WORN OUT AFTER SHE COOKED A MEAL

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Read the Result

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"I suffered for a year with nervous troubles and irregularities before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back pained all the time and I was unfit for housework. I was worn out if I cooked a meal, and was unable to do my washing. My girl friends and my sister told me if I would take Your Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills I would be relieved. After taking the first bottle I felt better, and neglected it awhile, but found I could not do my work until I was stronger. So I took the Vegetable Compound again and now I am the mother of a 19 months old boy. He is fat and healthy and I am sure I could never have carried him if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound. I recommend your medicine to all women although I am young to be advising some one older."—Mrs. CHRIST. PETROFF, 318 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains no harmful drugs and can be taken in safety by any woman.

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Settlement Worker—What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?

Mrs. Mixer—He's dreadin' the time, ma'am, when he'll have to go back to work.

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."—Judge.

Double chins are considered a masculine charm when the cleft is in the middle and perpendicular.

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Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

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Which Only Aggravate Constipation

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STATE NEWS IN BRIEF

Big Rapids—Henry Swanson, living east of the city, ran a straw in his eyeball while operating a thresher, and his condition is critical.

Bay City—James McGivern, 71 years old, well-known old resident, is dead at his home here. He formerly was prominent in union labor circles. He leaves his widow and one daughter.

Albion—Gerald Miller, 10-year-old boy, living in the village of Homer, died of lockjaw at the City hospital. He stepped on a rusty nail and was rushed to the hospital after the disease had advanced too far.

Otsego—The peaceful trend of Otsego happenings was broken by the appearance of flapper-worn knickers. Stiff necks, born of too much interest on the part of the males of the village, have become a popular malady.

Pontiac—An insanity commission will be asked in Circuit Court by Prosecutor A. F. Blakeslee to examine Albert Schroeder, young Ortonville farmer, who is said to have confessed to killing his father and brother-in-law.

Owosso—Fred Phillips, of Burton, west of here, was buried alive by a cave-in at a gravel pit, where he was working. He was rescued by fellow workmen, and was found to have suffered a broken rib and other slight injuries.

Saginaw—Contracts have been awarded by the East Side school board for the construction of a 22-room addition to the Webber Park schol to a Saginaw firm for $154,574. The total cost without equipment will be $195,000.

Hillsdale—Irving Ayres, of Pioneer, O., is near death in a hospital here where his right arm was amputated at the shoulder to prevent the spread of blood poisoning. His arm was injured in a friendly wrestling match in his home town.

Albion—Postmaster Willard B. Noyes has received word that Albion has one of the three best conducted postoffices in the state, the other two being Ionia and Niles. An inspector from Washington recently complimented Mr. Noyes.

Mendon—Kicked by a horse and trampled to the floor as she directed her husband, who was driving their automobile, Mrs. A. D. Collard was so badly injured that she lived only two hours. The Collards had just returned from a pleasure drive to a lake.

Flint—Five-pound tomatoes are being raised by Frank Kidwell, in his back yard garden. All the tomatoes average three pounds, he says, the seed having been imported from Virginia this spring. He claims to be the champion tomato grower of this part of the state.

Pontiac—Several thousand Oakland County farmers assembled at Maceday Lake, where in a natural amphitheater a pageant depicting the progress of farm organization was presented by 400 men, women and children. A program of sports, followed by speeches by a number of candidates for public office, concluded the day.

Lansing—A recommendation from the state department of agriculture that $5,000 be set aside for a survey of Michigan's peat resources has been taken under advisement by a committee of the state administrative board. According to a communication received by the board there are extensive areas of peat in the state which could be developed into valuable fuel resources.

Mt. Clemens—The discontinuance of a rural route leading from this city which previously covered the Shook and Ballor roads, has raised a storm of protest from more than 100 farmers. It is proposed to send a delegation to Washington to take the matter before the postmaster-general. The delivery was cut by the postoffice department to economize, it was reported.

