

## "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets tonight, put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, phlegm and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget, the children's little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

## 64 YEARS YOUNG!

Mr. S. P. Benton, Knoxville, Texas, writes: "For several years prior to 1906 I suffered from kidney and bladder troubles. I was forced to use a cane. For these disorders I used Dr. Doan's Kidney Pills, which proved to be the proper remedy. I am 64 years young, feel as well as a man, and stand as straight as an arrow. Doan's Kidney Pills deserve great credit." Get a 60c box at your dealer's to-day.

A generous free trial box will be mailed if you send the coupon.

Doan's Kidney Pills, Buffalo, N.Y. Send me a free trial box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

"I don't know." There is always hope for the girl who is not afraid to say, "I don't know," provided, of course, that she wants to know. If this is the case, she is also an expression of indifference, she is no better off than the girl who tries to look intelligent when a subject is beyond the knowledge of which she is entirely ignorant. She pretends to enlighten the girl who pretends to know it all. The wisest way to find out about the mysteries which puzzle you is to be ready to say, "I don't know."—Girl's Companion.

## THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cure.

Try as you will, after an application of Dandruff, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you use new hair, thin and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Dandruff immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Dandruff and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be soft, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance; the beauty and shimmer of true hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandruff from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that it is all Adv.

Natural Conclusion. "Smith called Jones a scoundrel." "What happened?" "Jones got hopping mad."

A postal card to Gardet Tea Co., Brooklyn, N.Y., asking for a sample will reply you—Adv.

It is noticed that some breadwinners provide larger loaves than others.



**The Destroying Angel**

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

THE PAUL OF FLAME THE BROODER OF THE BLACK DAG THE BRASS BOW

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I am all right," I'm resting, dear, and thinking. Don't fret about me. When I feel able, I will come down to you."

"As you will," he assented, unspeakably relieved; and returned to the kitchen.

Sunset interrupted his thoughts—sunset and his wife. Sounds of someone moving quietly round the kitchen, the soft wash of dishes, the rattling of the grate, drew him back to the door.

She showed him a face of calm restraint and implacable resolve.

"Hugh!"—her voice had found a new, sweet level of gentleness and strength—"I just wanted to tell you how sorry I am. I've let you go without your lunch."

"Well," he admitted with a short laugh, "I'm famished!"

She paused, regarding him with her whimsical, indulgent smile. "You strange creature!" she said softly.

Are you angry with me for this too facile descent from heroics to the commonplace? Be patient with me, dear."

But, alarmed by his expression, her words stumbled and ran out. She only said at times—

"Hugh! No, Hugh, no!"

"Don't be afraid of me," he said, turning away. "I don't mean to bother. Only at times—"

"I know, dear; but it must not be."

"Shall you make a fire again tonight?" she asked, when they had concluded the meal.

"In three places," he said. "Well, not stay another day for want of letting people know we're here. I'll go now. When you are ready—"

"I shan't be long," she said.

When it was quite dark, Whitaker brought a lantern to the door and called her, and they went forth together.

As he had promised, he had built up three towering pyres, which apart, flame, their illumination was hot and glowing over all the upland. It seemed impossible that the world should not now become cognizant of their distant fires.

At some distance to the north of the greatest fire—that nearest the farm-house—they sat as on the previous night, looking out over the black sea of unresponsive woods, communing together in undertones.

In that hour they learned much of one another; much that had seemed strange and questionable assumed, in the understanding of each, the complexion of the normal and right. Whitaker spoke at length and in much detail of his willful missing years without seeking to excuse the wrong-mindedness which had won him his life, or reasoning with her about the wisdom of a life under the mask of death. He told of the motives that had prompted his return, of all that had happened since in which she had no part—nothing he kept back; the time for that was not yet.

A listener in his turn, he heard the history of the little girl of the Commercial House breaking, and the rejection of the harshness of life in what at first seemed utterly futile endeavor—to live by her own efforts, asking nothing more of the man who had given her his name.

He learned of the coming of Max, his interest in her, the indefatigable paths he had expended coaching her to bring out the latent ability his own genius divined; of the latent performance of "Joan Thayne" before a meager and indifferent audience, her instant triumph and subsequent conquest of the country in half a dozen widely dissimilar roles; finally, of her decision to leave the stage when she married, for reasons comprehensible, demanding neither exposition nor defense.

