

HAD TO HIRE THE WASHING

Mrs. Daniels Tells How She Solved That Problem and Several Others As Well.

Slip, Ky.—"I was so sick for 3 or 4 years," says Mrs. J. F. Daniels, of this place, "that I had to hire my washing done most of the time. I had given up hoping for a cure, but my husband kept begging me to try Cardui, so at last I began to take it, and I hadn't taken half a bottle before I could tell it was helping me. Now I can do my washing, and tend my garden. I am fleshier than I ever was before in my life and Cardui made me so. I believe that I would have been in my grave, if I had not taken Cardui. Your medicine is all right. I can't praise it too much."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle-acting effect on the female constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped over a million weak, tired, worn-out women, and should certainly benefit you.

Try it today.

N. E. Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

She Raved.
Mr. Burble—That elocutionist is some queen, isn't she?
Mr. Bored—A raving beauty.

His Wife.
"What do you do for a living, Mose?"
"I'm de manager ob a laundry."
"What's the name of this laundry?"
"Eliza Ann."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM
Take the Old Standard GILVER'S BARKLESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malarial and the iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents. Price 50 cents.

Burning Money.
Blobs—How did he make his money?
Blobs—In smoking tobacco.

Blobs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it.—Denver Times.

Long Time Coming.
Real College Boy (waiting for his change in department store)—This suspense is simply maddening, Bernaldo! Hadn't you better start a tracer after my change?
Saleswoman (meanly, but sweetly)—Just like money from home, isn't it, Archibald?—Drake Delphic.

A Poultry Problem.
"Which is correct," ask the summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"
"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

Malady Worth Having.
"I can't understand my husband, doctor; I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."
"What are the symptoms?"
"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."
"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."—Stray Stories.

A Christmas Criticism.
Orville Wright, discussing flying in New York, said to a reporter:
"The French claim to make the best machines, but our foreign order books tell a different story."
"Our foreign order books give the game away like the little Dayton boy at the Christmas treat. He got from the tree at this treat a pair of trousers, and, waving them around his head, he electrified the entire Sunday school by shouting in a loud and joyous voice:
"Oh, ma, these pants must be new. Pa never had a suit like that."

OLD COMMON SENSE.
Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.
"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.
He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.
In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 58 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



SYNOPSIS.
Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.
Her voice and my arm were bringing me to my senses. "I hear," I said. "I'll sit up in a second. Are you hurt?"
"No, only bruised. Do you think you can walk?"
I drew up one foot after another, gingerly.
"They seem to move all right," I remarked dubiously. "Would you mind telling me where the back of my head has gone? I can't help thinking it isn't there."
She made a quick examination. "It's pretty badly bumped," she said. "You must have fallen on it."
I had got up on my uninjured elbow by that time, but the pain threw me back. "Don't look at the wreck," I entreated her. "It's no sight for a woman. If—if there is any way to tie up this arm, I might be able to do something. There may be people under those cars!"

"Then it is too late to help," she replied solemnly. A little shower of feathers, each carrying its fiery lamp, blew over us from some burning pillow. A part of the wreck collapsed with a crash. In a resolute endeavor to play a man's part in the twagedy going on all around, I got to my knees. Then I realized what I had not noticed before: The hand and wrist of the broken left arm were jammed through the handle of the sealskin grip. I gasped and sat down suddenly.
"You must not do that," the girl insisted. I noticed now that she kept her back to the wreck, her eyes averted. "The weight of the traveling bag must be agony. Let me support the valise until we can get it out."
"Will it have to be cut off?" I asked as calmly as possible. There were red-hot stabs of agony clear to my neck, but we were moving slowly away from the track.
"Yes," she replied, with dumfounding coolness. "If I had a knife I could do it myself. You might sit here and lean against this fence."
By that time my returning faculties had realized that she was going to cut off the safelock, not the arm. The dizziness was leaving and I was gradually becoming myself.
"If you pull, it might come," I suggested. "And with that weight gone, I think I will cease to be five feet eleven inches of baby."
She tried gently to loosen the handle, but it would not move, and at last, with great drops of cold perspiration over me, I had to give up.
"I'm afraid I can't stand it," I said. "But there's a knife somewhere around these clothes, and if I can find it, perhaps you can cut the leather."
As I gave her the knife she turned it over, examining it with a peculiar expression, bewilderment rather than surprise. But she said nothing. She set to work deftly, and in a few minutes the bag dropped free.
"That's better," I declared, sitting up. "Now, if you can pin my sleeve to my coat, it will support the arm so we can get away from here."
"The pin might give," she objected, "and the jerk would be terrible." She looked around, puzzled; then she got up, coming back in a minute with a dragged, partly scorched sheet. This she tore into a large square, and after she had folded it, she slipped it under the broken arm and tied it securely at the back of my neck.
The relief was immediate, and, picking up the sealskin bag, I walked slowly beside her, away from the track.
The first act was over; the curtain fallen. The scene was "struck."

