

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."

—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis. A Massachusetts Woman Writes: Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."

—Mrs. PIERRE COURNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass. Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dizziness, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

The Flat Dwellers' Garden. Indulge your love for flowers to the extent of buying a few daffodils or other spring flowers for the living room once or twice a week. If you haven't yet done so, cut some sprigs of forsythia and put them in water, to blossom in the house.

STOP EATING MEAT IF KIDNEYS OR BACK HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Clean Kidneys if Bladder Bothers You—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.—Adv.

When a man discovers that he has had sufficient he usually discovers that he has overestimated his capacity.

CLEAR RED PIMPLY FACES

Red Hands, Red Scalp With Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

The soap to cleanse and purify, the ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better, quicker, safer, surer at any price for skin troubles of young or old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Besides, they meet every want in toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

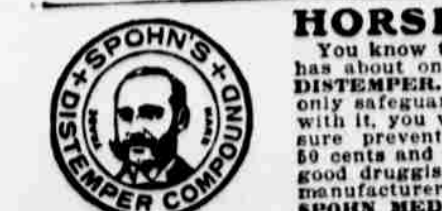
Uneasy rests the aching tooth that wears a crown.

Sudden Death After Grip Then—Spring Fever?

Caused by Disease of the Kidneys

The close connection between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. When kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uric acid poisons the system and the person dies, and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.

It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a large trial package of "Anuric"—the latest discovery of Dr. Pierce. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, get "Anuric" at the drugstore. It's 37 times more potent than lithia. It dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for an sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturer.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

DOG COULDN'T TELL THEM

Faithful Companion of Dead Watchman Unable to Give Information Concerning the Tragedy.

Old White Matt, mongrel dog, had a bonnie day of it around the City Foundry company's plant, even if he didn't quite understand why he couldn't go to his master's home as usual.

Matt had been around the plant five years. Often there have been sundry scraps and bones for him from workmen's lunch baskets; now and then a pat, but never such a profusion of scraps and pats as Tuesday brought.

The dog late Monday night exhibited a brand of intelligence that, in the eyes of the workmen at least, took him out of the mongrel class.

Workmen were eating their midnight lunch in one of the plant's offices. Matt ran among them whining and crying, sniffing and barking. In the middle of it all an A. D. T. messenger burst into the plant.

"What's the matter with your watchman?" he asked. "He hasn't rung in for three hours."

Watchmen's clocks are connected with the main office of the A. D. T. service.

"Where's Loney Hendriks?" the men asked. "Loney" was the watchman's name. Matt was his dog.

At the sound of the name Loney, Matt whined to attract the attention of the men. They followed the dog as he ran back and forth, crying and yelping. He led them to the first floor.

Loney's body lay still and bloody. A bullet in his head had killed him. His own revolver lay near. Suicide was the verdict of the police.

"If that dog could talk, we would know all about it," one policeman said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Anything That Will Float.

In these times anything that can carry a cargo across the Atlantic is a potential gold mine. About three years ago the steamship Dunholme burned at a New Jersey pier. A wrecking company paid \$30,000 for the blackened hulk. Last month the vessel, although it had not then been put into seaworthy condition, was sold for \$550,000.—Youth's Companion.

Egotistic.

He—I have never met more than two really lovely women.

She—Ah! Who was the other?"

The cream of society is composed of people who have money but are unable to remember how they got it.

We once heard of a woman who was younger than she said she was.

When Appetite Rebels

at mealtime, you can rest assured there is weakness some where in the digestive system that calls for immediate attention. This suggests a trial of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It helps Nature bring back the appetite and aids digestion.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Local, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other venereal pills fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose package, Blackleg Pills \$1.00. 50-dose package, Blackleg Pills 4.25. Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unavailable, order direct. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Calif., or Chicago, Ill.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. It cures itching scalp, restores color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 15-1915.

After Grip Then—Spring Fever?

This is the time of year to look out for trouble! We feel weak—our blood seems hot—no appetite.—It's time to clean house! This is when the blood is clogged and we suffer from what is commonly called a cold.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood and entirely eradicates the poisons that breed and feed disease. Pure blood is essential to good health. The weak, run-down debilitated condition which so many people experience is commonly the effect of impure blood. "Medical Discovery" not only cleanses the blood of impurities, but increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and enriches the body with pure, rich blood.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING
Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc.'
ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Toye accepted his fate with a ready resignation, little short of alacrity. There was a gleam in his somber eyes and his blue chin came up with a jerk. "That's talking!" said he. "Now will you promise me never to marry Cazalet?"

"Mr. Toye!"

"That's talking, too, and I guess I mean it to be. It's not all dog-in-the-manger, either. I want that promise a lot more than I want the other. You needn't marry me, Miss Blanche, but you mustn't marry Cazalet."

Blanche was blazing. "But this is simply outrageous—"

"I claim there's an outrageous cause for it. Are you prepared to swear what I ask, and trust me as I'll trust you, or am I to tell you the whole thing right now?"

"You won't force me to listen to another word from you, if you're a gentleman, Mr. Toye!"

"It's not what I am that counts. Swear that to me, and I swear, on my side, that I won't give him away to you or anyone else. But it must be the most solemn contract man and woman ever made."

The silver teapot arrived at this juncture, and not inopportunistly. She had to give him his tea, with her young maid's help, and to play a tiny part in which he supported her really beautifully. She had time to think, almost coolly; and one thought brought a thrill. If it was a question of her marrying or not marrying Walter Cazalet, then he must be free, and only the door of some dreadful deed!

"What has he done?" she begged, with a pathetic abandonment of her previous attitude, the moment they were by themselves.

"Must I tell you?" His reluctance rang genuine.

"I insist upon it!" she flashed again. "Well, it's a long story."

"Never mind. I can listen."

"You know, I had to go back to Italy—"

"Had you?"

"Well, I did go." He had slurred the first statement; this one was characteristically deliberate. "I did go, and before I went I asked Cazalet for an introduction to some friends of his down in Rome."

"I didn't know he had any," said Blanche.

"Why, he doesn't have any," said Toye, "but he claimed to have some. He left the Kaiser Fritz the other day at Naples. I guess he told you?"

"No, I understood he came round to Southampton. Surely you shared a cabin?"

"Only from Genoa; that's where I took the steamer and Cazalet regained her."

"Well?"

"He claimed to have spent the interval mostly with friends at Rome. Those friends don't exist, Miss Blanche," said Toye.

"Is that any business of mine?" she asked him squarely.

"Why, yes, I'm afraid it's going to be. That is, unless you'll still trust me."

"Go on, please."

"Why, he never stayed at Rome at all, nor yet in Italy any longer than it takes to come through on the train. Your attention for one moment!" He took out a neat pocketbook. Blanche had opened her lips, but she did not interrupt; she just grasped the arms of her chair, as though about to bear physical pain. "The Kaiser Fritz"—Toye was speaking from his book—"got to Naples late Monday afternoon, September eighth. Seems she was overdue, and I was mad about it, and never got away again till the—"

"Do tell me about Walter Cazalet!" cried Blanche. It was like small talk from a dentist at the last moment.

"I want you to understand about the steamer first," said Toye. "She waited Monday night in the Bay of Naples, only sailed Tuesday morning, only reached Genoa Wednesday morning, and lay there all of forty-eight hours, as these German boats do, anyhow. That brings us to Friday morning before the Kaiser Fritz gets quit of Italy, doesn't it?"

"Yes—I suppose so—do tell me about Walter!"

"Why, I first heard of him at Genoa, where they figured I should have a stateroom all to myself, as the other gentleman had been left behind at Naples. I never saw him till he scrambled aboard again Friday, about the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour."

"At Genoa?"

"Sure."

"And you pretend to know where he'd been?"

"I guess I do know"—and Toye sighed as he raised his little book. "Cazalet stepped on the train that left Naples six-fifty Monday evening, and off the one time to reach Charing Cross three-twenty-five Wednesday."

"The day of the m—"

"Yes. I never called it by the hardest name, myself; but it was seventh Wednesday evening that Henry Craven got his death-blow somehow. Well, Walter Cazalet left Charing

as that," said Blanche. "I must see him first!"

"See Cazalet?"

Toye had come to his feet, not simply in the horror and indignation which had gradually taken possession of him, but under the stress of some new and sudden resolve.

"Of course," said Blanche; "of course I must see him as soon as possible."

