SUFFERED SEVEN LONG YEARS

Finally Relieved by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ravenswood, W. Va.—"For seven long years I suffered from a female trouble and inflammation so that I was not able to do my housework. I consulted several doctors but none seemed to give me relief. I read in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I decided to try it and before the first bottle was gone I found great relief so I continued using it until I had taken eight bottles. Now I am very well and can do my own housework. I can gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine to suffering women."—Mrs. BERTHA LIERING, R. F. D., Ravenswood, W. Va.

The ordinary day of most housewives is a ceaseless treadmill of washing, cooking, cleaning, mending, sweeping, dusting and caring for little ones. How much harder the tasks when some derangement of the system causes headaches, backaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness. Every such woman should profit by Mrs. Liering's experience. Remember this, for over forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring health.

Acid Stomach for 10 Years

NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Earnestly Praises Eatonic

"My wife was a great sufferer from acid stomach for 10 years," writes H. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Eatonic.

Sufferers from acid stomach—let Eatonic help you also. It quickly takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases and makes the stomach cool and comfortable. You digest easily, get the full strength from your food, feel well and strong, free from bloating, belching, food repeating, etc. Big box costs costs only a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

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STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

The guaranteed "Killer" for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches Ants and Waterbugs—the greatest known carriers of disease. They destroy both food and property. Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air.

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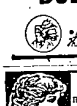

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HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

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TAKE **BEECHAM'S PILLS** FOR CONSTIPATION

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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"TONY, LITTLE TONY!"

Synopsis.—Lonely and friendless, Tonnibel Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation Army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation Army captain, Philip MacCauley. Uriah Devon, Tony's father, announces he has arranged for Tony to marry Reginald Brown, a worthless companion. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. Their quarrel reveals that there is a secret between them in which Tony is the central figure. Tony refuses to marry Reginald and escapes a beating by jumping into the lake. She finds a baby's picture with offer of reward for its delivery to a Doctor Pendleshaven. With the Pendleshavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her daughter and son, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley. Tonnibel returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendleshaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's child, stolen in infancy. Doctor John goes with Tony to the canal boat. Mrs. Devon is deeply agitated and makes Tony swear she will never tell of Devon's brutality. The older Devons disappear and Tony again visits the Pendleshavens. She is taken into the house as a companion to Doctor Paul. Philip fights with Reginald and saves Tony. Uriah appears.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"Where's mummy?" she demanded, and again came a sharper "Where's my mother?" Roughly shoving her aside, Uriah walked across the boat deck, his sunken eyes fixed on MacCauley.

"What you mussin' about my boat for, mister?" he demanded. "And what happened to that young feller crawlin' to the beach there?"

"I slung him in the lake," said Philip fiercely. "The pup was—was—" he made a gesture toward Tony as Devon's interruption boldly forth:

"Was it any of your business what happened to my girl?"

Uriah took another step toward the young captain.

"That's your canoe, ain't it, roped to my deck?" he demanded fiercely. "Well, hop in and get away if you don't want a broken skull!"

Philip sent a flashing glance to the silent, white girl. There was such terror marked on her face that his teeth came together tensely.

"He can't go till my mother comes," she broke out abruptly. "I won't stay if he don't."

Uriah's hand went back to his hip.

"I guess he'll go if I tell 'im to," said he. "Just hop into your boat, kid, before I fill you up to your teeth with little bits of hot lead."

Tonnibel had witnessed scenes like this before. She knew but a tiny pressure of her father's finger on the gun he held would kill her sweetheart.

"Go along," she managed to get out between her chattering teeth. "It'll be worse for both of us if you don't!"

Devon was forcing Philip backward toward the end of the dock, and by this time Reginald had crawled to the shore and had lain down upon it.

"Don't lag, mister," cried Tony to Philip. "Go along to Ithaca."

MacCauley stepped into his canoe, and Devon sullenly unfastened the rope and threw it into the bow of the craft.

