

COULDN'T STAND ANY EXCITEMENT

Suffered From Nervousness and Weakness and Would Just Go to Pieces, If Excited, Writes Georgia Lady.

Winston, Ga.—"I am taking Cardui right now," writes Mrs. Alice Green, of R. F. D. 1, this place. "I suffer very much at my . . . and from nervousness and weakness. This is the third time I have taken it. The first time was about four years ago. . . . Had a great deal of headache and was so nervous all the time that I couldn't stand any excitement at all.

"If I got excited I would just all give way and go to pieces. My sister-in-law told me first about Cardui and I began to take it. I could tell a big difference in my strength before I had taken a whole bottle. I was about well by the time I had taken 3 or 4 bottles and I soon got so I could do all my work.

"The second time I took it was last fall. . . . I think I overworked picking cotton and doing my housework. I got so bad that I suffered very badly at my . . . So I began taking Cardui again. I took 3 bottles and I immediately began to improve and felt better than I had in a long time. I weighed 154 when I finished taking it, more than I had in a long time."

Cardui, the woman's tonic, has won the confidence of its users by the results which they obtain. Try It.—Adv.

Whole Truth of Buddhism.

Dorin Zenshi, a great Buddhist priest, once lived on top of a tree in a mountain; so people nicknamed him "owl priest." Someone interrupted his meditations one day with the following question:

"What, in a nutshell, is the truth of Buddha's religion?"

"Eschew all sins and practice all virtues," replied the priest without opening his eyes.

"Oh, is that all?" said the man sarcastically. "Even a child of three years can say that."

"Yes, even a child of three years can say that," rejoined the priest, "but an old man of eighty years cannot put it into practice."—Tokyo Advertiser.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has a Record of 50 Years of Success

Correcting impurities in the stomach, gently acting on the bowels. Stirs up the liver and makes the despondent dyspeptic enjoy life. It is highly recommended for biliousness, indigestion, etc. Always keep a bottle of August Flower handy for the first symptom of these disorders. You may feel fine today, but how about tomorrow? Remember that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and that it is both painful and expensive to be sick. For sale by druggists in all parts of the civilized world in 25 and 75 cent bottles.—Adv.

Quits.

The hours were flying by, and still Algy, the bore, remained with her. "Do you like music?" she inquired, listlessly.

"Yes," he replied. "I am always carried away by music."

She flew to the piano and played several airs. Then she turned and looked at him.

"Are you not gone yet?"

"No," he answered.

"But you told me that music always carried you away?"

"Yes," he retorted, "but I said music."

THE BEST BEAUTY DOCTOR

Is Cuticura for Purifying and Beautifying the Skin—Trial Free.

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap with touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then afford the most effective preparations at the minimum of cost. No massaging, steaming, creaming, or waste of time.

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

His Resolve.

"Now they say our food influences our moods."

"I'll quit eating bluefish then."

Infections or inflammations of the Eyes, whether from external or internal causes, are promptly healed by the use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring. Adv.

That which is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

What has been your favorite Spring Medicine? Suppose you try Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills this Spring? They are tonic as well as laxative. Adv.

To share a thing with a friend is to add to its weight substance.

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By James Oliver Curwood
Copyright Bobbs-Merrill Co.

KAZAN ONCE AGAIN COMES UNDER MAN'S INFLUENCE AND PERFORMS GREAT GOOD DEEDS.

Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even the master is afraid to touch the dog, but Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party, and on the following night, inflamed by drink, he beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat, kills him, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader and takes a young mate, Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Halfway to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth—a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge-dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Kazan wanted to reach the man who held the rifle, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice; the bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-red eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange thrilling cry.

In a flash he turned. He snapped at Gray Wolf's flank, and she dropped away with a startled yelp. It had all happened in a moment, but the man was almost down. Kazan leaped under his clubbed rifle and drove into the face of what was left of the pack. His fangs cut like knives. If he had fought like a demon against the dogs, he fought like ten demons now, and the man—bleeding and ready to fall—staggered back to the sledge, marveling at what was happening. For in Gray Wolf there was now the instinct of matehood, and seeing Kazan tearing and fighting the pack she joined him in the struggle which she could not understand.

When it was over, Kazan and Gray Wolf were alone out on the plain. The pack had slunk away into the night, and the same moon and stars that had given to Kazan the first knowledge of his birthright told him now that no longer would those wild brothers of the plains respond to his call when he howled into the sky.

