

HUSBAND SAID WHY NOT TRY IT

Wife Said She Would. Result, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well and Strong

East Hardwick, Vt.—"Last winter I was not able to do any work at all. I had backache, headache, side ache, and was sick all the time for six months. We read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers, and my husband said to me, 'Why don't you try it?' So I said I would, and he went and got me a dozen bottles. It has done me more good than I can ever tell, and my friends say, 'What have you done to yourself? You look so well. I tell them it is the Vegetable Compound that makes me so well and strong. There is no use to suffer with backache and pain. I will tell every one what it has done for me.' Mrs. Fanny Paine, Route No. 2, East Hardwick, Vermont.

Housewives make a great mistake in allowing themselves to become so ill that it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend to their household duties. In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, 98 out of every 100 report they were benefited by its use. For sale by druggists everywhere.



Famous Mount Mount Parnassus is in ancient Phocis, 65 miles northwest of Athens. It is celebrated as one of the principal seats of Apollo and the Muses, and as an inspiring source of poetry and song. The Delphic oracle, and the Cassandra spring were on its southern slope. The expression "to climb Parnassus," meaning to write poetry, is an expression once in vogue.—Kansas City Star.

Get Back Your Health!

Are you dragging around day after day with a dull headache? Are you drowsy and lame mornings—subject to headaches, dizzy spells and sharp, stabbing pains. Then there's surely something wrong. Probably it's kidney weakness. Don't wait for more serious kidney trouble. Get back your health and keep it. For quick relief get plenty of sleep and exercise and use Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A North Carolina Case G. W. Gates, blacksmith, North Carolina, writes: "I had pains in my back and sometimes it felt as if I stooped I had a pain in my back and pulled myself up and the pain was there. My kidneys were so free in the secretion were so free in the secretion. Doan's Pills soon had my back in good shape and my kidneys in good order."

DOAN'S PILLS 60c STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS

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Gout, Eczema, Hives, etc. Right in your own home and at trifling cost, you can enjoy the benefit of healing sulphur baths.

HANCOCK SULPHUR COMPOUND nature's own blood purifying and skin healing remedy—SULPHUR—prepared in a way to make it the most effective. Use in the bath, use it as a lotion applying to affected parts and take it internally. 60c and \$1.20 the bottle

My Picture on Every Package P.D.Q.

P. D. Q., a chemical (not an insect powder) that will actually rid a house of Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants with its proper use—impossible for them to exist as it kills their eggs as well and thereby stops future generations. A 5c package makes a quart. Free—a patent spot in every package, to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Special Hospital size, 25c. Makes 5 gallons. Your druggist has it or can get it for you. Mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chemical Works, Terre Haute, Ind.

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In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER Copyright by Irving Bacheller

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Solomon took the lightning hurler out of the packs and unwrapped them and tried the springs above the hammers. Earlier in the day he had looked to the printing. Solomon gave one to Jack and put the other two in his pockets. Each examined his pistols and adjusted them in his belt. They started for the low-lying ridge above the little valley of Rock creek. It was now quite dark and looking down through the thickets of hemlock they could see the freight of the Indians and hear the wash of the creek water. Suddenly a wild whooping among the red men, savage as the howl of wolves on the trail of a wounded bison, ran beyond them, far out into the forest, and sent its echoes traveling from hilltop to mountain side. Then came a sound which no man may hear without getting, as Solomon was wont to say, "a scar on his soul which he will carry beyond the last cape." It was the death cry of a captive. Solomon had heard it before. He knew what it meant. The fire was taking hold and the smoke had begun to smother him. Those cries were like the stabbing of a knife and the recollection of them like blood stains.

They hurried down the bank, brushing through the thicket, the sound of their approach being covered by the appalling cries of the victim and the demon-like tumult of the drunken braves. The two scouts were racked with soul pain as they went on so that they could scarcely hold their peace and keep their feet from running. A new sense of the capacity for evil in the heart of man entered the mind of Jack. They had come close to the frightful scene, when suddenly a deep silence fell upon it. Thank God, the victim had gone beyond the reach of pain. Something had happened in his passing—perhaps the savages had thought it a sign from heaven. For a moment their clamor had ceased. The two scouts could plainly see the poor man behind a red veil of flame. Suddenly the white leader of the raiders approached the pyre, lumping on his wooden stump, with a stick in his hand, and prodded the face of the victim. It was his last act. Solomon was taking aim. His rifle spoke. Red Snout tumbled forward into the fire. Then what a scurry among the Indians! They vanished and so suddenly that Jack wondered where they had gone. Solomon stood reloading the rifle barrel he had just emptied. Then he said: "Come on an' do as I do."

