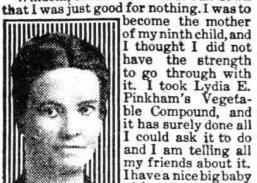
MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Windom, Minn .- "I was so run-down that I was just good for nothing. I was to become the mother of my ninth child, and



girl and am feeling You may use this letter to help other sick mothers." - Mrs. C. A. MOEDE, Box 634, Windom, Minn.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama. - "I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."-Mrs.IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

How Thermopylae Was Fought. In a class of Greek history at an Indianapolis school recently, a youth was asked to tell the story of the battle of Thermopylae.

The fad had unusual descriptive elality, and he proceeded into the story with great zest. None of the metall was left out. The heroic stand was described as few others could do. - and they fought and fought and fought," said the pupil. "They fought until they lost their arms, Then they used their hands."



Keduces swelling of bruises and strains

It may be a sprained wrist or elbow-a bruised muscle—a strained tendon-

You cannot foresee it. But you can keep Sloan's always handy to relieve the pain.

Sloan's brings immediate comfort. It breaks up the congested and inflamed condition and restores normal circulation. Use Sloan's to gnard from pain as you would an antiseptic to prevent infection. Your druggist has it.

Sloan's Liniment-kills pain!



For pimples, black-heads, freckles, blotches, and tan as well as for more serious face, scalp and body cruptions, hives, eczema, etc., use this scientific compound of sulphur. As a lo-tion, it soothes and heals; taken internally a few drops in a glass of water—it gets at the root of the trouble and purifies the blood. Physicians agree that sulphur is one of the most effective blood purifiers known. Re-member, a good complexion isn't skin deep Be sure to ask for HANCOCK SULPHUR COMPOUND. It has been used with satis-

factory results over 25 years. 60c and \$1.20 the bottle at your druggist's. If he can't supply you, send his name and the price in stamps and

we will send you a bottle direct. HANCOCK LIQUID SULPHUR

Baltimore, Md. Hancock Sulphur Compound Ointment was and box for we with the Liquid Compound



O you feel run down and halfsick all the time? Are you thin, pale, easily tired-no energy, no ambition, no "pep"?

Now is the time to take Gude's Pepto-Mangan. It will brace you up, give you a delightful feeling of vigor and ambition, enrich your blood, build firm, solid flesh, and bring the healthy color, back to your skin.

Your druggist has Gude's-Liquid or solid, as you prefer.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan Tonic and Blood Enricher

The Blind Man's Eyes

By William MacHarg, Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER XXI-Continued. -17-

As he struggled forward, impatient at these delays, he came several times upon narrow, unguarded roads and crossed them; at other times the little wilderness which protected him changed suddenly to a well-kept lawn where some great house with its garages and outbuildings loomed ahead, and afraid to cross these open places, he was obliged to retrace his steps and find a way round. The distance from the bridge to the place where the men he was following had got out of their motor, he had thought to be about two miles; but when he bearing-down feelings and pains. I was had been traveling more than an hour, he had not yet reached it. Then, suddenly he came upon the road for which be was looking; somewhere to the east along it was the place he sought. He crouched as near to the road as he dared and where he could look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motorcar with armed men in it passed him, and presently repassed, evidently patrolling the road; its lights showed him a man with a gun standing at the first bend of the road to the east. Eaton drew further back and meyed parallel to the road but far enough away from it to be hidden. A quarter of a mile further he found a second man. The motorcar, evidently, was patroling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As Eaton balted, this second car approached, and was halted, backed

> Its headlights swept through the woods and revealed Eaton. The man standing in the road cried out the alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; he fired a second and third time. Eaton fled madly back into the shad- words in mockery. How would be reow; as he did so, he heard the men turn to her now? As he moved, a erving to one another and leaping | fierce, hot pain from the clotted wound from the car and following him. He in his shoulder shot him through and ed of her. retreated to the woods, went further through with agony and the silence along and came back to the road, lying that upon his face again and waiting till some other car in passing should give him light to see,

