

# AFTER 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."

—Mrs. MARY JAYETTE BATES, Box 184, Huntington, Mass.

—Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 81, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.

Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run-down condition and for three years could find no help.

"I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life.

"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it."

—Mrs. MARY JAYETTE BATES, Box 184, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



MEAN MAN.

"Now, John, if I were to die you would weep over me and tell everybody what a good wife I was."

"No, I wouldn't, believe me."

"Well, I would for you, just for decency's sake. And that shows I'm not half as mean as you are."

His Part in the Proceedings.

Clarence is a dandy who is as proud of piloting Mr. Hillside's costly automobile as Mr. Hillside is of owning it.

"Well, Clarence," said a neighbor, "I saw you in the Taft parade, and you didn't have the president in your car, I noticed."

"No, sir," the chauffeur answered. "I didn't have the president, but I had a reporter, and I reckon Mr. Taft might have talked up there on the hill all night long and nobody in town would have known about it next day if it hadn't been for me and that reporter."

Up-to-Date.

Uncle Mose, a plantation negro, was being asked about his religious affiliations.

"Ise a preacher, sah," he said.

"Do you mean," asked the astonished questioner, "that you preach the Gospel?"

Mose felt himself getting into deep water.

"No, sah," he said. "Ah touches that subject very light."—Success Magazine.

A LADY LECTURER Feeds Nerves and Brains Scientifically.

A lady lecturer writes from Philadelphia concerning the use of right food and how she is enabled to withstand the strain and wear and tear of her arduous occupation. She says:

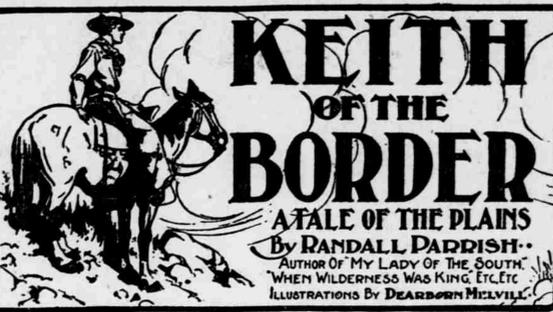
"Through improper food, imperfectly digested, my health was completely wrecked, and I attribute my recovery entirely to the regular use of Grape-Nuts food. It has, I assure you, proven an inestimable boon to me.

"Almost immediately after beginning the use of Grape-Nuts I found a gratifying change in my condition. The terrible weakness that formerly prostrated me after a few hours of work, was perceptibly lessened and is now only a memory—it never returns.

"Ten days after beginning on Grape-Nuts I experienced a wonderful increase in mental vigor and physical energy, and continued use has entirely freed me from the miserable insomnia and nervousness from which I used to suffer so much.

"I find Grape-Nuts very palatable and would not be without the crisp, delicious food for even a day on any consideration. Indeed, I always carry it with me on my lecture tours."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II

The Scene of Tragedy.

Whatever might be the nature of the tragedy it would be over with long before this, and those moving black spots away yonder to the west, that he had discerned from the bluff, were undoubtedly the departing raiders. There was nothing left for Keith to do except determine the fate of the unfortunates, and give their bodies decent burial. That any had escaped, or yet lived, was altogether unlikely, unless, perchance, women had been in the party, in which case they would have been borne away prisoners.

Confident that no hostiles would be left behind to observe his movements, Keith pressed steadily forward, leading his horse. He had thus traversed fully half a mile before coming upon any evidence of a fight—here the pursuers had apparently come up with the wagons, and circled out upon either side. From their ponies' tracks there must have been a dozen in the band. Perhaps a hundred yards further along lay two dead ponies.

Keith examined them closely—both had been ridden with saddles, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also dropped in the traces here, and had been dragged along by his mates. Just beyond came a sudden depression in the prairie down which the wagons had plunged so heavily as to break one of the axles; the wheel lay a few yards away, and, somewhat to the right, there lay the wreck of the wagon itself, two dead mules still in the traces, the vehicle stripped of contents and charred by fire. A hundred feet further along was the other wagon, its tongue broken, the canvas top ripped open, while between the two were scattered odds and ends of wearing apparel and provisions, with a pile of boxes smoking grimly. The remaining mules were gone, and no semblance of life remained anywhere. Keith dropped his reins over his horse's head, and, with Winchester cocked and ready, advanced cautiously.

