

# WOMAN SO ILL COULD NOT WORK

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Stopped Her Suffering and Restored Her Health

Momence, Illinois.—"I surely can recommend your medicine to other women who have female weakness, as it has helped me very much in every way possible. I was working in a dining room in town, and sometimes I could not do my work; had pains in the lower part of my body and had to stay in bed. One of my neighbors told me what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for her, and it has surely done wonders for me. I hope all women who suffer will take my advice as the Vegetable Compound has done so much to bring back my vigor and strength."—Mrs. ALBERT E. DESCHAUD, Momence, Illinois.

Over 121,000 women have so far replied to our question. "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?" 98 per cent. of those replies answer "Yes." That is 98 out of every 100 women who take this medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it. For sale by druggists everywhere.

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Don't take chances of your horses or mules being laid up with Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eye, Laryngitis, Hooves, Coughs or Colds. Give "SPOHN'S" to both the sick and the well ones. The standard remedy for 30 years. Give "SPOHN'S" for Distemper, 60 cents and \$1.20 at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSHEN, IND.

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At the first sign of a cold take Dr. Humphreys' "77". Colds are dangerous. Keep "77" in your medicine chest. It breaks up a cold—"77" is famous. Keep it handy. Ask your druggist for "77" today, or write us.

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**Marvelous Speed of Light**

Prof. A. A. Michelson of the faculty of the University of Chicago, who has been conducting research experiments in the speed of light as a step in substantiating or disproving Einstein's theory of relativity, has found that light travels at the rate of 186,330 feet per second.

## Hall's Catarrh Medicine

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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## FOR OVER 200 YEARS

has been 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.

## Baby Tortured Day and Night by Eczema

Resinol Stopped Itching and Healed Sick Skin

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 10.—"I thought it might interest you to know how much Resinol has done for my baby. Her face was covered with scabs and the itching was so severe I had to keep stockings on her hands to keep her from scratching. I had to be up at night as it bothered her so she could not sleep. Two doctors, one of them a skin specialist, told me she had eczema. I tried several remedies, but nothing helped, so when I read in the paper about Resinol, I thought I would give it a trial. I can't praise it enough, for it has done wonders for the baby's skin and she sleeps all through the night now. I would advise anyone with a similar case to try Resinol Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Rose Goersdorf, 27 Furman Avenue.

All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment.

# The RAGGED EDGE

by Harold MacGrath

"Come, lad; let's have it," said McClintock. "Anything that concerns Ruth is of interest to me. What happened between Ruth and her father that made him hurry off without passing ordinary courtesies with me?"

"I suppose I ought to tell you," said Spurlock; "but it is understood that Ruth shall never know the truth."

"Not if it will hurt her."

"Hurt her? It would tear her to pieces; God knows she has had enough. Her mother—Do you recall the night she showed you the face in the locket? Do you remember how she said—'If only my mother had lived? Did you ever see anything more tender or beautiful?'"

"I remember. Go on and tell me."

When Spurlock had finished the tale, touched here and there by his own imagination, McClintock made a negative sign.

"So that was it? And what the devil are you doing here, moping alone on the beach? Why aren't you with her in this hour of bitterness?"

"What can I do?"

"You can go to her and take her in your arms."

"I might have been able to do that if you hadn't told me . . . she cared."

"Man, she's your wife!"

"And I am a thief."

"You're a damn fool, too!" exploded the trader.

"I am as God made me."

"No. God gives us an equal chance; but we make ourselves. You are captain of your soul; don't forget your Henley. But I see now. That poor child, trying to escape, and not knowing how. Her father for fifteen years and you now for the rest of her life! Tell her you're a thief. Get it off your soul."

"Add that to what she is now suffering? It's too late. She would not forgive me."

"And why should you care whether she forgave you or not?"

Spurlock jumped to his feet, the look of the damned upon his face. "Why? Because I love her! Because I loved her at the start, but was too big a fool to know it!"

His own astonishment was quite equal to McClintock's. The latter began to heave himself up from the sand.

"Did I hear you. . . ." began McClintock.

"Yes!" interrupted Spurlock, savagely. "You heard me say it! It was inevitable. I might have known it. Another laby rinth in hell!"

