

AN OPERATION
RECOMMENDEDAvoided by Taking Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
CompoundLos Angeles, Cal.—"I cannot give too
much praise to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound for what it has done for
me. My mother gave it to me when I was
a girl 14 years old, and since then I have
taken it when I feel run down or tired.
I took it for three months before my
two babies were born for I suffered
with my back and had a very hard time
bearing them. The doctors told me at one time
that I would have to have an operation.
I thought I would try Pinkham's.
I call it, first. In two months I was all
right and had no operation. I firmly
believe Pinkham's cured me. Every
one who saw me after that remarked
that I looked so well. I only have to
take medicine occasionally, but I
always keep a couple of bottles by me.
I recommend it to women who speak to
me about their health. I have also used
your Sanative Wash and like it very
much."—Mrs. E. Gould, 4000 East
Side Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.
Many letters have been received from
women who have been restored to
health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound after operations have
been advised.

Evident
"My face is my fortune."
"Somebody short-changed you, dear."
—New York Mercury.

**Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION**
BELLANS
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS
6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
BELLANS
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



Always
A safe and soothing
remedy for cuts,
burns, or skin trou-
bles. Protects, re-
lieves and heals. Use
internally for coughs
and sore throats.



RESINOL
Soothing and Healing
Stops Itching

His Guess
Teacher—"What is an octopus?"
Young America—"I think it is
a double quartette."

IF MOTHERS ONLY KNEW
Many children are com-
plaining of Headache,
Feverishness, Stomach
Troubles and Irrregular
Bowels and take colds
easily. If mothers only
knew what MOTHER
GRAYS SWEET POW-
DER would do for their
children who do family
work and are without
them for use when need-
ed. So pleasant to take.
At All Drugists. Trial Package FREE.
Address Mother Gray Co., Lo. Roy, N. Y.



What Is It?
"How would you classify a telephone
girl? Is her a business or a profes-
sion?" "Neither. It's a calling."



The Mystery Road

By
E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

There are moments when revelation is self-illuminative. This was one of them. Myrtle, gazing almost in ter-
ror at the face of the man who had
knew that she was hated, and, with
an extraordinary insight, she knew
why. She saw the crumpled up tele-
graph form; she guessed at every-
thing which had lain unspoken be-
tween them. She closed the door
firmly behind her, came across to
Lacy Mary's chair, fell on her knees
and struggled with her sobs.

"I know," she cried. "I am very miserable!"
Mary looked at her coldly and criti-
cally. All the natural impulses of her
heart seemed dried up. Even her
pride refused to come to her aid. The
truth lay naked between them.

"I was a fool not to realize what
bringing you here meant," she said.
"It is too late now. Here is the tele-
gram. Christopher is elected."

Myrtle brushed it away. It was a
thing of no account.

"I care nothing for Christopher and
you know it," she declared passionately.

"I know," she said, "but he is
elected or not. Nothing about him
makes any difference to me, or ever will."

Myrtle was speaking the truth. To
Mary it seemed amazing, but she
knew that it was the truth.

"It is only a fancy, which Chris-
topher has for me," Myrtle went on.

"I will pass—oh, an sure that it
will pass! Deep down in his heart I
know that there is another feeling."

Her anguish was apparent. There
was something almost unearthly in
the serene white shine out of her
eyes. Mary's heart began to fail her.

Her fingers rested on the top of the
other girl's head. A gleam of coming
kindness shone mistily in her eyes.

"It wasn't your fault," she said.

"It is my fault that I am alive!"
Myrtle moaned. "But listen, please.
I have my plans. I am going away."

"What good would that do?" Mary
asked doubtfully.

"It would do great good," Myrtle
declared. "I shall remove myself al-
together. Christopher's fancy will
pass. And besides—I must go."

"My father would never spare you,"
Mary said, ashamed of her joy with
which the thought filled her.

"I have thought of everything,"
Myrtle insisted. "Lord Hiterley's
has been very kind to me, but he will
forget. If he chooses to see me some-
times, it will be possible. Let me tell
you, please, I have a plan. Only
yesterday I heard from the cure. He
is back again in the valley. He is at
the church there every week. He
need ever go back. I can teach at
the school. All my people have gone
away many, many miles. My step-
father has a larger farm. I shall go
back. I should never have come away."

"Mary looked at her searchingly.
All the suffering in the world seemed
to be quivering in Myrtle's sensitive
face. She leaned a little forward to-
wards the kneeling girl.

"Myrtle," she whispered, "there is
pain in your heart, too."

"Oh, God knows it!" Myrtle sobbed.
"There will be for ever and ever. It
is for my sake that I must leave. I
thought that love was a toy, and I
laughed to find it in my heart. And
now I know that it is a torment. I
went back along the road I have
come and bled."

"We have both been a little foolish,"
Mary said kindly. "You looked out-
into life, expecting to find happiness.
I, too, children go into the woods
to pick flowers. And I, too, forgot
that happiness only comes when it is
earned. Now let us try and be sen-
sible. I think that yours is a very
good idea. We shall work and work
much here, but perhaps it will be best
for you to go away for a little time."

