

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health—

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 618 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It will be confidential.

Discipline. "I bought my boy a bicycle the other day, and the first thing he did was to take it all apart."

"Did you punish him for that?"

"I certainly did. I told him that I'd never buy him an automobile until he learned to put the bicycle together again."

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Dull eyes, blotches and other skin blemishes result from a disordered digestion. Purify the blood, tone the stomach, gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels and bile with

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THE DESTROYING ANGEL
By Louis Joseph Vance
"THE PAUL OF PLAINS," "THE BOOK OF THE DEAD," "THE BLACK DAG," "THE DRAGON,"
Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Would you know her if you saw her?"

"I don't know," Whitaker frowned with annoyance. "She's six years older."

"Well, but what was she like?" Drummond pursued curiously.

Whitaker shook his head. "It's not easy to remember. Matter of fact, I don't believe I ever got a good square look at her. It was twilight in the hotel, when I found her; we sat talking in absolute darkness, to ward the end; even in the minister's study there was only a green-shaded lamp on the table; and on the train-ward, we were both too much worked up, I fancy, to pay much attention to details."

"Blonde or brunette?"

"I swear I don't know. She wore one of those funny knitted caps, tight down over her hair, all the time."

Drummond laughed quietly.

"I don't feel in a joking humor," Whitaker said seriously. "It's a serious matter and wants serious treatment."

"What else have we got to mull over?"

Drummond shrugged suavely. "There's enough to keep us busy for several hours," he said. "For instance, there's my stewardship."

"Your which?"

"My care of your property. You left a good deal of money and securities lying round loose, you know; naturally I felt obliged to look after them. There was no telling when Widow Whitaker might walk in and demand an accounting. I presume we might as well run over the account—though it is getting late."

"Half-past four," Whitaker informed him, consulting his watch. "Take too long for to-day, some other time."

Drummond's reply was postponed by the office boy, who popped in on the heels of a light knock.

"Mr. Max's outside," he announced. "O the deuce!"

The exclamation seemed to escape Drummond's lips involuntarily. He tightened them angrily, as though regretting the lapse of self-control, and glanced hurriedly at his watch. "If Whitaker had not noticed," he muttered, a trace sullenly. "Tell him I've gone out."

"But he's got 'nappit'ent," the boy protested. "And besides, I told him you was in."

"You needn't bob him off on my account," Whitaker interposed. "We can finish our confab later—Monday—any time. It's time for me to be getting up-to-date, anyway."

"It isn't that," Drummond explained doggedly. "Only—the man's a bore, and—"

"It isn't Julius Max?" Whitaker exclaimed. "Not little Julius Max, who used to stage manage our amateur shows?"

"That's the man," Drummond admitted with plain reluctance.

"Then have him in, by all means. When I've got to say 'hello' to him, it might as well be now. And then I'll clear out and leave you to his troubles."

Drummond laughed a trifle sourly. "Max has developed into a heavy-weight, outrageous you know?"

"Meaning theatrical manager?"

"Why not say so? But I might've guessed he'd drift into something of the sort."

A moment later, Whitaker was vigorously pumping the unrelenting—indeed the apparently boneless—hand of Julius Max. The hat that had made Hammerstein famous Max had appropriated—straight from him, bat in and all—immense close—bodily. Beneath it his face was small of feature, and fat. A place—sheltered his near-sighted eyes. His short round little body was invariably by day dressed in a dark gray morning-coat, white-clothed waistcoat, assiduously-striped trousers, and patent-leather shoes with white spats. He had a passion for lemon-colored gloves of thinnest kid, and slender unlace walking-sticks. His dignity was an awful thing, as ingrained as his strut.

He reassured the dignity now with a jerk of his mal-treated hand, read-

justed his glasses, and resumed his stare.

"Either," he observed, "you're Hugh Whitaker come to life or a deuced outrage."

"Both if you like."

"You sound like both," complained the little man. "Anyway, you were drowned in the Philippines or somewhere long ago, and I never waste time on a dead one. . . . Drummond square took at her. It was twilight in the hotel, when I found her; we sat talking in absolute darkness, to ward the end; even in the minister's study there was only a green-shaded lamp on the table; and on the train-ward, we were both too much worked up, I fancy, to pay much attention to details."

"No, you don't!" Whitaker insisted, putting himself between the two men. "I admit that you're a great man; you might at least admit that I'm a live one."

A mollified smile moderated the small man's manner. "That's a bargain," he said, extending a pale yellow paw. "I'm glad to see you again, Hugh. When did you return?"

"An hour ago," Drummond answered for him; "blew in here as large as life and twice as important. He's been running a gold farm out in New Guinea. What do you know about that?"

"It's very interesting," Max concurred. "You've asked him, of course?"

He demanded of Drummond, nodding toward Whitaker.

Drummond flushed slightly. "No chance," he said. "I was on the point of doing it when you butted in."

"What's this?" inquired Whitaker. "Max delivered himself of a startling bit of information: 'He's going to get married.'"

Whitaker stared. "Drummond? Not really?"

Drummond acknowledged his guilt brazenly. "Next week, in fact."

"But why didn't you say anything about it?"

"You didn't give me an opening. Besides, to welcome a deserter from the great beyond is enough to drive all other thoughts from a man's mind."

"There's to be a supper in honor of the circumstances, at the Beaux Arts tonight," supplemented Max. "You'll come, of course?"

