By HAROLD MAC GRATH

lliustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

CHAPTER I.

glare of the California sunshine, fil- in it." mellowed, warm, and golden. Above was large and comfortable. The walls small, but that signifies nothing; for the girl's head—yellow like the stalk were adorned with the heads of wild you can brew a mighty poison in a lyn thought deeply. Why had her faa haze of impalpable gold dust.

that there ended his quest of the and go to the far ends of the world to all." Golden Girl. Straight she stood at this find a perfect black panther, a cheetah form, with an indescribable suggestion noccros. He was tall and broad and dead. The girls waited patiently. ism. On her temples there were little hair and mustache were almost white. daubs of clay, caused doubtless by im- For 30 years or more he had gone their chronological order. sional wind-blown locks of hair. There plying zoological gardens and circuses was even a daub on the side of her with wild beasts. He was known from slumbrous oriental way of accomhandsome, sensitive nose.

dropped to her side, and a tableau en- lion, the Rajput tiger, and the Malayan dured for a minute or two, suggesting panther had cause to fear Hare Sahib. Trust the oriental for always having a remote period, a Persian idyl, may- He was even now preparing to return har With a smile on her lips she to Ceylon for an elephant hunt. stared at the living model. The cha- The two daughters went over to the toyant eyes of the leopard stared tea tabaret, where a matronly maid brilliant yellow deeps. The tip of the fragrant odor of tea permeated the tail twitched

"You beautiful thing!" she said.

"Kathlyn! Oh, Kit!"

brooded over her like the mother wounded tiger. would have done had the mother lived.

thistledown in the wind.

and began pawing Kathlyn, and short-Neither of the girls noted the stiffen- with a nod toward the door. "I never ing mustaches of the leopard. The ani- showed you this before." mal rose, and his nostrils palpitated. He hated the dog with a hatred not reaching out her hand. unmixed with fear. Treachery is in or later they will strike. Never be- pendant." fore had the leopard been so close to his enemy, free of the leash.

"Kit, it is just wonderful. However can you do it? Some day we'll make old dad?" dad take us to Paris, where you can

by a growl from the collie, brought Kathlyn's head about. The cat leaped, the Big Trek?" whimsically. but toward Winnie, not the collie. With a cry of terror Winnie turned and ran in the direction of the bungalow. Kathlyn, seizing the leash, fol- about an oak. lowed like the wind, hampered though after the fleeing girl, gaining at each of all these brutes and spend the rest bound. The yelping of the collie brought forth from various points low rumbling sounds, which presently developed into roars.

Winnie turned sharply around the corner of the bungalow toward the empty animal cages, to attract her father and at the same time rouse some of the keepers. Seeing the door of an empty cage open, and that it was approached by a board runway, she flew to it, entered, and slammed the door and held it. The cat, now hot with the lust to kill, threw himself against the bars, snarling and spitting.

Kathlyn called out to him sharply, and fearlessly approached him. She began talking in a monotone. His ears went flat against his head, but he submitted to her touch because invariably it soothed him, and because he sensed some undefinable power whenever his gaze met hers. She snapped the leash on his collar just as her father came running up, pale and disturbed. He ran to the door and opened it.

"Winnie, you poor little kitten," he said, taking her in his arms, "how many times have I told you never to take that dog about when Kit's leopard is off the leash?" "I didn't think," she sobbed.

"No. Kit here and I must always do your thinking for you. Ahmed!" "Yes, sahib." answered the head

if it keeps up."

ted away in obedience to his orders. you, Winnie, shall make a stab at He knew how to stop captive lions from roaring. He knew how to send terror to their hearts. As he ran he

began to hiss softly. Winnie, walked toward the bungalow, usual heartiness and spontaneity. "Lock your pet up, Kit," he called

over his shoulder, "and come into tea." Kathlyn spoke soothingly to the leopard, scratched his head behind the you." ears, and shortly a low, satisfied rumble stirred his throat, and his tail no longer slashed about. She led him to his own cage, never ceasing to talk. locked the door, then turned and walked thoughtfully toward the bunga-

was that put awe into the eyes of the the king of Allaha. You have never native keepers on her father's wild been to India, Kit. Allala is the name animal farm and temporary peace in | we hunters give that border kingdom. the hearts of the savage beasts She realized that she possessed it, but it only waiting for a good excuse." was beyond analysis. Often some wild. eyed keeper would burst in upon her. Some newly captive lion or tiger was killing itself from mere passion, and wouldn't the memsahib come at once and talk to it? There was a kind of pity in her heart for these poor wild things, and perhaps they perceived As the lion is among beasts, you are

