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The Cause of such Symptoms and Remedy Told in This Letter.



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While Change of Life is a most crit-

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Moreover this reliable remedy con-tains no narcotics or harmful drugs and owes its efficiency to the medicinal ex-tractives of the native roots and herbs



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THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XV.-Continued.

"This is the first I've heard about any franchise," Sam Perkins replied suspiciously. "Seems to me you been mighty secret about this job. How do know this ain't a forgery?"

"Call up the mayor and ask him," Bryce suggested.

"I'll do that," quoth Mr. Perkins ponderously. "And in the meantime, don't do any more digging or rail-cutting," He hurried away to his auto-mobile, leaving a lieutenant in charge of the squad.

"Also in the meantime, young man," Colonel Pennington announced, "you will pardon me if I take possession my locomotive and flat cars. I oberve you have finished unloading those rails."

"Help yourself, Colonel," Bryce re wited with an assumption of heartiness he was far from feeling.

"Thank you so much, Cardigan, With the greatest good nature in life, Pennington climbed into the cab, reached for the bell-cord, and rang the bell vigorously.

Then he permitted himself a triumphant toot of the whistle, after which he threw off the air and gently opened the throttle. He was not a locomotive engineer but he had ridden in the cab of his own locomotive and felt quite confident of his ability in

With a creak and a bump the train up until the locomotive stood on the tracks exactly where Buck Oglivy had been cutting in his crossing; where-upon the Colonel locked the brakes, ened his exhaust, and blew the boiler down. And when the last ounce of steam had escaped, he descended and smilingly accosted Bryce Cardigan.

announced, "I'll take the short end of any bet you care to make, young man that it will sit on those tracks until your temporary franchise expires. Out in your jump-crossing now, if you

"I rather imagine this nice gentle-man has it on us, old dear," chirped Buck Ogilvy plaintively. "Well! We did our damndest, which angels can't do no more. Let us gather up our tools and go home, my son, for some-thing tells me that if I hang around sleek scoundrel's gray head or one of have we here?"

Bryce turned and found himself facing Shirley Sumner. Her tender lip was quivering, and the tears shone in her eyes like stars. He stared at

her in silence. lously, "didn't I tell you I would not

permit you to bulld the N. C. O.?" He bowed his head in rage and shame at his defeat. Buck Ogilyy took him by the arm. "Bryce, old chap, this is one of those occasions



Your Uncle's Killer Did That, Shir ley."

where ellence is golden. Speak not I'll do it for you. Miss Sumaer," he continued, "and Colonel Pennington," favoring that triumphant rascal with an equally gracious bow, leave you in possession of the field-temporarily. However, if anybody should drive up in a back and lean out and ask you, just tell him Buck Ogilvy has another trump tucked away in his kimone."

Bryce turned to go, but with a sudden impulse Shirley laid her hand on his arm—his left arm. "Bryce!" she

He lifted her hand gently from his forearm, led her to the front of the locomotive, and held her hand up to the headlight. Her fingers were crim

the headlight. Ever and the son with blood.

"You uncle's killer did that, Shirly," he said ironically, "It's only a slight fiesh wound, but that is no slight fiesh wound, but the slight fis slight fiesh wound, but the slight fiesh wound, but the slight

And he left her standing, pate of packed a bag for his journey, left a face and trembling, in the white glare | brief note for Shirley potifying her of

He walked to his car and climbed into it. Ogilvy remained merely long enough to give orders to the foreman to gather up the tools, store them in the machine-shop of Cardigan's mill, and dismiss his gang; then he, too, entered the automobile, and at a word from Bryce, the car slid noiselessly away into the darkness. The track-cutting crew departed a few minutes later, and when Shirley found herself alone with her uncle, the tumult in her heart gave way to the tears she could no longer repress. Pennington stood by, watching her curiously, coldly.

Presently Shirley mastered her emotion and glanced toward him.

"I-I think I had better go home,"

the said without spirit.
"I think so, too," he answered. "Get into the mayor's flivver, my dear, and I'll drive you. And perhaps the least said about this affair the better, Shir ley. There are many things that you do not understand and which canno be elucidated by discussion."

"I can understand an attempt at as sassination. Uncle Seth."

"That blackguard Minorca! I should have known better than to put him on such a job. I told him to bluff and threaten; Cardigan, I knew, would realize the grudge the Black Minorca has against him, and for that reason I figured the greaser was the only man who could bluff him. While I gave him orders to shoot. I told him dis tinctly not to hit anybody. Good Lord, Shirley, surely you do not think I would wink at a murder!"

