IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing down pains and backache, and had headache a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. P. W. LANSENG, Box 8, Allyn, Wash.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Pink of Health

is every woman's right; but many are troubled with sallow complexions, headaches, backaches, low spirits—until they learn that sure relief may be found in

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

After a Catch.

A man with a small mesh net was seen returning to his bungalow.

"Been out after the speckled beauties?" asked a neighbor.

"No, I'm going in after mosquitoes," replied the net bearer, with vengeance in his tones.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

Municipal Research Chickens.

Farmer—These are chickens.

City Guest—I presume one breed lays scrambled eggs and the other fried.

And many an otherwise good man is not on speaking terms with his own conscience half the time.

One Way to Lengthen Life

Late in life, when the organs begin to weaken, the hard-working kidneys often tire out first. Failing eyesight, stiff, achy joints, rheumatic pains, lame back and distressing urination are often due only to weak kidneys. Prevention is the best cure and at middle age any sign of kidney weakness should have prompt attention. Doan's Kidney Pills have made life more comfortable for thousands of old folks. It is the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Michigan Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

W. Schnoor, 235 Jefferson St., Marquette City, Mich., says: "I had rheumatic pains and kidney trouble and one attack affected my limbs so that I was unable to stand. The pains in my back were terrible and I was laid up. The kidney secretions were retarded and the misery was awful. After two doctors failed, I used Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me. I can't be too grateful."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

At Midnight Mrs. Colburn, Terrified and Hysterical, Runs Down to Their Apartment

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A telegram! It was after 11—nothing else would come so late.

Mabel H. Urner.

With the thrilled alarm and expectancy that a telegram arouses, Helen turned on the hall light and opened the door.

Instead of a blue-coated messenger there stood Mrs. Colburn in bare feet, her hair down, and only a kimono over her nightgown.

A frightened glance over her shoulder, and she darted in, closed the door, locked and leaned against it, trembling with and terror.

"Don't let him in!" hysterically. "If he comes after me—oh, don't let him in."

Without stopping to question her, Helen drew her into her room, and snatched from the closet a bathrobe and slippers.

"Come over here by the radiator. You shouldn't have come down those stone steps in your bare feet!" Helen's voice was soothingly matter of fact.

"Oh, I didn't have time—I was in bed when he came in!" incoherently. "I'm afraid of him! Oh, I can't go back—I'm never going back!"

"I wouldn't talk about it now," wrapping the robe around her. "Get warm first; you're chilled through. Would you like a little brandy?"

"No—no, with shuddering revulsion, for alcohol was the cause of her husband's brutality. "Oh, you won't let him in—say that you won't!"

"Of course not," reassuringly, "but he'll not come down here. If he's been drinking, he won't want us to see him."

"Oh, he wouldn't care. He doesn't care for anything when he's like this. Look!" baring her arm to a purple bruise on the white skin. "Oh, whatever he says—you won't let him in?"

"I told you I wouldn't! Wait, I'll tell Mr. Curtis. No, keep that around you—you're shivering."

Ever since the night Mr. Colburn had shot himself, Helen had been vaguely apprehensive; and now Mrs. Colburn's dramatic appearance seemed but the culmination of her fears.

That Warren would be strongly opposed to getting mixed up in any family trouble Helen knew, and she approached him with much misgiving.

"Dear, it's Mrs. Colburn! He's been drinking again—she's afraid he'll come after her. We—we mustn't let him in if he does."

"Why on earth did she come down here?" sternly. "To rope us into a family row?"

"She doesn't know anyone else in the house. She says he's wild—he drove her out in her bare feet!"

"Huh, one of these hysterical women! Don't know much about Colburn, but from what I've seen of him he seems to be a fairly decent sort."

"She says he is—except when he's drinking. You know that night he tried to kill himself—"

"What's she going to do? She can't stay here all night."

"Yes, she can—in my room! We'll have to let her stay! Oh, what's that?" as the bell rang clamorously.

"How do you know it's he?" brusquely shaking her off.

From the shadowy hall Helen listened tensely as he opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Colburn here?" It was the night-elevator boy. "Mr Colburn would like to see her."

"Very well, I'll give her the message," gruffly slamming the door.

Infinitely relieved, Helen ran back to Mrs. Colburn, who was crouching by the radiator in wide-eyed terror.

"He only sent the elevator boy," soothingly. "You see, he's not coming himself—I knew he wouldn't. Now lie down; you're all a-quiver."

But she was still pathetically agitated.

"I'll help you a glass of milk. That's quieting, and maybe after a while you can get a little sleep."

"Sleep? You think I can sleep? Oh!" with a convulsive start, as the phone trebled out alarmingly shrill in the night quiet. "Oh, that's he—I—know it is! I won't speak to him," hysterically, "I can't!"

Warren was taking down the receiver when Helen ran in with a whispered, "Say she's all unstrunk! She can't come to the phone!"

"Nice mess you're getting us in." Then sharply, "Hello! . . . Yes. . . . Mrs. Colburn can't come to the phone now. She's ill—Mrs. Curtis has her in bed. She'll be up as soon as she feels better," abruptly cutting off.

