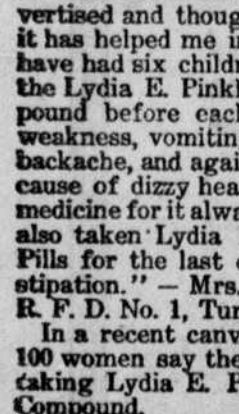


SICK WOMEN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

Letters Like This Prove the Reliability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. — "I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness, backache and nervousness. I had these troubles for years and had taken other medicines for them, but I have found no medicine so good as the Vegetable Compound and I recommend it to my friends who have troubles similar to mine. I saw it advertised and thought I would try it and it has helped me in all my troubles. I have had six children and I have taken the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before each one was born, for weakness, vomiting, poor appetite and backache, and again after childbirth because of dizzy headaches. It is a good medicine for it always helps me. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for the last eight years for constipation." — Mrs. MABEL LA POINT, R. F. D. No. 1, Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. In a recent canvass, 98 out of every 100 women say they were benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Don't hesitate

Dress burns, bruises, wounds and cuts, rashes and sores with soothing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It keeps out dirt and air and hastens healing. For coughs or sore throats take a teaspoonful several times a day. It is tasteless, odorless and absolutely harmless.

Vaseline

Look for the trade-mark "VASILINE" on every package. It is your protection.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PETROLEUM JELLY

Years of Discretion

"I asked you to send me young lettuce."

"Yes, ma'am. Wasn't it young?"

"Young? It's almost old enough to wash and dress itself."—The Progressive Grocer.

Green's August Flower

The remedy with a record of fifty-eight years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming-up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy. For fifty-eight years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER is found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Saying Revisited

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and the great majority do not trouble themselves about it.

BRINGS YOUTH TO OLD FOLKS

One of Tanlac's greatest blessings is the new life and vigor it brings to old folks. Men and women up in the seventies and eighties are writing to us every day to thank us for Tanlac's wondrous benefits.

Tanlac is a natural tonic. It drives poisons from the blood, stirs up the lazy liver and puts digestive organs in working order.

Made after the famous Tanlac formula from roots, barks and rare herbs, it is nature's own tonic and builder—harmless to man or child.

If your body is weakened and run-down, if you lack ambition, can't eat or sleep, you'll be delighted with Tanlac's quick results.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for Constipation

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair 6c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Blood-Chem. Wks. Patagonia, N.Y.

HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Drugists. Hisscox Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Aids Poor Complexions

HAIR REMOVER (Superficial). Guaranteed harmless. Mail \$1.00 in, and receive from FIRST LADY COMPANY, Salt Lake, Utah. Mfrs. of Creams and Toilet Preparations.

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

Against the moonmisted scene there, startling pictures leapt to his memory; rough, fire-red, frost-furrowed faces snarled at him, forced back foot by foot like a wolf-pack, to make way for his own success; and behind him always the horrible beauty of iron peaks, the bitter dazzlement of snow, winds that seemed to cut off the limbs like a blunt saw-cold, cold, cold. Terrible marches he remembered, torturing hunger and thirst, and, more relentless, more unendurable than anything else, the eternal pitiless necessity of going on. He saw dead faces left beside the trail—faces that he had loved with the dry, deep love men have for their trail mates. He saw incredible sights. He wondered that he had lived through his own part in them. Why hadn't his face, too, been a dead face on the trail? Grim lines came out about his mouth and eyes as he stood there smoking and leaning slackly against the window-frame.

And, after all, (here the moonmist became visible again), if it hadn't been for a political attitude of a certain Englishman in the year 1600 and something, all the home-likeness of this very place would have been his birthright. He would have stood in the shoes of that narrow-faced young man, Lord Alec Tremont. By the Lord! Rufus Tremont stretched his arms above his head and grinned. He liked the look that easy-going gave a fellow. Lord Tremont was probably only two or three years his junior, but his face was as smooth as a girl's. Oh, a cynical little twist or so, perhaps; he'd probably been bothered by a swarm of teasing worry-gnats.