A smile broke over the trader's face. It began in the eyes and spread to the lips; warm, embracing, even fatherly.

"Man, man! You're coming to life. There's something human about you now. Go to her and tell her. Put your arms around her and tell her you love her. Dear God, what a beautiful moment!"

The fire went out of Spurlock's eyes and the shadow of hopeless weariness fell upon him. "I can't make you understand; I can't make you see things as I see them. As matters now stand, I'm only a thief, not a blackguard. What!—add another drop to her cup? Who knows? Any day they may find me. So long as matters remain as they are, and they found me, there would be no shame for Ruth. Can't I make you see?"

"But I'm telling you Ruth loves you. And her kind of love forgives everything and anything but infidelity."

"You did not hear her when she spoke to her father; I did."

"But she would understand you; whereas she will never understand her father. Spurlock: 'tis Roundhead, sure enough. Go to her, I say, and take her in your arms, you poor benighted Ironsides! I can't make you see. Man, if you tell her you love her, and later they took you away to prison, who would sit at the prison gate until your term was up? Ruth. Why am I here—thirty years of loneliness? Because I know women, the good and the bad; and because I could not have the good, I would not

take the bad. The woman I wanted was another man's wife. So here I am, king of all I survey, with a predilection for poker, a scorched liver, and a piano-player. But you! Ruth is your lawful wife. Not to go to her is wicked than if I had run away with my friend's wife. You're a queer lad. With your pencil you see into the hearts of all; and without your pencil you are dumb and blind. Ruth is not another man's wife; she is all your own, for better or for worse. Have you thought of the monstrous lie you are adding to your theft?"

"Lie?" said Spurlock, astounded.

"Aye—to pretend to her that you don't care. That's a damnable lie; and when she finds out, 'tis then she will not forgive. She'll have this hour always with her."

"I can't."

"Afraid?"

"Yes."

This simple admission disarmed McClintock. "Well, well; I have given out of my wisdom. I'd like to shake you until your bones rattled; but the bones of a Roundhead wouldn't rattle to any purpose. Lad, I admire you even in your folly. Mountains out of molehills and armies out of windmills; and you'll tire yourself in one direction and shatter yourself in the other. There is strength in you—misguided. You will torture her all through life; but in the end she will pour the wine of her faith into a sound chalice. I would that you were my own."

"I, a thief?"

"Aye; thief, Roundhead and all. If a certain kink in your sense of honour will not permit you to go to her as a lover, go to her as a comrade. Talk to her of the new story; divert her; for this day her heart has been twisted sorely."

McClintock without further speech strode toward his bungalow; and half an hour later Spurlock, passing, heard the piano-tuning key at work.

Spurlock plodded through the heavy sand, leaden in the heart and mind as well as in the feet. But recently he had asked God to pile it all on him; and God had added this, with a fresh portion for Ruth. One thing he could be thankful for—that the peak of his misfortunes had been reached; the world might come to an end now and not matter in the least.

Love . . . to take her in his arms and to comfort her; and then to add to her cup of bitterness the knowledge that her husband was a thief! For himself he did not care; God could continue to grind and pulverize him but to add another grain to the evil he had already wrought upon Ruth was unthinkable. The future? He dared not speculate upon that.

He paused at the bamboo curtain of her room, which was in semi-darkness. He heard Rollo's stump beat a gentle tattoo on the floor.

"Ruth?"

Silence for a moment. "Yes. What is it?"

Is there anything that I can do? The idiocy of the question filled him with the craving of laughter. Was there anything he could do!

"No, Hody; nothing."

"Would you like to have me come in and talk?" How tender that sounded!—talk!

"If you want to."

Bamboo and bead tinkled and slithered behind him. The dusky obscurity of the room was twice welcome. He did not want Ruth to see his own stricken countenance; nor did he care to see her ravaged by tears. He knew she had been weeping. He drew a chair to the side of the bed and sat down, terrified by the utter fallowness of his mind. Filled as he was with conflicting emotions, any stretch of silence would be dangerous. The fascination of the idea of throwing himself upon his knees and crying out all that was in his heart! As his eyes began to focus objects, he saw one of her arms extended upon the counterpane, in his di-

rection the hand clenched tightly. "I am very wicked," she said. "After all, he is my father, Hody; and I cursed him. But all those empty years! . . . My heart was hot, I'm sorry. I do forgive him; but he will never know now."

