ALL RUN-DOWN AND NERVOUS

Says This Lady Who Had to Support Family of Four. Read **Below Her Statement About Cardui.**

Tallapoosa, Ga.-Mrs. Sallie Eidson, of this place, writes; "I was in very poor health, all run-down, nervous, had fainting spells, dizziness and heart auttering. I had these symptoms uswally at my . . . times. I had a wery hard time, working for seven years in a hotel after my father died. I had to support our family of four. I read the Birthday Almanac and thought I would begin taking Cardui. I received good benefit from it. I am sure it will do all that it claims to do. I took three or four bottles before it began to show effects. After that I' improved rapidly and gained in health and strength. I took nine bottles in This is the only time I have taken it. I was down to 108 pounds and I gained to 122. I felt like a new woman. I couldn't sleep before and had to be rubbed, I would get so nervous and numb. And all this was stopped by Cardui."

The true value of a medicine can be determined only by the results obfained from its actual use. The thoumands of letters we have received every year for many years, from grateful users of Cardul, are powerful tributes to its worth and effectiveness. If you suffer from womanly ailments, try Cardul, the woman's tonic.-Adv.

To Make Dirty Water Clean.

When we started for our trip to Mt. Killmanjaro I had told Jeremiah, one of our African boys, to fix six barrels with water and have it clean. But when I opened the first barrel, it was covered with soapsuds, I asked the boy what was wrong with the water. He said: "Very clean water, master. I put soap in every barrel to make it clean." So we drank soap-ruds all the way.—Peter MacQueen in World Outlook.

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

Proving His Mettle.

"The trouble with you. Gadspur, is that you are too easily discouraged," memarked his friend, Glithers, "I don't think so," answered Gad-

. "For instance, vesterday I wantat to borrow the small sum of ten

"I delivered a neat little speech to exactly twelve people before I got the money. That strikes me as extraordimary perseverance.

FOR PIMPLY FACES

Cuticura is Best-Samples Free by Mail to Anyone Anywhere.

An easy, speedy way to remove pimples and blackheads. Smear the affect ed surfaces with Guticura Olutiment Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, bathing some minutes. Repeat night and morning. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere .- Adv.

Second Choice

"I'm writing a story for one of the teading magazines," remarked Scribson, with a lofty air.

"Indeed," replied his caustic friend. "And which one of the inferior magazines do you think will publish it?"

A bad boy_seldom inherits his badness from his father. The old man uswally hangs on to all he has.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balaam at night upon retiring will prevent and re-tieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strais.

Conl miners in Georgia have re ceived 10 per cent lucrease in pay.



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

believe that a girl of eighteen should be thrust into a position where she immediately has all of her illusions about life smashed like a glass bowl-a place where she sees justice defeated and evil thrive, where the good suffer and the weak are exploited, where little children pay heavily for the sins of their grandparents? Just Picking up the threads of the story, you will recall that a strange and charming young man, K. Le Moyne, becomes a roomer at the Page home, where Sidney, her mother Anna, and her old maid Aunt Harriet, preside. Through the influence of dashing Dr. Max Wilson, Sidney goes to the hospital as a probationary nurse. Minor characters in the story are Dr. Ed Wilson, family friend; Christine Lorenz, her chum who is to marry Palmer Howe; Joe Drummond, her high school sweetheart; Katle, the cook, and Charlotta Harrison, a nurse in love with Doctor Max, who in turn is playing up to Sidney.

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

All the small loose ends of her life were gathered up-except Joe. She would have liked to get that clear, too. She wanted him to know how she felt about it all-that she liked him as much as ever, that she did not want to hurt him. But she wanted to make it clear, too, that she knew now that she would never marry him. She thought she would never marry; but, if she did, it would be a man doing a man's work in the world. Her eyes turned wistfully to the house across the Street.

K.'s lamp still burned overhead, but his restless tramping about had ceased. He must be reading—he read a great deal. She really ought to go to bed. A neighborhood cat came stealthily icross the Street, and stared up at the ttle balcony with green-glowing eyes. "Come on. Bill Taft," she said.

Joe Drummond, passing the house or the fourth time that evening, neard her voice, and hesitated uncer-

ainly on the pavement. "Joe! Come in." "It's late; I'd better get home."

