

## WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.

Paterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the above-named ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me."—Mrs. ELLEN J. VAN DER SANDE, 26 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass., if you need special advice.

**Cockroaches ARE FILTHY**  
Kill Them By Using  
**STEARN'S ELECTRIC PASTE**  
U. S. Government Buys It  
**BOLD EVERYWHERE—25c and \$1.00**

Friendship.  
Mabel—Do you know anything about Tom Brown?  
Arthur—Why, Tom is my best friend.  
Mabel—I know that, but is he all right otherwise?

## FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

Needn't Explain It.  
"There's one good thing about golf."  
"What is it?"  
"It's seldom that your wife insists on you talking her to see it played."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well, no alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid—Adv.

Use Sewer Gas.  
An engine run by sewer gas is the invention of an Australian engineer.

English colonies total 13,002,321 square miles in area, with a population of 389,065,035.

## Rest Those Worn Nerves

"Every Picture Tells a Story."  
Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung; when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
50¢ at all Stores  
Foster-McMillan Co., Prop., Buffalo, N.Y.

## Mother Gray's Powders Benefit Many Children

Thousands of Mothers have found MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS an excellent remedy for children complaining of Headaches, Colds, Constipation, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Bowel Irregularities from which children suffer at this season. These powders are easy and pleasant to take and excellent results are accomplished by their use. Used by Mothers for 30 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere, at 5c each. Trial Cans FREE. Address: THE MOTHER GRAY CO., La Roy, N. Y.

## THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

At six that evening, returning to his room to dress, Whitaker found another note waiting for him, in a handwriting that his heart recognized with a sensation of wretched apprehension. He comprehended its contents with difficulty, half blinded by a swimming mist of foreboding.

My Dear: I find my strength unequal to the strain of seeing you tonight. Indeed, I am so worn out and nerve-racked that I have had to consult my physician. He orders me immediately to a sanatorium, to rest for a week or two. Don't worry about me. I shan't fail to let you know as soon as I feel strong enough to see you. Forgive me. I love you dearly. MARY.

The paper slipped from Whitaker's trembling hand and fluttered unheeded to the floor. He sprang to the telephone and presently had the Waldorf on the wire; it was true, he learned: Mrs. Whitaker had registered at the hotel in the morning, and had left at four in the afternoon. He was refused information as to whether she had left a forwarding address for her mail.

He wrote her immediately, and perhaps not altogether wisely, under stress of distraction, sending the letter by special delivery in care of the hotel. It was returned him in due course of time, embellished with a pencilled memorandum to the effect that Mrs. Whitaker had left no address. He communicated at once with Embur, promptly enlisting his willing services. But after several days of earnest investigation the detective confessed himself baffled.

"If you ask me," he commented at the conclusion of his report, "the answer is she means to be let alone until she's quite ready to see you again." Whitaker raged. "She—she loved me there on the island. She couldn't change so quickly, bring herself to treat me so cruelly, unless some infernal influence had been brought to bear upon her."

"It's possible, but I—" "Oh, I don't mean that foolishness about her love being a man's death warrant. That may have something to do with it, but—no! I conquered that once. . . . somebody has got hold of her, worked on her sympathies, maligned me. . . ."

"Do you object to telling me whom you have in mind?" "The man you suspect as well as I—the one man to whom her allegiance means everything—the man you named



He . . . Turned and Saw His Wife.

to me the night we met for the first time, as the one who'd profit most by keeping her from leaving the stage!"

"Well, if it's Max, you'll know in time."

"I'll know before long. As soon as he gets back in town—"

"So you've been after him?" "Why not? But he's out on the Pacific coast; or so they tell me at the theatre. Expected back about the middle of July—they say in his office."

"Then that lets him out."

"But it's a lie."

"Well—"

"I've just remembered: Max was at the Fiske place, urging her to return, the night before you caught Drummond at the bungalow. I saw them, walking up and down in front of the cottage, arguing earnestly: I could tell by her bearing she was refusing whatever he proposed. But I didn't know her then, and naturally I never connected Max with the fellow I saw. Disguised in a motoring coat and cap. Neither of 'em had any place in my thoughts that night."

