

Passed by E. Pinkham's Compound.

I never got tired of Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because during Change of Life I was in bed two years and had two operations, but all the doctors and operations did me no good, and I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

swelling symptoms as sense of faintness, headaches, backache, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, irregular menstruation, variable appetite, and general debility should be treated with Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through the crisis.



TO KILL RATS AND MICE
Always use **Skorax Electric Paste**
Full directions in 15 languages sent everywhere—25c and \$1.00.

U. S. GOVERNMENT BUYS IT
Foulle's Defense.
"You gotta hand it to Umson," said the plumber, "for pulling off new work."

"What's Umson been doing now?" the carpenter inquired.
"He was going to put a lady boxer on the road."

"You say he was going to do it?"
"Yes, but he had to change his mind."

"Why?"
"The rehearsal proved the plan to be impossible."

"Why?"
"It wouldn't work at all. I can't understand why."

"Why?"
"Well, every time they got warmed up, he was going to put a lady boxer on the road and pulling hair."

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He was a famous man who had lost himself through fear, but found courage in an inspiring woman's love
Mary Roberts Rinehart
tells the story

Sidney comes to know sorrow intimately, and Christine, the bride, is disillusioned about her man.

K. L. Mayo, a queer stranger with gentle manners, becomes a roomer at the Page home, presided over by Sidney, her invalid mother, Anna, and her old maid aunt, Harriet, a dressmaker. Sidney becomes a hospital nurse through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a brilliant young surgeon, smitten with her charm. K. loves her from a distance, and so does Joe Drummond, an old high-school chum. At the hospital, Sidney learns the world's sorrows. She becomes acquainted with Charlotte Harrison, who has been intimate with Wilson and is jealous of unloving Sidney. Her chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a young society rake, and they take rooms at the Page home. Despite K.'s efforts to avoid strangers, Doctor Max meets him one night and finds he is a famous Doctor Edwardes, supposedly dead. Max keeps the secret at his old friend's urgent request.

CHAPTER XII.

When Palmer and Christine returned from their wedding trip Anna Page made much of the arrival, insisted on dinner for them that night at the little house, must help Christine unpack her trunks and arrange her wedding gifts about the apartment. She was brighter than she had been for days, more interested. The wonders of the troupe-soup filled her with admiration and a sort of jealous envy for Sidney, who could have none of these things. In a pathetic sort of way she mothered Christine in lieu of her own daughter. And it was her quick eye that discerned something wrong. Christine was not happy. Under her excitement was an undercurrent of reserve. Anna, rich in maternity if in nothing else, felt it, and in reply to some speech of Christine's that struck her as hard, not quite fitting, she gave her a gentle admonishing.

"Married life takes a little adjusting, my dear," she said. "After we have lived to ourselves for a number of years, it is not easy to live for someone else."
Christine straightened from the tea table she was arranging.
"That's true, of course. But why should the woman do all the adjusting?"
"Men are more set," said poor Anna, who had never been set in anything in her life. "It is harder for them to give in. And, of course, Palmer is older, and his habits—"

"The less said about Palmer's habits the better," flashed Christine. "I appear to have married a bunch of habits."
She gave over her unpacking, and set down listlessly by the fire, while Anna moved about, busy with the small activities that delighted her.
Christine was not without courage. She was making a brave clutch at happiness. But that afternoon of the first day at home she was terrified. She was glad when Anna went and left her alone by her fire.

The day's exertion had been bad for Anna. Le Moyne found her on the couch in the transformed sewing room, and gave her a quick glance of apprehension. She was propped up high with pillows, with a bottle of aromatic ammonia beside her.
"Just—short of breath," she panted.
"I—must get down, Sidney—is coming home to supper; and—the other—Palmer and—"

That was as far as she got. K. watch in hand, found her pulse thin, stringy, irregular. He had been prepared for some such emergency, and he hurried into his room for amyl nitrate. When he came back she was almost unconscious. There was no time even to call Katie. He broke the capsule in a towel, and held it over her face. After a time the spasm relaxed, but her condition remained alarming. Harriet, who had come home by that time, sat by the couch and held her sister's hand. Only once in the next hour or so did she speak. They had sent for Doctor Ed, but he had not come yet. Harriet was too wretched to notice the professional manner in which K. set to work over Anna.

