CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story:

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I can say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

TO KILL RATS, MICE AND COCKROACHES

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U. S. Government Buys It

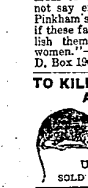
SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and $1.00

Engaged to One.

Maud—To protect myself against burglars, I'm going to get a six-shooter.

Ethel—I'm going to get a six-footer.

GAVE HIS CANE AWAY!



Mr. S. P. Benton, Kerrville, Texas, writes: "For several years prior to 1906 I suffered from kidney and rheumatic troubles. Was bent over and forced to use a cane. For these disorders I am glad to say I used Doddʼs Kidney Pills, which proved to be the proper remedy. I am 64 years old, feel fine and once again stand as straight as an arrow. Doddʼs Kidney Pills deserve great credit." Be sure and get "DODDʼS," the name with the three Ds for diseased, disordered, deranged kidneys; just as Mr. Benton did. No similarly named article will do.—Adv.

Cleveland hotels are experimenting with girl "bellboys."

Good Health Makes a Happy Home

Good health makes housework easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of it. Hosts of women drag along in daily misery, backaching, nervous, "blue," tired, because they dont know what ails them.

These same troubles come with weak kidneys, and if the kidney action is distressingly disordered, there should be no doubt that the kidneys need help.

Get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of discouraged women.

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Mrs. Frank Provo, 26 S. Walnut St., Kalamazoo, Mich., says: "I was miserable with disordered kidneys. My back ached and I felt tired and worn-out. Dizzy spells came over me and spots in front of my eyes blurred my sight. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of all signs of kidney complaint. I think they are wonderful."

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

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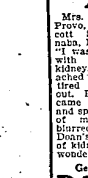

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indicate buoyant health. When the eyes are dull, liver and bowels need regulating. Quickly restore healthy conditions with a dose or two—in time—of

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If you have been threatened or have CALLSTONES, INDIGESTION, GAS or pains in the right side write AT ONCE for Valuable Book of Information FREE. W. K. BOWERS, DEPT. W-4, 119 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

—17—

There was no lack of fodder for the flames. By dint of several wheelbarrow trips between the knoll and the farmyard, he had presently constructed a pyre of impressive proportions; and by that time it was quite dark—so dark, indeed, that he had been forced to hunt up a yard lantern, carrying the which the girl had accompanied him on his two final trips.

"Here," he said clumsily, when all was ready, offering her matches. "You light it, please—for luck."

Their fingers touched as she took the matches. Something thumped in his breast, and a door opened in the chambers of his understanding, letting in light.

Kneeling at the base of the pyre, she struck a match and applied it to a quantity of tinder-dry excelsior. The stuff caught instantly, hurling into a brilliant patch of blaze; she rose and stood back, an silhouette, delicately poised at attention, waiting to see that her work was well done. He could not take his gaze from her.

So what he had trifled and toyed with, fought with and prayed against, doubted and questioned, laughed at and cried down, was sober, painful fact. Truth, heart-rending to behold in her stark, shining beauty, had been revealed to him in that moment of brushing finger-tips, and he had looked in her face and known his unworthiness; and he trembled and was afraid and ashamed. . . .

The girl retreated to his side, returning the matches.

A tongue of flame shot up from the peak of the pyre, and a column of smoke surpassed it, swinging off to leeward in great, red-bosomed volutes and whorls picked out with flying regiments of sparks.

They seated themselves with their backs to the fire and at a respectful distance from it, where they could watch the jetting blades of light that ringed the far-off headland. Whitaker reclined on an elbow, relapsing into moody contemplation. The girl stirred uneasily, turning her head to look at Whitaker.

"You know," she said with a confused attempt to laugh: "this is really so canny, this place. Or else I'm balmy. I'm seeing things—shapes that stir against the blackness, off there beyond the light, moving, halting, starting, hating us for butchering their age-old peace and quiet. Maybe I'll forget to see them, if you'll talk to me a little."

"I can't talk to you," he said, ungracious in his distress.

"You can't? It's the first time it's been noticeable, then. What's responsible—for this all-of-a-sudden change of heart?"

"That's what's responsible." The words spoke themselves almost against his will.

"You're very obscure. Am I to understand that you've taken a sudden dislike to me, so that you can't treat me with decent civility?"

"I've always understood women knew what men meant before the men did, themselves." His voice broke a little. "Oh, can't you see how it is with me? Can't you see?" he cried. "God forgive me! I never meant to inflict this on you, at such a time! I don't know why I have . . ."

"You mean," she stammered in a voice of amaze—"you mean—love?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"No . . . not after what's happened, I presume. You wouldn't have followed—you wouldn't have fought so to save me from drowning—I suppose—if you hadn't—care. . . . But I didn't know."

"Then you're not offended?" he asked, sitting up.

