

WELL ONE DAY IN BED THREE

That Was the Life of Mrs. Hollister Until she Began Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wyandotte, Michigan. — "After my baby was born I did not do my own work for six months and could hardly take care of my own baby."



I always had a pain in my right side and it was so bad I was getting round shoulders. I would feel well one day and then feel so bad for three or four days that I would be in bed. One Sunday my mother came to see how I was, and she said a friend told her to tell me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So the next day I got a bottle and before it was half taken I got relief. After I was well again I went to the doctor and he asked me how I was getting along. I told him I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and he said it did not hurt any one to take it. I am always recommending the Vegetable Compound to others and I always have a bottle of it on hand. — Mrs. HENRY HOLLISTER, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 7, Wyandotte, Mich.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all women. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Ancients Had More Than Fair Idea of Surgery

Evidence that skull surgery was successfully practiced by prehistoric people in Michigan has been presented to the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Prof. E. F. Greenman of the University of Michigan. Pointing out that Michigan has been greatly neglected as a field for archeological investigation, he said: "In Alpena county, Michigan, several trephined skulls—that is, skulls into which holes were drilled during the life of the patient, have been reported. One of them is in the University of Michigan museum and careful examination by anatomists of repute shows that a healing had begun after the operation and therefore the area of the practice of skull trephining must be extended far beyond Mexico."

Crow Traps Tried Out

In British Columbia, where crows have been damaging crops to a considerable extent, an effort is being made to exterminate them by the use of crow traps. The crows have also been found to prey to an alarming extent on young game birds.

Truth presents only one face, but lies appear in myriad forms.

Are You Ready?

Are you ready to enjoy social duties, sports or recreations? If not try HOSSETTER'S Celebrated Stomach Bitters, for over seventy years noted as a wholesome tonic, appetizer and corrective.

At All Druggists

The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

HOSSETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

One Secret of Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier foot-wear—then when I remove my shoes my feet chill quickly and often my hose seem wet through." In every community thousands neglect to use Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath daily and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. Full Directions on box. Trial Package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent free. Address, Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

RESINOL

Soothing and Healing Promotes Skin Health

Boschee's Syrup for Coughs and Lung Troubles

Successful for 69 years. 30c and 90c bottles. ALL DRUGGISTS

FREE

Write for attractive booklet of **Perfumes, powders, rouges, etc.**

35 West 34th St., New York

BOURJOIS

The IRON HORSE

NOVELIZED BY EDWIN C. HILL

FROM WILLIAM FOX'S GREAT PICTURE ROMANCE OF THE EAST AND THE WEST
BY CHARLES KENYON AND JOHN RUSSELL

Bill Cody initiated Miriam into the mysteries of buffalo hunting. She had often seen vast herds of the great, clumsy brutes fleeing across the track and even running ahead of the locomotive to veer away finally and thunder toward the horizon. Mounted on a well-broken cayuse, Miriam followed the hunters until Cody's drivers had turned the herd, then guarded by one of Cody's men, while the buffalo went thundering past at a long angle, raked by the rifles of the hunters. Every hunter had extra rifles and a man at his side to load for him, and shot almost as fast as his fingers could pull trigger. Miriam saw the charging beasts plunge ahead stumbling, go down in strange sprawling heaps, to be skinned where they lay, and the meat to be loaded into wagons. In a few minutes the plain was dotted with them. The sight sickened her. It was not hunting as she had thought of the sport, but butcher's work. She understood its necessity. There was no beef except that which had to be driven 800 miles, from Texas. The men had to have meat. But she detested the slaughter and never again accompanied the hunters.

CHAPTER XII

WOMAN'S WIT

"Hurry up wid yer crawlin' shovellers, me min are treadin' upon the heels av thim."

Casey, strolling ahead, beyond the tongue of the rails, tossed this insult at Sergeant Slattry.

The big sergeant straightened up, fire in his eyes.

"Tis me own good byes that have been waitin' half the day fer ye and yer gang of good-for-nothings! Little blame to thim, though, with ye promenadin' along the grade, puttin' on airs an' graces of a major-general."