Solomon ran until they had come near. Then he jumped from tree to tree, stopping at each log enough to survey the ground beyond it. This was what he called "swapping cover." From behind a tree near the fire he shouted in the Indian tongue: "Red men, you have made the Great Spirit angry. He has sent the son of the thunder to slay you with his lightning." No truer words had ever left the lips of man. His hand rose and swung back of his shoulder and shot forward. The round missile sailed through the freight and beyond it and sank into black shadows in the great cavern at Rock creek—a famous camping place in the old time. Then a flash of white light and a roar that shook the hills! A blast of gravel and dust and debris shot upward and pelted down upon the earth. Bits of rock and wood and an Indian's arm and foot fell in the freight. A number of dusky figures scurried out of the mouth of the cavern and ran for their lives shouting prayers to Manitou as they disappeared in the darkness. Solomon pulled the embers from around the feet of the victim.

"Now, by the good God A'mighty, 'pears to me we got the skeer shifted so the red man'll be the rabbit for a while an' I wouldn't wonder," said Solomon, as he stood looking down at the scene. "He ain't a-goin' to like the look o' a pale face—not overly much. Then Injuns that got erway 'll never stop runnin' till they've reached the middle o' next week."

He seized the foot of Red Snout and pulled his head out of the fire. "You ol' hellion!" Solomon exclaimed. "You dog o' the devil! Tumbled into hell whar ye b'long at last, didn't ye? Jack, you take that luther bucket an' bring some water out o' the creek an' put out this fire. The ring on this 'ere ol' wooden leg is wuth a hundred pounds."

Solomon took the hatchet from his belt and hacked off the end of Red Snout's wooden leg and put it in his coat pocket, saying: "From now on a white man can walk in the bush without gittin' his bones picked. Injuns is goin' to be skeered o' us—a few an' I wouldn't be surprised."

When Jack came back with the water, Solomon poured it on the embers and looked at the swollen form which still seemed to be straining at the green withes of moose wood. "Nothin' kin be done fer him," said the old scout. "He's gone erway. I tell ye, Jack, it g'in my soul a sweat to 'hear him dyin'."

A moment of silence full of the sorrow of the two men followed. Solomon broke it by saying: "That 'ere black pill o' mine went right down into the stummock o' the hill an' g'ive it quite a puke—you hear to me."

They went to the cavern's mouth and looked in.

"They's an awful mess in thar, I don't keer to see it," said Solomon. Near them they discovered a warrior who had crawled out of that death chamber in the rocks. He had been stunned and wounded about the shoulders. They helped him to his feet and led him away. He was trembling with fear. Solomon found a pine torch, still burning, near where the fire had been. By its light they dressed his wounds—the old scout having with him always a small surgeon's outfit. "Whar is t' other captive?" he asked in the Indian tongue. "About a mile down the trail. It's a woman and a boy," said the warrior. "Take us whar they be," Solomon commanded. The three started slowly down the trail, the warrior leading them.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Voice of a Woman Sobbing. Over the ridge had more than a mile away was a wet, wild meadow. They found the cow and horses feeding on its edge near the trail. The moon, clouded since dark, had come out in the clear mid-heavens and thrown its light into the high windows of the forest above the ancient thoroughfare of the Indian. The red-guide of the two scouts gave a call which was quickly answered. A few rods farther on, they saw a pair of old Indians sitting in blankets near a thicket of black timber. They could hear the voice of a woman sobbing near where they stood. "Womern, don't be skeered o' us—we're friends—we're goin' to take ye hum," said Solomon. The woman came out of the thicket



with a little-lad of four asleep in her arms. "Where do ye live?" Solomon asked. "Far south on the shore o' the Mohawk," she answered in a voice trembling with emotion. "What's yer name?" "I'm Bill Scott's wife," she answered. "Cat's blood and gunpowder!" Solomon exclaimed. "I'm Sol Binkus." She knelt before the old scout and kissed his knees and could not speak for the fullness of her heart. Solomon bent over and took the sleeping lad from her arms and held him against his breast. "Don't feel bad. We're a-goin' to take keer o' you," said Solomon. "Ayes, sir, we be! They ain't nobody goin' to harm ye—nobody at all."

There was a note of tenderness in the voice of the man as he felt the chin of the little lad with his big thumb and finger. "Do ye know what they done with Bill?" the woman asked soon in a pleading voice. The scout swallowed as his brain began to work on the problem in hand. "Bill broke loose an' got erway. He's gone," Solomon answered in a sad voice. "Did they torture him?" "What they done I couldn't jes' tell ye. But they kin't do no more to him. He's gone."