He was hurt. And Gray Wolf was hurt, but not so badly as Kazan. He was torn and bleeding. One of his legs was terribly bitten. After a time he saw a fire in the edge of the forest. The old call was strong upon him. He wanted to crawl in to it, and feel the girl's hand on his head, as he had felt that other hand in the world beyond the ridge. He would have gone—and would have urged Gray Wolf to go with him—but the man was there. He whined, and Gray Wolf thrust her

warm muzzle against his neck. Something told them both that they were outcasts, that the plains, and the moon, and the stars were against them now, and they slunk into the shelter and the gloom of the forest.

Kazan could not go far. He could still smell the camp when he lay down. Gray Wolf snuggled close to him. Gently she soothed with her soft tongue Kazan's bleeding wounds. And Kazan, lifting his head, whined softly to the stars.

CHAPTER VII.

Joan.

On the edge of the cedar and spruce forest old Pierre Radisson built the fire. He was bleeding from a dozen wounds, where the fangs of the wolves had reached to his flesh, and he felt in his breast that old and terrible pain, of which no one knew the meaning but himself. He dragged in log after log, piled them on the fire until the flames leaped up to the crisp needles of the limbs above, and heaped a supply close at hand for use later in the night.

From the sledge Joan watched him, still wild-eyed and fearful, still trembling. She was holding her baby close to her breast. Her long heavy hair smothered her shoulders and arms in a dark lustrous veil that glistened and rippled in the firelight when she moved. Her young face was scarcely a woman's tonight, though she was a mother. She looked like a child.

Old Pierre laughed as he threw down the last arful of fuel, and stood breathing hard.

"It was close, ma chérie," he panted through his white beard. "We were nearer to death out there on the plain than we will ever be again, I hope. But we are comfortable now, and warm. Eh? You are no longer afraid?"

He sat down beside his daughter, and gently pulled back the soft fur that enveloped the bundle she held in her arms. He could see one pink cheek of baby Joan. The eyes of Joan, the mother, were like stars.

"It was the baby who saved us," she whispered. "The dogs were being torn to pieces by the wolves, and I saw them leaping upon you, when one of them sprang to the sledge. At first I thought it was one of the dogs. But it was a wolf. He tore once at us, and the bear-



Fought Like Ten Demons Now.

skin saved us. He was almost at my throat when baby cried, and then he stood there, his red eyes a foot from us, and I could have sworn that he was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was fighting the wolves. I saw him leap upon one that was almost at your throat."

"He was a dog," said old Pierre, holding out his hands to the warmth. "They often wander away from the posts, and join the wolves. I have had dogs do that. Ma chérie, a dog is a dog all his life. Kicks, abuse, even the wolves cannot change him—for long. He was one of the pack. He came with them—to kill. But when he found us—"

"He fought for us," breathed the girl. She gave him the bundle, and stood up, straight and tall and slim in the firelight. "He fought for us—and he was terribly hurt," she said. "I saw him drag himself away. Father, if he is out there—dying—"

Pierre Radisson stood up. He coughed in a shuddering way, trying to stifle the sound under his beard. The fleck of crimson that came to his lips with the cough Joan did not see. She had seen nothing of it during the six days they had been traveling up from the edge of civilization. Because of that cough, and the strain that came with it, Pierre had made more than ordinary haste.

"I have been thinking of that," he said. "He was badly hurt, and I do not think he went far. Here—take little Joan and sit close to the fire until I come back."

The moon and the stars were brilliant in the sky when he went out in the plain. A short distance from the edge of the timber line he stood for a moment upon the spot where the wolves had overtaken them an hour before. Not one of his four dogs had lived. The snow was red with their blood, and their bodies lay stiff where they had fallen under the pack. Pierre shuddered as he looked at them. If the wolves had not turned their first mad attack upon the dogs, what would have become of himself, Joan and the baby? He turned away, with another of those hollow coughs that brought the blood to his lips.

A few yards to one side he found in the snow the trail of the strange dog

that had come with the wolves, and had turned against them in that moment when all seemed lost. It was not a clean running trail. It was more of a furrow in the snow, and Pierre Radisson followed it, expecting to find the dog dead at the end of it.

In the sheltered spot to which he had dragged himself in the edge of the forest Kazan lay for a long time after the fight, alert and watchful. He felt no very great pain. But he had lost the power to stand upon his legs. His flanks seemed paralyzed. Gray Wolf crouched close at his side, sniffing the air. They could smell the camp, and Kazan could detect the two things that were there—man and woman. He knew that the girl was there, where he could see the glow of the firelight through the spruce and the cedars. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to drag himself close in to the fire, and take Gray Wolf with him, and listen to her voice, and feel the touch of her hand. But the man was there, and to him man had always meant the club, the whip, pain, death.