"I must go," Myrtle insisted fer-
vently.

"But teaching?"

"There is no need for me to teach,"
Myrtle declared. "This letter that I
have from the cure; it was written to
tell me that my mother's brother, who
went to Geneva some years ago, has
died and left me some money. An
avuncle at Toulon has it for me. It is
quite a great deal. I thought that I
would buy a small farm and work in
the fields there, and then I would
get brown and hard and grey like
those other peasant girls there, lumps
of the earth to which they stoop all
the time. In a way I used to love the
field work—those first mornings when
alone—those first mornings when
the fields began to show purple with
the budding violets, and the still eve-
nings when the cypress trees looked
as though they had come out of a box
of children's toys—and the colors the
sunset used to draw out of the moun-
tains, the magentas and purples, and
the pink glow coming in such un-
expected places."

"Why, you're positively homesick!"
Mary exclaimed.

"No, I am not homesick," Myrtle
assured her gravely. "but I am like an
animal that has been hurt and wants
to limp back to its home. A little
time ago it was different. Every fiber
of me longed for escape, to be where
I was. Now I would like to go
where I can forget it."

Mary sighed.

"Fortunately," she said, "you are
very young. You will learn soon that
there are many men of Gerald's type,

and that they are not to be taken too
seriously. They have the trick of
making you believe what they want
you to believe, and they use it better
than they. They are never quite honest.
They are never quite kind. They
certainly are not worth a broken
heart. Now we must take this mes-
sage down to my father and send a
reply. Afterward, I will talk to him
about you. I shall have to be very
eloquent, for I know he will hate
your going."

"If it could be before Gerald comes
back," Myrtle pleaded.

Mary had even more trouble with
her father than she had expected. At
the first mention of Gerald's name in
connection with Myrtle's desire to
return to France, he stiffened.

"Mary," he insisted, "I shall require
you to tell me the exact truth in this
matter. How much blame is to be
attached to Gerald, and precisely
what are his relations with Myrtle?"

"Gerald is to blame only for
thoughtlessness," she assured him.

"He is a born philosopher, just as
Myrtle was born to be a ready vic-
tim. Myrtle loves him, and I am
afraid she will never care for any one
else. Other women have to bear their
share, though, and I dare say she will
get over it."

"Gerald is a fool," his father de-
clared. "Marrying in one's own class
is well enough in an ordinary way,
but in this case, it is not. Gerald is
an ass not to realize it. Instead of
going to Russia, risking his life and
liberty for the sake of this Russian
girl, I don't like Russians—never did."

"You are a person of common sense,
Mary. If you say Myrtle must go, go
she must, but I'd much rather Gerald
come to his senses and married her."

"Men are rather difficult in that
way," Mary rejoined, a little bitterly.

Chapter VII

The butler made his announcement
to his mistress a little doubtfully.

"There is a person here, your lady-
ship, who desires to see you."

"What sort of a person?" Lady
Mary inquired.

The butler coughed.

"A woman, your ladyship. She
says me as being some sort of a
foreigner. She assured me that her

husband was a Russian. She said
she was a person of common sense,
Mary. If you say Myrtle must go, go
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asked; to remove this incongruous
visitor.

"This lady would like some wine,"
Lady Mary announced. "Do tell me
what you would prefer," she added,
turning toward her guest.

"Champagne, if you have it," was
the prompt reply.

"Bring champagne, Richards," his
maiden directed. "Perhaps you had
better tell his lordship. This lady
has brought us ome of Lord Dom-
bey."

"The woman held out her hand.
"Don't let any lordlings here,"
she begged. "I will tell my story to
you, my dear. I am very near my
trials myself. To reach here from
Siberia has taken us a month. We
stayed at seven places on the frontier
before we could get into Poland."

"Poland?" Mary exclaimed. "But
here is the wine. Do, please, help
yourself."

The woman was served with cham-
pagne and dry biscuits, which latter
she scornfully rejected. She drank
three glasses of champagne, however.

"When she filled a fourth glass for her-
self and began to talk.

"Well, here is my story. I, Elsa
Franks, said, draining the contents
of her glass and refilling it. "Remem-
ber, if, for I shall never tell it again.
It is a story I would like to forget."

"I will certainly remember it,"
Mary promised.

"Twelve months ago I went to live
at Solokai, Elsa Franks began. "It is
a miserable place, but I went there to
be near my friend Ivan Krossenya,
the governor of the fortress. In that
fortress was confined a man whom
your brother sent to Russia to re-
sist. He came to me to ask me to
help him bribe the governor. That
was in the month of October last year.
He was a very different person then,
and I thought that I liked him very
much."

The woman sipped her champagne.
The warmth of the room, and the
wine, had moistened her face. A little
streak of rouge had appeared upon her
left cheek. There were black lines
under her eyes. Her voice, however,
was stronger.