"It's indispensable, I am," returned Casey. "Twas no later than yesterday that the general superintendent sent fer me. 'Corporal Casey,' he says, 'Corporal Casey, I'll have ye know,' he says, 'that th' U. Pay is daypin' upon yer industry and intelligin'ce,' he says. 'Ye must even drive 'em,' he says. I misdoubt that the road could be built without ye, Mister Casey he says. 'Th' times is hard an' troublesome an' th' m'n are grumblin' I look to ye, corporal,'" he says.

Slattry snorted derisively, swept his gang with an eye which unerringly spotted any slacker, saw that the work was going steadily, and seated himself upon a pile of cross-ties, leaving the job temporarily to Danny O'Brien, his assistant foreman. Whittling a pipeful from a black plug, he puffed awhile, then spoke his mind seriously to Casey.

"Pat, I do not like the looks of things at all, at all," he said. "For days, as ye should know, there's been little save grumblin' and complaints among the min along the line. They're a divil of a hard bunch, the best av thim, an' instead of gettin' drunk at night like decent Christians they assemble to curse the road and all connected wid it."

"They're a mixed lot, Eytalians, Scandehovians and the breed of Irish we used to hang be th' dozen in Galway to the glory of God and the preservation of th' cows, the tattereddemons of creation. Until quite recent it was aisy enough handle thim, but of late they've been in a black mood. Th' Injuns have got on their nerves what wid th' constant scares and alarms. They're grumblin' and growlin' about th' food, the weather, the wurrk. There's no gettin' along wid 'em at all. Th' worst of it is 'two months' pay is overdue. Pay ear should have been here yesterday, and there's no word av it."

"I'm onaisy mesilf," said Casey. "I've noted symptoms

of the desaise in me own assimblage of selcted roughnecks and I've larrupted the ugly faces of half a dozen of thim. There's wan, Tony Figallo, whose face I will yet bash in."

"Ye can't bate 'em all," said Slattry, sensibly. "They are too many. It's like th' army days, with half a rigimint yearnin' to mutiny because breakfast didn't set well on their stomachs. But there was discipline in the army, while this seum is free and independent and can quit when it plazes thim."

They talked over the troubles that loomed, the discontent of the men, the real hardships that faced them daily, the wild rumors that were buzzing through North Platte and along the line that work was to be suspended because no way had been found through the foothills yet far to the west end of track. Casey's unconquerable optimism was inclined to make light of it all, but Sergeant Slattry, older and more used to keeping his feet on the ground, shook his head.

"I don't like th' looks of things, Pat," he said.

Schultz joined them and Slattry whistled for Dinny. The four ate lunch together, in the lee of the stacked cross-ties protected from the bitter wind which drove across the prairie. In the midst of the meal they were startled by the report of a heavy rifle, then a succession of shots; yells sweeping crescendo from the end of track, shrill ululating warwhoops.

The four scrambled to their feet, grabbed rifles and ran along the right of way, mingling with a hundred workmen and two-score soldier guards who were dashing for the cross-tie barricades already erected to serve as rude forts for the pioneer gangs. A hundred yards south of the track a band of Indians, well strung out, raced their ponies at breakneck speed as they shot arrows or fired their muskets at the fleeing men. Two workmen were downed by arrows before the shelter of the barricades could be reached, one killed outright with a shaft through his ribs, the other wounded in the arm.

The raiders, about 50 Brule Sioux, well mounted on small rugged ponies, swept past the fort, yelling like demons. Sweeping round in a wide circle, they drove their ponies back along the north side of the track, repeating the volley of arrows and lead slugs. They did little execution, depending almost altogether upon their ancient weapons, poor shots with the white man's rifle. In five minutes they were gone, dots rising and falling against the horizon, the echo of their exultant whoops faintly audible.

