

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Furgative Waters? Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripes, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Academically Defined.

The professor of mathematics in the college had been married, and now the problem of subsistence upon a small salary beset him sore. He and his wife put into effect all sorts of economies and efficient methods to make ends meet. "And does your wife help you to save?" a friend inquired. "Indeed she does," replied the professor. "In fact, I might call her my co-efficient."

PRAISES CARDUI AS GOD-SEND

To Women. This Alabama Lady's Sincere Expression of Her Experience Will Interest You.

Quinton, Ala.—Mrs. Rebecca Cox, of this place, writes: "About 22 years ago I had been in bad health for a year or more, and it didn't look as though I could get well. . . . The beginning of this trouble, I overdid myself. I began suffering with my back. . . . It hurt so. . . . The doctors said it was change of life. . . . and an operation was all that would help me. I felt I couldn't have that and my husband did not believe in patent medicines. When I asked him to get Cardui, he said: 'That's just a dollar thrown away,' but to please me, he would get it. I suppose there was a year I was never hungry and after taking Cardui, my husband said 'I had better order a carload of corn and meat with it.' After one bottle I felt better. I took about a dozen bottles. I have never had an operation. . . . I have worked in the fields, done our washing, ironing and cooking; we have two orphan children added to our family for which I do as my own. I can praise Cardui as a God-send to women." Cardui, the woman's tonic, is for sale at all druggists. Get it when in need of a good, reliable, strengthening tonic. Give it a fair trial.—Adv.

Solicitude.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I want you to promise that if you decide to enlist you will tell me all about it without delay." "What for?" "I want to speak to the general, so that he won't let you forget your over-shoes and eat things that disagree with you. You know, Charley, you are so careless!"

Mistaken Diagnosis—Doctors Guess Wrong Again

About five years ago I wrote to you that I had been a terrible sufferer from kidney and bladder troubles, and that my physician informed me that my left kidney was in such condition that there was no hope for my recovery. I was advised to try your Swamp-Root as a last resort, and after taking four fifty-cent size bottles, I passed a gravel stone which weighed ten grains. I afterwards forwarded you this gravel stone. Have had no return of any trouble since that time and cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful preparation, Swamp-Root, which cures, after physicians fail.

Very truly yours, F. H. HORNE, Route 3, Box 30, Roseboro, N. C.

Personally appeared before me, this 31st day of July, 1909, F. H. Horne, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JAMES M. HALL, Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

The Point of View.

The Piano Man—How's business? The Scissors Grinder—Fine! I've never seen things so dull.—Puck.

"K"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

"Do you have to walk as fast as this?" "I said I was in a hurry. Once a week I get off a little early to go to the hospital. The Rosenfeld boy—" The monstrous injustice of the thing overcame her. Palmer and she walking about, and the boy lying on his hot bed! She choked. "Well?" "He worries about his mother. If you could give her some money, it would help." "Money? I paid his board for two months in the hospital." When she did acknowledge this generosity—amounting to forty-eight dollars—his irritation grew. Her silence was an accusation. She was too calm in his presence, too cold. Where it had pleased his pride to think that he had given her up, he found that the shoe was on the other foot. At the entrance to a side street she stopped. "I turn off here." "May I come and see you sometime?" "No, please." "That's flat, is it?" "It is, Palmer." He swung around savagely and left her.

The next day he drew over a thousand dollars from the bank. A good many of his debts he wanted to pay in cash; there was no use putting checks through, with incriminating endorsements. Also, he liked the idea of carrying a roll of money around. The big fellows at the clubs always had a wad and peeled off bills like skin off an onion. He took a couple of drinks to celebrate his approaching immunity from debt. At nine o'clock that night he found Grace. She had moved to a cheap apartment which she shared with two other girls from the store. The others were out. It was his lucky day, surely. His drunkenness was of the mind, mostly. His muscles were well controlled. The lines from his nose to the corners of his mouth were slightly accentuated, his eyes open a trifle wider than usual. That and a slight paleness of the nostrils were the only evidences of his condition. But Grace knew the signs. "You can't come in." "Of course I'm coming in." She retreated before him, her eyes watchful. Men in his condition were apt to be as quick with a blow as with a caress. But, having gained his point, he was amiable. "Get your things on and come out. We can take in a roof-garden." "I've told you I'm not doing that sort of thing." He was less steady than he had been. The heat of the little flat brought more blood to his head. He wavered as he stood just inside the door. "You must go back to your wife." "She doesn't want me. She's in love with a fellow at the house." "Palmer, hush!" "I only want to take you out for a good time. I've got money. Look here!" He drew out a roll of bills and showed it to her. Her eyes opened wide. She had never known him to have much money. "Lots more where that comes from." A new look flashed into her eyes, not cupidly, but purpose. She was instantly cunning. "Aren't you going to give me some of that?" "What for?" "I want it for Johnny Rosenfeld." He thrust it back into his pocket, but his hand retained its grasp of it. "That's it," he complained. "Don't lemme be happy for a minute! Throw it all up to me!" "You give me that for the Rosenfeld boy, and I'll go out with you." "If I give you all that, I won't have any money to go out with!" But his eyes were wavering. She could see victory. "Take off enough for the evening." But he drew himself up. "It's my lucky day," he said thickly. "Plenty more where this came from. Do anything for you. Give it to the little devil. I—" He yawned.

