# SUFFERED AFTER BIRTH OF BABY

Trouble Caused by Getting Up Too Soon. Relieved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Talcville, New York. - "I thought it would interest you to know what bene-



fit I have derived from taking your medicine. A few days after the birth of my third child I got up too quick. Then just before my fifth child was born I had inflammation of the bladder and displacement. Seeing

in a Liverpool (England) paper I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and that was the best confinement I had. Whenever I feel run-down I always take the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. We have just removed from Brockville (Canada) so I was pleased when the store ordered the medicine for me and I got it today. I would not be without it for any price and I recommend it to ladies around here because I feel so sure it will bene-fit any woman who takes it."— Mrs. AGNES WIGNALL, Talcville, New York.

Women can depend upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve them from ills peculiar to their sex. For sale by druggists everywhere.

#### Sherman Prepared for Any Emergency

Judge Gary at a banquet was prais-Ing an efficient overseer.

"The man's surprising efficiency," he said, "reminds me of Sherman on his march to the sea. The way Sherman could repair railroads! The Confederate cavalry hovering in his rear would tear up a mile of track or burn a bridge, and an hour or so later they would hear one of Sherman's trains go whistling by. This naturally disgusted them.

"In a Confederate conference one day an engineer proposed that they try blowing up some tunnels. But another engineer gave a sour laugh and said:

"'No use, boys, Sherman's prepared for that. He carries duplicate tunnels with him. Better save our powder."-Detroit Free Press.

# Why Risk Neglect?

ins, disturbing bladder irregularities? This condition is often due to a slowing up of the kidneys. The kidneys, you know, are constantly filtering the blood. Once they fall behind in their work, poisons accumulate and undermine one's health. Serious troubles may follow. If you have reason to suspect faulty kidney elimination, try Doan's Pills. Doan's area tested diuretic, recommended by thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A South Dakota Case



Mrs. L. H. Trudell, 619 E. Second St., Brookings, S. D., says: "My kidneys were weak and I suffered with a lame and aching back that made memiserable. Headaches were frequent aches were frequent and my kidneys act-ed irregularly. I used Doan's Pills and two boxes re-lieved the backache

and other signs of kidney trouble." AN'S PILLS STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS oster-Milburn Co., Mig. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Patriotic Maharajah

Among the gifts during the war by the maharajah of Gwalior, who died recently in Paris, were forty ambulances and a fleet of cars to England and three months' supply of cigarettes for all Indian troops in France.

# St. Francis' Centenary

The seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis, the poor man of Assisi, will be observed throughout Italy in 1926. The great apostle of poverty Gled October 4, 1226, at the age of

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, espe cially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.-Advertisement.

# Must Have It

"I suppose your wife always wants the last word."

"Yes, especially the last word in hats, gowns and hosiery."-Detroit Free Press.

## A Masterpiece

"Great make-up you've got." "Yes, said the clown, "I copied this from a flapper."



# 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

Memorial in the manual in the

De.o.ne, the e.gn.er, saw betwee enty were almost as and werest and turbel. C. .. CAN III.II. LIV ALUMA DELLAS HELD SPILLER OLL over the prints, points racing beeny would the mus. They had wied to :4500 the iron horse and mad got the surprise of their lives. Everybody on the paytram saw what had nappened want took it as a great joke. Not a soul dreamed of what was

"Four or five miles farther along Donohue saw the track was blocked by a big pile of crossties. There wasn't a sign of Indians about, so Donohue sent his fireman ahead to clear away the ties. The young fellow was throwing them off when an arrow flashed from nowhere and dropped him. The train was at a dead stop the paymaster said, everybody watching. They saw the fireman throw out his arms and sprawl face downward upon the track.

"The next minute the plain was crawling with Sioux. There must have been three hundred in the band. Scorts who had wormed along, belly to the earth, like snakes, while the main body and the ponies had kept out of sight behind a long, low ridge three-quarters of a mile north of the track. When the train stopped the scouts opened the fight, first killing the fireman then riddling the engineer. The whole band swarmed at the train. The men put up a good fight, but they were outnumbered, ten to

"With both Donohue and the Are you lame and achy; weak and fireman dead, there was nobody nervous? Do you suffer backache, sharp to run the engine. They were caught like rats in a trap. One by one, soldiers, and trainmen were dragged out and slaughtered- I told them back East they ought never send a train this far without a double crew for the engine, but they can't seem to understand back there what we are up against. General Dodge will be here in a day or so. He knows Indians. We are up against war, not just a few thieving raids. These plains Indians are determined to stop the road. There are at least 10,000 hostiles scattered between here and Cheyenne."