Embur uttered a thoughtful "Oh?" adding: "There may be something in what you say—suspect, that is. If I agree to keep an eye on him, will you promise to give me a free hand?"

"Meaning—"

"Keep out of Max's way; don't risk a wrangle with him."

"Oh—go ahead—to blazes—as far as you like."

"Thanks," Embur dryly wound up the conference; "but these passing flirtations with your present-day temper leave me with no hankering for greater warmth."

encountered financial difficulties insuperable. The billboards flanking the entrance to the Theatre Max continued to display posters announcing the reopening early in September with a musical comedy by Tynan Dodd; but the comedy was not even in rehearsal by September 15.

Embur went darkly about his various businesses, taciturn—even a trace more than ever reserved in his communication with Whitaker—preoccupied, but constant in his endeavor to enhearten the desponding husband.

Mary Whitaker made no sign. Now and then Whitaker would lose patience and write to her. He received not a line of acknowledgment.

Sometimes, fretted to a frenzy, he sought out Embur and made wild and unreasonable demands upon him. These failings of any effect other than the resigned retort, "I am a detective, not a miracle-monger," he would fly into desperate, gnawing, black rages that made Embur fear for his sanity and self-control and caused him to be haunted by that gentleman for hours—once or twice for days—until he resumed his normal pose of a sober and civilized man. He was, however, not often aware of this sedulous espionage.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
Temperamental.  
September waned and October dawned in grateful coolness: an exquisite month of crisp nights and enlivening days, of mellowing sunlight and early gleamings tenderly colored. Country houses were closed and theaters reopened. Then suddenly the town blossomed overnight with huge eight-sheet posters on every available hoarding, blazoning the news:

JULES MAX  
begs to announce the return of  
SARA LAW  
in a new Comedy entitled "Faith"  
by JULES MAX

Theater MAX—Friday October 15th

But Whitaker had the information before he saw the broadsides in the streets. The morning paper propped up on his breakfast table contained the illuminating note under the caption, "News of Plays and Players:"

Jules Max has sprung another and perhaps his greatest surprise on the theater-going public of this city. The astute manager has been out of town for two months secretly rehearsing the new comedy entitled "Faith," of which he is the author and in which Sara Law will return finally to the stage. Additional interest attaches to this announcement in view of the fact that Miss Law has authorized the publication of her intention never again to retire from the stage.

The opening performance of "Faith" will take place at the Theater Max tomorrow evening, Friday, October 15.

Whitaker glanced up incredulously at the date line of the sheet. Short notice, indeed: the date was Thursday, October 14. Max had planned his game and had played his cards cunningly, in withholding this announcement until the last moment.

After a pause Whitaker rose and began to walk the length of the room, hands in his pockets, head bowed in thought.

Search as he would, he could discover no ranking indignation, nothing but some self-contempt, that he had allowed himself to be so carried away by infatuation for an ignoble woman, and a cynic humor that made it possible for him to derive a certain satisfaction from contemplating the completeness of this final revelation of himself. Returning to the breakfast table, he took up the paper, turned to the shipping news, and ran his eye down the list of scheduled sailings: nothing for Friday; his pick of half a dozen boats listed to sail Saturday.

The telephone enabled him to make a hasty reservation on the biggest and fastest of them all.

He had just concluded that business and was waiting with his hand on the receiver to call up Embur, and announce his departure, when the doorbell interrupted. Expecting the waiter to remove the breakfast things, he went to the door, threw it open, and turned back instantly to the telephone. As his fingers closed around the receiver a second time, he looked round and saw his wife.

His hand flew to his side. Otherwise he did not move. But his glance was that of one incuriously comprehending the existence of a stranger.

The woman met it fairly and fearlessly, with her head high and her lips touched with a trace of her shadowy, illegible smile. She was dressed for walking, very prettily and perfectly.

