

STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION ENDED

Suffered So He Couldn't Work for a Year, but Mr. McCormick Was Cured Promptly.

"I had stomach trouble and constipation for five years. One year of this time I was unable to work, suffering untold misery. I consulted with some of the best physicians, also took many proprietary medicines, but could not find permanent relief. Finally a friend recommended Milk's Emulsion. The first few doses relieved me greatly, and three bottles effected a permanent cure."—C. A. McCormick, Anderson, Ind.

Mr. McCormick is only one of many hundreds who have endured torture for years and then found that Milk's Emulsion gives blessed relief and that, lasting benefit. It costs nothing to try. Milk's Emulsion is a pleasant, nutritive food and a corrective medicine. It restores healthy and natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and purgatives. It promotes appetite and quickly sets the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food. As a builder of flesh and strength Milk's Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whom sickness has weakened, and as a powerful aid to restoring and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. Chronic stomach trouble and constipation are promptly relieved usually in one day.

This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with spoon like ice cream. Truly wonderful for sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milk's Emulsion under the guarantee—Take six bottles and if you are not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. 6c and 12c per bottle. The Milk's Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

Sweet Boomerang.

For days Vic had been eating in a cafeteria where a young woman steps up at the end of the meal to ask: "Is there anything else?" meaning that she will be glad to bring a slice of something perhaps missed and desired. "A dessert, perhaps, which would top the meal," she does it nicely, too, Vic says. For days he wished to ask her what persons replied to her when she made her polite inquiry. Finally when she approached his table one night he ventured:

"What to you has been the funniest thing patrons said when you asked them that question?"

"That is," she said with admirable sangfroid.—Innulation's Star.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is no preparation that has been more successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the following statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

How, then, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., P.O. Box 589, New York, for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Prince Charming.

Miss Snakes—"Allow me to introduce myself." Mr. Ratt—"Charming, I'm sure."—Cartoons Magazine.

About the only way for a married man to keep out of debt is to give his wife all the money she needs.

Texas-Ranger Producing & Refining Company

Both an investment and a speculation.

Twelfth consecutive monthly dividend of 2%, paid April 1st.

Earnings of \$300,000 for 1919 exceeded 55% on total outstanding capital stock.

Present drilling campaign should increase above earnings in 1920.

Officially listed on New York Curb. Write for particulars.

C. D. Knapp, Jr. & Co. Established 1890

149 Broadway New York

Kentucky Natural Leaf Tobacco

Chewing or Smoking. Fine, mellow Kentucky Natural Leaf Tobacco. Unadulterated and of the highest quality. Highest grade and guaranteed you to be pleased. Send 10c per pound or 25c for sample. Money order or certified check.

MADDOX BROS. TOBACCO CO. Dept. W, Mayfield, Ky.

Yellow Men Sleep

By JEREMY LANE

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LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN AN UNKNOWN LAND

Every American youngster with red blood and an imagination has day dreams of traveling to a strange land; of finding there a fair maiden ignorant of the world; of bringing her home in triumph; of teaching her to live and love. And here you have the thrilling romance of such a man and maid—an American with "imagination, vigor and a laugh," and 18-year-old Princess Helen of Tau Kuan, Empire of the Yellow Sun, beyond the Great Wall of China, older than the Tower of Babel, hidden from the eyes of all the world.

Adventure! It's in every column of this strange journey on a strange quest through a strange land where the traders and thieves, despite their ancient blood-few, are always in league against the traveler who would pass to the still stranger land of Tau Kuan, where a strange people worship the strange "Koresh," with its odor of wine and cinnamon and its sleep with dreams of bliss.

This is no travel guide-book. The characters are not automatons. The hero is sophisticated and very human. The heroine is unsophisticated and very unhappy. And there's no chaperon in this story. Also, for good measure, there's an Arab maiden, whose "lips are red and her robes but veils." "What would you do?" is a question you will ask yourself more than once, be you man or woman reader.

CHAPTER I

The Wolf

There was a quiet year in her veins that took her to John Livingston. It was a gray-feathered night in spring, and she refused to turn back. She held her hands in his, and could not accept as real the great beauty of the world. He had been writing verses as usual when she came to his door; and the gentle lines were always of her, his Mary, his unattainable. Now she flamed that he loved those forth to her. She threaded her destiny with his.

In the dim, dusty hallway outside his door he found her arms about his neck, and the springlike evensong lowered in their kiss.