"Why should I be?" The firelight momentarily outlined the smiling half wistful countenance she turned to him. "What woman would be who received as great and honorable a compliment—from you, Hugh? Only"—again the whimsical little laugh that merged into a smothered sigh—"I wish I knew!"

"Wish you knew what?"

"What's going on inside that extraordinary head of yours; what's in the mind behind the eyes that I so often find staring at me so curiously."

He bowed that head between hands that compressed cruelly his temples. "I wish I knew!" he groaned in protest. "Since you called me to supper, a while ago, by name—I don't know why—your voice, as you used it then, has run through my head and through, teasing my memory like a strain of music from some half-remembered song. It half-maddens me; I feel so strongly that everything would be so straight and plain and clear between us, if I could only fasten upon that fugitive, indefinable something that's always fluttering just beyond my grasp!"

"You mean all that—honestly?" she demanded in an oddly startled voice.

"Most honestly." He looked up in excitement. "You don't mean you've felt anything of the sort?"

"No, I"—her voice broke as if with weariness—"I don't mean that, precisely, I mean . . . Probably I don't know what I do . . . I'm really very tired, too. I'd like to go on, just now—to sit here with you, budgering our poor wits with esoteric subtleties. I think—do you mind?—I'd better go in."

She rose quickly without waiting for his hand. Whitaker straightened out his long body with more deliberation, standing finally at full height, his grave and moody countenance strongly relieved in the ruddy glow, while her face was all in shadow.

"One moment," he begged humbly—"before we go in. . . . I've something else to say to you. If I may."

She waited, seriously attentive.

"I haven't played fair, I'm afraid," he said, lowering his head to escape her steadfast gaze. "I've just told you that I love you, but . . ."

"Well?" she commanded in an odd, ringing voice. "Isn't it true?"

"True?" He laughed unnaturally. "It's so true I—wish I had died before I told you!"

"Please explain . . ." she urged a trace wearily.

"I," he stammered—"I am already married."

She gave a little, stifled cry—whether of pain or horror or of indignation he could not tell.

"I'm sorry—I . . ." he begun.

"Don't you think you might have thought of this before?"

"I . . . you don't understand—"

"So it would seem," she put in cruelly.

"Please hear me! It was several years ago I married a girl I'd never seen before, to help her out of a desperate scrape she'd got into. We never lived together, never even saw one another for that hour. She had every reason to think me dead—as I should have been, by rights. But now she knows that I'm alive—is about to sue for a divorce."

After a long pause, during which neither stirred, he told him, in a faint voice: "Thank you."

She moved toward the house.

"If you will forgive me—"

"Oh, I forgive you, Mr. Whitaker. My heart is really not quite so fragile as all this implies. I think I'll go to bed. I'm very, very tired, in spite of my sleep on the sands. That didn't rest me, really."

They returned to the kitchen.

In silence, while Whitaker fidgeted about the room, awkward and unhappy, the girl removed a glass lamp from the shelf above the sink, assured herself that it was filled, and lighted it. Then over her shoulder:

"I hope you don't mean to stay up all night."

"I—well, I'm really not sleepy."

"As soon as you feel the least need of sleep, you'll go to bed?"

"I promise."

"Very well, then."

The insistent note faded from her tones. She moved toward the table, put the lamp down, and hesitated in one of her strange, unpresaged moods of diffidence, looking down at the finger-tips with which she traced a meaningless pattern on the oilcloth.

"You are hurt," she said abruptly, her head bowed, her face hidden from him.

"Kind," he echoed, dumfounded.

"You are kind and sweet and generous to me," she insisted in a level voice. "You have shown me your heart—the heart of a gentleman—without reserve; but of me you have asked nothing."

"I don't understand—"

"I mean, you haven't once referred to what happened last night. You've been content to let me preserve my confidence, to remain secretive and mysterious in your sight. . . . That is how I seem to you—isn't it?"

"Secretive and mysterious? But I have no right to your confidence; your affairs are yours, inviolate, unless you choose to discuss them."

"You would think that way—of course!" Suddenly she showed him her face illuminated with its frank, shadowy smile, her sweet eyes, kind and as fearless as the eyes of a child. "Other men would not, I know. And you have every right to know."

"I—!"

"You; and I shall tell you. . . . But not now; there's too much to tell, to explain and make understandable; and I'm too terribly tired. To-morrow, perhaps—or when we escape from this weird place, when I've had time to think things out—"

"At your pleasure," he assented gently. "Only—don't let anything worry you."

Impulsively she caught both his hands in a clasp at once soft and strong, wholly straightforward and friendly.

"Do you know," she said in a laughing voice, her head thrown back, soft shadows darkening her mystical eyes, the lamplight caressing her hair until it was as if her head were framed in a halo of pure gold, bright against the sombre background of that mean, bare room—"Do you know, dear man, that you are quite blind?"

"I think," he said with his twisted smile, "it would be well for me if I were physically blind at this instant."

