

**TRIED MANY;
FOUND THE BEST**

Black-Draught Gives Satisfaction, Says an Indiana Man Who Has Used It in His Family for a Good Many Years.

Harding Grove, Ind.—"I can recommend Black-Draught very highly for the benefit it has been to my own family," said Mr. Joe Craft, of this town. "In all my years of married life, trying many liver medicines, I have never found one that gave the satisfaction that Black-Draught has. "I use it for indigestion and when I have colds. My wife had severe headaches from torpid liver, or indigestion, so we use it for that. It cleanses the liver and is fine to carry off cold. I use a pinch after meals except when I have a heavy cold or bitter taste in the mouth and a drowsy, tired feeling, then I take a good, heavy dose and soon feel all right. "I have used Black-Draught for a good many years and am satisfied enough to keep it up, I have recommended it to others, and have had them tell me that it was very good and they would keep it as a family medicine. "In first-aid home treatment of common colds, Theodor's Black-Draught has been found very helpful, when taken as an adjunct medicine to regulate the bowels and help stimulate the liver to drive poisons out of the system. Black-Draught is a purely vegetable herb remedy. It contains no calomel or other mineral drugs. It acts on the liver, stomach and bowels, in a simple, natural way and without bad after-effects. Sold by all druggists. Try it. 25c.

Take Sulphur Baths at home

RHEUMATISM

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 disinfecting remedy—SULPHUR—prepared in a way to make its use most efficacious. Use in the bath; use it as a lotion applying to affected parts; and take it internally.

50c and \$1.20 the bottle

at your druggist's. If he can't supply you, send his name and the price in stamps and we will send you a bottle direct.

HANCOCK LIQUID SULPHUR COMPANY
Baltimore, Md.

Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment—50c and 60c—for use with the Liquid Compound

NO DYE

To restore gray or faded hair to original color, don't use a dye—it's dangerous—use a bottle of Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer—Safe as water—apply it and watch results. All good druggists, 75c, or direct from HESSLEHULT, Chicago, Omaha, Tenn.

Roman Remains in Britain.

Excavating for the foundation of a new factory to be erected at Keynsham, near Bristol, England, workmen recently unearthed Roman remains. The Daily Chronicle of London reports the discovery of coffins containing skeletons, a Roman needle about six inches long, a spoon and a brooch. The brooch is believed to have put the finishing touch upon the toga of a Roman gallant.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do. Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends. Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Save Doctor's Bills.

Young Wife—I'm going to make the dessert myself tonight, dear. I saw a recipe in the cookbook for economical pudding.

Hub—Suppose we have no pudding—that will be even more economical.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Bulb Does Measuring.

Operated by compressing a rubber bulb, a device which can be attached to the neck of any bottle-shaped container, has been invented to deliver measured amounts of liquids.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the
Signature of
Dr. J. C. Ayer

The Custard Cup

By
FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON

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LETTIE IS WON

SYNOPSIS.—Living in a barn converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as "The Custard Cup," originally "Cluster Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Horatius Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink" and "Thad," homeless small boys whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name. A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings. Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettie gets adopted into the family. The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield's uncle Jerry. He announces he is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"So do I," sighed the girl. "We most had a quarrel over it. You see, some friends of the Bosleys are getting it up, and there was room for two more, so Mr. Bosley invited—" "Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Penfield, in a different tone. "Well, if I was in your place, I wouldn't think about it again. You know it's always a good idea for folks to stick to their own circle of friends, and I'll bet that was what Mr. Chase was thinking." "Maybe," conceded Lorene; "but how I've wanted to go to Diabolo with a jolly party. I expect I'll get over it," she laughed. "If you say I'd better, it'll help me to do it." She waved her hand and went on toward the Percy flat.

Mrs. Penfield turned back into the living-room; then stepped in the most profound amazement. Jerry Winston had risen and was still holding an attitude of listening, of thoughtful absorption. She tried in vain to recall anything in her light interchange with Lorene that could have had significance. "What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" she asked. He shrugged his shoulders and became instantly the nonchalant, good-natured man of a few minutes before. "Nothing, Car'line. I'm naturally kind o' interested in this little nest you live in."



