

NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN MOTHERS

Worn Out Caring for Children and Housework—See how Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound Helps

Indianapolis, Indiana.—"I was in a very nervous and run-down condition while nursing my baby, and hearing some talk of Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, I began taking it. From the second bottle I noticed a big improvement, and am still taking it. I am not a bit nervous now, and feel like a different person. It is a great medicine for any one in a nervous, run-down condition and I would be glad to give any one advice about taking it. I think there is no better medicine and give you permission to publish this letter."

—Mrs. ANNA BURTON, 541 W. Norwood Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The important thing about Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound is that it does help women suffering from the ailments common to their sex.

If you are nervous and run-down and have pains in your lower parts and in your back, remember that the Vegetable Compound has relieved other women having the same symptoms. For sale by druggists everywhere.

Advertisement for W.L. HAND'S Pivo-lax, featuring an illustration of the product box and text describing its benefits for biliousness, constipation, and indigestion.

BIG ULCER ALL HEALED

"Here is another letter that makes me happy," says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y. "One that I would rather have than a thousand dollars."

Advertisement for CHERRY-GLYCERINE COMPOUND, used for coughs, colds, and bronchitis.

Advertisement for ITCH!, a remedy for various skin conditions.

Laying Down the Law. The Boss—Your face looks very untidy. You haven't shaved for a week.

Advertisement for Hall's Catarrh Medicine, claiming to cure various ailments.

Three Men and a Maid

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

She pushed the curtains apart with a rattle and, at the same moment, from the direction of the door there came a low but distinct gasp which made her resolute heart jump and flutter.

Mrs. Hignett, bold woman though she was, stood for an instant spell-bound, and for one moment of not un-pardonable panic, tried to tell herself that she had been mistaken.

The latter theory was the correct one. Montagu Webster was a man who at many a subscription ball had shaken a wicked dancing-pump, and nothing in the proper circumstances pleased him better than to exercise the skill which had become his as the result of twelve private lessons at half-a-crown a visit.

By the time Mrs. Hignett had pulled herself together sufficiently to feel brave enough to venture into the hall, Webster's presence of mind and Smith's gregariousness had combined to restore that part of the house to its normal nocturnal condition of emptiness.

"Of course, I can see that 'What of the Morrow' is more profound," said Jane. "But I read 'The Spreading Light' first, and of course that makes a difference."

"I can quite see that it would," agreed Mrs. Hignett. "One's first step across the threshold of a new mind, one's first glimpse . . ."

Eustace perceived that he had breathed too soon. In an unobtrusive way he subsided into the bed and pulled the sheets over his head.

"I know," he said uneasily. "You know!" Mrs. Hignett stared. "Did you hear them?"

"I saw and heard them. Come with me and arrest them."

"Sprained your ankle? How very inconvenient! When did you do that?" "This morning."

Immediately following on Eustace's accident, Jane Hubbard had constituted herself his nurse. It was she who had bound up his injured ankle in a manner which the doctor on his arrival had admitted himself unable to improve upon.

"Who are you?" she asked stiffly. "Who are you?" countered Jane. "I," said Mrs. Hignett portentously, "am the owner of this house, and I should be glad to know what you are doing in it. I am Mrs. Horace Hignett."

"I'm so glad to meet you," she said. "I have heard so much about you." "Indeed?" said Mrs. Hignett. "And now I should like to hear a little about you."

"I've read all your books," said Jane. "I think they're wonderful." In spite of herself, in spite of a feeling that this young woman was straying from the point, Mrs. Hignett could not check a slight influx of amiability.

"It was written some years ago," said Mrs. Hignett with something approaching cordiality, "and I have since revised some of the views I state in it, but I still consider it quite a good textbook."

"Yes, it makes you feel . . ." "Like some watcher of the skies," said Mrs. Hignett, "when a new planet swims into his ken, or like . . ."

"Eustace, there are men in the house!" This fact was just the one which Eustace had been wondering how to break to her.

"I saw and heard them. Come with me and arrest them."

"I won't," said Eustace obediently. Episode Three. Of all the leisurely pursuits, there are few less attractive to the thinking man than sitting in a dark cupboard waiting for a house party to go to bed.

How long this poignant scene would have lasted, one cannot say. It is a pity that it was cut short, for I should have liked to dwell upon it. But at this moment, from the regions downstairs, there suddenly burst upon the silent night such a whirlwind of sound as effectually dissipated the tense emotion in the room.

"That's too bad!" said Jane, a little annoyed. "At this time of night!" "It's the burglars!" quavered Mrs. Hignett. In the stress of recent events she had completely forgotten the existence of those enemies of society.

"Light-hearted chaps!" said Eustace, admiring the sang-froid of the criminal world. "Full of spirits!" "This won't do," said Jane Hubbard, shaking her head. "We can't have this sort of thing. I'll go and fetch my gun."

"They'll murder you, dear!" panted Mrs. Hignett, clinging to her arm. "Murder me!" she said, amusedly. "I'd like to catch them at it!"

"Eustace," she said solemnly, "that is a wonderful girl!" "Yes! She once killed a panther—or a puma, I forget which—with a hat-pin!" said Eustace with enthusiasm.

"I could wish you no better wife!" said Mrs. Hignett. She broke off with a sharp wall. . . . Out in the passage something like a battery of artillery had roared.

"One of them was popping about outside here," she announced. "I took a shot at him, but I'm afraid I missed. The visibility was bad. At any rate he went away."

In this last statement she was perfectly accurate. Bream Mortimer, who had been aroused by the orchestration and who had come out to see what was the matter, had gone away at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

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"Murder Me!" She Said Amusedly, "I'd Like to Catch Them at It!"



teaspoonful equals 2

of many other brands That's why CALUMET

Goes farther lasts longer

Advertisement for CALUMET BAKING POWDER, featuring an illustration of the product tin and text describing its quality.

Cuticura Soap Is Ideal for The Complexion

First Race of True Men So far as it is possible to estimate a first race of true men (Homo sapiens) appeared in Europe somewhere between 40,000 and 25,000 years ago.

There is many a true tale told in jest. The early maid catches the bridal train.

Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Grippe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, get busy with good old Musterole.

Advertisement for MUSTEROLE, featuring the product logo and text.

Green's August Flower The remedy with a record of fifty-seven years of surpassing excellence. Ah who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming-up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy.