

SO WEAK SO NERVOUS

How Miserable This Woman Was
Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Toombsboro, Ga.—"I suffered terribly with backache and headache all the time, was so weak and nervous I didn't know what to do, and could not do my work. My trouble was deficient and irregular periods. I read in the papers what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to give it a trial. I got good results from its use so that I am now able to do my work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to mine and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. C. F. Phillips, Toombsboro, Ga.

Weak, nervous women make unhappy homes—their condition irritates both husband and children. It has been said that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," irritability and backache arise from some displacement or derangement of a woman's system. Mrs. Phillips' letter clearly shows that your remedy is so successful in overcoming this condition as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

**GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL
CAPSULES**

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and National Remedy of Holland since 1895. Think twice, all you need is Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Mrs. Hicks Relieved By Four Eatonics

"I have taken four Eatonic tablets and they relieved me of sour stomach. I recommend it to everybody," says Mrs. G. P. Hicks.

If stomach is not digesting your food; if you have sourness, bloating, food repeating, indigestion or acid stomach, Eatonics will remove the cause by taking up and carrying off the acidity and gases, bringing relief and healthy digestion. Why suffer stomach trouble? Why not keep your digestion normal and enjoy good health? An Eatonic taken after each meal will prevent discomfort and pain. Make the test today and see how quickly this wonderful remedy acts. It comes in handy tablet form. Carry it with you. A big box costs only a trifle with your drugist's guarantee.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE DESTROYED FLIES AND KILLED MOSQUITOES. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM—Scented with the finest perfumes. Restores Color and Brings to Gray and Faded Hair. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects.

HINDERGORN'S Remove Corns, Calluses, etc. price all pain, restore comfort to the feet. Sufferers will find relief. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects. It is a powerful disinfectant and kills all insects.

Preserving Mine Timbers. A coating of magnesia cement on the timbers of mines is attested by an economical and efficient assurance against fire, especially in the arid regions where the timber becomes highly inflammable and is difficult to replace.



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"BULL"
DURHAM**
tobacco makes 50
good cigarettes for
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FREE SAMPLE to prove our aim and women to enjoy our product. Write now. CONLEY, 34 Madison, Dayton, Ohio.

W. N. U., DETROIT, MO., 22-1921.

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

by GRACE MILLER WHITE

A New Romance of the Storm Country

"YOU, YOU HUUZZY!"

Synopsis—Lonely and friendless, Tommie Devon, living on a canal boat with a brutal father and a worthless, dissipated mother, wanders into a Sullivan army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There he meets young, salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley, Irish Devon, Tony's father, and he has arranged for Tony to marry Reginald Brown, a worthless capitalist. Mrs. Devon objects, and Ulrich beats her. Their quarrel reveals that there is a secret between them in which Tony is the central figure. Tony escapes a beating by jumping into the lake. She finds a baby's picture with offer of reward for its delivery to a Doctor Pendelhaven. With the Pendelhavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her daughter and son, Katherine, Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is in love with Philip MacCauley. Tommie returns the picture to Doctor John, and learns it belongs to his brother, Dr. Paul Pendelhaven. It is a portrait of Doctor Paul's daughter, stolen in infancy by the Devil. Tony, who is the canal boat, Mrs. Devon is deeply attracted and makes Tony swear she will never tell of her own brutality. The older Devons disappear and Tony is taken into the Pendelhaven home as a companion to Doctor Paul. Philip fights with Reginald in the boat and saves Tony. Ulrich appears, orders Philip off and locks up Tony. Philip escapes over the fence. Tony exchanges love vows. Doctor Paul improves and the Curtis are furious over her presence. Philip and Tony unexpectedly meet in the Pendelhaven home.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

She went extremely pale and put out her hand to grasp something for support as if she were going to fall. She saw him rise up slowly, an expression of amazement and relief going across his face. "What are you doing?" she asked, a little smile in her eyes and how full of pleading, as if she were silently begging him to forgive her for some deed she'd done.

John Pendelhaven gazed at the two young people, and then he got to his feet.

"Philip," he said abruptly, "this is Tommie Devon. She's Paul's companion."

Philip interrupted the speaker by his sudden bound around the table. "Tony Devon, little Tony," he cried.

"I thought, oh, I thought you were dead. I thought I'd lost you forever. A noise fell from Katherine's lips, and Mrs. Curtis stumbled to her feet.

"So you know her too, Philip?" she asked with a hasty glance at her pallid daughter. "I thought I'd kept her well out of your way. So you've played the sneak while eating bread and butter in my house, miss," she blurted at Tony. "Well, it's what one might expect of you—your mother."

"Mother," gasped Katherine, as Tommie snatched her hands from Philip. "Katherine, you needn't bother me."

cried Mrs. Curtis, blind with rage. "Either she goes away or I do. You won't stay in my house with a common sneak—a common—"

"Sarah, sit down," thundered John Pendelhaven. "Don't speak another such word or—"

Tony was at the doctor's side before he could finish his threat.