this pity, which was fearless. "She gets a little from me, I suppose," Colonel Hare had once answered to a query, "for I've always puffed a few minutes, then laid down had a way with four-footed things. But the pipe. "India is full of strange I think Ahmed is right. Kathlyn is tongues and strange kingdoms and

of wheat-there hovered a kind of beasts, and their great furry hides small pot. Well, I happened to save aureola, as if there had risen above it shared honors with the Persian rugs the old king's life." on the floor. Hare was a man who A poet I know might have cried out would pack up at a moment's notice that," said Kathlyn. "Go on. Tell it moment, lovely of face, rounded of with a litter, or a great horned rhi- again. He smoked on till the coal was of letant physical power or magnet- amazingly active, for all that his They knew that his silence meant that patient fingers sweeping back occa- about the hazardous enterprise of sup-Hamburg to Singapore, from Mombas-Her hand, still filled with clay, sa to Rio Janeiro. The Numidian Underneath this apparent simplicity

back, a flicker of restlessness in their was busying with the service. The room. Hare paused at his desk. Lines suddenly appeared on his b-onzed face. She began kneading the clay again. He gazed for a space at the calendar. and with deft fingers added bits here The day was the 15th of July. Should and there to the creature which had he go back there, or should he give up grown up under her strong, supple the expedition? He might never ret turn. India and the border countries! leave to come and go as I pleased, to man Umballa's face, when he had What a land, full of beauty and ro-The sculptress paused, the pucker mance and terror and squalor, at once left her brow, and she turned, her barbaric and civilized! He loved it face beaming, for her sister Winnie and hated it, and sometimes feared it, old pythons, 40 foot long. Of course, as well as he did. He would send his was the apple of her eye, and she he who had faced on foot many a it isn't the tiger country that central abdication to the council, giving them

He shrugged, reached into the desk For Winnie, dark as Kathlyn was for a box of Jaipur brass enamel and light, was as careless and aimless as took from it a medal attached to a ribbon. The golden disk was encrust-

A collie leaped upon the platform ed with uncut rubles and emeralds. "Girls," he called. "Come here a ly after the younger sister followed. moment. Martha, that will be all,"

"Goodness gracious!" cried Winnie,

"Why, it looks like a decoration, fathe marrow of all cats. To breed them ther," said Kathlyn. "What lovely in captivity does not matter. Sooner stones! It would make a beautiful

> "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," said the colonel, smiling down into their charming faces. "Do you love your "Love you!" they exclaimed in uni-

son, indignantly, too, since the ques-A snarl from the leopard, answered tion was an imputation of the fact. "Would you be lonesome if I took

> "Father!" "Dad!"

They pressed about him, as vines

she was by the apron. The cat loped the last hunt. I'm rich. We'll get rid



"The King Commanded My Presence.

of the years seeing the show places. I'm a bit tired myself of jungle fod-"See if you can stop that racket der. We'll go to Paris, and Berlin, over there. Sadie may lose her litter and Rome, and Vienna. And you, Kit, shall go and tell Rodin that you've The lean, brown Mohammedan trot- inherited the spirit of Gerome. And grand opera."

Winnie gurgled her delight, but her sister searched her father's eyes. She did not quite like the way he said Colonel Hare, with his arm about those words. His voice lacked its

"Where did you get this medal, father?" she asked. "That's what I started out to tell

"Were you afraid we might wish to wear it or have it made over?" laughed Winnie, who never went below the surface of things.

"No. The truth is, I had almost forgotten it. But the preparations for India recalled it to mind. It repre-She was wondering what this gift sents a royal title conferred on me by Some day England will gobble it up;

> "What big thing did you do?" de manded Kathlyn, her eyes still filled with scrutiny. "What makes you think it was big?"