Before they were out of sight, the men were back at work as if nothing unusual had occurred. The rhythm of labor was resumed. Such small raids were common enough. Working and fighting on the Union Pacific were intimately and daily connected. In California the Central Pacific had almost no trouble with the decadent tribes through which it took its line, but the Union Pacific was built during the very years when the great plains were most disturbed and when hostile forays were most frequent. Practically the whole Sioux nation, of 10,000 fighting men, the cunningest and fiercest warriors of the plains, was up in arms against the iron invader, while the Cheyennes, less numerous but only a shade less formidable, were paining red against the road and murdering graders and surveyors who had ventured into their fastness. As a rule the construction gangs were able to take care of themselves, for the gangs were made up of large elements of the recently arrived Irish and of cool-headed and seasoned veterans of the Civil war, men who had served four years shouldering muskets

in many battles.

That night when Casey, Slattry and their gangs rolled into North Platte they found the town boiling with excitement. In the main street a thousand workmen were milling around agitators who were denouncing the road. A good deal of whiskey had circulated and the men were in an ugly mood. With Schultz and young Dinny, Casey and the sergeant shoved through the close-packed throng, getting many black looks, but avoiding trouble. Casey was itching for it, but Schultz cautioned him.

"Dis iss no dime vor vighting, mein friend," he warned. "Idt iss a dime vor goolness and gommon sense. Doose mens are a powder magazine. One sparg and up she goes! Best go soft. Bick no vights, Gasey!"

They made their way to superintendent Marsh's private car, a little anxious about "Miss Miriam," but were reassured at the sight of the soldiers on guard. Marsh had thought it prudent to request a detail from the lieutenant commanding, feeling that the sight of the army uniform would do more than anything else to discourage ex-soldiers from disorder.

"It's all right, Pat," said Miriam, smiling at the sight of Casey's troubled face. "None of the men has bothered us, but there's bad news from back along the line. Father will tell you all about it."

Marsh appeared, face all lined with worry. "Bad business, boys," he said. "A whole train was wiped out this morning only 30 miles to the east. The Sioux ambushed the pay train, wiped out trainmen and the military escort, killing every soul, burned the train and rode away with the payroll, more than \$100,000 in currency. There will be hell to pay, I'm afraid. The men are talking it over now and the loud mouthed elements are working them up to trouble."

"First word I got was a message from a field operator. That young Virginian—what's his name—General Lee's telegrapher, always wears his confederate uniform—got the flash in my office about 9 o'clock this morning. I hurried a rescue train back along the line but it was all over when the troops got there. Nothing left but to bury the dead. Thirty good men butchered!"

"They got the story from the paymaster who was shot full of arrows but still living when they found him. The paytrain was making good time toward North Platte when the engineer spotted a small bunch of Indians a quarter of a mile ahead. There were half a dozen on each side of the track, mounted with a lariat tight-stretched between them."

(Continued next week)

BELLS ENABLE BLIND GIRL TO OPERATE PHONE

St. Louis, Mo.—St. Louis lays claim to having the only telephone girl in the world who is totally blind. She is Elsie Turnbull, who is in charge of the switchboard of a local business house.

Elsie operates a switchboard that has five trunks, or outside lines, leading into it. These lines, instead of being equipped with the usual buzzers, which sound alike, have different sounding bells which enable her to detect the line on which the call is made.

Miss Turnbull is a graduate of the Illinois school for the blind.

BEGGAR LABOR UNION

Peking.—One of the most formidable "labor" unions in China is composed of beggars. Beggings is a recognized profession and the union has many branch guilds to which the beggars pay dues. The officials of the guild enjoy such power that they are enjoying the protection of the police.

Girl Clings to Roof With Tips of Fingers

Woonsocket, R. I.—Yvonne Archambault, 10 years old, will probably never come closer to death than she was when she slipped over the eaves hung 50 feet above the ground with only the tips of her fingers holding to the edge of the slippery shingle roof.

A boy climbed up a porch railing and assisted the child in maintaining her hold on the roof until rescuers arrived on the roof above and pulled the child up.

The Old Scoundrel.

From Judge.

Nancy.—"Judge, sah, I's don' cum fer a divorce, fum mah man."

Judge.—"On what grounds, madam?"

"For infidelity, sah."

"Infidelity? Who is the other woman in the case?"

"Other woman, sah? Dey ain't no other woman, but ouah preshab don't no mah man an' a infidel."