Gray Wolf crouched close to his side, and whined softly as she urged Kazan to flee deeper with her into the forest. At last she understood that he could not move, and she ran nervously out into the plain, and back again, until her footprints were thick in the trail she made. The instincts of matehood were strong in her. It was she who first saw Pierre Radisson coming over their trail, and she ran swiftly back to Kazan and gave the warning.

Then Kazan caught the scent, and he saw the shadowy figure coming through the starlight. He tried to drag himself back, but he could move only by inches. The man came rapidly nearer. Kazan caught the glint of the rifle in his hand. He heard his hollow cough, and the tread of his feet in the snow. Gray Wolf crouched shoulder to shoulder with him, trembling and showing her teeth. When Pierre had approached within fifty feet of them she slunk back into the deeper shadows of the spruce.

Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly when Pierre stopped and looked down at him. With an effort he dragged himself to his feet, but fell back into the snow again. The man leaned his rifle against a sapling and bent over him fearfully. With a fierce growl Kazan snapped at his extended hands. To his surprise the man did not pick up a stick or a club. He held out his hand again—cautiously—and spoke in a voice new to Kazan. The dog snapped again, and growled.

The man persisted, talking to him all the time, and once his mittened hand touched Kazan's head, and escaped before the jaws could reach it. Again and again the man reached out his hand, and three times Kazan felt the touch of it, and there was neither threat nor hurt in it. At last Pierre turned away and went back over the trail.

When he was out of sight and hearing, Kazan whined, and the crest along his spine flattened. He looked wistfully toward the glow of the fire. The man had not hurt him, and the three-quarters of him that was dog wanted to follow.

Gray Wolf came back, and stood with stiffly planted forefeet at his side. She had never been this near to man before, except when the pack had overtaken the sledge out on the plain. She could not understand. Every instinct that was in her warned her that he was the most dangerous of all things, more to be feared than the strongest beasts, the storms, the floods, cold and starvation. And yet this man had not harmed her mate. She sniffed at Kazan's back and head, where the mittened hand had touched. Then she trotted back into the darkness again, for beyond the edge of the forest she once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.

"Be careful, Joan," he warned. She dropped on her knees in the snow, just out of reach.

"Come, boy—come!" she said gently. She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch—two inches toward her. There was the old light in her eyes and face now, and the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another woman with shining hair and eyes had come into his life. "Come!" she whispered as she saw him move, and she bent a little, reached a little farther with her hand, and at last touched his head.

The young woman, by kindness, wins from this fierce wolf-dog a service that saves her life. It's all told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Not Like a Church.

The express elevator in one of the office buildings flew up to the tenth floor. Nobody called for a floor number, nobody spoke.

All at once a timid little voice said: "Mother, please, may I speak?"

"Of course, dear, why not?" answered mother.

"O, it is not here like in church then, isn't it?" came the quite relieved reply.

The Exception.

"I am going to call up that pretty telephone girl and ask her to marry me."

"Then you won't get the usual answer."

"What do you mean?"

"She'll hurry to reply, 'Ring on.'"

FARM LOAN ACT.

VI. Its Social and Economic Effect.

(By Frank R. Wilson, federal loan bureau, Washington, D. C.)

The main points of the federal farm loan act have been set forth in the preceding installments. The reader will readily see that this act is a new thing in this country, and is liable to have an important effect on our social and financial life.

Let us briefly suggest some of its possible effects:

The rapidly increasing cost of living has of late given American thinkers a great deal of uneasiness. The fact is everywhere recognized that our city population has been increasing more rapidly than the rural population. Every day there are some more mouths to feed, but there is only a slowly increased acreage upon which this food is produced. Two important facts are therefore patent:

First, more farms must be established to provide homes for more producers, and, second, the land under cultivation must be farmed more carefully and with more and better equipment to meet the growing demand for food.

The farm loan act will have a strong influence toward a realization of both of these ideals.

Will Reduce Tenantry.

Farm tenantry is a curse whose worst effects are lowered fertility and inefficient farm methods. The tenant is not a normal farmer. The transient nature of his living makes maximum production impossible. He is often not a meat producer, because he is not on one farm long enough to build up a herd of live stock. He is a grain farmer, and a grain farmer is a sapper of fertility. He is engaged in the pastime of hauling the fertility of his landlord's soil to market. With approximately one-half of the farm lands of the country in the hands of tenants, America is cashing in her land fertility at an amazing rate.

The farm loan act has for one of its important purposes the placing of land into the hands of owners who will farm it with the inspiration that comes from ownership. The owner of land treats it so as to conserve its fertility. He is a permanent fixture in the neighborhood. He markets his crop through his live stock, returning the fertility to the soil. A nation of land owners means a nation with a constantly increasing capacity to produce food for its people.