"Can you do anything with our men, Pat?" Miriam asked eagerly. "This awful thing has unsettled them. Father is worried sick. There had been delay in getting the money from Omaha and now the money is gone. That means another long delay before the red tape is straightened out. Will you talk to them, reason with them?"

"I'll do me bist, Miss Miriam," said Casey, soberly. "But I'd like to pound a little sinse into thim wid me two fists."

"No. Pat, that won't do," said Miriam. "This is a case for diplomacy. Make them understand that father is doing the best he can; that we are all victims, that the payroll will be hurried along as rapidly as possible. Every good Irishman ought to be a diplomat."

The musketeers left the private car and wa'ked back to the main street of the town. They had their supper at the railroad boarding house, kept by a Hibernian lady who gave them rough but plentiful meals. After supper they drifted out among the crowds and did what they could to oil the troubled waters. It was little enough as they quickly found. Some of the men were reasonable enough to see the situation in its true light, knowing that every effort would be made to replace the money stolen by the Indians, and understanding that the ferocity of the morning raid would force the military and the raidread to strenghten escorts and so minimize danger to the workers. But the majority were carried along in on: of those blind gusts of resentment and passion against

which argument is futile. They turned in that night gloomy over the outlook. Even Casey's spirits were dampened, and for once he dropped his hectoring, provocative habit. Slattery brocded silently, while old Schultz had little to say.

"Idt iss bad ," he remarked "Dose fellers are like children -voolish, blowed by der vinds of passion. Ve vill see on der morrow. Dey talk strike now." "I'll like to strike 'em, the dirty omadhauns," said Casey, truculently.

Which sufficiently expressed the sentiments of the Musketeers. Silence fell upon the bunkhouse, silence broken only by the snoring of tired men.

#### CHAPTER XIII

DEROUX, OF THE SMOKY HILLS

Toubles march in battalions. So Thomas Marsh found next morning when he went to headquarters to face the gathering storm. A deputation of workmen appeared immediately and told him flatly that a strike would be called unless their delayed pay was forthcoming within forty-eight hours. The leaders were Tim Doolan, "the big harp in Car 6," as Casey had quite adequately described him to Miriam, and the Italian, Tony Figallo. Marsh dismissed them saying he would see what could be done, and advising them to keep out of trouble.

"We've got two days before they quit, if it comes to that,' he told Jesson. "I hope to find a way of ironing out that wrinkle, but here's something worse than discontented workmen and a strike threat."

He handed to the engineer a telegram from general Dodge:

"Short cut through the Black Hills must be found before headquarters moves to Julesburg. This is imperative. Directors in New York talk of suspending operators unless a pass for the road is found to save 200 miles and \$2,000,000. What do your engineers report?"

"Comes at a happy time," commented Jesson. "Doesn't it?"' replied Marsh dryly. " "Somebody around here is about as well informed as I am. The men have been getting rumors that the road is apt to be held up because we haven't been able to locate a practical way through the hills, and they are afraid the layoff will come before they get their back pay. They are a suspicious lot, afraid of being cheated." "What can we do?" asked Jesson. "Only the Lord knows," said Marsh

"For two months I have had a dozen of my best men combing the hills. What with Indian troubles and one thing or another, they haven't got anywhere. I am beginning to believe there is no pass. Deroux insists there isn't, says the road will have to follow a new line. swinging south through the Smoky river country in Colo-

"Who is Deroux?" "Joe Deroux? Biggest landholder in this part of the country, to the southwest, that is. A damned smooth citizen; well educated; rather a good fellow. Owns the whole Smoky river section. He's a strapping big chap, hadsome in a florid, foreign kind of way French blood with a dash of Indian, they say. The story is that his father came into the country from Canada, thirty or forty years ago, got in strong with the Cheyennes, married in the tribe, bought up land from them and sealed the grants with patents from the government. I suppose Joe Deroux holds title to enough land to lose the state of Maine in."