"He's had first-hand everything that I've half-killed myself to get the means of buying second-hand. I had the right start, of course, but I sometimes think I've had the leisure-zest kicked out of me. I'm as grim as the Yukon in my bones. I've got the sour dough hunger. I'll be going back some day. But I'll take the Little Lady with me. She's the only woman that has ever gripped the soul of me. Tremont, now, he'd think me an ass. Romantic! A mere picture!

I'd like to take him out on the trail. He has the stuff in him. I'd like this job. Parliament, maybe? No, sir. Too much talk about it and about. The old gossip at the Breeme Arms said the Earl was hard up—stone broke: hinted that young Tremont had blown it in, and was going to marry an American heiress to feather his nest. Bah! One of our domestic title-hunters. I guess! Well—I'll stroll over my acres."

He glanced at his watch. "It's a bully little playground, England; cricket, archery, all the pretty games in a Robin Hood costume or white flannels. Some day I'll buy me an estate and found a house. No, sir; not while the immigrants leave us the West. God bless it!"

I'm up in the morning afore daylight, and afore I sleep the moon shines bright. My boss threw me off at the creek called mud; My boss threw me off at the T. U. herd. Last time I saw him he was goin' 'cross the level, A kicking up his heels and a running like the devil. It's cloudy in the West a looking like rain, And my damned old slicker's in the wagon again. Whistling softly and muttering to himself—a bad habit contracted during periods of more solitude than was quite good for a man, where it was a distraction from certain inner pangs to chew tobacco and argue aloud with stars or green eyes beyond the firelight—he found his accurate, quiet way through the house and got into the soft evening air.

The lawns were smooth as woven silk to eye and foot. Just a dappling of dull gold—a sort of tangled Western afterglow—confused their silvery greenness. Rufus Tremont left the mingled touches of evening and night. It was mysterious, charming, beautiful.

He crossed the lawn past the tree under which Claire and the

Earl debated prohibition and the Ouija Board over their cups of tea, and turned into a path where a faint breeze danced young leaves, and where a nightingale was singing. He paused and looked back at the house. It was very stately, very quiet and noble.

Rufus tasted suddenly the fantastic bitterness of the alien. He felt a craving for his own camp-fire under the black firs. Balsam, now, would be a homely smell; or sage-brush. He would have exchanged the nightingale's music for the cry of a coyote. God! England was a lonely place for the great-great (how many greats!) grandson of an exalted Cromwellian. Why hadn't the fool stood by his ringleted ruler? It was a nasty sensation, this hollow-hearted feeling of unimportance, unreality. Confound Lady Jane Ros! Why had she so bewitched him?

Something other than the little leaves rustled. Rufus Tremont turned on his heel. Someone had come round the curve of the path. At sight of him she paused full in the moonlight, and, startled, shrunk back against the big trunk of a tree. The twilight faintly dappled her. She seemed to quiver a little as she stood looking at him side-long, with shy, silvery-brown eyes. She was simply dressed in white, a scarf about her shoulders, her soft, ashen-brown hair had slipped from its ribbon in curls about her neck. Rufus Tremont stood still, and an eerie coldness ran along his limbs.

"Jane! Lady Jane!" he whispered. "There are ghosts in England."

He advanced a cautious step. "I've come back for you," he said gently.

The tremulous, shy creature listened to him, her face whitening; then, with a faint little cry, she slipped out of sight amongst the leaves.

The dappled foliage rustled for an instant. There were flying steps. Then silence.

Rufus Tremont returned with long strides to the house. His heart was beating hard.

CHAPTER IX
FIGHTING BLOOD

Lady Breeme was entirely right in her expectation. The earl began at once to "delight in" his American kinsman. They met before dinner, and the invalid's eyes began to snap and twinkle at once.

Claire, sweeping through the rooms in her low-cut gown, her red-gold head erect, started at what she saw; also, mentally, her hand tightened on that knight-errant lance of hers. One of her recently acquired treasures was threatened by a barbarian. She sprang to arms. She liked to think that she alone, alien as she was, stood as the defender of Van Dyke's Lady Jane.

