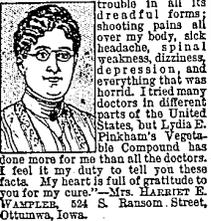


OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.

No woman should submit to a surgical operation which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has been given to thousands of women in almost every city and town in the United States, and willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

Grandfather's Fault.

Father—"Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day."

Son—"Well, no, don't send me grandpa there?—Silent Partner."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of Dr. J. C. Feltcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

Children Cry for Feltcher's Castoria

Too Dangerous.

In the struggling days of Truckee, Doctor F. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," said he to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and help me clean out a henhouse."

"Law now, Mr. Washington, the old man expostulated, "you don't want to begin cleaning out a henhouse four years to-day time."

"Success Magazine.

THE MARTYR.

Polly—So Mrs. Highmore's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?

Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmore invited me all to an afternoon tea so she could tell us how she suffered in silence!

A SPOON SHAKER.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drink it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me."

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not sit to any part of my contents."

"My heart got tickety and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood."

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see."

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was relieved by complete restoration of my health in every respect."

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new experience from time to time. The coffee genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SERIAL STORY

The Girl of My Dreams

A Novelization of the Play by Will West and David Wood, Written by WILBUR D. NESBIT

Copyright by W. D. Nesbit

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quaker whom he met in the country. His auto crashes into another machine, involving a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman is killed and the count escapes. His sister, Caroline, arrives at his home to play hostess. Sores are revealed which had been hidden. Harry had intended as a present for Lucy a diamond ring which he had bought from Mrs. Gen. Blazes, who demands her ring. Harry's father and mother are killed in an escape. Harry Medders and his father, Harry Swifton, are killed in a collision of one room and Mrs. Blazes, in another. Harry Swifton, who had been trying to keep Lucy from discovering the presence of her father, is killed in a collision of the woman. The milliner, Daphne, Daphne's father, arrives to trace the missing duplicate but with more complications arise.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"No," Harry blundered. "It's for another woman."

Daphne drew herself up with the pose of a tragedy queen.

"Ah!" she said, in denunciatory tones. "You're setting me up to your old tricks, are you?"

Harry witted at that, and could make no sufficient reply. "I'll make you the best of one condition. If I get it finished this afternoon, provided that you and I—just our two little selves—shall have one of our old-time cozy, comfy dinners tonight."

"The more the better," Harry blurted. "It was too much. The more he tried to get out of his trouble the more new troubles were invented for him."

"Daphne," he said, "I—simply can't do that."

"Two years ago," Daphne reminded him, "you would have jumped at the chance to have the dinner, and never have bothered about the hat."

"Well, but, Daphne, it is impossible. You see, these guests will be here, and I can't be away when I should be entertaining them."

"They won't come," Daphne said, crossly. "You're not so very entertaining."

"I know it—and I'm at my worst to-day. So I'll have a hopeful audience in the eyes, you get me, the hat and the evening."

"No dinner tonight, no hat today," was Daphne's ultimatum, when from somewhere in the house came the voices of Lucy and Carolyn calling to Harry.

"Great Scott!" he muttered. "This thing's getting worse! They mustn't see you here."

"Who are they?" Daphne asked. "Who are they?"

"One is my sister; the other is the other girl."

"Oh, goodness, Harry! Daphne almost said, "I don't know who to get into trouble. Hide me, blue me! Heavens! If there should be any talk about me—just when my military business is doing so nicely. You ought to be ashamed to remember the innocent girl to take such chances as this."

But Harry was hurrying her toward the library door. At first he had unconsciously started her toward the other one, but he had remembered that Mrs. Blazes was there. He mutely directed her to go into the library, and then said in a hasty whisper:

"Don't pay any attention to the man in green. Just keep yourself in the room, and I'll get the girls to go back downstairs on some pretext."

As the door closed on Daphne he left the room and so he did not hear the voice of the girl of his dreams.

"Well, by gracious! Little Daphne—No! The amazed tones of Daphne as she exclaimed:

"Why, Count! What are you doing here?"

CHAPTER VI.

For a time there was silence in the room. The door of one room opened and Mrs. Blazes peered anxiously forth.

"I wonder why he is so long getting that hat," she said to herself.

"The door of the other room opened and she hurriedly dashed back and closed her door. The Count and Daphne came from the library."

"Indeed," Daphne said, "he might have told me you were in there. But maybe he meant it as a surprise to me."

She slipped and peeped roughly at the Count.

"The Count," she said, "it was a surprise. To think that you've had a meeting."