"You shall never speak to that man again, as long as ever you live," said Toye, with the utmost emphasis and deliberation.

"Who's going to prevent me?"

"I am, by laying an information against him this minute, unless you promise never to see or to speak to Cazalet again."

Blanche felt cold and sick, but the bit of downright bullying did her good. "I didn't know you were a black-mailer, Mr. Toye!"

"You know I'm not; but I mean to save you from Cazalet, blackmail or white."

"To save me from a mere old friend—nothing more—nothing—all our lives!"

"I believe that," he said, searching her with his smoldering eyes. "You couldn't tell a lie, I guess, not if you tried! But you would do something; it's just a man being next door to hell that would bring a God's angel!" His voice shook.

She was as quick to soften on her side.

"Don't talk nonsense, please," she begged, forcing a smile through her distress. "Will you promise to do nothing if—I promise?"

"Not to go near him?"

"No."

"Nor to see him here?"

"No."

"Nor anywhere else?"

"No. I give you my word."

"If you break it, I break mine that minute? Is it a deal that way?"

"Yes! Yes! I promise!"

"Then so do I, by God!" said Hill-ton Toye.

CHAPTER XIII.

Faith Unfaithful.

"It's all perfectly true," said Cazalet calmly. "Those were my movements while I was off the ship, except for the five hours and a bit that I was away from Charing Cross. I can't dispute a detail of all the rest. But they'll have to fill in those five hours unless they want another case to collapse like the one against Scruton!"

Old Savage had wriggled like a venerable worm, in the experienced talons of the Bobby's Bugbear; but then Mr. Drinkwater and his discoveries had come still worse out of a hotter encounter with the truculent attorney; and Cazalet had described the whole thing as only he could describe a given episode, down to the ultimate dismissal of the charge against Scruton, with a gusto the more cynical for the deliberately low pitch of his voice. It was in the little lodging-house sitting room at Nell Gwynne's Cottages; he stood with his back to the crackling fire that he had just lighted himself, as it were, already at bay; for the folding doors were in front of his nose, and his eyes roved incessantly from the landing door on one side to the curtained casement on the other. Yet sometimes he paused to gaze at the friend who had come to warn him of his danger; and there was nothing cynical or grim about him then.

Blanche had broken her word for perhaps the first time in her life; but it had never before been extorted from her by duress, and it would be affection to credit her with much compunction on the point. Her one great qualm lay in the possibility of Toye's turning up at any moment; but this she had obviated to some extent by coming straight to the cottages when he left her—presumably to look for Cazalet in London, since she had been careful not to mention his change of address. Cazalet, to her relief, but also a little to her hurt, she had found at his lodgings in the neighborhood, full of the news he had not managed to communicate to her. But it was no time for taking anything but his peril to heart. And that they had been discussing, almost as man to man, if rather as innocent man to innocent man; for even now, or perhaps now in his presence least of all, Blanche could not bring herself to believe her old friend guilty of a violent crime, however unpremeditated, for which another had been allowed to suffer, for however short a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Rag-Time."

Ragtime music, "being in no wise serious," is the reverse of depressing. "The African jingles of the present day create an emotional atmosphere of restlessness and excitement which is typically American, and which is opposed to health only so far as our national restlessness and lack of poise tend to make us a people whose national disease is nervous exhaustion."

Roughly speaking, lively music, such as rag-time, is likely to rouse depressed persons from their melancholy; sad and pathetic music will soothe the excitable and hypernervous.

One Way to Make a Friend.

There are several kinds of hypocrisy, but the one that masculinity most favors is spurious devilishness. Nothing brings the beam of contentment so fervently to the medigere eye as a Don Juan accusation. Dig him in the ribs and wink as you call him a sly dog—and he loves you. He may be the quintessence of domestic respectability, but if you will but insist that you believe him capable of maintaining a seraglio with consummate deceit, you are his friend.

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"Yes. He said so to me," said Blanche, nodding in confirmation.

"To you?"

"I didn't understand him."

"But you've been seeing him all this while?"

"Every day," said Blanche, her soft eyes filling suddenly. "We've had—we've had the time of our lives!"

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"And all this makes no difference to a good and gentle woman—one of the gentlest and the best God ever made?"