"I didn't sneak," she said, looking up at him. "Oh, please—please believe me."

"That she didn't," cried Philip, coming to her side. "Cousin John, I've known Tony Devon ages, and I didn't even know she was in this house." He turned his flashing eyes upon Mrs. Curtis, who was weeping hysterically.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cousin Sarah," he went on, "to use such language to a perfectly nice little girl. Why, you've just about broken her heart."

His voice had sunk to a passionate whisper. His eyes misted in a youthful struggle to control his joy, and—and at the sight of him, Katherine lost her wits entirely.

"Who and what have we been harboring in this house, Cousin John?" she shrieked in a high voice, struggling to her feet. "A gutter rat, a little sneak, a loose girl—"

Each word, brought out with greater vehemence and passion than the one before, struck the listeners dumb. In shame-faced misery, Tommie sunk to the floor, dropping her head into her hands.

"Oh, no, I'm not that," she wailed. "My rummy never lived in the gutter; she never did. It was poor, awful poor—"

"Poor!" exclaimed Katherine. "You're worse than poor. I suppose you've wheeled Philip the same way you have Cousin Paul."

"Katherine, I command you to be silent," shouted Pendelhaven. "If you say another word, I shall ask you to leave my house."

"Well, I never!" screamed Mrs. Curtis. "And you too, Sarah," thrust in the



In Shame-Faced Misery Tommie Sank to the Floor.

difference to me. But it's true, just the same. I'll wait here for me, Philip," said the doctor, in a low tone. "I'll be back in a moment."

Then he took Tony by the hand and they went out together.

For several tense moments a silence too dreadful to describe settled down about the dining room. Katherine twisted her fork wistfully and Mrs. Curtis still sniffled in her handkerchief.

Philip looked from one to the other, wishing with all his heart he could say something that would clear the atmosphere.

"I'm sorry, Cousin Sarah," he said abruptly, trying to smile. "It certainly was awkward, wasn't it?"

"Awkward?" repeated Mrs. Curtis, wrinkling her face. "Awkward isn't the word, Philip. It was disgusting."

The gorge rose again in his throat. "Tommie Devon is the best girl I know," he asserted. "Poor little thing, I pity her with all my heart."

"Pity is akin to love, my dear Philip," sneered Mrs. Curtis.

"Mother," cried Katherine, "Philip wouldn't go far from his heart and his friends and position as to love—well, if you can't keep your tongue still, go upstairs."

This was a shock for Philip. That any girl could speak to her own mother in such a way was beyond his comprehension. The door opened just then and Dr. John walked in.

"She came down to tell me that Paul wanted me and forgot," he said in a low tone. "The poor child is quite overcome."

Mrs. Curtis tossed her head and rose from the table, and Katherine, rising also, followed her mother out of the room.

There was very little said between the young man and his older friend after the ladies had taken their departure, but when Captain MacCauley was ready to leave, he looked anxiously at his companion.

"Cousin John," he murmured. "You won't let any one—"

"Indeed not," interrupted the doctor, anticipating the lad's plea. "Tony Devon is here to stay. Philip—"

"Could I—could I see her, Cousin John, just a minute?" the boy faltered.

"Not tonight, old fellow," replied the doctor, kindly. "Tomorrow, perhaps."

And Philip had to be content. That evening Katherine spent with her mother in hopeless misery.

"He acted just as if he loved her," she wailed at one time in their conversation. "To give anything to find out how long he's known her."

"So would I," said Mrs. Curtis. "Katherine, we've got to get her away by some means. She's bewitched John—she's brought Paul up from his grave—and there's no telling, she may usurp your place in their will."

"And now she's bewitched Philip," gulped Katherine. "Can't you think of some plan? Can't we claim she steals or something like that?"

"John wouldn't believe it, especially now that Reggie is coming home," was the answer. "His sister told, said she'd be here very soon. Everything that happens in this house out of the ordinary is blamed on my poor boy."

And she began again to cry.

"Great Heavens, mother, don't do that," screamed Katherine. "Can't you see weeping doesn't do any good? You make me so nervous I could fly. We've got to make some plan to get her out of here. While you're sniffling all the time, you can't think."

Mrs. Curtis rose and walked to her bedroom door.

"My children have no sympathy for me at all," she shot back. "But you I can't think without I cry. Well, watch me! I'll tell you five dollars Tony Devon is out of this house before another week is over."

The next morning, when Reggie Brown came home, he went directly to his mother. Of course, as usual, she wept at the sight of him and began to upbraid him for his thoughtlessness. Why hadn't he let her know where he was? Why had he been gone so long?

Reggie laughed insolently. "Do I ever let you know where I go, mother?" he demanded, dropping into an easy chair. "No, I don't, and I won't. I've come for five hundred dollars I have to have, now cough it up."

"I haven't that much money in the world," sobbed Mrs. Curtis.