"It doesn't matter any longer," she concluded, concluding, "I loved and I hated it. It was deadly and it was glorious. But I no longer matter. It is finished; Sara Law is no more."

"You mean never to go back to the stage?"

"And yet—" she mused craftily.

"Never!" She felt, blindly into his trap. "I promised myself long ago that if ever I leave the stage, I will never go back to it."

"But you are now wife," he countered. "Dear, you are cruel to me!"

"I think it's you who would be cruel to yourself, dear heart."

"I think," she announced, "we'd better go in."

She rose without assistance, moved away toward the house, paused and returned.

"Hugh," she said gently, with a quaver in her voice that wounded his conceit in himself; for he was sure it spelled danger to his expense and well-earned rest—"Hugh, you big silly boy, get up this instant and come back to the house with me. You know I'm tired. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I suppose so," he grumbled, rising. "I presume it's childish to want the moon—admit sulk when you find you can't have it."

"Or a star?"

He made no reply; but his very silence was eloquent. They entered the kitchen.

"Something will have to be done; if they won't help us, we'll have to help ourselves."

"There was alarm in her tone. He looked up quickly. "Hugh, what are you thinking of?"

"Oh—nothing. But I've got to think of something."

She came nearer, intuitively alarmed and pleading. "Hugh, you wouldn't leave me here alone!"

"Thank God, I've found you!"

"I'll be here—as always—when you wake up."

She disappeared; the light of her lamp faded, flickering the draught of the wind, stilled the wall with its evanescent caricature of the balustrade, and was no longer visible.

"Hugh!" her voice rang from the upper floor.

He started violently out of deep abstraction and replied inquisitively.

"You don't forget to lock the door?"

He swore violently! Beneath his breath; controlled his temper and responded placidly. "Certainly not."

Then he shut the outside door with a convulsing bang.

"If this be marriage..." He smiled his twisted smile.

Leaving the kitchen light burning, he went to his own room and, as on the previous night, threw himself upon the bed without addressing, but this time with no thought of sleep.

Indeed, he had no expectation of closing his eyes in slumber before the dawn; at the earliest, he had no intention other than to attempt to swim to the nearest land.

An hour dragged out its weary length, and the light of dawning came. When, with infinite precaution against making any noise.

Slipping on tiptoes, Whitaker stole toward the door, out to the hall, took a single step on toward the kitchen; and the phantasmal light of the absolute stillness within the house, a board squeaked like an animal beneath his tread.

In an instant he heard the third and patter of his footsteps above. He leaped over the balustrade, looking down, and her cry of dismay: "Hugh! Hugh!"

He halted, saying in an even voice: "Yes, it is I."

There was no use trying to get away without her knowledge now; besides, he was no sneak-thief to fly from a cry. He burned with excitement, impatience and indignation; while the woman flew down the stairs to his side.

"Hugh," she demanded, white-faced and trembling, "what is the matter? Where are you going?"

He moved his shoulders uneasily, forcing a short laugh. "I desecrated your guess. I, undoubtedly you have. Else why?"

"You mean you were going—going to try to swim to the mainland?"

"I meant to try it," he confessed.

"I should have known you declared something," it was asked, but I knew the instant you started."

"It must be done," he muttered. "Please—"

"But it must not be done! Hugh!"

Her voice ascended. "I can't let you. I won't let you. You'll never leave the house again. I shall have to let you go to your death."

"Oh, now, really," he protested.

"But, Hugh, I know it! I feel it here. A hand stayed to rest, flitting, above her head. "I should let you go. Oh, my dear one, don't, don't go!"

"Mary," he began hoarsely, "I tell you—"

"You're only going, Hugh, because I because I love you so. I am afraid to let you love me. That's true, isn't it, Hugh—its true?"

He mumbled an almost inaudible answer, the sound of his intention.

"Hugh, you're killing me! If you love me—"

He gave a gesture of despair and capitulation.

"You're doing my best, Mary. I mean to do the best I can. I—"

"I know, Hugh, you mean you won't go. Joy from a surcharged heart rang vibrant in every syllable uttered in that marvelous voice."