His head dropped back on his chair; he propped his sagging legs on a stool. She knew him—knew that he would sleep almost all night. She would have to make up something to tell the other girls; but no matter—she could attend to that later. She paused, in planning on her hat, to count the bills. She had never had a thousand dollars in her hands before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

K. spent all of the evening of that day with Wilson. He was not to go for Joe until eleven o'clock. The injured man's vitality was standing him in good stead. He had asked for Sidney and she was at his bedside. Doctor Ed had gone. K. found Sidney in the room, not sitting, but standing by the window. The dim man was dozing. One shaded light 347936 is a far corner. She turned

slowly and met his eyes. It seemed to K. that she looked at him as if she had never really seen him before, and he was right. Readjustments are always difficult.

Sidney was trying to reconcile the K. she had known so well with this new K., no longer obscure, although still shabby, whose height had suddenly become presence, whose quiet was the quiet of infinite power. She was suddenly shy of him, as he stood looking down at her. He saw the gleam of her engagement ring on her finger. It seemed almost defiant. As though she had meant by wearing it to emphasize her belief in her lover. They did not speak beyond their greeting, until he had gone over the record. Then: "We can't talk here. I want to talk to you, K." He led the way into the corridor. It was very dim. Far away was the night nurse's desk, with its lamp, its annunciator, its pile of records. The passage floor reflected the light on glistening boards.

"I have been thinking until I am almost crazy, K. And now I know how it happened. It was Joe." "The principal thing is, not how it happened, but that he is going to get well, Sidney." She stood looking down, twisting her ring around her finger. "Is Joe in any danger?" "We are going to get him away to-night. He wants to go to Cuba. He'll get off safely, I think." "We are going to get him away! You are, you mean. You shoulder all our troubles, K., as if they were your own."

"I?" He was genuinely surprised. "Oh, I see. You mean—but my part in getting Joe off is practically nothing. As a matter of fact, Schwittler has put up the money. My total capital in the world, after paying for the machine today, is seven dollars." "You, of course," said she. "You find Max and save him—don't look like that! You did, didn't you? And you get Joe away, borrowing money to send him."

He looked uncomfortable, almost guilty. "When I look back and remember how all these months I've been talking about service, and you said nothing at all, and all the time you were living what I preached—I'm so ashamed, K."

He would not allow that. It distressed him. She saw that, and tried to smile. "When does Joe go?" "Tonight. I'm to take him across the country to the railroad. I was wondering—"

"I'd better explain first. Then if you are willing to send him at line, I think it would help. He saw a girl in white in the car and thought it was you, of course. Carlotta was taken ill. And Schwittler and—Wilson took her upstairs to a room."

"Do you believe that, K.?" "I do. He saw Max coming out and misunderstood. He fired at him then." "He did it for me. I feel very guilty, K., as if it all comes back to me. I'll write to him, of course. Poor Joe!"

He watched her go down the hall toward the night nurse's desk. Then he went back into the quiet room. He stood by the bedside, looking down. Wilson was breathing quietly; his color was coming up, as he rallied from the shock. In K.'s mind now was just one thought—to bring him through



"Plenty More Where This Came From."

for Sidney, and then to go away. He might follow Joe to Cuba. There were chances there. He could do sanitation work, or he might try the canal. The Street would go on working out its own salvation. He would have to think of something for the Rosenfelds. And he was worried about Christine. But there again, perhaps, it would be better if he went away. Christine's story would have to work itself out. His hands were tied. "I'd better get away from here," he told himself savagely. Someone entered the room. He thought it was Sidney and turned with the light in his eyes that was only for her. It was Carlotta. She was not in uniform. She wore a dark skirt and white waist and her high heels tapped as she crossed the room. She came directly to him. "He is better, isn't he?" "He is rallying. Of course it will be

a day or two before we are quite sure."

