

HELP FOR GIRLS WHO WORK

Mrs. Lodic Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Tyrone, Pa.—"A friend told my husband how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped his wife, so my husband bought me a bottle because I was so run-down, had a nervous weakness, no strength in my body and pains in my left side so bad that I could hardly do my work. Before I was married I used to work in the factory, and I had pains just the same then as I have had since I have done my housework. I would not be without a bottle in the house now. It has stopped the pains all right and I have found out that it is a wonderful body builder, as it has made me well and strong. It is going to be the 'old reliable' with me hereafter, and I am always willing to tell other women how it has helped me. You can use this letter as you wish as I can honestly say that my words are true."—Mrs. M. Lodic, R.F.D. No. 4, Box 40, Tyrone, Pa.

Letters like this bring out the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They tell of the relief from such pains and ailments after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Advertisement for SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND, describing its benefits for horses and other animals.

Three Men and a Maid

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

"ALPHONSO."

Mrs. Horace Hignett, world-famous writer on philosophy, author of "The Spreading Light," etc. etc. arrives in New York on a leaving tour. Eustace, her son, is with her. Whistler, novelist and poet, is also present.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Any special poem?" "Well, she seemed to like my stuff. You never read my sonnet-sequence on spring, did you?" "No. What other poets did she like besides you?" "Tennyson principally," said Eustace Hignett with a reminiscent quiver in his voice. "The hours we have spent together reading the 'Idylls of the King'..."

step in and separate a couple of the brutes, absolute strangers to me, who were fighting in the street. I reminded her that we were all fighters now-days, that life itself was in a sense a fight; but she wouldn't be reasonable about it. She said that Sir Galahad would have done it like a shot. I thought not. We had no evidence whatsoever that Sir Galahad was ever called upon to do anything half as dangerous. And, anyway, he wore armor. Give me a suit of mail reaching well down over the ankles, and I will willingly intervene in a hundred dog fights. But in thin dannel trousers, no!"

Sam rose. His heart was light. He had never, of course, supposed that the girl was anything but perfect; but it was nice to find his high opinion of her corroborated by one who had no reason to exhibit her in a favorable light. He understood her point of view and sympathized with it. An idealist, how could she trust herself to Eustace Hignett? How could she be content with a craven who, instead of scouring the world in the quest for deeds of derring-do, had fallen down so lamentably on his first assignment? There was a special attractiveness about poor old Eustace which might conceivably win a girl's heart for a time; he wrote poetry, talked well, and had a nice singing voice; but, as a partner for life . . . well, he simply wouldn't do. That was all there was to it. He simply didn't add up right. The man a girl like Wilhelmina Bennett required for a husband was somebody entirely different . . . somebody, felt Samuel Marlowe, much more like Samuel Marlowe.



man with legs as long as Bream's might well deposit a cloak on a berth and be back under the half-minute. "Oh, yes! Bream!" "Hello?" "While you're down there just chirp a little more to poor Pinky. He does appreciate it so!" Bream disappeared. It is not always easy to interpret emotion from a glance at a man's back; but Bream's back looked like that of a man to whom the thought had occurred that, given a couple of fiddles and a piano, he would have made a good hired orchestra. "How is your dear little dog, by the way?" inquired Sam solicitously, as he fell into step by her side.

"Much better now, thanks. I've made friends with a girl on board—did you ever hear her name—Jane Hubbard—she's a rather well-known big game hunter and she fixed up some sort of a mixture for Pinky which did him a world of good. I don't know what was in it except Worcester sauce, but she said she always gave it to her mules in Africa when they had the bots . . . It's very nice of you to speak so affectionately of poor Pinky when he bit you." "Animal spirits!" said Sam tolerantly. "Pure animal spirits! I like to see them. But, of course, I love all dogs."