Kalamazoo—Mrs. Joseph Herman, of Ontario, Calif., has written officials here asking proof of her wedding 70 years ago for use in obtaining a pension in Washington. She says she was married in this city Oct. 9, 1856. The records in the county office were destroyed by fire many years ago. She is too feeble to remember the name of the minister who officiated, the letter says.

Benton Harbor—Berrien County fruit growers are shipping direct to Chicago consumers—with no middlemen to share the profits. The gasoline boat Imperial is hauling the fruit, fresh from tree and vine, across the lake, making three trips a week. Its carrying capacity is 1,500 bushels a trip. It is understood that Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago is sponsor for the plan.

Detroit—"Dr." Irving E. Sanders, proprietor of an alleged "baby farm" on West Fort street, was found guilty of practising medicine without a license, by a jury before Judge Harry B. Keidan. The principal witness against him was Leola Sonnenberg, 15 years old, of Northville, who testified she took her two-days-old baby to Sanders's place for treatment for an infection and in the expectation that he would find a home for the infant. Judge Keidan remanded Sanders for sentence. His attorney intimated an appeal would be taken.

The MARDI GRAS MYSTERY

by H. Bedford-Jones

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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"MIDNIGHT MASQUER!"

SYNOPSIS—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jachin Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has long defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball. Lucie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine. At the ball, Bob Maillard, son of the banker, again proposes to her and is refused. He offers to buy some of her property. A Franciscan monk interests her.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"So," the girl smiled a little, "you would betray your business friends in order to make a bit of money for me?"

Maillard stared at her. "Well, if you put it that way, yes! I'd do more than that for——"

"Thank you," she interrupted, her voice cold. "I don't think I'd trust your sagacity very far, Robert. Good-night."

She turned from him and was gone, dancing through the great rooms like a true Columbine.

Midnight neared, and brought a concern to many; the Midnight Masquer had gained his name by invariably appearing a moment or two before the stroke of twelve. Jachin Fell, who divided his time between enjoying the smoking room and wandering about among the masquers, perceived that Joseph Maillard was watching the time with anxiety.

A large man, stern and a bit scornful of look, Maillard was imposing rather than handsome. He appeared the typical banker, efficient, devoid of all sentiment. Amused by the man's evident uneasiness, Jachin Fell kept him in view while the moments dragged. One might have thought that the little gray man was studying the financier as an entomologist studies a butterfly on a pin.

Shortly before twelve Columbine pirouetted up to Fell and accepted the arm he offered her. They were for the moment alone, in a corner of the ballroom.

"I must see you tomorrow, please," she breathed.

"Gladly," he assented. "May I call? It's Sunday, you know——"

"If you will; at three. Something has happened, but I cannot speak of it here. Does any one else know that you—that you are interested in my affairs?"

"So," the Girl Smiled a Little, "You Would Betray Your Business Friends in Order to Make a Bit of Money for Me?"

The pale gray eyes of the little gray man looked very innocent and wondering.

"Certainly not, my dear! Why?"

"I'll tell you tomorrow." Then she broke into a laugh. "Well, it is midnight—and the Masquer has not appeared. I'm almost sorry."

The lights flickered off for a moment, then on again. The signal for unmasking!

The dancing ceased. From the whole room arose a babel of voices—cries of surprise, exclamations, merry laughter. Columbine removed her mask. An instant later Joseph Maillard approached them, chuckling to himself and looking hugely relieved.

"Ha, Lucie! I guessed you beneath the Columbine daintiness! Have you examined your favor yet?"

Remembering, the girl caught at her corsage. Cries of delight were arising on all sides as the favors were revealed—most handsome favors, even for Mardi Gras! From the heart of the rosebuds in her hand Lucie removed a brooch of old filigree work set with a group of pearls. She glanced about for Jachin Fell, but he had vanished with Maillard. A voice rose at her elbow:

"Mademoiselle, you are not less lucky than beautiful! Pearls to the pearl!"

She turned to see the Franciscan—no longer masked, but now gazing at her from a frank, laughing countenance, still partially veiled by the brown cowl that was drawn up close about his head.