She stood looking down at Wilson's quiet figure. "I guess you know I've been crazy about him," she said quietly. "Well, that's all over. He never really cared for me. I played his game and I—lost. I've been expelled from the school."

Quite suddenly she dropped on her knees beside the bed, and put her cheek close to the sleeping man's hand. When after a moment she rose, she was controlled again, calm, very white. She turned toward the door. But K. could not let her go like that. Her face frightened him. It was too calm, too controlled. He followed her across the room.

"What are your plans?" "I haven't any. I'm about through with my training, but I've lost my diploma."

"I don't like to see you going away like this." She avoided his eyes, but his kindly tone did what neither the Head nor the executive committee had done that day. It shook her control. "What does it matter to you? You don't owe me anything." "Perhaps not. One way and another I've known you a long time." "You never knew anything very good."

"I'll tell you where I live, and—"

"I know where you live." "Will you come to see me there? We may be able to think of something."

"What is there to think of? This story will follow me wherever I go! I've tried twice for a diploma and failed. What's the use?"

But in the end he prevailed on her to promise not to leave the city until she had seen him again. It was not until she had gone, a straight figure with haunted eyes, that he reflected whimsically that once again he had defeated his own plans for flight.

Sidney brought her letter to Joe back to K. She was flushed with the effort and with a new excitement. "The most remarkable thing has happened. What a day this has been! Somebody has sent Johnny Rosenfeld a lot of money. The ward nurse wants you to come back."

The ward had settled for the night. The well-ordered beds of the daytime were chaotic now, torn apart by tossing figures. The night was hot and an electric fan hummed in a far corner. Under its sporadic breezes, as it turned, the ward was trying to sleep. Johnny Rosenfeld was not asleep. An incredible thing had happened to him. A fortune lay under his pillow. He was sure it was there, for ever since it came his hot hand had clutched it.

He was quite sure that somehow or other K. had had a hand in it. When he disclaimed it, the boy was bewildered.

"It'll buy the old lady what she wants for the house, anyhow," he said. "But I hope nobody's took up a collection for me. I don't want no charity."

"Maybe Mr. Howe sent it." "You can bet your last match he didn't."

In some unknown way the news had reached the ward that Johnny's friend, Mr. Le Moyne, was a great surgeon. Johnny had rejected it scornfully.

But the story had seized on his imagination. "Say, Mr. Le Moyne." "Yes, Jack."

He called him "Jack." The boy liked it. It savored of man to man. After all, he was a man, or almost. Hadn't he driven a car? Didn't he have a state license?

"They say that you're a surgeon; that you operated on Doctor Wilson and saved his life. They say that you're the king pin where you came from." He eyed K. wistfully. "I know it's a lie, but if it's true—Don't you think you could do something for me, sir?"

When K. did not reply at once, he launched into an explanation. "I've been lying here a good while. I didn't say much because I knew I'd have to take a chance. Either I'd pull through or I wouldn't, and the odds were—well, I didn't say much. The old lady's had a lot of trouble. But now, with this under my pillow for her, I've got a right to ask. I'll take a chance, if you will."

"It's only a chance, Jack." "I know that. But lie here and watch these soaks of the street. Old, a lot of them, and gettin' well to go out and starve, and— Mr. Le Moyne, you can walk, and I can't."

K. drew a long breath. He had started, and now he must go on. Faith in himself or no faith, he must go on. Life, that had loosed its hold on him for a time, had found him again.

"I'll go over you carefully tomorrow, Jack. I'll tell you your chances honestly."

"I have a thousand dollars. Whatever you charge—"

"I'll take it out of my Board bill in the new house!" At four o'clock that morning K. got back from seeing Joe off. The trip had been without accident. Over Sidney's letter Joe had shed a shamed tear or two. And during the night ride, with K. pushing the car to the utmost, he had felt that the boy, in keeping his hand in his pocket, had kept it on the letter. When the road was smooth and stretched ahead, a gray-white line into the night, he tried to talk a little courage into the boy's sick heart. "You'll see new people, new life," he said. "In a month from now you'll wonder why you ever hung around the Street. I have a feeling that you're going to make good down there."

Joe's response showed his entire self-engrossment.

"If he dies, I'm a murderer." "He's not going to die," said K. stoutly.

At four o'clock in the morning he left the car at the garage and walked around to the little house. He had had no sleep for forty-five hours; his eyes were sunken in his head; the skin over his temples looked drawn and white. His clothes were wrinkled; the soft hat he habitually wore was white with the dust of the road.