"But now, he dared meet her eyes. "Yes," he said, "I won't go—"

With an apologetic shadow of his twisted smile. "I can't if... it distresses you."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Whitaker started, staggered with amaze, and the burden of his wife in his arms. Her own arms clapped round his neck. Her fragment, tearful face brushed his. He knew at last the warmth of her sweet mouth, the dear madness of that first caress.

Then through the magical hush of that time when the world stood still, the thin, clear vibrations of a distant hail:

"Aho-y!"

In his embrace his wife stiffened and lifted her head to listen like a startled fawn.

"Listen!" He held up his hand. "This time it rang out more near and most unmistakable."

"With the frenzied leap of a madman, Whitaker flung out into the dim, silvery witchery of the night. He stood staring, while the girl stole to his side and caught his arm. He passed a sound her, lifted the other hand, dumbly pointed toward the northern beach. For the moment he could not trust himself to speak."

In the sweep of the anchorage a small, white yacht, heaved shoulder to the beach itself, a small boat was drawn up. A figure in white waited near it. Rising over the brow of the uplands moved two other figures in white and one in darker clothing, the latter leading the way at a rapid pace. As they drew together, the leader of the landing party checked his pace and called:

"Hello there! Who are you? What's the meaning of your late night visit?"

Mechanically Whitaker's lips uttered the beginning of the response: "Shipwrecked—signaling for help."

"Whitaker!" the voice of the other interrupted with a sharp, shrill shout. "Thank God, we've found you!"

It was Ember.

CHAPTER XVII.

Disappearance.

Seldom, perhaps, has a habitation been so unconsciously vacated as was the solitary farmhouse on that isolated island. Whitaker delayed only long enough to place a bill, borrowed from Ember, on the kitchen table, in payment for what provisions they had consumed, and to extinguish the lamps and shut the door.

Ember, minutes later, he occupied a chair beneath an evening on the after deck of the yacht, and with a blessed clear fuming in the grip of his teeth, stared back to where their rock of refuge was swiftly blending into a small, dark blur upon the face of the waters.

"Ember," he demanded querulously, "what the devil's that place?"

"You didn't know?" Ember asked, amused. "It is No Man's Land."

"The interior for all purposes in map time. And the other—"

"Martha's Vineyard. That's Gay Head—the headland with the light-house. Off to the north of it, the Elizabeth Islands."

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## The DAIRY



## PRODUCTION OF BLOODY MILK

More Objectionable as Matter of Appearance Than as Menace to Health—Various Causes.

Bloody milk is more objectionable perhaps as a matter of appearance than as a menace to health. Hemorrhages may occur within the udder as a direct result of a bruise caused by rapid motion by a bad position while the cow is lying down, by the tread of a cow in an adjoining stall, or because of the breaking of a tiny blood vessel or the escape of red corpuscles through thin vessel walls. Heavy feeding may also produce bloody milk.

The remedy is careful milking and light feeding with laxative foods and repeated use of mild physic.

When the trouble occurs with cows giving a heavy flow of milk and under heavy feed, improvement follows a marked reduction of the ration. A change of stall may give good results.

It allows the cow to obtain a better position and avoid uneven pressure on the udder while lying down. Cows with long, heavy udders should be driven slowly and should not be driven over high sills.

Important for Dairy Calf

Modern Experiments Show That Good Flesh is Desirable Feature—Mixtures for Grain Feed.

The importance of feeding and caring for dairy calves is emphasized by J. B. Fitch, associate professor of dairy husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"Calves should be fed whole milk until they are one month old, when they should be changed to skim milk," said Professor Fitch. "They should be fed skim milk until they are six weeks old. While they are young, they should be given grain and alfalfa hay."

"A good mixture for grain feed is four parts of corn or corn chop, one part of soft meal, and two parts of wheat bran. After taking the calf of the milk, increase the grain gradually to two pounds a day in addition to silage and alfalfa hay."

"It might be considered that good flesh was undesirable in dairy calves, but experiments show that this is not the case and that quite the contrary is the case, especially before calving."

"The heifer should be bred so as to calve when from twenty-four to thirty months of age, depending upon the breed and growth of the animal. The Guernsey and the Jersey should be bred so as to calve when from twenty-four to thirty months of age. If bred so as to calve earlier than this, their growth is apt to be injured."

Guernsey is Desirable Type.

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