> jestingly. "Because," she answered, seriously, you never do anything but big things.

among men.' "Good lord!" The colonel reacher embarrassedly for his pipe, lit it, unwavering eyes of hers he saw a

Brocken would be tame beside the nated by the British rai, some are pandemonium roundabout. Yet half only protected, while others do about Under a canopied platform stood a an hour after Kit starts the rounds as they please. This state"-touchyoung girl, modeling in clay. The everything quiets down. The gods are ing the order-"does about as it did since the days of the first white rover tering through the canvas, became The living room of the bungalow who touched the shores of Hind. It is

"I knew it would be something like

The colonel had recourse to his pipe he was only marshaling the events in

"The king was a kindly old chap, simple, yet shrewd, and with that plishing his ends, despite all obstacles. I discovered a grim, sardonic humor. that packed away under his bewildering diplomacy. He was all alone in the world. He was one of those rare eastern potentates who wasn't ham- head. pered by parasitical relatives. By Bah! It was madness. A parchment George, the old boy could have given in Hindustani, given jestingly or ironichis kingdom, lock, stock and barrel, ally by a humorous old chap in orders to the British government, and no one could say him nay. There was a good dals. . . . A throne! Pshaw! It deal of rumor the last time I was there was bally nonsense. As if a white that when he died England would step man could rule over a brown one by in actually. The old boy gave me the choice of the latter! And yet, that hunt where and how I would. I had a shown the king the portraits of his mighty fine collection. There are two lovely daughters! He would send tigers and leopards and bears and fat Ahmed. Ahmed knew the business India is, but the brutes you find are the right to choose his successor. He bigger. I have about 60 beasts there himself would remain home with the now, and that's mainly why I'm going girls. Then he gazed up at the moon back. Want to clean it up and ship and smiled grimly. 'em to Hamburg, where I've a large lon, for some elephants."

The colonel knocked the ash from and emeralds and pearls. . .

"The old boy used to do some trap- for the girls. Besides, there's the call. ping himself, and whenever he'd the adventure. I've simply go to go. catch a fine speciman he'd turn it over I can't escape it. I must be always on to me. He had a hunting lodge not the go . . . since she died." far from my quarters. One day Ah- A few days later he stood again med came to me with a message say- before the desk in the living room. ing that the king commanded my pres- He was dressed for travel. He sat ence at the lodge, where his slaves down and penned a note. From the had trapped a fine leopard. Yes, my box which contained the order he exdears, slaves. There is even a slave tracted a large envelope, heavily mart at the capital this day. A bar- sealed. This he balanced in his hand baric fairy land, with its good genii for a moment, frowned, laughed, and and its bad djinns." "The Arabian Nights," murmured at a snug profit. Why not? . . .

Winnie, snuggling close to Kathlyn. He was an old fool. Into a still larger "The oriental loves pomp," went on envelope he put the sealed envelope the colonel. "He can't give you a and his own note, then wrote upon it.

chupatti-" "What's that?" asked Winnie.

tered. "Something like hardtack. Well, he "Come here, my pretty cubs." He can't give you that without ceremonial. held out the envelope. "I want you, When I arrived at the lodge with Ah- Kit, to open this on December 31, at med the old boy-he had the complex- midnight. Girls like mysteries, and if ion of a prima donna-the old boy sat you opened it any time but midnight on his portable throne, glittering with it wouldn't be mysterious. Indeed. I orders. Standing beside him was a shall probably have you both on the chap we called Umballa. He had been arms of my chair when you open it." a street rat. A bit of impudence had caught the king's fancy, and he Winnie. brought up the boy, clothed, fed him, and sent him away down to Umballa to school. When the boy returned he talked Umballa morning, noon, and night, till the soldiers began to call she felt that her father expected her him that, and from them it passed on to the natives, all of whom disliked the upstart. Hanged if I can recall his real name. He was ugly and handsome at the same time; suave, patient, courteous; yet somehow or other I sensed the real man below—the Tartar blood. I took a dislike to him, first off. It's the animal sense. You've laha. Come on. We must be off. Ah- be hunting miles from telegraph wires Council of Three—three wise old ducks I wouldn't trust with an old umbrella "

Winnie laughed. "While we were salaaming and genuflecting and using grandiloquent phrases the bally leopard got loose, somehow. Maybe some one let him loose; I don't know. Anyhow, he made for the king, who was too thunderstruck to dodge. The rest of 'em took to their heels, you may lay odds on that. Now, I had an honest liking for the king. Seeing the brute make for him, I dashed forward. You see, at ceremonials you're not permitted to carry arms. It had to be with my hands. The leopard knocked the old boy flat and began to maul him. I kicked the brute in the face, swept the king's turban off his head and flung it about the head of the leopard. Somehow or other I got him down. Some of the frightened natives came up, and with the help of Ahmed we

got the brute tied up securely. When the king came around he silently shook hands with me and smiled peculiarly at Umballa, who now came running "And that's how you got those poor hands!" exclaimed Kathlyn, kissing