As he opened the hall door, Christine stirred in the room beyond. She came out fully dressed.

"K., are you sick?" "Rather tired. Why in the world aren't you in bed?" "Palmer has just come home in a terrible rage. He says he's been robbed of a thousand dollars."

"Where?" Christine shrugged her shoulders. "He doesn't know, or says he doesn't."



"Poor Girl!" He Said. "Poor Christine!"

I'm glad of it. He seems thoroughly frightened. It may be a lesson." In the dim half light he realized that her face was strained and set. She looked on the verge of hysteria.

"Poor little woman," he said. "I'm sorry, Christine."

The tender words broke down the last barrier of her self-control. "Oh, K.! Take me away. Take me away! I can't stand it any longer."

She held her arms out to him, and because he was very tired and lonely, and because more than anything else in the world just then he needed a woman's arms, he drew her to him and held her close, his cheek to her hair.

"Poor girl!" he said. "Poor Christine! Surely there must be some happiness for us somewhere."

But the next moment he let her go and stepped back. "I'm sorry." Characteristically he took the blame. "I shouldn't have done that—You know-how it is with me."

"Will it always be Sidney?" "I'm afraid it will always be Sidney."

CHAPTER XXV.

Johnny Rosenfeld was dead. All of K.'s skill had not sufficed to save him. The operation had been a marvel, but the boy's long-sapped strength failed at the last. K., set of face, stayed with him to the end. The boy did not know he was going. He roused from the coma and smiled up at Le Moyne. "I've got a hunch that I can move my right foot," he said. "Look and see."

K. lifted the light covering. "You're right, old man. It's moving."

"Brake foot, clutch foot," said Johnny, and closed his eyes again. K. had forbidden the white sheets, that outward symbol of death. Time enough for them later. So the ward had no suspicion, nor had the boy. The ward passed in review. It was Sunday, and from the chapel far below came the faint singing of a hymn. When Johnny spoke again he did not open his eyes. "You're some operator, Mr. Le Moyne. I'll put in a word for you whenever I get a chance."

"Yes, put in a word for me," said K. huskily.

He felt that Johnny would be a good mediator—that whatever he, K., had done of omission or commission, Johnny's voice before the Tribunal would count.

Johnny was close on the edge of his long sleep by that time, and very comfortable. It was K. who, seeing he would no longer notice, ordered the screens to be set around the bed, K. who drew the coverings smooth and folded the boy's hands over his breast. The nurse stood by uncertainly.

"How very young he is! Was it an accident?" "It was the result of a man's damnably folly," said K. grimly. "Somebody always pays."

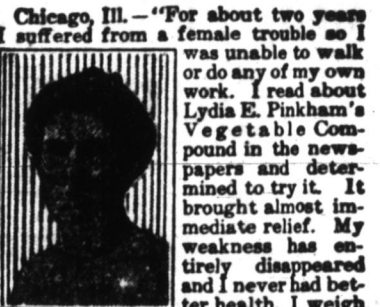
And so Johnny Rosenfeld paid. The immediate result of his death was that K., who had gained some of his faith in himself on seeing Wilson on the way to recovery, was beset by his old doubts. And now came a question that demanded immediate answer. Wilson would be out of commission for several months, probably. He was gaining, but slowly. And he wanted K. to take over his work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Cuba tobacco is planted, grows and harvested in 90 days.

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Could Do No Work. Now Strong as a Man.



Chicago, Ill.—"For about two years I suffered from a female trouble so I was unable to walk or do any of my own work. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and determined to try it. It brought almost immediate relief. My weakness has entirely disappeared and I never had better health. I weigh 165 pounds and am as strong as a man. I think money is well spent which purchases Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. J. O. BRYAN, 1755 Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

True Manliness. "What is your definition, Miss Mabel, of a manly man?" he asked.

Miss Mabel looked at him coldly. The clock struck eleven. She hid a yawn behind her hand and said: "My definition of a manly man, Mr. Skinner, is a chap who doesn't stay on and on and on just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out."

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.

Explains. "What made you so bowlegged?" "Father was a charter member of the Prevention of Disease association."

"Well?" "He used to swat flies on my head."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

A fish diet may not strengthen the brain, but a little fishing trip invigorates the imagination.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A North Carolina Case

N. A. Spence, Sr., 423 S. Wilmington St., Raleigh, N. C., says: "I suffered for years from kidney trouble, I had backaches and pains through my loins and the kidney secretions were unnatural and filled with sediment. After using Doan's Kidney Pills, I passed several gravel stones and improved at once. The aches and pains soon left and the action of my kidneys was regulated."

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