THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and I said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. Worthline, 2342 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE
Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. $2.50 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 R free.
ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. Price $1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Your Best Asset
—A Clear Skin—
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Cuticura Soap

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 4 sent by express, prepaid, for $1.00.
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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

A Life-Saver.

Gutzen Borglum, apropos of his report on the deficiencies of the government's aerial program, said at a luncheon in New York:

"To get results we must use originality—must show initiative—like the doughboy's dad, you know.

"My father," said a doughboy, looking up from a bad camp dinner with a grimace—"my father was a very brave man.'

"'Was he?' said the camp chief.

"'Yes,' said the doughboy. 'Two weeks after he enlisted he saved his whole regiment.'

"'How did he do it?'

"'Shot the cook.'"

Casualties Unknown.

After a strenuous day's shooting Giles returned to the house alone.

Now, Giles was only an amateur at the sporting game, and this fact was well known to the anxious host.

"Have you shot anything?" he demanded of Giles, expecting to hear the worst.

"Dunno," replied Giles. "We'll have to waite until the rest of the party come in, and then we can call the roll!"

All Complete.

Katherine was playing in her yard, where a little calf was grazing. A woman who was passing remarked, "Why, Katherine, what a cute little calf you have."

"Yes," answered Katherine, "we've got the cow to it in the barn."

Do You Know The Fine Flavor of POST TOASTIES
IS FOUND IN NO OTHER CORN FLAKES
—Bobby

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By Joseph C. Lincoln

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CHAPTER XIII.
—12—

A Rock or a Lighthouse.

THUS Captain Elisha entered another of New York's "circles," that which centered at Mrs. Hepton's boarding house. Within a week he was as much a part of it as if he had lived there for years. At lunch, on the day of his arrival, he made his appearance at the table in company with Pearson, and when the landlady exultantly announced that he was to be "one of our little party" thereafter he received and replied to the welcoming salutations of his fellow boarders with unruffled serenity.

The captain paid frequent visits to the offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves in Pine street. Upon the senior partner, whom he esteemed and trusted not only as a business adviser but a friend, he depended for information concerning happenings at the Warren apartment.

Caroline sent him regular statements of her weekly expenditures, also bills for his approval, but she had written him but once, and then only a brief note. The note brought by a messenger accompanied a package containing the chain which he and Pearson selected with such deliberation and care at the Fifth avenue jeweler's. Under the existing circumstances, the girl wrote, she felt that she did not wish to accept presents from him and therefore returned this one.

After Pearson had departed one morning Captain Elisha put on his hat and coat and started for his lawyer's office. Sylvester was glad to see him and invited him to lunch.

"No, thank you," replied the captain. "I just run down to ask if there was anything new in the offin'. Last time I see you, you hinted you and your mates had sighted somethin' or other through the fog, and it might turn out to be a rock or a lighthouse, you couldn't tell which. Made up your mind yet?"

Sylvester shook his head. "No," he said slowly, "it is still foggy. We're busy investigating, but we're not ready to report."

"Humph! Well, what's the thing look like? You must be a little higher to it by now."

The lawyer tapped his desk with a pencil. "I don't know what it looks like," he answered. "That is to say, I don't—I can't believe it is what it appears at this distance to be. If it is it is the most—"

He paused. Captain Elisha waited for him to go on and when he did so asked another question.

"The most what?" he demanded. "Is it likely to be very bad? Ain't discovered any more of those Cut Short bonds, have you?"

The bonds to which he referred were those of a defunct Short Line railroad. A large number of these bonds had been discovered among A. Rodgers Warren's effects. Part of his "tangled assets," the captain had termed them, differentiating from the "tangible" variety.

"Abbie, my housekeeper, has been writin' me," he went on, "about havin' the sewin' room papered. She wants my advice concernin' the style of paper. Says it ought to be pretty and out of the common, but not too expensive. I judge what she wants is somethin' that looks like money but ain't really worth more than 10 cents a mile. I've been thinkin' I'd send her a bale or so of those bonds. They'd fill the bill in those respects, wouldn't they?"