After a moment she inclined her head slightly. "The hallboys said you were busy on the telephone. I insisted on coming directly up. I wish very much to see you for a few moments. Do you mind?"

"By no means," he said, a little stiffly but quite calmly. "If you will be good enough to come in—"

He stood against the wall to let her pass.

"I had to come this morning," she explained, turning. "This afternoon we have a rehearsal."

He bowed an acknowledgment.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." Seated, she subjected him to a quick, open appraisal, disarming in its naive honesty.

"Hugh . . . aren't you a bit thinner?"

"I believe so." He had a match for that impertinence: "But you, I see, have come off without a blemish."

"I am very well," she admitted, unperturbed. Her glance embraced the room. "You're very comfortable here."

"I have been."

"I hope that doesn't mean I'm in the way."

"To the contrary; but I shall day after tomorrow for Australia."

"Oh? That's very sudden, isn't it? You don't seem to have done any packing. Or perhaps you mean to come back before a great while?"

"I shan't come back, ever."

"Must I believe you made up your mind this morning?"

"I have only just read the announcement of your opening tomorrow night."

"Then . . . I am driving you out of the country?"

Her look was impersonal and curious.

His shoulders moved negligently. "Not to rant about it," he replied: "I and I am not needed here."

"Oh, dear!" Her lips formed a fu-

give, petulant moue: "And it's my fault!"

"There's no use mincing matters, is there? I am not heartbroken, and if I am bitterly disappointed I don't care to—in fact, I lack the ability to dramatize it."

"You are taking it well, Hugh?" said she, critical.

Expressionless, he waited an instant before inquiring pointedly: "Well?"

Deliberately laying aside her light muff, her scarf and handbag, she rose; equality of pose was impossible if he would persist in standing. She moved a little nearer.

"Hugh," she said in a voice of sincerity, "I'm awfully sorry—truly I am!"

He made no reply; waited.

"Perhaps I'm wrong," she went on, "but I think most women would have spared themselves this meeting—"

"Themselves and the man," he interjected dryly.

"Don't be cross, Hugh. . . . I had to come. I had to explain myself. I wanted you to understand. Hugh, I—"

She was twisting her hands together with a manner denoting great mental strain. Of a sudden she checked and dropped them, limp and open by her sides. "You see," she said with the apologetic smile, "I'm trying not to act."

"Oh," he said in a tone of dawning comprehension—"so that's it!"

"I'm afraid so, Hugh. . . . I'm dreadfully sorry for you—poor boy!—but I'm afraid that's the trouble with me, and it can never be helped. I was born with a talent for acting; life has made me an actress. Hugh—"

"I've found out something." Her eyes appealed wistfully. "I'm not genuine."

He nodded interestedly.

"I'm just an actress, an instrument for the music of emotions. I've been trained to respond, until now I respond without knowing it, when there's no true response here." She touched the bosom of her frock.

He said nothing.

With a half sigh she moved away to the window.

"Of course you despise me. I despise myself—I mean, the self that was me before I turned from a woman into an actress. But it's the truth: I have no longer any real capacity for emotion, merely an infinite capacity for appreciation of the artistic delineation of emotion, true or feigned. That . . . that is why, when you showed me you had grown to love me so, I responded so quickly. You were in love—more honestly than I had ever seen love revealed. It touched me. I was proud to have inspired such a love. I wanted, for the time being, to have you with me always, that I might always study the wonderful, the beautiful manifestations of your love. Why, Hugh, you even managed to make me believe I was worth it—that my response was sufficient repayment for your adoration."

