

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

'California Syrup of Figs' can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children 'California Syrup of Figs' that this is their ideal laxative...

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother!

Millions of mothers keep 'California Syrup of Figs' handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow.

German Coal Supply Twice Britain's. Professor Lechner, an Austrian, estimates that at the present rate of consumption the coal mines of Great Britain will be exhausted in 720 years...



He was a famous man who had lost himself through fear, but found courage in an inspiring woman's love

Mary Roberts Rinehart tells the story

SIDNEY LEARNS SOME VERY PAINFUL TRUTHS AND FEAR ENTERS DOCTOR MAX'S SOUL

A mysterious stranger, K. LeMoyné, takes a room at the Page home, presided over by Sidney, her mother, Anna, and her Aunt Harriet...

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

'I think you can understand,' said K. rather wearily...

After all, Christine had known this, or surmised it, for weeks. But it hurt like a fresh stab in an old wound...

'I don't believe that you have always been of those who only stand and wait,' said Christine...

'There's very little to tell. I held a trust. When I discovered that I was unfit to hold that trust any longer, I quit. That's all.'

His tone of finality closed the discussion. But Christine's eyes were on him often that evening, puzzled, rather sad.

'I've taken your whole evening,' he said remorsefully. 'Why don't you tell me I am a nuisance and send me off?'

Christine was still at the piano, her hands on the keys. She spoke without looking at him:

'I forgot to tell you,' she went on. 'Father has given Palmer five thousand dollars. He's going to buy a share in a business.'

'That's fine.' 'Possibly, I don't believe much in Palmer's business ventures.'

'I hate to go and leave you alone,' he said at last from the door. 'Have you any idea when Palmer will be back?'

'Not the slightest, K. Will you come here a moment? Stand behind me; I don't want to see you, and I want to tell you something.'

He did as she bade him, rather puzzled. 'Here I am.'

'I think I am a fool for saying this. Perhaps I am spoiling the only chance I have to get any happiness out of life. But I was terribly unhappy, K., and then you came into my life, and I—now I listen for your step in the hall. I can't be a hypocrite any longer, K.'

When he stood behind her, silent and not moving, she turned slowly about and faced him. He towered there in the little room, grave eyes on hers.

'It's a long time since I have had a woman friend, Christine,' he said soberly. 'Your friendship has meant a good deal. In a good many ways, I'd not care to look ahead if it were not for you. I value our friendship so much that I—'

'That you don't want to spoil it,' she finished for him. 'I know you don't care for me, K., not the way I—But I wanted you to know. It doesn't hurt a good man to know such a thing. And it isn't going to stop your coming here, is it?'

'Of course not,' said K. heartily. 'But tomorrow, when we are both clear-headed, we will talk this over. You are mistaken about this thing, Christine; I am sure of that. Things have not been going well, and just because I am always around, and all that sort of thing, you think things that aren't really so. I'm only a reaction, Christine.'

haps K. would have taken her in his arms. He was heart-hungry enough, those days, for anything. And perhaps, too, being intuitive, Christine felt this...

'It is because you are good,' she said, and held out her hand. 'Good-night.'

Le Moyné took it and bent over and kissed it lightly. There was in the kisses all that he could not say of respect, of affection and understanding.

'Good-night, Christine,' he said, and went into the hall and upstairs. The lamp was not lighted in his room, but the street light glowed through the windows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sidney went into the operating room late in the spring as the result of a conversation between the younger Wilson and the Head.

'When are you going to put my protégée into the operating room?' asked Wilson, meeting Miss Gregg in a corridor one bright spring afternoon.

'That usually comes in the second year, Doctor Wilson.'

He smiled down at her. 'That isn't a rule, is it?'

'Not exactly. Miss Page is very young, and of course there are other girls who have not yet had the experience. But if you make the request—'

'I am going to have some good cases soon. I'll not make a request, of course; but if you see fit, it would be good training for Miss Page.'

Miss Gregg went on, knowing perfectly that at his next operation Doctor Wilson would expect Sidney Page in the operating room.

The other doctors were not so exigent. She would have liked to have all the staff old and settled, like Doctor O'Hara or the older Wilson. These young men came in and tore things up.

'I Can't Be a Hypocrite Any Longer, K.'

Sidney went into the operating room that afternoon. For her blue uniform, kerchief, and cap she exchanged the hideous operating-room garb: long, straight white gown with short sleeves, and mob cap, gray-white from many sterilizations.

It was while she was standing by the great sterilizer that she heard, through an open door, part of a conversation that sent her through the day with her world in revolt.

The talkers were putting the anesthetizing room in readiness for the afternoon. Sidney, waiting for the time to open the sterilizer, was busy for the first time in her hurried morning, with her own thoughts. Because she was very human, there was a little exultation in her mind. What would these girls say when they learned of how things stood between

her and their hero. Not shameful, this: the honest pride of a woman in being chosen from many.