Sylvester laughed. "They certainly would, captain," he replied. "No, we haven't unearthed any more of that sort. And, as for this mystery of ours, I'll give you the answer, if it's worth giving at all, in a very short time. Meanwhile you go home and forget it."

"Well, I'll try. But I guess it sticks out on my face like a four days' toothache. But I won't worry about that. You know best whether to tell me now or not, and—well, I'm carryin' about all the worry my tonnage'll stand as 'tis."

He drew a long breath. Sylvester regarded him sympathetically.

"You mustn't take your nephew's and niece's treatment too much to heart," he said.

"Oh, I don't—that is, I pretend I don't. And I do try not to. But I keep thinkin' and wonderin' if 'twould have been better if I hadn't gone there to live at all. Hi hum! A man of my age hadn't ought to mind what a twenty-year-old girl says or does, 'specially when her kind, advisin' friends have shown her how she's been deceived and hypocritted. By the way, speakin' of hypocrites, I suppose there's just as much 'Dunnin' as ever goin' on up there."

"Yes; a little more, if anything, I'm afraid. Your niece and Mrs. Dunn and her precious son are together now so constantly that people are expecting—well, you know what they expect."

"I can guess. I hope they'll be disapp'inted."

"So do I, but I must confess I'm fearful. Malcolm himself isn't so wise, but his mother is"—

"A whole book of Proverbs, say? I know. She's an able old frigate. I did think I had her guns spiked, but she turned 'em on me unexpected. I thought I had her and her boy in a clove hitch. I knew somethin' that I was sartin sure they wouldn't want Caroline to know, and she and Malcolm knew I knew it. Her tellin' Caroline of it, her story of it, when I wasn't there to contradict, was as smart a piece of maneuverin' as ever was. It took the wind out of my sails, because, though I'm just as right as I ever was, Caroline wouldn't listen to me nor believe me now."

"She'll learn by experience."

"I don't mind so much Caroline's bein' down on me," resumed the captain. "She'll know better some day, I hope, and if she don't—well, I'm only a side issue in her life, anyhow, hove in by accident, like the section of dog collar in the sassage. But I do hope her learnin' by experience won't come too late to save her from what she'll be awful sorry for by and by."

"It must," declared the lawyer, with decision. "You must see to it, Captain Warren. You are her guardian. She is absolutely under your charge. She can do nothing of importance unless you consent."

"Yup; that's so, for one more year, just one, remember. Then she'll be of age, and I can't say 'Boo!' And her share of Bije's money'll be hers too. And didn't you believe that that fact has slipped Sister Dunn's memory. I ain't on deck to head her off now. If she puts Malcolm up to gettin' Caroline to give her word and Caroline gives it—well, I know my niece. She's honorable, and she'll stick to her promise if it runs her on the rocks. And her majesty Dunn knows that too. Therefore, the cat bein' away, she cal'lates now's the time to make sure of the cheese."

"But the cat can come back. The song says it did, you know."

"Um-hum! And got another kick, I shouldn't wonder! However, my claws'll stay sharp for a year or thereabouts, and if it comes to a shindy there'll be some tall scratchin' afore I climb a tree. Keep a weather eye on what goes on, won't you?"

"I will. You can depend on me."

"I do. And, say, for goodness' sakes, put me out of my misery regardin' that rock or lighthouse on Bije's chart soon's ever you settle which it is!"

"Certainly! And, remember, don't worry. It may be a lighthouse or nothing at all. At all events, I'll report very soon."

But in spite of his promise Sylvester did not report during the following week or the next. Meanwhile his client tried his best to keep the new mystery from troubling his thoughts and succeeded only partially. The captain's days and evenings were quiet and monotonous. He borrowed a book or two from Mrs. Hepton's meager library, read, walked a good deal, generally along the water front, and wrote daily letters to Miss Baker. He and Pearson were together for at least a portion of each day. The author, fighting down his dejection and discouragement, set himself resolutely to work once more on the novel, and his nautical adviser was called in for frequent consultation. The story, however, progressed but slowly. There was something lacking. Each knew what that something was, but neither named it.

