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Indianapolis, Indiana—"I was in a very nervous and run-down condition while nursing my baby, and hearing some talk of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began taking it. From the second bottle I noticed a big improvement, and i am still taking it. I amnot a bit nervous now, and feel like a different person. It is a great medicine for any one in a nervous, run-down con-

for any one in a nervous, run-down condition and I would be glad to give any one stivice about taking it. I think there is no better medicine and give you permission to publish this letter."

Mrs. Anna Smith, 541 W. Norwood Street, Indianapolisi Indiana.

The important thing about Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is that it does help women suffering from the allments common to their sex.

If you are pervous and run-down and

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.



BIG ULCER ALL HEALED

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

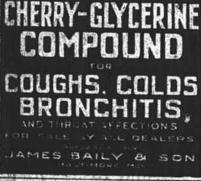
"Money isn't everything in this world. There is many a big-hearted, rich man who would give all he has on earth to be able to produce a remedy with such mighty healing power as Peterson's Ointment, to sell at all druggists for 60 cents a large box."

Dear Sirs:—

The same of the sufference of the same of

son's again.

"You may use this to recommend your olutiment, if you wish. I cannot say enough to praise it. Yours truly. Mrs. Albert Southcott, Lyndonville, N. Y." Mail orders filled by Peterson Cintment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.





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Nothing Better for Constination than one or two Brandreth Pills at bed time. They cleanse the system, purify the blood and keep you well .- Adv.

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Sold by druggists F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Obio

Three Men and a Maid

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

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CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

She pushed the curtains apart with 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 faitter! It was too dark to see anything distinctly, but, in the instant before it turned and fled, she caught sight of a shadowy male figure, and knew that her worst fears had been realized. The figure was too tall to be Eustace, and Eustace, she knew, was the only man in the house. Male figures, therefore, that went flitting about Windles, must be the figures of burglars.

Mrs. Hignett, bold woman though she was, stood for an instant spellbound, and for one moment of not unpardonable parile, tried to tell herself that she had been mistaken. Almost immediately, however, there came from the direction of the hall a dull chunky sound as though something soft had been kicked, followed by a low gurgle and the noise of staggering feet. Unless he was dancing a pas seul out of sheer lightness of heart, the nocturnal visitor must have tripped over something.

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 resuit of twelve private lessons at halfa-crown a visit; but he recognized the truth of the scriptural adage that there is a time for dancing, and that this was not it. His only desire when, stealing into the drawing room he had been confronted through the curtains by a female figure, was to get back to his bedroom undetected. He supposed that one of the feminine members of the house party must have been taking a stroll in the grounds, and he did not wish to stay and be compelled to make laborious explanations of his presence there in the dark. He decided to postpone the knocking on the cupboard door, which had been the signal arranged between himself and Sam, until

a more suitable occasion. In the meantime he bounded silently out into the hall, and instantaneously tripped over the portly form of Smith, the bulldog, who, roused from a light sleep to the knowledge that something was going on, and being a dog who always liked to be in the center of the maelstrom of events, had waddled out to investigate.

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. Webster's stagger had carried him almost up to the green baize door leading to the servants' staircase, and he proceeded to pass through it without checking his momentum, closely followed by Smith, who, now convinced that interesting events were in progress which might possibly culminate in cake, had abandoned the idea of sleep and meant to see the thing through. He gamboled in Webster's wake up the stairs and along the passage leading to the latter's room, and only paused when the door was brusquely shut in his face. Upon which he sat down to think the thing over. He was in no hurry. The night was before him, promising, as far as he could judge from the way it had opened, excellent entertainment.

Mrs. Hignett had listened fearfully to the uncouth noises from the hall. The burglars she had now discovered that there were at least two of themappeared to be actually romping. The situation had grown beyond her handling. If this troupe of terpsichorean marauders was to be dislodged she must have assistance. It was man's work. She made a brave dash through the hall, mercifully unmolested: found the stairs: raced up them: and fell through the doorway of her son Eustace's bedroom like a spent Marathon runner staggering past the winningpost.

Episode Two.

In the moment which elapsed before either of the two could calm their agitated brains to speech, Eustace became aware, as never before, of the truth of that well-known line, "Peace, perfect Peace, with loved ones far away!'

"Eustace!"

Mrs. Hugnett gasped, hand on heart. "Eustace, there are men in the

This fact was just the one which Eustace had been wondering how to break to her.

