

AFTER BABY WAS BORN Back Weak and Painful. Mrs. Miller Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rioan, Texas—"I am writing to let you know how I have been benefited by taking your medicine and baby was born my back was weak and hurt me nearly all the time. I had read so much about where it had helped so many women had been bothered with my back for I could not do my work, which is keeping house for three and cooking and washing dishes. I tell all my friends if they have any kind of female trouble to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. You may use this testimonial if it will help any one. Mrs. C. R. MILLER, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 76, Rioan, Texas.

In a recent county-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 121,000 replies were received, and 58 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Proves Vanity Box Not Modern Device

What is believed by experts to have been a kind of vanity box used by the women of 2,000 years ago, and a neck-ring of solid gold, were unearthed recently on a Norwegian farm by a peasant who gave the articles to his children for playthings. Collectors eventually heard of the discovery and induced the children to part with their ancient toys. The articles, in the judgment of the experts, date back to about 120 B. C. The ring, of artistic though barbaric design, has been placed in the museum of Christiania university, while the vanity box has been going the rounds among experts who are eager to determine if it contained a powder puff among its appurtenances, or, if not, what might have been in use to take its place in those days.

Signs

"What makes you think they're engaged?" "She has a ring and he's broke."

Preaching and practice are twins that frequently get separated.

Vaseline Household Necessity. For cuts, burns, blisters, itching, sore throats, dry skin, chafing, etc. Keeps skin soft and moist. Use on face, neck, hands, feet, etc. Look for the trademark "Vaseline" on the package. It is your protection. Chesbrough Mfg. Co. (Con'd) Sales Secret New York

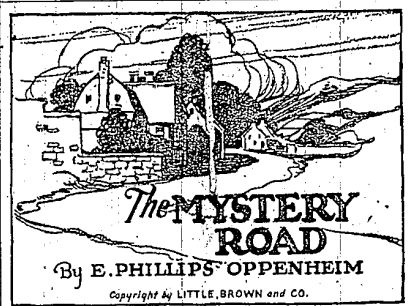
Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

AD'S J.D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY. No need to spend restless, sleepless nights. Irritation quickly relieved and cure assured by using this remedy that has helped thousands of sufferers. 25 cents and \$1.00 at druggists. If unable to obtain, write direct to NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Inc., Buffalo, New York. Send for free sample.

Pskey Devils Quietus P. D. Q. P. D. Q. Pskey Devils Quietus is the new chemical that actually kills the bug family. Bed Bugs, Fleas, and Fleas, and P. D. Q. kills the live ones and their eggs and stops future generations. It is an insect powder but a chemical unlike anything you have ever used. One cent package makes one quart and each package sends to the patient from the Pskey Devils in the cracks and crevices. Your druggist has it or he can get it for you. Mail your order paid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Wks. Terre Haute, Ind.

After A Bath With Cuticura Soap Dust With Cuticura Talcum. Delicately Medicated Oil Floating Fragrance.

BATHE TIRED EYES. Free to Women! Send your name, we will mail you a copy of our new booklet. Wonderful for dandruff, itching scalp, and wrinkles. Ladies' Friend.



By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM Copyright by LITTLE, BROWN AND CO.

"AND THEN, WHAT?" SYNOPSIS—Fleeing from a brutal father, the unhappy home, and a proposed husband as detests, Myrtle, young French girl, on a country road on the verge of desperation. Halted by an exploded tire, two young gentlemen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher, band, are met by the girl's distracted appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In the next instant they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo and leaving her with Myrtle's aunt. Myrtle's mother having been an educated woman, Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling rooms, and is fascinated. She can only learn that she is called Pauline, de Fontaine and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Then why do they look at me so strangely?" she persisted. "Must be because I have no toilette, no hat, my shoes are ugly. Indeed, monsieur, it is no place for me. Here are friends of yours coming, I am sure—the beautiful dress young lady who looks at me so curiously." "It is Gerald's father and sister," he whispered. She was suddenly very white and frightened. Christopher rose to his feet. Lady Mary nodded a little coldly. Lord Elmerley acknowledged his greeting with some surprise. "This is your little protégée, I suppose?" Myrtle remarked, looking at Myrtle.

