

MRS. WILHELMY SAVED BY FRIEND

Doctor Advised Operation
Friend Said Try Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound First

St. Paul, Minnesota.—"I was all run-down from overwork and worry, had no appetite, could not sleep at night, and looked like a corpse. I have six children (five boys and one girl) and did not get any strength after my last baby was born. I was getting worse and thinner every day. The doctor said I had to go to the hospital but this I could not do on account of my family. So I went to a friend of mine and told her what the doctor had told me and she said, 'Now do as I tell you. Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as I have done. It helped me.' So I started taking the Vegetable Compound and I noticed after the first few bottles that I felt considerably better. After taking 9 or 10 bottles I got over my fainting spells. Everybody who sees me now notices the great improvement in my health. I am gaining in weight and strength and am feeling fine. Eat well and sleep good nights. Any woman can write to me and I will answer her letter."



—Mrs. MARY WILHELMY, 309 Duke Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Erudition will never reach those who are not enamored of it.

- Rice Griddle Cakes**
- 2 eggs, well beaten
 - 1/2 cup sweet milk
 - 2 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
 - 2 tablespoons sugar
 - 1 cup well cooked rice
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Mix ingredients thoroughly, adding enough flour to make a medium batter. Bake the same as any griddle cakes.

A constant friend is a thing rare and hard to find.—Plutarch.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

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which contains proven directions Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Co. of Monacochester of Valleyland



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or any of the other skin troubles to which infants and children are subject, mothers will find that Resinol Ointment stands unsurpassed. Doctors and nurses recommend it with utmost confidence because of its harmless ingredients and its success in healing eczema. Stops the itching and burning at once, and hastens the healing.

Resinol Soap might well be called a toilet soap for babies, because its action is so gentle yet it cleanses so thoroughly. Many mothers have adopted its use exclusively, claiming that it keeps baby's skin healthy and his hair soft and silky. Sold by all druggists.

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GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

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

A BARGAIN

Half section, 15 miles from Faith, on graded road, river bench land, about 50 acres have been plowed, 240 acres tillable, balance pasture land, abundance of good soft water at 120 feet, plenty of outside range. Suitable for cows, calves, hogs and small grain. One crop will more than pay for the land. Must turn this half-section at once and will let it go at \$2.00 per acre. Now is the time to buy land West of the River, while it is cheap.

B. DATIN, FAITH, S. D.

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

"But—the sale of the Van Dyke would kill Lord Breeme. And you mean to say that Lord Tremont has accepted Mr. Tremont's offer?"

"On the contrary—he's spurned it!"

"Bravo Alec!" she cheered with girlish zest. "That's the best thing I've known him to do yet!"

"I'm afraid, dear Miss Wilton, that Alec will find himself absolutely forced to accept it, and before long. Certain large payments have got to be made, or far worse will befall the House of Breeme than the sale of the Van Dyke."

"I cannot believe," said Claire confidently, "that anything worse can befall the House of Breeme. When Rufus Tremont takes the Lady Jane, he will rob this place of the soul of Breeme."

Sir Geoffrey nodded his head in sympathy.

"Mr. Tremont would probably agree to leave the picture in its place during the Earl's lifetime," he added in extenuation of the plan.

"Not even the Earl is Breeme himself," she said simply. "Why," she added on her most challenging note, "I'd pay double its value, myself, just to see it left here—in its own abiding place."

"They—they wouldn't permit you to do that, Miss Wilton. That would be—you can see, I'm sure—only a loan in another form, from Alec's point of view."

She sighed in desperation, and fixed her eyes upon him, as if beseeching his help.

He temporized. "Well, we don't have to agree to the sacrifice at this moment," he smiled. "And only in the direst need would I assist at it. All we can do is to keep hoping; perhaps—who knows—some other way will be found."

"It shall be found," she echoed. "I'd give my life's blood to save the Van Dyke for Breeme—and Breeme for the Lady Jane. Not one of them—not the Earl nor Alec nor Jane—but should be ready to sacrifice himself for the soul of Breeme. What is their pride in comparison with that? They shall not sell it, Sir Geoffrey!"