> against the tan. "That's how," raising the hands and putting them on Kathlyn's head in a kind of benediction.

the scars which stood out white

"Is that all?" asked Winnie, breath-"Isn't that enough?" he retorted

"Well, what is it, Martha? Dinner? Well, if I haven't cheated you girls out of your tea.' "Tea!" sniffed Winnie disdainfully.

"Do you know, dad, you're awfully mean to Kit and me. If you'd take the trouble you could be more interesting than any book I ever read."

"He doesn's believe his stories would interest vain young ladies," said Kathlyn, gravely.

Her father eyed her sharply. Of what was she thinking? In those calm question, and he feared in his soul she might coice it. He could evade the questions of the volatile Winnie, heaven born. I've seen the night when principalities. Most of them are domi- but there was no getting by Kathlyn | -Atchison Globe.

with evasions. Frowning, he replaced home. December 31 kept running the order in the box, which he put through her mind. It held a portent away in a drawer. It was all arrant of evil. She knew something of the nonsense, anyhow; nothing could pos- Orient, though she had never visited sibly happen; if there did, he would India. Had her father made an imfeel certain that he no longer dwelt placable enemy? Was he going into in a real workaday world. The idle some unknown, unseen danger? De-

more than that.

this morning. Hence, the yarn."

On the way to the dining room Kath-

his confidence he must have good

"Hukum hai!" he murmured in Hin-

"Is it about the medal?" demanded

"By George, Kit, the child is begin-

Winnie laughed, and so did Kath-

ning to reason out things," he jested.

lyn, but she did so because occultly

to laugh. She was positively uncanny

"On December 31, at midnight," she

write to us at least once every fort-

"I'll cable from Singapore, from Cev-

Some hours later the two girls saw

the Pacific Mail steamer move with

cold and insolent majesty out toward

rather uncommunicative on the way

lon, and write a long letter from Al-

sometimes in her perspicacity.

night.'

med is waiting."

not is.'

reason.

whim of a sardonic old man; nothing cember 31, at midnight. Could she "Father, is the king dead?"

hold her curiosity in check that long? Many of the days that followed "Dead! What makes you ask that, dragged, many flew-the first for Kathlyn, the last for Winnie, who now had a beau, a young newspaper man "The past tense; you said he was. from San Francisco. He came out "Yes, he's dead, and the news came regularly every Saturday and returned at night. Winnie became, if anything, "Will there be any danger in re- more flighty than ever. Her father never had young men about. The men "My girl, whenever I pack my lug- he generally gathered round his board gage there is danger. A cartridge may were old hunters or sailors. Kathlyn stick; a man may stumble; a man watched this budding romance amusedyou rely on may fail you. As for that, ly. The young man was very nice. there's always danger. It's the penalty But her thoughts were always and

eternally with her father. During the last week in December ther asked them if they loved him? San Francisco an East Indian, tall, Why did he speak of the Big Trek? well formed, rather handsome. Ex-There was something more than this cept for his brown turban he would glittering medal, something more than have passed unnoticed. For Hindus this simple tale of bravery. What? and Japanese and Chinamen and what Well, if he declined to take her into nots from the southern seas were



Umballa Leaving California.

every day affairs. The brown turban, however, and an enormous emerald on one of his fingers, produced an effect quite gratifying to him. Vanity in the standing order. I'm going first to Cey- dustani. "It is the orders. I've simply absence. The reporters gave him scant got to go. When I recall those rubies attention, though, for this was at a time when the Gaekwar of Baroda was Well, it's not cupidity for myself. It's unknown.

