

NO OPERATION FOR HER

She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Escaped the Operation Doctor Advised

Louisville, Ky.—"I wish to thank you for what your medicine has done for me. I was in bed for eight or nine days every month and had a great deal of pain. The doctor said my only relief was an operation. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and tried the Vegetable Compound and the Sanative Wash, and they surely did wonders for me. I feel fine all the time now, also am picking up in weight. I will tell any one that your medicines are wonderful, and you may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. ED. BOEHNLEIN, 1130 Ash St., Louisville, Ky.

Eachache, nervousness, painful times, irregularity, tired and run-down feelings, are symptoms of female troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken whenever there is reason to fear such troubles. It contains nothing that can injure, and tends to tone up and strengthen the organs concerned, so that they may work in a healthy, normal manner. Let it help you as it has thousands of others. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now selling almost all over the world.

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Frozone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops burning, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

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INFLAMED LIDS
It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL'S EYE SALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. 50c at all druggists.

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg
Edwin Balmer

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CHAPTER XV—Continued.

He thanked her and withdrew. He did not look back as Miss Davis closed the door behind him; their eyes had not met; but he understood that she had comprehended him fully. Today he would be away from the Santoline house, and away from the guards who watched him, for at least four hours, under no closer espionage than that of Avery; this offered opportunity—the first opportunity he had had—for communication between him and his friends outside the house.

He went to his room and made some slight changes in his dress; he came down then to the library, found a book, and settled himself to read. Toward noon Avery looked in on him there and rather constrainedly proffered his invitation. Eaton accepted, and after Avery had gone to get ready, Eaton put away his book. Fifteen minutes later, hearing Avery's motor purring outside, Eaton went into the hall; a servant brought his coat and hat, and taking them, he went out to the motor. Avery appeared a moment later, with Harriet Santoline.

She stood looking after them as they spun down the curving drive and onto the pike outside the grounds; then she went back to the study. She dismissed Miss Davis for the day, and taking the typewritten sheets and some other papers her father had asked to have read to him, she went up to him.

Basil Santoline was alone and awake. "What have you, Harriet?" he asked. She sat down and glancing through the papers in her hand, gave him the subject of each; then at his direction she began to read them aloud. As she finished the third page, he interrupted her.

"Has Avery taken Eaton to the country club as I supposed?" "Yes."

"I shall want you to go out there in the afternoon; I would trust your observation more than Avery's to determine whether Eaton has been used to such surroundings."

She read another page, then broke off suddenly.

"Has Donald asked you anything today, Father?" "In regard to what?"

"I thought last night he seemed disturbed about my relieving him of part of his work."

"Disturbed? In what way?" She hesitated, unable to define even to herself the impression Avery's manner had made on her. "I understood he was going to ask you to leave it still in his hands."

"He has not done so yet."

"Then probably I was mistaken."

She read again for half an hour after luncheon, finishing the papers she had brought.

"Now you'd better go to the club," the blind man directed.

She put the papers and letters away in the safe in the room below, and going to her own apartments, she dressed carefully for the afternoon.

As she drove down the road, she passed the scene of the attempt by the men of the motor to run Eaton down. The indifference of her knowledge by whom the attack had been made, made it seem more terrible to her. Unperturbedly he was in constant danger of his restoration, and especially when, as today, he was outside her father's grounds. Instinctively she hurried her horse. She stopped at the club-house only to make certain that Mr. Avery and his guest were not there; then she drove on to the polo field.

As she approached, she recognized Avery's lithic, alert figure on one of the ponies; with a deft, quick stroke

he cleared the ball from before the feet of an opponent's pony, then he looked up and nodded to her. Harriet drove up and stopped beside the barrier; people hailed her from all sides, and for a moment the practice was stopped as the players trotted over to speak to her. Then play began again, and she had the opportunity to look for Eaton. Her father, she knew, had instructed Avery that Eaton was to be introduced as his guest; but Avery evidently had either carried out these instructions in a purely mechanical manner or had not wished Eaton to be with others unless he himself was by; for Harriet discovered Eaton

standing off by himself. She waited till he looked toward her, then signaled him to come over. She got down, and they stood together following the play.