"Then schedule it out of Cousin John," he commanded. "I've slapsy got to have it!"

Paying no heed to his gruff command, Mrs. Curtis fled to and fro in excess of anger.

"If Paul had died," she wept, "we'd have had a lot of money."

"How do you know?" was Reggie's quick query.

"Because I know how his will's made," explained his mother, "and unless his Carolyn is found, your Cousin John and I get all his money."

Reginald's eyes blazed into a flame of interest. Money was the only thing that attracted him.

"Why doesn't he die, then?" he asked, dropping back suddenly. "He's old enough and sick and so, isn't he?"

"Because he's got it right," replied his mother. "The doctor said—"

"What girl?" Reggie's voice asked the question in monotone.

"Some huzzy John picked up not long ago," was the reply. "She's brought Paul to life, and John's wild about her, and now—"

"Where is she?" interjected Reggie. "With your Cousin Paul. And, Reggie, I'd give five hundred to get her out of the house."

For several tense moments a silence too dreadful to describe settled down at the tip of his highly polished boots.

"I'd give more than that," he replied solemnly. "No know Cousin Paul was in the house."

"Then rid us of the girl, and he'll soon keep over," said the mother.

But Reginald wasn't interested in Cousin Paul's new companion. He wanted money and there was all, now that Tony Devon was dead.

"How about the five hundred for me?" he questioned, looking at her keenly.

"I've said I hadn't it, my son," said she. "Now run away, and don't bother me any more."

Reggie did leave the room, but not the house. His mind was filled with many plans to get rid of the cash he'd been given. There was a two bling had been done. Whose? the girl with Cousin Paul was, she had to go. It was enough that his mother didn't want her in the house. Reggie could abuse his own women folk; he could make them cry all he wanted to, but that any one, and a stranger too, could force his mother into a spell of hysterics, he wouldn't tolerate.

Then the other thing to which he had made up his mind almost brought his hand on end when he contemplated it. The world had to be reformed of Cousin Paul.

A little drop of something—Reggie rose to his feet and walked nervously up and down the room. "Would be easy enough to get hold of, for Dr. John always had plenty of drugs on hand."

"I'd like to kill her."

(TO BE CONTINUED)
The Problem at Present.
"Do people in society talk about one another?"
"Not as much as they used to," said Miss Carynne. "They seem to be letting one another alone and talking about their servants."

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10 for 10 cts
MANY smokers prefer it. They'll find that this compact package of ten Lucky Strike Cigarettes will just suit them.

Try them—dealers now carry both sizes: 10 for 10 cts; 20 for 20 cts.

It's Toasted

NOT IN WHOLESALE BUSINESS
Amount of Rouge This Damsel Would Require More Than Druggist Carried in Stock.

The drug store was quite near the dancing hall; but the druggist was not a dancer, and had been in bed many hours when he was awakened by the violent ringing of his night bell.

With sleepy words of complaint he pulled himself from his warm bed. "Mine's not to ream my, or some poor soul may do a guy," he murmured philosophically.

Throwing up his bedroom window he allowed the first cold gust of wind to rush past him, then put his head out.

"Below he saw a young lady. 'What can I do for you, miss?' he inquired. 'Is anyone dying?'"

"Oh, no!" came back in sweet tones. "But I'm dancing at the ball close by, and I have quite run out of rouge."

"Indeed!" snorted the disgusted chemist. "I am very sorry, miss, but I never keep enough rouge in stock to cover a cheek like yours!"

Then he banged the window down, and returned to bed.—Chicago Daily News.

Women Proving More Politic.
It is not an uncommon sight now to see a young girl get up and offer her seat in the subway to an elderly woman, whose entrance has been ignored by the male passengers. Such usually brings some blushing humble man to his feet with a summing offer of "have my seat," but the climax was reached the other evening in an up-town restaurant where a middle-aged woman took a seat at the same table with one of her own sex, a stranger to her, and on finishing dinner politely inquired:

"Do you mind if I smoke?"—New York Sun.

Doubtful Compliment.
"Speeding the parting guests," might be described as one of the negative virtues of hospitality. A woman rather overdid the part recently.

She was saying good-by to some visitors who had long outstayed their welcome.

"It was so sweet of you to let us stay so long," said they with effusion. "Oh, I'm glad you have been," she replied with obvious relief.

Costume.
"A moron is a grown-up person who is more or less like a child."

"I have been told so," said Miss Carynne. "Would you call a mature lady who wears very short dresses a moron?"

"No. I'd call her a more-off."

A man is merely as dull as his point of view.

Almost as Easy as Wishing

Your breakfast cup is ready without trouble or delay when

INSTANT POSTUM

is the table beverage.

To a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup, add hot water, stir, and you have a satisfying, comforting drink, delightful in taste—and with no harm to nerves or digestion. As many cups as you like, without regret.

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Your grocer sells Postum in two forms, POSTUM CEREAL (in packages) made by boiling full 20 minutes.

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