"Well one can hardly blame him for trying to get the road built through his land," said Jes-

"I don't," said Marsh. "That's only human, natural. He insists that it will be bette: for the road in every way if it wings to the south; that extra cost will be more than made up by extra traffic in the next few years. I am inclined to agree

with him, inclined to think he is talking straight. He knows the country and is dead sure that the Black Hills are an impossible engineering proposition. The concensus of our own reports seem to back him up."

"What's the hitch then? Why don't we go south?' inquired Jesson. "Cost mainly, plus the public clamor for speed. Turning would run the mileage up enormously, through a country that would cost us upward of \$100,000 a mile. That's pretty steep ven when we are building against time. The directors are balking and general Dodge holds with them. It seems that he is fairly familar with the Black Hills. He keeps saying there must be a practical pass.'

."What are you going to do?" "I swear I don't know I'm at my wit's end. Deronx will be here to-day asking for an answer, but I shall have to put hi moff. I'm expecting the general himself to-marrow or the next day. That shows how serious the situation is.

Shouts and gun firing broke in upon their talk, wild yells and hoarse hurrahs. Marsh and Jesson went to the window. Down the street clattered a cavalcade of horsemen coming at a fast trot, riding with utter disregard for the packed throngs Men and women scurried out of the way. There was a rush from the saloons. The leader of the cavalcade jerked his horse to a standstill so abruptly that it reared. As he swung from the saddle there was more cheering in which Marsh and Jesson caught the shout "Deroux!"

"There's our man," Marsh. "You see, he comes in style. That's his way. He's rather a feudal lord, in these parts, with his influence over the Cheyennes, his immense land holdings and the fear that he personally inspires. He has qualities that these people admire, or respect. He's a dead shot, fearless, throws his money around and loves to make a big show. I've seen him lose a thousand on the turn of a card at Haller's faro bank."

They watched Deroux as he held the reins of his big roan horse, sweeping the crowd with his bold eyes. Self-sure, arrogant, he looked them over like a master. A white buffalo coat fell to the ankles of his riding boots. His face, broad, with high cheek bones, was very swarthy. Black eyes glittered in this dark countenance. His nose was very large and heavy but slightly aquiline. His mouth was full, with thick lips. It was an arresting face, with its strength, arrogance and careless good nature. The hair that' escaped under his broad hat was jet black and fell thickly to his shoulders. Taller than the average, Deroux was so broad-shouldered, thick cheseted and heavily limbed that he seemed shorter than he really was. Self-indulgence, mastery, competence, power, were writtn all over the man. expressed in every move he made.

He stood for a few moments. holding the crowd with his eyes. then threw up his free hand in good-humored salute.

"Hah! You are glad to see me, eh? Joe Doroux! That is good! Go to Haller. Tell him the drinks are on me. Whiskey for the men, el am agne for the ladies! Always the best in town for the ladies!"

Another imperious, sweeping ge tur of the big right arm sent his retainers to the right about, horses plunging against tightheld curb bits. They went out f town like the wind, firing their revolvers as a departing salute to their chief.

Deroux strode toward the railread office, throwing a word 'o an admirer here and there, as a may throws a bone to his appealing hounds. A girl glided from the crowd and slipped an arm through his. He glanced down, smiled, swung her from her slippered feet and kissed her re-She promptly soundingly. slapped his face. He laughed as his swarthy cheek glowed dull red from the stinging slap.

"Now I know that it's my little Ruby!" he shouted, in a voice which carried the length of the street. "My little wildcat, the belle of the metropolis! And you would strike Decoux for the matter of a kiss!"

"Yes and stick a knife in you, Joe, if I felt like it," said the girl. "You ought to know me by this time. But I'm real glad to see you. You're a good scout when you want to be. I haven't forgotten the time you laid out

that big miner who tried to maul me with his dirty paws. Ugh! how I hate men, anyway!"

"And you, my little Ruby, are a pearl among swine," laughed Deroux. "Have you knifed any of the boys accently? You're pretty handy with your little steel toothpick."