She seemed to sense his meaning and lay crunched upon the ground with her sorrow until Solomon lifted her to her feet and said: "Look here, little womern, this don't do no good. I'm goin' to spread my blanket under the pines an' I want ye to lay down with yer boy an' git some sleep. We got a long trip tomorrow. 'Tain't so bad as it might be—ye're kind o' lucky a'er all is said an' done," he remarked as he covered the woman and the child.

The wounded warrior and the old men were not to be found. They had sneaked away into the bush. Jack and Solomon looked about and the latter called but got no answer. "They're skeered clear down to the toe nails," said Solomon. "They couldn't stan' it here. A lightnin' thunder is a few too many. They'd ruther be nigh a rattlesnake."

The scouts had no sleep that night. They sat down by the trail side leaning against a log and lighted their pipes. "You member Bill Scott?" Solomon whispered. "Yes. We spent a night in his house." "He were a mean cuss. Sold rum to the Injuns I allus tol' him it were wrong—but my God A'mighty!—I never 'spected that the fire in the water were a goin' to burn him up sometime. No, sir—I never dreamed he were a goin' to be punished so—never." They lay back against the log with their one blanket spread and spent the night in a kind of half sleep. Every little sound was "like a kick in the ribs," as Solomon put it, and drove them "into the look and listen business." The woman was often crying out or the cow and horses getting up to feed. "My son, go to sleep," said Solomon. "I tell ye there ain't no danger now—not a bit. I don't know much but I know Injuns—plenty." In spite of his knowledge even Solomon himself could not sleep. A little before daylight they arose and began to stir about. "I was badly burnt by that fire," Jack whispered. "Inside!" Solomon answered. "So was I. My soul were a-sweatin' all night." The morning was chilly. They gathered birch bark and dry pine and soon had a fire going. Solomon stole over to the thicket where the woman and child were lying and returned in a moment. "They're sound asleep," he said in a low tone. "We'll let 'em alone." He began to make tea and got out the last of their bread and dried meat and bacon. He was frying the latter when he said: "That 'ere is a mighty likely womern." He turned the bacon with his fork and added: "Turrible purty when she were young. Allus hated the rum business." Jack went out on the wild meadow and brought in the cow and milked her, filling a basin and a quart bottle. Solomon went to the thicket and called: "Mis' Scott!" The woman answered. "Here's a towl an' a little jug o' soap, Mis' Scott. Ye kin take the boy to the creek an' git washed an', then come to the fire an' eat yer breakfast." The boy was a handsome, blond lad with blue eyes and a serious manner. His confidence in the protection of his mother was sublime. "What's yer name?" Solomon asked, looking up at the lad whom he had lifted high in the air. "Whig Scott," the boy answered timidly with tears in his eyes. "What! Be ye skeered o' me?" These words came from the little lad as he began to cry: "No, sir. I ain't skeered. I'm a brave man." "Courage is the first virtue in the frontier," Jack wrote in a letter to his friends at home in which he told of the history of that day. "The words and manner of the boy reminded me of my own childhood. "Solomon held Whig in his lap and fed him and soon won his confidence. The backs of the horses and the cow were so badly galled they could not be ridden, but we were able to lash the packs over a blanket on one of the horses. We drove the beasts ahead of us. The Indians had timbered the swales here and there so that we were able to pass them with little trouble. Over the worst places I had the boy on my back while Solomon carried 'Mis' Scott' in his arms as if she were a baby. He was very gentle with her. To him, as you know, a woman has been a sacred creature since his wife died. He seemed to regard the boy as a wonderful kind of plaything. At the camping places he spent every moment of his leisure tossing him in the air or rolling on the ground with him. "One day when the woman sat by the fire crying, the little lad touched her brow with his hand and said: "Don't be skeered, mother. I'm brave. I'll take care o' you." "Solomon came to where I was breaking some dry sticks for the fire and said laughingly, as he wiped a tear from his cheek with the back of his great right hand: "Did ye ever see sech a gol' darn cunnin' leetle cricket in yer born days—ever? "Always thereafter he referred to the boy as the Little Cricket." Jack wrote in another of his letters that as they fared along, down toward the sown lands of the upper Mohawk, Solomon began to develop talents of which none of his friends had entertained the least suspicion. "He has had a hard life full of fight and peril like most of us who were oorn in this New World," the young man wrote. "He reminds me of some of the Old Testament heroes, and is not this land we have traversed like the plains of Mamre? What a gentle creature he might have been if he had had a chance! How long I wonder, must we be slayers of men? As long, I take it, as there are savages against whom we must defend ourselves." The next morning they met a company of one of the regiments of General Heckler who had gone in pursuit of Red Snout and his followers. Learning what had happened to that evil band and its leader the soldiers faced about and escorted Solomon and his party to Oriskany. (TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

Lesson for July 20 THE BAPTISM OF JESUS

GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Mark 1:11. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Pleases His Father. JUNIOR TOPIC—John and Jesus at the Jordan. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Jesus Dedicates His Life. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Meaning of Baptism.

