HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HELLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Reached Limit of Endurance.

Provoked to an impatience that was little less than monumental because of the ceaseless reports of unimportant news of the enemy's doings, an English army officer recently could restrain himself no longer. "The enemy is continuing to fortify the coast, sir," said the subaltern. "I don't care if they fitifiy it," roared the officer; "it'll make no difference."

AN ATTACK OF GRIP USUALLY LEAVES KIDNEYS IN WEAKENED CONDITION

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Regular medium and large size bottles, for sale at all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.—Adv.

Nothing But Trouble.

"There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person. "I have as many troubles as you."

"I s'pose ye have, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got anything else."

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

All Druggists 75c. Circulars free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Accounting for It.

"What makes the old fellow over there such a croker?" "He told me he had a frog in his throat."

Comfort Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. This means sleep for baby and rest for mother. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The man who compliments nine women on their looks and one on her cleverness makes only one mistake.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

It's love that makes the postman go around with a lot of silly letters.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative, three for a cathartic. Ad.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by mail, 60c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye—Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

BWANA RESCUES MERIEM AND TAKES HER HOME TO HIS WIFE, WHO ADOPTS THE GIRL—SHE LONGS FOR KORAK

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him and refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been kind of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack rescues an Arabian girl and takes her into the forest. He is wounded and Meriem is stolen. The bad Swedes buy her from Kovudoo, the black. Malbihn kills Jenssen fighting for the girl.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

—11—

At the same instant the flaps of the tent opened silently and a tall white man stood in the aperture. Neither Meriem nor Malbihn saw the newcomer. The latter's back was toward him, while his body hid the stranger from Meriem's eyes.

He crossed the tent quickly, stepping over Jenssen's body. The first intimation Malbihn had was a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

He wheeled, to face an utter stranger, a tall, black haired, gray eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malbihn reached for his gun again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, who he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men, but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him, but now not. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malbihn in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so, and he was holding him as easily as Malbihn might have held a little child, yet Malbihn was a large man, mightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arm's length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean limbed men, not at all like the mangy crew that followed the Swedes.

"We have had enough foolishness" said the stranger to Malbihn. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time, but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. Now, get out, and next time you see me remember who I am," and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Meriem, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jenssen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Meriem was free.

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"I will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eyeing her strange, barbaric garmenture wonderingly. From her speech she was evidently an Arab girl, but he had never before seen one this clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people. Korak and I live in the jungle alone since Ah't went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Akut's name, for so it had sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape.

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Meriem. I also am an ape."

"Hm," was the stranger's only oral comment upon this startling announcement. But what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are entirely well. If you are we will set forth in search of Korak."

CHAPTER X.

Korak's Vengeance.

Meriem looked straight into the keen gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father, who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and Ah't."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?"

"I do not know," she replied, "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger. "I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until he can find Korak or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so, but she did not like the idea of not starting immediately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come or what she had undergone he could not guess, but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a fragment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savage beasts for years, but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malbihn's boys were striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malbihn stood at a distance, angry and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

"Find out where they got this girl," he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbihn's followers. Presently he returned to his master.

"They bought her from old Kovudoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the other."

"I wish that I might, but a new law is come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old day, Muviri," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbihn and his safari had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Meriem, trustful now stood at his side, Gecka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at the faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mentality. Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

There was yet another reason why the language of the sheik had thus readily eluded her, but of that reason she herself could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man.

He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "douar" in Arabic, but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her. But, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

So when they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward, and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmangani meant her no harm, but as the days passed and she saw that his kindness and consideration never faltered she came to compare him with her Korak and to be very fond of him, but never did her loyalty to her ape man flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon a great plain, and from the edge of the forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many buildings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked, pointing.

"We could not find Korak," replied the man, "and as our way led near my douar I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us and you will be happier."

Meriem laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever. But your douar is close beside the jungle. You have been good to me. I will do as you wish and remain here for awhile to wait the coming of my Korak."

"Good!" said the man, and he led the way down toward the flower-covered bungalow behind which lay the barns and outhouse of a well-ordered African farm.