"I do," she answered passionately.
"With Bryce Cardigan out of the way you would have a clear field before

"Oh, my dear, my dear! Surely you do not realize what you are saying You are beside yourself, Shirley. Please—please do not wound me somies—the most implacable enemies They force me to fight the devil with fire—and here you are, giving them aid and comfort."

"I want you to defeat Bryce Cardigan, if you can do it fairly."

"At another time and in a calmer mood we will discuss that villain," he said authoritatively. "Get into the car, and we will go home. There is noth ing more to be done tonight."

"Your sophistry does not alter my opinion," she replied firmly. "How-ever, as you say, this is neither the time nor the place to discuss it."

They drove home in slience. Shirley went at once to her room. For the Colonel, however, the night's work had scarcely begun. The instant he heard r to his niece's room shut, h went to the telephone and called up the Laguna Grande roundhouse. Sexton, his manager, answered.

"Have you sent the switch engine to the woods for Rondeau and his men?

"Good! Now, then, Sexton, listen to me; As you know, this raid of Cardigan's has developed so suddenly I am more or less taken by surprise and have had no time to prepare the kind of counter-attack that will be most effective. However, with the crossing blocked, I gain time in which to organ--only there must be no weak point in the organization. In order to insure that, I am proceeding to San Francisco tonight by motor, via the coast night, and early Saturday morning I will appear in the United States district court with our attorneys and file a complaint and petition for temporarily restraining the N. C. O. from cutting our tracks.

"I will have to make an affidavit to support the complaint, so I had better be Johnny-on-the-spot to do it, rather than risk the delay of making the affidavit tomorrow morning here and for-warding it by mail to our attorneys.

"The judge will sign a restraining order, returnable in from ten to thirty days-I'll try for thirty, because that will knock out the N. C. O.'s temporary franchise and after I have obtained the restraining order. I will have the United States marshal telegraph it to Ogilvy and Cardigan!"

"Bully!" cried Sexton heartily. "That will fix their clock."

"In the meantime," Pennington continued, "logs will be glutting our land-ings. We need that locomotive for its legitimate purposes. Take all that dis-arded machinery and the old boiler we removed from the mill last fall, dump it on the tracks at the crossing, and get the locomotive back on its run. Understand? The other side, having no means of removing these heavy ob structions, will be blocked until T return; by that time the matter will be in the district court, Cardigan will be hung up until his temporary franchise expires and the cirenew it. Get me? -and the city council will not

"Yes sir." "I'll be back Sunday forenoon, Good

He bung up, went to his chaufteur's unteres over the garage, and routed he man out of bad. Then he returned tuledly to his room drawed.

als departure, and started on his two hundred and fifty-mile trip over the mountains to the south. As his car sped through sleeping Sequoia and gained the open country, the Colonel's heart thrilled pleasurably. He held cards and spades, big and little casino, four aces and the joker; therefore he knew he could sweep the board at his pleasure. And during his absence Shirley would have opportunity to cool off, while he would find time to formulate an argument to full her suspicions

CHAPTER XVI.

upon his return.

Quite oblivious of her uncle's departure for San Francisco, Shirley lay awake throughout the remainde the night, turning over and over in her mind the various aspects of the Cardigan-Pennington imbroglio. Of one she was quite certain; peace must be declared at all hazards. She realized that she had permitted matters to go too far. A revulsion of feeling toward her uncle, induced by the memory of Bryce Cardigan's blood on her white finger tips, convinced the girl that, at all hazards to her finenfuture, henceforth she and her uncle must tread separate paths. She had found him out at last, and because in her nature there was some of his own fixity of purpose, the resolution cost her no particular pang.

She had been obsessed of a desire, rather unusual in her sex, to see a fight worth while; she had planned to ermit it to go to a knockout, to use Bryce Cardigan's language, because believed Bryce Cardigan would be vanquished-and she had desired to see him smashed—but not beyond repair, for her loy in the conflict was to lie in the task of putting the pieces together afterward!

It was rather a relief, therefore, when the imperturbable James handed her at breakfast the following note:

Shirley Dear:

"After leaving you last night, I decided that in your present frame of mind my absence for a few days might tend to a calmer and clearer percep-tion, on your part, of the necessary tactics which in a moment of despera tion, I saw fit, with regret, to pursue last night. And in the hope that you will have attained your old attitude oward me before my return, I am leaving in the motor for San Francisco. Your terrible accusation has grieved me to such an extent that I do ot feel equal to the task of confront ing you until. In a more judicial frame of mind, you can truly absolve me of the charge of wishing to do away with young Cardigan.

"Your affectionate "UNCLE SETH."