Eaton, weak and dizzy from his wounds and confused by darkness and his struggle through the woods, had no exact idea how long it had taken than two hours since he had left Harries. The men he was following ! therefore, had that much start or ham, and this made him wild with inenariance but gid not discourage him. His own wounds, Eaton understood, titude his escape princtically itatiossis bles her tilser may one who saw hard would in thee challenge and details him i and the other man was still more care that Easter feared; it was concoefficient of Lim. The man had been taken tren the cur because his condithen was so sectous that there was no hope of hiding it; Easen thought be must be dead. He expected to find the body converted under dead leaves,

hugrically hidden. The night had eleared a little; to the halth, Eaton could see stars. Sad denly the road and the leafless busines Bt its sides Hashed out in the bright light of a motorcar passing. Eaton strained forward. He had found the place he sought; there was no doubt a car had turned off the road some time before and stopped there. The passing of many cars had so tracked the road that none of the men in the motors seemed to have noticed anything of significance there; but Enton saw plainly in the soft ground at the edge of the woods the footmarks of two men walking one behind the other. When the cer had passed, he crept forward in the dark and fingered the distinct heel and toe marks in the soft soil. For a little distance he could follow them by feeling; then as they led him into the edge of the woods the ground grew harder and he could no longer follow them in

It was plain to him what had occurred; two men had got out of the car here and had lifted out and carried away a third. He knelt where he could feel the last footsteps be could detect and looked around.

The wound in his shoulder no longer bled, but the pain of it twinged him through and through; his head throbbed with the hurt there; his feet were raw and bleeding where sharp roots and branches had cut through his socks and torn the flesh; his skin was hot and dry with fever, and his head swam.

There was not yet light enough to see any distance, but Eaton, accustomed to the darkness and bending close to the ground, could discern the footmarks even on the harder soil. They led away from the road into the woods. On the rotted leaves and twigs was a dark stain; a few steps beyond there was another. Eaton picking up a leaf and fingering it, knew that they were blood. So the man was not dead when he had been lifted from the car. But he had been hurt desperately, was unable to help himself, was probably dying; if there had been any hope for him, his companions would not be carrying him in this way away from any chance of surgical attention.

Eaton followed, as the tracks led

weight. They had stopped frequently to rest and had laid their burden down. Then suddenly he came to a place where plainly a longer halt had

The ground was trampled around this spot; when the tracks went on they were changed in character. The two men were still carrying the third -a heavy man whose weight strained them and made their feet sink in deeply where the ground was soft. But now they were not careful how they carried him, but went forward merely as though bearing a dead weight. Now, too, no more stains appeared on the brown leaves where they had passed; their burden no longer bled. Eaton, realizing what this meant, felt neither exultation nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently alive when taken from the car, was dying. But now he watched the tracks more closely even than before, looking for them to show him where the men had got rid of their burden.

It was quite plain what had occurred; the wet sand below was trampled by the feet of three or four men and cut by a boat's bow. They had taken the body away with them in the with heavy stones in the deep water? Eaton's search was hopeless now,

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched feverishly the shore and the lake. But there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the bluft, hiding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was It he had said to Harriet? "I will come back to you-as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

CHAPTER XXII

Not Eaton-Overton.

Santoine awoke at five o'clock. The blind man felt strong and steady; he him to get to this place; but he knew | had food brought him; while he was that it could have been hardly less enting it, his merriager returned. Suntoine saw the man alone and,

which it was fastened feld her if tallst be a photograph. "Open it." her "What is it you want to above fin

ther?" she asked. "That is the picture of Exton?"

"Yes." "I thought so,"

she tried to assure herself of the dade of the meaning in her father's tone; but she could not. She under stood that her recognition of the ple ture had satisfied him in regard to something over which he had seen in doubt; but whether this was to work in favor of Hugh and herself-she thought of herself now inseparably with Hugh-or whether it threatened them, she could not tell,

"Father, what does this mean?" she

cried to him. "What, dear?"

"Your having the picture. Where did you get it?" "I knew where it might be. I sent

"But-but, Father-" It came to her now that her father must know who Hugh was, "Who-"

"I know who he is now," her father said calmly, "I will tell you when can."