"I've been a very hard sister to her," she said. "If you can pull her through, I'll try to make up for it."
Christine sat on the stairs outside, frightened and helpless. They had sent for Sidney; but the little house had no telephone, and the message was slow in getting off.
At six o'clock Doctor Ed came pattering up the stairs and into the room. K. stood back.

"Well, this is sad, Harriet," said Doctor Ed. "Why in the name of heaven, when I wasn't around, didn't you get another doctor? If she had had some amyl nitrate—"
"I gave her some nitrate of amyl," said K. quietly. "There was really no time to send for anybody. She almost went under at half past five."
Max had kept his word, and even Doctor Ed did not suspect K.'s secret. He gave a quick glance at this tall young man who spoke so quietly of what he had done for the sick woman, and went on with his work.

Sidney arrived a little after six, and from that moment the confusion in the stockroom was at an end. She moved Christine from the stairs, where Katie on her numerous errands must crawl over her; set Harriet to warming her mother's bed and getting it ready; opened windows, brought order and quiet. And then, with death in her eyes, she took up her position beside her mother. This was no time for weeping; that would come later. Once she turned to K., standing watchfully beside her.

"I think you have known this for a long time," she said. And when he did not answer: "Why did you let me stay away from her? It would have been such a little thing!"
"I was trying to do our best for both of you," he replied.

fast. One thought obsessed Sidney. She repeated it over and over. It came as a cry from the depths of the girl's new experience.
"She has had so little of life," she said, over and over. "So little! Just this Street. She never knew anything else."
And finally K. took it up.
"After all, Sidney," he said, "the Street is life; the world is only many streets. She had a great deal. She had love and content, and she had joy."
Anna died a little after midnight, a quiet passing, so that only Sidney and the two men knew when she went away. It was Harriet who collapsed. During all that long evening she had sat looking back over years of small unkindnesses. The thorn of Anna's inefficiency had always rankled in her flesh. She had been hard, uncompromising, thwarted. And now it was forever too late.

K. had watched Sidney carefully. Once he thought she was fainting, and went to her. But she shook her head.
"I am all right. Do you think you could get these all out of the room and let me have her alone for just a few minutes?"
He cleared the room and took his vigil outside the door. And, as he stood there, he thought of what he had said to Sidney about the Street. It was a world of its own. Here in this house were death and separation; Harriet's starved life; Christine and Palmer beginning a long and doubtful future together; himself, a failure, and an impostor.

When he opened the door again, Sidney was standing by her mother's bed. He went to her, and she turned and put her head against his shoulder like a tired child.
"Take me away, K.," she said pitifully.
And, with his arm around her, he led her out of the room.

At three o'clock one morning Sidney roused from a light sleep to hear a rapping on her door.
"Is that you, Aunt Harriet?" she called.
"It's Christine. May I come in?" Sidney unlocked her door. Christine slipped into the room. She carried a candle, and before she spoke she looked at Sidney's watch on the bedside table.
"I hoped my clock was wrong," she said. "I am sorry to waken you, Sidney, but I don't know what to do."
"Are you ill?"
"No. Palmer has not come home."
"What time is it?"
"After three o'clock."
Sidney had lighted the gas and was throwing on her dressing gown.
"When he went out did he say—"
"He said nothing. We had been quarreling. Sidney, I am going home in the morning."
"You don't mean that, do you?"
"Don't I look as if I mean it? How much of this sort of thing is a woman supposed to endure?"
"Perhaps he has been delayed. These things always seem terrible in the middle of the night, but by morning—"
Christine whirled on her.
"This isn't the first time. You remember the letter I got on my wedding day?"
"Yes."
"He's gone back to her."
"Christine! Oh, I'm sure you're wrong. He's devoted to you. Oh, I don't believe it!"
"Believe it or not," said Christine doggedly, "that's exactly what has happened. I got something out of that little rat of a Rosenfeld boy, and I know it now because I know Palmer. He's out with her tonight."