CHAPTER IX.
The Halcyon Breakfast.
We were still dazed, I think, for we wandered like two troubled children, our one idea at first to get as far away as we could from the horror behind us. We were both bare-headed, grimy, pallid through the grit. Now and then we met little groups of country folk hurrying to the track; they stared at us curiously, and some wished to question us. But we hurried past them; we had put the wreck behind us. That way lay madness.
Only once the girl turned and looked behind her. The wreck was hidden, but the smoke cloud hung heavy and dense. For the first time I remembered that my companion had not been alone on the train.
"It is quiet here," I suggested. "If you will sit down on the bank I will go back and make some inquiries. I've been criminally thoughtless. Your traveling companion—"
She interrupted me, and something of her splendid poise was gone. "Please don't go back," she said. "I'm afraid it would be of no use. And—I don't want to be left alone."
Heaven knows I did not want her to be alone. I was more than content to walk along beside her aimlessly, for any length of time. Gradually, as she lost the exaltation of the moment, I was gaining my normal condition of mind. I was beginning to realize that I had lacked the morning grace of a shave, that I looked like some lost hope of yesterday, and that my left shoe pinched outrageously. A man does not rise triumphantly above such handicaps. The girl, for all her disordered hair and the crumpled linen of her waist, in spite of her missing hat and the small gold bag that hung forlornly from a broken chain, looked exceedingly lovely.

"Then I won't leave you alone," I said manfully, and we stumbled on together. Thus far we had seen nobody from the wreck, but well up the lane we came across the tall dark woman who had occupied lower 11. She was half crouching beside the road, her black hair about her shoulders, and an ugly bruise over her eye. She did not seem to know us, and refused to accompany us. We left her there at last, babbling incoherently and rolling in her hands a dozen pebbles she had gathered in the road.
The girl shuddered as we went on. Once she turned and glanced at my bandage. "Does it hurt very much?" she asked.
"It's growing rather numb. But it might be worse," I answered mendaciously. If anything in this world could be worse, I had never experienced it.
And so we trudged on bareheaded

under the summer sun, growing parched and dusty and weary, doggedly leaving behind us the pillar of smoke. I thought I knew of a trolley line somewhere in the direction we were going, or perhaps we could find a horse and trap to take us into Baltimore. The girl smiled when I suggested it.
"We will create a sensation, won't we?" she asked. "Isn't it queer—or perhaps it's my state of mind—but I keep wishing for a pair of gloves, when I haven't even a hat!"
When we reached the main road we sat down for a moment, and her hair, which had been coming loose for some time, fell over her shoulders in little waves that were most alluring. It seemed a pity to twist it up again, but when I suggested this, cautiously, she said it was troublesome and got in her eyes when it was loose. So she gathered it up, while I held a row of little shell combs and pins, and when it was done it was vastly becoming, too. Funny about hair: A man never knows he has it until he begins to lose it, but it's different with a girl. Something of the unconventional situation began to dawn on her as she put in the last hair pin and patted some stray locks to place.
"I have not told you my name," she said abruptly. "I forgot that because I know who you are, you know nothing about me. I am Alison West, and my home is in Richmond."
So that was it! This was the girl

of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, if she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath.
"Just a twinge," I said, when she glanced up quickly. "It's very good of you to let me know, Miss West. I have been hearing delightful things about you for three months."
"From Richey McKnight?" She was frankly curious.
"Yes. From Richey McKnight," I assented. Was it any wonder McKnight was crazy about her? I dug my heels into the dust.
"I have been visiting near Cresson, in the mountains," Miss West was saying. "The person you mentioned, Mrs. Curtis, was my hostess. We were on our way to Washington together." She spoke slowly, as if she wished to give the minimum of explanation. Across her face had come again the baffling expression of perplexity and trouble I had seen before.
"You were on your way home, I suppose?" Richey spoke about seeing you," I floundered, finding it necessary to say something. She looked at me with level, direct eyes.
"No," she returned quietly. "I did not intend to go home. I—well, it doesn't matter; I am going home now."
A woman in a calico dress, with two children, each an exact duplicate of the other, had come quickly down the road. She took in the situation at a glance, and was explosively hospitable.
"You poor things," she said. "If you'll take the first road to the left over there, and turn in at the second pigsty, you will find breakfast on the table and a coffee pot on the stove. And there's plenty of soap and water, too. Don't say one word. There isn't a soul there to see you."
We accepted the invitation and she hurried on toward the excitement and the railroad. I got up carefully and helped Miss West to her feet.
"At the second pigsty to the left," I repeated, "we will find the breakfast I promised you seven eternities ago. Forward to the pigsty!"
We said very little for the remainder