"Don't come back here if you don't want a taste of this," he snapped, touching his gun. "Get out and stay out, mister."

With the end of the revolver he gave the canoe a shove, and Tony saw the paddle dip into the water and the bar move away.

Uriah stood a moment and looked off to the hills. Then locking Tony in the cabin he went to where Reggie lay on the shore and helped him back to the boat.

CHAPTER IX.

The Face in the Window.

By ten o'clock a heavy rain and wind had settled over the Storm Country with such force that the waves were rolling southward like ivory-crested mountains. Once in a while a heavy thud of thunder reverberated over the lake from the north, losing its roar back of the Cornell buildings on the university campus.

Devon's canal boat was following the little tug which was hugging the western shore northward. Tonnibel, in the little room back of the cabin, was searching through the darkness from the small window. But the only thing she could see was the dark bank along which they crept and which once in a while was lit up by a vivid streak of lightning.

Suddenly the engine stopped, and as if she imagined Gussie could help her she gathered her into her arms.

In a vivid streak of lightning she saw they were anchored close to Crowbar point, which protected them somewhat from the wind. She crouched low when the little door opened and Uriah called her name.

"Come out here, Tonnibel," he commanded roughly, and Tony, with Gussie in her arms, crept into the cabin, where Reggie was sealed on a bunk, looking pale and sullen.

"Set down on the floor, brat," commanded Uriah, and Tonnibel dropped down. "Now listen to me, Tony," went on Devon. "Ever since you've been knee high to a grasshopper you been as mean as the devil. You always got it behind Ede when she was here, but now there ain't no skirts to shove me off. You hear?"

Every vestige of blood left the wan young face.

"Where is mummy?" she said, lifting imploring eyes to his.

"Dead," said Devon brutally, "as dead as a door nail. Here, my lady, if you holler I'll rap you one on the gob."

"Dead!" cried Tonnibel. "Pop, you're lying to me—I know you are."

"Have it your own ways bid," replied Uriah, with an insolent laugh, "but one thing's sure—Ede ain't here to buck against me now. What I want to get into your thick noodle is you're goin' to get married as soon as we get to Auburn. See?"

The girl's eyes remained centered on his face, horror deep seated in their gray depths.

"Here's Reggie wantin' to marry you," continued Devon, with a wide wave at the limp young man. "And when I say you've got to I mean it."

"I won't," fell from Tony's lips, but the awful expression on her face didn't change nor did she drop her eyes.

Devon took a quick step toward her, with an upraised arm, and as he had beaten his wife, so he laid the blows about the girl's head and shoulders. The girl fell from Tony's arms in her desperate efforts to protect herself.

"Oh, daddy, don't, don't, any more!" she screamed.

Reggie Brown was watching the brutal scene dully as if it interested

Philip Caught at It Desperately.

him but little. At the girl's fearful plea Devon stepped back and glared at her.

"Will you do what I bid you, miss?" he demanded hoarsely. "I'd as soon kill you as take a wink."

Tonnibel made no answer save to weep more wildly, and, because she did not make ready reply, Uriah struck her again. Then suddenly Reginald stood up.

"Don't hit 'er any more, Dev," he drawled. "Shut 'er up a while and keep 'er without grub, and she'll come to time. Give 'e a night to think it over. God, but you've walloped her black and blue as this."

In answer to this Devon picked Tony up and threw her into the back cabin. Then he kicked Gussie over the threshold, slammed the door and locked it.

Philip MacCauley had paddled away from the Dirty Mary with a dull, sick fear for the girl he had had to leave behind. To fight single-handed a drunken man with a gun was foolhardy and would do little Tony no good.

When he reached the corner of the lake he ran his craft ashore and sat for a long time thinking. Suddenly he saw through the dusk that the canal boat had left its moorings and was moving slowly northward in the teeth of the rising wind. With an ejaculation he shoved off and was out in the boiling surf. Wherever that boat went he decided to go, too.