"I'll be there—and furthermore, I'll be waiting at the church a week hence—or whenever it's to come off. And now I want to congratulate you." Whitaker also held Drummond's hand in one of those long, hard grips that mean much between men. "But mostly I want to congratulate her. Who is she?"

"Sara Law," said Drummond, with pride in his quick color and the lift of his chin.

"The greatest living actress on the English-speaking stage," Max announced, preening himself importantly. "My own discovery."

"Of course I've heard—but I have been out of touch with such things," Whitaker apologized. "When shall I see her?"

"In honor of her retirement," Max answered, fussing with a parolena on his lapel. "She retires from the stage finally; and forever—she says—when the curtain falls tonight."

"Then I've got to be in the theater tonight—if that's the case," said Whitaker.

"Fraid you won't get in, though," Drummond doubted dubiously. "Everything in the house for this final week was sold out a month ago. Even the speculators are cleaned out."

"But!" the manager reproved him loftily. "Hugh is going to see Sara Law not for the last time from my personal box—not you, Hugh?"

"You bet I am!" Whitaker asserted with conviction.

"Then come along," Max caught him by the arm and started for the door. "So long, Drummond."

CHAPTER V.

CURTAIN.

Nothing would satisfy Max but that Whitaker should die with him. He consented to drop him at the Ritz-Carlton, in order that he might dress, only on the condition that Whitaker would meet him at seven in the white room at the Kalkreuthbocker.

"Just mention my name to the head waiter," he said with magnificence; "or if I'm there first, you can't help seeing me. Everybody knows my table."

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The late
order th
car sort
smoothly
waved a
colored
neat.
Whitaker
reflective
man had
in New
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bly enchanting.
—perhaps—in that welter
stone, as eternal and as re
sea, was the woman W
married, working out her
tiny. A haphazard biscuit
his window might fall upon
roof that sheltered her;
search for a hundred years
cross her path.
He wondered.
The possibility that she might
married a second time did not u
his pulse by the least fraction
beat. He even contemplated the ch
that she might be dead withou
equality. Fortunately, that he d
love her. More fortunate still, that
loved no one else notoriety, do you?"
"No, thanks."
"Dine with me here three nights
hand-running and they'll let you into
the Syndicate by the back door with
out even asking your name. P. T. A's
one grand little motto, my boy."
"P. T. A?"
"Pays to advertise. Paste that in
your hat. Look me over," he requested
abruptly, leaning back. "I guess I'm
some pretty young buck, what?"
Whitaker reviewed the striking ef
fect Max had created by encasing his
brief neck and double chin in an old
fashioned high collar and black silk
stock, beneath which his important

When eventually he strode into the
white room, Max was already estab
lished at the famous little table in the
southeast corner. Whitaker was con
scious of turning heads and guarded
comment as he took his place opposite
the little fat man.

"Make you famous in a night," Max
assured him importantly. "Don't hap
pen to need any notoriety, do you?"

"No, thanks."

"Dine with me here three nights
hand-running and they'll let you into
the Syndicate by the back door with
out even asking your name. P. T. A's
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fect Max had created by encasing his
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Before it was danger from the sail
ors; now it is the soldiers, but the
centurion proved true, and all of the
prisoners were saved for Paul's sake.
It would be interesting speculation
to how many of those saved really
thought that they were not for Paul's sake,
for the sake of his Savior, and
many of them were duly grateful
this second stage of the journey
having left Cleopatra with the
ship, there were probably 270
by God's munificence was "the
be no loss of any man's life,"
word is sure.

11. Paul's continued service
10. This island is today ar
been since 1800 under British
was then governed by the P
(1) Comfort (rv. 1, 2). Th
"unbearing" does not indicate
or unwell people, but more
of non-Greek birth. These pe
died a free because of the cold
the rain. They received every
prisoners and soldiers like brothers,
and, in the persons of Paul and Luke,
they certainly entertained angels un
awares. (Hb. 13:2). (2) Co-opera
(rv. 3): There would need constan
republishing. Acnt Paul's enerv
life completed. Though the great
men then living, he was ready to do
the humblest duty. Whether coun
seling about a difficulty or comforti
ing dancers, he was ready to relieve
distress at all times, and thus held
up the banner of the cross and proved his
Christian spirit.

As Paul entered the rooms and put
them upon the fire three came out
a viper, probably venomous by the cold,
which fastened itself upon his hand.
There are now no venomous serpents
in Malta, but this is no reason to be
lieve that in the earlier days, when
sparsely inhabited, this common Eu
ropean serpent, known as the viper, or
possibly the Egyptian asp, may not
have been here. It was natural for
superstitious nations to expect that
this was the vengeance of a god
brought upon Paul because he (Paul)
he was a murderer. Having
from the wreck, Paul could not e
from the sword of divine justice.
The goddess of Justice, Nemesis,
avenger, suffered him not to
With perfect composure, doub
arising from God's promises that
had made to his servants (Mark
16:7-10-18), and also the pr
that he should preach the g
Rome, Paul shook the viper f
wrist. They then changed the
thinking that he must be a s
Acts 18:18-19.

No reference is made to
preaching, though, of course,
taken for granted.

His words and deeds went
with his preaching.

They honored him with mac
ors, and loaded them with such
as were necessary, such as de
and provisions, not of necessi
out of kindness and love.

Service was one of the ways by
we can show the world our
faith.

Note also how these soldiers
sailors are pictured by the
service which Paul rendered.

How much information do you
wager that Max is in a position
to give Whitaker if he were of a
mind to do so?

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