He said nothing. She glanced furtively at him and continued:

"I meant to be sweet and faithful when I left that note for you on the yacht, Hugh; I was grateful, and I meant to be generous. . . . But when I went to the Waldorf, the first person I met was Max. Of course I had to tell him what had happened. And then he threw himself upon my compassion. It seems that losing me had put him in the most terrible trouble about money. He was short, and he couldn't get the backing he needed without me, his call upon my services, by way of assurance to his backers. And I began to think, I knew I didn't love you honestly, Hugh, and that life with you would be a living lie. What right had I to deceive you that way, just to gratify my love of being loved? And especially if by doing that I ruined Max, the man to whom, next to you, I owed everything? I couldn't do it. But I took time to think it over—truly I did. I really did go to a sanatorium, and rested there while I turned the whole matter over carefully in my mind, and at length reached my decision to stick by Max and let you go, free to win the heart of a woman worthy of you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easy for "Trouble Man."

Every telephone company has a "trouble department" where all complaints of bad service and defective equipment go. The men who make the repairs and adjustments are known as "trouble men," and they have to be not only expert workmen, but chaps of intelligence and common sense, for they meet many problems that are not set down in the books. Thoughtless people can do many things to put a telephone out of commission and some of them are simple—a wet umbrella leaned up against the wiring in such a way that it grounds the current, and of course makes the phone useless. In this particular case the umbrella remained where it ought not to have been while the owner of the phone fretted and fumed because he could not get Central, and then went to a neighbor's and called up the telephone company. When the "trouble man" arrived he saw at once what the matter was and picked up the umbrella.

"Now call Central," he suggested, and the irate patron got an immediate response.—Leslie's.

Students at Berlin.

There are more students at the University of Berlin than a year ago. At present there are 8,619 students, of whom 1,133 are women. There are 149 Austrians, sixty-three from Switzerland, 61 Russians, 35 Roumanians, 35 Bulgarians, 26 Turks, 17 Greeks, 3 Italians and 2 Englishmen. Africa is represented with 58 and Asia with 29.

Hoping for the Best.

A Chicago music and art critic who is suing for divorce makes the prediction that "fifty years hence the men of this country and the world will have to arise and band themselves together to maintain their own rights."

We trust that they will attack no female prime minister, blow up no railway stations, and respect monuments and art collections.—New York Sun.

Ought To.

"Do the Turks practice cremation?" "Not that I know of. Why should they?"

"Haven't they wives to burn?"

## FROM THE STATE'S FOUR CORNERS

Kaleidoscopic View of the happenings in Illinois.

KNOX COLLEGE HEAD RESIGNS

Injunction Prevents Mount Olive Building New Town Hall—Automobile Romance at Aurora.

Galesburg.—President Thomas McClelland of Knox college resigned after 40 years in office.

Aurora.—An automobile accident brought Miss Effie Skeberg and Gustav R. Freeland together and now they are going to wed.

Tallula.—Fifty mules sold here for \$500.

Mount Olive.—Injunction prevents erection of new town hall and wrecking of old one.

Christopher.—Rev. N. M. Brown, pastor of the M. E. church, has resigned.

Springfield.—Mrs. John Faith, forty, killed by interurban at Lyons Crossing. Monmouth.—Mrs. Anna Gardner, aged eighty-eight, first white woman born in Warren county, is dead.

Pana.—Lewis Pierson, pioneer of central Illinois, is dead, aged eighty-four.

Moline.—A. G. Abraham, cigar manufacturer, to open factory here capitalized at \$150,000.

Chicago.—Clean-up week begins here April 23.

Geneseo.—F. H. Stephens, photographer, shot himself while cleaning a rifle.

Springfield.—Income tax receipts this year will nearly treble those of last year.

Bloomington.—Bellada Giacomo lost his \$1,000 savings in speculation, then committed suicide.

Litchfield.—Joshua McElfresh, veteran of Mexican and Civil wars, celebrated his one hundredth birthday.

Litchfield.—New four-story hotel to be erected here.

Divernon.—Epidemic of measles here.

Springfield.—Rev. Granville Hudson Sherwood of Rock Island confirmed as bishop of Springfield diocese.

Taylorville.—John Harmon, superintendent of manual training, hanged himself.

Pana.—Andrew Rodinger, aged seventeen, crushed under tons of coal.

