. Perhaps I am still mad. But I vowed that Ruth should never suffer the way I did—and do. For I still love her mother. So I undertook to protect her by keeping love out of her life, by crushing it whenever it appeared, obliterating it. I made it a point to bring beachcombers to the house to fill her with horror of mankind. I never let her read stories, or have pets, dolls. Anything that might stir the sense of love and God has mocked me through it all."

"Man, in God's name, come with me and tell her this!" urged Spurlock. "It is too late. Besides, I would tear out my tongue rather than let it speak her mother's infamy. To tell anything, it would be necessary to tell her everything; and I cannot and you must not. She was always asking questions about her mother and supplying the answers. So she built a shrine. Always her prayers ended—'And may my beautiful mother guide me!' No. It is better as it is. She is no longer mine; she is your."

"What a mistake!" "Yes. But you—you have a good face. Be kind to her. Whenever you grow impatient with her, remember the folly of her father. I can now give myself to God utterly; no human emotion will ever be shutting in between." "And all the time you loved her?"—appalled. "Perhaps."

Enschede stepped into the proa, and the natives shoved off. Spurlock remained where he was until the sail became an infinitesimal speck in the distance. His throat filled; he wanted to weep. For yonder went the loneliest man in all God's unhappy world. CHAPTER XXV Spurlock pushed back his helmet and sat down in the white sand, buckling his knees and

folding his arms around them—pondering. Was he really awake? The arrival and departure of this strange father lacked the essential human touch to make it real. Without a struggle he could give up his flesh and blood like that! "I can now give myself utterly; no human emotion will ever be shutting in between." The mortal agony behind those eyes! And all the while he had probably loved his child. To take Spring and Love out of her life, as if there were no human instincts to tell uth what was being denied her! And what must have been the man's thought as he came upon Ruth wearing a gown of her mother's?—a fair picture of the mother in the primrose days? Not a flicker of an eyelash; steel and granite outwardly.

The conceit of Howard Spurlock in imagining he knew what mental suffering was! But Enschede was right: Ruth must never know. To find the true father at the expense of the beautiful fairy tale Ruth had woven around the woman in the locket was an intolerable thought. But the father, to go his way forever alone! The iron in the man!—the iron in this child of his!

Wanting a little love, a caress now and then. Spurlock bent his head to his knees. He took into his soul some of the father's misery, some of the daughter's, to mingle with his own. Enschede, to have starved his heart as well as Ruth's because, having laid a curse, he knew not how to turn aside from it! How easily he might have forgotten the unworthy mother in the love of the child! And this day to hear her voice lifted in a quality of anathema. Poor Ruth: for a father, a madman; for a husband—a thief!

Spurlock rocked his body slightly. He knew that at this moment Ruth lay upon her bed in torment, for she was by nature tender; and the reaction of her scathing words, no matter how justifiable, would be putting scars on her soul. And he, her lawful husband, dared not go to her and console her! Accused—all of them—Enschede, Ruth, and himself. "What's the matter, lad, after all the wonderful fireworks at lunch?" standing beside him. He waved a hand toward the sea. "A sail!" said McClintock. "What about it?" "Enschede." "Enschede?—her father! What's happened?" McClintock sat down. "Do you mean to tell me he's come and gone in an hour? What the devil kind of a father is he?"

(TO BE CONTINUED) LEGHORNS BEAT WORLD RECORD North Branch, N. J., Pullets Average 253 Eggs in Year's Laying

Storrs, Conn.—White Leghorns from North Branch, N. J., won the thirteenth annual international egg-laying contest at Connecticut Agricultural college here by furnishing 2,531 eggs in the past fifty-two weeks, getting an average of over 253 eggs for each pullet in the pen of ten birds and creating a new record. Back in 1918 a pen from Oregon Agricultural college laid 2,352 eggs in fifty-two weeks, setting a record just beaten. The one foreign entry this year—Ontario Agricultural college, Guelph, Ontario—finished nineteenth on the list, its barred rocks laying 2,007 eggs. Purdue university hens were twelfth in finishing. Other exhibitors were: Attleboro, Mass., second; Suffield, Conn., third; Orango, Mo., fourth; Waldboro, Me., fifth; Franklin, Mass., sixth; Hamden, Conn., seventh; Dover, Mass., eighth; Grand Rapids, Mich., ninth; Enfield, Mass., tenth; Wapping, Conn., eleventh; Pleasant Valley, N. Y., twelfth; West Rutland, Vt., thirteenth; Coravall, Ore., fifteenth; State College, Pa., sixteenth; Groton, Mass., seventeenth; Joplin, Mo., eighteenth; and College Park, Md., twentieth. Champion hens were shown up in this fashion: Rhode Island Red laid 324 eggs; White Leghorn laid 290 eggs; White Rock laid 281 eggs; Barred Rock laid 269 eggs; White Wyandotte laid 252 eggs. The best previous record for a single hen was set in 1918, when a White Wyandotte laid 308 eggs.

Sportsmanlike. From the Chicago News. While a shooting party was out for a day's sport a raw young sportsman was observed to be taking aim at a pheasant running along the ground. As it is unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird while it is on the ground, a companion shouted: "Hi there, never shoot a running bird." "What do you take me for, you idiot?" came the reply. "Can't you see I'm waiting till it stops?"

The Same Old Backache! Does every day bring the same old backache? Do you drag along with your back a dull, unceasing ache? Evening find you "all played out"? Don't be discouraged! Realize it is merely a sign you haven't taken good care of your kidneys. Take things easier for a while and help your kidneys with Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Then the backache, dizziness, headaches, tired feelings and other kidney troubles will go. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor! A South Dakota Case Mrs. T. W. Mahan, 217 W. Dartmouth St., Vermillion, S. D., says: "My kidneys were weak and I had dull pains across my back and kidneys that made it hard to stoop. My kidneys acted irregularly and colds made the trouble worse. Doan's Pills soon corrected the trouble and put my kidneys in good order."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y. The Household Necessity For cuts, burns, blisters, rashes, wounds, or skin troubles of any kind—Soothing and healing. Keep it always in the house. In tubes or bottles. Look for the trademark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection. Chasebrough Mfg. Co. (Cons'd) State Street New York Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

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BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money Write for 50 sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seal. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No work—Just fun. St. Nicholas, 2814 Greenwood Rd., Dept. W, Brooklyn, N. Y.

About the Way Bolter (having just submitted to an intelligence test)—Well, sir, how am I? Noted Psychologist—Wonderful, sir! I congratulate you. According to our standards you measure up to the mentality of a twelve-year-old.—Boston Globe.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

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.

Broadcasting Education A \$20,000 radio broadcasting station is to be erected at Kansas State Agricultural college, Manhattan. With the University of Kansas building a similar station, the state is claiming first place in broadcasting stations in state institutions. It is expected by staging "contests in the air" that listeners-in will experience some of the thrills of the onlookers and that it may be one of the means of bridging the gap between the "town and the gown."—Chicago Post.

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum).—Advertisement.

Proposes Again "But I gave you the mitten last week." "That is why I came back," said the young man. "I might as well have a pair."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motherhood Topeka, Kans.—"I was greatly benefited by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription during motherhood. It kept me in good health and carried me through without a single trouble. And Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a fine mild laxative, do not grip or leave any bad after-effects. I can always recommend these two remedies."—Mrs. A. L. Geiss, 118 Topeka Ave. All dealers. Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial package, or buy of any medicines and write for free confidential medical advice.