

MOTHERS MUST GUIDE

Should Watch the Physical Development of Their Daughters. Earnest Words From Mrs. Pinkham to Mothers.

Every mother possesses information of vital value to her young daughter. That daughter is a precious legacy, and the responsibility for her future is largely in the hands of the mother. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman should find the mother on the watch day and night. As she cares for the physical well-being of her daughter, so will the woman be, and her children also.

When the young girl's thoughts become sluggish, when she experiences headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep, pains in the back and lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude, and a dislike for the society of other girls, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, then the mother should go to her aid promptly. At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest relief in this hour of trial.

The following letters from Mrs. Southard are practical proof of Mrs. Pinkham's efficient advice to young women.



Mothers Who Allow Their Daughters to Suffer are Cruel When Relief is Easily Obtained. Read This Mother's Experience.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish advice in regard to my daughter. She is thirteen years old and never menstruated. We have had the doctor to her three months but is no better. In the morning she vomits, some days she cannot keep anything on her stomach until twelve o'clock. If she tries to do anything she gets faint. Has headaches all the time, is as white as marble with great dark rings under her eyes. Please write and tell me what to do as I am discouraged with the doctor."—Mrs. CHAS. SOUTHARD, Phoenix Mills, N.Y. (Jan. 19, 1900.)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Last January I wrote you about my daughter, and told you what our family doctor said about her. I saw another doctor and he said she had quick consumption. After receiving your letter, I began giving her your remedies, and after taking four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and four of Blood Purifier, she is now well and strong as ever. Menses have appeared and are regular. I can never praise your remedies enough for they saved my daughter's life."—Mrs. CHAS. SOUTHARD, Phoenix Mills, N.Y. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is cordially invited to write to Mothers. No one has had greater experience or success in guiding mothers and their daughters to health. Thousands have trusted her and are glad. She charges nothing for advice. Write to-day.

My father said that I graced John, said sitting down. "Let me think," he did not see my way. "I do not understand."

"Let me see my daughters, I tell you!" Give me back my Fairlie, my Kate!" cried the angry father, "or, by the God whom I have served these sixty years, I will slay you with my hand and He will hold me both accountable and guilty!"

"John looked up quickly at David Glendonning's appeal.

"See," he said, "I would have stricken off that right hand had it written such words. But they are none of mine. Look at these, and these!" He thrust a half-finished collage of paper and ink, and a number of scattered papers which happened to be on the table across to the old man. He opened a desk in which were all Fairlie's little, simple notes and the first three pages of a letter which had begun to her.

"These are in my handwriting," he cried. "Compare them with the first which you have shown me. I leave the verdict to yourself."

"John," he cried hoarsely, "I eye thought that I had seen my own hand and mine. Let the bastards come back to the old man, their father. And before God, none shall be the wiser—none shall cast word or look upon them. A' shall be forgiven and forgotten!"

"Sir," said poor John, hanging his head, "as God sees me I know nothing of what you say. I wish I did. I have heard nothing either of Fairlie or Kate. Till this moment I was ignorant they had left home. My thoughts and my prayers were with them there—that is, with Fairlie—and with Kate, too. I would have given my life to serve either of them."

As he spoke the old man's face had been put on its grimest Gray Wolf expression.

"Ah, ye deny, do ye?" he cried. "Then by the God you have invoked I will make you confess. Look on that writing and deny it if you dare."

He dashed a scrap of crumpled paper into John Glendonning's hand. There came a curious prickling mist, dry and tense, into the young man's eyeballs as he tried to read, and for a moment he could not gather the sense. Concerning the handwriting, however, he was in no doubt. It was Rupert's. It read as follows:

"The carriage will be waiting at 4 o'clock. Walk out along the Drummers road till you meet it. The coachman will have a blue ribbon knut on his whip and the same about his hat. He will stop when you hold up your left hand. It will be best not to wait for F's return from school. After that trust me to care for all."

"Well," cried David Glendonning in a voice astonishingly loud and strident, "did I not tell you that I was in no doubt. To the judges of the land, as I have already been to your own father, and see if they will right me."

"And what said my father?" said John, his coolness coming back to him quite suddenly.

"Say—what could he say, but that he had begotten a monster, a breaker-up of homes—an evil beast that had brought him naught but trouble and vexation all the days of his life? Then he told me where I should find about his hat. He will stop when you hold up your left hand. It will be best not to wait for F's return from school. After that trust me to care for all."

"What is it—speak out. Perhaps I can clear all!" cried John.

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setting or arranged the children's seams for the next day.

More than once, however, he had seen Rupert and his handsomely arched black brows in the direction of Fairlie, and once he caught the girl intently studying the strange young man with his handsome head and foreign manners.

It was not long after this, however, that Johnny came softly up to John Glendonning, putting a complete set of sticky knuckles upon his knee, observed in a mysterious undertone, and said to him, "That—'I see something to tell 'ee'!"

"Well," said John, "what is it? Tell away!"

Johnny peered over the knee on which he had rested in the direction of John Glendonning's right pocket.

"Do any more 'swandy-balls'?" he inquired tentatively, as if afraid of committing himself prematurely.

In spite of its characteristic delicacy John perceived the implied suggestion, and bestowed the entire pound upon him, hoping that at least they might make him exceedingly sick, and so disable him for a while. He did not yet know Johnny.

The infant Shylock accepted the brandy-balls with a gratitude which could not be called more than mediocre.