At the sound of her step the new guest looked up alertly, fixing upon her a dark glance that showed an instant disappointment. She analyzed his look. Whom had he expected to see?

The introduction took place. There was another quick change in his eyes. (Ah! The little-hunter, it said.) Alec wondered why it was that the American man and woman met with that somewhat guarded duellist air. But Claire admired Rufus Tremont's simplicity. He seemed to her an unusually dignified young man. She contrasted his manner with the rather nervous or affected manners of some Eastern Americans she had known. This man had a poise—a sort of inner balance that she could not quite interpret to herself. It came, perhaps, from the same source as the hard, deep lines of his face.

"Have you ever been in England before?" Lady Breeme was asking.

"Yes," said Rufus Tremont; "once—when I was a boy."

Then, after a moment of careful consideration, "I've been at Breeme House before," he added.

Claire leaned forward eagerly. "You came with your father?" she cried.

"How did you know?"

"Robins has a story about you," she told him; and a queer look of challenge passed between them. He did not ask her what

the story was, but turned again to Lady Breeme.

"I've always known about you," said he. "We American Tremonts have always known. I think that the original Rufus must have had an unusually tenacious memory. Also, great tenacity of the affections. Certainly, he never forgot that unfortunate bride-to-be of his. He married—"

"Which rather spoils your romance, to begin with," put in Alec.

"He married the daughter of a Dutch patron in the New Netherlands, and he named his only son Ross, his only daughter Jane. That Ross came back to England and returned, I believe, with a map of Breeme House in his head. Since then not one of us has missed his visit or two to the old place. It's rather curious, when you come to think of it, our intimate knowledge of you—your ignorance of us. I knew, for instance, of your brother's death, Lord Breeme, and of your inheritance. I knew that you had a son named Alec, I knew—"

Here, with one of her quiet, shy smiles, Lady Jane slipped into the room, and Rufus Tremont rose to be introduced, with a high, warm color in his cheek.

"Did you really think that I was a ghost?" she asked him as they all rose to go into dinner.

"Yes."

He seemed all at once reduced to a monosyllabic brevity.

"I thought—almost—that you were when you spoke. It's a relief, isn't it, to find out that we are flesh and blood?"

"Yes, it is."

"What a strange light there was there in the woods. I never saw anything quite like it. Why did you take me for the ghost of Lady Jane?"

"Because you are Lady Jane, feature for feature. Didn't you know that?"

Alec and Claire broke in, demanding an explanation of these incomprehensible remarks, and the conversation became general at once, Jane, as usual, dropping into her silence—a pleasant, sympathetic silence that hovered around the conversation like a timid, strongly attracted moth.

Claire, too, was somewhat more silent than usual. She was measuring her enemy, wondering at the audacity of his outspoken promise to Van Dyke's lady. If he had not looked so entirely a man that got what he wanted, she would have dismissed his intentions as unimportant. He would not, of course, steal the portrait, and certainly Lord Breeme would sooner sell his title than that precious heirloom.

She looked about the beautiful room and along the table, solidly handsome and complete in its appointments, and she scanned the controlled faces of her English friends.

"What do you mean by 'horse-wrangler'?" Claire heard Alec asking, as she came out of her reverie.

"A man who raises horses—breaks 'em, sells 'em."

"Are you one yourself?"

"No."

"A cattle-man, than?"

"No, sir." The sombre eyes turned to him. "I tried it and failed, I had a big outfit against me. They got me, too—after six years." He stared through the wall a moment. "But," returning to the present, "but I saw something of the life."

"Six years," repeated Alec; and, to himself, "How old is the man, anyway?"

"I went West thirteen years ago when I was seventeen." The American seemed to understand Alec's rather puzzled look. "I was a rustler—cow-man. I was the tenderfoot—'dude', as they call it in the North-West—in those days. But I soon had it worked out of me."