Mary would not go back. Her family, the proper Martins, had estranged her when they refused to receive the man who once appeared in print served only to whet their disapproval. He could not make three hundred a year that way. They would have no more of him, and no further talk. A shining hair and silent electric had been brought to the porte-cochere, and long-pressed pearls appeared on her finger-ring. These gifts and their bald object won only a storm from John. When she had looked her mother from the room, and had lain upon the floor to think and resent, the spring twilight had found her, had touched her cheek and raised her hair from her neck. It shimmered, and caused again the familiar tumult in her heart. John, her poet! Twilight pressed the barb of desire in her flesh; her thoughts were bitter-sweet. She admitted to herself that she was his writing she wanted, for he might not be a great poet. She forgot his delicate grasp of her eyes, her light-brown hair, her young limbs. All of that might fade some day. She loved him the more for the moment of silence. So, while the last robin of the day caroled outside of her window, and the soft dusk sank upon her hair and face, she obeyed her own heart, and she was a place of his work," he said, when they went patly down the stairs of the rooming-house.

"You will write, John," she said.

"Yes, and work with my hands, too, for wages. I can make a song of it." "Where shall we go now?" she asked.

Before another sunset they had forgotten the name of the sailor minister who had sanctioned their joy.

They went to a small Michigan town. John worked in a shoe factory, and came home each night with grimy face and bruised hands, to a small house that was lit with happiness. Mary was in a shining dream. The world was a place of his work, and tenderness and passion. John's day-labor was something to laugh at. He was strong, and his beneficent never suspected him of writing poetry. With his beloved he would go down-town on the summer evenings, carrying a basket, to buy groceries. They found delight in simple things in this small Downstate, Michigan. Their cottage was radiant with cleanliness. John gave robust from his work. His pale blue eyes shone with a light, from within. He took lightly the mistakes that often cost him a day's wages. There was enough. To him the universe was overflowing with sunlight.

The police came, but went away, smiling and powerless. Then, the old butler from Mary's house came, and they kept him overnight, until he forgot his errand of mail, and found himself gripping the hand of John Livingston when they parted. The butler lost his position, and later Mary's father came. Her mother, too, but the railway station, refusing to see eyes

upon the cottage. It would be enough to ride back to the city with her stilly daughter. Mr. Martin had stern though kindly words for his girl, and would not consent to remain to dinner, when she would be home. Mary bade him an affectionate good-bye. Two silent parents returned to their mansion alone, and their eyes were blurred.

Mary's days were keenly and frankly lived. On Sundays John wrote verses. She remembered the night she had gone to him, and laughed a little at that early idea of love, which had seemed so complete. Now she knew it had been but a quest at the wide-sweeping truth. Summer warmth need fall through her body. Her arms grew round, and she breathed more deeply. "The cosmic life and beauty that I almost believe I feel his presence," John would nod quickly, timidly, without speaking, for the miracle was beyond his understanding, and the path of the gentle newcomer was not all clear to him. A thousand lovely gifts he had in mind for Mary and her guest, but he could not buy them. There was the lovely but important matter of cash to burn, first to be purchased. His department in the factory had filled the warehouses, and the men were laid off. There were many, red sitting-rooms in Dowagiac, many city stores; and in February John was no better provided than his comrades. The grocer had a way of asking for payment, courteous Sabbath-bound that he was, until he got it; but his wagon stopped at more in the eyes of the Livingston. John cut down a shade-tree for fuel to keep Mary warm, and the neighbors were good to her until he got out of jail, where he went because unable to pay the fine. Then he approached her parents.

The new butler remembered instructions and carried them out.

"There is no one to receive you," he said.

"I am out of work, and my wife needs some things. I thought, perhaps—"

"You have been in jail, sir?"

"Yes," said John. "You let me have a word with Mrs. Martin?"

"No, sir."

"But my wife is in need of so many things and a baby is coming. I'm not asking for myself. If you won't let me come in, you'll tell Mrs. Martin for me?"

A buzzer sounded within the house.

"Good-day, sir." The butler had turned to answer the summons.

"You'll take the message?" cried John. The door clicked shut in his face.

Before taking the train for Dowagiac, he sent a short letter to Mary's father.

In the little stove town again, he trudged through the fresh snow. The chimney of his cottage was crested white, and no smoke was there. Mary was in her room, and he had gone to bed to keep warm. Clustered about her, wrapped in shawls, were the neighbor women, busily commiserating. They turned accusing eyes upon John as he entered. Somehow they

had learned of his writing, and he was condemned. He permitted "this poor young thing, in that condition," to suffer want. One especially isolated lady had been coming twice every day to see if Mary might not be getting worse. In truth, Mary was John knew it. He banished the harpies from the room. Even the patient happiness in Mary's eyes seemed to reproach him, and he went out into the snow, fearing the gods of the slatted skies.

The city postmaster called, and corn meal followed his visit. There was no sign from the city mansion. Winter broke, and even the cold was no longer a deceit white. The winter was hebragled and sodden. John Livingston's dreams had withered, and any memory was pain.

For the young mother April was approach to a new country, gray, mysterious beyond any words, and in May its subtle boundary was reached. Dowagiac's city council took a hand in the matter, having passed a resolution that luck was against one John Livingston and his wife. The dirty woman who ducked next door came often, until her visits left a trail through the house. John could not scrub it away. Mary went to the hospital, her eyes radiant with heaven's fever, and she never returned.