The stranger, after two or three days of idling, casually asked the way friend, Colonel Hare. It was easy enough to find. At the village inn he was treated with tolerant contempt. These brown fellows were forever coming and going, to and fro, from the colonel's celebrated farm.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st day of December, this East Indian peered cautiously into the swore softly. He would abdicate, but French window of the Hare bungalow. The picture he saw there sent a thrill into his heart. She was as fair and amount of earth is moved, just enough beautiful as an houri of Sa'adi. She to fill the ruts and depressions with a sat at a desk, holding a long, white thin layer of plastic clay or earth absorb the smell of fresh paint." He was blotting it as his daughters en- envelope in her hand. By and by she which packs very hard so that the put it away, and he was particular to next rain instead of finding ruts, de swered. 'Decapitation, too, will cure a That the dark-haired girl at the tea tabaret was equally charming did not affected. stir the watcher. Dark haired women were plentiful in his native land. Yonder was the girl of the photograph, the likeness of which had fired his heart for many a day. With the patience of the oriental he stood in the they would leave the room, and sooner or later, with the deftness of his breed. he would enter. The leopard he had heard about was nowhere to be seen.

"Winnie," said Kathlyn, "I dread it." Winnie set down the teacup, her eves brimming.

"What can it all mean? Not a line repeated. "All right, father. You must from father since Colombo, five months over the road will give the operator gone.

"Do you think-" "No no!" replied Kathlyn, hastily. "Father sometimes forgets. He may and railroads; it is only that he should forget us so long. Who knows? He may have dropped down into Borneo. He wanted some pythons, so I heard the Golden Gate. Kathlyn proved him say."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ABLE TO EAT A FEW TRIFLES REAL CAUSE FOR ANXIETY

Failed, Judging by the Dinner

ily against the desk in the office of the hotel.

without replying. "Good business?" The manager evaded the question. a fact which has always aroused the I'm afraid we may have to close be ire of the old man. fore the season's over. My star's sick.

her work. She says she can't eat any with busines cares for years, start thing." Just then the telephone bell rang. The clerk turned to answer it. Af-

write that down." As he wrote he repeated: "Mock turtle soup, soft shell crabs, porter-

house steak, half a chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, string beans, tomato salad, ice cream, strawberries and coffee. Whew!" Then he shouted into like eyes. the phone: "How many is that dinner for? One? Whew!"

Then he turned to the manager. 'That's your 'star's' dinner," he said quietly.

The Difference. An Atchison man who never held one job over two weeks, died not long ago, and people said he was a genius out of his sphere. When he was alive they said he was a loafer.

Star's Appetite Had Not Completely Old Gentleman's Exceedingly Neat Rejoinder to Tactless Remark Made by Nephew.

There is an old gentleman in Philadelphia approaching the ninety mark who still finds much zest in life, and, "Well, how goes it?" said the clerk. having retained all his faculties, he The manager shrugged his shoulders feels that a few of the physical disabilities of age are of small account. His nephew is a man of small tact,

A few weeks before the old gentle-When she comes to the theater at man's eighty-ninth birthday this night she's hardly able to get through nephew, who had been overweighted ed on a trip to Europe that was to

consume a year. "I have come to say good-by," aner listening for a moment he said: nounced the nephew to the old man. 'Wait till I get a pencil. I've got to "I am starting abroad to be gone a year-perhaps longer. I thought Imight never-well, you understand-I wanted to be sure to see you once

> Whereupon the old man leaned forward, fixing his nephew with his bead-

"Bill," he said impressively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

Looking for Improvement. "Weren't you here about a week ago asking for food?" said the lady.

looking critically over her spectacles at the tramp at the kitchen door. "Yes. ma'am." was the unexpected reply; "but I heard you had a new cook since then!'

IMPORTANCE OF ROAD REPAIR

Impression That There Are Certain Types of Highways That Are Permanent is Erroneous.

There is no phase of the road problem more important than that of maintenance. The general impression that there are certain types of roads that are permanent is erroneous. No permanent road has ever been constructed or ever will be, according to the road specialists of the United States department of agriculture. The only things about a road that may be considered permanent are the grading, culverts and bridges. Roads constructed by the most skillful highway engineers will soon be destroyed by the traffic, frost, rain and wind, unless they are properly maintained. But the life of these roads may be prolonged by systematic maintenance. A poor road will not only be improved by proper maintenance, but may become better in time than a good road without it.

The first and last commandment in earth road maintenance is to keep the surface well drained. To insure good drainage the ditches should be kept open, all obstructions removed and a smooth crown maintained. Except for very stony soil the road machine or scraper may be used very effectively for this work. The machine should be used once or twice a year and the work should be done when the soil is damp so that it will pack and bake into a hard crust. Wide and shallow side ditches should be maintained with sufficient fall and capacity to dispose of surface water. These ditches can in most places be constructed and repaired with a road machine.