"The pleasure is all yours, sweet noble of teatonic blood," said Daphne, with the sarcasm.

"The Count looked at her with pique, shaking his head mournfully.

"To think!" he sighed. "After all I spend on you, den you leave me

vailing for you in such disgraceful manner!"

Daphne tried to explain.

"Honest, Count," she said, "at which point name he flinched. 'Honest, Count, I didn't mean to disappoint you, but a traveling salesman I had to

wait for a long time came through, and as I hadn't seen him for so long, I went to supper with him. You see, the trouble with you and me was the way we talked. Half the time I didn't understand you and the other half you couldn't understand me."

The Count looked at her blankly. Her explanation did not explain at all.

"Such a delectation!" he said. "And after you tell me my ring. How dared you keep it?"

The Count's haughty indignation over her having kept his ring was tinged with a little twinge of conscience over the fact that, separated from them by only a thin door, was another lady to whom, that very day, he had given a similar ring. The Count had the habit of "wishing on a ring," as an instance of his wish to do so then he looked to wish it back.

"I didn't keep your old ring," Daphne retorted.

"You didn't?"

"No, I gave it away to a gentleman friend."

"What?" the Count asked, in noble horror. "You gave my beautiful ring away, Ach! To think of it, and all my family with historical significance, being on the finger of some common person!"

"Indeed," Daphne snapped. "His is any common person, I want you to be so kind of his various difficulties, a respected citizen and a particular admirer of mine."

The Count regarded her with an icy stare as he said crushingly:

"I am afraid that he is not so particular as he might be."

The Count regarded her with an icy stare as he said crushingly:

For a moment the very air was tense between them. The Count glared at Daphne, and Daphne returned his glare with more interest. She leaned over until her sharp nose was within three inches of his face, and said to him in raspy accents:

"You can't insult me. I've been insulted by experts."

The Count jumped as though he had been pricked by a pin. This setting of him down as a nonentity, accompanied by a sharp snap of the finger, was a bit more cavalier treatment than he had ever received. He could think of nothing to say in reply. Daphne, now thoroughly angry, went on:

"I want you to understand that General Blazes—"

"You gave my ring to General Blazes!" the Count gasped.

"Sure," Daphne replied. "I got it from him."

With one of his rings on the General's finger and the other on the

finger of the General's wife, the thought was too much. The Count dropped limply into a chair and wagged his head grimly.

"Both rings in der same family! Ach Gott!" he murmured.

Harry hurried into the room, and stopped in astonishment at sight of them.

"Here!" he exclaimed, "you shouldn't have come out here. Go back to the library for a minute and then I'll let you escape."

He smiled, easily now, for he believed he had arranged matters so that he could eliminate these people from his home and have some peace the rest of the day.

Daphne and the Count meekly entered the library, and Harry ran to the door of his bedroom and was about to open it when he heard Carolyn calling him.

"Oh, Harry, where are you?" Mrs. Blazes, hearing him as he came out, opened it and was now, coming out, when, to her utter astonishment, she saw her husband back into the room and pulled the door to.

"I'm coming," he called to Carolyn, and hurried out again.

Simultaneously the door of the library opened and Daphne emerged.

"The idea!" she ejaculated. "I won't breathe the same air with that German foreigner!"

"Then she heard some one approaching the room, and concentration seized her. She looked nervously about for a place of concealment.

"Where can I hide? Where can I hide?" she called, and desperately she rushed to the door of the room wherein was Mrs. Blazes. Opening the door, she dashed in.

With mutual exclamations of surprise she and Mrs. Blazes sat each other. And the door was still trembling when Lucy and Harry strolled into the den.

Sister, in affliction and adversity, Mrs. Blazes and Daphne were not long in confiding to each other, in bated whispers, the reasons for their presence. Daphne's position was one well calculated to upset her nerves. Out side were two men with whom she had flirted, one of whom wanted a ring he had given her and which she had presented to the husband of the lady with whom she was talking.

On the other hand, Mrs. Blazes was not happily situated. Without a perfect duplicate of her hat she felt that she could not go home. She could not leave the room, now, to go home, anyway.

And now, locked in with her, was the only person who could make a duplicate of her hat.

"What are we to do?" she tearfully asked.

"Be quiet and listen to what goes on out there," Daphne told her. "Mr. Swifton is just as anxious to get us out as we are to get out. If some one doesn't drop in and save me, I'm a little bit of a think he will work it some way."