The hospital had taught Sidney one thing: that it took many people to make a world, and that out of these some were inevitably vicious. But vice had remained for her a clear abstraction. There were such people, and because one was in the world for service one cared for them. Even the saviour had been kind to the woman of the streets.
But here abruptly Sidney found the great injustice of the world—that because of this vice the good suffer more than the wicked. Her young spirit rose in hot rebellion.
"It isn't fair?" she cried. "It makes me hate all the men in the world. Palmer cares for you, and yet he can do a thing like this!"
Christine was pacing nervously up and down the room. Mere companionship had soothed her. She was now on the surface at least, less excited than Sidney.

"They are not all like Palmer, thank heaven," she said. "There are decent men. My father is one, and your K. here in the house, is another."
At four o'clock in the morning Palmer Howe came home. Christine met him in the lower hall. He was

Do you think that Christine is justified, now that she has learned her husband's true nature, in going back to her folks and in securing a divorce?
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUT UNITED STATES FIRST
Spanish-Americans in New Mexico Have Nothing in Common With People Across the Border.
It is absurd to talk about any community of interest, sympathy or fellow feeling for old Mexico Mexicans among the native people of this state. They have absolutely nothing in common with the average New Mexico Spanish-American doesn't take kindly to being classed in the same category. The New Mexico natives live "close to the soil"; they are intensely loyal to their affiliations and their loyalty is based simply on the fact that their home is in the United States. New Mexico is their home state and they live largely in the same spot where their forefathers have lived for centuries. With Mexico they have no more ties than with any other foreign country, save that they speak the same language. The fact that the native people have furnished three companies of the National Guard at the border and that the Spanish-American company in Santa Fe went off with a larger initial number of recruits than any other company in the state ought to be sufficient answer to these intimations.

A well-known wool grower declared that in the lambing season, when a large extra number of hands is employed, he never uses old Mexico labor for the reason that the peons are lazy and inefficient and never get along with the native New Mexico laborers by reason of the deep-seated antipathy of the latter to the Mexicans.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Picking a "peach."
"Marcella!" "Yes, Waverly."
"Where is the milk?"
"Right there in the bottle."
"This one?"
"No, the next one. That is just like you."
"What is it?"
"To reach right over the sweet one and pick the sour one. You always do that."
"Not always."
"I'd like to know when you didn't."
"When I got you."
"Huh!"
"When I got you, Marcella, I reached over a whole bunch of lemons and picked a peach."
"Oh, Waverly!"—Chicago Daily News.

Bauxite From Dutch Guiana.
Bauxite was discovered about 34 months ago by a mining engineer on private properties situated on the Surinam river, four hours' journey from Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. The area over which the bauxite deposits have been found and which discloses various outcrops, is 100 kilometers long and ten kilometers wide (62 by 6.2 miles). It is not yet possible to give any idea of the amount of bauxite within this area. The bauxite company now operating seems interested only in the highlands and hill deposits. It is in possession of the most suitable land.—Commercial Reasoner.

Rough Cement Floors.
Where cement floors are used in dairy barns they should be more or less rough to prevent the cows slipping.

Secure Clean Milk.
Clean milk can be had only by clean methods in milking. This requires milking with dry, clean hands.

Don't Kill Heifer Calves.
It never pays to kill the heifer calves from the best cows. Raise them to replace the poor cows.

Calves Grown on Skim Milk.
Cost is Less Than Where Whole Milk Is Fed—Animals Make Better Gains in the Feed Lot.
The cost of growing calves on skim milk was less than where whole milk was fed, or where the calves ran with their dams, and the skim-milk calves made better gains when put into the feed lot than the others did, according to some experimental work at the Kansas station.
It cost \$2.28 per 100 pounds gain on the calves fed on skim milk, \$7.00 per 100 pounds gain on whole milk, and \$4.41 per 100 pounds gain where the calves ran with their dams. When these same calves were put into the feed lot the skim-milk calves made the fastest gains and the whole-milk calves next.

Easy Quieted.
"This socialist brother doesn't seem able to get America's blood-soaked traffic with Europe" out of his mind."
"I know an easy way to cure him of that."
"How?"
"Give him a few shares of stock in a munition concern."

Seeking a Publisher.
"Is Scribner still engaged in the pursuit of literature?"
"No. Scribner thinks he has ground out enough literature to make him famous, and he is now engaged in the pursuit of editors."
Wimple is an old English word for hood or veil.