All vegetable matter such as sods and weeds should be kept out of the road as they make a spongy surface which retains moisture. Clods are LIVER PILLS also objectionable for they soon turn | will put you right to dust or mud and for that reason roads should never be worked when dry or hard. Boulders or loose stones are equally objectionable if a smooth surface is to be secured.

A split-log drag or some similar device is very useful in maintaining the surface after suitable ditches and cross sections have once been secured. This drag can also be used to advantage on a gravel road as well as on an earth road. The principle involved in dragging is that clays and most heavy soils will puddle when wet and set very hard when dry. The little attention that the earth road needs must be given promptly and at the proper time if the best results are to be obtained.

In dragging roads only a small pressions and clods in which to collect | cold in the head." runs off leaving the surface but little

The drag should be light and should be drawn over the road at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The driver should ride on the drag and should not drive faster than a walk. One round trip, each trip straddling a wheel shadow and waited. Sooner or later track, is usually sufficient to fill the ruts and smooth the surface. If necessary the road should be dragged after every bad spell of weather, when the soil is in proper condition to puddle well and still not adhere to the drag. If the road is very bad it may be dragged when very wet and again when it begins to dev out. A few trips an idea as to the best time to drag. Drag at all seasons, but do not drag

> a dry road. The slope or crown of an earth road should be about one inch to the foot. If the crown becomes too high it may be reduced by dragging toward the ditch instead of from it. If the drag cuts too much, shorten the hitch and change your position on the drag. If it is necessary to protect the face of the drag with a strip of iron, it should be placed flush with the edge of the drag and not projecting. A cutting edge should be avoided, as the main object in dragging is to smear the damp soil into position.

> > Usually Too Narrow.

The average roadway is crowned too narrow. Sixteen feet, in these days of autos and auto trucks, is none too much, and where travel is heavy 20 would be better.

Use of Slip-Log Drag. Next to permanent road building comes a systematic and intelligent use of the slip-log drag.

Roads Should Be Crooked Good roads in the future should be built on the zig-zag plan for the avoidance of hills and steep grades, the federal office of good roads announced recently in declaring that the lives of horses and automobiles could be lengthened thereby and the cost of bauling reduced materially. The experts contend that "the longest way around often may be the shortest and most economical way home," and decry the natural tendency to build straight roads whenever they must breast heavy grades.

Care of the Cow. It is no loke to curry a cow. She should be brushed and taken care of just as carefully as the horse or any other animal on the farm.

Developing the Helfer If the helfer is to be developed into profitable dairy cow, the start must be made when she is a calf.

A few sheep make an excellent substitute for a lawn mower where one is too busy to use the latter.

ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich. - "I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and re-

stores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."-Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek,

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me.-"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines." - Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R. F. D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn. Mass. Your letter wil be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up That's Why You're Tired-Out of Sorts
-Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE CureCon

stipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Foolish Remedies Mayor Mitchel of New York said of a foolish suggestion for winning Ulster over to home rule:

"This remedy reminds me of the woman who looked up from the woman's page and said: "'John, it tells you here that sliced

"'That's right, I guess,' John an-

onions scattered about the house will

Feminine Touch.

"Pa, what is meant by a feminine

touch? "A feminine touch, my son, is a bow of pink ribbon on a fly swatter." -Baltimore Sun.

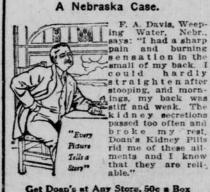
Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

Many a woman loves her husband less than her husband's wife.

Water Is Good Medicine Many people who have weak kidneys fall appreciate how much water can do for but while it is good to drink water reely, it must be pure water. In many sections, the lime or alkaline water starts kidney trouble of itself.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a most reliable rem-

edy for weak kidneys. When backache or ur-inary disorders first appear, take Doan's and be sure to assist the kidneys by drinking plenty of pure water. Prompt treatment will assist the danger of gravel, gout, rheumatism. Doan's Kidney Pills are successfully used all over the civilized world and publicly recommended by thousands.



SPECIAL TO WOMEN

DOAN'S HIDNEY

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The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to

be dissolved in water as needed. As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating cata: rh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say

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it is "worth its weight in gold." At

druggists. 50c. large box, or by mall.

Pettits Eve Salve