"Well, if I get out of here undiscovered," said Mrs. Blazes, raising her hand to wipe away a tear, "I'll never forget again the sympathy of your court in New York the tax appraisal of the estate of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who died on April 21, 1910, at his home in Redding, Conn. The author left an estate both in this state and Connecticut aggregating \$411,190."

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"What a lovely ring, Mrs. Blazes!" she dissembled. "Did your husband give it to you?"

"What? Oh, this ring?" Mrs. Blazes answered guiltily, fidgeting her other hand about it carelessly, so as to conceal it. "Oh, no, that's just a ring that belongs to a friend of mine."

Daphne could not understand it, and yet she could not ask any more questions. She contented herself with saying:

"I've heard that sometimes rings brought bad luck."

CHAPTER VII.

When Harry and Lucy strolled into the den, just after Daphne had succeeded in getting into the room with Mrs. Blazes, they were followed by Mr. Medders. Mr. Medders was finding many things to interest him in Harry's home. This was the first time he had ever been where he might stammer from room to room and examine pictures, books and bric-a-brac.

Many of the things were of a kind that were not popular in his own environment.

"Oh, Harry," Lucy said, "this is just the most delightful thing."

"I'm doing everything I can to make it pleasant for you, and I hope nothing happens to spoil it," Harry said.

Medders, moving about the den, stopped at the door of the library.

"What is in there, my boy?" he asked. "I haven't been in that room yet."

"That's Harry repeated, nervously. "Oh, that's just a junk room."

"This means a work room," Lucy corrected him, mischievously.

"Yes," Harry said. "It's a junk bunk room."

"Farily," said Mr. Medders, "a junk bunk room must be interesting."

And before Harry could stop him he had opened the door and started in, only to step back and say:

"Why, there is some one in here."

"Is there?" Harry asked, affecting surprise, hastily trying to think how big the headlines would be in the papers the next day.

"Why, who can it be?" Lucy asked.

Harry, feeling that he was lost, still racked his brain for some half-way reasonable explanation of the presence, as he thought, of Daphne as well as the Count, in his library.

"Why, you see," he began, "they— they are calling me."

"They?" Medders said. "There is only one man in here."

Harry was lost for language and burst of thought when the Count stalked majestically from the door. No one else could be seen in the library. Harry looked swiftly through the doorway into every corner of the room, asking himself, "Where the dickens has she gone?"

She was no longer there, that much was certain. And he turned to see the Count bowing stiffly to Mr. Medders and saying, "The Count held a book in his hand, and as his head rose from one of his deep bows he winked earnestly at Harry—a helpful, friendly wink, which was as though it said for him to worry, that the Count would back him up in any story he told.

"I beg your pardon," Harry rallied. "I had quite forgotten the Count, Miss Medders, Mr. Medders, this is the Count."

The Count bowed beautifully, Lucy courted, her father shook the Count's hand—and still everything was not explained.

"And this is the gentleman my instructor, perhaps?" Medders asked, noting the book the Count held, and associating it with the fact that the Count had been in the room.

Harry fairly bubbled with joy at this helpful suggestion, all unconsciously given by Medders.

"Yes," he said, "he is my German tutor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What He Meant.

"I thought from what you said to me that you had told Dick that I had lost all my money."

"What did I say?"

"Why, you said that the last time you saw him he was at the end of my street."

"Oh! You see the last time I saw him he was just pushing a campaign clear someone had given him."

Miss Helen Gould, who has a home in Roxbury, Mass., has signified her intention of presenting Dale's lake, a beautiful mountain reservoir, to the city of New York, and for two years failing health had kept him in retirement.

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3,000 PARADING STRIKERS

3,000 in Organized Demonstration at Grand Rapids; Nat. Ass'n. to Aid Them.

More than 3,000 striking furniture workers paraded the principal streets of Grand Rapids in what was the first organized demonstration since the strike started on April 15. It was a peaceful affair; the men of the carpenters and joiners, upholsterers, finishers and other industries passing along eight abreast through the crowded streets. Police were plentiful along the line of march, but the families of strikers and sympathizers confined themselves to cheering.

The parade disbanded at Helton park, where Mayor Ellis, Synchronizer W. M. MacFarland, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners union, returned from Indianapolis with the check for \$100,000 from the National association is to levy an assessment of 50 cents a head for the benefit of the strikers. This means an additional benefit of \$112,000.

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50,000 NEEDED TO HARVEST WESTERN CANADA'S CROP

Will Take 160,000 Altogether to Take Care of Yield of Prairie Provinces.

One hundred and sixty-two thousand farm hands will be required this year to harvest the grain crops of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and