The misery in his voice hurt her. "I'll not keep you long. I want to Ik to you."

He came slewly toward her. "Well?" he said hoarsely.

"Why haven't you been to see me? (I have done anything—" Her voice was a-tingle with virtue and outraged rlendship.

"You haven't done anything buthow me where I get off." He sat down on the edge of the bal

ony and stared out blankly.

"If that's the way you feel about

"I'm not blaming you. I was a fool to think you'd ever care about me. I don't know that I feel so bad-about the thing. I've been around seeing ome other girls, and I notice they're dad to see me, and treat me right. oo," There was boyish brayado in his voice. "But what makes me sick to have everyone saying you've jilt-

"Good gracious! Why, Joe, I never romised."

"Well, we look at it in different vays; that's all. I took it for a prom-

Then suddenly all his carefully con erved indifference fled. He bent for



She Opened It With Excited Fingers.

ard quickly, and, catching her hand,

held it against Lis lips. "I'm crazy about you. Sidney, That's

il e truth. Lwish I could die! The cat, finding no active antagonism, sprang up on the balcony and rubbed against the boy's quivering shoulders; a breath of air stroked the morning glory vine like the touch of a friendly hand. Sidney, facing for the first time the enigma of love and despair, sat, rather frightened, in her

chair. 'You don't mean that!" -

"ho mean it, all right. If it wasn't for the folks, ad jump in the river. I about your socks, and all sorts of fied when I said I'd been to see others things. And—and now, good night." girls. What do I want with other elst f want you!"

"This is wild, silly talk. You'll be corts waterrow."

"It's the truth," doggedly,

But he made a clutch at his selfrespect. He was acting like a crazy boy, and he was a man, all of twenty

"When are you going to the hospital?"

"Tomorrow." "Is that Wilson's hospital?"

Alas for his resolve! The red haze of jealousy came again. "You'll be seeng him every day. I suppose."

"I dare say. I shall also be seeing twenty or thirty other doctors, and a mention visitors. Joe, you're not ra-

"No," he said heavily, "I'm not. If it's got to be someone, Sidney, I'd baths or deaths, as the case might be. rather have it the roomer upstairs And over all brooded the mysterious

"It isn't necessary to malign my riends." He rose.

vatching. If I see him playing any of his tricks around you well, he'd better look out!"

That, as it turned out, was Joe's farewell. He had reached the breaking-point. He gave her a long look, blinked, and walked rapidly out to the retreat was lost by the fact that the cat followed him, close at his heels. Sidney was hurt, greatly troubled. She even shed a tear or two, very

surreptitiously; and then, being human and much upset, and the cat startling her by its sudden return, she shooed it off the verands and set an imaginary dog after it. Whereupon, feeling somewhat better, she went in and locked the balcony window and proceeded upstairs.

Le Moyne's light was still going. The rest of the household slept. paused outside the door.

"Are you sleepy?"-very softly. There was a movement inside, the ound of a book put down. Then: "No, indeed."

"I may not see you in the morning. leave tomorrow." "Just a minute."

From the sounds, she judged that he was putting on his shabby gray coat. The next moment he had opened the door and stepped out into the corridor.

"I believe you had forgotten!" "1? Certainly not. I started downctairs a while ago, but you had a visi-

"Only Joe Drummond."

'And-is Joe more reasonable?' He will be. He knows that Ithat I shall not marry him."

"Poor chap! He'll buck up, of course. But it's a little hard just now. When do you leave?"

"Just after breakfast."

"I am going very early. Perhaps-He hesitated. Then, hurriedly:

"I got a little present for you-nothing much, but your mother was quite willing. In fact, we bought it to-

He went back into his room, and returned with a small box. She opened it with excited fingers. Ticking away on its satin bed was a small gold watch.

"You'll need it, you see," he explained nervously.

"A watch," said Sidney, eyes oa it. "A dear little watch, to pin on and not put in a pocket. Why, you're the best person!

"I was afraid you might think it presumptuous," he said. "I haven't any right, of course. And then, your mother said you wouldn't be offend-

"Don't apologize for making me se she cried. "It's wonderful. Rappy!" And the little hand is for really. How many queer things you know!