Meriem walked on toward the bungalow, upon the porch of which a woman, dressed in white, went at a well-come to her returning lord. There was more fear in the girl's eyes now than there had been in the presence of strange men or savage beasts. She hesitated, turning an appealing glance toward the man.

"That is my wife," he said. "She will be glad to welcome you."

The woman came down the path to meet them. The man kissed her and, turning toward Meriem, introduced them, speaking in the Arab tongue the girl understood.

"This is Meriem, my dear," he said, and told the story of the jungle waif so far as he knew it.

Meriem saw that the woman was beautiful. She saw that sweetness and goodness were stamped indelibly upon her countenance. She no longer feared her, and when her brief story had been narrated and the woman came and put her arms about her and kissed her and called her "poor little darling" something snapped in Meriem's heart.

She buried her face on the bosom of this new friend, in whose voice was the mother tone that Meriem had not heard for so many years that she had forgotten its very existence. She buried her face on the kindly bosom and wept as she had not wept before in all her life—tears of relief and joy that she could not fathom.

And so came Meriem, the savage little Mangani, out of her beloved jungle into the midst of a home of culture and refinement. Already "Bwana" and "my dear," as she first heard them called and continued to call them, were as father and mother to her.

Once her savage fears were allayed she went to the opposite extreme of trustfulness and love. Now she was willing to wait here until they found Korak or Korak found her. She did not give up that thought. Korak, her Korak, was always first.

* * * * * * *

And out in the jungle, far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with clotted blood, burning with rage and sorrow, as soon as sufficient strength returned swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had last seen them nor in any of their usual haunts, but he sought them along the well-marked spoor they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them.

She Buried Her Face on the Bosom of This New Friend.

So Korak persuades his baboon friends to help him hunt Meriem. They raid the black village, but find no trace of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Argentina Cattle.

The Argentina cattle industry is capable of much expansion in time of war stimulation. In the northern end of the pampas are boundless fields of grass where the cattle feed the year round. Sweet water there is in abundance, and windmills dotted over the plains keep the animals plentifully supplied. There are no better beef cattle in the world than these from Argentina, the breed being the excellent result of mixing fine Spanish blooded strains with the hardy native stock. Breeding very easily could raise the total of production materially.

Muscle of the Soul.

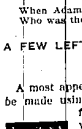
We do not get perfect character in our sleep. It comes to us as muscle comes, through doing things. It is the muscle of the soul.—Henry Drummond.

The KITCHEN CABINET

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?

A FEW LEFTOVERS AND OTHER THINGS.

A most appetizing dish of hash may be made using the boiled vegetables from a boiled dinner with some of the meat all chopped fine and mixed with a little of the liquor from the kettle which should always be saved for this purpose. Have a hot frying pan well greased with drippings, then turn in the chopped mixture. Add the liquor, cover and let stand on the back of the stove to simmer until hot and of the right consistency to serve.



Cheese Rolls.—Slice a rather fresh loaf of bread very thin, removing the crusts. Cream together a small jar of pimento cheese or, if made at home, adding the pimentoes to a rich cheese, soften with a little cream or butter if needed, add a half cupful of finely chopped nut meats and spread the slices with this. Roll up and skewer with tooth picks. Put into a hot oven to toast. Serve with salad, or tea.

Scrambled Rice With Bacon.—Fry until crisp twelve slices of bacon, pour off half the fat and put the bacon aside in a warm place. Mix together three beaten eggs, three cupfuls of rice well cooked and salt and pepper to taste. Pour it into the hot bacon fat left in the pan and scramble. Heap in a mound on hot platter with the bacon around the rice.

Hash Cakes.—Take a pint of well-seasoned mashed potatoes and mix with one onion finely chopped and a half cupful or more of finely minced ham. Form into cakes and brown in bacon fat. The cakes may be rolled in barley flour or cornmeal, which gives them a fine crust and also adds to their nutriment.

When the salad dressing has extracted the juices from the vegetable, making it too watery for a dainty salad, just break up a few small salty crackers and stir into the salad to absorb the excess of liquid.