From the door of Helen's room Mrs. Colburn had listened terrorized.

"He'll come down himself next," frantically. "Oh, I know he will!"

"If he does, you won't have to see him," Helen assured her. "Now try to get quiet—try to relax. You're only working yourself up."

Helen brought her the warm milk, but she was too thoroughly unstrung to be calmed by so mild a sedative. Huddled in a corner of the couch, she would not even lie down. Yet the bitterness she had felt for her husband was gradually changing to a consuming anxiety.

"Oh, if—if anything should happen! If he should try to—Oh, he's desperate enough to do anything—and he's up there all alone!"

"But you say it's only at you that he gets so enraged! Now that he's alone—he'll quiet down."

"If I could be sure of that! But he was so violent—he might—" Then impulsively, "Wouldn't Mr. Curtis go up—just for a moment?"

"I don't know," doubtfully, feeling it would be difficult to persuade Warren to such an errand.

But as Mrs. Colburn's anxiety grew to a sort of frenzy, Helen reluctantly consented to ask him.

"How long's this going to keep up?" he demanded irritably, as Helen came into the library. I'd like to get to bed some time before morning."

"Dear, now she's afraid he'll do something desperate. You know he did try to kill himself. Couldn't you go up—just to see if he's all right?"

"No, I couldn't," raspingly. "What excuse have I got for butting in?"

"But if he's been drinking, he won't—"

"Well, he's not too drunk to resent my blowing in this time of night. What could I say? I'd feel like a fool."

"If anything should happen! She says he's just in the mood—Oh, Warren, do go! You're always so tactful—you'll know what to say!"

At last, with grumbling unwillingness, Warren started for the door.

"Nice job you've handed me. I'll feel like a fool, I tell you," as he banged out with angry emphasis.

In what condition would he find Mr. Colburn, wondered Helen uneasily. Would he be violent and abusive? Would he resent Warren's interference?

Mrs. Colburn, every nerve taut, was waiting with feverish apprehension for Warren's return. It seemed an hour before they heard his heavy step in the hall.

"He's all right," as Helen met him anxiously. "I got him to bed; he'll sleep it off by morning."

"Did he say anything? Did he send any message to—her?"

"Not a word. We didn't talk about it. He said his nerves had gone back on him, and he'd been drinking a little too much. He's not a bad sort. I'll wager she's one of these hysterical women—drive any man to drink."

"Warren, that's not true. She's done everything for him."

"Huh, threws a fit every time he has a couple of beers. I know the type. Now, here's where we turn in! I've got to work tomorrow."

With feverish intensity Mrs. Colburn started up as Helen entered.

"Mr. Curtis has put him to bed. He said he'll sleep it off—that he'll be all right in the morning."

"Oh!" with a sob of relief. Then raising her eyes dark-ringed with suffering, "Do—do you think," falteringly, "that I ought to go up?"

"That's something you must decide for yourself," gently.

"Oh, it's always like this—I always weaken. I've started to leave him a dozen times—and I always go back. Even now I'm wondering if he's covered up—if he won't take cold."

"I know, it's the mother instinct—every woman has it. Yes," musingly, "perhaps you'd better go back—you'll be more content. And after this," Helen tried to say it hopefully, "it may not happen again."

"Oh, I don't delude myself any more," with weary bitterness. "It'll happen again. It'll keep on happening, until he—"

"You mustn't think that. Sometimes just by thinking we— No, keep that robe around you."

Helen followed her to the door, and waited until she disappeared up the dimly lit stairs that wound around the elevator shaft. Then from above came the faint sound of a closing door.

When she finally crept into bed Warren was asleep. She tried not to awaken him, but he turned over heavily, with a muttered, "Well, has she quieted down?"

"Dear, she's gone back."

"Huh," contemptuously, "got over her heroics, eh? What about her 'never going back,' and all that rot?"

Helen did not answer. Anything she could say would only arouse his combativeness, and just now she shrank from his cynical comment.

As she lay there watching the white curtain flutter out in the darkness, she was picturing Mrs. Colburn, tucking the covers about her wine-drugged husband.

It was the mother love that had taken her back—the feeling of his need of her. Having no children, all the maternal instinct had gone out to her husband. And whatever his drunken brutality, whatever her momentary rebellion, Helen knew that instinct would be strong enough to keep her with him.

Speak but little and let that little be the truth.

A'ways use Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

An Explanation.

Rankin—I wonder how wrist watches came to be fashionable?

Phyle—I suppose it is because the small amount of goods used in modern gowns does not permit of pockets.

TENDER SENSITIVE SKINS

Quickly Soothed by Cuticura. Nothing Better. Trial Free.

Especially when preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap. Many comforting things these fragrant super-creamy emollients may do for the skin, scalp, hair and hands and do it quickly, effectively and economically. Also for the toilet, bath and nursery.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Of No Further Use.

"What are these volumes you are throwing out?"