"It's a Mercy You Got Such Faith in Lettie."

always heard that if folks wasn't happy inside 'em, there couldn't nothin' make 'em happy from the outside." Mrs. Penfield smiled. "Yes, that's so, but there's something got to start the happiness going inside 'em. Some folks have got a factory of their own, and they make their happiness fast's they can use it, and some folks have had so many hard knocks that their happiness machinery has grown rusty and set. Then it's got to be oiled up and started going. Why, look at the birds, Mrs. Wopple. You never heard a bird sing on the ground; but give him a bit of encouragement in the way of a fencepost or a bush or something with an outlook to it, and he'll sing his little head off, 'cause he's so bubbling over with joy. It's up to me to give Lettie that encouragement."

Mrs. Wopple rose. "I must be goin'. All I got to say is, it's a mercy you got such faith in Lettie. I sh'd call her an affliction if she was to my house." So far Lettie had merely changed her allegiance and her boarding place; the routine of her days had not been disturbed. The lust for loot was in her blood; and now that she was well treated and well fed, it had become a sort of frenzy. She knew little about putting gratitude into speech, having always employed that medium for vastly different purposes. The more thankful Lettie felt, the higher grew the heards of rubbish in Mrs. Penfield's back yard.

CHAPTER V

The Pink Sweater.

"My grateful goodness! I knew somep'n was up," Mrs. Wopple, who had struggled through the kitchen door, paused at the entrance to the living-room to emit this commentary on Mrs. Penfield, sewing by one of the windows in the midst of an unusual array of materials. "Come right in," invited Mrs. Penfield, as cordially insistent as if Mrs. Wopple had not already done so. "Wait till I move this nice comfortable chair into the sunshine for you. Ain't it lucky you came in just's the sun did!" She moved the best chair into the narrow shaft of yellow radiance. If he sun were not mercifully acrobatic in its possibilities, twisting its way into incredible intricacies of city architecture, it would never have penetrated into Mrs. Penfield's living-room at all; but by a marvelous astronomical provision, there was a precious hour in the afternoon when it

struck her neighbor's white wall and was deflected, nearly full strength, through one of Mrs. Penfield's windows. She took up her sewing. Mrs. Wopple's gloomy eyes fastened upon it with glowing curiosity. "What in time you makin'?" she inquired. Mrs. Penfield exhibited the pink garment, rich with basting thread. "This here's a sweater for Lettie."

Mrs. Wopple reached over and nipped a piece of the goods between two thin fingers. "Ain't that underwear silk?" "It sure is. It's going to make a beautiful sweater."

"H'm! Tain't suit'ble for Lettie." "Not suitable! Why, ev'rybody's wearin' 'em." "Not silk. Tain't noways suit'ble to dress Lettie so fine."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Would you suggest my making her a calico sweater?" she asked pleasantly. "No, Mrs. Wopple, I been wishin' I had some nice clo'es for that child, 'cause she needs 'em to pull herself up with. Ain't nothing going to help her so much as taking pride in something, and she's the kind that'll live up to her clo'es. Poor dear, she's always been doing it; tain't no wonder she hasn't riz faster."

Mrs. Penfield reached for a soft roll of white goods. "Look here, Didn't this wash fine? Couldn't anything pleased me more'n white corduroy. Yes, I saw that streak; it had an accident spilled on it, I guess. But takin' that out, there's 'nough for collar and cuffs for Lettie's sweater and 'nough for a skirt, too. I'm going to let her wear it Sundays when she's been good through the week. It'll be a reform dress, if there ever was one. She's going to be the happiest child in The Custard Cup. My! I can't scarcely wait for her to get home; I want to see her as happy as she's bound to be."

"If I was in your place, Mis' Penfield, I wouldn't count on it, too much. I've

far stronger trait in Lettie, and she looked forward to the time when she could fill the child's life with other interests. Only in such wise could she effect a change, because a vacuum in occupation would have drawn from Lettie the abhorrence which it deserves. And surely in a few months, clothes could be accumulated and book money saved, so that it would be possible to send the child to school.

When Lettie returned, it was to the accompaniment of a mixed sound, rasping and swishing around the house and across the board walk in the back yard. She had chanced upon a scene of tree-trimming and had acquired many branches, which she had jubilantly snaked home, to be dried and broken for the kitchen stove. The triumph of successful exploration was in her voice.

"Penzie, you oughter see what I bring now. It'll make awell kindlins." She edged into the living room, her thin chest heaving from the violent exertion. "Say, whatcher makin'?" She came nearer, her black eyes widening as they took in the incredible details of Mrs. Penfield's sewing.