Shirley's lip curled. With a rarer, keener intuition than she had hitherto manifested, she sensed the hypocrisy etween the lines; she was not de

"He has gone to San Francisco for more ammunition," she sollloquized.
"Very well, unkle-dunk! While you're away, I shall manufacture a

few bombs myself." After breakfast she left the house and walked to the intersection of B with Water street. Jules Rondeau and his crew of lumberjacks were there, and with two policemen guarded th

Shirley looked from the woods bully to the locomotive and back to Ron

"Rondeau," she said, "Mr. Cardigan is a bad man to fight. You fought him once. Are you going to do it again? He nodded.

"By whose orders?"

"Mr. Sexton, she tell me to do it." "Well, Rondeau, some day I'll be boss of Laguna Grande and there'll be no more fighting," she replied, and passed on down B street to the office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company. Moira McTavish looked up as she entered.

"Where is he, dear?" Shirley asked. "I must see him." "In that office, Miss Shirley," Moira

replied, and pointed to the door. Shir-ley stepped to the door, knocked, and hen entered. Bryce Cardigan, seated at his desk, looked up as she came in. His left arm was in a sling, and he looked harassed and dejected.

"Don't get up, Bryce," she said as he attempted to rise. "I know you're quite exhausted. You look it." She sat down. "I'm so sorry," she said softly. His dull glance brightened. "It doesn't amount to that, Shirley." And he snapped his fingers. "It throbs a

little and it's stiff and sore, so I carry it in the sling. That helps a little. What did you want to see me "I wanted to tell you," said Shirley, "that—that last night's affair was not of my making." He smiled compassionately, "I-I couldn't bear to have you think I'd break my word and tell

"It never occurred to me that you had dealt me a hand from the bottom of the deck, Shirley. Please don't worty about it. Your uncle has had two private detectives watching Oglivy and me."

"Oh!" she breathed, much relieved ghost of the old bantering smillighted her winsome features. "Well, then," she challenged, "I suppose you ion't hate me."

"On the contrary, I love you," he an swered. "However, since you must have known this for some time past, I suppose it is superfluous to mention it. Moreover, I haven't the right—

She had cast her eyes down mod estly. She raised them now and looked at him searchingly. "I suppose you'll acknowledge yourself whipped at last, Bryce?" she ventured.

"Would it please you to have m surrender?" He was very serious. "Indeed it would, Bryce. I'm tired of fighting. I want peace. I'm-I'm afraid to let this matter go any fur-

ther. I'm truly afraid."
"I think I want peace, top," he an swered. "Td be glad to quit-with nonor. And I'll do it, too, if you can induce your uncle to give me the kind of logging contract I want with his

"I couldn't do that, Bryce. 'He has you whipped—and he is not merciful to the fallen. You'll have to—sur-



"I Suppose You'll Acknowledge You self Whipped at Last, Bryce?"

render unconditionally." Again she laid her little hand timidly on his wounded forearm. "Please give up, Bryce—for my sake."

"I suppose I'll have to," he mur mured sadly. "I dare say you're right though one should never admit defeat until he is counted out. I suppose, he continued bitterly, "your uncle in high feather this morning."

"I don't know, Bryce. He left in his motor for San Francisco about one 'clock this morning."

For an instant Bryce Cardigar stared at her; then a slow, mocking little smile crept around the corners of his mouth, and his eyes lighted with mirth.

"Glorious news, my dear Shirley perfectly glorious! So the old for has gone to San Francisco, eh? Left in a hurry and via the overland route Couldn't wait for the regular passer ger-steamer tomorrow, eh? jumping Jehoshaphat! He must have had important business to attend to. And Bryce commenced to chuckle. "Oh, the poor old Colonel," he continued presently, "the dear old pirate! What a horrible right swing he's run ning into! And you want me to ac-knowledge defeat! My dear girl, in the language of the classic, there is nothing doing. I shall put in my crossing Sunday morning, and if you don't believe it, drop around and see me in action.

"You mustn't try," protested Shirley,
"Rondeau is there with his crew and he has orders to stop you. Be sides, you can't expect help from the police. Uncle Seth has made a deal with the mayor. I came prepared to suggest a compromise, Bryce," she de-clared, but he interrupted her with

"That for the police and that venal Mayor Poundstone!" Bryce retorted, with another snap of his fingers. "Til rid the city of them at the fall elec "You can't afford a compromise

You've been telling me I shall never build the N. C. O. because you wil

build the N. C. O. because you will
not permit me to. You're powerless,
I tell you. I shall build it."
"You shan't!" she fired back at him,
and a spot of anger glowed in each
cheek. "You're the most stubborn
and belligerent man I have ever
known. Sometimes I almost hate "Come around at ten tomor

"Come around at ten tomorrow
morning and watch me put in the
crossing—watch me give Rondent and
his gang the run." He reached over
suddenly, lifted her hand, and kissed
it. "How I love you, dear little antagonist!" he murmured.
"If you loved me, you wouldn't onpeace me," she protested softly, "I had

you again. Bryce, you make it very hard for me to be friendly with you."
"I don't want to be friendly with you. You're driving me crazy, Shir-iey. Please run along home, or wher-ever you're bound. I've tried to under-stand your peculiar code, but you're

too deep for me; so let me go my way to the devil. George Sea Otter is out-side asleep in the tonneau of the car. Tell him to drive you wherever you're going. I suppose you're afoot today, for I noticed the mayor riding to his office in your sedan this morning."