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

"Hear them?" said Eustace, puzzled. "The drawing room window was left open, and there are two burglars in

the hall " "Oh, I say, no! That's rather rotten!" sald Eustace

"I saw and heard them. Come with me and arrest them." "But I can't. I've sprained my

inconvenient! When did you do that?"

"How did it happen?" Eustace hesitated. 'I was jumping."

"Jumping! But-oh!" Mrs. Hignett's sentence trailed off into a suppressed shrick, as the door opened.

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. She had sat with him through the long afternoon. And now, fearing lest a return of the pain might render him sleepless, she had come to bring him a selection of books to see him through the night:

Jane Hubbard was a girl who by na-ture and training was well adapted to bear shocks. She accepted the advent of Mrs. Hignett without visible astonishment, though inwardly she was wondering who the visitor might be. "Good evening," she said placidly.

Mrs., Hignett, having rallied from her moment of weakness; glared at the new arrival dumbly. She could not place Jane. She had the air of a nurse, and yet she wore no uniform.

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

A charming smile spread itself over Jane's finely cut face.

"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. She was an authoress who received a good deal of incense from admirers, but she could always do with a bit more. Besides, most of the incense came by mail. Living a quiet and retired life in the country, it was arely that she got it handed to her face to face. She melted quite perceptibly. She did not cease to look like a basilisk, but she began to look like a basilisk who has had a good lunch.

"My favorite," said Jane, who for a week had been sitting daily in a chair in the drawing room adjoining the table on which the authoress' complete works were assembled, "Is "The Spreading Light.' I do like 'The Spreading

"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." "Of course, I can see that 'What

of the Morrow?' is more profound," said Jane. "But I read 'The Spread-ing 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 .

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

'Yes, doesn't it!" said Jane.

Eustace, who had been listening to the conversation with every muscle tense, in much the same mental attitude as that of a peaceful citizen in a Wild West saloon who holds himself in readiness to dive under a table directly the shooting begins, began to relax. What he had shrinkingly anticipated would be the biggest thing since the Dempsey-Carpentier fight seemed to be turning into a pleasant social and literary evening not unlike what he imagined a meeting of old Vassar alumnae must be. For the first time since his mother had come into the room he indulged in the luxury of a deep breath.

"But what are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Hignett, returning almost reluctantly to the main issue.

Eustace perceived that he had breathed too soon. In an unobtrusive way he subsided into the bed and pulled the sheets over his head, following the excellent tactics of the great duke of Wellington in his Peninsular campaign. "When in doubt," the duke used to say, "retire and dig your-

"I'm nursing dear Eustace," said Jane. Mrs. Hignett quivered, and cast an

eye on the hump in the bedclothes which represented dear Eustace. A cold fear had come upon her. "'Dear Eustace'!" she repeated mechanically.

"We're engaged," said Jane, "We got engaged this morning. That's how he sprained his ankle. When I accepted him, he tried to jump a holly

"Engaged! Eustace, is this true?" "Yes," said a muffled voice from the interior of the bed.

"And poor Eustace is so worried." continued Jane, "about the house She went on quickly. "He doesn't

"Sprained your ankle? How very want to deprive you of it, because he Eustace, darling. Don't you stir out iconvenient! When did you do that?" knows what it means to you. So he of bed!" is hoping—we are both hoping—that you will accept it as a present when we are married. We really shan't want it, you know. We are going to live in London. So you will take it, wqn't you—to please us?"

We all of us, even the greatest of us, have our moments, of weakness. Let us then not express any surprise at the sudden collapse of one of the world's greatest female thinkers. As the meaning of this speech smote on Mrs. Horace Hignett's understanding, she sank weeping into a chair. The ever-present fear that had haunted her had been exorcised. Windles was hers in perpetuity. The relief was too great. She sat in her chair, and gulped: and Eustace, greatly encouraged, emerged slowly from the bedclothes like a worm after a thunderstorm.

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. Somebody had touched off the orchestrion in the drawing room, and that willing instrument had begun again in the middle of a bar at the point where it had been switched off. Its walling lament for the passing of summer filled the nole house.

"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. They were dancing in the hall when I arrived, and now they're playing the orchestrion!"

"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



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

sort of thing. I'll go and fetch my "They'll murder you, dear!" panted

Mrs. Hignett, clinging to her arm. "Jane Hubbard laughed. "Murder me!" she said, amusedly.

