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KILLERS OF ALL
KINDS OF LIVES. They
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the trouble and
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It kills all
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Waiting for the Doctor.
The waiting room of the doctor's
office was full of patients. The
doctor opened the door of his private
office and called: "Who is next?"

"Well, what do you know that's
news?" asked the doctor, as the next
man started to enter the door.
Before the doctor could shut the
door of the private office all the peo-
ple in the waiting room heard him
reply: "I was just reading where Ad-
miral Dewey has captured Manila bay."

The New Habit.
"Are you having any difficulty en-
forcing prohibition in Crimmon Gulch?"
"No," replied Cactus Joe. "When is
the creature of habit, and while we
dunno whether we approve of it or
not, we can't help but be surprised at
the number of men that has contracted
the habit of not taking a drink."

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the Genuine
**STEARNS'
ELECTRIC PASTE**

The guaranteed "killer" for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches,
and all vermin on the greatest known variety
of diseases. They destroy both food and property.
Stearns' Electric Paste kills rats and mice
from the inside by water and electricity.
It is the only rat and mouse killer that
kills them in 15 minutes in every case.
Two sizes. See and buy. Stearns' Electric Paste
is sold by all druggists. Write to Stearns' Electric Paste Co.,
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**Saved My Life
With Eaton's**

Says New Jersey Woman

"I was nearly dead until I found
Eaton's and I can truly say it saved
my life. It is the best stomach
medicine ever made," writes Mrs. Ella
Smith.
Acid stomach causes awful misery
which Eaton's quickly gets rid of
by taking up and carrying out the acidity
and gases which prevent good diges-
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gives quick relief. Keeps the stomach
healthy and helps to prevent the many
ills so liable to arise from excess acid.
From suffering from stomach trouble
when you can get a big box of Eaton's
for a trifle with your druggist's guar-
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for the prompt relief of Asthma
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Write for FREE SAMPLE.
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REMEDY**

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BEST AGE**

A man is as old as his organs; he
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70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in
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BARLEIN OIL
CAPSULES**

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1890; corrects disorders; stimulates vital
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and accept no imitation

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"A minute, mater," he said softly.
"Just a minute. I've seen Tony De-
von's father. There! Now sit down,
old lady, while I tell you something.
By says the only way to win her
body is to force her. The boy ex-
plained, 'What do you think of
that?'"

"Paul would kill him," gasped Mrs.
Curtis, her eyes taking on an expres-
sion of fear.

"He won't have a chance if Devon
works out his present scheme," re-
plied Reggie, "but you and Kathie
have to help us."

"I don't want anything to do with
it," she objected, wobbling in tears.
"We'd lose our home. Paul and John
would be the losers. They've threat-
ened to marry a time!"

"Well, when I assure you our be-
loved cousins won't know anything
about it, not even after it's over,
won't you try to help us?" queried the



"By Says the Only Way Is to Kidnap Her Bodily."

young man. "Now, if it goes through
all right, you catch Cousin John on
the rebound, and Kathie'd be sure to
run in Paul."
"What joy that would be!" ejacu-
lated Mrs. Curtis. "What about it?"
Then Reggie told her, in very low
tones, the plan they had concocted.
"You talk it over with Kathie," he
advised, lighting a cigarette, "and
you'll have to see Devon about the
money."

"I'll get it for him if I have to sell
my jewels and Kathie's too," pro-
mised the woman, her eyes sparkling in
anticipation. "I'll go and tell her
right away."

Meanwhile, all unconscious that
John Devon had been released from
prison and was conspiring against her,
Kathie Devon was entering her
heart and soul into the Salvation
Army work with Philip. Each evening
she went with him to headquarters
where her fresh, young voice and her
kindness drew many a poor soul
for comfort and counsel.

One week after Reginald Curtis
had confided his secret to his mother,
and she had told it over again in
whispers to Katherine, at her hour
when the Pendelhaven brothers had
been absent, Reginald came quietly to
the house. Reggie met him and took
him immediately to Mrs. Curtis' room.
Uriah paused embarrassedly before
her, made a curt bow and twisted his
cup between his fingers.
"Sit down, Ry," invited Reggie.
"Now tell my mother how you are go-
ing to carry this thing out."

Uriah sat on the edge of a chair.
"I ain't going to do anything, or tell
my mother. Oh, God, that such misery
should be in the world! I'll never for-
give you, mamma, if you don't keep
your promise to me."

things waited for, the opportunity
came one day while the family was at
dinner.

Philip MacCauley entered in great
excitement.

"You look as if you had swallowed
the sun, my dear lad," smiled Doctor
Paul.