"This is Myrtle," Christopher asserted. "We are waiting for Gerald now to decide what to do with her." "You wish to leave home, I understand?" Myrtle asked, turning to the girl, who had risen to her feet. "I will never return there," Myrtle replied—"no, not even if Monsieur Gerald himself commanded me to. I would sooner throw myself into the sea."

"Isn't that a little extreme?" her questioner rejoined coldly. "The misery I should have to face if I returned would also be extreme," Myrtle declared. "I am hoping to find some work here." "That should not be difficult," Mary observed, and they passed on, Mary with a nod to Christopher which lacked much of its usual cordiality. Myrtle looked at her sternly and there was trouble in her face. "They do not like me," she said. "They do not think that I ought to be here with you. They are right, of course. I am just a little peasant girl in peasant clothes. Let us go."

Christopher's remonstrances were in vain. She turned and walked away, and he was obliged to follow. Just as they were leaving the promenade, however, they came face to face with Gerald, issuing from the hotel. He gave a little start as he recognized Myrtle. Except for a careless thought that he had first awakened, he had forgotten all about her. "This is characteristic of him, however, to behave during the next few minutes as though he had been thinking of no one else."

"So Christopher has been stealing a march on a duce?" he exclaimed. "This he shows you all the while," Myrtle said. "I waited a long time for you," she replied. "We have been sitting on the terrace." "And Myrtle has been a little troublesome," Christopher said. "She is going back to her room to hide because of her clothes." "Clothes?" Gerald repeated. "Why, of course she must have clothes. We ought to have thought of that when we brought her away."

"But, monsieur," she began timidly, "even the clothes which I have at home—my communion gown—" "Come along," he invited. "We will transform you. We will go to Lenore's. Madame Lenore is a great pal of mine. Myrtle, you shall have clothes fit for a duchess." "But they would not be fit for me," Myrtle objected, doubtfully. "Nor, I should think," Christopher added, "would they help her to obtain a divorce." "Gerald, however, would listen to no remonstrances. He ushered them into a quiet but sumptuous-looking little establishment, only a few doors from the Hotel de Paris. A Frenchwoman, dark and attractive, came forward to welcome them.

"Ah, monsieur-milord!" she exclaimed. "It is good to see you again! Her ladyship was here only three days ago. I ventured to ask if you were to be expected." "Madame," Gerald declared, "I am here on business. We have with us a princess—the Princess Myrtle."

she is going to bring fruit, a soups how or other."

Chapter IV

It is a fact that when the two young men re-entered the establishment of Madame Lenore, they both felt utterly to recognize the girl who was standing in a distant corner, talking to the proprietress. It was not until she detached herself and came heartily up to them that they realized with varying sensations, who she was, and held out both his hands. Christopher's admiration was tempered with a certain amount of distinct disapprobation.

"Well, what does milord think?" Madame demanded. "My congratulations!" Gerald replied enthusiastically. "My dear Myrtle, I wonder if you realize how charming you are!" "The girl looked shyly up at Gerald, her face soft and eloquent with pleasure."

"She was kind in a fine white serge costume, in contrast with her hair. Her face blushed was delicately flimsy and transparent, the cut of her skirt as scanty as the last word from Paris and discreet; her white silk stockings and slippers shone from a neighboring establishment, irreproachable; her large hat, a gossamer collection of tulle and lace. Of the charm of her appearance there could be no possible question, but in exact proportion with Gerald's satisfaction, Christopher's disapproval seemed to grow.

"I do not criticize your clothes, madame, or your taste," he said, "but we have given you the wrong idea. Mademoiselle is in search of a situation. She is a working girl for whose future as a working girl my friend and I are anxious to provide. Those clothes are entirely unsuitable." "Look here, Chris," Gerald interrupted, "you're taking this thing too seriously. We know very well that Myrtle will be found something to do later on but in the meantime she may as well have a little fun. Can't you see for yourself how wonderful she is? She will puzzle the whole of Mont-Carlo for a week."