But the farm loan act will do more for agriculture than merely supplying cheap money. The act actually specifies how the money borrowed shall be spent. It says that unless used to pay debts, it shall be spent on things that will contribute to more production on the same acreage. So the farm loan act means a higher and better type of agriculture.

Will Stimulate Co-Operation.

But some students of the act believe its greatest contribution will be the stimulation to the practice of co-operation. Co-operation is its basic fact. Farmers are required to get together into groups to secure its benefits. When they put their mortgages together for the sake of getting cheaper money, they will also form the habit of co-operating in other problems of common interest. Who knows but that these co-operative associations may become the business and social units of farm society?

The financial saving to the farmers of America would alone be enough to justify this enactment. On a volume of four billion dollars our farmers are paying now nearly 9 per cent annually, all of which is a tax on all the people because it limits consumption by handicapping the producer. If this rate should be reduced by 4 per cent it would mean an actual annual saving of \$160,000,000. But this estimate of the money to be saved does not take into consideration the fact that the normal volume of farm loan business will greatly increase with an advantageous interest rate.

The success of the farm loan banking system is now up to the farmers themselves. They have been given the co-operative machinery to finance themselves without profit to any individuals. They have been given the machinery for governing their own financial institutions and maintaining control of them. So carefully is their ownership guarded, no matter who buys stock in the federal land banks, that eventually none but the farmers may have voting power.

Yes, the federal farm loan act is somewhat revolutionary. It upsets all past practices in farm finance. It puts the interests of the majority above the interest of the few. It gives the under dog a chance. It writes "Humanity First" across the ledger of modern business.

Frankly Admitted.

"Do you enjoy grand opera?"

"I might," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If in talking about it I weren't obliged to use words that I can't pronounce and don't understand."

Faint Heart.

"She had a hard time finding a piece of mistletoe to hang in her parlor."

"Gee! She is too pretty and charming to need mistletoe!"

"Sure she is. It's the fellow who calls upon her that needs it."

More Pleasure to Give.

Baker—How did that box of cigars I gave you affect you?

Egerton—Made me generous.

"How so?"

"I gave all of them away but the first one I smoked."

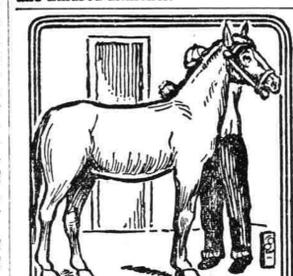
NOTICE TO SICK WOMEN

Positive Proof That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves Suffering.

Bridgeton, N. J.—"I cannot speak too highly of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for inflammation and other weaknesses. I was very irregular and would have terrible pains so that I could hardly take a step. Sometimes I would be so miserable that I could not sweep a room. I doctored part of the time but felt no change. I later took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt a change for the better. I took it until I was in good healthy condition. I recommend the Pinkham remedies to all women as I have used them with such good results."—Mrs. MILFORD T. CUMMINGS, 322 Harmony St., Penn's Grove, N. J.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence of the excellence of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a remedy for the distressing ills of women such as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, backache, painful periods, nervousness and kindred ailments.

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or swellings, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.



For Lameness

Keep a bottle of Yager's Liniment in your stable for spavin, curb, splint or any enlargement, for shoulder slip or swellings, wounds, galls, scratches, collar or shoe boils, sprains and any lameness. It absorbs swellings and enlargements, and dispels pain and stiffness very quickly.

YAGER'S LINIMENT

This liniment is the most economical to use as a 25 cent bottle contains four times as much as the usual bottle of liniment sold at that price. Sold by all dealers. GILBERT BROS. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

STOCK LICK IT—STOCK LIKE IT

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Contains Copper for Worms, Sulphur for the Blood, Sulfur for the Kidneys, Nux Vomica, Tonic, and Pure Dairy Salt. Used by Veterinarians 12 years. No Dosing. Drop Brick in feed-box. Ask your dealer for Blackman's or WRITE BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

DRIVE MALARIA OUT OF THE SYSTEM

BABEK for That Tired Feeling

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ECZEMA! Money back without question if HUNT'S CURE fails in the treatment of ITCHING ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 50c at druggists, or direct from A. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

DAISY FLY KILLER Blood anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or sent by express prepaid for \$1.

HAROLD BOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam A softer preparation for men. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Dead Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Pa's Fun. "What is your father's favorite amusement?" "Joshing ma, I guess."

Mean. "My face is my fortune." "Heavens! What has kept you out of bankruptcy?"

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