'The voices were very clear. "She's getting her heart out. "Do you think he has really broken with her?"

'Probably not. She knows it's coming; that's all. "Sometimes I have wondered—" "So have others. She oughtn't to be here, of course. But among so many there is bound to be one now and then who—'

They were working as they talked. Sidney could hear the clatter of bottles on the tray, the scraping of a moved table.

'He was crazy about her last fall. "Miss Page?" (The younger voice, with a thrill in it.) "Carliotta. Of course this is confidential."

'Surely. "I saw her with him in his car one evening. And on her vacation last summer—"

The voices dropped to a whisper. Sidney, standing cold and white by the sterilizer, put out a hand to steady herself. So that was it! No wonder Carliotta had hated her.

'She was steady enough in a moment, cool and calm, moving about her work with ice-cold hands and slightly-narrowed eyes. To a sort of physical nausea was succeeding anger, a blind fury of injured pride.'

'The voices in the next room had risen above their whisper. "Genius has privileges, of course," said the older voice. "He is a very great surgeon. Tomorrow he is to do the Edwardes operation again. I am glad I am to see him do it."

Sidney still held her hands over her eyes. He was a great surgeon; in his hands he held the keys of life and death. And perhaps he had never cared for Carliotta; she might have thrown herself at him. He was a man, at the mercy of any scheming woman.

She tried to summon his image to her aid. But a curious thing happened. There came, clear and distinct, a picture of K. Le Moyné in the hall of the little house, reaching one of his long arms to the chandelier over his head and looking up at her as she stood on the stairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

'But, Sidney, I'm asking you to marry me.' 'I—I know that. I am asking you something else, Max.'

'I have never been in love with her.' His voice was sulky. He had drawn the car close to a bank, and they were sitting in the shade, on the grass.

'You took her out, Max, didn't you?' 'A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her.'

'That was all?' 'Absolutely. —Good heavens, you've put me through a catechism in the last ten minutes.'

'If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days.'

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

'You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I wonder if you have any idea what you mean to me?'

'You meant a great deal to me, too,' she said frankly. 'until a few days ago. I thought you were the greatest man I had ever known, and the best. And then—I think I'd better tell you what I overheard. I didn't try to hear. It just happened that way.'

He listened doggedly to her account of the hospital gossip, doggedly and with a sinking sense of fear, not of the talk, but of Carliotta herself. Usually one might count on the woman's silence, her instinct for self-protection. But Carliotta was different. Hang the girl, anyhow! She had known from the start that the affair was a temporary one; he had never pretended anything else.

There was silence for a moment after Sidney finished. Then:

'Do you think that K. ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him caddish and hate him if he tried to do so?'

WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Advertisement.

Paterson, N. J.—"I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well and healthy. Some time ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams, did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the aforesaid ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me."—Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SANDE, 36 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.



Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass, if you need special advice.

Caught the Post.

Pat was walking along the road, when, hearing a whir, he looked back, and saw Larry flying fast and furious on a bicycle.

'Hi! wait a minute!' shouted Pat. 'I want to speak to you.'

'I can't. I'm in a hurry. I want to catch the post,' cried Larry, flying by.

Suddenly the bicycle swerved, and crashed into a telegraph pole on the roadside, and Larry and the bike lay in a helpless tangle.

'Begorra!' said Pat with a grin. 'I see you caught the post.'

Dr. Peery's 'Dead Shot' not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose sufficient. Adv.

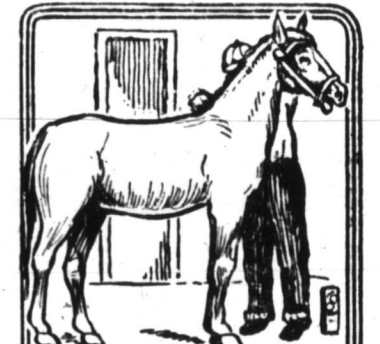
Pure glycerol will help to dissolve fruit stains from linen.

Rest Those Worn Nerves



Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung; when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy headaches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS 50¢ at all Stores Foster-Milburn Co. Props. Buffalo, N.Y.



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.

FROST PROOF CABBAGE PLANTS... F. JAMISON, SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers—it's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the fingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority.

For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug does the moment it is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our readers. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Auto Lifts Itself.

By using a new jack with a rocker-like base an automobile can be made to literally lift itself.

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, GAS 'Pape's Diapepsin' cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes —Time It!

'Really does' put bad stomachs in order—really does' overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that—just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid, head is dizzy and aches, breath foul, tongue coated, your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment 'Pape's Diapepsin' comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home, should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Adv.

Friend Is P.

Mabel—Do you know anything about Tom Brown? —Arthur—Why Tom is my best friend. Mabel—I know that, but is he all right otherwise?

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

The United States yearly spends \$100,000,000 in building public schools.