"When you can?" "Yes," he said. "Where is Avery?" as though his mind had gone to another subject instantly.

"He has not been in, I believe, since neon." "He is overseeing the search for

Enton?" "Yes." "Send for him. Tell him I wish to see him here at the house; he is to remain within the house until I have

seen him." Something in her father's tone startled and perplexed her; she will let you know when you can go thought of Donald now only as the to him. most eager and most vindictive of Eaton's pursuers. Was her father removing Donald from among those seeking Eaton? Was he sending for him because what he had just learned was something which would make more rigorous and desperate the search? The blind man's look and

manner told her nothing. "You mean Donald is to wait here until you send for him, Father?"

"That is it." It was the blind man's tone of disthe picture; at least, as his daughter looking back at him. She would not | me at once." carry the picture away, secretly, like through the woods. The men had love for-Eaton; whatever might be said known as Eaton will never be found | sold it that way."-Life,

she was proud of her love for him. "May I take the picture?" she asked stendily.

"Do whatever you want with it," her father answered quietly.

And so she took it with her. She found a servant of whom she inquired for Avery; he had not returned so she sent for him. She went down to the deserted library and waited there with the picture of Hugh in her hand. The 'day had drawn to dusk. She could no longer see the picture in the fading light; she could only recall it; and now, as she recalled it, the picture itself-not her memory of her father's manner in relation to itgave her vague discomfort. She got up suddenly, switched on the light and, holding the picture close to it. studied it. What it was in the picture that gave her this strange uneasiness quite separate and distinct from all that she had felt when she first looked at it, she could not tell; but the more she studied it, the more troubled and frightened she grew.

The picture was a plain, unretouched print pasted upon common square cardboard without photographer's emboss or signature; and printed with the picture, were four bont. To sink it somewhere weighted plain, distinct numerals—\$253. She did not know what they meant or if they had any real significance, but somehow now she was more afraid for Hugh than she had been. She trembled as she held the picture again to her cheek and then to her lips.

She turned; some one had come in from the hall; It was Donald. She saw at her first glance at him that his search had not yet succeeded and she threw her head back in relief. Seeing the light, he had looked into the library idly; but when he saw her, he approached her quickly.

"What have you there?" he demand-

She flushed at the tone. right have you to ask?" Her instant | father, on hearing Hugh's voice, had beimpulse had been to conceal the picture, but that would make it seem she



She Struggled to Free Herself From Him

was asimmed of it; she held it so Donald could see it if he looked. He did taining him. But the will which had look and suddenly seized the picture computered his disability of blindness from her, "Where did you get this, was holding blue firmly now against Harriet?"

"I won !" "Where did you get it?" he repeat-

ed. "Are you ashamed to say?" "Ashamed? Father gave it to me "Your father!" Avery started; but if anything had caused him apprehension, it instantly disappeared. "Then didn't he tell you who this man Eaton | to a decision upon which he now was | is? What did he say to you?"

"What do you mean, Don?" table beside him and, as she rushed employ his every power in acting for it, he seized both her hands and upon it. held her before him. "Harry, dear!" he said to her. "Harry, dear-"

to me that way:" She struggled to free herself from him.

"I know, of course," he said. "It's toward the picture on the table; the expressed. manner made her furious.

"Let me go, Don!" "I'm sorry, dear." He drew her to long. him, held her only closer.

"Don; Father wants to see you! He wanted to know when he came in; he "When did he tell you that? When

he gave you the picture?" "Yes." Avery had almost let her go; now he held her hard again. "Then he wanted me to tell you about this

Eaton." "Why should be have you tell me about-Mr. Eaton?"

"You know!" he said to her. "What have you to say about him,

Donald?"

