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Gave Up Hope

"I suffered five years, with awful pains, due to womanly troubles," writes Mrs. M. D. McPherson, from Chadbourne, N. C. "They grew worse, till I would often faint. I could not walk at all, and I had an awful hurting in my side; also a headache and a backache. I gave up and thought I would die, but my husband urged me to try Cardui, so, I began, and the first bottle helped me. By the time the third bottle was used, I could do all my work. All the people around here said I would die, but Cardui relieved me."

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For more than 50 years, Cardui has been relieving woman's sufferings, and making weak women strong and well. During this time, thousands of women have written, like Mrs. McPherson, to tell of the really surprising results they obtained by the use of this purely vegetable, tonic remedy for women. Cardui strengthens, builds, restores, and relieves or prevents unnecessary pain and suffering from womanly troubles. If you are a woman, begin taking Cardui, today.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. For Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 146

The Girl in Yellow

By Louise Merrifield

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It was dark and fragrant in the garden. Nevin left the crowded rooms with a quick sense of relief. He hated dancing with a lot of other girls when the only one he wanted avoided him. But he had caught her at last. And he was sure that no one would miss any of them.

Down through the shadowy alleys of shrubbery he strode keeping in view the faint gleam of her gown. It was a pale yellow one. Mightily few girls wore yellow. It suited Irma's dark, piquant face perfectly. And she wore no jewels. He had noticed that also.

Nevin knew that she must have seen him. His cadet suit would have betrayed him if nothing else in the moonlight. But even the moon barely gave any light here under the pines. He set his teeth and followed the trail desperately.

For four weeks the cadets had encamped at Point of Pines and had owned the place, but none of the boys had received a worse wound in the lists of love than Ted Nevin.

"You've got about as much show as Puffy Blake," the boys told him. Puffy was the homeliest and happiest boy in the troop, and absolutely impervious to love. "You pick out your colonel's niece and you're only a year out of the Point."

"The old man's got five nieces and 'As if that lessened their value, Ted, lad. Go to, child; go to." But Ted had met her eyes and he was not afraid. Diligently he attached himself to the entourage of the colonel's wife. Valiantly he became tame cat, and fetched and carried for all of her three grown-up daughters, and some of the other nieces, all to get a quick, flashing smile and a shy, sidelong glance of amused understanding from Irma's

eyes. Understand? Of course, she did. Who could help it, when his hungry, pleading gaze haunted her day after day?—and the touch of his hand was different from all other hands, when they happened to dance together. They did not talk while they danced, and Irma smiled when she thought of those dances. Even Aunt Frances could not guess the possibilities of a dance for getting better acquainted, even when one did not talk.

But this was positively the only opportunity he had had of seeing her alone, and Ted seized it. Yet when he finally caught up with her he was speechless. She had stopped, too, at sound of his hurrying footsteps in the narrow, hedge-bordered walk. It was so dark he could not see her face, and even so she turned from him before he knew or thought of what he would do next, he had reached out and taken her hands. She drooped her head and Ted bent quickly and kissed her—not on the lips. She gave him no chance, but on the cheek, her dear, soft cheek, with the tuft, fragrant hair curling around it.

And then, just as he was about to speak, there came the sound of laughter and merry, girlish voices in the garden close by.

"Where are you?" they called. "We're going down to the shore. It's too warm to dance."

The next instant Ted found himself alone. The yellow dress had vanished precipitately down the dark gateway, and he went back to the hotel, glowing, triumphant and full of such assurance that when he saw the colonel's wife he went over and fanned her as if he already called her aunt.

It was only after their next walk that he found a chance of speaking to Irma. She seemed so self-possessed and genteel that he envied her. He almost trembled as he asked her if she would go into the garden with him. He wondered how she could help hearing his heart beat as they passed away from the crowd together.

There was a Roman seat out on the terrace that overlooked the sea, and Ted led her there.

"I am afraid Aunt Frances will miss me," Irma said, doubtfully. "We should have asked her first. I think."

"Nonsense! I left her talking to four subs. She's good for an hour. Irma, you darling, isn't it great to be alone for half a minute. Great Scott, but I've worked for that."

Boightly, he threw his hat on the ground and turned to her.