As he paddled carefully along, he could see the shadows of two men in the glimmer of the little light in the small pilot house. Then Reggie was there with Devon, but where was Tony?

One small window in the canal boat gave forth a dim light. He felt within him that she was there where that light was, alone and suffering. What had she thought of his allowing himself to be forced away from her when she needed him most? His teeth came together sharply. He was no coward, this Philip MacCauley, this captain of the Salvation army.

Suddenly he caught sight of a passing shadow in the cabin, and his heart leapt up within him. 'Twas the shadow of a girl walking up and down. Grimly his teeth set into his under lip and with one deep thrust of the paddle into the water, he sent the canoe headong toward the canal boat. Then it was that a girl's face came to the window.

The canoe almost crashed against the side of the bigger boat as it came sidewise of it, and Philip caught at it desperately. Slowly lifting himself on he thrust his face close to Tony's. She was staring at him blankly as if his ghost had suddenly risen out of the storm-tossed lake.

"Don't do that, darling," he whispered as she drew back in terror. "I'm going to take you away."

Then she realized who it was, and reached out and clutched at him, breathlessly.

"Climb through," undertoned Philip. "Quick, climb through, and when I tell you to drop, do it, but not before."

By holding his body rigidly erect, he managed to keep the canoe upright. Then he waited, but not for long. Almost immediately a girl's bare arm shot through the window. Something wriggled in her clutching fingers. Philip almost lost his hold on the boat as Gussie came against his face. He snatched the pup as it dropped it at his feet. Then a pair of bare legs followed and Tony's body began to wriggle through the narrow aperture.

Once or twice Philip muttered an ejaculation as a streak of lightning crossed the sky only to die and leave the water as dark as before. It was taking the girl an interminable time to squeeze herself through that opening. Suddenly her shoulders were through, and she was hanging by her hands.

Just at that moment the tug ahead became silent, and Philip heard the two men walking back along its roof. They were coming aboard the canal boat, and if— He crushed the canoe nearer, lifted one hand and jerked the hanging figure of the girl away from the window. She flopped face downward into the bottom of the canoe, and Philip left her there limp without a word. Then he let go his hold of the canal boat, and a great wave lifted his slender craft upon its crest and they shot away toward the bank.

It took a shorter time than it takes to tell it for the canoe to reach the shore. Under the overhanging trees where they were shielded from the wind, Philip turned and looked back. A man's face was thrust through the window which had just yielded up the quiet little figure at his feet. Then two forms appeared upon the stern deck. From the hand of one of the men hung a lantern. Philip remained very still. He knew they could not see him hidden away there in the darkness.

For a long time, through which Tonnibel never moved, Philip waited. The men on the canal boat seemed filled with terror. They ran from one end of it to the other. He heard them calling to and fro, and once in a while an oath escaped from Devon as he screamed his daughter's name loudly.

It was not until he saw one of them climb upon the tug and heard the sudden clang of the engine, that the boy took up his paddle and moved slowly along the shore southward, and, as he was going with the wind, Philip made rapid progress toward the head of the lake.

In a little cove he drew the canoe to the shore and, springing out, dragged it its length from the water.

Then he called softly:

"Tony—little Tony."

The girl stirred and lifted her head.

"Yep," she sighed. "I'm here."

"Come out," said Philip, leaning over and taking hold of her arm. "There! Child, don't shake so. You're safe here with me, and I suppose they think you're drowned by this time. Can't you step out, dear?"

She was trembling so he had to pick her up and lift her out in his arms. Then he carried her under an overhanging rock and placed her on the sand.

Through many sobs and tears, she told him all that had happened on the canal boat, and that her father had said her mother was dead. And so touched was Philip MacCauley, he felt the tears rim his own lashes. For a long time, in fact until the rain ceased to beat upon the rocks and shore, they stayed under cover. Most of the time they were silent, most of the time Philip held the curly head against his breast. When the dawn began to break Tonnibel roused herself.

"I'm goin' away now," she said. "I've got to go to my friends. And I can't tell you just how much I'm thankin' you."