"I've got to go away," flushed the
boy, laughing, "and I won't go alone."

He gazed meaningfully at Tomblie.
"Excuse my running in this way, but
—but I want Tony to go with me."

Mrs. Curtis flashed him a dark look.
He rarely paid her, or her frowning
daughter, any attention; nowadays, so
he did; of notice that a prior settled
on Kathie's face, or that her fork
fell from her limp fingers to the plate.

The mother saw her daughter's mental
distress, however, and studied the
young man's face, gazing to herself.
He had grown so manly and handsome
in the two years and he was the
one person she desired for her son-in-
law. He was rich, too, which only
added to his attractiveness.

"You might explain a little more,
my boy," Doctor John spoke up in a
deep voice.

An embarrassed laugh fell from
Philip's lips.

"There isn't any secret about it,"
he answered. "I'm going abroad for
the Salvation Army for a year, longer
perhaps, and it would be too much to
ask me to go all by myself."

Lines appeared between Doctor
Paul's brows. At last the day had
come when he must give up the girl
who had been a rare place among
those he held dearest. He noticed
with a quick sigh that Tony's eyes
deepened softly, and her red lips were
parted in a smile.

"I'll hurry up our marriage a lit-
tle," Philip continued, "and he was
the sound of a chair scraping back
from the table broke off his state-
ment."

"Then wait a minute and talk it
over," remarked Doctor John. "You
are a mighty big thing, Phil, when
you demand our little girl without
more warning."

"Little girl," sneered Mrs. Curtis,
after the four had left the dining
room. It happened, much to her sur-
prise, that Doctor John sought her
out within the hour.

"Those children have won Paul and
me over, Sarah," he said a little
grimly. "They're going to be married
in a week from today. It won't be much
trouble to prepare the house, will it?
You needn't make a fuss. I'll be
very quiet. Tony can buy everything
she needs in New York on her hono-
rary."

In the rage that overtook her, Mrs.
Curtis wished the speaker dead at her
feet.

"The house isn't mine, Cousin
John," she said maliciously, "but of
course, I'll do what I can, although
Kathie isn't at all well. I fear the
child is going to be ill."

Doctor John found Katherine with
her eyes dull and heavy, prescribed
for her, and before leaving the room,
announced:

"Paul and I are going over to Sym-
coe tomorrow afternoon to make a
few purchases, but we'll be back on
the night train. Stay in bed, Kathie,
until morning, and you'll be all
right."

The moment he had disappeared,
Katherine sprang up.

"Tomorrow they're going away! If
you're not, you heard, mother!" she
cried. "Now then, what's the matter?"
"Darling," advised Mrs. Curtis,
moved to tears by her daughter's dis-
tress, "have a premonition! We'd
better not interfere at all. Oh, child,
if you don't, you'll get your mind off
that boy! He isn't worthy of a love
like yours. We've got a nice home—
"Nice home!" hurled back Kath-
erine, wildly. "Nice home! Look what
she's got! Just think of her and then
of me! Oh, God, that such misery
should be in the world! I'll never for-
give you, mamma, if you don't keep
your promise to me."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the Balance.

Reginald Brown and Uriah Devon
were seated in close conversation along
the path that led to the Dirty Mary.
Reginald had rehearsed all he had
learned from his mother.

"Oh! as we do it tonight, Ry," said
he, "it'll all up. What do you say?"
Uriah broke off a blade of grass
and with a squeak through his
cried teeth.

"We've got the kid," he marveled.
"Mother's awful worried, though,"
Reggie continued, "but I told her, 'No
risk at all,' and I'd go a long ways
on the road of risk to get Tomblie
Devon."

"Well, we'll get 'em," monotoned
Uriah, with a far-away look in his
bloodshot eyes.

down to the secret now. Good-by, and
be sure to tell your mother to put up
the sign we spoke of. Everything's
clear for me to butt in."

Edith Devon looked up from the
best deck as her husband approached.
He sat down on the bench beside her,
a grizzly smile on his face.

"Edie," he asked, "seen any change
in me lately?"

"Yes, I have," she returned. "You
ain't booted! You're so much, and you've
been kinder and better-hearted to me."

"Maybe it's because I've got re-
ligion," Uriah explained. "Religion
makes a man repent of all his cus-
toms. I'm sorry now, Edie, for the
way I've treated you and the kid."

He couldn't have uttered words
more welcome to Edith Devon. For
the first time in years, she leaned her
head against him, took some effort
on the man's part not to shove her
away.

"And matter" have took a mighty
big change in the last two days," he
continued. "But I know, for years
you been worryin' your life out about
Tony. I fixed it up."