"And after that?" Christopher asked. "Gerald turned impatiently away. Madame held up a wonderful collection of white lace and silk. "This is what I am going to suggest for mademoiselle's first evening frock," she said,—"this and a hat of black lace with a string of pearls which would present something to do later on but in the meantime she may as well have a little fun. Can't you see for yourself how wonderful she is? She will puzzle the whole of Mont-Carlo for a week."

"I do not wish to seem a prude," Mary continued, "or anything else disagreeable, but do you really think that you are doing the right thing, Christopher, in sitting about on the terrace with a peasant girl dressed—according to her position? The whole escapade, I think, is ridiculous. I am not so surprised at Gerald but I am surprised at you. Christopher was conscious of some irritation. He liked and admired Lady Mary, but it seemed to him that her attitude was a little unsympathetic.

"I can quite understand the whole incident seeming ill-advised," he admitted, "but, looking back at it, I honestly cannot see what else we could have done." "You could have left the girl where it was," Mary insisted. "Christopher shook his head. "You didn't see her," he replied. "No one could have left her. No actress could have simulated the horror we saw shining out of her eyes. I don't think that I should ever have thought of bringing her away—it was Gerald who did that—but I think that he was right, and I should never consent to sending her back unless she were willing to go."

"And exactly what do you two young men propose to do with her, then?" Mary inquired. "It is not I am so much afraid of it is Gerald." "But you don't believe—" he began. "I believe that Gerald's intentions are always good," she interrupted. "It is in the nature of idealism. On the other hand, he is fatally weak, especially where women are concerned. If fancy," she went on, "you will find that you have assumed a dual responsibility, and I fancy, too, that some day you will be sorry for it. Gerald has the spirit of the philanthropist in his blood. If the girl attracts him sufficiently, you, at any rate, should probably be willing to carry it. I do not leave her to her village love."

"You have described Gerald correctly when you called him a philanthropist," Christopher admitted, "I myself in court and on his behalf I feel guilty to the charge. On the other hand, I have greater faith in his kindness of heart and his sense of honor than you seem to have. This child helps me to believe that that reason I believe that she will be as safe with Gerald as with me." "Lady Mary sighed. The look of trouble still lingered in her eyes. "I hope that you may be right," she said. "I am not, a superstitious person, but I have some sort of foreboding about that child. I feel that

FEELS IT HIS DUTY TO TELL THE FACTS

"Tanlac has meant so much to me in the way of improved health that I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to recommend it," is the appreciative statement of J. M. Freeman, well-known resident of 907 Camden St., San Antonio, Texas. "About a year ago my stomach and digestion got all out of fix and I soon became badly run-down. My appetite went back on me and the little I did eat failed to nourish me. Constipation troubled me nearly all the time and I also had bilious spells and attacks of dizziness. "My sleep was unquiet and I got up mornings with a mean, sickening taste in my mouth and a dull headache that lasted me almost through the day. I lost considerable weight and that tired, drabby feeling was on me all the time."

"After a few days' use of Tanlac I noticed a marked improvement in my health. There is a good deal in the theory that sin prospers as it has opportunity. No use multiplying the opportunities. "Tanlac Vegetabile Pills, for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of TANLAC. "True love, so composed that one would rather; that 'the other' should be angry toward one than seem indifferently."

Children Cry for FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrup, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages. To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION Dime Bank Building DETROIT, MICH. A National Organization to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete Offices in 25 Cities

Fun for a week for Myrtle and her sponsors—and then, what? Anyway, Myrtle is charming.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Relief for Leprosy

Found by Indian King Legend says that before the time of Buddha, Rama, king of Benares fell a victim to the dreaded disease of leprosy. The court physicians were powerless to help him, therefore he abdicated and hid himself in the forest to die. But instead of dying, he was miraculously restored to strength and health by eating the fruits and leaves of the kalaw tree. Rama then found a royal princess, daughter of a king of northern India, who had been cast out by her family because she, too, was suffering from the dreaded disease. He sought her to cure herself in the same way, and later took her as his wife, and they and their 82 sons founded a city on the spot where the kalaw trees grew. As so for centuries has been used to cure leprosy in India and elsewhere. It is a superstitious person, but I have some sort of foreboding about that child. I feel that