"Haven't have occasion to, Joe," she replied. "They've pretty well got it through their heads that I won't stand for their nonsense. I'll drink with 'emthough most of it is Jed's cold tea-I'll dance with 'em and listen to their drunken love making, but I won't have their dirty hands laid on me. I can't sttand

"How is Haller treating you?" "Oh' Jed's all right. The old boy is right there with his big Colt when the fun gets too hot, and he is liberal enough. I'm making money, Joe. I've got a good pile saved. If I can stick it out I'll have enough to go back East with. We girls get a commission on every bottle of wine or the trade we bring to the bar, and the gamblers do the right thing by us for steering people to the tables."

"Good girl!" said Deroux. "I may want to talk to you, Ruby, before I leave town. I don't know yet. Something just occured to me."

Jesson who had remained at the window, witnessed this meeting between Deroux and a girl who was remarkably pretty, he decided. Slim, black-haired, with fearless brown eyes, an uptilted nose above a small red mouth and little round chin, a figure that drew his eye-here was a girl worth looking up. There was something provocative about her face, something spirited and insolent, which excited his pulse. He was suddenly conscious of a keen interest in her. He liked the way she had slapped. Deroux, striking as a

"Little vixen, but a beauty." he thought as he turned from the window.

snake strikes.

Deroux flung open the door and stormed into the room, impetuous as the north wind. He greeted Marsh with a shout and outstretched left hand. Marsh

shook hands. "How are you, Mr. Deroux?" he said. "You are punctual." "I am always prompt," said Deroux, showing his big white teeth. "Prompt as death. Many have found it so. But with my friends it is the same. I do not like to keep friends waiting. I am here, Mr. Marsh, to offer you a grand opportunity. You shall build your road through Smoky river. I shall give you such terms as will amaze you."

## "He Chose This Path for Thee"

(CONTINUED NE%T WEEK)

He chose this path for thee No feeble chance, no hard relentless But love, His love, hath placed thy

footsteps here: He knew the way was rough and desolate Knew how thy heart would often sink

with fear, Yet tenderly He whispered, "Child, I This path is best for thee"

He chose this path for thee Though well He knew sharp thorns would tear thy feet. Knew all the brambles would obstruct the way,

Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet, Knew how thy faith would falter day by day. And still the whisper echoed, "Yes,

I see. This path is best for thee.'

He chose this path for thee, And well He knew that thou must tread alone Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing stream;

Knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbing moan. "Dear Lord, to wake and find it all a dream." Love scanned it all, yet still could say, "I see

This path is best for thee." He chose this path for thee, What need'st thou more? This sweeter truth to know That all along these strange, bewild-

ering ways. O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow His loving arms will bear thee "all the days," A few steps more, and thou thyself

shalt see

This path is best for thee. Mrs. Effle Bowman, of Kingsley, Is

word:
"Like Mrs. Wheeler, of Dakota, I have kept the clipping in my Bible and it is about worn out. I hope you will print it so others may get the comfort out of it that I have. The name of the author was not given."

Some one who confesses to having stolen three bananas from a truck at Uniontown, Pa., has sent 15 cents in stamps to pay for the piliered fruit and asks forgiveness for the wrong done.

It is reported that the first woman veterinarian in Germany is Fraulein Ruth Eber, who recently qualified at Leipsic, where her father is a professor of veterinary medicine.

WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION IN MOROCCO

J. M. N. Jeffries in a dispatch to the continental edition London Mail. Up a winding road, through the desolate, untended corlands of the rebels, my car ascended to the moun-

tain camp of Taounat. As the road grew higher the cornplain paled away, and monstrous gullies defined themselves beyond, sapless and waterless as if they and all the country round made part of a vast cardboard lanscape. A turn or two more, a passage through a short oasis of tree and spring, and we had breasted the top and turned down, out into the great camp.

There it was sat in the forehead of the heights, stretching a good part of a file and there, amid mulelines and a fringe of native huts, were men of every race and color which fantastic Africa can produce, and white men burned into strange resemblance to them, all armed, all covered with the dust of the campaign.