Death from violence had long since become almost a commonplace occurrence to Keith, yet now he shrank for an instant as his eyes perceived the figure of a man lying motionless across the broken wagon tongue. The grizzled hair and beard were streaked with blood, the face almost unrecognizable, while the hands yet grasped a bent and shattered rifle. Evidently the man had died fighting, beaten down by overwhelming numbers after expending his last shot. Then those fiends had scalped and left him where he fell. Fifty feet beyond, shot in the back, lay a younger man, doubled up in a heap, also scalped and dead. That was all; Keith scouted over a wide circle, even scanning the stretch of gravel under the river bank, before he could fully satisfy himself there were no others in the party. It seemed impossible that these two traveling alone would have ventured upon such a trip in the face of known Indian hostility. Yet they must have done so, and once again his lips muttered: "Of all the blame fools!"

Suddenly he halted, staring about over the prairie, obsessed by a new thought, an aroused suspicion. There had appeared merely the hoof-prints of the one horse alongside of the fleeing wagons when they first turned out from the trail, and that horse had been newly shod. But there were two dead ponies lying back yonder; neither shod, yet both had borne saddles. More than this, they had been spurred, the blood marks still plainly visible, and one of them was branded; he remembered it now, a star and arrow. What could all this portend?

Was it possible this attack was no Indian affair after all? Was the disfiguring of bodies, the scalping, merely done to make it appear the act of savages? Driven to investigation by this suspicion, he passed again over the trampled ground, marking this time every separate indentation, every faintest imprint of hoof or foot. There was no impression of a moccasin anywhere; every mark remaining was of booted feet. The inference was sufficiently plain—this had been the deed of white men, not of red; foul murder, and not savage war.

The knowledge seemed to sear Keith's brain with fire, and he sprang to his feet, hands clinched and eyes blazing. He could have believed this of Indians, it was according to their nature, their method of warfare; but the cowardliness of it, the atrocity of the act, as perpetrated by men of his own race, instantly aroused within him a desire for vengeance. He wanted to run the fellows down, to discover their identity. Without thinking of personal danger he ran forward on their trail, which led directly westward, along the line of

cottonwoods. These served to conceal his own movements, yet for the moment, burning with passion, he was utterly without caution, without slightest sense of peril. He must know who was guilty of such a crime; he felt capable of killing them even as he would venomous snakes. It was a perfectly plain trail to follow, for the fugitives, apparently convinced of safety, and confident their cowardly deed would be charged to Indian raiders, had made no particular effort at concealment, but had ridden away at a gallop, their horses' hoofs digging deeply into the soft turf. On this retreat they had followed closely along the river bank, aiming for the ford, and almost before he realized it Keith was himself at the water's edge where the trail abruptly ended, staring vaguely across toward the opposite shore. Even as he stood there, realizing the futility of further pursuit amid the maze of sand dunes opposite, the sharp reports of two rifles reached him, spurts of smoke rose from the farther bank, and a bullet chugged into the ground at his feet, while another sang shrilly overhead.

These shots, although neither came sufficiently near to be alarming, served to send Keith to cover. Cool-headed and alert now, his first mad rage dissipated, he scanned the opposite bank cautiously, but could nowhere

discover any evidence of life. Little by little he comprehended the situation, and decided upon his own action. The fugitives were aware of his presence, and would prevent his crossing the stream, yet they were not at all liable to return to this side and thus reveal their identity. To attempt any further advance would be madness, but he felt perfectly secure from molestation so long as he remained quietly on the north shore. Those shots were merely a warning to keep back; the very fact that the men firing kept concealed was proof positive that they simply wished to be left alone. They were not afraid of what he knew now, only desirous of not being seen. Confident as to this, he retreated openly, without making the slightest effort to conceal his movements, until he had regained the scene of murder. In evidence of the truth of his theory no further shots were fired, and although he watched that opposite sand bank carefully, not the slightest movement revealed the presence of others. That every motion he made was being observed by keen eyes he had no doubt, but this knowledge did not disconcert him, now that he felt convinced fear of revelation would keep his watchers at a safe distance. Whoever they might be they were evidently more anxious to escape discovery than he was fearful of attack, and possessed no desire to take his life, unless it became necessary to prevent recognition. They still had every reason to believe their attack on the wagons would be credited to hostile Indians, and would consider it far safer to remain concealed, and thus harbor this supposition. They could not suspect that

Keith had already stumbled upon the truth, and was determined to verify it.