"I only wish they didn't fight so much. I'm always stopping dog fights." "I do admire a man who knows what to do at a dog fight. I'm afraid I'm rather helpless myself. There never seems anything to catch hold of." She looked down. "Have you been reading? What is the book?" "It's a volume of Tennyson." "Are you fond of Tennyson?" "I worship him," said Sam reverently. "Those 'Idylls of the King'—I do not like to think what an ocean voyage would be if I had not my Tennyson with me."

"We must read him together. He is my favorite poet." "Yes, isn't there? I've felt that myself so often." "Some poets are whales and all that sort of thing, while others call it a day when they've written something that runs to a couple of verses, but where Tennyson had the edge was that his long came was just as good as his short. He was great of the tee and a marvel with his chip-shots." "That sounds as though you played golf." "When I am not reading Tennyson, you can generally find me out on the links. Do you play?" "I love it. How extraordinary that we should have so much in common. We really ought to be great friends."

CHAPTER IV It was the fourth morning of the voyage. Of course, when this story is done in the movies they won't be satisfied with a bald statement like that; they will have a Spoken Title or a Cut-Back Sub-caption or whatever they call the thing in the low dens where motion picture scenario-writers do their dark work, which will run: "And so, calm and golden, the days went by, each fraught with hope and youth and sweetness linking two young hearts in silken fetters forged by the laughing Love-God!"

Samuel Marlowe, muffled in a bathrobe, came back to the stateroom from his tub. His manner had the offensive jauntiness of the man who has had a cold bath when he might just as easily have had a hot one. He looked out of the porthole at the shimmering sea. He felt strong and happy and exuberant. It was not merely the spiritual pride induced by a cold bath that was uplifting this young man. The fact was that, as he toweled his glowing back, he had suddenly come to the decision that this very day he would propose to Wilhelmina Bennett. Yes, he would put his fortune to the test, to win or lose it all. True, he had only known her for four days, but what of that? Nothing in the way of modern progress is more remarkable than in the manner in which the attitude of your lover has changed concerning proposals of marriage. When Samuel Marlowe's grandfather had convinced himself, after about a year and a half of respectful attentions, that the emotion which he felt towards Samuel Marlowe's grandmother-to-be was love, the fashion of the period compelled him to approach the matter in a round-about way. First, he spent an eve-

ning or two singing sentimental ballads, she accompanying him, on the piano and the rest of the family sitting on the side lines to see that no rough stuff was pulled. Having noted that she drooped her eyelashes and turned faintly pink when he came to the "Thou-only thee!" bit, he felt a mild sense of encouragement, strong enough to justify him in taking her sister aside next day and asking if the object of his affections ever happened to mention his name in the course of conversation. Further pourparlers having passed with her aunt, two more sisters, and her little brother, he felt that the moment had arrived when he might send her a volume of Shelley, with some of the passages marked in pencil. A few weeks later, he interviewed her father and obtained his consent to the paying of his addresses. And finally, after writing her a letter which began "Madam! you will not have been inensible to the fact that for some time past you have inspired in my bosom feelings deeper than those of ordinary



"I Am, I Am the Bandolero! Yes, Yes, I Am the Bandolero!" "Oh, dear!" she cried. "I must rush. But we shall see one another again up here afterward?" "We will," said Sam. "Well sit and read Tennyson." "Line! Ke-you and I and Mer-mer?" "Oh, no, Bream is going to sit down below and look after poor Pinky." "Does he—does he know he is?" "Not yet," said Billie. "I'm going to tell him at lunch."

"I am the Bandolero!" sang Sam blithely through the soap. "I am, I am the Bandolero! Yes, yes, I am the Bandolero!" The untidy heap of bed-clothes in the lower berth stirred restlessly. "Oh, G—d!" said Eustace Hignett thrusting out a tousled head. Sam regarded his cousin with commiseration. Horrid things had been happening to Eustace during the last few days, and it was quite a pleasant surprise each morning to find that he was still alive.