"I never was sure until tonight, you know."

"Sure of what?"

"Of you, just you," he said softly, under his breath.

"I think you are almost too sure"

don't you, Mr. Nevin?" Irma asked demurely.

"You'll scold. I'll be humble and good. But you and I know, don't we, dear? We've known all the while, every time we met, and every time we lanced together, every time you looked at me. You did care, didn't you? Look at me now. I can see your eyes in the moonlight, and tell, Irma."

The girl caught her breath, and leaped back from his reaching, eager arms, but they caught her and drew her close to him. When he raised his head from hers his voice sounded husky and with a new ring of manliness.

"I'm going to the colonel in the morning. I'm twenty-four, and will have my commission this year, and by Jove, we'll be married as soon as he'll let you. Will you take this world-wide trail with me, love?"

She pushed him back from her laughingly, her eyes full of tears.

"That's the nearest proposal you've made to a real proposal of marriage, sir, do you realize it?" she asked. "You take a great deal for granted, sir, after one kiss."

"One. Of course—it was—it was—long enough for two, but it was only one, really."

Ted hesitated, and thought hard. "Did I only kiss you once tonight, Irma?" he asked.

"You should know."

"Oh, of course, of course, I should know. Guess I do know, you sweet heart," he added fervently.

"There comes the girls," whispered Irma, suddenly. "They've been down to the beach for a stroll. I think you know them all excepting Phyllis, my other cousin; the girl in yellow."

Very dignified Ted looked as he stood up to face the ordeal when the flock of girls came up to them. Much he trusted to the discretion of Phyllis, much to the memory of Phyllis, when it may not be necessary to send the entire machine. Then the film can be shown at the regular motion picture institution of the neighborhood at little cost.

In addition to enabling the salesman to enter a prospect's office and give a demonstration of the machine in operation, says the Iron Age, films may be shipped to prospective buyers when it may not be necessary to send the entire machine. Then the film can be shown at the regular motion picture institution of the neighborhood at little cost.

The picture machine is equipped with an attachment for showing single slides, which of course may be colored or may be reproductions of drawings to elucidate features of the design not conveniently explained with the motion picture. Of course with a motion picture machine the reels may be stopped at any point and a definite operation studied with care.

The possibilities of the application of the motion picture machine are of course great and it is interesting to add that the company has had such a degree of success in introducing the machine that on October 1 it expects to have a plant of double present capacity for turning out films, slides and picture machines.

Lost on Steamship.

A new plot for the writers of sea-tales became public property the other day when the Olympic, the largest ocean liner in the world, arrived at New York and reported that two stowaways found aboard soon after the liner left Southampton, England, broke out of the ship's jail and managed successfully to hide themselves in the vessel's vast interior.

That they had not been discovered up to the time the passengers landed the two stowaways after their discovery were locked in a third-class state room. They escaped and disappeared somewhere within the ten miles' long space which the Olympic's myriad passages and pieces of concealment present. Every exit was closely guarded as the passengers disembarked, but no trace was found of the wily stowaways. If they escape altogether their adventure will become an epic in sea tales.

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride.

To earn money of a fearful kind in the (at)skills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing trouble, coughs and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Texas, "after four in our family had died with consumption, and I gained 87 pounds." Nothing so sure and safe for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

It's easy for an old bachelor to acquire a wife. All he has to do is pose as a woman hater and some woman will do the rest.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

BY HENRY N. COBB.

The way is dark, my Father. While the cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders roar above me. See, I stand Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand, And through the gloom lead safely home, Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight Sees ghastly visions. Fears, a spectral band, Encompass me, O Father! take my hand, And from the night lead up to light, Thy child.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal; While yet I journey through this weary land, Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand; Quickly and straight lead to heaven's gate, Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father. Many a thorn Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn And bleeding mark the way. Yet thy command Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand; Then, safe and blest, lead me up to rest, Thy child.

The throng is great, my Father. Many a doubt And fear and danger compass me about; And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand Or go alone. O Father, take my hand, And through the throng lead safe along, Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father, I have borne It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn And fainting spirit rise to that blest land Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand, And reaching down, lead to the crown, Thy child.