"But if I let you go," protested Philip, "I'll never see you again. Oh, don't do that. Tony, I couldn't stand it now!"

"I couldn't, either," she said under her breath. "I'll be comin' back here to this hole some day."

"I can't tell. Please don't ask me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Appreciation.

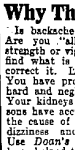
"Has your wife a sense of humor?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Meekton. "The funnier a joke looks the more she is willing to pay for it."

Why That Bad Back?

Is backache keeping you miserable? Are you "all played out," without strength or vigor for your work? Then find what is causing the trouble and correct it. Likely, it's your kidneys! You have probably been working too hard and neglecting rest and exercise. Your kidneys have slowed up and poisons have accumulated. That, then, is the cause of the backache, headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities. Use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. *Doan's* have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case



"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Miss Tena Beeneman, Pine St., Imlay City, Mich., says: "My bladder was inflamed and my kidneys didn't act regularly; they showed in different ways signs of disorder. My back, too, was very sore and lame and it hurt me to stoop or straighten. My eyes became puffy underneath. A neighbor suggested Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got a box. I continued with Doan's until all the troubles left me entirely."

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When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

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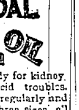

P. D. Q., Pesky Devils Quietus, not an insect powder but a chemical, no mussy or dust, and actually kills Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants, and their eggs as well—5c package makes a quart.—Druggists can supply you, or mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chem. Works, Terre Haute, Ind. Genuine P. D. Q. is never peddled.

ROOM FOR YOUNGER CRITICS

They Have a Place in the World and a Duty That Is Well Worth Performing.

The younger critics, says Heywood Brown, are the lineal descendants of that little child in Anderson's fairy tale who, when the emperor was being made a spectacle of and all the world was being fooled by the sharp tailor, refused to be quiet and cried out, "He hasn't got anything on." These young enthusiasts who have no positions to lose and no dignities to live up to go about pointing to all our literary emperors and calling attention to the scantiness of their attire of greatness, and refuse to be silenced by their scandalized or terrified elders. Good sense bids us welcome their ironest gaze at even the sacrosanct persons. It can't hurt anything really fine, and it's about time we came out of some of our illusions. William Allen White sized it up about right from the conservative point of view when he said in praising "Main Street": "Of course, I'm on the other side of the street myself, but that's just the reason why I like this book. It gives us fellows something to answer."

Undoubtedly.

Old Man—"And if you had $500 and multiplied it by two, what would you get?" Little Boy—"A motor car."

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BAYER

Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. —Adv.

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Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a Tonic and Blood Purifier. By cleansing the blood and building up the System, HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE restores normal conditions and allows Nature to do its work.

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

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In Use for Over 30 Years.

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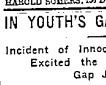

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IN YOUTH'S GAY SPRINGTIME

Incident of Innocent Pleasure That Excited the Admiration of Gap Johnson.

"It shore does a feller good to see the innocent pleasure children get out of the coming of spring!" said Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "The first right warm day most of my young 'uns swarmed, as you might say. Wife took and ripped 'em out of their underclothes that she'd sewed 'em up in last fall, and they hit the path for the creek, scratching and cussing merrily.

"They found there seven or eight of Gabe Giggery's kids, three or four of Jim-Tom Tullery's, a bunch of Zeke Yawley's and several more than nobody could tell whose they were till they got their faces washed. Well, then there was a grand hooraw as they all shucked theirselves and whirled in to tying each other's clothes up in hard knots, and fighting about it, and such as that. Round and round and over and under they went, till they all fell into the drink and kept right on lamming each other till they knocked all the water out of the creek."—Kansas City Star.

Stop There.

"She's too good for me."

"That's all right, my boy. Tell her so, but don't try to prove it."

Let the Children in, too!

It's no longer necessary to maintain a dividing line at the breakfast table—tea or coffee for grown-ups—no hot cup for the youngsters

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