"Feeling bad again, old man?" "I was feeling all right," replied Hignett chirlishly, "until you began the farnary'd imitations. What sort of a day is it?" "Glorious! The sea . . ." "Don't talk about the sea!" "What I'm trying to say is, 'Will you marry me?'" (TO BE CONTINUED.) Probe Other Side. Wise men ascertain what is on the other side of the hurdle before jumping to conclusions.

INDIGESTION, GAS, UPSET STOMACH

"Pape's Diapiesin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief. Correct your stomach and digestion now for a few cents. Drugists sell millions of packages of Pape's Diapiesin.—Adv.

Sil-maned men don't always make themselves agreeable.

Loosen Up That Cold With Musterole

Have Musterole handy when a cold starts. It has all of the advantages of grandmother's mustard plaster WITHOUT the blister. You just apply it with the fingers. First you feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then comes a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Made of pure oil of mustard and other simple ingredients, Musterole is recommended by many nurses and doctors. Try Musterole for bronchitis, sore throat, stiff neck, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, croup, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pains and aches of the back or joints, sore muscles, sprains, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. It may prevent pneumonia and "flu."

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milk form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, jars and tubes.

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER Better than a mustard plaster

NURSING MOTHERS Make the Place of CALOMEL HANDS Lipo-lax

STOP THAT BAKE-DAY Waste! That's what Millions of women have done with CALUMET The Economy BAKING POWDER Being uniform and dependable it never spoils any of the ingredients used on bakeday THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER BEST BY TEST Sales 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand BOILER FLUES MILL CASTINGS AND SUPPLIES BELTING, PACKING AND LACING WOOD, IRON AND STEEL SHAFTS PULLEYS HANGERS LOMBARD IRON WORKS, AUGUSTA, GA. BUY NOW—NEWLY DISCOVERED BRIGHT Leaf Tobacco leaves. Tracts of 20, 40 or 50 acres, very reasonable terms. Write BAK-WELL & SANDFORD, HAMLET, N. C. Man or Woman Can Make \$20 per day in spare time showing sample and taking orders for famous "Pope" Leatherette and trench slip or hat for men and women. Among those who read this ad will be book-keepers, cashiers, clerks, timekeepers, mail-carriers, postal-clerks, traveling salesmen, who would desire an extra hundred a week. If you have an ambition and wish to make money in either spare or full time, ask for information. THE POE CO., NORFOLK, VA. WANTED—BOXWOOD BRANCHES 5 to 10 inches long, ten lots or less. A. B. PRICE, 225 Virginia Avenue, S. W., WASHINGTON, D. C. WANTED—POULTRY AND EGGS Highest market prices paid. Ship to Greenville and get profits. Write, wire or phone. TEXTILE PROCESS CO., Greenville, S. C. GET THE BEST NORFOLK OYSTERS, 15 per bushel. 2500 Norfolk Avenue, Norfolk, Va. Business. Correspondence solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wainwright & Co., Norfolk, Va. Man has very little use for advice which does not conform to his own opinion. Usually the more the law costs the less justice there is in it. Doctors Prescribe It for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, Chilblains, Etc. Says Dr. S. Wood, Jackson, Mo.—"Merlan Mustang Liniment is a most excellent preparation, in my practice I have used it for Rheumatism, Sprains, etc., and it never failed to effect a cure." Dr. J. L. Gunn, Ashland, N. C.—"After 20 years' experience I will say that Merlan Mustang Liniment is the best remedy for general use that I have ever tried. I often prescribe it." Dr. W. A. Proctor, Homer, Ky.—"It possesses great virtue. The more I use it the better I like it." FREE Write for beautiful SOUVENIR PEN- CIL and pocket-size size with complete directions for using Mustang Liniment for family ailments, and for livestock and poultry. Lyle Mfg. Co., 42 South Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25c - 50c - \$1.00 Sold by Drug and General Stores The Old Standby MEXICAN Since 1848 MUSTANG LINIMENT Avoid & Relieve COLDS INFLUENZA MALARIA BY TAKING WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC It is a Reliable General Invigorating Tonic