After that she must pin it on, and slip in to stand before his mirror and inspect the result. It gave Le Moyne a queer thrill to see her there in the oom, among his books and his pipes. It made him a little sick, too, in view of tomorrow and the thousand-odd tomorrows when she would not be there.

"I've kept you up shamefully." she said at last, "and you get up so early. I shall write you a note from the hospital, delivering a little lecture on extrayagance-because how can I now, with this joy shining on me? And about how to keep Katle in order

She had moved to the door, and he followed her, stooping a little to pass under the low chandelier. "Good wight," said Sidney.

"Good-by-and God bless you." She went out, and he closed the door softly behind her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sidney never forgot her early impressions of the hospital, although they were chaotic enough at first. There were uniformed young women coming and going, efficient, cool-eyed, low of voice. There were long visas of shining floors and lines of beds. There were brisk internes with duck clothes and brass buttons, who eyed hundred or so men patients, not to her with friendly, patronizing glances. There were bandages and dressings, and great white screens, behind which were, played little or big dramas, than Wilson. There's a lot of talk authority of the superintendent of the about Wilson." authority of the superintendent of the training school, dubbed the Head, for training school, dubbed the Head, for short.

Twelve hours a day, from seven to seven, with the off-duty intermission, "Wilson had better look out. I'll be Sidney labored at tasks which revolted her soul. She swept and dusted the wards, cleaned closets, folded sheets and towels, rolled bandages-did everything but nurse the sick, which was what she had come to do.

At night she did not go home. She sat on the edge of her narrow, white Street. Some of the dignity of his bed and soaked her aching feet in hot water and witch-hazel, and practiced taking pulses on her own stender wrist with K.'s little watch.

> Out of all the long, hot days, two periods stood out clearly, to be waited for and cherished. One was when, early in the afternoon, with the ward in spotless order, the shades drawn against the August sun, the tables covered with their red covers and the only sound the drone of the bandagemachine as Sidney steadily turned it. Doctor Max passed the door on his way to the surgical ward beyond, and gave her a cheery greeting. At these times Sidney's heart beat almost in time with the ticking of the little watch.

The other hour was at twilight, when, work over for the day, the night nurse, with her rubber-soled shoes and tired eyes and jungling keys, having reported and received the night orders. the nurses gathered in their small paror for prayers. It was months before Sidney got over the exaltation of that twilight hour, and never did it cense to bring her healing and peace. In a way, it crystallized for her what the day's work meant; charity and its sister, service, the promise of rest and peace. Into the little parlor filed the nurses, and knelt, folding their tired

hands. "The Lord is my shepherd," read the Head out of her worn Bible; "I shall not want."

And the nurses: "He maketh me lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

And so on through the psalm to the issurance at the end, "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

Now and then there was a death behind one of the white screens. It caused little change in the routine of the ward. A nurse stayed behind the screen, and her work was done by the others. When everything was over. the time was recorded exactly on the

record, and the body was taken away At first it seemed to Sidney that she ould not stand this nearness to death. She thought the nurses hard because they took it quietly. Then she found that it was only stoicism, resignation, that they had learned. These things must be, and the work must go on. Their philosophy made them no less tender. Some such patient detachment must be that of the angels who keep the Great Record.

On her first Sunday half-holiday, she was free in the morning, and went to church with her mother, going back to the hospital after the service. So it was two weeks before she saw Le Movne again. Even then, it was only for a short time. Christine and Palmer Howe came in to see her, and to in-

pect the balcony, now finished. But Sidney and Le Moyne had a few vords together first.

There was a change in Sidney. Le Moyne was quick to see it. She was a trifle subdued, with a puzzled look in her blue eyes. Her mouth was tender. as always, but he thought it drooped. There was a new atmosphere of wistfulness about the girl that made his heart ache.

They were alone in the little parlor with its brown lamp and blue silk shade. K. never smoked in the parlor, but by sheer force of habit he held the pipe in his teeth.

"And how have the go veen going?" isked Sidney practically.

