MRS. EARLS TELLS WOMEN

How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Olean, N. Y. — "Every month my blood would go to my head and I would have such a headache, nosebleed, backache and pains that I could not do my work. At night I could not get my rest and nothing seemed to do me any good. I read some of your testimonials about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, so I decided to try it. I had only taken two bottles when I began to be better, and my back did not hurt me nor my head ache. I felt like a new woman. The Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine and I will always recommend it."—Mrs. A. D. EARLS, 530 N. 5th St., Olean, N. Y.

Mrs. Kelsey adds her Testimony

Copenhagen, N. Y.—"I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pains and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my housework and help my husband out doors, too. I am willing for you to publish this letter if you think it will help others."—Mrs. HERBERT KELSEY, R.F.D., Copenhagen, N.Y.

Remarkable New Alloy.

A young French chemist named Mazarin has invented a new alloy resembling gold and it has been termed "aurum." It has the brightness, ductility and inoxidizability of gold, which qualities will permit its substitution in jewelry and other manufactures where gold is now used. No particulars as to composition seem available.

An obedient wife is the real power behind the domestic throne.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Rheumatic pain — *less every year*

Sloan's is rapidly making widespread suffering from rheumatism a thing of the past. Millions can testify to the grateful relief it brings.

The moment you feel the first twinge of pain—apply Sloan's. Its tingling, penetrating warmth gives instant comfort. Before you realize it the pain disappears.

Try it—you'll find many everyday uses for Sloan's.

Sloan's Liniment-*kills pain!*

For rheumatism, bruises, sprains, chest colds

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

WHAT FUN IT IS TO BE HUNGRY!

YOU can't be well and hearty unless you are properly nourished—you can't be strong unless your appetite is good.

For a keen appetite, good digestion, rich red blood, and the "punch" and "pep" that goes with perfect health. You need Gude's Pepto-Mangan.

Take Gude's for a short time and note the big difference in the way you look, eat and feel.

Your druggist has it—liquid or tablets, as you prefer.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan

Tonic and Blood Enricher

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg

Edwin Balmer

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CHAPTER XVIII

—15—

Pursuit.

Harriet Santoine, that only in a heavy robe over her nightdress and in slippers, went from her father's bedroom swiftly down into the study again; what she was going to do there she did not definitely know. She heard, as she descended the stairs, the steward in the hall outside the study calling up the police stations of the neighboring villages and giving news of what had happened and instructions to watch the roads; but as she reached the foot of the stairs, a servant closed the study doors. The great, curtained room in its terrifying disorder was brightly lighted, empty, absolutely still. She had given directions that, except for the removal of Blatchford's body, all must be left as it was in the room till the arrival of the police. She stood an instant with hands pressed against her breast, staring down at the spots upon the floor. Was one of them Eaton's?

Something within her told her that it was, and the fierce desire to go to him, to help him, was all she felt just now. It was Donald Avery's and her father's accusation of Eaton that had made her feel like this. She had been feeling, the moment before Donald had spoken, that Philip Eaton had played upon her that evening in making her take him to his confederate in the ravine in order to plan and consummate something here. Above her grief and horror at the killing of her cousin and the danger to her father, had risen the anguish of her guilt with Eaton, the agony of her betrayal. Put aside accusation that Eaton had killed Wallace Blatchford, seeing him throwing him—in the light—had swept all that away; all there was of her seemed to have risen in denial of that. Before her eyes, left shut, she saw again the body of her cousin Wallace lying in its blood on the floor with her father kneeling beside it. His blind eyes raised in helplessness to the lights; but she saw now another body, too. Eaton's not there, lying somewhere in the large, wild swept woods shot down by those pursuing him.

She looked at the face of the clock and then down to the pendulum to see whether it had stopped; but the pendulum was swinging. The hands stood at half past one o'clock; now she recalled that, in her first wild gaze about the room when she rushed in with the others, she had seen the hands showing a minute or so short of twenty minutes past one. Not quite a quarter of an hour had passed since the alarm. The pursuit could not have moved far away. She crossed the window through which a few pursuers had passed and stepped out upon the dark lawn. A half mile down the beach she heard shouts and a shot; she saw dimly through the night in that direction a light without rides moving swiftly out in the darkness.

Her hands clasped and pressed against her breast, she stood staring at the sounds of the chase. It had turned west, it seemed. It was coming back her way; but to the east of the house. She dressed the lawn toward the garage. A light suddenly shone out there, and she went on.

The wide door at the one division was pushed open, and some car within working over a pit. His back was toward her, and he was bent over the engine, but, at the glance, she knew him and recalled, gasping, It was Eaton. He turned at the same instant and saw her.

"Oh; it's you!" he cried to her.

Her heart, which almost had ceased to beat, raced her pulses again. At the sound she had made on the driveway, he had turned to her as a hunted thing, cornered, desperate, certain that whoever came must be against him. His cry to her had recognized her as the only one who could come and not be against him; it had hailed her with relief as bringing him help. He could not have cried out so at that instant at sight of her if he had been guilty of what they had accused. Now she saw too, as he faced for, blood flowing over his face; blood soaked a shoulder of his coat, and his left arm dangling at his side; but now, as he drew back his head and straightened in his relief at finding it was she who had surprised him, she saw in him an exultation and excitement she had never seen before—something which her presence alone could not have caused. Tonight, she sensed vaguely, something had happened to him which had changed his attitude toward her and everything else.

"Yes; it's I!" she cried quickly and rushed to him. "It's I! It's I," wildly she reassured him. "You're hurt!" She touched his shoulder. "You're hurt! I knew you were!"

He pushed her back with his right hand and held her away from him. "Did they hurt your father?"

"Hurt Father? No."

"But Mr. Blatchford—"

"Dead," she answered dully.

"They killed him, then!"

"Yes; they—" She iterated. He was telling her now—unnecessarily—that he had had nothing to do with it; it was the others who had done that.

He released her and wiped the blood from his eyes with the heel of his hand. "The poor old man," he said, "—the poor old man!"

She drew toward him in the realization that he could not sympathy for others even in such a case as this.

"Where's the key for the battery and magneto—the key you start the car with?"

She ran to a shelf and brought it to him; he used it and pressed the starting lever. The engine started and he sprang to the seat. His left arm still hanging useless at his side, he tried to throw in the gears with his right hand; but the mechanism of the car was strange to him. She leaped up beside him.

"Move over!" she commanded. "It's this way!"

He slipped to the side and she took the driving seat, threw in the gears expertly, and the car shot from the garage. She switched on the electric headlights as they dashed down the driveway and threw a bright white

"You're Hurt!" She Touched His Shoulder.

glare upon the roadway a hundred yards ahead to the gates. Beyond the gates the pebbled pike ran north and south.

"Which way?" she began to cry of him, slowing the car.

"Stop!" he cried to her. "Stop and get out! You mustn't do this!"

"You need me! You need me!" she said. "Fathers been worth close the gates upon you!"

"The men!" There are no men there now. They [illegible] the beach, I tell you! They [illegible] and something chased [illegible] there that [illegible] Blatchford. They [illegible] the [illegible] were turned [illegible] in a bad [illegible] I [illegible] Eaton!"

Harriet [illegible] the face of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]