General Maurice Says Military Establishments Ruining Europe

From the Omaha World-Herald

Europe is in a most distressing predicament as the situation is described by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice. She has hold of the tail of the lion of militarism and doesn't know what to do. She is afraid longer to hold on and "dassent" let go. Only some scheme of mutual agreement to armament reduction can resolve the difficulty and save the situation, he thinks.

General Maurice's summary of the present day situation is as clear and conclusive an exposition of the consequence of placing dependence upon great military establishments as the most intense pacifist could ask for. Speaking before the institute of politics at Williamstown, Mass., he frankly laid the blame for the conflagration of 1914-18 upon the huge standing armies maintained in Europe, breeding fear and hate, distrust and an overbearing nationalism until hell broke loose. Europe had staked her hope of security upon militarism and lost.

The war left a legacy not only of staggering debt, ruined industry and unstable politics, but the burden and the threat of military establishments which offer today the most serious problem to a reconstruction of peace and real security. With the great armies of France, Russia, Poland and Italy, not to speak of the costly military establishments of lesser nations, Europe still feels the threat of another and perhaps even greater conflict impending. And this is not the least of the fears of the statesmen who are attempting to guide the destinies of the nations. They fear the rise of that sinister thing, the military dictatorship. It has already raised its ugly head in three European nations and is a constant threat in others. So while none dares enter alone upon a program of armament limitation all fear the menace of keeping on in the way they are now heading.

This diagnosis of Europe's condition is all the more convincing and all the more worth heeding since it comes from a source not devoted to the cause of peace through armament limitation, but from one whose position in official life stands as sponsor for the military system. Having been chief of operations for the British general staff during the war, General Maurice speaks as one having authority. He is a military man with his eyes wide open to the consequences of an unchecked reign of militarism.

The inference of warning which is brought up by the general may be accepted as timely advice. There is in America too an element which wants this country to grab hold of the lion's tail and take the same precarious ride that Europe would be so glad to stop if it only knew how, and if the influence of the military system would let it. Rear Admiral Phelps echoed the spirit of that element, when he scoffed at the general's suggestion of mutual disarmament and offered the proposition that such disarmament must follow rather than precede the re-establishment of more settled economic and political conditions.

TODAY

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE

What a nuisance the human body is. Through life it worries us with aches and pains and needs. The spirit is so easily taken care of. It has no rheumatism, no teeth to ache, no gout, no hair to fall out, needs no clothing, eats nothing, supplies what little real happiness we have, and we soon learn to suppress that part of it called "conscience."

Even when you are dead, the spirit takes care of itself, goes off somewhere the body remains a nuisance. The simplest thing is to burn it up, instead of leaving the work of destruction to slow worms, but many do not like that cremation idea.

The Indian chief had his body placed on a platform in the air beyond reach of wolves, yet convenient for the "great spirit" to come and take him to the "happy hunting ground."

The Egyptian king who had a great admiration for mountains because he lived in a flat country, piled up pyramids of stone with a little hole in which royal "spiced bodies" might be put.

Reclus tells you in his admirable work on earth and its human beings, "L'Homme en la Terre," how the Eskimos disposed of old people, not waiting for them to die. The elderly person, or perhaps a couple, are put in a little round hut of ice with no opening but the door. Out of politeness, a little food is put in, not much. Then the door is blocked up with a solid cake of ice—no air can enter. The result didn't worry the Eskimos who had little imagination.

At least his old people packed in ice will look natural when the angel Gabriel comes, whereas the rest of us, farther south, will be mere dust and ashes.

P. A. Conne, able business man, once worked out a plan to endow cheerful institution for the use of mothers expecting the early arrival of a baby.

Comfortable reading rooms, fine nurseries for any baby already born, and brought along, magazines, books, flowers, fruits, absence from home worries for a few hours each day, some place to go and discuss with other ladies just how they felt and what they did, when my first baby was born. That's the plan.

It would make a fine monument for any man. Most of us think about the poor tomb in which worn-out carcasses will be laid, instead of the living mothers from whom all life comes.

Some savages at the dead. That seemed a simple, pious solution and nothing was lost. They even killed the poor man. Most of us think about the poor tomb in which worn-out carcasses will be laid, instead of the living mothers from whom all life comes.