Of the four days that followed his death, John retained only certain films of horror. A pink, puckered, man-child, placed in his arms a moment and then taken away; black carriages

darky boys, while his father worked on a truck. The juvenile blacked the wife and mother, and tossed him with friendly fists?

"At the end of the alley was a high board fence. The older boys were always climbing over, but this was denied Con. What was on the other side? How many words of delicious terror, and what passages in the gray forbidden maze of Memphis? The small white person pondered on the alley stones, twisted his dress, and sniffed at the air.

He did not cry, because his father would come soon and give him a bath, and they would eat supper together.

With a few dollars saved, John Livingston went on in the spring, and the two-wheeled roller across the plains in a day-coach, lured by its dusty rhythm, enchanted with the reaches of space. Con discovered the stars, but he was always too sleepy to hold any discovery was endlessly true. Great noisy games printed a industry on the fresh mind; the jester rocks were fabulous in color and dimension.

A logging train carried them around the swirling base of Shasta, to a sawmill. John found here a sharp renewal of his anguish, his sensibilities quickened in the presence of the mountain, his old grief welling fresh in the clean coolness. He talked with the loggers, who ran rode with the driver of the banty-engine, or helped the horses uphill by shouting. The great peak across the gulf of air became a part of the boy. He breathed its purity. Men of the camp were loud friends, the two women pleasant large creatures, but the woods were impossibly alluring, and the mountain—oh, what a fine! Here he began to know himself, to fix his own identity as something more than an answer to the name Con. This food nourished more than body.

When he was three, his father let go their mooring; the old tide of restlessness swayed him, and they went to San Francisco. John Livingston could not forget. He drank as other men drink, but no cup was deep enough. And there were other forms of soul-dark to be had along Dory street, where they dwelt—the gentle, deep sins of the Orient. John Livingston eyes seemed gradually to be sinking into gray shadows. Little Con was a genuine companion, a very honest young person, became more and more dear to him, though never drawing a tithe of the other love.

"They shipped to the Philippines, and Con was with him, and he was before, except the mountain, and he thought of that only when the waves ran high. The steamer was a gray tramp, went inside and roll of smells. There were the Filipinos and Malays in the crew. The cook was a Chinese named Bill, and he screamed at Con—a mad laughter which only himself and the small boy seemed to comprehend.

One still night in the harbor of Elopura, when a dozen lights shone inshore through the gloom, and the ship made gentle creaking sounds above the faint shore noises, a brown Celeban returned to the deck very drunk. He was in his home waters; he would show that Chinee. Con was with the cook, listening to fairy-stories told in their original tongue, when the drunk ripped the Chinese across with a broad knife. Thus some old racial grudge was settled. John Livingston found his son waiting patiently beside the dead man. Con discovered that stories are an always finished. Solemnly he went to bed.

Con, Chee Ming and the small leather sack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Modern orange shells are clear-shaped. They taper both at the front and at the rear. This tapering of the rear, and is called 'heart-shaping.' You may notice that racing automobiles have torpedo-shaped sterns. A square-tailed shell at high speeds is actually held back at high speeds because of the vacuum created behind it by the delay of its movement. Tapering the tail leads the air gently and easily into the hole that the shell or the racing car bores in the atmosphere, and thus the vacuum's impeding grip is the flying object."—Everbord's Magazine.

Surf-Footed Goral. Among the strange animals that came under the observation of Roy Andrews, who conducted an expedition into farther China for the American Museum of Natural History, was the goral, a mountain goat. It has been a goral," says the explorer, "that at full speed down the side of a cliff that appeared to be almost perpendicular."

London Cats. Thirty thousand stray cats are rescued from London streets every year. They are painlessly killed, their skins being used for muffs and gloves.

Bryoklyn Eagle.

Sure Relief
BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS
Hot Water
Sore Relief

Keep Your Skin-Pores Active and Healthy With Cuticura Soap
Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c.

BAD BREATH
Often Caused by Acid-Stomach
How can anyone with a sour, empty stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? Acid stomach disorders mean just one thing—EATONIC.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH
Microbed With a Double Life. The transformation of microbes from one form to another has been described by many investigators, and it has been suggested that the same microbe in different forms may be responsible for different diseases.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully the bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Williams.

WEEK AND WORN?
Do you have constant backache, with headaches, dizzy spells, sharp pains, or irritability of the kidney irregularities? Influenza and grip epidemics have left thousands with weak, limp, and failing strength. Don't wait until serious kidney trouble develops. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Get Doan's at any drug store, 60c a box.

When You Know
you have a heart, it is time to watch your stomach. Palpitation and other signs of "heart trouble" usually mean indigestion, produced by food poisons that irritate every part of the body—heart included.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Relieve and Benefit
FRECKLES