

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten?



A New Romance of the Storm Country

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

When he got upstairs, he looked at himself in the glass. How white and thin he had grown! He looked as if he had died and was trying to come to life again. He was frightened at most out of his wits too.

"My goodness, Reggie! How could he do it, child, what's the matter?" "There's matter enough," faltered the boy. "If you don't want me arrested like that man today, then give me some time to get my things together."

"What's the matter with you?" "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"She might make you nervous," she said dubiously. "I don't think so," replied the doctor, smiling. "I'm so much better. We won't speak of this to John, and I won't get nervous."

"You stepped inside and, turning, shut the door before she took a survey of the room. When she did, she almost fainted. Reggie Brown, the awful man she had known in the cathedral days, the man who had dropped the poison into Paul Pennebaker's medicine, was seated very near Mrs. Curtis and Katherine was by the window, wearing a very bereft expression.

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

"You didn't get the money?" "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money, I didn't get the money."

HOW WOMEN AVOID SURGICAL OPERATIONS

Some Are Extremely Necessary, Others May Not Be

Every Woman Should Give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a Trial First



Chicago, Ill.—"It was in bed with a female trouble and inflammation and had four doctors but none of them did me a bit of good. They all said I would have to have an operation. A druggist's wife told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took 22 bottles, never missing a dose and at the end of that time I was perfectly well. I have never had occasion to take it again as I have been so well. I have a six room flat and do all my work. My two sisters are asking the Compound and my recommendation and you may publish my letter. It is the gospel truth and I will write to any one who wants a personal letter."—Mrs. E. H. HAYDOCK, 624 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Compound, after it had been decided an operation was necessary: Burlington, Vt.—"I suffered with female trouble, and had a number of doctors who said that I would never be any better until I had an operation. I was so bad I could hardly walk across the floor and could not do a thing. My sister-in-law induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it certainly has helped me wonderfully. I keep house and do my work and have a small child. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to a number of my friends and you may publish my testimonial."—Mrs. H. R. SHARON, Apple Tree Point Farm, Burlington, Vt.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent to you free upon request. Write to The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

NOT HARD TO MAKE CHOICE HER LOVE DREAM SHATTERED

Probably Lester Could Have Determined Without the Appeal to His Physical Feelings.

Two men passed away. One had been born, and in the course admitted to the high snow ran for office, was elected a continuous Hon. until at last he went to his reward, such as it was. And the local paper gave him an obituary as long as your arm.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure." "I'm not sure," he said. "I'm not sure, but I'm not sure."

Recalled From Memories. The director, who has a reputation for being rather harsh and overbearing in his methods, was giving his leading man a tongue lashing that fairly turned the atmosphere blue. Through it all, however, the victim gazed gratefully against the wall and smiled happily.

Quite in Order. W. B. Trites, who has been living in southern Spain for the last year or two, said the other day: "Life is very abundant and prolific over there, especially insect life. There was a typographical error in one of my stories recently, but this error would have escaped notice in Anatolia, though it excited a lot of disgust here at home."

Workings of Lie Detector. When your husband comes home rather late and tells you he had an important business engagement all you have to do is try it in the polygraphometer. The spyzomanometer is an invention by William H. Marston of Harvard, by which he asserts he can be detected. Professor Marston says that when a person tells a lie, especially if he is under oath, there is an emotional reaction, affecting the breathing and the blood pressure.

The Bellhop. The negro bellhop had found the colonel free and unopulated for services rendered, but this day things were slow. When the colonel entered the lobby he was met by a brand chocolate-colored smile and a greeting: "Good-even, kummal! Is de saythin' I kin do for you in de bellhoppi' line dis even'?"

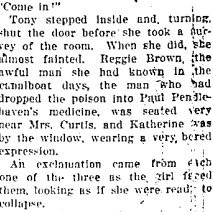
Definition of Flatterer. Young Miss Betty, like all youngsters, had found a new word and it had to be put into service immediately. "Daddy," she said. "What does the word flatterer mean?" "Flatterer? You want to know what flatterer means?" "Yes."

The Test. "How do you get along with Mr. Grumpton?" "Well, I've been acquainted with him for some time, but I don't know yet whether he is a superficial grouch or a confirmed misanthrope."

Why, of Course Not! Master (to butler)—But why do you want to get married, Jones? "Jones—Well, sir, I don't want my name to die out.—Punch (London).



"My Goodness, Reggie, You Look Awful!" how could she face him without a means to help him escape? If she could only gain admission to Cousin Paul! He had always been the more tender hearted of the two.



"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

"You want the money for him?" "No, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him, I don't want the money for him."

THE END