"Henry Gramont!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I half suspected that it was you——"

"But you were not sure?" he chuckled. "You're not offended with me, Lucie?"

"I should be." She tossed her head. "You were impertinent, M. le prince!"

He made a distasteful gesture. "None of that, Lucie! You know I don't like it——"

"Oh, la, la!" she mocked him. "M. le prince is seeing America, n'est ce pas? He has come to America to find a rich wife, is it not?"

Gramont's face lost its smile, and suddenly became almost hard.

"I shall call upon you at four tomorrow, Lucie," he said, abruptly, and turned. Nor did he pause to get her reply. An instant afterward Lucie was surrounded by a merry group of friends, and she saw no more of Henry Gramont.

About five minutes later those in the ballroom distinctly heard, through the open windows, the heavy pulsations of an airplane motor.

CHAPTER III.

The Bandit.

Joseph Maillard's library was on the ground floor of the house; it was a sedate and stately room, and was invariably shut off to itself. Not even tonight, of all nights, was it thrown open with the remainder of the house.

Here Maillard summoned half a dozen of his particular cronies and friends, after the stroke of midnight had assured him that there was no danger to be expected from the bandit. His son was not among the number. The half dozen were fairly all elderly men, and, with the exception of Jachin Fell, all were men of prominent affairs.

About the table grouped Maillard and his guests. Maillard, standing before a small wall safe that flanked the open hearth, lifted his silver goblet, astream with beads. The moment for which he had been waiting was here; he launched his little thunderbolt with an air of satisfied importance.

"My friends, I have a confession to make!" he announced. "Today I received a note from the Midnight Masquer stating that he would be with us this evening, presumably at the hour of midnight, his usual time."

These words brought an instant silence. The half-dozen men were tense, watchful, astonished. But Maillard swung up his silver cup and laughed gaily.

"I took full precautions, gentlemen. The hour of danger is past, and the notorious bandit has not arrived—or, if he has arrived, he is now in the hands of the law. So up with your cups, my friends—a lifelong health to Mardi Gras, and damnation to prohibition and the Midnight Masquer!"

From everyone broke a swift assent to the toast, a murmur of relieved tension. The silver goblets were lifted, touched in a musical clinking of edges, and the aromatic breath of julieps filled the library as the drinkers, in true southern fashion, buried noses in the fragrant mint. Then, as the cups were lowered, from the recess of the curtained windows at one end of the room came a quiet voice:

"I thank you, gentlemen! But I must remind you, Maillard, that there was not a time limit set in the note."

With a simultaneous gasp everyone turned. Maillard staggered; his face went livid. Every eye was fastened upon that amazing figure now advancing from the shadows of the recess.

It was the figure of an aviator, clad in leather from top to toe, his goggles and helmet shield completely masking his head and features from recognition. In his hand he held an automatic pistol, which covered the group of men before him with its threatening mouth.

"Not a sound, if you please," he warned, his voice thin and nasal—obviously disguised. "I trust that none of you gentlemen is armed, because I am very quick on the trigger. A very pleasant surprise, Maillard? You'd given me up, eh?"

For an instant no one spoke. Then Maillard moved slightly, moved his hand toward a button set in the wall near the safe. The voice of the bandit leaped out at him like thin steel:

"Quiet, you fool! If you touch that button——"

Maillard stiffened, and gripped the table edge with his shaking hand.

The bandit bowed slightly, and addressed the gathering in a tone of dry raillery:

"The rights of property are to me far more sacred than human life; there I agree with the law. So, gentlemen kindly empty your pockets on the table." His voice became crisp. "The jeweled scarfpins which you received as favors this evening may be added to the collection; otherwise, I shall not touch your private possessions. No watches, thank you, Maillard, kindly begin! I believe that you carry a wallet? If you please."

The banker could not but obey. His hands trembling with fear and rage, he took from his pocket a wallet, and emptied a sheaf of bills upon the table. One after another, the other men followed his example. When it came his turn, Jachin Fell drew a single bill from his pocket, and laid it down.

"You put some faith in that warning, Mr. Fell?" The bandit laughed.