At one point lay a half battalion of Senegalese, asprawl on the hillside in their uniforms of the kill's own tint, so that their black faces alone showed out, and as they shifted round to gaze at the unexpected car, it was as if all the lumps in a scattered dump of coal miraculously had turned over. We drove through them, and through Zouayes, and bearded men with turbans like Indians, and men with eaftans and longskirited coats like Circassians, and Algerian tirailleurs, and officers with the yellow scarf of Morocco wound round their sky blue and scarlet kepis.

And we came to our journey's end where batteries of guns fired unceasingly on the parti-colored peak of Astar, high over against Taounat across the valley. Part of Astar was brick red and bare, part covered with thick scrub and trees, and in its center one of those gray native villages, earthy and obscure as the oriental himself, half built of shadows and

half of mud. Ingrottos in the village and here and there through the wood and scrub. which seemed so open to the view, were hundreds of Riff tribesmen, watching the long ravine through which the soldiers of France must c'amber to the garrison post at the top. No soul was, at a glance, to be seen, but with untiring regularity the gunners went, placing and firing and ejecting their shells, quartering the hillside, pounding away at potental-

From where the foremost guns stood, a road bordered by cactus hedges sloped sharply to a spur, whereon a few houses showed amid fig trees. Presently there came up it a soldier, and then another, and soon

a thin line. There was something in their gait which held the eye. They came with that curious nimbleness which brings sallors in automatic surges from place to place in their ships, with an air of having traversed no intervening space. It was odd seeing it transmuted to terms of land.

I ran to look closer at them, for something told me at once who they were. Here were the elemental soldiers, the seed of all armies, the very grubs of war. They were coming into camp as if they were going into action, for they are always going into action. They know no other gait in the "Etrangere," the ever-famous foreign legion.

Another minute and a company of them was swarming into the camp. Thickset, medium figures; broad, light bearded faces for the most, above rough khaki uniforms and tunies as smart as old shirts. They had, indeed, a look of navvies in workaday

But what warriors; What absolute men-at-arms! As they plunged and sidled along, one on the ridge of the camp road, one in its hollow, ane through the other soldiery, deploying as they pleased toward their bivouac by the wireless posts, they made every man they passed look like a newish recruit.

An of icer came rushing up, all shouts and hands spread in the air, facing this way and that as he tried to catch the incomers. There was a he ap of ammunition boxes piled near by. Or at least there had been, for /. one moment the legionnaires had appeared on the camp's brink and the next they were affeld in all directions. e...ch somehow with a section of box. There is no issue of wood on Taounat and the evening fire must be

"Qu'est-ce-gue ca veut dire. Ramenez-moi ca! Lachez-moi ca!" shouted the officer, but already unreachable forms were loping off with pieces of wood.

Oh, well! A general smile; a shrugging of shoulders. The Legion has its perquisites. These were the men who had taken Astar there across the valley that morning. A battle in the morning; a grab of wood and a drink by the fire in the evening; so lives the Etrangere, and dies as easily as it lives. So had died that morning a one-time Danish noble, falling on the top of Astar in his torn slop uniform, while an English comrade bent over him and the Moors scattered away, crying at the sight of the assailants they knew, "Lejoon! Lejoon!"

World's Largest Tree

"The largest tree in the world," says Jean Henri Fabre in The Wonder Book of Plant Life, " is the chestnut tree that grows on the slopes of Etna in Sicily. It is known as the Chestnut Tree of One Hundred Horses, because Joan, Queen of Aragon, having come to see the volcano, was surprised by a sudden storm and took shelter beneath the tree with the hundred horsemen who formed her es-

"Beneath its foliage, a forest in itself, both men and horses found abundant shelter. Thirty men, holding hands, would not quite succeed in surrounding this giant; the circumference of its trunk is more than 160 feet. In the matter of bulk, the trunk a of this mighty tree is something more than a trunk; it is a tower, a veritable fortress."

> City Hewn From Rock Salt From London Tit-Bits

At Wieliczka, in Poland, there is one of the largest salt mines in the world. The bed of salt stretches for many hundreds of miles below the surface of the earth and is about 20 miles broad and 1,200 feet deep. This wonderful mine houses an underground city which in course of time has been hewn from the rock salt. Thousands of people live in this under ground town, and there are lakes ranging from 20 to 30 feet deep. There are many cafes where one can eat, drink and dance to the strains of

tuneful orcestras.