of that walk. I had almost reached the limit of endurance; with every step the broken ends of the bone grated together. We found the farmhouse without difficulty, and I remember wondering if I could hold out to the end of the old stone walk that led between hedges to the door.
"Allah be praised," I said with all the voice I could muster. "Behold the coffee pot!" And then I put down the cup and folded up like a jack-knife on the porch floor.
When I came around something hot was trickling down my neck, and a despairing voice was saying, "Oh, I don't seem to be able to pour it into your mouth. Please open your eyes."
"But I don't want it in my eyes," I replied dreamily. "I haven't any idea what came over me. It was the shoes, I think; the left one is a red-hot torture." I was sitting by that time and looking across into her face.
Never before or since have I fainted, but I would do it joyfully, a dozen times a day, if I could waken again to the blissful touch of soft fingers on my face, the hot ecstasy of coffee spilled by those fingers down my neck. There was a thrill in every tone of her voice that morning. Before long my loyalty to McKnight would step between me and the girl he loved; life would develop new complexities. In these early hours after the wreck, full of pain as they were, there was nothing of the suspicion and distrust that came later. Shorn of our gauds and

baubles, we were primitive man and woman, together; our world for the hour was the deserted farmhouse, the slope of wheatfield that led to the road, the woodland lot, the pasture.
We breakfasted together across the homely table. Our cheerfulness, at first sheer reaction, became less forced as we ate great slices of bread from the granny-oven back of the house, and drank hot fluid that smelled like coffee and tasted like nothing that I have ever swallowed. We found cream in stone jars, sunk deep in the chill water of the springhouse. And there were eggs, great yellow-brown ones—a basket of them.
So, like two children awakened from a nightmare, we chatted over our food; we hunted mutual friends, we laughed together at my feeble witticisms, but we put the horror behind us resolutely. After all, it was the hat with the green ribbons that brought back the strangeness of the situation.
All along I had had the impression that Alison West was deliberately put-

ting out of her mind something that obtruded now and then. It brought with it a return of the puzzled expression that I had surprised early in the day, before the wreck. I caught it once, when, breakfast over, she was tightening the sling that held the broken arm. I had prolonged the morning meal as much as I could, but when the wooden clock with the pink roses on the dial pointed to half after ten, and the mother with the duplicate youngsters had not come back, Miss West made the move I had dreaded.
"If we are to get into Baltimore at all we must start," she said, rising. "You ought to see a doctor as soon as possible."
"Hush," I said warningly. "Don't mention the arm, please; it is asleep now. You may rouse it."
"If I only had a hat," she reflected. "It wouldn't need to be much of one, but—" She gave a little cry and darted to the corner. "Look," she said triumphantly, "the very thing. With the green streamers tied up in a bow, like this—do you suppose the child would mind? I can put \$5 or so here—that would buy a dozen of them."
It was a queer affair of straw, that hat, with a round crown and a rim that flopped dismally. With a single movement she had turned it up on one side and fitted it to her head. Grotesque by itself, when she wore it it was a thing of joy.
Evidently the lack of head covering had troubled her, for she was elated at her find. She left me, scrawling a note of thanks and pinning it with a bill to the tablecloth, and ran upstairs to the mirror and the promised soap and water.
I did not see her when she came down. I had discovered a bench with a tin basin outside the kitchen door, and was washing, in a helpless, one-sided way. I felt rather than saw that she was standing in the doorway, and I made a final plunge into the basin.
"How is it possible for a man with only a right hand to wash his left ear?" I asked from the roller towel. I was distinctly uncomfortable: Men are more rigidly creatures of convention than women, whether they admit it or not. "There is so much soap on me still that if I laugh I will blow bubbles. Washing with rain water and home-made soap is like motoring on a slippery road. I only struck the high places."
Then, having achieved a brilliant polish with the towel, I looked at the girl.

She was leaning against the frame of the door, her face perfectly colorless, her breath coming in slow, difficult respirations. The erratic hat was pinned to place, but it had slid rakishly to one side. When I realized that she was staring, not at me, but past me to the road along which we had come, I turned and followed her gaze. There was no one in sight; the lane stretched dust white in the sun—no moving figure on it, no sign of life.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold and Aloof.
"Lord Curzon, during the visit that ended in his marriage to Miss Leiter proved very interesting in his cold, proud way."
The speaker, a Chicagoan, smiled and resumed:
"Cold and proud as young George Curzon was, he regarded the house of lords as colder and prouder. He told me once that when he asked his father if his first speech in the house of lords had been difficult the old gentleman replied:
"Difficult! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight!"

A Mother's Anxiety.
Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen.
Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

"No, I Did Not Intend to Go Home."
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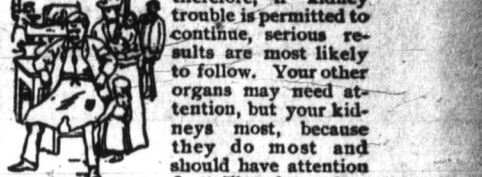
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Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work. Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.



Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for much sickness and suffering, therefore, if kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are most likely to follow. Your other organs may need attention, but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

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