"You know polo?" she questioned him, as she saw the expression of appreciation in his face as a player daringly "rode-off" an antagonist and saved a "cross." She put the question without thought before she recognized that she was obeying her father's instructions.

"I understand the game somewhat," Eaton replied.

"Have you ever played?" "It seems to deserve its reputation as the summit of sport," he replied.

He answered so easily that she could not decide whether he was evading or not; and somehow, just then, she found it impossible to put the simple question direct again.

"Good! Good, Don!" she cried enthusiastically and clapped her hands as Avery suddenly raced before them, caught the ball with a swinging, back-handed stroke and drove it directly toward his opponent's goal. Instantly whirling his mount, Avery raced away after the ball, and with another clean stroke scored a goal. Everyone about cried out in approbation.

"It's very quick and clever, isn't it?" Harriet said to Eaton.

Eaton nodded. "Yes; he's by all odds the most skillful man on the field, I should say."

The generosity of the praise impelled the girl, somehow, to qualify it. "But only two others really have played much—that man and that."

"Yes, I picked them as the expert ones," Eaton said quietly.

"The others—two of them, at least—are out for the first time, I think."

They watched the rapid course of the ball up and down the field, the scurry and scamper of the ponies after it, then the dash of a mallet.

Two ponies went down, and their riders were flung. When they arose, one of the least experienced boys flumped apologetically from the field. Avery rode to the barrier.

"I say, any of you fellows, don't you want to try it? We're just getting warmed up."

Avery looked over to Eaton and gave the challenge direct.

"Care to take a chance?" Harriet Santoline watched her companion; a sudden flush had come to his face, which vanished, as she turned, and left him almost pale; but his eyes glowed. Avery's manner in challenging him, as though he must refuse from fear of such a fall as he had just witnessed, was not enough to excite Eaton's start.

"How can I?" he returned.

"If you want to play, you can," Avery stated bluntly. "Eaton"—that was the man who had just been hurt—will lend you some things; I'll just mount in your and you can have my mount."

Harriet continued to watch Eaton, the challenge had been put so as to give him no ground for refusal but finally.

"You don't care?" Avery taunted him softly.

"Why don't you try it?" Harriet found herself saying to him.

He hesitated. She realized it was not timidity he was feeling; it was something deeper and stronger than that. It was fear; but so plainly it was not fear of bodily hurt that she moved instinctively toward him in sympathy. He looked swiftly at Avery, then at her, then away. He seemed to fear alike accepting or refusing to play; suddenly he made a decision.

"I'll play!" He started instantly away to the dressing rooms; a few minutes later, when he rode onto the field, Harriet was conscious that in some way, Eaton was playing a part as he listened to Avery's directions.

Avery appointed himself to oppose Eaton wherever possible, besting him in every contest for the ball; but she saw that Donald, though he took it upon himself to show all the other players where they made their mistakes, did not offer any instruction to Eaton. One of the players drove the ball close to the barrier directly before Harriet; Eaton and Avery raced for it, neck by neck. Eaton by better riding gained a little; as they came up, she saw Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. And she realized suddenly that Donald had appreciated as fully as herself that Eaton's clumsiness was a pretense. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this. Just in front of her, Donald, leaning forward, swept the ball from in front of Eaton's pony's feet.

For a few moments the play was all at the further edge of the field; then the ball crossed with a long curving shot and came hopping and rolling along the ground close to where she stood. Donald and Eaton raced for it. "Stedman!" Avery called to a teammate to prepare to receive the ball after he had struck it; and he lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's

club was coming down, Eaton, like a dash and apparently without lifting his mallet at all, caught the ball a sharp, snarling stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal-posts, while together with the applause of the stranger arose a laugh at the expense of Avery. But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly to himself; and as she called in praise to Eaton when he came close again, she discovered in him only dismay at what he had done.