I'd like to catch them at it!" Mrs. Hignett stood staring at the

door as Jane closed it safely behind "Eustace," she said sofemaly, "that

is a wonderful girl!" Yes! She once killed a panthera puma, I forget which-with a hatpin!" said Eustace with enthusiasm.

"I could wish you no better wife." sald Mrs. Hignett.

She broke off with a sharp wall. Out in the passage something like a battery of artillery had roared.

The door opened and Jane Hubbard appeared, slipping a fresh cartridge eleven times in rapid succession before into the elephant-gun.

"Ope 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 orchestrion and who had come out to see what was the matter, had gone away at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He had been creeping down the passage when he found himself suddenly confronted by a dim figure which, without a word, had attempted to slay him with an enormous gun. The shot had whistled past his ears and gone singing down the corridor. This was enough for Bream. He had returned to his room in three strides, and was now under the bed. The burglars might take everything in the house and welcome. so that they did not molest his privacy. That was the way Bream looked at it. And very sensible of him, too, I consider.

"We'd better go downstairs," said Line. "Bring a candle. Not you, zens to buy liquor from them."

"I won't," said Eustace obediently.

Episode Three.

Of all the leisured 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; and Sam, who had established himself in the one behind the plane at a quarter to eight, soon began to feel as if he had been there for an eternity. He could dimly remember a previous existence in which he had not been sitting in his present position, but it seemed so long ago that it was shadowy and unreal to him. The ordeal of spending the evening in this retreat had not appeared formidable when he had contemplated it that afternoon in the lane; but, now that he was actually undergoing it, it was extraordinary how many disadvantages It had.

Cupboards, as a class, are badly ventilated, and this one seemed to contain no air at all; and the warmth of the night, combined with the cupboard's natural stuffiness, had soon begun to reduce Sam to a condition of pulp. He seemed to himself to be sagging like an/ice-cream in front of a fire. The

lair. He remembered that Webster

had promised to come and knock an

all-clear signal on the door. It would

But the moments went by, and there

was no knock. Sam began to grow im-

patient. The last few minutes of wait-

ing in a cupboard are always the hard-

est, Time seemed to stretch out again

interminably. Once he thought he

heard footsteps, but that led to noth-

ing. Eventually, having strained his

ears and finding everything still, he

decided to take a chance. He fished

in his pocket for the key, cautiously

unlocked the door, opened it by slow

The room was in blackness. The

house was still. All was well. With

the feeling of a life-prisoner emerging

from the Bastille, he began to crawl

stiffly forward: and it was just then

that the first of the disturbing events

occurred which were to make this

night memorable to him. Something

like a rattlesnake suddenly went off

with a whirr, and his head, jerking up,

collided with the plane. It was only

the cuckoo clock, which now, having

cleared its throat as was its custom

before striking, proceeded to cuck

subsiding with another rattle: but to

Sam it sounded like the end of the

He sat in the darkness, massaging

his bruised skull. His hours of impris-

onment in the cupboard had had a bad

effect on his nervous system, and he

vacillated between tears of weakness

and a militant desire to get at the

cuckoo clock with a hatchet. He felt

that it had done it on purpose and was

now chuckling to itself in fancled se-

curity. For quite a minute he raged

silently, and any cuckoo clock which

had strayed within his reach would

have had a bad time of it. Then his

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Naturally.

picture of a lion. He becomes tem-

permental as soon as he discovers he

The Cure.

"The refusal of the law-abiding citi

"It would soon put the bootleggers

"What would?"

It is difficult to take a good moving

attention was diverted.

s to appear on the screen.

ut of husiness."

be safer to wait for that.

inches, and peered out.

world.



density int

Cuticura Soap -Is Ideal for-The Complexion Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c

First Race of True Men So far as it is possible to estimate e first race of true men iplens) appeared in Europe somefirst race of true men (Home here between 40,000 and 25,000 years o. Their predecessors, the Neanderal race, a sub-human type, are beeved to have lived as a race for some 00,000 years of time before the apgradual development. om sub-human and lower types, and that sense it is not possible to

sualize the "first man" and "first woman." But mankind, then, as now, was born, lived and finally died, as mankind does today. The "first men and women" therefore met the fate of all animal life; they were killed or. died in the course of time.

There is many a true tale told in

The early maid catches the bridgl

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.

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First you will feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and

Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness. To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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The remedy with a record of fifty-seven years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stom-ach, 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. For fifty-seven years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER can be found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.