"You must never think of him again missal. He seemed to have forgotten | dear; you must forget him forever!" "Donald, I am not a child. If you moved toward the door, he gave no have something to say which you condirection concerning it. She halted, sider hard for me to hear, tell it to

"Very well. Perhaps that is best.

gone very slowly, carrying this heavy | or thought of him, she trusted him; | or, if he is found, he cannot be let to live. Harry, have you never seen a picture with the numbers printed in below like that? Can't you guess yet where your father must have sent for that picture? Don't you know what

> "What do they mean?" "They are the figures of his number in what is called 'The Rogues' Gallery.' And they mean he has committed a crime and been tried and convicted of it; they mean in this case that he has committed a murder."

"A murder!" "For which he was convicted and sentenced."

"Sentenced!"

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those numbers mean?"

"Yes; and is alive now only because before the sentence could be carried out, he escaped. That man, Philip Eaton, is Hugh-" "Hugh!"

"Hugh Overton, Harry!" "Hugh Overton!"

"Yes; I found it out today. The police have just learned it, too. I was coming to tell your father. He's Hugh Overton, the murderer of Matthew Latron!" "No; no;"

"Yes, Harry; for this man is cer

taduly Hugh Overton." "It Isn't so! I know it isn't so!" "You mean he told you he was-

some one else, Harry?" "No; I mean-" She faced him deflantly. "Father let me keep the photograph. I asked him, and he said, To whatever you wish with it.' He knew I meant to keep it! He knows who Hugh is, so he would not have said that, if-if-"

She heard a sound behind her and turned. Her father had come into the room. And as she saw his manner and his face she knew that what Avery had just told her was the truth She shrank away from them. Her hands went to her face and hid it.

She knew now why it was that her come curious about him, had tried to place the voice in his recollectionthe voice of a prisoner on trul for his life, heard only for an instant but fixed upon his mind by the circumstatices aftending It, though those cirmustatores afterward had been forgotten. She knew why she, when she had called at the relature a few retructes. before, had been disturbed and frightsome of things three had said to been ing a managed aspend for bed many figures. then she had spoken on the . It say be need all that ! It sees and to live, in veeps one thank. It did not explain Tittain himself; the kind of usin he ters, the kind of man she knew lim to in-the man she loved be could not be a numberer!

Her hands dropped from her face; she threw her head back proudly and riumphantly, as she faced now both Avery and her father.

"He, the murderer of Mr. Latron!" she eriod quietly. "It isn't see"

The bling man was very pale; he was fully dressed. A servant had supported him and helped him down the stairs and still stood beside him susthe disability of his burys; he seemed composed and steady. She saw compassion for her in his look; and compassion-under the present circumstances-terrified her. Stronger, far more in control of him than his compassion for her, she saw purpose. She recognized that her father had come going to act; she knew that nothing she or anyone else could say would He put the picture down on the alter that decision and that he would

The blind man seemed to check himself an instant in the carrying out of "Don't call me that! Don't speak his purpose; he turned his sightless eves toward her. There was emotion in his look; but, except that this emotion was in part pity for her, she because of him." He jerked his head | could not tell exactly what his look

"Will you wait for me outside, Harriet?" he said to her. "I shall not be

She hesitated; then she felt suddealy the futility of opposing him and the passed him and went out into the hall. The servant followed her, closing the door behind him. She stood just outside the door listening. She heard her father-she could catch the tone; she could not make out the words-asking a question; she heard the sound of Avery's response. She started back nearer the door and put her hand on it to open it; inside they were still talking. She caught Avery's tone more clearly now, and it suddenly terrified her. She drew back from the door and shrank away. There had been no opposition to Avery in her father's tone; she was certain now that he was only discussing with Avery what they were to do, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Technique.

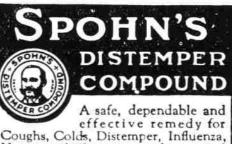
Her Friend-"Why do you hang this this. She was not ashamed of her Dear, either this man whom you have picture upside down?" The Artist-"I



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Please exists Willie for going sense at recess. He got a pain in the boy's tosement and couldn't get me the states,"—Buston Transcript,

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injunted him." "Why shouldn't it? He murdered it."-Jack-o-Lantern.

Getting Back.

"That musician said that the tune

Possible Reason. "Why does the boss get down so early in the morning?" "I think be

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enjoys seeing us come in late."

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