Bloomington.—Mrs. Jane Newton shot dead Mrs. May Hoover at whose house her divorced husband lived.

Chicago.—Milk will go to 13 cents a quart April 1 owing to the increased wholesale price.

Chicago.—John Marden Wing, veteran newspaper man, is dead and leaves \$200,000 to Newberry library.

Peoria.—The 1920 presidential boom of Governor Lowden was launched at a banquet of the Central Illinois Republican club.

Galena.—Capt. J. V. McCarthy, aged sixty-five, dropped dead at Savannah.

Palmyra.—The Misses Hazel and Anna Hudson, school teachers, were injured in a runaway accident.

Carlinville.—Louis Meyer, nurse buyer, was arrested for jumping a board bill at Girard.

Carlinville.—Blackburn college will have a baseball team this year under the management of Clara Schaefer.

Gillespie.—The Gillespie Lumber company has been sold to R. C. Jones of Taylorville and C. B. Phelps of Pana.

Virginia.—Amos Wellenreiter, aged thirty, farmer, and his wife were killed when their auto crashed through a bridge railing, but a young babe in the mother's arms was unharmed.

Aurora.—Contracts are being signed by milk producers at \$2.12 per 100 pounds, which means 10-cent milk.

Greenfield.—The Greene County Teachers' institute was held, with 175 teachers from the 105 schools in the county present.

Springfield.—State Senator E. S. Smith was elected state delegate by the Modern Woodmen of this city.

Springfield.—Mathew Costigan, formerly of this city, has a legacy awaiting him at Toronto, Canada.

Chicago.—Rev. Charles Anderson of this city has been appointed a director of the State Pawnbrokers' society by Governor Lowden.

Springfield.—Frank E. Farley, assistant county superintendent of schools, was elected president of the Sangamon County Sunday School association.

DeKalb.—The local council of the Knights of Columbus has purchased a site for a temple on the Lincoln highway.

Mattoon.—Banks here distributed circulars boosting backyard gardens and offering prizes to boys and girls raising the best products.

Chesterfield.—A farm of 85 acres owned by the Cragg heirs sold for \$10,000.

East Alton.—Ross Haveschuck of 500,000 fuming caps let go in the Western Cartridge works.

Altamont.—This city after May 1 is to have mail delivery.

Jerseyville.—Isaac Landis' home, near town, burned. Loss, \$5,000.

Altamont.—A large barn on the farm of David Smith burned with five horses, two mules, five cows and hay and grain.

Jacksonville.—William T. Thompson, painter, aged sixty-one, went hunting and later was found dead on the farm of John Barber.

Chicago.—Packers hold in cold storage 53,530,982 pounds of beef, 10,311,451 pounds pork, 827,303 lamb, 989,353 veal, 20,063,639 poultry, 320,195 pounds and 58,488 cases of eggs, 2,448,943 fish and 5,824 cases of butter.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"  
\$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 ALL SIZES.  
Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.  
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.  
The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The finest styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.  
Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.  
LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.  
W. L. Douglas \$2.00 \$2.50 & \$3.00  
President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Diagnosis by Patient.  
The physicians were consulting beside the bed of a man supposed to have appendicitis.  
"No," said one of them decisively, "I think we should wait until he gets stronger before operating."  
The other doctor opened his mouth to speak, but the patient beat him to it.  
"What do you take me for?" he asked feebly. "A cheese?"

## GLAD TO RECOMMEND FINE KIDNEY MEDICINE

To Whom It May Concern:  
This is to certify that I have sold Swamp-Root for 15 years in a retail drug store. I have recommended several bottles and always with good results. I personally guarantee every bottle and have never had one returned.  
Yours truly,  
HARRY L. SWIHART,  
Englewood Drug Co.,  
Des Moines, Iowa.  
July 23, 1909.  
State of Iowa,  
Polk County—  
Personally appeared before me this 23d day of July, 1909, Harry L. Swihart, drugist, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.  
(Signed) EDWIN J. FRISK,  
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You  
Send ten cents