"Write him," urged Spurlock, finding speech.

"He would return my letters unopened or destroy them."

That was true, thought Spurlock. No matter what happened, whether the road smoothed out or became still rougher, he would always be carrying this secret with him; and each time he recalled it, the rack.

"Would you rather be alone?"

"No. It's kind of comforting to have you there. You understand. I sha'n't cry any more. Tell me a story—with apple-blossoms in it—about people who are happy."

Miserably his thoughts shuttled to and fro in search of what he knew she wanted—a love story. Presently he began to weave a tale, sorry enough, with all the ancient clatrapts and rusted platitudes. How long he sat there, reeling off his drivel, he never knew. When he reached the happy ending, he waited. But there was no sign from her. She had fallen asleep. The hand that had been clenched lay open, relaxed; and upon the palm he saw her mother's locket.

### CHAPTER XXVI

Spurlock went out on his toes careful lest the bamboo curtain rattle behind him. He went into the study and sat down at his table, but not to write. He drew out the check and the editorial letter. He had sold half a dozen short tales to third-rate magazines; but this letter had been issued from a distinguished editorial room, of international reputation. If he could keep it up—style and calibre of imagination—within a year the name of Taber would become widely known. Everything in the world to live for!—fame that he could not reap, love that he could not take! What was all this pother about hell as a future state!

By and by things began to stir on the table: little invisible things. The life with which he had endured these sheets of paper began to beckon imperiously. So he sharpened a score of pencils and after fiddling about and re-writing the last page he had written the previous night, he plunged into work. It was hot and dry. There were mysterious rustlings that made him glance hopefully towards the sea. He was always deceived by these rustlings which promised wind and seldom fulfilled that promise.

"Time to dress for dinner," said Ruth from behind the curtain. "I don't see how you do it, Hody. Its so stuffy—and all that tobacco smoke!"

He inspected his watch. Half after six. He was astonished. For four hours he had shifted his own troubles to the shoulders of these imaginative characters.

"He called me a wanton, Hody. That is what I don't understand."

"There isn't an angel in heaven, Ruth, purer or sweeter than you are. No doubt—because he did not understand you—he thought you had run away with someone. The trader you spoke about; he disliked your father, didn't he? Well, he probably played your father a horrible practical joke."

"Perhaps that was it. I always wondered why he bought my mother's pearls so readily. I am dreadfully sad."

"I'll tell you what. I'll speak to McClintock tonight and see if he won't take us for a junket on The Tigress. Eh? Banging against the old rollers—that'll put some life into us both. Run along while I rig up and get the part in my hair straight."

"If he had only been my father!—McClintock!"

"God didn't standardize human beings, Ruth; no grain of wheat is like another. See the new litter of Mrs. Pig? By George, every one of them looks like the other; and each one attacks the source of supply with a squeal and an oof that's entirely different from his brothers' and sisters'. Put on that new dress—the one that's all white. We'll celebrate that new check, and let the rest of the world go hang."

"You are very good to me, Hody."

Something reached down into his heart and twisted it. But he

held the smile until she turned away from the curtain. He dressed mechanically; so many moves this way, so many moves that. The evening breeze came the bamboo shades on the veranda clicked and rasped; the loose edges of the manuscript curled. To prevent the leaves from blowing about, should a blow developed, he distributed paper weights. Still unconscious of anything he did physically.

He tried not to think—of Ruth with her mother's locket, of her misguided father, taking his lonely way to sea. He drew compellingly upon his new characters to keep him out of this melancholy channel; but they ebbed and ebbed; he could not hold them.

Enschede: no human emotion should ever again shuttle between him and God. As if God would not continue to mock him so long as his brain held a human thought! God had given him a pearl without price and he had misunderstood until this day.

McClintock was in a gay mood at dinner that night; but he did not see fit to give these children the true reason. For a long time there had been a standing offer from the company at Copley's to take over the McClintock plantation; and today he had decided to sell. Why? Because he knew that when these two young people left, the island would become intolerable. For nearly thirty years he had lived here in contented loneliness; then youth had to come and fill him with discontent.