Sir Geoffrey recalled the argument: "You call the sale of the Van Dyke a public disgrace! I call the alternative that Lord Tremont contemplates a three-fold human sacrifice."

He looked at Claire, her face transfigured with the inspiration of her challenge. "The face," he thought, "of one who would meet martyrdom for a cause she had at heart."

Sir Geoffrey recalled that Alec Tremont had confided that he had asked Claire to marry him; and she had said "no."

"It's a tangle we can't unravel at once," he comforted her and himself. Sir Geoffrey wended his way homeward, his brow furrowed by a puzzled frown.

It was night at Breeme House.

Aline Parkes was sleeping peacefully.

"Aline!"

She sat up quickly. Claire stood by her bedside, with a candle in her hand. Her red-gold hair hung down on either side of her face.

"I heard a sound," she said. "Someone is moving downstairs in the hall."

"What time is it?" asked Aline.

"Half-past one. I heard something creaking along the gallery. I opened my door and listened. There is someone down there in the hall."

Aline was up. "Shall we call someone?"

"No; let's explore first. Don't let's frighten anyone till we're sure. There's enough light from outside to show us if anyone is prowling about. Will you come?"

Aline nodded, and Claire, in wrapper and slippers, took her arm and led the way. It was like a boarding-school adventure. Aline felt an inclination to laugh. She was not frightened. There were servants within call. They stole along the gallery and a few steps down the stairs. Here there was a window above, and Claire drew Aline into its

shelter.

"From here we can see down into the hall," Claire whispered, "and we can watch the stairs."

"Hush!" said Aline. "Do you hear?"

Claire's heart jumped. She did hear. It was a cautious step. The hall was streaked with dim bands of moonlight. Across one of these passed stealthily a tall figure. They felt rather than saw it approach the stairs.

"If it comes up it will pass us," murmured Aline.

"Hush!"

The step was coming up. Once or twice it stopped, as though the man were listening. On the turn below them, the figure came out again into the moonlight. Aline gripped Claire's arm with a start of surprised relief. The man was Rufus Tremont.

He was still in evening dress, but went on stockinged feet. He must have been out, however, for his shoulders were wet. It was raining out of doors. He held something in his hand. Presently he turned, and went stealthily across the hall again.

"Let's go back to my room," Claire whispered.

"It looks a little queer to me," Aline got out slowly, safe in Claire's bedroom, the re-lighted candle in her hand.

Claire, shivering, looked at her with a puzzled air. Aline's small face between its masses of fluffy hair was witch-like, its eyes narrow, its lips tight.

"I don't know what to think of it," said Claire. "Aline, don't you think it's just a little rash, having him stay here? What, after all, do they know about the man?"

Reason as she might, the seed of suspicion grew. Who was this Rufus Tremont? What was he looking for, tip-toeing about the hall long after midnight like a thief?

CHAPTER XVI Circumstantial Evidence

It was the day after Claire and Aline's midnight adventure. Although Claire Wilton's departure had been postponed by the urgent need of her during Alec's convalescence, the Earl of Breeme insisted upon giving in her honor the masquerade he had planned, as soon as Alec was sufficiently recovered. It was to come off this evening.

At breakfast Robins announced the departure of Rufus Tremont for London, to arrange about his costume. He was instructed to say that Mr. Tremont would be back in the evening. Claire and Aline exchanged glances, but tacitly decided to keep their own counsel as to last night's happening.

Claire dressed early for the dance, in order to spend a few quiet minutes in the hall, communing with the spirit of the place, and with its best expression, the Van Dyke. She fastened the rude Saxon jewellery absently across her forehead, just noting the effect in the glass as something rather obviously beautiful.

She came along the gallery with the light jingle of her ornaments, and lingeringly down the stairs. The hall below was shining with lights that made an underworld of the polished floor and gave life to the flesh-tints of this pained ancestor and that; Van Dyke's Lady Jane, between her two blazing chandeliers, reigned supreme for all her timidity. Claire stopped opposite to her on the stairs, remembering with a little flash of triumph Rufus Tremont's threat, his boast of "You're mine! You're mine!" She had pledged herself to a defence; but, after all, Breeme House was its own defence. She wished that she might have played a part, might have woven herself a little into the web of Lady Jane's history. It yet might be, if she could find the way...