"If you mean me, I won't go as far

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. BELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. (Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 9

AENEAS AND DORCAS.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 9:36-43. (See also Prov. 31:36-37.)
GOLDEN TEXT—In all things showing thyself an ensample of good works.—Titus 2:7.

Step by step the Gospel can be traced, spreading itself, but "beginning at Jerusalem." Paul's conversion is one of the greatest evidences of Christianity. The two miracles of today's lesson are additional evidence that it is of God.

I. At Lydda (vs. 32-35). Calligula, emperor of Rome in A. D. 39, ordered his statue to be erected in Jerusalem that he might be worshiped as a god there as elsewhere. The excitement and conflict which arose in opposition to this sacrilege lasted for two years, during which time Christian persecutions ceased. Following Saul's visit at Jerusalem, and during this time of quiet, Peter made this tour of visitation. Lydda (modern Ludd) is about twenty-five miles northwest of Jerusalem. Here dwelt certain saints (v. 32) literally "holy ones," converted disciples of Christ, not ones of special honor, for all who are members of the body of Christ, are "saints" (Phil. 1:1). Here also dwelt Aeneas, "a certain man," possibly not a believer, but having great need (v. 26:32; 10:1, 14:8; 9:10), and of years standing (v. 23). Notice Luke, the physician's careful record. Peter must have seen many such, yet this man is one Peter "found"; he was evidently looking for him. Peter's pity was not sentimental but practical and his words powerful, for back of them was the Living and Powerful Christ. He knew who could work a cure. The long weariness is to be relieved. Yet those days of illness gave time for meditation and probably prepared the man's heart to respond in faith to Peter's words. Peter does not attract attention to himself, but rather to Jesus. His was but to be the instrument of the cure. The healing was a means to an end, for when those who dwell in Lydda and Sharon (v. 35) heard of the miracle, or saw this healed man, it was to them a demonstration of the power of the risen Christ, and they "turned to the Lord" (v. 35). There is no comparing Peter with modern "healers." Peter's words and actions were a living demonstration, not for profit, of the power of Jesus in his life and testimony.

II. At Joppa (vs. 36:43). Joppa was the only seaport the Jews ever possessed for themselves. It was and is still a rather insignificant town, and now marks the beginning of the railroad leading to Jerusalem, 35 miles distant. No name is recorded of any of its rich or prominent citizens, only that of an humble woman. The record of her life, however, is inspiring (v. 36), and her name is a common one adopted by organizations of women. Like her master her life was full of "good deeds"; like him she was not ministered unto, but ministered. This is real greatness and it is open to all of us. Her name "Tabitha" (Hebrew, Dorcas (Greek), means gazelle, which in the East is a favorite type of beauty. This "certain disciple" was beautiful in life as well, for she was first a believer, then a doer. We believe in order to do, not do in order to believe. This woman is an example of the wise and capable woman mentioned in Prov. 31:10-31, a picture well worth studying in these days of the "feminist movement." She is a good type to be followed by church women, and by us all in the fact that her reputation rested upon deeds "which she did" (v. 36), not ones she was about to do, nor did she wait for some great opportunity of service. The life of Dorcas reveals one of the causes of the triumph of Christianity in the Roman empire. It was a source of wonder that those early Christians should so love each other. The reason why Dorcas was allowed to die lies in the providence of God. He loved his work and this recorded incident has served to raise up multitudes of other Dorcas. Her death also reveals that being "full of good works and alms deeds" does not exempt his servants from sickness and death, and that God evidently has other purposes in sickness than to chastise our sin or to humble our pride (John 9:3, II Kings 13:14). The friends of Dorcas were folks of faith, for as yet there was no case of apostolic power to raise the dead so far as we know, and it was now about ten years after the resurrection of Christ. Peter followed the example of his Lord (Luke 8:2, 54), dismissed all spectators and "prayed" (v. 40). The way to revive a dead pastor, church, school, personal experience, or person "dead in trespasses and sins," is by prayer. Peter also did as he had seen his Master do, to his mother-in-law (Mark 1:30, 31), and gave Dorcas his hand to help her arise.

This gave an opportunity for fruitful work among the converts (v. 41) and the enlistment of many new believers (v. 42), so that Peter abode in Joppa for some time in the house of "Simon, a tanner."

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