She shook her head in light reproof.

"Blind, quite blind!" she repeated. "And yet—I'm glad it's so with you. I wouldn't have you otherwise for worlds."

She withdrew her hand, took up the lamp, moved a little away from him, and paused, holding his eyes.

"For Love, too, is blind," she said softly, with a quaint little nod of affirmation. "Good night."

He started forward, eyes aflame; took a single pace after her; paused as if against an unseen barrier. His hands dropped by his sides; his chin to his chest; the light died out of his face and left it grim and deeply lined.

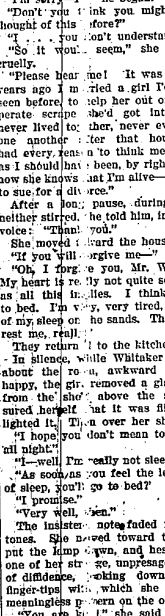
CHAPTER XV.

Discovery.

He was up and out in the cool of dawn, before sunrise, delying to listen for some minutes at the foot of the stairway. But he heard no sound in that still house, and there was no longer the night to affright the woman with hinted threats of nameless horrors lurking beneath its impenetrable cloak. He felt no longer bound to stand sentinel on the threshold of her apprehensions. He went out.

The day would be clear. In the white magic of air like crystal translucent and motionless, the world seemed more close-knitted and sane. What yesterday's veiling of haze had concealed was now bold and near. In the north the lighthouse stood like a horn on the brow of the headland, the lamp continuing to flash even though its light was darkened, its beams outstripped by the radiant forerunners of the sun. On the nearer land human life was quickening; here and there pale streamers of smoke swung up from hidden chimneys on its wooded rises.

Whitaker eyed them with longing. But they were distant from attainment by at the least three miles of tideway through which strong waters raced. He wagged a doubtful head,



A Tongue of Flame Shot Up.

and scowled; no sign in any quarter of a boat heading for the island, no telling when they'd be taken off the cursed place!

In his mutinous irritation, the screaming of the gulls, over in the west, seemed to add the final touch of annoyance, a superfluous addition to the sum of his trials. What was the matter with the addle-pated things, anyway?

There was nothing to hinder him from investigating for himself. The girl would probably sleep another hour or two.

He went forthwith, dulling the keen edge of his exasperation with a rapid tramp of half a mile or so over the uneven uplands. . . .

The screaming was well-nigh deafening by the time he stood upon the verge of the bluff; beneath him gulls clouded the air like bees swarming. And yet he experienced no difficulty in locating the cause of their excitement.

Below, a slow tide crawled, slavering, up over the bowlder-strewn sands. In a wave-scooped depression between two of the large bowlders, the receding waters had left a little, limpid pool. In the pool lay the body of a man, face downward, limbs frightfully sprawling. Gulls fought for place upon his back.

The discovery brought with it no shock of surprise to the man on the bluff; horror alone. He seemed to have known all along that such would be the cause. But he shrank shuddering from the thought of the work that by to his hand—work that must be accomplished at once and completely; for she must know nothing of it. She had suffered enough, as it was.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Can't Be Done.

You can't brag your way to the top any more than you can kill a hippopotamus with a blank cartridge.—Detroit Free Press.

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Customers Always Satisfied With Results

We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for several years and we are not afraid to recommend it for the diseases for which it is intended after listening to the words of praise from those who have tested it and proved its value. Every user of Swamp-Root is a satisfied customer and they have great faith in the remedy and recommend it.

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"His plan is quite simple. He's selling a mop with a long handle."

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Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

Wanted Information.

Father—When I was a small boy I was left an orphan.

Tommy—What did you do with it?

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

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TO LIVE LONG!

A recipe given by a famous physician for long life was: "Keep the kidneys in good order! Try to eliminate thru the skin and intestines the poisons that otherwise clog the kidneys. Avoid eating meat as much as possible; avoid too much salt, alcohol, tea. Try a milk and vegetable diet. Drink plenty of water, and exercise so you sweat—the skin helps to eliminate the toxic poisons and uric acid."

For those past middle life, for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation, as backache, scalding "water," or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, "rusty" joints, stiffness, get Anuric at the drug store. This is a wonderful eliminator of uric acid and was discovered by Dr. Pierce of Invalidʼ Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. If your druggist does not keep it send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package and you will find that it is many times more potent than lithia and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH, as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's the *only* medicine for women certain in its effects.

"Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a complete cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex.

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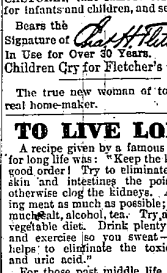
Canadian Farmers Profit From Wheat



The war's devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and wheat near $2 a bushel offers great profits to the farmer. Canada's invitation is therefore especially attractive. She wants settlers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops.

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Mixed farming as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition are the only food required for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government is urging farmers to put extra acreage into grain. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

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Canadian Government Agent

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