Claire paused, framing her face with both hands as she rested her elbows on the balustrade. Her face was on a level with Lady Jane's. She looked as directly as possible into the large, soft, sidelong eyes.

As she looked, an uneasy sense of loss possessed her. The picture somehow failed of its usual impression. It lacked a

spirit, an essence. It was suddenly a dead thing of paint and canvas. Claire was bitterly depressed. Just now, when she was trying to realize the charm acutely, with a poignancy to serve her courage, the charm had failed. The spell was broken. Lady Jane had lost, subtly, all that radiance of hers. It was as though a blight had fallen on the hall. Claire felt it almost superstitiously. She was afraid to look around lest the beautiful proportions and time-deepened color of the room might have shrunk and faded to a commonplace. It was like the mysterious transformation of Cinderella's ball-dress into rags—a withering enchantment.

Claire's eyes actually filled with tears. "Is it in me?" She asked herself. "Have I failed?" Had the perfect happiness of this wonderful visit escaped her? She began bitterly to sense other disillusionments. The shadows that had rested upon the charming group of people under the trees began to interpret itself. The Earl of Breeme was, after all, not "Ye Belted Earl of Ballad Lore," but a bothered modern landowner, anxious for the worldly future of his children; Alec and Jane and Lady Breeme preoccupied by a care that, to this princess of fairy-story wealth, seemed sordid to the last degree. And all their kindness to her, all their gentle hospitality!

The musicians began to arrive, grouping themselves near a bank of flowers under the gallery. The sound of their subdued talk and laughter, the clatter of their settling came up to Claire as she watched from the turn of the stair-case. Presently she heard a footstep coming across the hall. She gave a gasp of astonishment.—It was Rufus Tremont!

He was in court dress of King Charles, velvet and lace, buckles of silver, knots of wine-colored ribbon, a plumed hat in his long, brown, supple hand. A sword hung along one lithe hip. The face, framed by Cavalier curls, was strikingly handsome, the eyes idly mocked. He came with his swinging tread along the polished floor, and stopped inevitably before the picture of Lady Jane.

Claire was about to call down to him when he, stepping back a pace or two, looked up at the portrait. Suddenly his eyes lifted their gaze from the Van Dyke, to the gallery above, and were flooded with a warmth of devotion. There sprang into his expressive face a flare of triumph and mastery.

Claire glanced quickly up at the gallery, where he looked.

There stood, backgrounded by dark wainscoting, illuminated by softly moving candle-light, line for line, tint for tint, Van Dyke's model, charmed with all her silvery brightness into life. Ringlets and scarf, satin-sheeny skirt, blue head-band and little slippered feet, fine features and half frightened air, even the quivering, timid pose. It was complete. Claire drew in her breath. There was no disengagement here, rather potent witchery; she felt a thrill of superstition. The soul of Lady Jane had left that thing upon the wall, and had entered completely into the warm flesh and blood of her descendant.

Jane turned her shy glance on the cavalier earl waiting below. She, too, flushed, her lips bent into their tremulous, sweet, side-long smile.

"Arn't they," said Aline who joined Claire a few moments later in the hall, "just too beautiful? There's something almost uncanny about them, isn't there? He is the missing portrait—the story always had him the handsomest of the line. Has he come back for her, do you think?"

The house party began to take possession of the hall, awaiting the arrival of the guests. Lord Breeme in his wheeled chair, as merry as old Capulet; Alec, looking gaunt and pale in a court jester's costume, his head, plastered, evidently not in the humour of the thing; Aline, a slender little Babbie, with red berries in her hair, a high color in her thin face, and eyes unfathomable. They danced and laughed and amused themselves with the few visitors staying at Breeme House for the occasion, exchanging banter and compliments.