Mrs. Devon was on her feet almost
before the last words fell from her
husband's lips.

"How fixed it up. Blah?" she
gasped.

"Now don't get panicky if I tell you
something," Uriah cautioned her, slip-
ping, "but I want to Pendelhaven and
hold him. I copied the kid and not
you, and I says: Mr. Pendelhaven,
you've had 'er for two years, and she's
your brat. Now keep 'er!"

Edith fell back on the bench as if
the man had dealt her a blow.

"The kids awful fond of you," he
continued, impressively, "and I up
and told 'er you was 'lavin' and 'er
night you got 'er to see 'er."

"She's gone" to get married to a
rich young fellow," he went on. "Al-
right you said, 'er'."

"What she glad! No words could
express Edith's feelings at that mo-
ment. How many times her heart
had ached for a sight of the pretty
child she had so many years."

"Didn't Pendelhaven say 'er' nothin'
about sending up 'er'?" it she asked
dimly.

"Not a thing," replied Uriah. "Not
by a d-d sight, he didn't! He was
too good to senter 'er you was to
make any fuss, 'er'—he wouldn't
let 'em. Why, by 'er'! That little
kid kissed me!"

Edith exclaimed in delight.
"I've told you me once, Uriah,"
she said, leaning up to kiss him again.
"Tony'd like you, you'd let 'er."
When we go to see 'er, Ry?"

"Oh, after a while," said he. "After
supper! She's awful 'er' gettin' ready
for a swell bachelorette. Lord, but she's
pretty!"

"She always was 'er'," answered
Edith, and she fell into a deep reverie.
Unobserved by his wife, Uriah De-
von made ready to leave the Dirty
Mary for some work. So absorbed
was Edith in her thoughts that she
paid no heed to her husband's sly ac-
tions. He knew they would not dare
to return to the boat with Tony until
after she had been forced to marry
Reginald Brown. Uriah would glad-

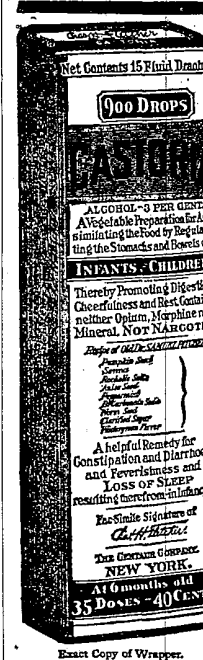


It Took Some Effort on the Man's Part Not to Shove Her Away.

ly have abandoned his wife forever,
but in making his plan, he had foreseen
that, if he were to do so, he would
under from Tomblie, the woman, un-
der his threats, could handle her. At
nine o'clock they started for Litch-
field, Uriah carrying a small black bag, and
in his pocket his revolver.

They entered the Litchfield place
through the service side, and, when
they passed the garage, the man no-
ticed with satisfaction that Reginald's
automobile was still ready for
use. Close to the house, he placed
his wife out of sight under a rose
bush.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Writer Took Harriman's Advice and
Studied the Erie Line Before
Writing About It.

Some 15 years ago John E. Char-
ner, as a financial writer for the Wall
Street News Bureau, was assigned to
cover the office and affairs of the late
E. H. Harriman. He once boldly heard
of Mr. Harriman upon what financing
was in store for the Erie railroad.

"What do you know about the Erie?"
snapped the great financier.
"Everything," assured the youthful
aspirant for information, adding:
"Why, Mr. Harriman, I have ridden
over it—to Paterson, N. J., and Nyack,
N. Y."

"What?" roared Mr. Harriman. "You
go at once to President Underwood
of the Erie, tell him I sent you, and get
transportation to cover the entire
system. Then you go out and learn
something about the Erie. Come and
see me when you return and I will
answer your questions."

Mr. Charner Eried for a fortnight
and after again seeing Mr. Harriman
wrote an Erie article that was well
worth reading.

Unjust Teacher.
It was the infant class's alphabet
lesson, and the teacher had pro-
gressed as far as the letter "B," when
she noticed that one little girl was
obviously "wool-gathering."

"Letter B, letter B,"

"Now, Maggie, what letter is that?"
Maggie, of course, did not know, so
teacher, with a gentle chide explained:

"Please, teacher," answered the
child, with one tearful eye on the
child next to her, "I ain't touchin'
her!"

Waterproof.
Porters—"Rain stops every one's
pleasures." Waters—"Rain doesn't
stop the bargain hunters."

Can't Win.
A New York man had his pocket
picked in court. Going to court is a
losing game, no way you look at it.—
Detroit Free Press.

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