The practice ended, and the players rode away. She waited in the clubhouse till Avery and Eaton came up from the dressing rooms. Donald's triumphant satisfaction seemed to have increased; Eaton was silent and preoccupied. Avery, hailed by a group of men, started away; as he did so, he saluted Eaton almost derisively. Eaton's return of the salute was openly hostile. She looked up at him keenly, trying unavailingly to determine whether more had taken place between the two men than she herself had witnessed.

"You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?"

He made no reply. As she began to talk of other things, she discovered with surprise that his manner toward



"You Needn't Wait for Him Unless You Wish; I'll Drive You Back," She Offered.

her had taken on even greater formal and constant form. He had just shared his talk with her father the day before.

The afternoon was not warm enough to sit outside in the club-house; several groups of men and girls who had come in from the club course or from watching the polo practice, she found herself now to be one of these groups composed of some of her own friends, who were talking tea and waters in the recesses between some windows. They motioned her to join them, and she could not well refuse, especially as this had been a part of her father's instructions. The men rose as she moved toward them. Eaton with her; she introduced Eaton, a chair was pushed forward for her and two of the girls made a place for Eaton on the window seat between them.

As they seated themselves and were served, Eaton's participation in the polo practice was the subject of conversation. She found, as she tried to talk with her nearer neighbors, that she was listening instead to this more general conversation which Eaton had joined. She saw that these people had accepted him as one of their own sort to the point of jostling with him about his "lucky" polo stroke for a beginner; his manner toward them was very different from what it had been just now to herself; he seemed at ease and unembarrassed with them. One or two of the girls appeared to have been eager—even anxious—to meet him; and she found herself oddly resenting the attitude of these girls. Her feeling was indefinite, vague; it made her flush and grow uncomfortable; to recognize dimly that there was in it some sense of a proprietorship of her own in him which took alarm at seeing other girls attracted by him; but underneath it was her uneasiness at his new manner to herself, which hurt because she could not explain it. As the party finished their tea, she looked across to him.

"Are you ready to go, Mr. Eaton?" she asked.

"Whenever Mr. Avery is ready."

"You needn't wait for him unless you wish; I'll drive you back," she offered.

"Of course I'd prefer that, Miss Santoline."

They went out to her trap, leaving Donald to motor back alone. As soon as she had driven out of the club grounds, she let the horse take its own gait, and she turned and faced him.

"Will you tell me," she demanded, "what have I done this afternoon to make you class me among those who oppose you?"

"What have you done? Nothing, Miss Santoline."

"But you are classing me so now."

"Oh, no," he denied so unconvin-

ingly that she felt he was only putting her off.

Harriet Santoline knew that what had attracted her friends to Eaton was their recognition of his likeness to themselves; but what had impressed her in seeing him with them was his difference. Was it some memory of his former life that seeing these people had recalled to him, which had affected his manner toward her?

"Were you sorry to leave the club?" she asked.

"I was quite ready to leave," he answered inactively.

"It must have been pleasant to you, though, to be among the sort of people again that you used to know. Miss Furdon—she mentioned one of the girls who had seemed most interested in him, the sister of the boy whose place he had taken in the polo practice—is considered a very attractive person, Mr. Eaton. I have heard it said that a man—any man—not to be attracted by her must be forewarned against her by thought—or memory of some other woman whom he holds dear."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

The mechanicalness of his answer reassured her. "I mean, Mr. Eaton—she forced her tone to be light—Miss Furdon was not as attractive to you as she might have been, because there has been some other woman in your life—whose memory—or—the expectation of seeing whom again—protected you."

"Has been? Oh, you mean before?" "Yes, of course," she answered hastily.

"No, none," he replied simply. "It's rather ungalant, Miss Santoline, but I'm afraid I wasn't thinking much about Miss Furdon."

She felt that his denial was the truth, for his words confirmed the impression she had had of him the night before. She drove on—or rather let the horse take them on—for a few moments during which neither spoke. They had come about a bend in the road, and the great house of her father loomed ahead. A motor whizzed past them, coming from behind. It was only Avery's car on the way home; but Harriet had jumped a little in memory of the day before, and her companion's head had turned quickly toward the car. She looked up at him swiftly; his lips were set and his eyes gazed steadily ahead after Avery, and he drew a little away from her. A catch in her breath—almost an audible gasp—surprised her, and she fought a warm impulse which had all but placed her hand on his.