"My library on international law."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Charity.

"I hates dese suspicious guys," said the panhandler.

"What have dey been doin' to you now?" asked his friend.

"A gink gives me a dime dis morning to git somethin' to eat, and den he follers me into a restaurant and watches me spend it."

No Use.

"They're using an awful lot of automobiles in the European war," remarked the auto enthusiast.

"I know," said the disgruntled pedestrian. "But what good does it do? The manufacturers keep turning the blamed things out faster than those fellows over there can bust 'em up."

Not Guilty.

"Hey, you big busher!" yelled an excited fan as the pitcher of the home team issued his fourth successive base on balls, forcing a runner across the plate. "Where did you learn to pitch? In a correspondence school?"

If the pitcher heard, he made no sign, but another spectator sitting near the excited one administered a stinging rebuke.

"You talk like a fish," he said scornfully. "What makes you think that dub ever learned to pitch anywhere?"

One small hint may be worth more than a ton of advice.

Too many things are not worth the effort necessary to obtain them.

No bother to get summer meals with these on hand

Vienna Style Sausage and Potted Meats

Libby's

Just open and serve. Excellent for sandwiches.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

In a Restaurant.

Angry Diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig.

Waiter—I'm doing my best, sir.

MANY WAR ZONE HOSPITALS

Have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the convalescent troops. Shaken into the shoes or dissolved in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives refreshing rest and comfort and prevents the feet getting tired or foot-sore. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Sold Everywhere. 25c For FREE sample, address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.—Adv.

Tempus Fugit.

"I want a warrant for the arrest of Father Time."

"What's the charge?"

"Outrageous and continuous violation of the speed laws!"—Judge.

The Great Trouble.

Apropos of a seashore divorce, Mayor Riddle of Atlantic City said:

"The great trouble is that so many husbands, when they meet an old flame down here on the wind-swept beach, insist on being moths."

Canned.

"Is your wife putting up any fruit this summer?"

"No, but I've canned a few peaches myself."

"You have?"

"Yes. I've had three different stenographers this year, and not one of them knew half as much about spelling and grammar as she did about the latest fashions."

The Female of the Species.

"Look, dear, at that bird in yonder tree. How clear his song notes! He's been twittering happily for over an hour."

The husband looked up from his paper, but not at the bird.

"I wish you'd understand one thing," he said. "When you hear a bird twittering don't make the mistake of referring to it as 'he.' The twitters are invariably the woman birds."

NOTICE, HOUSEKEEPER As this advertisement will not appear many times at these prices, buy 25 dry scourers and receive $5 Parlor Mirror or Hammocker rug free. BOOAN Incicted. For particulars, write G. F. Wood, Kalamazoo, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED to solicit orders for men's clothes from factory direct to wearer at wholesale prices. References required. P. O. Box 62, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why See a Lawyer? Write us for expert advice on any legal question 50 cents. Legal Dept., Box 62, Detroit, Mich.

AGRICULTURAL LIMESTONE

PUREST AND BEST ON THE MARKET. Cheboygan Co. Limestone Co., Mackinaw City, Mich.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for $1.00.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

University of Notre Dame

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Thorough Education. Moral Training. Twenty-one courses leading to degrees in Classics, Modern Letters, Journalism, Political Economy, Commerce, Chemistry, Biology, Pharmacy, Engineering, Architecture, Law.

Preparatory School, various courses.

For Catalogues address

BOX H, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

DEVELOPING ANY SIZE ROLL 10¢

BLACK'S 156 WOODWARD AVE DETROIT

Barnum's Frankness.

On one occasion Barnum had an elephant engaged in plowing on the sloping hill where it could plainly be seen by the passengers on the New Haven and Hartford railroad, an agricultural innovation that he knew would get notice of some sort in every newspaper in the country.

It was even said that he received letters from farmers far and wide asking how much hay one elephant ate, and if it were more profitable to plow with an elephant than with horses or oxen.

His replies were invariably frank, and were of this purport:

"If you have a large museum in New York, and a great railway company sends trains full of passengers within eyeshot of the performance, it will pay, and pay well; but if you have no such institution, then horses or oxen will prove more economical."

Not Likely.

"A curious thing happened to me this morning," began the man who always told long-winded stories.

"Did somebody stop to listen to one of your yarns?" inquired the other, reaching for his hat.

What He Did.

"Papa, who is this Thaw that the papers are always talking about?"

"He's the man who put the 'b' in 'rainstorm.'"

Contrary to the general belief, flies do not pay particular attention to baldheaded men.

These **New**

Post Toasties

Are the first and only corn flakes that are "good to eat" without milk, cream or sugar

Try some fresh from the package, and at once you get a wonderful true corn flavour—vastly different from that of the ordinary "corn flakes" you may have had.

Notice the little pearl-like "puffs" on each flake—a characteristic that is distinctive; also that when cream or milk is added they don't mush down, but keep their body and appetizing crispness.

There's a **Royal Treat** in every package of

New Post Toasties

—from your grocer.