"Your steward has little to report. Aunt Harriet, who left you her love, has had the complete order for the Lorenz trousseau. I thought I'd ask you about the vell. We're rather in a quandary. Do you like this new fashion of draping the well from behind the coiffure in the back-" Sidney had been sitting on the edge

of her chair, staring.
"There," she said—"I knew it! This

house is fatal! They're making an old woman of you already." Her tone was

He sucked calmly at his dead pipe. "Katie has a new prescription-recpe-for bread. It has more bread and ewer airholes. One cake of yeast-" Sidney sprang to her feet.

"It's perfectly terrible!" she cried. Because you rent a room in this house is no reason why you should give up your personality and your-your intelligence. Mother says you water the flowers every morning, and lock up the house before you go to bed. I-I never mean, you to adopt the family! K. removed bit pi we and gazed ear

nestly into the bowi "Bill Taft has had kittens under the

porch." he said. "And the groceryn an





'They're Making an Old Woman of You Already."

has been sending short weight. We've bought scales now, and weigh everything.'

"You are evading the question." "Dear child, I am doing these things

because I like to do them. For-for some time I've been floating, and now I've got a home.'

Sidney gazed helplessly at his imperturbable face. He seemed older than she had recalled him: the hair over his ears was almost white. And yet he was just thirty. That was Palmer Howe's age, and Palmer seemed like a boy. But he held himself more erect than he had in the first days of his occupancy of the second

floor front. "And now," he said cheerfully, "what about yourself? You've lost a lot of illusions, of course, but perhaps you've

gained ideals. That's a step. "Life," observed Sidney, with the ing." wisdom of two weeks out in the world, "life is a terrible thing, K. We think we've got it, and-it's got us.

"Undoubtedly." "When I think of how simple I used to think it all was! One grew up and got married, and-and perhaps had children. And when one got very old, one died. Lately I've been seeing that life really consists of exceptionschildren who don't grow up, and grown-ups who die before they are old. And"-this took an effort, but she

who have children, but are not married. It all rather hurts." "All knowledge that is worth while

looked at him squarely-"and people

hurts in the getting.' Sidney got up and wandered around the room, touching its little familiar objects with tender hands. K. watched her. There was this curious element in his love for her, that when he was with her it took on the guise of friend ship and deceived even himself. it was only in lonely hours that it took on truth, became a hopeless yearning for the touch of her hand or a glance from her clear eyes.

"There is something else," she said absently. "I cannot talk it over with mother. There is a girl in the ward-

"A patient?" "Yes. She is quite pretty. She has had typhoid, but she is a little better. She's—not a good person."

"I see." "At first I couldn't bear to go near her. I shivered when I had to straight en her bed. I-I'm being very frank but I've got to talk this out with some one. I worried a lot about it, because although at first I hated her now 1 don't. I rather like her."

She looked at K, defiantly, but there was no disapproval in his eyes.

How would you like to have your daughter in Sidney's place? What do you think will be the effect on Sidney of the attentions of Doctor Max, LeMoyne and Joe Drummond-will turn her head?

(TO BE CONTINUES.

Good Health Makes a Happy Home

Good health makes housework easy. Bad health takes all happiness out of it. Hosts of women drag along in daily misery, back aching, worried, "blue," tired, because they don't know what

ails them.

These same troubles come with weak kidneys, and, if the kidney action is distressingly disordered, there should be no doubt that the kidneys need help.

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A Pertinent Query. "Can't you spare me a dime, mister?"

"Not today." "I hain't had a bite since yesterday." "Can't help it."

"Why can't yer do a little fer me?" "I haven't any change."

"No change?" "That's what I said." "Den why ther dickens don't yer go to work?"-Boston Evening Transscript.

Opposed to Woman's Rights. Patience-You say she's an anti-suffragist?

Patrice-Indeed, she is. "Doesn't believe in woman's rights?" "No, and her prejudice goes to such a length that on Christmas eve she'll

never hang up any but the left stock-

Might Get His. "Guess' Flubdub won't apply for country board next summer.'

"Why not?" "He was too prominent in the egs boycott to take chances on getting into the clutches of a farmer on the latter's native heath." - Louisville Courier-

Journal. Authors and the Like.

"I suppose the time is coming when men will fly to and from their work in airplanes. "Perhaps so," said the timorous per-

on, "but if I live to see that day I'll

envy the man who works at home."

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