"If You Don't," Was the Cool Threat, "I'll Shoot You Through the Abdomen."

"Do you think that you will know me again?"

"I hardly believe so, sir," answered Fell in his apologetic fashion. "Your disguise is really excellent."

"Thank you." The bandit's voice held a thin mockery. "Coming from you, sir, that compliment is most welcome."

"What the devil does the fellow mean?" exploded Judge Forester.

"Then you are not aware that Mr. Fell is a man of large affairs?" The bandit's white teeth flashed in a smile. "He is a modest man, this attorney! And a dangerous man also, I assure you. But come, Mr. Fell, I'll not betray you."

Jachin Fell obviously did not appreciate the pleasantry. His shy and wondering features assumed a set and hardened look.

"Whoever you are," he responded, a subtle click of anger in his tone, "you shall be punished for this!"

"For what, Mr. Fell? For knowing too much of your private affairs?" The bandit laughed. "Fear not—I am only an amateur at this game, fortunately! So do your worst, and my blessing upon you! Now, gentlemen, kindly withdraw a few paces. All but you, Maillard; I'm not through with you yet."

The automatic pistol gestured; under its menace everyone obeyed the command, for the calm assurance of the bandit made it seem extremely likely that he would use the weapon without compunction. The men withdrew toward the far end of the room, where a word from the aviator halted them. Maillard remained standing where he was.

The Masquer advanced to the table and gathered the heap of money and scarfpins into the leathern pocket of his coat. During the process his gaze did not waver from the group of men, nor did the threat of his weapon lift from the banker before him.

"Now, Maillard," he quietly ordered, "you will have the kindness to turn around and open the wall safe behind you. And don't touch the button."

Maillard started.

"That safe! Why—why—d—n you, I'll do nothing of the sort!"

"If you don't," was the cool threat "I'll shoot you through the abdomen. A man fears a bullet there worse than death. It may kill you, and it may not; really, I care very little. You—you financier!"

Scorn leaped into the quiet voice, scorn that lashed and bit deep.

"It was natural then that Lucie should take Jachin Fell into her confidence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Is a lame, achy back torturing you? Does the least exertion leave you tired, weak, all worn-out? You should find the cause of your trouble and try to correct it. More than likely it's your kidneys. Miserable backaches with headaches, dizzy spells and annoying urinary disorders are common signs of kidney weakness. There is danger in delay. Begin using *Doan's Kidney Pills* today. *Doan's* have helped thousands. They should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Annie Kitzig, 701 W. Maple St., Lansing, Mich., says: "My back ached so badly I could hardly do my work. I got up mornings with a steady, dull ache across my back. Headaches almost drove me wild and I became dizzy. My kidneys acted too often. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and the aches and pains left and I felt fine."

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Trouble Ahead.

During the recent visit to Washington of a Frenchman and his wife, the gentlemen having been sent to this country on official business, there occurred an interesting event.

At the hospital the nurse in attendance called out Marie, an Irish woman employed about the place:

"Maria, do come here and see a French baby born in Washington."

Whereupon Maria came over and surveyed the wee bit of humanity. Then compassionately, she observed:

"Poor little darlint; it's a great perplexity ye'll be to yourself, I'm thinkin', when you begin spinkin'!"—Exchange.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

Moment of Suspense.

Young Walton had been wooing Miss Trueloye for a long time—years and years it seemed to her father.

At last the couple stood before the altar, and the clergyman put the fatal question:

"Will you, Henry Walton, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

"This was too much for Miss Trueloye's little brother Jimmy, who had watched the progress of the long courtship from various points of vantage during the years.

"Gosh, pa!" he gasped out, excitedly. "Suppose he won't?"

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Just Dimly Remembered.

I had not seen my friend and her small son for a year, so when I saw him playing in his grandmother's yard I said: "Aren't you Charles Smith?"

"Yes, I am," said Charles.

"My, how you've grown!" I said. "I was at your house the night the stork brought you to your mamma."

"Oh, yes," he nodded, gravely, "and you stayed all night. I can just barely remember it."—Exchange.

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