She tried to look outraged, but for the life of her she could not take offense at his bluntness; neither did she resent a look which she defected in his eyes, even though it told her he was laughing at her.

"Oh, very well," she replied with what dignity she could muster. "Have it your own way. I've tried to warn you. Thank you for your offer of the car. I shall be glad to use it. Uncle Seth sold my car to Mayor Pound-stone last night. Mrs. P—— admired

"Ah! Then it was that rascally Poundstone who told your uncle about the temporary franchise, thus arousing his suspicions to such an extent that when he heard his locomotive rumbling into town, he smelled a rat and hurried down to the crossing?"

"Possibly. The Poundstones dined

at our house last night," "Pretty hard on you, I should say But then I suppose you have to play the game with Uncle Seth. Well, good morning, Shirley. Sorry to hurry you away, but you must remember we're on a strictly business basisyet; and you mustn't waste my time.

"You're horrid, Bryce Cardigan."
"You're adorable. Good morning." "You'll be sorry for this," she warned him. "Good morning." She passed out into the general office, vis-ited with Moira about five minutes, and drove away in the Napler. Bryce watched her through the window. She knew he was watching her, but never theless she could not forbear turning round to verify her suspicions. When she did, he waved his sound arm at

her, and she flushed with vexation.

"God bless her!" he murmured "She's been my ally all along, and never suspected it! I wonder what

He sat musing for a long time "Yes," he concluded presently, Poundstone has double-crossed usand Pennington made it worth while. And the Colonel sold the mayor his niece's automobile. worth twenty-five hundred dollars, at least, and since old Poundstone's finances will not permit such an extravagance, I'm wondering how Pennington expects him to pay for it. I smell a rat as big as a kangaroo. In They make six! Guess Ph build a fire under old Poundstone."

He took down the telephone re ceiver and called up the resyon "Bryce Cardigan speaking, Mr. Pound stone," he greeted the chief executive

"Oh, hello, Bryce, my boy," Pound stone boomed affably. "How's tricks?"
"So so! I hear you've bought that sedan from Col. Penaington's nisce. Wish Pd known it was for sale, Pd have outbid you. Want to make a

"No, not this morning Bryce. I think we'll keep it. Mrs. P—— has been wanting a closed car for a long time and when the Colonel offered me this one at a bargain, I snapped it up. "And you don't care to get rid of

at a profit?" Bryce repeated. "No, siree!"

"Oh, you're mistaken, Mr. Mayor I think you do. I would suggest that you take that car back to Penning on's garage and leave it there. That would be the most profitable thing you could do."

"What-what-what in blue blazes are you driving at?" the mayor sput

"I wouldn't care to discuss it over the telephone. I take it, however, that a hint to the wise is sufficient; and I warn you, mayor, that if you keep that car it will bring you bad luck. Today is Friday, and Friday is an unlucky day. I'd get rid of that sedan

There was a long, fateful silence.
Then in a singular small, quavering voice: "You think it best, Cardigan?" "I do. Return it to No. 38 Redwood boulevard, and to questions will be asked. Good-by!" When Shirley reached home at noon

she found her car parked in front of the porte cochere; and a brief note left with the butler, informed her thai after thinking the matter over, Mrs. Poundstone had decided the Pound stone family could not afford such ar extravagance, and accordingly the car was returned with many thanks for the opportunity to purchase it at such a ridiculously low figure. Shirley smiled, and put the car up in the garage. When she returned to the house her maid Thelma informed her that Mr. Bryce Cardigan had been calling her on the telephone. So called Bryce up at once.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Untrue Gourage.

There is a sort of courage, which frankly confess it, I do not possess boldness to which I dare not aspire

a valor which I cannot covet. I can a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot—I have not the countage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my agrandisoment, but for my country's good—te check her onward march to greateness and grory. I have not courage smooth I am see covered to the courage smooth I have not courage smooth I am see covered to the courage smooth I have not the courage smooth I have not courage smooth I

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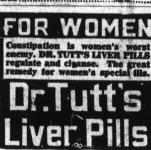
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