Napoleon lies in glorious state under the magnificent gilded dome of the "invalides." The French nation gave the place of greatest honor to the man that had killed the most Frenchmen—that has often happened in history.

Rousseau lies in his plain grave on the Isle Des Pins. For one serious person that visits his grave, a thousand fools go to the grave of Napoleon to ponder on his "greatness." That probably suits Rousseau. Napoleon knew and said that without Rousseau, there would have been no Napoleon.

Nobel, who invented dynamite, left

A Soul For Beauty.

From Everybody's Magazine.

A small boy stood on a bridge and clasped his hands vigorously as he watched the western sky which was diffused with a dull, red glow. A near-sighted stranger watched him for a time.

"It does my heart good to see you appreciate that cloud effect," at length remarked the stranger.

"Yes, sir, it's fine," replied the boy excitedly.

"The soul of a poet," sighed the stranger. "Do you often watch sunsets, my boy?"

"Sunset, nothin'! Gee, mister, that's the schoolhouse burnin'!"

the millions thus acquired as his monument, to reward great scientists, thinkers and poets. His invention blew to pieces millions of bodies, its profits stimulate the finest minds, a fair exchange.

Croesus, the world's richest man, probably made many plans for his body, after death, and might have outshone in post mortem splendor even King Mausolus, from whom we get our word "mausoleum." Imagine Croesus' surprise who he found himself standing on a gigantic pile of wood, waiting to be burned to death by King Cyrus, whom he had foolishly attacked.

Luckily for him, Croesus, remembering the prediction of a wise Greek, called out, as the smoke began to rise, "Oh, Solon, Solon!" This aroused the barbarian curiosity of the conquering king who had him taken down and asked him what he was yelling about and who that "Solon" was. That saved Croesus for awhile. Of late, that's the story as Herodotus tells it.

What did you think of doing with your burdensome body, or is the subject too disagreeable for contemplation? It ought not to be, for it is inevitable.

We are here for a few years only, and shall be gone a long time. To this writer, cremation seems the simplest, tiddest solution. Like having a tooth pulled, it's soon over and it is easier for the survivors.

This disquisition is suggested by a new item: "Confederate Buildings mausoleum—a tomb of 20 catacombs in Sleepy Hollow cemetery, cost \$250,000."

By "20 catacombs" the newspaper writer probably meant 20 little compartments to accommodate 20 bodies. What a gloomy social group. Death and what we call its "horror" ought to be most useful. Every time a man thinks of death he should say to himself, "Merciful Heaven! I had better stop thinking and get out and do something worth while, for I shall soon be gone, and they will be asking, 'What shall we do with the remains?' and 'What did he amount to?'"

A Detroit woman marries a man on a bet and now is willing to admit she lost.—Indianapolis Star.

Mr. Ford says that we have entered "the flying era." Was he referring to pedestrians.—Bellingham Herald.

The era flying offers hope. The fool driver won't do it but once.—Memphis News-Schmitt.

It is said John D. Rockefeller, Jr., now owns eight residences. Homes, sweet homes.—The Detroit News.

We gather from the Scopes trial that the first woman raised Cain.—Goshen News-Times.

As compared with New York, Chicago enjoyed a respectable Sunday. In the "Windy City" merely a gasoline tank exploded, but in the metropolis a still did likewise.—San Antonio Express.

What the average man wishes to know is which side in China is making the world safe for democracy.—Warren Tribune-Chronicler.

The man who wears knickers without any life insurance is neglecting his family.—Muskegon Chronicle.

After climbing into a parked automobile and playfully releasing the brakes, five-year-old Jennie Verino, of Providence, R. I., decided to see the thing through. She clutched the steering wheel gamely and remained with the machine while it ran wild down a hill and into a fence. She made several attempts at keeping the car in the roadway, and at one point shouted to a boy playmate to "get out of the way." She was unhurt, but the wheels of the machine were broken.

Using discarded automobile license plates, Oscar Lemdahl, of Seattle, Wash., completed plugging his summer cottage. The plates bore the names of nearly every state and many years. More than 2,500 were used on the cottage roof.