"Oo didn't flink to bring no minth pies, did 'ee?" The question was put without any particular hopefulness. Johnny did not expect so much sense from a grown-up. It was worth trying, though. You never could tell.

"No, I didn't," said John, who was growing tired. "It strikes me, young man, that you've had quite enough."

The boy drew off and eyed his mentor sternly. Then he began in a higher level tone one of his dreadful proclamations: "OO NEEDED TALK—I SEED 'OO—"

"Johnny," whispered John, aghast, "remember. You promised—ever—ever—help—me!"

"Diddn't promise—ever—help—me!" retorted Shylock. "Only promised till pies dotted done—'an' pies IS all done!"

"Well, Johnny, what did you come to tell me?" asked John, placably, hoping thus to divert the thoughts of the young black-mauler from his fell intent.

"'Not if I give you another attempt to get some more mince pies tomorrow!" suggested John.

"Thillin'!" said Johnny in a stage whisper.

The business being settled on these terms, Johnny beat himself close to John's ear and whispered: "Teaster's want 'oo to help her wit her book."

John rose and went over to where Fairlie was knitting her brows over her grammar and dictionary. She had a small reading lamp before her on a table.

As John approached Fairlie looked up with a pout of the lips and a slight blush. "It is this horrid Latin," she explained. "I am trying to learn it by myself—I do so want to help the boys. And, besides, I am dreadfully ignorant—and I don't want to be."

"If you would let me come over some times when you have a spare hour I think I could help you," he said, modestly.

"I do not care to trouble Mr. Colstoun," continued Fairlie. "I am occupied at the hours when he is teaching his Latin classes, or I should ask him to let me be a scholar."

John drew a chair and sat down by Fairlie. An atmosphere of a sweet, warm, glowing glow instantly enveloped him, and he could scarcely unride the simple difficulties which lie in the path of the self-taught in the futtering of his heart.

He was alike unconscious of the swift-falling glances of Kate Glendonning, the quiet amusement with which his brother regarded him and the more dangerous inspection of the temporarily bribed Johnny.

"breathe on his cheek. The timbre of an excellent low voice in his ear. All Gaul was never divided into three parts to such an accompaniment of meeting hands and futtering hearts. He raised his eyes, and lo! the shell-pink deepened on her cheek to rose red. Infringements were never more perfect than those which John experienced. This hour was to John the crown of the day—day of all the barren year. The bitterness of his late home-coming, Veronica's acid tonic of the morning, the solitary tramp with dismal thoughts along the roadside, the disappointment of the walk home—were forgotten.

It was with a start that he became conscious of a sudden hush stealing over the kitchen. Without a word Fairlie pushed away her books. Old David stepped to the door and in a loud voice sent forth a monosyllabic which cracked in the frosty air



"BUT YE MAY HAVE FORGED THE HAND O' WRITE," HE SAID, DOUBTFULLY.

impulsive in its dignity of simplicity.

"Stay—," he said, "then that company wi' us in this house, bide to worship wi' us likewise."

John did not fall into the same mistake being stopped by the slightest touch of soft fingers on his arm as he was about to follow his brother's example.

Once or twice John's eye fell on his brother during what followed. Rupert sat a little dazed, like a man who, turning the handle of a door to enter a theater, finds himself unexpectedly in a crowded church.

It was the time of departure. The three lads had fled up the stairs to bed immediately after the close of the "Taking of the Book."

David came to the door to bid his visitors goodnight, and stood talking to John about "Fairlie's work at the academy, in which, in spite of his contempt for literature, he was genuinely interested.

John wondered whether she had gone, but in an instant the sound of horses' hoofs was heard and Fairlie came forward a little hastily, taking her father's arm and leading him out upon the road beyond the spalled pallings of the little cottage.

Looking back over his shoulder John saw his brother and Kate Glendonning coming forward as it had been from some outbuilding where "Bravo" had been tethered.

On pretext of altering the girths or arranging the stirrup Rupert stopped, and after saying something in a low voice, he took Kate's hand and raised it, foreign fashion, to his lips.

The girl drew back with a proud look on her face, and the next instant David Glendonning had turned toward them and the little scene was over.

The two brothers left the little group of three standing by the gate—their figures dark against the thin sprinkle of frozen snow on the ground. Turning round, once more John noticed that it was Kate who had gone in first. Fairlie stood by her father and watched them out of sight.

But John was far too young and simple to read the riddle of that . . .

It was Rupert who spoke first. "I suppose it will be 'ride-and-tie,'" he said, with a glance at Bravo, who strode alongside, lifting his feet straight up with a dancing movement and tossing his head continually. "We will go by the long avenue and tie first at the end of Polton mill. You take next turn of Bravo. You can leave him for me at the Bogie Thorn. Then I will stable him with Ales Steel at Park-bill and you can ride him home."

"Rupert," said John heavily, "first I must know that you do not intend any mischief to those girls—I want to be sure of what I am doing before there can be any further course between us!"

"Hoity, toity!" cried the elder brother, laughing, "what have we here? Man Dicu, your good Master Sly Boots, did you expect to keep such a couple of country beauties all to yourself? What a grand Turk it is—and a person to boot! Well, they often go together."

"No, Rupert," said John. "It is different with me. I have known them all my life. I am a simple fellow, and they both know me, root and branch. You come down on them from far countries and grand courts. You appear to them like a fairy prince. See how all the servants at the castle bow down to you. You can only do harm here, Rupert. You know that after what has happened and the worthless one father has made for you, you simply must marry Miss Carlaw. It is your only chance. I ask

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