In order to appreciate the lesson for today one should have an understanding of the purpose of the Gospel according to Mark. In the Old Testament is set forth an august portrait of Jesus Christ who is the Branch, the King (Jer. 23:5), the Branch, the Servant (Zech. 3:8), the Branch of the Man (Zech. 6:12), the Branch of Jehovah (Isa. 4:2). The four-fold account of the Gospels placed alongside these predictions fits exactly. Matthew exhibits Him as the Promised King, Mark as the Servant of Jehovah, Luke as the Man Redeemer and John as the Son of God. The theme of Mark is the Gospel of Jehovah's Servant (Chap. 1:1). The key verse is 10:45, and the key words are "straightway," "forthwith," "immediately."

1. Who the Servant is (v. 1). "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," Jesus means Saviour. Christ means Anointed. This Servant who so fully and completely obeys God's will is none other than God's Son. 11. The Servant's Forerunner (vv. 2-8).

1. Who He Was (vv. 2-3). He was John the Baptist. His mission was to prepare the way for God's Servant. He was prophesied concerning more than five hundred years before he came. (Isa. 40:3). 2. His Message (vv. 3-8). (1) "Prepare the Way of the Lord" (v. 3). This means to remove from your hearts everything which hinders the coming of the Lord, to break down the high places of pride and to straighten out the crooked places, not only to confess your sins, but to give substantial evidence of repentance. (2) "Baptism of Repentance for the Remission of Sins" (v. 4). In preparation for the coming of Christ the people were to repent and those who repented were to be baptized. Baptism was administered to those who repented as an expression of the penitence which led to the forgiveness of sin.

(3) The Coming of Christ (vv. 7, 8). This coming was to be much greater than that of John. This superior dignity was not only in His person but in the work He was to perform. John baptized with water, but Jesus was to be the baptizer with the Holy Ghost. 3. His Success (v. 5). People from all over Judea and from Jerusalem went out and were baptized. John's dress and demeanor were in keeping with his stern mission. His food and dress indicated that he had withdrawn from the world as a protest against its follies and sins.

11. The Baptism of the Servant (vv. 9-11). While the forerunner was discharging his office Jesus emerged from his seclusion at Nazareth and demanded baptism at John's hands. 1. Its Significance. Negatively. It was not because He had sinned for He was absolutely sinless, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. Undeveloped, separate from complete that even the Devil could find no occasion against Him. (John 14:30). Positively. Its significance is found in harmony with the purpose of His coming into the world, which was to secure for His people salvation through death and resurrection. This act was His official entrance upon His work. It was an act of consecration on his part to the work of saving His people through sacrifice. While baptism is a sinner's ordinance. He was baptized, not because He had sinned, but because He took the place of sinners. He was so devoted to them that He entered upon His mission by submitting to the ordinance which typified death and resurrection. In this He who knew no sin was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him (II Cor. 5:21).

2. Approval From the Open Heavens (vv. 10, 11). Immediately following His consecration to His work the heavens were opened and the Spirit came and abode upon Him, followed by the words of approval from the Father. All these were essential for the work upon which He now entered. The Fight of Faith Some war with cuss, some with the pen, others with the tongue, but the Christian fights the good fight of faith.—The Living Word.

Never Satisfied Some people are never satisfied to put two and two together, unless they can make it count five. Each Mind Each mind makes its own little world, pleasant or miserable. Caution is the parent of safety.

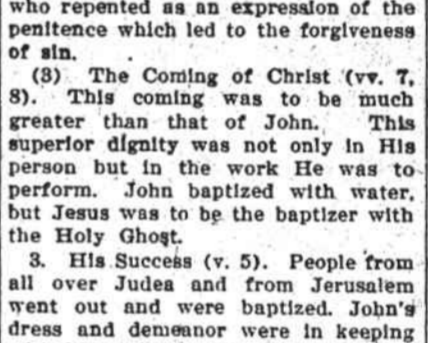
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