One evening Pearson entered the room tenanted by his friend to find the latter seated beside the table, his shoes partially unlaced and a pair of big slippers ready for putting on.

"Captain," said the visitor, "you look so comfortable I hate to disturb you."

Captain Elisha, red faced and panting, desisted from the unlacing and straightened in his chair.

"Whew!" he puffed. "Jim, your remarks prove that your experience of the world ain't as big as it ought to be. When you get to my age and

"The cat being away, she cal'lates now's the time to be sure of the cheese."

waist measure you'll realize that stoopin' over and comfort don't go together. I hope to be comfortable pretty soon, but I shan't be till them boots are off. Set down. The agony'll be over in a minute."

Pearson declined to sit. "Not yet," he said. "And you let those shoes alone until you hear what I've got to say. A newspaper friend of mine has sent me two tickets for the opera tonight. I want you to go with me."

Captain Elisha was surprised.

"To the opera?" he repeated. "Why, that's a—a sort of singin' theater, ain't it?"

"Yes. You're fond of music; you told me so. And 'Aida' is beautiful. Come on. It will do us both good."

"Hum! Well, I don't know."

"I do. Get ready."

The captain looked at his caller's evening clothes.

"What do you mean by gettin' ready?" he asked. "You've got on your regimentals, open front and all. My uniform is the huntin' case kind; fits in better with church socinbles and South Denboro no'theasters. If I wore one of those veats like yours Abbie'd make me put on a red flannel lung protector to keep from catchin' pneumonia. And she'd think 'twas sinful waste besides, runnin' the risk of sp'ilin' a clean biled shirt so quick. Won't I look like an undertaker sittin' alongside of you?"

"Not a bit. If it will ease your mind I'll change to a business suit."

"I don't care. You know how I feel. We had a little talk about hats a spell ago, you remember. If you're willin' to take me 'just as I am, without a plea,' as the hymn tune says, why, I cal'late I'll say 'yes' and go. Set down and wait while I get on my ceremonials."

The pair walked over to Broadway, boarded a street car and alighted before the Metropolitan Opera House. Pearson's seats were good ones, well down in the orchestra. Captain Elisha turned and surveyed the great interior and the brilliantly garbed audience.

Pearson bought a copy of the libretto, and the captain followed the performance with interest.

"Say, Jim," he whispered, with a broad grin, "it's a good thing this opera idea ain't carried into real life. If you had to sing every word you said 'twould be sort of distressin', specially if you was in a hurry. A fust rate solo when you was orderin' the crew to shorten sail would be a high old brimstone anthem, I'll bet you."

The foyer had its usual animated crowd, and among them Pearson recognized a critic of his acquaintance. He offered to introduce the captain, but the latter declined the honor, saying that he "cal'lated" he wouldn't shove his bows in this time. "You heave ahead and see your friend, Jim," he added. "I'll come to anchor by this pillar and watch the fleet go by. I'll have to write Abbie about all this. She'll want to know how the female craft was rigged."

Left alone, he leaned against the pillar and watched the people pass and repass just behind him. Two young men paused just behind him. He could not help overhearing their conversation.

"I presume you've heard the news?" asked one casually.

"Yes," replied the other, "I have—that is, if you mean the news concerning Mal Dunn. The mater learned it this afternoon and sprang it at dinner. No one was greatly surprised. Formal announcement made and all that sort of thing, I believe. Mal's to be congratulated."

"His mother is, you mean. She managed the campaign. The old lady is some strategist, and I'd back her to win under ordinary circumstances. But I understand these were not ordinary; wise owl of a guardian to be circumvented or something of that sort."

"From what I hear the Dunns haven't won so much after all. There was a big shrinkage when papa died, so they say. Instead of three or four millions it panned out to be a good deal less than one. I don't know much about it because our family and theirs have drifted apart since they moved."