Secure in this conception of the situation, yet still keeping a wary eye about to guard against any treachery, the plainsman, discovering a spade in the nearest wagon, hastily dug a hole in the sand, wrapped the dead bodies in blankets, and deposited them therein, piling above the mound the charred remains of boxes as some slight protection against prowling wolves. He searched the clothing of the men, but found letters to reward the effort, a few trinkets which were slipped into his pockets to be read later, some ordinary trinkets hardly worth preserving except that they might assist in identifying the victims, and, about the neck of the elder man, a rather peculiar locket, containing a portrait painted on ivory. Keith was a long time opening this, the spring being very ingeniously concealed, but upon finally succeeding, he looked upon the features of a woman of middle age, a strong mature face of marked refinement, exceedingly attractive still, with smiling dark eyes, and a perfect wealth of reddish brown hair. He held the locket open in his hand for several minutes, wondering who she could be, and what possible connection she could have held with the dead. Something about that face

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE IN COMPLETE ISOLATION

Outside World Practically Unknown to the Dwellers in the Land of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab, as seen by them from Jerusalem, are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet.

The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. However much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in Eastern Palestine have always been distinct and their lands have never been occupied by the nations on the west except through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present day geography, one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills.—Christian Herald.

Aeroplane is Simple.

The working parts of the modern flying machine are infinitely fewer in number than those of the automobile, the motor boat, the railroad locomotive or the steamship. Far more complex is the operation of a high-powered aeroplane. Far more delicately adjusted are the thousands of parts of the steam or electric locomotive than the mechanism of the flying machine. It is this very simplicity of construction and operation that has enabled the aeroplane to outdo in continuous motion every other known form of conveyance, except steamers, motor boats and sailing ships, and these last named are able to maintain their motion only because of their huge driving mechanism, out of all proportion to the bulk that is propelled.

Forgotten Foods.

It is well to remember that many plants which once were used as vegetables have been allowed to drop out of our bills of fare. Our forefathers, for instance, sometimes dined off elder top and burdock root, and the early shoots of the hop were considered a great delicacy and were cooked and eaten as asparagus. Walter Jerrold, in his "Highways and Byways in Kent," recalls a time when Kentish children could "tell of many pleasant hours spent among the hedges in search of the wild hop top and of the wholesome suppers made upon the well earned treasure ere they learned to think their food the better for being rare and costly.

A Narrow Escape.

"I was once urging a bachelor," says George Ade, "to remain at the club for a game of cards; but he insisted that he must call upon a lady friend. I finally said: 'Don't you know it is dangerous for a man to call upon a lady after he has been drinking?'"

"That's so," said my bachelor friend as he took off his hat and topcoat. "Many a man has become engaged to be married in such circumstances."—The Sunday Magazine.

Following the simile.

"Life," said John W. Gates, valiant lover of conflict, "is a gamble." And death? Why, death is the hazard of the die.

Two things operate to rid us of a friend—pleasure in which we do not need them, and trouble in which we do need them.—Pettit-Senn.