Cabbage Omelet.—Take two cupfuls of hot cooked cabbage, add a tablespoonful of drippings, and a fourth of a cupful of cream, then add two eggs well beaten; mix and pour into a well-greased frying pan and cook until delicately brown on the under side. Put into the oven to cook on top, then fold and turn on a hot platter.

White Bread.—Take a pint of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of condensed milk, two tablespoonfuls of fat, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cupful of home-made yeast and three cupfuls of flour. Prepare and bake as usual. This makes two loaves.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight—
Some dishes cast in shade,
Some spread in light.

MEATLESS DISHES FOR MEATLESS DAYS.

Savory Irish Fritters.—Soak a pound of stale crusts of bread in cold water, squeeze dry and chop. Peel and boil six or eight white onions in salted water until tender, chop fine and add to the bread crumbs. Season well to taste with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a quarter of a teaspoonful of thyme rubbed fine and a dash of celery salt. Form into small cakes, roll in cornmeal and fry in hot fat.

Fish Pudding With Rice.—Boil a cupful of well-washed rice for ten minutes in salted water. Take a pound of codfish, whitefish or halibut and brown in hot fat, long enough to make it tender to flake. Peel and chop, one onion, fry until brown. Grease a mold and fill with layers of rice, fish and onion, seasoning with salt and pepper, having the first and last layers of the rice. Steam for forty-five minutes and serve with any fish sauce.

Rice With Scrambled Eggs.—Take a quarter of a cupful of rice, add two or three tablespoonfuls of sweet drippings and stir until a light brown in a frying pan over the fire. Then add a pint of potato water, cover and cook until the rice is tender, season well with salt and pepper and stir in three or four eggs lightly beaten, add a little milk if needed for moisture and you will have a dish of eggs for five persons.

Chinese Fish Balls.—Boil two pounds of fresh fish in salted water for twenty minutes, then carefully remove. Reject all skin and bones; put a pint of the stock in a small saucepan, rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter and four tablespoonfuls of flour; add this to the stock and stir constantly until smooth, add the yolks of two eggs and take from the fire; add two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, salt and red pepper, a tablespoonful of grated onion, and a grating of nutmeg. Mix well, and then stir carefully into the fish. Do not stir until the fish is broken. Turn the mixture out to cool, and when cold, form into balls, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Pour over a well-seasoned tomato sauce when serving.

Nellie Maxwell

Back Lame and Achy?

There's little peace when your kidneys are weak and while at first there may be nothing more serious than dull backache, sharp, stabbing pains, headaches, dizzy spells and kidney irregularities, you must act quickly to avoid the more serious trouble, dropsy, gravel, heart disease, Bright's disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that is so warmly recommended everywhere by grateful users.

A Michigan Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

S. O. Morgan, 151 E. Washington St., Coldwater, Mich., says: "I know that Doan's Kidney Pills are a good medicine for I have used them with benefit. My kidneys were disordered and I had weakness and pain across the small of my back. I could hardly do any lifting or stooping and my kidneys were sluggish. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of the backache, regulated the action of my kidneys and benefited me in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

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MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN

Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Colds and correct disorders of the stomach and bowels. Used by Mothers for 37 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

PATHOS IN CHILDISH WISH

Hard That Her Modest Request of Santa Claus Was Not Likely to Be Granted.

A little miss of five, who had been separated from her mother, sisters and brother since the death of her father, was permitted to spend a few days with them a short time ago.

This little girl has everything a childish heart could wish for and more love bestowed on her than most children who are blessed with both parents. She was very happy during her brief visit, but now and then her brave little heart would fail her, and she would cry at the thought of being separated again.

One outburst came after a talk on St. Nicholas and the yuletide. "Mother, does Santa Claus bring everything we ask for?"

"Well, dear, Santa usually brings to little boys and girls those things which are most necessary for their happiness. Why, what would you like to have him bring to you this year?"

"Well, mother, all I want this year is you."

Evidently the pained expression on the mother's face caused the child to fear that her wish could not be granted.

"Well, mother, I don't see why he couldn't. He brings babies to some people on Christmas when they ask him to and don't you remember all of the toys he left for us last year?"—Indianapolis News.

The Way of It.

"You say he got the drop on you?"

"Yes, he landed on my head in a parachute."

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and "snap" to its taste.

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