MRS. BUSH TELLS OTHER WOMEN

How Pains in Side and Drag-ging Down Feelings Were Relieved by Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound

na, N. Y. "I had terrible pains in



Refined Cruelty

Refined Cruelty
Wife (with newspaper)—Isn't this
terrible? Two Russian girls hacked
another to pieces because they were
envious of her expensive elothes;
Hub—Shocking! In this country
they would have been content to piece
her to pieces—Boston Transcript.

Cutteurs Southes Baby Rashes
That itch and burn, by hot bath
for Cutteurs Soup followed by gentle
anolatings of Cutteurs Olithment
Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fregrant Cutt
curn Talcum is dusted on at the fin
ish. 25c each—Advertisement.

Certainly
Little Boy—Sheep are the dumber animals.

Mother (absently)—Yes, my lamb.

A man who a long way in the direction you don't want to go.



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Headache Rheumatism Colds

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which contains proven directions Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu facture of Monoaccelicacideater of Salicylicacide



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The Mystery Road

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

MYRTILE SEES LIFE

Myrtil: Sargon, young cour,
try girl of France, stands by the
great white road at the end of
the garden lane. She is pretty,
modest—and. desperate. Jefe
the garden lane. She is pretty,
modest—and. desperate. Jefe
the garden lane. She is pretty,
modest—and. desperate. Jefe
the stream of the standard of the series of the
stream of the standard of the series of the
stream of the standard of the series
that stretches out to the great
unknown world. That road means
freedom to her—and life. Dare
better than what she must face
if she stays. A bursted tire hale
to story oung Englishmen of vestil
the tracted girl hers them to take
the away from her misery. I a
spirit of adventure they take he a
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BOOK ONE

Chapter 1

Chapter I

Myrille stood upon the crasy veranda, her eyes shaded by her hand, gazing down the straight, narrow footpath, a sundering line across the freshly plowed field, which led to the village in the hollow below. The moddering white stone cottage from which she had issued was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills; it seemed to struggle against its inborn ugliness and to succeed only because of the beauty of its setting—in the foreground the brown earth, with its neatly trained vines and its quarter of an acre of frarant violets; the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry biossom; brown earth, soon to become a delicate carper of tender green, and the struck of freshly turned brown earth, soon to become a delicate carper of tender green. Myrtile's hand dropped to her side. The three figures were plainly visible now. She remained quiesceit, watching them with a mute tracely in her face which, to any one ignorant of the inner significance of this approaching procession, must have seemed a little puzzling. For there was nothing trage about Jean Sargot-middle aged, a typical peasant of the district, with coarsened face and wentherbeaten, skin—quarter and wentherbeaten skin—quarter and we

felend?

And sime of the Street went on, which is taking heed of the interruption of the street of t



Her Feet Seemed Scarcely to Touch the Grass-Grown Track.

shade of brown, with here and there some iglints of a lighter color. Her cyce, sikilly fringed, were of a wonder-ful shade of deep hive, her mouth tremulous and beautiful. There was something a little excile about her appearance, although no actual indication of lil health. The widow loyded in the critical property of the color, with unpleasant things in his blick, with the state of the contract of the work of the state of dom. Her dres filled with passionate desire, if toly she knew how to gain lit!

They were singing now down at the cotings. She heard Jean Sargot's strident volte in some country song of harrest dud vintage and what they called love. As she stood there in the quiet of the evening, there seemed suddenly to leap into life a very fursure of revolt. She was weary of her monotonious tasks—the abuse of her the safety of her the country in the control of the light of the the country in the passion of the passion o

The two rouns mus adopted characteristic attitudes when confronted with the slight missferenties of a burst. He and a delay of half an hour. (Christopher Bent deliberately filled and If a pipe, and, seating himself on the top of a low, gray stone wall, gave himself up to the joy of a wonderful yiew and the pleasure of unusual surroundings. His companion, Gerald Dombey, stood peerishly in the inddle of the road, with his hands in his pockets, cursing the flint strewn rould, the rottenness of all motor lires and the evil chance which led to this mishap in the last lap of their foungacy.

indoor frees and not evel chance when the led to (this missing in the last line of their Journey.

"We'll' lie on the road again in trenty, industa, your lordship." the chantique promised, as he paused for a moment in whipe the prespiration from his forchead.

His mussier nodded with some signit of returning equalinity.

"Don't distress yourself, John," he said, "pine's for oreal charle before as we get into Monte Carlo before as the property of the control of the co

the little, discolored house of Jean Sargoti.

"Arel they real people who live in these qualit cottages?" he speculated.

"That plade, for instance, looks like a toy farm, with its patch of violets, its drip vileyard, its belt of plowed land and this little grove of syrresses. It is just as though some child had taken them all from his play box and looking and it rom his play box and looking at the opening in the little grove of cyrresses.

"And there," he murmured, "must be the ichild to whom they all belong it hink you are right, Gerald. There is something unreal about the place." he desired the something of the properties of the play of the grown of cyrresses.

"And there," he murmured, "must be the ichild to whom they all belong it hink you are right, Gerald. There is something unreal about the place." he can be the contemplation of their worder in the contemplation of that distant apply tweer the root vanished to make the little rustic, chris. She probably won't be able to understand a word you say."

At the sound of their voices, Myrtile word you say."

At the sound of their voices, Myrtile word you say."

At the sound of their voices, Myrtile word you shill they saw in her face, there the word you shill they saw in her face, there word you shill they saw in her face, there word you shill they saw in her face, there were on the word from which she seemed to have fallen. Then its old making which live, sarried her ground, and at the things which live, sarried her ground, and and was obviously in distress. She was as a were darried, carried, and and the way to Cannes? Christopher laquied.

She political to where the thin ribnon road in the distance seemed to make fallen. Then its old making which live, carried her ground, and the way to Cannes? Christopher laquied.

She political to where the thin ribnon road in the distance seemed to make fallen the road was obnous conversation on the recent part of the distance seemed to make fallen. Then its old making the part of the part of the part of the part o per early skin—og about the companion who hing on his arm—a plump, dark woman, with black hair and eyes, roc-efferous and fluest of gesture, with a high-pitched voice and apparently much to say. The third person, who was start to be the start of and fluest presents of the start of and which were the start of and start which Myrtile had already placed upon the hard with terror.

They were near enough now for speech, and her stepfather, waving his hand, called out to her:

"It is the Widow Dimmy, fittle one, and our friend and neighbor, Pierre Leschamps, who come to drift a gliss of whee with us. Hurry with the third and some chairs, and bring none—two bottles of last year's winage.

They some lint the chairs which Myrtile had already placed upon the verands, Pierre Leschamps, who come to drift a gliss of whee with us. Hurry with the their say that the chairs which Myrtile had already placed upon the verands, Pierre Leschamps, who come to drift a gliss of whee with us. Hurry with the their say that the chairs which Myrtile had already placed upon the verands, Pierre Leschamps, who come to drift a gliss of whee with us. Hurry with the their say that the chairs which were with it he let to others. His place the extra of land which were with it has bett to others. His place there will be a start of land which were with it had been the start of land which were with it has been to the start of land which were with it has been to the start of land which were with the wind the start of land which were with the care the children and the start of land which were with the care the children and the start of land which were with the care the children and the start of land which were with the care the children and the start of land which were with the start o

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Onite Different

Hubby—Certainly not, dear. I said it was more than I was worth.

Uncle Eben

"Talkin' politics," said Uncle Eben, "ain't gineter save de country if it's done in a way dat spoils honest friendships."

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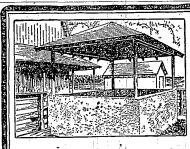
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