Try For Breakfast—

Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of

Post Toasties

and serve at once—seasoning to taste. It's immense!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

CHAPTER III

An Arrast

The Santa Fe trail was far too exposed to be safely traveled alone and in broad daylight, but Keith considered it better to put sufficient space between himself and those whom he felt confident were still watching his movements from across the river. How much they might already suspect his discoveries he possessed no means of knowing, yet, conscious of their own guilt, they might easily feel safer if he were also put out of the way. He had no anticipation of open attack, but must guard against treachery. As he rode, his eyes never left those far-away sand dunes, although he perceived no movement, no black dot even which he could conceive to be a possible enemy. Now that he possessed ample time for thought, the situation became more puzzling. This tragedy which he had accidentally stumbled upon must have had a cause other than blind chance. It was the culmination of a plot, with some reason behind more important than ordinary robbery. Apparently the wagons contained nothing of value, merely the clothing, provisions, and ordinary utensils of an emigrant party. Nor had the victims' pockets been carefully searched. Only the mules had been taken by the raiders, and they would be small booty for such a crime.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIVE IN COMPLETE ISOLATION

Outside World Practically Unknown to the Dwellers in the Land of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to that restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab, as seen by them from Jerusalem, are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet.

The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. However much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in Eastern Palestine have always been distinct and their lands have never been occupied by the nations on the west except through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present day geography, one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills.—Christian Herald.

Aeroplane is Simple.

The working parts of the modern flying machine are infinitely fewer in number than those of the automobile, the motor boat, the railroad locomotive or the steamship. Far more complex is the operation of a high-powered aeroplane. Far more delicately adjusted are the thousands of parts of the steam or electric locomotive than the mechanism of the flying machine. It is this very simplicity of construction and operation that has enabled the aeroplane to outdo in continuous motion every other known form of conveyance, except steamers, motor boats and sailing ships, and these last named are able to maintain their motion only because of their huge driving mechanism, out of all proportion to the bulk that is propelled.

Forgotten Foods.

It is well to remember that many plants which once were used as vegetables have been allowed to drop out of our bills of fare. Our forefathers, for instance, sometimes dined off elder top and burdock root, and the early shoots of the hop were considered a great delicacy and were cooked and eaten as asparagus. Walter Jerrold, in his "Highways and Byways in Kent," recalls a time when Kentish children could "tell of many pleasant hours spent among the hedges in search of the wild hop top and of the wholesome suppers made upon the well earned treasure ere they learned to think their food the better for being rare and costly.

A Narrow Escape.

"I was once urging a bachelor," says George Ade, "to remain at the club for a game of cards; but he insisted that he must call upon a lady friend. I finally said: 'Don't you know it is dangerous for a man to call upon a lady after he has been drinking?'"

"That's so," said my bachelor friend as he took off his hat and topcoat. "Many a man has become engaged to be married in such circumstances."—The Sunday Magazine.



YOURS

Yours for uniformity.

Yours for greatest leavening power.

Yours for never failing results.

Yours for economy.

Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever-dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

His Future Expenditures.

Among the most frequent requests that go to the United States senate are those asking some prominent member to give money to charity organizations, hospitals and other philanthropic undertakings. One day a charity worker asked Senator Flint of California, who is not a wealthy man, to give a large sum of money for a free ward in one of the hospitals.

"I am sorry that I cannot comply with your request," said the senator gravely; "but, judging from the number of similar demands that have been made upon me in the past, I have decided that I can promote a greater charity. The vast amount of money spent on hospitals in this town convinces me that thousands of people are going to die and be buried without flowers. Hereafter, I shall devote my spare money exclusively to sending flowers to the dead."—The Sunday Magazine.

Easy to Arrange.

"Do you know what a fortunate little boy you are?" rather patronizingly inquired a young lady of the laddie whose mother is her dearest comrade. "Here, I invited mamma to go away for a lovely time with me, but she wouldn't because it wasn't a place where we could take children, and she thought she'd rather be at home with you. But I don't blame her," as the wide eyes grew wistful, "for I think I'd rather stay at home also if I had a nice little boy like you?"

"Why don't you get one?" queried the child, briskly. "I'll tell Dr. Johnson to bring you the next one he finds, if you like!"

Following the simile.

"Life," said John W. Gates, valiant lover of conflict, "is a gamble." And death? Why, death is the hazard of the die.

Two things operate to rid us of a friend—pleasure in which we do not need them, and trouble in which we do need them.—Pettit-Senn.

Try For Breakfast—

Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of

Post Toasties

and serve at once—seasoning to taste. It's immense!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.