"Will you tell me something, Miss Santoline?" he asked suddenly.

"What?" "I suppose, when I was with Mr. Avery this afternoon, that if I had attempted to escape, he and the chauffeur would have combined to detain me. But on the way back here—did you assume that when you took me in charge you had my parole not to try to depart?"

She was silent for a moment, thoughtful. "Do you mean that you have been considering this afternoon the possibilities of escape?"

"It would be only natural for me to do that, would it not?" he inquired.

"No."

"Why not?" "I don't mean that I wouldn't try to exceed the limits Father has set for you; you might try that, and of course you would be prevented. But you will not!" (She hesitated, and when she went on she was speaking her father's—her father's—position here.)

"Why not?" "Because you tried to gain it—or—if not exactly that, at least you had some object in wanting to be near Father which you have not yet gained." She hesitated once more, not looking at him. What it was that had happened during the afternoon she could not make out; instinctively, however, she felt that it had so altered Eaton's relations with them that now he might attempt to escape.

"They had reached the front of the house, and a groom sprang to take the horse. She let Eaton help her down; as they entered the house, Avery—who had reached the house only a few moments before them—was still in the hall. And again she was startled in the meeting of the two men by Avery's triumph and the swift stare of defiance on Eaton's face.

She changed from her afternoon dress slowly. As she did so, she brought swiftly in review the events of the day. Chiefly it was to the polo practice and to Eaton's dismay at his one remarkable stroke that her mind went. Had Donald recognized in Eaton something more than merely a good player trying to pretend ignorance of the game? The thought suddenly checked and started her. For how many great polo players were there in America? Were there a hundred? Fifty? Twenty-five? She did not know; but she did know that there were so few of them that their names and many of the particulars of their lives were known to every follower of the sport.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

High Aspirations. Nine-year-old Joseph McKee amazed even his own mother, the other evening. They were discussing automobile accidents, and expressed the hope that they would have none, when he said:

"Mother, I know of a way I'd rather die than in an automobile accident. I'd rather die in an electric chair. It would be the quickest way of all. Wouldn't it?"

We have no Minute Men now. But the nation is full of men any inspector would class as seconds.



Mrs. Hattie Wessinger
Are You Discouraged, Blue?
This Advice Is of Vital Importance to You

Columbia, S. C.—"I was suffering with a breakdown in health, and became discouraged. I suffered with bearing pains and pain down through my limbs, my appetite was poor and I became frail and weak. Nothing I took seemed to do me any good. One day my husband got one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets and we soon decided to try the 'Favorite Prescription.' My husband bought a half dozen bottles to start with. I began to improve at once and before these bottles were gone I was perfectly well and have been well ever since."—Mrs. Hattie Wessinger, 209 Sumpter St.

Your health is the most valuable asset you have—do not delay but obtain this "Prescription" now. At all drug stores in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.



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Sprains—bruises—painful turned ankles—stiff, sore muscles—no family can avoid them.

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You will soon find Sloan's is more useful than any other item in your medicine cabinet. It breaks up the congestion that causes the pain.

Use Sloan's to protect you from pain as you would use an antiseptic to prevent infection. At your druggist's. Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

Doing Well. Senator Hatto said in a Y. M. C. A. address in Kansas: "I am a specialist in getting rich."

Nothing is so important as having your spectacles. A brother was heard to say to a cousin: "Give my love to your George Brown; he's been learning his grammar well. He's been spending more of his spare time, and he's still got as good as his father's topography."

DYED HER BABY'S COAT, A SKIRT AND CURTAINS WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a new, rich color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything. Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.—Advertisement.

On the Links. "Who's the pair of girls in purple golf togs?" "Whites of the field!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cuticura for Pimply Faces. To remove pimples and blackheads smear them with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Once clear keep your skin clear by using them for daily toilet purposes. Don't fail to include Cuticura Talcum. Advertisement.

His Fix. "Try to be content with your lot." "But I have no lot. If I had I would put a house on it!"—Louisville Courier Journal.

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