"Humph! I imagine whatever the panout it will be welcome. The Dunns are dangerously close to the ragged edge; everybody has been on to that for some time. And it takes a few ducats to keep Mal going. He's no Uncle Russell when it comes to putting by for the rainy day."

"Well, on the whole, I'm rather sorry for—the other party. Mal is a good enough fellow and he certainly is a game sport, but—"

They moved on and Captain Elisha heard no more. But what he had heard was quite sufficient. He sat through the remainder of the opera in silence and answered all his friend's questions and remarks curtly and absently.

As they stepped into the trolley Pearson bought an evening paper, not the Planet, but a dignified sheet which shunned sensationalism and devoted much space to the doings of the safe, sane and ultra respectable element. Perceiving that his companion for some reason did not care to talk, he read as the car moved downtown. Suddenly Captain Elisha was awakened from his reverie by hearing his friend utter an exclamation. Looking up, the captain saw that he was leaning back in the seat, the paper lying unheeded in his lap.

"What's the matter?" asked the older man anxiously.

Pearson started, glanced quickly at his friend, hesitated, and looked down again.

"There it is," he said. "Read it."

Captain Elisha took the paper, drew his spectacle case from his pocket, adjusted his glasses and read. The item was among those under the head of "Personal and Social." It was what he expected. The engagement is today announced of Miss Caroline Warren, daughter of the late A. Rodgers Warren, the well known broker, to Mr. Malcolm Corcoran Dunn of Fifth avenue. Miss Warren, it will be remembered, was one of the most charming of our season before last's debutantes and"—etc.

The captain read the brief item through.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I see."

Pearson looked at him in amazement.

"Are you going to permit her to marry that—that fellow?"

"Well, I ain't sartin that I can stop her."

"My God, man! Do you realize—and she—your niece—why"—

"There, there, Jim! I realize it all, I cal-late. It's my business to realize it."

"And it isn't mine. No, of course, it isn't. You're right there."

"Hold on!" commanded the captain. "Hold on, Jim! Don't you go off ha't cocked. When I said 'twas my business to realize this thing I meant just that and nothin' more. I wa'n't hintin', and you ought to know it. You do know it, don't you?"

The young man paused. "Yes," he answered, after an instant's struggle with his feelings; "yes, I do. I beg your pardon, captain."

"Sort of knocked you on your beam ends, I understand. Well, Jim," with a sigh, "I ain't exactly on an even keel myself."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Now We're Comin' to the Rock."

NINE o'clock is an early hours for a New York lawyer of prominence to be at his place of business. Yet when Captain Elisha asked the office boy of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves if the senior partner was in he received an affirmative answer. Sylvester welcomed him gravely.

He pushed an electric button on his desk. The office boy answered the ring.

"Have Mr. Kuhn and Mr. Graves arrived?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir; both of them, sir."

"Tell them Captain Warren is here, and ask them to join us in the inner room. Remind Mr. Graves to bring

As They Stepped Into the Trolley Pearson Bought an Evening Paper.

the papers. And, Tim, remember that none of us is to be disturbed. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim and departed.

Captain Elisha regarded his friend with some dismay.

"Say," he exclaimed, "this must be serious if it takes the skipper and both mates to handle it!"

Sylvester did not smile. "It is," he answered. "Come!"

He led the way into the room opening from the rear of his own. It was a large apartment with a long table in the center. Mr. Kuhn, brisk and businesslike, was already there. He shook hands with his client. As he did so Graves, dignified and precise as ever, entered, carrying a small portfolio filled with papers.

The four took chairs at the table. Graves untied and opened the portfolio. Captain Elisha looked at his solemn companions, and his lips twitched.

Sylvester took a card from his pocket and referred to a penciled memorandum on it's back.

"Captain Warren," he began slowly, "as you know, and as directed by you, my partners here and I have been engaged for months in carefully going over your brother's effects, estimating values, tabulating and sorting his various properties and securities, separating the good from the worthless, and there was, as we saw at a glance, a surprising amount of the latter"—

"Um-hm," interrupted the captain "cut short bonds and the like of they I know. Excuse me. Go on."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ever See a Dingonek?