"I'm making something for you, Lettie. Ain't it pretty?" She held it up. Lettie thrust out a grimy hand and nipped a piece of the goods, exactly as Mrs. Wopple had done before her—with the same conclusion, but with a totally different emotional reaction. "Is it silk?" she inquired, in an awed voice.

Mrs. Penfield nodded. "And it's for me?" "Yes, dear." "Hope to die if you told a lie?" Mrs. Penfield choked; then vowed the solemn vow.

"Holy Jiminnetty!" cried the child. "You've got me sold. Gee, there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you." For the first time her wary reserve broke. She hurried herself into Mrs. Penfield's lap and threw her arms around Mrs. Penfield's neck. For the first time Mrs. Penfield dared to kiss her.

CHAPTER VI

Perennial Prue.

"I can't set down, Mis' Penfield. I just come in to borrow an egg. I didn't know I was out, but I'll get some more tomorrow."

"Bless you, Mrs. Wopple, you came to the wrong place. I ain't got an egg right now. I used the last one Saturday, and I shan't have any more till—till later."

"My landy Goshen!" cried the amazed Mrs. Wopple. "I never heard of anybody keep'n house 'thout havin' eggs constant."

Mrs. Penfield laughed. "Well, I'd hate to be so beholden to a hen as that. Seems like exaltin' a bird above a human being, don't it?" She thrust her darning needle placidly into Crink's stocking.

"You got an awful light way of takin' serious matters," disapproved Mrs. Wopple. "Me, I shouldn't—heavens to Betsy! What's that?" Her eyes rolled wildly toward the ceiling. "It's my Uncle Jerry," smiled Mrs. Penfield.

"Your Uncle Jerry! What's he doin' up there?"

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**An Absolutely Reliable Statement
Important to Every Woman**

**Remarkable Results Shown by a Nation
Wide Canvass of Women Purchasers of
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
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For some time a circular has been enclosed with each bottle of our medicine bearing this question: "Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

Of course we know that our medicine does benefit the large majority of women who take it. But that only two out of 100 received no benefit is most astonishing.

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It only goes to prove, however, that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments—not a cure all—one that is made by the most scientific process; not from drugs, but from a combination of nature's roots and herbs, can and does do more good than hastily prepared prescriptions.

98 per cent of which say YES. That means that 98 out of every 100 women who take the medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 60 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

This is a most remarkable record of efficiency. We doubt if any other medicine in the world equals it.

Its reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world—leading all others.

Think of it—only two women out of 100 received no benefit—98 successes out of a possible 100.

Did you ever hear anything like it? We must admit that we, ourselves, are astonished.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see if she can't be one of the 98. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Chinese Take to Frozen Meat.

Argentina is giving Australia a run for her money in supplying China and the Far East with frozen meat. While the Chinese have in the past preferred the taste and smell of fresh-killed meat, they are gradually being educated to eat the frozen variety, says Consul General Thomas Sammons, Melbourne, in a report just received by the Department of Commerce, and there is a general belief that they will ultimately become accustomed to using frozen meat freely. On the other hand, Australian butter is selling well in China and Japan, while canned fruits and jams from the island continent are being taken in increasing quantities.

Two Cheerful Liars.

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman, with great presence of mind, splashed some water in its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said the man in an armchair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after the incident occurred I was coming down to the water. I met this tiger and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

Another Early One.

The wild ginger has large, broad heart-shaped leaves which are most conspicuous objects on the rocky hillsides in early April, says Nature Magazine. Their thick stems rise some six or ten inches above the ground, but the dull, purplish, cup-shaped blossoms must be searched for at the roots, well hidden among the dead leaves.

Snappy Comeback.

May was visiting grandmother's home, and ventured into the unused parlor. Much interested in a piece of stuary on the mantel, she picked it up to admire it more closely and was admonished by her young aunt to "put it back just where you found it." She promptly replied, "I can, auntie, for the dust shows just where it was."

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Every year you plant Irish Potatoes. Every year you have Potato Bugs. Every year you should use STONECYPHER'S Irish Potato Bug Killer

Guaranteed to destroy the bug without damage to the plant. Also destroys all leaf eating insects on cabbage, cucumber, cantaloupe, squash and tomato vines. Apply lightly. Cost low. Application easy. Results sure.

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"Why, Mr. Bosley's riding 'round in a new car."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)