PROFITS FROM FALL CALVES

Farmers Find It Most Profitable to Have Cows Freshen in Autumn—Needs Less Feeding.

Because more milk would be produced in the year and calves would be raised cheaper, farmers find it most profitable to have their cows freshen in the fall months.
The cow gives a large flow of milk at the beginning of the period of lactation. In the spring the milk yield, which gradually falls off, is suddenly increased when the cow is turned on fresh pasture.
Calves born in the fall need mainly milk and eat little grain during the period of winter feeding. When spring comes they are ready to be turned on pasture. Spring calves consume milk and grain during the cheap pasture season and require the same high-priced feeds during the following winter, when they are older and thus eat more. The fall-born calf at the same age needs only pasture.

At the Ohio experiment station some calves born in the fall were raised for about \$5 less than others born in the spring. Under average farm conditions this difference would be even greater, as no grain would be fed to fall-born calves on pasture, while those at the station were given grain because of pasture shortage.

"GENTLE" BULL DOES INJURY

Few "Don'ts" Given by Expert of Missouri College to Be Followed in Handling Bulls.

By W. W. SWETT, Missouri College of Agriculture.

Following are a few "don'ts" which can be followed to advantage in handling a bull:

Don't underestimate him when young or keep him overfat when mature.
Don't use him too heavily before he is mature.
Don't abuse him. You can get better results by gentle but firm handling.
Don't tease him or allow children to play with him.
Don't let him get the upper hand at any time.
Don't let him realize his enormous strength.
Don't keep him confined. Give him plenty of exercise.
Don't trust any bull at any time. It is the "gentle" bull that does the damage.

CALF WEANER IS EFFECTIVE

Device Arranged With Sharp Point Which Pricks Youngster's Nose—Can Graze Freely.

When a calf, wearing this weaner, tries to get a meal from its mother, the sharp point pricks its nose, also the shield is curved at the sides and prevents side sucking. Since the device is suspended freely from the nostrils, grazing is not interfered with.

KEEP CORRECT MILK RECORDS

Note Production of Each Individual Cow and Save Heifer Calves From Large Producers.

You cannot always buy good cows, but another way to get a good herd together is by keeping records of the production of each individual cow in your herd and saving the heifer calves from the larger producers. These calves being from a good registered sire and from selected cows, it will not take many years to build up a first-class herd. You can only know your best cows by continuous weighing and testing of the milk, and keeping records of each individual, so that some information may be secured as to the cost of production, which is growing more important as the prices of feed stuffs and labor advance.

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106 Fly Poison Cases Reported in 3 Years
A Large Percentage Fatal

Appalling as this record seems, it is only a fraction of the real number. The symptoms of cholera infantum and arsenical poisoning are almost identical. Diagnosis is extremely difficult. Many actual fly poison cases are unrecognized and unreported.

The Government recognizes this danger to childhood and issues this warning, in supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Report.



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SHOWS PICTURES OF VOICE

Guiding the Ear by the Eye in Learning to Sing is Object of Recently Invented Instrument.

An instrument known as the tonoscope projects the vibrations of the voice upon a screen, on the principle of moving pictures, in such a way that the singer or speaker can see the pitch of his voice the instant he sings or speaks. The instrument is used especially in training singers and in singing, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The singer, standing at the side of a telephone apparatus, sings in front of it, or directly into a speaking tube and the vibrations of the voice cause a little flame in a capsule at the center of the front of the apparatus to flicker so that it actually goes down and rises with every vibration of the voice. Inside of the case is a large drum containing over 18,000 holes arranged in rows so as to represent a series which makes a complete octave. If, for example, the singer sounds middle C, which makes 256 vibrations per second, the line on the drum which has 256 holes will seem to stand still and all the other rows are moving. The line which stands still points to that number on the scale. If he should sing a trifle sharp, then 257, 258, 259 or even a higher line, will stand still, and if he should sing flat, a line of lower frequency would stand still, indicating the exact pitch.

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Grape-Nuts

contains the rich supplies of phosphate of potash grown in wheat and barley. Its mission is therefore clear and plain—it supplies what ordinary food lacks. And it does its work in a sturdy, straightforward, dependable way, as tens of thousands of its users can testify.

"There's a Reason"