But Claire could not enter into the spirit of it. She had never in her life suffered more acutely, but it was a nameless, indefinable suffering, perhaps more like the child's sorrow over its beautiful pricked bubble than any other human grief. Its poignancy was out of proportion to its cause.

Suddenly her mood of melancholy was broken by a noisy crash and a loud outcry.

"The Van Dyke! Oh, my God! The Van Dyke!"

Robins had dropped a tray of refreshments in the middle of the hall, and had lifted a pale, distracted face to Van Dyke's Lady Jane. Dancing and music stopped. Everyone turned to where the old man pointed. Lord Breeme, pushing his chair out from the wall, and looking up, shook his finger at the servant.

"Man alive, what's the matter with you?" said he.

Robins began a confused, half-terrible babble.

"Mr. Tremont will bear me out, your lordship. 'Twas him I showed it to. 'Twas him that said he'd noticed it himself. Is that the picture I've looked every day of my life and loved like my own? Shouldn't I be the man to know it? Oh your lordship, this is a sad thing indeed for the house, your lordship. A sad thing!"

Here Rufus Tremont laid a hand on Robins's shoulder.

"Look here, my friend, what are you talking about?" said he.

"What's wrong with the Van Dyke?"

"Oh, sir! You remember that shadow-like of a dog's head on the skirt? Look sharp! I ask you, is that portrait its real self in any way at all?"

Claire watched in keen suspense. She saw Rufus fling up his chin, his face stiffen and pale into a look that might have been one of fear.

"It must be the effect of the light," he stammered.

"No, sir—no, sir! It's not only the shadow. Look at that hand, look at the eyes. Your lordship—" He turned piteously to Lord Breeme, pleading his point. "Shouldn't I know the Van Dyke? In the real picture—"

Lord Breem half raised himself with a keen look of alarm.

"The real picture, Robins? Do you mean—?"

He fell back. There was a babel of conjecture, curiosity, alarm. Questions went off like little pistol shots.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Do One Thing Well.

From the Baltimore Sun.

How pleasant it would seem to be an authority on the sciences, international politics, political economy and the arts, and also to shine as a star in the movies, in baseball, in football and in the Olympics! It might be pleasant, but it wouldn't be possible. It just isn't done.

Consider the rose. If left undisturbed in the garden, it will become a great bush and form a great number of buds; but though the soil be rich and the moisture plentiful, there never will be a prize rose on the bush. The roots can provide so much and no more. If they must feed half a hundred blossoms, the face of each will be scant. But if the bush is cut away, so that the roots may devote the whole of their energy to the business of perfecting a dozen blossoms, these will rival jewels.

The orchardist does not go among his trees and pick away the green fruit in an effort to keep down production. He does it because a decrease of numbers means increase of size.

And the fancier does not select the runts in a litter of 12 pups and destroy them to hold the canine population in check. He sacrifices them to make life more abundant for those that are privileged to live.

It always works that way. Where there are many they are lean. You never hear of famine in a land where neighbors are far apart. The man in the little white man remains on this pleasant round ball he may learn to do one thing well, but he can't learn to do everything. There isn't time. If your acquaintance knows a little about everything, it isn't probable that he knows all about anything.

It is no disgrace to be ignorant concerning the fauna of Patagonia if you can beat the world at the business of filling a tooth. And world-beaters do not develop by scattering their energies. Most of them are single-barrel chaps.

Among The Dead Ones.

From The Los Angeles Times.

Delivers for the Marshall Field Museum are said to have uncovered the palace of the first King of Babylon while digging amid the ruins of ancient Kish. They are not absolutely certain as to the gentleman's name or his license number, but there is a pictured frieze around the base of the wall in the throne room that confirms the antiquarians in their suspicions that they were on the trail of the earliest ruler of our most ancient known empire. The incidents depicted happened all of 4000 years ago, or about the time that Methuselah was suffering from second childhood. The shovelers are digging up so much of the past that nobody is safe.

Negative Affirmative
At Marylebone County Court—Do you mean "yes" or "no"?
"Yes, I mean no."—Tit-Bits.