He would give The Tigress a triple coat of paint, and take these two on a long cruise,—wherever they wanted to go—Roundhead and Seraph, the blunderbuss and the flaming angel. And there was another matter. To have this sprung upon them tonight would have been worth a thousand pounds. But his lips were honour-locked.

There was a pint of champagne and a quart of mineral water (both taboo) at his elbow. In a tall glass the rind of a Syrian orange was arranged in spiral form. The wine bubbled and seethed; and the exquisite bouquet of oranges permeated the room.

"I sha'n't offer any of these to you two," he said; "but I know you won't mind me having an imitation king's peg. The occasion is worth a dash of the grape, lad. You're on the way to big things. A thousand dollars is a lot of money for an author to earn."

Spurlock laughed. "Drink your peg; don't bother about me. I wouldn't touch the stuff for all the pearls in India. A cup of lies. I know all about it."

(To Be Continued.)

### SAFETY DRIVE SEEKS PLEDGES FROM AUTOISTS

New York.—A drive for signatures of 400,000 drivers of motor vehicles in New York to a safe driving pledge has been started by Barron Collier, multimillionaire Special Deputy Police Commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Public Safety.

The pledge which drivers are being asked to sign reads:

"I hereby promise that I will obey all traffic regulations, watch out for children and pedestrians, and drive safely at all times to the end that the appalling sacrifice of life, caused by carelessness, may be stopped and the streets of New York city made safe."

After signing the pledge the driver is given a certificate to paste on his windshield, carrying the official seal of the Police Department.

### Bobbed Sissies? No! Choir Girls Strike

Washington.—Bob-haired choir girls at the Mount Vernon Place M. E. church south are on strike because of what they consider a "slur" aimed at them by an evangelist, the Rev. Burke Culpepper of Memphis. Preaching to a large congregation, Mr. Culpepper turned, looked at the choir and said: "You bob-haired sissies." Since that day many of the singers have refused to attend his revival services.

Immediately after the services short-haired singers held an indignation meeting and denounced Mr. Culpepper. The Rev. William A. Lambrecht, regular pastor of the church, tried to quell the riot but failed.

Told of the action of the girls, Mr. Culpepper renewed his attack. "I've had a lot of anonymous letters and telephone calls since I expressed my opinion of bobbed-hair," said he. "All I got to say is if the people who wrote and called me up had spent their time praying, they would have had a lot more chance of reaching the pearly gates."

The pillars of Hercules are the two mountains on either side of the Strait of Gibraltar—Calpe on the Spanish coast and Abyla, on the African. According to the fable, they were originally one, and were separated by Hercules.

# PE-RU-NA

Recommended by an Ohio Farmer



W. J. Temple, 292 W. Central Ave., Delaware, Ohio, for five long years could not eat a meal without distress. His trouble was catarrh of the stomach and bowels brought on by exposure. Mr. Temple says:—"A druggist recommended Pe-Ru-na. I took five bottles and am a well man. While formerly I could not do a day's work. I now never become fatigued. Pe-Ru-na is the best medicine and tonic in the world. It is especially fine for catarrh and colds."

The value of any medicine is determined by results. Pe-Ru-na has been accumulating results for over fifty years. Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid Insist upon having the genuine remedy for catarrhal conditions.

### Vanity Cost Life

The Assyrians were a luxurious and beauty-loving people, and both men and women were addicted to an elaborate use of cosmetics. According to history, the last monarch, by name Sardannapalus, "dressed and painted like his women," and it is due to this vanity that he met his death. One of his generals visiting him found him penciling his eyebrows and stabbed him.

### 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.

### Salt Keeps Road Moist

The peculiar property that salt has of attracting moisture, makes the famous salt crystal road in Utah one that is seldom if ever dusty. The salt crystals pack together and become almost like stone. The highway engineers are using salt crystal as a binder for other road construction since the success of the salt roads has been so pronounced.

### 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.

### Malice Aforethought

Clerk—A shotgun? Yes, madam. Automatic?

Fair Customer—No, I want to aim it myself.—Life.

### Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

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