"THE GRACIOUS ANSWER"

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light. I would not always have thee walk by sight. My dealing now thou canst not understand, I meant it so; but I will take thy hand, And through the gloom lead safely home My child.

The day goes fast, my child. But is the night Darker to me than day? In Me is light. Keep close to Me, and every spectral band Of fear shall vanish. I will take thy hand, And through the night lead up to light, My child.

The way is long, my child. But it shall be Not one step longer than is best for thee; And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand, And quick and straight lead to heaven's gate, My child.

The path is rough, my child. But Oh, how sweet Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet. When thou shalt reach the borders of that land To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand, And safe and blest with Me shall rest, My child.

The throng is great, my child. But at thy side Thy Father walks; then be not terrified, For I am with thee; will thy toes command To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand, And through the throng lead safe along, My child.

The cross is heavy, child. Yet there was One Who bore a heavier for thee; My Son, My well-beloved. For Him bear thine, and stand With Him at last; and, from thy Father's hand, Thy cross laid down, receive a crown, My child.

TANGLED. Futile Worry.

"I am at home to no one except Mr. Brown," said the lady to her new maid. "Now be sure and remember that."

She stayed at home all the afternoon but nobody was announced. Then she sent for the girl.

"Didn't anybody call?" she asked impatiently.

"Yes, ma'am. Five gentlemen. And I told 'em all you wasn't home to anybody but Mr. Brown, and they all went away, ma'am."

"You idiot! You have alienated all my friends by your stupidity. Didn't any of the gentlemen leave any message?"

"Yes, ma'am. After I'd said it four times I got it mixed up, an' I guess I told the last gentleman that you was home to everybody but Mr. Brown."

THE BYPRODUCT.

The Best Things of Life Come Incidentally.

Before you have gained wisdom in experience you fancy the battle of life is easiest to win by frontal attack and you smash away at it. Later on you come to see that a flank movement is best.

That is to say: You try to do something by direct effort and fail. Then you turn your attention to something else, and, lo, you find that which you sought at first.

For instance: You want to be happy. You try to make yourself happy. You try hard and fail! Then quit trying and conclude that happiness is not won in that way. You conclude that it is best to make others happy. You try that and the first thing you know you are happy.

It is the byproduct. In looking for something else what you want turns up. You have won by the flank movement. There's popularity.

You want to be popular and you try to be. But somehow your smiles do not win. Somehow people come to see that you are working at the popularity business. You fail. Then you conclude it is better to deserve popularity than to win it; that it is better to try to be lovable than to be lovely.

Then you are popular. A woman wants to be beautiful. She follows the directions of the experts of the Sunday papers, the beauty parlors, uses face creams and cosmetics—and fails. She concludes it is better to have good health and a beautiful soul. She perseveres and—

She is beautiful. It may be so even in making money. You try to get rich quick. You fail. Then you conclude you are not cut out for a millionaire. You decide to go slowly and safely and be content.

And the money comes. It is so of fame. He who sets out to be famous and thinks only of fame is apt to fail. When he reorganizes his life and concludes that it is better to deserve fame than to acquire it he is going rightly about the matter. When he merits his fame he gets it.

It is the byproduct. We are built that way.

ALL TRUE.

Anything that is worth reading at all, is worth reading again.

The man who produces excellent writings usually does so in abominable writing.

There is a class of persons whose motto would seem to be: "When in doubt, back out."

Some people contend it's always the cream that rises to the top; but then again, there's froth!

Blessed is the lawyer, for while the family scrappeth over the inheritance, he merrily spendeth the same.

Women are inconsistent, we know; but what about the man who slaves the greater part of his life to make fifty million dollars, and then acquires an ambition to die poor?

HOLDS THE RECORD

"Old Hunks is the meanest man in the community."

"What he been doing now?"

"Got his wife out of the notion of buying a fashionable muff by telling her that muffs are made larger than they used to be because women's hands are growing bigger."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Some women are really unhappy unless they are miserable. A man thinks there is no sin unless it is found out, but a woman thinks it nothing unless people talk about it. Somehow we dislike the man who always tells the bare truth even more than the man who always lies to us. If people would always give the devil his due it would keep them hustling for coin. When a girl throws a man over he is apt to light on his knees in front of another girl.



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Nevin Knew That She Must Have Seen Him.