"You were outdoors a great deal, I fancy," said Lady Breeme. "A very healthful life, wasn't it?"

"Not especially. The exposure was fearful, the food bad, and there was too much riding. It was ghastly lonely, too; off for months on the ranges, with a thousand head of cattle; snow or sage-brush and a big sky; not a human to see or—what's worse—to speak to. There were better times at the round-up, though, when four or five big outfits sent their boys to cut out the cattle of different brands and to punch the new calves. That's a great sight, sir."

"I should think you would have missed the society of your kind, and books," began Lady Breeme

"Oh, I'd always a volume in my pocket, and, as for my own kind the men I've known in the West have taught me more than any humans I've met. They're fine. I can't describe it." He leaned forward a little one hand on his hip, narrowing his eyes so that they seemed to search enormous distances.

"You mustn't altogether desert me," pleaded Claire, when Lord Breeme wheeled his chair to her side after a prolonged lingering in the dining room with Alec and Mr. Tremont over their cigars. "I think I am jealous of your cousin from Seattle."

"Ah! you mustn't be that." He put his kind hand over hers. "It's meat and drink to me, you know—this sort of thing. And then I've discovered a treasure-trove of information. He knows a great deal of Indian lore that works in excellently with the little book"—Lord Breeme had been writing his "little book" for the past thirty years. "He's to stop with us and help us along a bit. He's a fine fellow. A great deal of reserved force there, don't you think? And it seems to me an extraordinary history. Nothing in it more extraordinary than his keen interest in the House of Breeme. Now tell me, my dear child, are you American a romantic race?"

"The most romantic in the world," answered Claire. "Ah! you think, because we're money-makers, business people, workers, that we haven't the hearts of poets. We're idealists to what most of you in the old world would consider an absurd extent. Don't you know that our forefathers were a race of Eldorado hunters—men who lived and died for ideals—principles? That's what makes our failures, our backsliding, so pitiful, so tragic, so amazing even to ourselves. We are the only nation that hasn't 'just growed', like Topsy, but that has tried to shape itself to a definite ideal. Don't laugh at me, please, Lord Breeme!"

"Bless me! I'm not laughing. I'm smiling because you're as bright as a star tonight; you dazzle me. And your intensity, my dear, is just a bit—if you'll pardon me—touching sometimes."

"I'm afraid I'm often too vehement. I was really almost rude about that North Pole question the other day; but afterwards I thought of such a good point—to prove to you the worthwhileness of it."

Jane rose and moved along the room, Rufus Tremont following her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BALTIC STATES FIGHT LIQUOR

Enter Convention Giving Right to Search All Suspected Vessels

Christiania.—Important questions dealing with the Baltic liquor smuggling traffic were discussed at a conference here recently.

Representatives of Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and the smaller Baltic states attended the conference, and it is possible that the traffic will suffer a severe setback as a result.

The chief proposal considered by the conference was that licenses for the carrying of liquor should not be granted to small vessels at all, and that large vessels, given authority to carry liquor, will have to furnish proof within a stipulated period that the liquor has been delivered to the legitimate purchasers.

A convention has been entered into between the states, which, when ratified, will give them the right to search suspected vessels and to seize all liquor.

Despite the conference, however, smuggling still continues.

Prohibition agents recently discovered a large business in illegal liquor traffic being carried on by the clerks in one of this city's largest banks. Their ringleader was a former prohibition sleuth.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—This clay statuette portrait of a goddess of the time of Father Abraham was found at Ur of the Chaldees by the joint expedition of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum of London.

The woman was a goddess in the Temple of the Moon God, probably of a period of 6,500 years ago, and is one of the oldest that scientists have yet unearthed.

The same expedition discovered fragments of papyrus bearing a part thereof, and written approximately in 250 A. D.

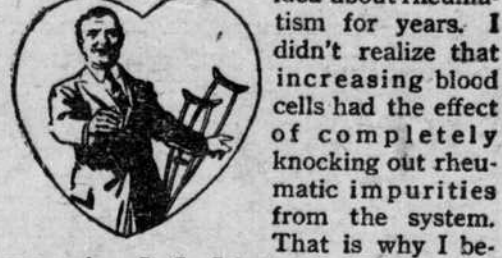
of a chapter of the Gospel of St. Mat.