"He offered a great deal of money
and I agreed to help. I had a friend
Ivan, and although he made difficulties,
he was easy to persuade. It was all ar-
ranged. The prisoner—No. 29, as
called him—walked out of the fortress
in your brother's clothes and with his
American passport. Your brother
was to take his place for twenty-four
hours. Then he was to leave the
prison in the funeral coach of an
other prisoner who had died."

"This was seven months ago," Mary
interrupted.

The woman wiped her lips, shivered
at the sight of the color upon her
handkerchief, closed her eyes for a
moment and recovered herself.

"That seven months," she said de-
liberately, "has seemed like a lifetime
years, and each year like a lifetime
in hell. Listen, I go on with my
story. Your brother entered the
fortress as arranged, changed his
clothes with No. 29, who walked out
of the place and came, without doubt,
to London. Your brother was to
spend that night in the fortress.
Krossenya came down to me. We were
both excited. It was a great sum of
money which we had been paid, and
life in Russia is a horrible burden.
We drank a great deal of wine. The
more we drank, the more courageous
Ivan became. He resented having to
part with so large a share of the
money to me. We quarreled. Once or
twice we made it up. Then Ivan's
eyes flared out again. In the end,
he declared that he would take away
a part of my share. We had a struggle.
Somehow or other, his revolver
went off. He went backward with a
groan. He was dead."

The woman dabbed at her face.
Mary could find no word of any sort.
Her visitor's eyes seemed fixed in a
rigid stare. It was as though she
were living through the scene again.

"The police came," she went on. "I
was arrested. I told my story. There
were no witnesses. After four days
they had let me go. The moment
I was free I went to the fortress.
Ivan's deputy was taking his place.
He was a man of a different type,
a politician, a Bolshevik from convic-
tion. Every time he mentioned No.
29, he spat. I had much trouble with
him."

"Go on," Mary begged, glancing at
the clock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Believed Part of It

The men and officers of the navy are
known all over the world for their
smart appearance, and it was for this
reason that one of the officers on board
a battleship was so rarely disgusted at
the untidy appearance of a certain
midshipman.

One morning the "middy" strolled
into the wardroom wearing a collar
that was, to say the least of it, ex-
tremely soiled. This was too much for
the officer and he decided to tackle the
young man on the matter.

"Look here," he said, "you ought not
to come in here wearing a dirty collar
like that round your neck."

"Filthy, sir," replied the midshipman.
"I assure you this collar was washed
ashore only yesterday."

"I don't doubt that," the officer
replied, "but from which wreck?"

New Dish

The young man who was accustomed
to having an early breakfast every day
was absent one morning, having gone
to see his wife off on an early train.

Returning to the house some time
later he said to the cook:

"Well, Jane, I have no spouse this
morning."

"Taint my fault, sah," she replied,
indignantly. "I sho' cooked it for yuh.
But you jes' wouldn't come eat it."

Green's August Flower

The remedy in a record of fifty-
eight years of surpassing excellence.
All who suffer with nervous dyspep-
sia, sour stomach, constipation, indig-
estion, torpid liver, dizziness, head-
ache, chilliness of food, wind on
stomach, palpitation and other indica-
tions of digestive disorder, will find
GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an ef-
fective and efficient remedy. For
fifty-eight years this medicine has
been successfully used in millions of
households all over the civilized
world. Because of its merit and popu-
larity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER
is found today wherever medicines are
sold. 50 and 60 cent bottles.—Adv.

And They Called
This Simple Recipe

Oswald Garrison Villard, the bril-
liant New York reformer, was prais-
ing the operations settlement.

"We'll soon have German dyes back
again," he said, "and that will be a
great thing. Our native dyemakers,
with their wits and in the worst have
not had much success in making dyes
from the German recipes, and this is
not to be wondered at, for those
recipes are very complicated."

"One of the simplest German dye
recipes runs like this:

"Betaninadiazar is the reduction
of one of the oldest alizarin colors
known, namely, alizarin orange, which
chemically is anthraquinone. When
betaninadiazar is subjected to the
chemical reaction which pro-
duced from anthraquinone sulphonic
acid, the resulting product with
caustic alkali at high temperature
dihydroanthraquinone is ob-
tained."—Detroit Free Press.

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinat-
ing influence of the perfume she uses.
A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot
water to thoroughly cleanse the pores
followed by a dousing with Cuticura
Talcum powder usually means a clear,
sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Material in Tree
for Entire Church

The first Baptist church of Santa
Reza, Cal., was organized in 1852 and
met at first in a private home, later in
the open air under an oak tree and still
later in a church building of its own,
made entirely out of one big redwood
tree. In a recent article in this church
the Santa Rosa Republican said:

"It is true that the story of this
church building runs only half a cen-
tury, but it is equally true that Jesus,
who was born in Bethlehem of Judea,
the tree which furnished material for
this church was a promising young
redwood."

The tree was 18 feet in diameter and
produced 75,000 board feet of lumber,
besides shingles. The church, from
foundation to roof, was built from this
tree.