The dingonek is a huge, unclassified aquatic monster, says the Wide World Magazine. It resembles in many of its characteristics the extinct dinosaur, a huge reptile of the Mesozoic period, fossils of which have been discovered by paleontologists in the sandstone strata both of the African and American continents. It lives in Lake Victoria Nyanza and its numerous tributaries and there is no record of the monster having been seen in any other part of the world. Whether it is a descendant of one of the huge prehistoric saurians that has by a process of adaptation—living as it does in impenetrable regions far away from the encroachments of civilized man—continued with but slight modifications through prodigious ages to the present time, or whether it is an unclassified reptile or amphibian, it is equally impossible to say, as no specimen exists either of its bones or of its skin. That this monster does exist, however, there can be no particle of doubt, as the testimony of authoritative eyewitnesses cannot be reasonably discredited.

WESTERN CANADA'S CROPS

Got an Excellent Start. Big Yields Now Assured.

Never in the history of Western Canada did the seed enter the ground under more favorable conditions. The weather during the month of April was perfect for seeding operations, and from early morning until late at night the seeders were at work, and every acre that could be profitably sown was placed under requisition. Farmers entered heart and soul into the campaign of greater production. There was the time and the opportunity for careful preparation, and as a consequence with favorable weather from now on there will be a vastly increased yield. They realized it was a duty they owed to humanity to produce all that they could on the land, not only this year but next as well. In addition to the patriotic aspect, they are aware that the more they produce the greater will be their own return in dollars and cents.

In many districts wheat seeding was completed by the 1st of May, after which date oats and barley on larger acreages than usual were planted.

As has been said, favorable weather conditions made possible excellent seed-bed preparation, and the seed has gone into the ground in unusually good shape. The available moisture in the soil has been added to by rains, which have not been so heavy, however, as to interfere long with the work in the fields. The grain is germinating readily, and on many fields the young green blades of the cereal are already showing.

An optimistic feeling prevails among farmers that Western Canada will reap a record harvest. If the season from now on is as favorable as it has begun, these hopes should be realized. Mr. J. D. McGregor of the Federal Food Board, who is also an old and successful farmer in Western Canada, asserted a few days ago at Calgary that crop conditions throughout the Prairie Provinces were excellent. "Speaking generally," he said, "the crops have never gone into the ground in better shape than this year, and with an even break of luck as far as the weather is concerned, there should be an enormous crop." His present duties in connection with the Food Control Board, taking him in all parts of the West, Mr. McGregor has exceptional opportunities of observing conditions all over the country.—Advertisement.

No Limit.

The other morning while I was work ing I was interrupted by my small son with his Tiptoe message: "Mamma, I love you," said: "I'm glad, for I love you. How much do you love me?"

He hesitated a moment, then replied: —"Oh, to the end of the counting!"—Exchange.

Heals Running Sores and Conquers Piles.

Also Stops Itching of Eczema as Soon as Applied.

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 703 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

I'd rather get a letter like that, says Peterson, than have John D. Rockefeller give me a thousand dollars. It does me a lot of good to be able to be of use to my fellow men.

For years I have been selling through druggists . . . large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for a trifle. The healing power of this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear . . . week. 30 cents a box.

Mail orders filled, charges prepaid by Peterson Bros., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

Different Circumstances.

She—Do you love me less than you did a week ago, when you bought me flowers and candy every night?

He—No, but pay day is a week off and I generally get broke about the middle of the month.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In Harmony.

"That yachting party are telling the most transporent fakes."

"Why, even the yachts are lying to."

Dandruff and Itching.
To restore dry, failing hair and get rid of dandruff, rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

Barridge.

"He's consistent, anyway." "Why?" "He pronounces 'barrage' the same way he does 'garage.'"

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the footbath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Used by the American, British and French troops. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain relief for tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A new oil-burning apparatus heats and lights the room at the same time