AT LAST SHE LAUGHS

London.—Proprietors of the Carlson Women's Shoppe offered a prize to anyone who could make the woman sitting in their show window laugh. Thousands attempted the feat in vain. Finally the woman laughed, however, at the spectacle of a tiny dog pulling at the beard of an old man.

"My Rheumatism is gone"

"THERE are thousands of you men and women, just like I once was—slaves to rheumatism, muscle pains, joint pains, and horrible stiffness. I had the wrong idea about rheumatism for years. I didn't realize that increasing blood cells had the effect of completely knocking out rheumatic impurities from the system. That is why I began using S. S. S. Today I have the strength I used to have years ago! I don't use my crutches any more."



S. S. S. makes people talk about themselves the way it builds up their strength. Start S. S. S. today for that rheumatism. You'll feel the difference shortly.

S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

Free Booklet: Send name and address to S. S. S. Co., 111 S. S. S. Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for special booklet on Rheumatism & Blood.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

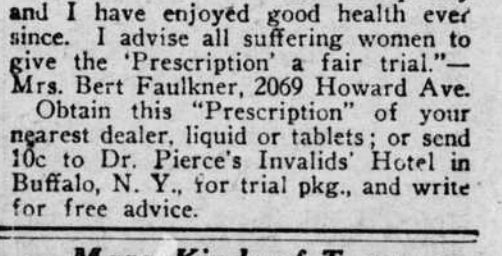
Sells Fans to Eskimos

John Harris is the real life counterpart of the comic magazine salesman who could sell electric fans to Eskimos. He has returned to England from the Hudson Bay country in Canada after selling Eskimos a large quantity of fans to provide proper circulation of air in their igloos. The fans are run by storage batteries.

Advice to Suffering Women!

Springfield, Mo.—"I had a nervous breakdown and tried several remedies without getting any permanent benefit from them. I suffered from bloating, chills and terrible headaches. Finally, a lady advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; I did so, and it overcame the trouble completely and I have enjoyed good health ever since. I advise all suffering women to give the 'Prescription' a fair trial."—Mrs. Bert Faulkner, 2069 Howard Ave.

Obtain this "Prescription" of your nearest dealer, liquid or tablets; or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg., and write for free advice.



Many Kinds of Trees

In North America there are almost a thousand native kinds, besides a large number of foreign trees that have been widely introduced, says the American Nature association in "Tree Habits." Of our native trees, however, only about one hundred can be classified as important timber trees.

"During 60 years of Married Life"

Three Generations Kept Healthy and Happy

"Beecham's Pills were always considered indispensable by my parents during sixty years of married life and I am never without them in my home, as they are used when required by myself (aged sixty-one), and wife and children. This covers a period of over eighty years. My wife and sons also believe there is no remedy for constipation and biliousness equal to Beecham's Pills. So many so-called 'cures' for biliousness and kindred troubles leave after effects that are certainly injurious, but Beecham's Pills give prompt relief and leave one in a healthy and happy condition." N. J. M. Ramsay, N. J.

Use Beecham's Pills for constipation, biliousness and sick headache.

FREE SAMPLE—Write today for free sample to B. F. Allen Co., 417 Canal St., New York. Buy them from your druggist 25c and 50c for Better Health, Take Beecham's Pills

SOAKS RIGHT IN and LIMBERS UP STIFF JOINTS

Stiff, swollen, inflamed, rheumatic joints should be treated with a remedy made for just that purpose and that purpose only.

Remember the name of this discovery is Joint-Ease and it will take out the agony, reduce the swelling and limber up any troubled joint after ordinary cure-alls have miserably failed. Just rub it on—60c a tube at any druggist—ask for Joint-Ease.

DR. HUMPHREYS' "77" FOR BEST COLD'S GRIP INFLUENZA

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.