

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 Muka Emulsion. The first few doses relieved me greatly, and three bottles of it 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 Muka Emulsion gives blessed relief and real, lasting benefit. It costs nothing to try. Muka 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 Muka Emulsion is strongly recommended to those whose weakness has weakened, and is a powerful aid in 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 sick, sickly children.

No matter how severe your case, you are invited to try Muka Emulsion under the guarantee—Take six bottles and, with you, use it according to directions, and if not satisfied with the results your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. The Muka 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 in a slice of something perhaps missing, or 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—Indiana'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 one preparation that has been very 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, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because of kidney trouble. It is 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.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Prince Charming. Miss Snook—"Allow me to introduce myself." Mr. Hart—"Charming. I'm sure."—Cartoon Magazine.

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

The nails on invalids' hands grow considerably faster than on the hands of a person in good health.

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 1901

149 Broadway New York

Kentucky Natural Leaf Tobacco

Chewing or Smoking. Thick, ripe, mellow. No. 1 Natural Leaf Tobacco. Unadulterated. No sugar, no molasses, no artificial flavors. No wax used. No artificial colors. Guaranteed pure and of highest grade. Sold per pound or in cases for retail. Money order or certified check.

MADDOX BROS. TOBACCO CO. Dept. W, Myfield, 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 "Koreish," 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 hot 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. John 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 no always of her, his Mary, his unattainable. Now the flame that he loved shone forth in her. She threaded her destiny with his. In the dim, dusty hallway outside his door he found her arms about his neck, and that springlike evening lowered in their kiss.

Mary would not go back. Her family, the proper Martins, had estranged her when they refused to receive the man of her choice. The fact that his verse had 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-desired pearls appeared on her finger-able. These gifts and their bald object won only a storm from Mary. 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 from the rug. It whispered to her, 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 it was his writing she wanted, for he might not be a great poet. She forgot his delicate praise of her eyes, her light-brown hair, her young limbs. All of that might fade some day. She loved him the most for the moment of alliance. So, while the last robin of the day caroled outside of her window, and the soft dusk sank upon the trees and lawn, she obeyed her own heart, and drew him to her.

"I will work," he said, when they went partly 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 stove 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 dress. The world was a place of beauty and tenderness and passion. John's day-labor was something to laugh at. He was strong, and his bench-men 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 town, 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, in 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, also, but the day of their wedding, the railway station, refusing to let eyes

upon the cottage. It would be enough to ride back to the city with his silly daughter. Mr. Martin had stern thought kindly words for his girl, and would not consent to remain to dinner. When John, his wife, 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 full through her body. Her arms grew round, and she breathed more deeply. The cosmic life and beauty that were herself, Mary Livingston, blossomed now.

In September, when the yellow grasshoppers danced zigzag across the scorched grass, the sun ripened the apples, and the orchard round Dowagiac, Mary began to breathe free. Two. An overwhelming devotion possessed John Livingston—his sacrament. The flood of his desire seemed to have reached the sea, and he lost himself in adoration. He asked for nothing, trying only to serve, to smooth the way for his beloved and the coming of her children.

Sometimes she would say to him: "John, I almost believe I feel his presence, our new-comer—somebody so friendly and brave. His personality."

And John would nod quickly, timidly, without speaking, for the miracle was beyond his understanding, and the path of the gentle new-comer 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 were the lovely, important matters of food to buy, first to be purchased. His department in the factory had filled the warehouses, and the men were laid off. There were many cold sitting-rooms in Dowagiac, many chilly stoves; 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 no more in front of the Le-Vingtons. John cut down a shade-tree for fuel to keep Mary 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.

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Before taking the train for Dowagiac, he sent a short letter to Mary's father. "In the little town again, he trod through the fresh snow. The chimney of his cottage was crested white, and no smoke was there. Mary was in her room. She had gone to bed to keep warm. Clustered about her, wrapped in shawls, were the neighbor women, hawking and 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 spoiled 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 decent white. The world was bedraggled and sodden. John Livingston's dreams had withered, and any memory was pain.

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Of the four days that followed her 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

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